Portfolio of Compositions

Shayne Leslie

A portfolio submitted in partial fulfilment
of requirements for the degree of
Masters of Music (Composition)

University of Sydney
Sydney Conservatorium of Music
2015
I declare that the research presented here is my own original work and has not been submitted to any other institution for the award of a degree.

Shayne Leslie
12 February 2015

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Snow White’s Other Journey
2012 - 2015

A Song Cycle for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano
Music and Text: Shayne Leslie (1971- )
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Instrumentation
Mezzo-Soprano and Piano

Duration
35 minutes

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Program Notes

Song cycles have long held a fascination for me as a performer and composer. As a vocal performer, song cycles provided a ready-made program of works. As a composer, the absence of a distinct definition of a song cycle has provided an expansive blank canvas on which to arrange musical, textual and timbral ideas.

For Snow White’s Other Journey, I created a new system of harmony to release myself from the tyranny of western harmonic structure. This was created through Aleatoricism; chance process (I drew the notes of the chromatic scale out of a hat) resulting in a fixed outcome.

**Twelve-tone row and harmony (accidental for that note only)**

![Twelve-tone row and harmony](image)

Depending on the narrative arc, chords are selected that either promote the atonality or clustered sounds of the progression or the tonal qualities. Although each piece is treated individually with a particular style and colour to interpret the narrative and build tension throughout the cycle, the earlier songs use chords selected for their relative dissonance while the later songs use chords that promote clearer tonal centres. Some pieces purposely abandon the harmonic system to introduce other tonal worlds specific to the text and narrative.

How the story came to be…

Jungian archetypes and the hero’s journey are important in the construction of the narrative in Snow White’s Other Journey. Christopher Volger’s 2007 book, The Writer’s Journey: Mythic Structure for Writers was very important in creating the story arc. Volger states that the hero’s journey arc can be seen in films such as Star Wars, Lord of the Rings, Fight Club and The Lion King. I have used Volger’s hero’s journey to create the narrative arc in Snow White’s Other Journey.

### Snow White’s Other Journey Narrative Arc

![Snow White’s Other Journey Narrative Arc](image)

I used a method which I called ‘repurposed text’ to create the text for Snow White’s Other Journey. Second hand books of poetry, nursery rhymes and speeches were purchased and cut up into very small stanzas and lines. Stanzas were selected randomly and pertinent lines were chosen to suit the narrative. Text was
embellished or simplified as appropriate. While the selection of the stanzas was random, there was conscious intervention on choosing words and phrases that best described the thematic thought that suited the section of narrative I was creating.

Reoccurring themes throughout the narrative include characters’ failure to understand the dual nature of people, both friend and foe, and the many complexities that become mirrored and distorted as a result.

The song cycle is performed from the viewpoint of the character of Snow White. The challenge for the composer is to express as much of the narrative through the words and subtleties of the story through music. In order to appreciate the musical and textual elements used in the composition, it is necessary to understand the synopsis of Snow White’s Other Journey.

In contrast, opera or musical theatre provides opportunities to cast other characters and give them a personal voice. The performance practice of live theatre also allows for the addition of lights, sets, costumes, sound effects and other enhancements to illuminate the plot.

**Synopsis of Snow White’s Other Journey**

Princess Snow White is 17 years old. Her father, the King, is absent for much of the time leaving Snow to grow up naïve, immature in many aspects and certainly not groomed to ‘rule’. Snow’s unusual teacher and protector is a foreign-born Peddler with a mysterious past who tries to guide her, especially in regards to politics.

Early in the story, after chasing one of the lambs into the forest, Snow becomes lost and pursued by brigands but is rescued by an unknown man. The romantic Princess becomes infatuated with the unknown man, her ‘rescuer’. She becomes drawn to the mysterious Prince Hunt, who has come to the castle to attend her father’s wedding and who reminds her of her rescuer.

The stepmother is the beautiful Lily Rivers who, at age 24, has been bartered by her manipulative father into this political marriage so the Rivers family can gain stature. The River’s family is a successful military family and Lily is an esteemed warrior. Lily’s father has negotiated that the son of Lily and the King is to assume the throne over Snow’s claim. The King is impotent, but has not told anyone of his condition and he fails to consummate the marriage. Lily, feeling betrayed and abandoned, plots to escape the marriage. The King, however, is killed during battle and when Lily assumes rule, Snow believes Lily is responsible for his death.

The Peddler influences Snow to take charge of the situation and defeat Lily to take the throne. Peddler, who is an exiled Prince of a distant kingdom, intends to take Snow for his bride and use the Kingdom’s armies to retake his throne. Snow comes-of-age at 18 years of age. Lily, whose rule is new and fragile, decides to disgrace Snow. Prince Hunt is to seduce Snow and ruin chances of a good marriage. Prince Hunt agrees, but stumbles in his task as he recognises the girl he rescued from the forest, and flees.

Snow recognises the Prince at the ball as her rescuer and wants to make love despite Peddler’s warnings. She becomes confused by the Prince’s romantic advances and then resistance. Despairing, she locks herself in her chambers and refuses to come out.

Lily is miserable and longs for freedom and confides in the Peddler. Peddler, seeing a new opportunity and feeling betrayed by Snow’s love for Prince Hunt, reveals his true identity and tells Lily he has fallen in love with her.

Snow rallies and decides she must confront Lily. As she forms this new resilience, Prince Hunt returns to Snow and pledges his sword and armies, as well as asking Snow to marry him. Snow accepts his pledge, but refuses to marry him, and they march to face the Queen. When Snow raises the challenge, Lily, who could have cut Snow down with a few expert flashes of her sword, surprises Snow by accepting her banishment with generous financial compensation. The people celebrate Snow’s ‘triumph’.
Text of Snow White’s Other Journey

1. Ordinary World
Whelm'd, desolate,
A ghost upon this common earth,
Irresistible Snow.
Narrow place, little streets cold.
Absent her face,
Sullen air robbed of gold.

Dream deep, free and crown'd,
Over my realm,
Alone, apart.

Huh! Tiny lamb!
Mountains and mice,
Joy to clamber,
Place to play the Tiger!

Beasts
These graves, these hills,
This tree. Caught!
Living creatures,
Beautiful dissolve
Virgin tears.

Won't you tell me mother, please?
King wipes no tears!
Exile is at home
Nights and days of fears
Alone, apart.

Rescuer
He reaches
Vague hands.
He says, “Strip off all your clothes,
You forget completely.”

2. Snow’s Guardian
Of the great sorrows we dreamed?
Great loneliness of spirit.
He would not let me die.
(It haunts, a grey unlit abysm)
Who will return this lost innocence?
He says, "Be strong,
Let thy heart take courage."

3. Because She Was So Special
Because she was so special
all our lives were altered
From where the rivers run
Voided claim with unborn son.
Because Father fell beneath her charm.

They sat entwined an hour or two
Underneath pine trees
They sat entwined an hour or two
Rustling ever so soft
As Father fell beneath her harm.

Her wifely guise now limbeck
A rare rose; descent.
Caught in her spell, blind shadows fall,
Diminished ray, watching in pain
From gradual ruin, spreads like a stain!

She says, "Our life; an autumn day.
Glorious noon how quickly past.
If I were King... but, ha!"
4. Snow Accepts the Call
Winter eve clear and chill.
World of sun folded still.
Day of death dark and cold.
Eyes hide from the ghastly shore.

I see in her poppied face
Ungrateful breath,
Lips of death!

Shadowed thresholds dark with fears.
Haunted paths hide daughter's tears.
A love that faltered, that paid the price.
Craven hope and sacrifice.

Teach me to live as the grave is my bed.
Teach me to die that I may rise glorious!
And with the world, myself and she,
Ere, I shake, ere, I shake, triumphant be.

5. Snow and Peddler in the Bar
Dazzling puncture, strident throng
Cicadas' tortuous song

Peddler said,
"You must prove your worth.
Hit back.
Sleeping depths stir
Hound the maddened waves."

(If'rence seen:
Never risked a life).
Lips of death heard;
"Earth has received an honoured guest;
King is laid to rest, King is laid to rest,
King is laid to rest!

She says, "He did not understand our ways.
Water's murmur is our voices,
Rivers our brothers.
My riches plundered into dreams
Never yet came home.
Oh! Yea, that dream to find the morning!
Inside my mirror."

We did not hear her say,
"Our Princess Snow White,
Though welcomed, though adored,
It is time to leave.
To love another adds confusion.
Play the Devil's Waltz."
My rescuer nodded, turned and left.

6. Snow’s Coming of Age Ball
Occurring this very night
By established rule
Clowns put on their show
Of age, am I! Of age, am I!
Of age... of age.

Music, whose silver veils disport
Carven silences, hidden hearts.
Curious music I hear,
Perfume that goes to my head.

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!
As lovers we meander, music stumbling
Naught to say what is easier done.
I must bid the prompting cease.

It bids me; charmed peace,
As though this hour would last.

Ah! Beauty... who came and saved
The poisoned life (such vague hands).
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!

The dreaded cards foretold shall pay.
He says, "I told you so."
I draw breath, I am not wise,
Too different, I die.
The cost, I run where none can hear the leaves unfurl
in spring.

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.
He disappeared in the dead of winter.

7. Snow’s First Ordeal
Empty cave, empty sky, empty out memories.
To slumber charmed,
Memory of losses.

Their appetites devouring earth
Leaving foul marshes and deserts.
Empty cave, empty sky, empty out memories.
Leaving foul marshes and deserts.

Yet, glad to slumber.
Yet, glad to dream.
Songs of silence,
Of deeper things.

Nurse comes, backward looks
Farewell, dear land, of story books!

She exhales; A clinging shroud.
8. Snow’s Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)
Nobody knows what I say to myself
Here, in this dark, Alone.
Doom. Is darker, deeper. Dead.
One hundred voices cry, "Alack!"

Winter eve, clear and chill.
World of sun, folded still.
Lurid star below the verge.
Day of death, dark and cold.

My poetry makes nothing happen.

No other Knight in this land
Could do the things you need to do.
All things that share breath
Beast, tree, old man, wife,
Envious child.

Together, let us learn that game.
The morning broken.
There.
My garden grows again.

9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer returns.

He says, "In dreams, all sins are easy.
But by day, the sword we suffer is the guarded crown.

Through the closing portal,
Let us vanish.
Child and garden, flower and snow.
Come with me,
Undaunted tread,
Down the black passage
Which is my bed."

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer smitten!

Hero-hand to sword, broke.
"That golden day is done.
Here, our days bloom fuller yet."

Ah! Beauty, attend me.
Ah! Beauty, hear his song!

He says, “Wide-eyed, a soul goes forth
Hold high the archal sword
To smite!”

10. Snow’s Triumph
Legend.
Enter within.
Glory ponders over doom.
The lamb must face the Tigress.

Shadow of Lilith, I shrill.
Hear them whistle!
They mirror ev’ry change in our position.
They are the echoes of our condition.

The days of toil are over.
Free from peril, hours dark.
I shall judge nations,
Dominion o’er my people.

Feel the chill touch
Of endless distance.
Wingless soul that flees.

Condemned to yearn for life.
Redeem misspent moments past.

The lamb has faced the Tigress.
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Early in the story, after chasing one of the lambs into the forest, Snow becomes lost and pursued by brigands but is rescued by an unknown man. The romantic Princess becomes infatuated with the unknown man, her ‘rescuer’. She becomes drawn to the mysterious Prince Hunt, who has come to the castle to attend her father’s wedding and who reminds her of her rescuer.

The stepmother is the beautiful Lily Rivers who, at age 24, has been bartered by her manipulative father into this political marriage so the Rivers family can gain stature. The River’s family is a successful military family and Lily is an esteemed warrior. Lily’s father has negotiated that the son of Lily and the King is to assume the throne over Snow’s claim. The King is impotent, but has not told anyone of his condition and he fails to consummate the marriage. Lily, feeling betrayed and abandoned, plots to escape the marriage. The King, however, is killed during battle and when Lily assumes rule, Snow believes Lily is responsible for his death.

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Snow recognises the Prince at the ball as her rescuer and wants to make love despite Peddler’s warnings. She becomes confused by the Prince’s romantic advances and then resistance. Despairing, she locks herself in her chambers and refuses to come out.

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Snow rallies and decides she must confront Lily. As she forms this new resilience, Prince Hunt returns to Snow and pledges his sword and armies, as well as asking Snow to marry him. Snow accepts his pledge, but refuses to marry him, and they march to face the Queen. When Snow raises the challenge, Lily, who could have cut Snow down with a few expert flashes of her sword, surprises Snow by accepting her banishment with generous financial compensation. The people celebrate Snow’s ‘triumph’.

Text of Snow White’s Other Journey

1. Ordinary World
Whelm’d, desolate,
A ghost upon this common earth,
Irresistible Snow.
Narrow place, little streets cold.
Absent her face,
Sullen air robbed of gold.

Dream deep, free and crown’d,
Over my realm,
Alone, apart.

Huh! Tiny lamb!
Mountains and mice,
Joy to clamber,
Place to play the Tiger!

Beasts
These graves, these hills,
This tree. Caught!
Living creatures,
Beautiful dissolve
Virgin tears.

Won't you tell me mother, please?
King wipes no tears!
Exile is at home
Nights and days of fears
Alone, apart.

Rescuer
He reaches
Vague hands.
He says, “Strip off all your clothes,
You forget completely.”

2. Snow’s Guardian
Of the great sorrows we dreamed?
Great loneliness of spirit.
He would not let me die.
(It haunts, a grey unlit abysm)
Who will return this lost innocence?
He says, "Be strong,
Let thy heart take courage."

3. Because She Was So Special
Because she was so special
all our lives were altered
From where the rivers run
Voided claim with unborn son.
Because Father fell beneath her charm.

They sat entwined an hour or two
Underneath pine trees
They sat entwined an hour or two
Rustling ever so soft
As Father fell beneath her harm.

Her wifely guise now limbeck
A rare rose; descent.
Caught in her spell, blind shadows fall,
Diminished ray, watching in pain
From gradual ruin, spreads like a stain!

She says, "Our life; an autumn day.
Glorious noon how quickly past.
If I were King... but, ha!”
4. Snow Accepts the Call
Winter eve clear and chill.
World of sun folded still.
Day of death dark and cold.
Eyes hide from the ghastly shore.

I see in her poppied face
Ungrateful breath,
Lips of death!

Shadowed thresholds dark with fears.
Haunted paths hide daughter's tears.
A love that faltered, that paid the price.
Craven hope and sacrifice.

Teach me to live as the grave is my bed.
Teach me to die that I may rise glorious!
And with the world, myself and she,
Ere, I shake, ere, I shake, triumphant be.

5. Snow and Peddler in the Bar
Dazzling puncture, strident throng
Cicadas' tortuous song

Peddler said,
"You must prove your worth.
Hit back.
Sleeping depths stir
Hound the maddened waves."

(Diff'rence seen:
Never risked a life).
Lips of death heard;
"Earth has received an honoured guest;
King is laid to rest, King is laid to rest,
King is laid to rest!

She says, "He did not understand our ways.
Water's murmur is our voices,
Rivers our brothers.
My riches plundered into dreams
Never yet came home.
Oh! Yea, that dream to find the morning!
Inside my mirror."

We did not hear her say,
"Our Princess Snow White,
Though welcomed, though adored,
It is time to leave.
To love another adds confusion.
Play the Devil's Waltz."
My rescuer nodded, turned and left.

6. Snow’s Coming of Age Ball
Occurring this very night
By established rule
Clowns put on their show
Of age, am I! Of age, am I!
Of age... of age.

Music, whose silver veils disport
Carven silences, hidden hearts.
Curious music I hear,
Perfume that goes to my head.

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!
As lovers we meander, music stumbling
Naught to say what is easier done.
I must bid the prompting cease.

It bids me; charmed peace,
As though this hour would last.

Ah! Beauty... who came and saved
The poisoned life (such vague hands).
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!

The dreaded cards foretold shall pay.
He says, "I told you so."
I draw breath, I am not wise,
Too different, I die.
The cost, I run where none can hear the leaves unfurl in spring.

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.
He disappeared in the dead of winter.

7. Snow’s First Ordeal
Empty cave, empty sky, empty out memories.
To slumber charmed,
Memory of losses.

Their appetites devouring earth
Leaving foul marshes and deserts.
Empty cave, empty sky, empty out memories.
Leaving foul marshes and deserts.

Yet, glad to slumber.
Yet, glad to dream.
Songs of silence,
Of deeper things.

Nurse comes, backward looks
Farewell, dear land, of story books!

She exhales; A clinging shroud.
8. Snow’s Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)
Nobody knows what I say to myself
Here, in this dark, Alone.
Doom. Is darker, deeper. Dead.
One hundred voices cry, "Alack!"

Winter eve, clear and chill.
World of sun, folded still.
Lurid star below the verge.
Day of death, dark and cold.

My poetry makes nothing happen.

9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer returns.
He says, "In dreams, all sins are easy.
But by day, the sword we suffer is the guarded crown.

Through the closing portal,
Let us vanish.
Child and garden, flower and snow.
Come with me,
Undaunted tread,
Down the black passage
Which is my bed."

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer smitten!

Hero-hand to sword, broke.
"That golden day is done.
Here, our days bloom fuller yet."

Ah Beauty, hear his song!
Ah! Beauty, hear his song!

He says, “Wide-eyed, a soul goes forth
Hold high the archal sword
To smite!”

10. Snow’s Triumph
Legend.
Enter within.
Glory ponders over doom.
The lamb must face the Tigress.

Shadow of Lilith, I shrill.
Hear them whistle!
They mirror ev’ry change in our position.
They are the echoes of our condition.

The days of toil are over.
Free from peril, hours dark.
I shall judge nations,
Dominion o’er my people.

Feel the chill touch
Of endless distance.
Wingless soul that flees.

Condemned to yearn for life.
Redeem misspent moments past.

The lamb has faced the Tigress.
Score
1. Ordinary World

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

\[ j = 120 \]

Voice

PP

W helm'd, de - so - late, A

\[ j = 120 \]

Piano

PP

\[ r.h. 'in the distance' \]

\[ 5 \]

V.

\[ \text{ghost, up - on this} \]

\[ 5 \]

Pno.

\[ \text{common earth,} \]

\[ 5 \]

Pno.
1. Ordinary World

Irresistible Snow.

Narrow place, little streets cold.

Absent her face, Sullen air robbed of gold.

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Dream deep, free and crown'd, Over my realm, alone, apart.

Huh! Tiny lamb! Mountains and mice, Joy to
clamber, Place to play the Tiger!

Beasts These graves, these hills, This

tree. Caught!

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1. Ordinary World

Living creatures, Beautiful dissolve Virgin tears.

Won't you tell me

Mother, please? King wipes no tears! Exile is at home

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
Nights and days of fears Alone, apart. Rescue...

er He reaches Vague hands. Strip off all your clothes...

You forget completely.
2. Snow's Guardian

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

Of the great sorrows we
2. Snow's Guardian

V.

'dreamed? Great lone - li - ness of spi - rit.

Pno.

cresc.

---

V.

He would not let me die. (It haunts, a

Pno.

dim. mpl cresc. p

cresc.

---

V.

grey un - lit a - by - sm)
Who will return this lost innocence?

He says, "Be strong, let thy heart take courage."

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
3. The New Queen was So Special
4. Snow Accepts the Call

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

Voice

Piano

V

Pno.

From where the rivers run

all our lives were altered

Because she was so special

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
3. The New Queen was So Special and 4. Snow Accepts the Call

V

43

Pno.

43

V

42

Pno.

43

V

44

Pno.

44

V

13

Pno.

13

V

17

Pno.

17

V

21

Pno.

21

mf

They

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
sat entwined an hour or two

Underneath pines - trees They

sat entwined an hour or two
Her wife ly guise now lim beck A rare
de scent.

3. The New Queen was So Special and 4. Snow Accepts the Call
Caught in her spell

Blind shadows fall,

Diminished ray
Watching in pain

From gradual ruin spreads like a stain!
3. The New Queen was So Special and 4. Snow Accepts the Call

V

|Pno.|

Glorious noon how quickly

Pno.

past.

If I were
dim. mpp

Pno.

King... but,
3. The New Queen was So Special and 4. Snow Accepts the Call

V

\( \text{agitato} \)

\( J = 95 \)

ha!

Pno.

\( \text{mp} \)

Winter eve clear and chill. World of sun fold-ed still. Day of

dead dark and cold. Eyes hide from the ghast-ly

Pno.
shore. I see in her pop-pied face

Ungrateful breath, Lips of death!

Shadowed thresholds dark with fears.
Haunted paths hide daughter's tears. A love that faltered, that paid the price.

Cra ven hope and sacrifice.

Teach me to live as the grave is my bed. Teach me to die.
3. The New Queen was So Special and 4. Snow Accepts the Call

I may rise glorious! And with the world, my-self and

she, Ere, I shake, ere, I shake, triumphant, triumphant be.

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
5. Snow and Peddler at the Bar

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Voice} & \quad \begin{array}{c}
\text{mf} \\
\text{dazzling puncture,}
\end{array} \\
\text{like a tango} \\
\text{Dazzling puncture,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Piano} & \quad \begin{array}{c}
\text{mp} \\
\text{stir-dent throng} \\
\text{Ci-cadas' tor-tuous}
\end{array} \\
\text{cresc.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{V} & \quad \begin{array}{c}
song \\
\text{Peddler said, "You must}
\end{array} \\
\text{Peddler said, "You must}
\end{align*} \]

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
10 prove your worth. Hit back. Sleeping

13 depths stir Hound the mad-den

waves. (Diff'rance seen: Never

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
5. Snow and Peddler at the Bar

risked a life). Lips of death heard; "Earth__

____has received an honoured guest; King is laid to rest, King is laid to rest,

King is laid to rest!

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He did not understand our ways. Water's murmur is our voices, Rivers our..."
brothers.

My riches plundered into dreams Never

yet came home. Oh! Yea, that dream to find the morning!
5. Snow and Peddler at the Bar

V

\[ q = 60 \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\text{Inside my mirror.}

\[ q = 60 \]

\[ \text{like a tango} \]

Pno.

\[ q = 60 \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\text{We did not hear her}

Pno.

\[ q = 50 \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{say,} \]

\text{"Our Princess Snow White,}
5. Snow and Peddler at the Bar

though wel - comed,  though a -

dored,  It is time to

leave.

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
5. Snow and Peddler at the Bar

\[ \text{V} \]

\( \text{Pno.} \)

To love another Adds confusion.

\( \text{Pno.} \)

Play the Devil's Waltz."

somewhat freely

My rescuer nodded, turned and left.
6. Snow's Coming-of-Age Ball

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

\[ q = 90 \]

\[ \text{brightly} \]

[Musical notation]

\[ p \]

[Music Notation]

cur - ring this ve - ry night

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show

Of age.

am I.
6. Snow's Coming-of-Age Ball
of age.

Music, whose silver veils di-sport
Car-ven si-len-ces, hid-den hearts.

Cu-ri-ous mu-sic I hear,

Per-fume that goes to my head.
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!
As lovers we meander,

music stumbling

Naught to say what is easier done.

I must

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
It bids me; charmed peace,
As though this hour would last. Ah!

Beauty...

who came and saved the prisoned life
V 70  
(such vague hands).

Pno. 70  

V 72  
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer!

Pno. 72  

V 74  

Pno. 74  

dim. 42  

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
dread-ed cards fore-told shall pay. "I told you so."

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
I draw breath, I am
I draw breath, I am not wise, Too different, I die.

I draw breath, I am not broadly

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wise, Too different, I die.

The cost, I run. Where

none can hear the leaves unfurl in spring.

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Ah! Beauty, my rescuer.

He disappeared in the dead of winter.
7. Snow's First Ordeal

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

\( \frac{j = 120}{p} \) Almost whispered

\( j = 120 \)

Em-p-ty cave, em-p-ty sky,

\( p \)

To slum-ber

\( p \)

em-p-ty out me-mo ries.

\( p \)

cresc.

charmed,

Memory of
Their appetites

de vor ing earth
Lea ving foul mar shes
and deserts.

Empty cave, empty sky,

Empty out

Memory

Leaving foul

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7. Snow's First Ordeal

22

marshes

22

and deserts.

24

cresc.

24

ff

26

cresc.

26

p
Yet, glad to slumber.

Yet, glad to dream.

Songs of silence,
Of deeper things.

Nurse comes, back-ward looks
Fare-well, dear land,
of story books!

She ex-

hales; A clinging shroud.
8. Snow's Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)

Snow White's Other Journey

\[ \text{\textcopyright 2015 Shayne Leslie} \]
8. Snow's Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)

in a jazz / pop style

\textit{mp}

\textit{p}

No - bo - dy knows what I

\text{say to my - self}

Here, in this

\text{dark,}

A - lone.

Doom.
Is darker, deeper,

Dead. One hundred voices cry, "A-

lack!"

Winter eve,
clear and chill.

World of sun, folded still.

Lurid star be
8. Snow's Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)

V

low the verge. Day of death,

Pno.

dark and cold.

V

My poetry Makes nothing happen
8. Snow's Second Ordeal (Nobody Knows)

No other Knight in this land Could do the

things you need to do.

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
All things that share breath,

Beast, tree, old man, wife, Envious

child.
Together, let us learn that game.
The morning broken. There.
My garden grows a

---

gain.
9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow

Snow White's Other Journey

Music & Text: Shayne Leslie

\[ \text{Voice} \]

\[ \text{Piano} \]

Ah! Beauty, my rescuer returns.

"In dreams, all sins are..."
easy. But by day, the sword we suffer is the

guarded crown. Through the closing portal, Let us

vanish. Child and garden, flower and
9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow

Come with me, Un-daunted tread,

Down the black passage Which is my

bed."

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
Ah! Beauty, my rescuer

smit-ten!

Hero hand to sword, broke.
"That golden day is done.

Here, our days bloom fuller yet."

Ah! Beauty, attend me.
Ah! Beauty, hear his song!
9. The Prince Pledges his Sword to Snow

Pno. 56

V

Pno. 59

V

"Wide - eyed, a soul goes forth"

Hold note into next song

Pno. 62

V

Hold note into next song

Pno.

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10. Snow's Triumphant Return

V

Pno.

V

Pno.

V

Pno.

The lamb must face
10. Snow's Triumphant Return

the Tigeress.

Shadow of Lilith, I shrill. Hear them whistle!

© 2015 Shayne Leslie
10. Snow's Triumphant Return

They mirror every change in our position.

They are the echoes of our condition.

The days of toil are
10. Snow's Triumphant Return

\[49\]
\[\text{o-ver. Free from pe-} \]
\[\text{ril, hours___ dark.}\]

\[53\]
\[\text{I shall judge na-} \]
\[\text{tions,___} \]

\[58\]
\[\text{Do-min-ion___ o'er my peo-} \]
\[\text{ple.}\]
V: Feel the chill touch

Pno: Of end-less dis-tance. Wing-less soul that

cresc.

V: flees.

Pno: mp
Condemned to yearn for life.

Re deem mis spent moments past.

80
© 2015 Shayne Leslie
The lamb has faced

the Ti - gress.
Songs of Amy
2014 - 2015

A Song Cycle for Four Female Voices or SSAA
Music: Shayne Leslie (1971- )
Text: Amy Levy (1861-1889)
# Table of Contents

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## Instrumentation

4 Female Voices or SSAA

## Duration

9 minutes

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Program Notes

Amy Levy was born in England in 1861 into a middle-class Jewish family. Not only did her identity suffer from being part of a minority class (Jewish) in Victorian London; Levy was attracted to women and suffered unrequited love for most of her short life (Pullen, 2010). Levy committed suicide on September 10, 1889 at age 26.

Levy published a number of popular novels and publications, including *A Minor Poet and Other Verses* which was published in 1884, and contained sad and melancholic poetry, mostly upon the subject of death and suicide. The fourth song in *Songs of Amy* was taken from this collection. Poems from her second volume of poetry, *A London Plane-Tree and Other Verse* (1889) are marked by “emotional integrity and condensed power” (Beckman, 2009, online). Three poems were taken from this collection; Song 1: *New Love New Life*, Song 2. *The Lost Friend* and Song 3. *Borderland*.

The four poems were selected because of their brevity and strict syllabic structure. In each poem, the inner struggle of Levy and her constant challenge to herself that she will remain resilient, despite illness or unrequited love, is apparent. The strict structural elements that Levy employs, such as using the same syllabic structure on each line, meant that Levy is disciplined in conveying the imagery within set rules. The result is an economy of words that clearly describes the image, emotion or state of mind.

The choice of four female voices greatly influenced the sonic landscape of *Songs of Amy*, which significantly utilises the unique harmonic colour of a cappella vocal harmony. The song cycle is not based in any particular ‘key’. Rather, modes are used and harmony is constructed through the use of 2nds and 4ths, and their inversions, minors and augments.

There is no narrative that ties the poems together. However, there is a conscious choice in the ordering of the poems; they are ordered to resemble my interpretation of Levy’s life from optimistic youth to realising sadness due to unrequited physical and spiritual love. The first poem, *New Love, New Life* is full of optimism for love and life while the last poem, A Cross-Road Epitaph, ends in what appears to be a prophecy of death. Poem 2, The Lost Friend is, full of forced optimism while being pursued by an unseen sorrow. Poem 3 is about unrequited love.
Score
New Love, New Life

*Songs of Amy*

Text: Amy Levy  
(1861-1889)

Music: Shayne Leslie  
(1971- )

She who so long has lain  
Stone-stiff with folded wings,  
With-in my heart again  
The brown bird wakes and sings.

Brown nightingale, whose strain  
Is heard by day, by night,  
She sings of joy and pain,  
Of sorrow and delight.

Tis true, in other days  
Have I unbarred the door;  
He knows the walks and ways  
Love has been here before.

Love blest and love accurst  
Were here in days long past;  
This time is not the first,  
But this time is the last.
New Love, New Life

S

heart again

The brown bird wakes and sings.

MS

heart again

The brown bird wakes and sings.

A

heart again

brown bird wakes and sings.

A II

heart again

brown bird wakes and sings.

S

nigh tin gale, whose strain is heard by day, by

MS

nigh tin gale, whose strain is heard by day, by

A

Brown nigh tin gale, whose strain is heard by day, by

A II

nigh tin gale, strain heard by day, by

S

night, She sings of joy and pain, Of sorrow

MS

night, of joy of joy Of sorrow

A

night, She sings of joy and pain, sorrow

A II

night, She sings of sorrow
and delight. "Tis true, in sorrow delight. "Tis true, "Tis true,

other days Have I unbarred the door; in other days Have I unbarred the door; days Have I unbarred the door; other days Have I unbarred the door;

He knows the walks and ways Love has been here He knows walks and ways Love He knows walks and ways Love He knows the ways Love
New Love, New Life

be - fore.____ Love blest and love a - ccurst____ Were be - fore.____ Love blest and Love blest and____ a - ccurst Were be - fore.____ Love blest and love____ a - 

here in days long past;____ not the first,____

here days____ long past; This time is not first,____

ecurst days____ long past; This time is not the first,____

ccurst days____ long past;____ not____ first,____

But this time is the last.____

But this time is the last.____

But this time is the last.____

But this time is the last.____
I know the face of sorrow, and I know
Her voice with all its varied cadences;
Which way she turns and treads; how at her ease
Things fit her dreary largess to bestow.

Where sorrow long abides, some be that grow
To hold her dear, but I am not of these;
Joy is my friend, not sorrow; by strange seas,
In some far land we wandered, long ago.

O faith, long tried, that knows no faltering!
O vanished treasure of her hands and face!
Beloved to whose memory I cling,
Unmoved within my heart she holds her place.

And never shall I hail that other "friend,"
Who yet shall dog my footsteps to the end.

Text: Amy Levy
(1861-1889)

Music: Shayne Leslie
(1971- )
how at her ease
Things fit her
dear-y largess

treads;
ease fit her
lar-gess

to be-stow.
Where sor-row long a-bides,

be-stow.
Where sor-row long a-bides,

be-stow.
Where sor-row long a-bides,

be-stow.
Where sor-row long a-bides,

hold dear, but I am not of these;

long a-bides, some be that grow
To hold her dear, not of these;

long a-bides, some be that grow
To hold her dear, not of these;

long a-bides, Not I, not I, not I,
Joy is my friend,

not sorrow;

by strange seas, in some far land we wandered, long ago.

The Lost Friend

© 2015
O faith, long tried, that knows no
faltering! O vanished treasure,
whose memory I clinging, within
loved to whose memory I clinging, Unmoved within my heart
loved — memory Un — moved within my
she holds her place. And never shall I hail
she holds her place. And never shall I hail
heart holds her place. And never shall I hail
her place.

Who yet shall dog my foot-steps to the end.

that other "friend," yet shall dog my foot-steps to the end.

I know, I know, I know,

I know, I know, I know,
Borderland

Songs of Amy

Text: Amy Levy
(1861-1889)

Music: Shayne Leslie
(1971- )

Am I waking, am I sleeping?
As the first faint dawn comes creeping
Thro’ the pane, I am aware
Of an unseen presence hovering,
Round, above, in the dusky air:
A downy bird, with an odorous wing,
That fans my forehead, and sheds perfume,
As sweet as love, as soft as death,
Drowsy-slow through the summer-gloom.
My heart in some dream-rapture saith,
It is she. Half in a swoon,
I spread my arms in slow delight.
O prolong, prolong the night,
For the nights are short in June!

© 2015 Borderland Music: Shayne Leslie

(1971- )

Songs of Amy

Text: Amy Levy
(1861-1889)

Music: Shayne Leslie
(1971- )

Am I waking, am I sleeping?
As the first faint dawn comes creeping
Thro’ the pane, I am aware
Of an unseen presence hovering,
Round, above, in the dusky air:
A downy bird, with an odorous wing,
That fans my forehead, and sheds perfume,
As sweet as love, as soft as death,
Drowsy-slow through the summer-gloom.
My heart in some dream-rapture saith,
It is she. Half in a swoon,
I spread my arms in slow delight.
O prolong, prolong the night,
For the nights are short in June!
Of an unseen presence hov'ring, Round above, in the

Of an unseen presence hov'ring, Round above, in the

Of an unseen presence hov'ring, Ah

Of an unseen presence hov'ring, Ah

Dusky air: A downy bird, with od'rous

Dusky air: A downy bird, with od'rous

Dusky air: A downy bird, with od'rous

Dusky air: A downy bird, with od'rous

Wing, That fans my head, and sheds per-

Wing, That fans my head, and sheds per-

Wing, That fans my head, and sheds per-

Wing, That fans my head, and sheds per-
fume, As sweet as love, as soft as love,

fume, As sweet as love, soft as soft as love,

fume, As sweet as love, as love, as soft love,

fume, As sweet as love, soft as soft love,

drty slow through summer gloom. My gloom. My heart dream rapture saith, is she. Half in swoon, I heart dream rapture saith, is she. Half
spread my arms in slow

spread my arms in slow

spread my arms in slow

spread my arms in slow

light. Pro-long, pro-long the

light. Pro-long, pro-long the

light. Pro-long, pro-long the

light. Pro-long, pro-long the

night, For the nights are short in June.

night, For the nights are short in June.

night, For the nights are short in June.

night, For the nights are short in June.
When first the world grew dark to me
I call'd on God, yet came not he.
Whereon, as wearier waxed my lot,
On Love I call'd, but Love came not.
When a worse evil did befall,
Death, on thee only did I call.
wearer er my lot, On Love I call'd,

wearer waxed my lot, On Love I call'd,

wearer waxed my lot, On Love I call'd,

wear er my lot, On Love I

but Love came not.

but Love came not.

but Love came not.

call'd, but Love came not.

when a worse

cruc.

evil did befall,

Death, on

evil did befall,

Death, on

evil did befall,

Death, on

Death, on

Death, on

© 2015
thee only did I call.

Love blest, love accurst.

She who so long has lain.

She who so long has lain.

She who so long has lain.

She who so long has lain.
Broken Hearts (Colour Study)
2014

For Flute and String Quintet
Music: Shayne Leslie (1971- )
Instrumentation

Flute
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
‘Cello
Double Bass

Duration

6 minutes
Program Notes

Colour was selected as a device to study the creative process in this composition as opposed to other compositional techniques such as structure, mathematics, rhythm and so on. This was because colour holds a fascination for me, being a photographer and visual artist, and the interest was in uncovering other composers’ practice of using colour.

One fascinating aspect of visual colour is the role of light (white/black additive/subtractive), in particular how the intensity of sunlight colours landscapes differently in different locations in the world. Boyd (2007) exemplifies that there exists a growing body of Australian composers that have explored connection to landscape in their composition; the ‘seen’ landscape and the landscape of the ‘dreaming’. Consider what Chopin’s compositional output would have sounded like if he grew up in Walgett or Copeland in Sydney.

There exists a growing body of Australian composers that have explored connection to landscape and colour as an impetus to creativity. With an ever increasing output of compositions, it can be argued that combining European musical heritage with the identity of connection with the land and the impact this has on the Australian psyche is producing a stylistic colour in Australian music which is worthy of exploration.

References
Colour Study: Shayne Leslie

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On the Death of a Young Child
2014

For SSATB
Music: Shayne Leslie (1971- )
Text: From the Liber Usualis
Instrumentation
SSATB

Duration
4 minutes

Text

Et tu puer Propheta Altissimi vocaberis: Praebis enim ante faciem Domini parare vias ejus.
Illuminare his, qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent; ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.

Translation

And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.

To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet in the way of peace.

© 2015 Shayne Leslie

Composed for Semester II 2014 Chorale Workshop with the Sydney Conservatorium Chorale
Score
On the Death of a Young Child
from the Liber Usualis

Music: Shayne Leslie

Soprano 1

Soprano 2

Alto

Tenor

Baritone

Piano

Lightly
\( \text{\textcopyright 2014 Shayne Leslie} \)
On the Death of a Young Child

© 2014 Shayne Leslie
On the Death of a Young Child

S 1

Et tu

pu

er

S 2

Et tu

pu

er

A

Et tu

pu

er

T

Et tu

pu

er

Et tu

pu

er

B

Et tu

pu

er

Et tu

pu

er

Pno

Et tu

pu

er

Et tu

pu

er

Et tu

pu

er


c

---

---

---

---

4

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On the Death of a Young Child

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On the Death of a Young Child

S1

\[ \text{marcato fz} \]
\[ \text{cantabile} \]

S2

\[ \text{Pro phe ta Al tis simi voca} \]

A

\[ \text{marcato fz} \]
\[ \text{cantabile} \]

T

\[ \text{marcato fz} \]
\[ \text{cantabile} \]

B

\[ \text{Pro phe ta Al tis simi voca} \]

Pno

\[ \text{marcato} \]
\[ \text{cantabile} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]
On the Death of a Young Child

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On the Death of a Young Child

S1
\[ Al - tis - si - mi vo - \]

S2
\[ marcato mf \]
\[ be - ris Pro - phe - ta Al - tis - si - mi_ \]

A
\[ marcato mf \]
\[ be - ris Pro - phe - ta Al - tis - si - mi \]

T
\[ marcato mf \]
\[ be - ris Pro - phe - ta Al - tis - si - mi \]

B
\[ marcato mf \]
\[ be - ris Pro - phe - ta Al - tis - si - mi \]

Pno
\[ marcato \]
\[ mf \]

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On the Death of a Young Child

S 1

\[ \text{S 1} \]

S 2

\[ \text{S 2} \]

A

\[ \text{A} \]

T

\[ \text{T} \]

B

\[ \text{B} \]

Pno

\[ \text{Pno} \]

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On the Death of a Young Child

S1: cresc.

no-stros in vi-am pa-cis,

\[ \sum \hat{\sigma} \]

S2: cresc.

pe-des no-stros in vi-am pa-cis,

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

A: cresc.

pe-des no-stros in vi-am pa-cis,

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

T: cresc.

pe-des no-stros in vi-am pa-cis,

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

B: cresc.

pe-des no-stros in vi-am pa-cis,

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

Pno: cresc.

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]

\[ \hat{\sigma} \]
Queen’s Story
2013

For Mezzo-Soprano and Small Ensemble
Music and Text: Shayne Leslie (1971- )
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Instrumentation
Mezzo-Soprano
Flute
Oboe
Bass trombone
Piano
Marimba
Vibraphone

Duration
5 minutes

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Composed for Semester II 2013 Composer Performer Workshop
Program Notes

There were a number of learning outcomes in the writing of this piece. Firstly, there was a desire to experience composition from within the ensemble as a performer to appreciate the challenges when asking performers to execute unusual time signature changes, articulations and timbres. The second outcome was to write a ‘traditional’ acoustic chamber work; i.e. no electronics, theatre, not too many extended techniques, score presentation, etc.

Queen’s Story is the story of the Queen from the larger song cycle I composed as part of this portfolio of works, Snow White’s Other Journey. Aged 24, the highly intelligent and warrior Queen marries Snow’s father, the King, as part of a political deal. The marriage and the deal doesn’t go quite to plan. The King dies soon after and the Queen finds she’s not quite the leader the people expect. In the meantime, Snow appears to throw a tantrum and runs off. When Snow returns (with the Queen’s ex-boyfriend as a lover) and demands the crown… or else, the Queen quits. Desiring independence from her manipulative father, she goes on to pursue a career as a royal bodyguard with Snow White’s former ally, the Peddler, in a distant kingdom.

The text is written in a Haiku style and the syllabic rhythm is reflected in the rhythm of the music; there are many 5 and 7 beat bars. The approach to structure is episodic reflecting the nature of the text: Intro-A-B-C-D-E-D’C’-A’D’-C’. The tempo is predominately driving with a steady reminder of the pace with the solid, first-beat quavers that introduce Section A. In contrast, the lilting ¾ dance section (section E) is taken from Snow White’s Other Journey.

Steve Reich’s piece, 9-11 (2009–2010), inspired the writing of the melody. The text was spoken and then pitched. The notes from the melody for each stanza create the harmony, except for the aforementioned section E dance. As a result, the harmony changes little and there are obvious pitch patterns (e.g. lots of augmented 4ths and minor and major 2nds).
The Queen’s Story

Reflecting woman
Hetaerae, soldier
Water floating sun

Sword dries river’s rush
Dolorosa weeps for lost son
Fifty thousand men

Warrior suppressed
Distilled to dry jangled bells
Absent father waits (manipulates)

Mirror broken, cuts
Devouring mother rages
Heart of White to break

King is laid to rest
Throne stolen unintended
Artemis as vestal

Heart of White returns
Forced through unknowing chasm
Girl is now woman

Castle, parched cavern
Waterless tomb to escape
Queen’s crown cast to White

Renewed face reflecting
Freedom to dance with dazzling blade
Warrior released
Score
The Queen's Story

S: __ woman __  He-tae-rae, soldier

Fl.

Ob.

B. Tbn.

Pno.

Mrb.

Vib.
Water floating sun.
Sword dries river's rush.
Do-lo-ro-sa weeps for lost son

Fif-ty thou-sand
The Queen's Story

S

Fl.

Ob.

B. Tbn.

Pno.

Mrb.

Vib.

\( q = 90 \)

\( \frac{16}{\phantom{16}} \)

\( \frac{16}{\phantom{16}} \)

\( \frac{16}{\phantom{16}} \)

War - ri - or.

men.
The Queen's Story

Spit notes on a 't'

Expressive

mp

18

S

Fl.

Ob.

B. Tbn.

Pno.

Mrb.

Vib.
Di-stilled to dry jangled bells
waits, (manipulates).
Mirror broken,
ra-ges
Heart of White to
break.

Dovetailing with flute

Dovetailing with oboe

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The Queen's Story

57

S

\( \text{King is laid to} \)

57

Fl.

\( \text{Dovetailing with oboe} \)

57

Ob.

\( \text{Dovetailing with flute} \)

57

B. Tbn.

\( \text{Mute} \)

57

\( \text{Right hand delicate} \)

57

Pno.

\( \text{Left hand like a dance} \)

57

Mrb.

Vib.

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S

Fl.

Ob.

B. Tbn.

Pno.

Mrb.

Vib.

Throne__ stol - en un - in -

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[Vibes enter]

[Vibes enter]

Open

Dovetailing with flute

Dovetailing with oboe

Liberal use of gliss

mf

mp

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The Queen's Story
Forced through unknowing chasm

Girl is now woman.
Castle, parched cavern
Wa-ter-less tomb to es-cape  Queen's crown

The Queen's Story
The Queen's Story

112

S

Fl.

Ob.

B. Tbn.

Pno.

Mrb.

Vib.

Hit note hard on a 'tst' then pull back to create a percussive sound next section

Hit note hard on a 'tst' then pull back to create a percussive sound next section
Renewed face reflects

Very short staccato

After pedal

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Freedom danced with dazzling blade
Warrior or released!

Percussive

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