

# **Vespertine Songs**

for baritone & piano

**Karim Al-Zand**  
**(2023)**

# Vespertine Songs

## TEXTS

### Of an Evening

The water of the fountain ran,  
the swift river ran,  
the day ran into evening,  
so much life in the city ran into death according to rule;  
time and tide waited for no man,  
the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again,  
the fancy ball was lighted up at supper,  
all things ran their course.  
The clouds were drifting over the moon at their giddiest speed;  
an evening wind uprose:  
withering leaves no longer quiet,  
hurried to and fro in search of shelter.

*Charles Dickens (1812–1870)*  
[from *Martin Chuzzlewit*]

### Insomnia

One more brightened window  
Where no one sleeps tonight:  
Maybe they're drinking wine,  
Or maybe just sitting.  
Perhaps two lover's hands  
Cling, hesitant to part.  
In every house, my friend,  
There's a window like that  
Keeping darkness at bay  
From restive, sleepless eyes.  
Bright nighttime window, you  
Frame greetings and farewells!  
Maybe the lights fluoresce  
Or maybe a lamp glows.  
But this is how it starts...  
My mind wants peace, my friend.  
Gaze on my sleepless house—  
my window gleams tonight.

*Marina Tsvetaeva (1892–1941)*  
[trans. K. Al-Zand]

### **Points and Lines**

Instants in the quiet, small sharp stars,  
Pierce my spirit with a thrust whose speed  
Baffles even the grasp of time.  
Oh that I might reflect them  
As swiftly, as keenly as they shine.  
But I am a pool of waters, summer-still,  
And the stars are mirrored across me;  
Those stabbing points of the sky  
Turned to a thread of shaken silver,  
A long fine thread.

*Aldous Huxley (1894–1963)*

### **Nocturne**

Sounds, pure sounds—  
Nothing—  
Vibrancies of the air  
And yet—

This summer night  
There are crickets shrilling  
Beyond the deep bassoon of frogs.  
They cease for a moment  
As the rattling clangor  
Of the trolley  
Bumps by.  
I hear footsteps  
Hollow on the pavement  
Now deserted  
And blank of sound.  
They die.  
The crickets now are sleeping;  
Even the leaves grow still.

And slowly  
Out of the blankness, out of the silence,  
Emerges on soundless wings  
The long sweet-sloping  
Rise and fall of far viol notes,—  
The mad Nirvana,  
The faint and spectral  
Dream-music  
Of my heart's desire.

*Anne Knish (1883–1945)*

[Opus 150 by Arthur Davison Ficke]

for Marcus DeLoach and Grant Loehnig

# Vespertine Songs

for baritone & piano

## Of an Evening

Text: Charles Dickens  
(1812–1870)

Music: Karim Al-Zand  
(2023)

Swiftly; flowing  $\text{♩} = 56$

running along smoothly, delicately

*p* molto legato sempre

5

8<sup>a</sup>

(sim.)

8

*p*

The wa - ter of the foun-tain ran, —

*cresc. poco a poco*

11

*mp* *mf*

the swift riv - er ran, — the day ran in - to eve - 'ning,

8<sup>a</sup>

15

*cresc.* *poco f*

so much life in the ci - ty ran in - to death

8<sup>a</sup> *poco f*

18

ac-cord-ing to rule, \_\_\_\_\_ time and tide wait-ed for

*8<sup>a</sup>*

22

no man, \_\_\_\_\_ the rats were slep-ing close to-geth-er

*mf*

*8<sup>a</sup>-1*

*decresc.*

25

*p* in their dark holes a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* the

*8<sup>a</sup>*

*p* *mp*

29

fan - cy ball was light-ed up at sup-per, \_\_\_\_\_ all things ran their

*8<sup>a</sup>*

*mf*

33

course. \_\_\_\_\_ *p* The clouds were drift-ing ov-er the moon \_\_\_\_\_ at their gid-di-est

*p* *cresc.*

37 *sub.p*  
 speed; an ev - 'ning wind up - rose, with - er - ing

40 *cresc.*  
 leaves no long - er qui - et, hur - ried to and fro in search of

(8<sup>a</sup>)

43 *poco f* *molto rit.* - - - - *a tempo* *p*  
 shel - ter. all things,

(8<sup>a</sup>)

47  
 all things, all things ran their course,

(8<sup>a</sup>) (sim.)

50 *rit.* *pp*  
 all things, all things, all things.

(8<sup>a</sup>) *decresc.* *pp*

# Insomnia

Text: Marina Tsvetaeva  
[trans. K. Al-Zand]  
(1892–1941)

Music: Karim Al-Zand  
(2023)

Moderately; unsettled, drifting restlessly ♩ = 80

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line in the bass clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is 'Moderately; unsettled, drifting restlessly' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic and includes the instruction 'lights illuminating in the darkness'. The vocal line starts with a *p* dynamic and the lyrics 'One more,'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

\* always before the downbeat, not aligned with voice until the end

The second system of the musical score begins at measure 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'one more, one more — bright-ened win-dow — where no one sleeps to-night:'. The piano accompaniment features a *mp* dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line.

The third system of the musical score begins at measure 13. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'May-be they're drink-ing wine, or may-be just sit-ting. Per-'. The piano accompaniment features a *mp* dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line.

The fourth system of the musical score begins at measure 18. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '- haps two lov-er's hands — cling, hes-i-tant to part. In ev-'ry house my friend'. The piano accompaniment features a *mf* dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line.

22

there's a win-dow like that keep-ing dark-ness at bay from res-tive, sleep-less eyes.

26 *poco f*

Bright night-time win-dow, you frame greet-ings and fare-wells!

30 *mp*

One more, — one more, — May-be the lights fluo - resce, —

34 *mf*

or may-be a lamp glows. But this is how it starts...

38 rit. ----- ritenuto *poco f*

My mind wants peace, my friend. Gaze on my sleep-less house—

42 *mp* molto rit. ----- a tempo *p* with piano

one more, — my win-dow gleams to-night. — let ring

[2'20"]

# Points and Lines

Text: Aldous Huxley  
(1894–1963)

Music: Karim Al-Zand  
(2023)

Very Quickly; pinging delicately ♩ = ca. 152

*p*

*flashing brightly*

*molto*

*f*

8 *p* *mp*

In - stants in the qui - et small sharp stars, pierce my

*(sub.)p*

*sim.*

*f*

*mp*

15 *mf*

spir - it with a thrust whose speed - baf - fles

*f*

*mf*

21 *mf* *2+3* (same tempo)

e - ven the grasp of time. Oh, that I might re -

*mf molto legato*

*p*

29

-flect them, Oh that I might re-flect them — as swift-ly,

*cresc.*

36

as keen-ly as they shine. But I am a pool of

*f*

43

wa - ters, a pool of wat - ers, sum - mer still, — and the

*mf*

*p* *f* *mf*

49

stars are mir - rored mir-rored a - cross me; — Those

*p* *f*

55

stab - bing points of the sky turned to a thread of shak -

*p* *mp* *mf*

62

- en sil - ver, a long

*mp.*

*mp*

69

poco rit. - - - - -  
*decresc.*

fine thread.

*decresc.*

*p*

8<sup>a</sup> [1'15"]



17

vib-ran-cies in the air \_\_\_\_\_ I hear foot-steps

20

hol-low on the pave-ment now de-ser-ted and blank of sound. They die. The

poco rit. - - - - - ad libitum

23

crick-ets are now sleep-ing: e-ven the leaves grow still. And slow - ly \_\_\_ out of the blank-ness, out of the si-lence,

(let ring)

a tempo

26

e-mer - ges on sound-less wings the long \_\_\_\_\_ sweet-slop-ing rise and fall of far vi-ol

29

notes,— the mad nir-va-na, — the faint and spec-tral dream — mus-ic, dream-

*poco f*

*poco f*

32

[ad libitum] riten.

- mus-ic, dream - mus-ic of my heart's de-sire. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *mp* *mp*

*mp*

[3'00"]