THE TRANSMUTATION OF PERSPECTIVE

by

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A THESIS

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This piece is five movements for Wind Ensemble. Each movement includes unaccompanied vocal introductions. I have chosen five poems by Sara Teasdale as the text for these introductions. The large ensemble then expands and comments on the themes introduced by the voice.

The five Teasdale poems outline a narrative arc partially inspired by the book *The Giver* by Lois Lowry, but also hopefully encourage the listener to imagine their own story of how one’s view of things changes as new experiences and knowledge change the perspective.
CURRICULUM VITAE

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INSTRUMENTATION

Piccolo
2 Flutes
2 Oboes
English Horn
E-flat Clarinet
2 B-flat Clarinets
Bass Clarinet
2 Bassoons
Contrabassoon
2 Alto Saxophones
Tenor Saxophone
Baritone Saxophone
4 Horns
4 Trumpets
2 Trombones
Bass Trombone
2 Euphoniums
2 Tubas
Soprano Voice
Piano
String Bass
4 Percussion
(Chimes, Rain Stick, Snare Drum, Tenor Drum, Marimba, Vibraphone, Tam-tam, Timpani, Orchestral Bells, Bass Drum, Glass and Metal Wind Chimes)
The Transmutation of Perspective

C SCORE

Poetry by Sara Teasdale

ethereal

I. SAMENESS

speech-like,

but with little emotion

Krista Abrahamson

Pianist

When I went to look at a jewel in a secret place, I trembled, for I thought to see its dark deep

Copyright © 2011
speech-like,
but with little emotion

\( \frac{\text{m.f.}}{\text{soft to mute}} \)

1. almost gave my life for a thing That has gone to that now, stinging my eyes, It is strange how often a heart must be broken.

Before the years can make it wise.

\( \frac{\text{m.f.}}{\text{soft to mute}} \)
II. NEW EXPERIENCES

dance-like, spritely

I hoped that he would love me, And he has kissed my mouth, I am like a bird For I know he loves me,
molto rit. — — — — — — — dance-like, spritely

I hoped that he would love me, And he has kissed my mouth, But I was not so wise as all the dreams, I had.
III. INJUSTICE

angry

Soprano

It is a word spoken, Not a look of the eye, Not a head of the

head, But a blush of the heart: That has too much to keep

memories waking, memories waking. That deep, so light, so deep.
IV. DESIRE

yearning, tenderly

\( \text{=60} \)

2 Euphoniums

\( \text{p} \)

2 Tubas

\( \text{p} \)

Soprano

Deep in the night the cry of a soul-loss, Un-der the stars he fled, Keen to pain was

2 Marimba

Sop.

Cry for ever Lost is the soul-loss's flight, Seek-ing for you ne-ver Stilled by

A

yearning, tenderly

\( \text{=60} \)

2 Euphoniums

Euph.

\( \text{pp} \)

2 Tubas

\( \text{p} \)

Soprano

his call to fol-low Over the world to you.

B

yearning, tenderly

\( \text{=60} \)

2 Euphoniums

Euph.

\( \text{pp} \)

2 Tubas

\( \text{p} \)

Soprano

Love in my heart is a
V. LEAVING [THE STAGE]

**ethereal**

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 60

2 Bb Clarinets

**peaceful**

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 72

Horns

Soprano

1. Tubular Chimes

2. Marimba

3. Vibraphone

4. Glockenspiel

and suffer now, its sleep will be unbroken then; But oh, my frail immortal soul That will not

sleep forevermore, A leaf borne onward by the blue, A wave that never finds the shore.
at least 8 seconds
APPENDIX

POEMS

Poetry by Sara Teasdale

“Dust”

When I went to look at what had long been hidden,
    A jewel laid long ago in a secret place,
I trembled, for I thought to see its dark deep fire–
    But only a pinch of dust blew up in my face.

I almost gave my life long ago for a thing
That has gone to dust now, stinging my eyes–
It is strange how often a heart must be broken
Before the years can make it wise.

“The Kiss”

I hoped that he would love me,
    And he has kissed my mouth,
But I am like a stricken bird
    That cannot reach the south.

For though I know he loves me,
    To-night my heart is sad;
His kiss was not so wonderful
    As all the dreams I had.

“It Is Not A Word Spoken”

It is not a word spoken,
    Few words are said;
Nor even a look of the eyes
    Nor a bend of the head,
But only a hush of the heart
    That has too much to keep,
Only memories waking
    That sleep so light a sleep

“Deep In The Night”

Deep in the night the cry of a swallow,
    Under the stars he flew,
Keen as pain was his call to follow
    Over the world to you.

Love in my heart is a cry forever
Lost as the swallow’s flight,
Seeking for you and never, never
    Stilled by the stars at night.

“Immortal”

So soon my body will have gone
Beyond the sound and sight of men,
And tho’ it wakes and suffers now,
    Its sleep will be unbroken then;
But oh, my frail immortal soul
That will not sleep forevermore,
A leaf borne onward by the blast,
    A wave that never finds the shore.