Tudor Feraru

Four Canadian Songs

- baritone and piano -

All poems by Canadian authors

"A Vagabond Song"
by Bliss Carman (1861-1929)

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood –
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October, sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

"Ice"
by Sir Charles D. G. Roberts (1860-1943)

When Winter scourged the meadow and the hill
And in the withered leafage worked his will,
The water shrank, and shuddered, and stood still, –
Then built himself a magic house of glass,
Irised with memories of flowers and grass,
Wherein to sit and watch the fury pass.

"Erosion"
by Edwin John Pratt (1882-1964)

It took the sea a thousand years,
A thousand years to trace
The granite features of this cliff,
In crag and scarp and base.

It took the sea an hour one night,
An hour of storm to place
The sculpture of these granite seams
Upon a woman's face.

"Resurgam"
by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall (1883-1922)

I shall say, Lord, "Is it music, is it morning,
Song that is fresh as sunrise, light that sings?
When on some hill there breaks the immortal warning
Of half-forgotten springs."

……

I shall say, Lord, "We will laugh again tomorrow,
Now we'll be still a little, friend with friend.
Death was the gate, and the long way was sorrow.
Love is the end."

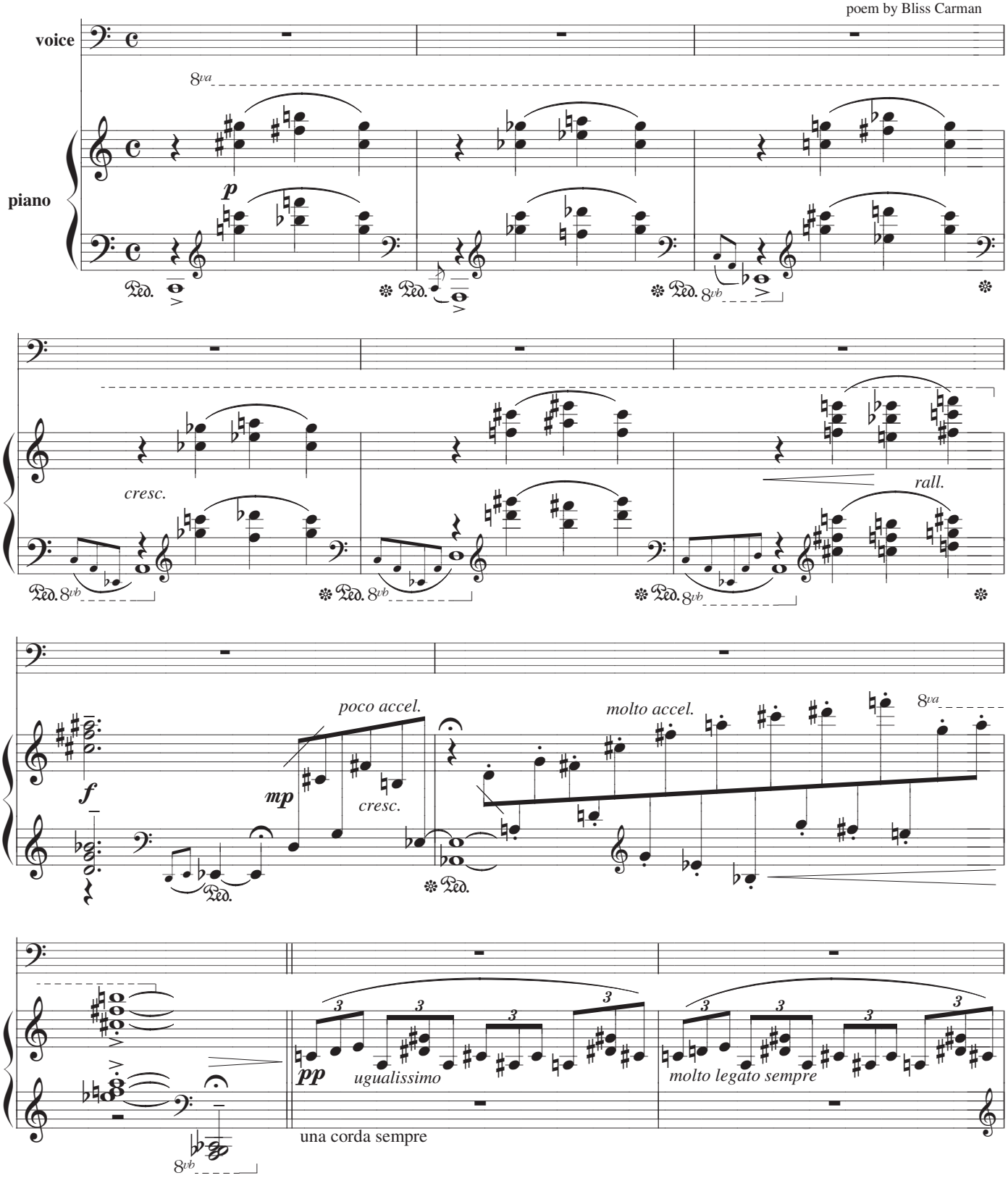
Four Canadian Songs

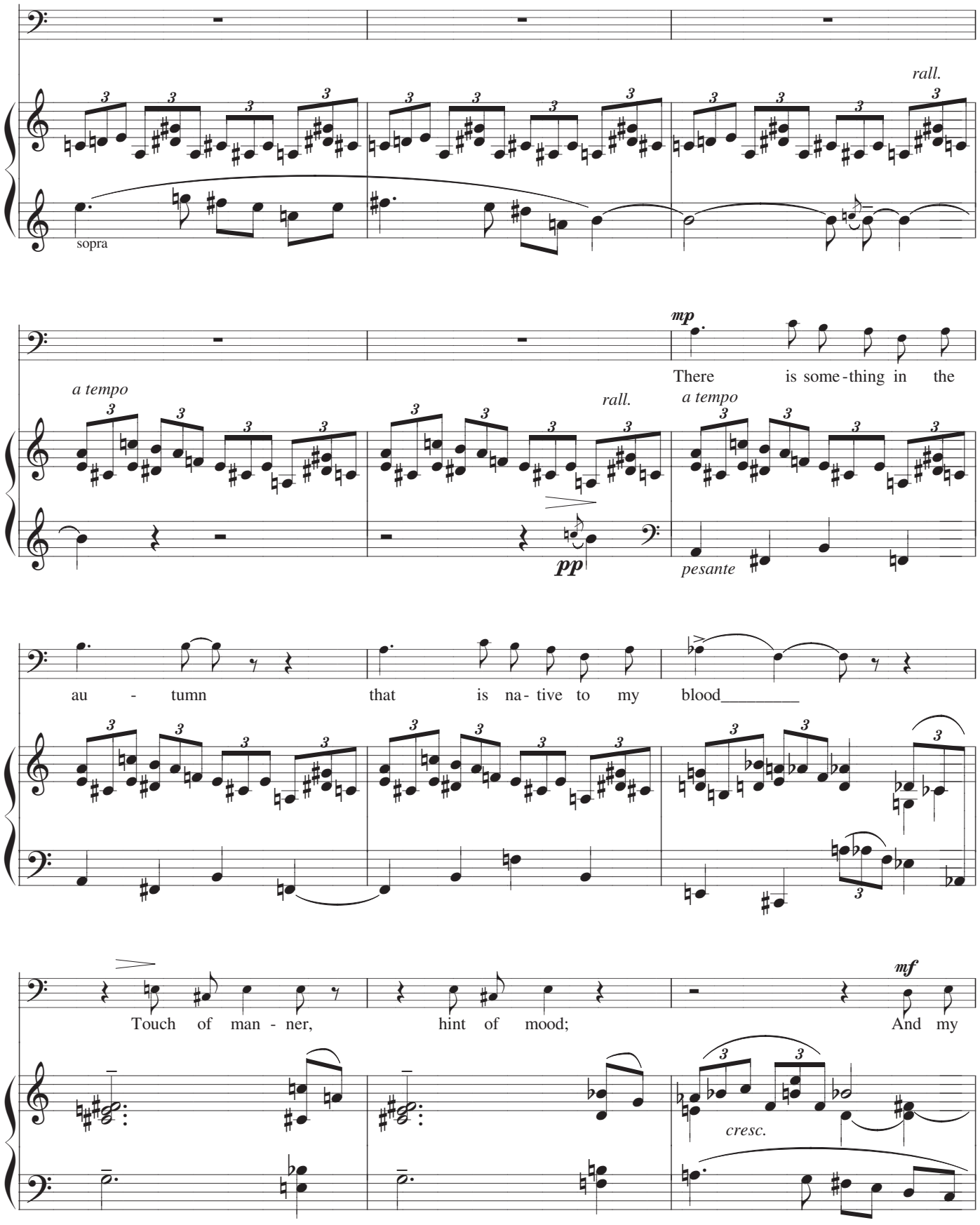
for baritone and piano

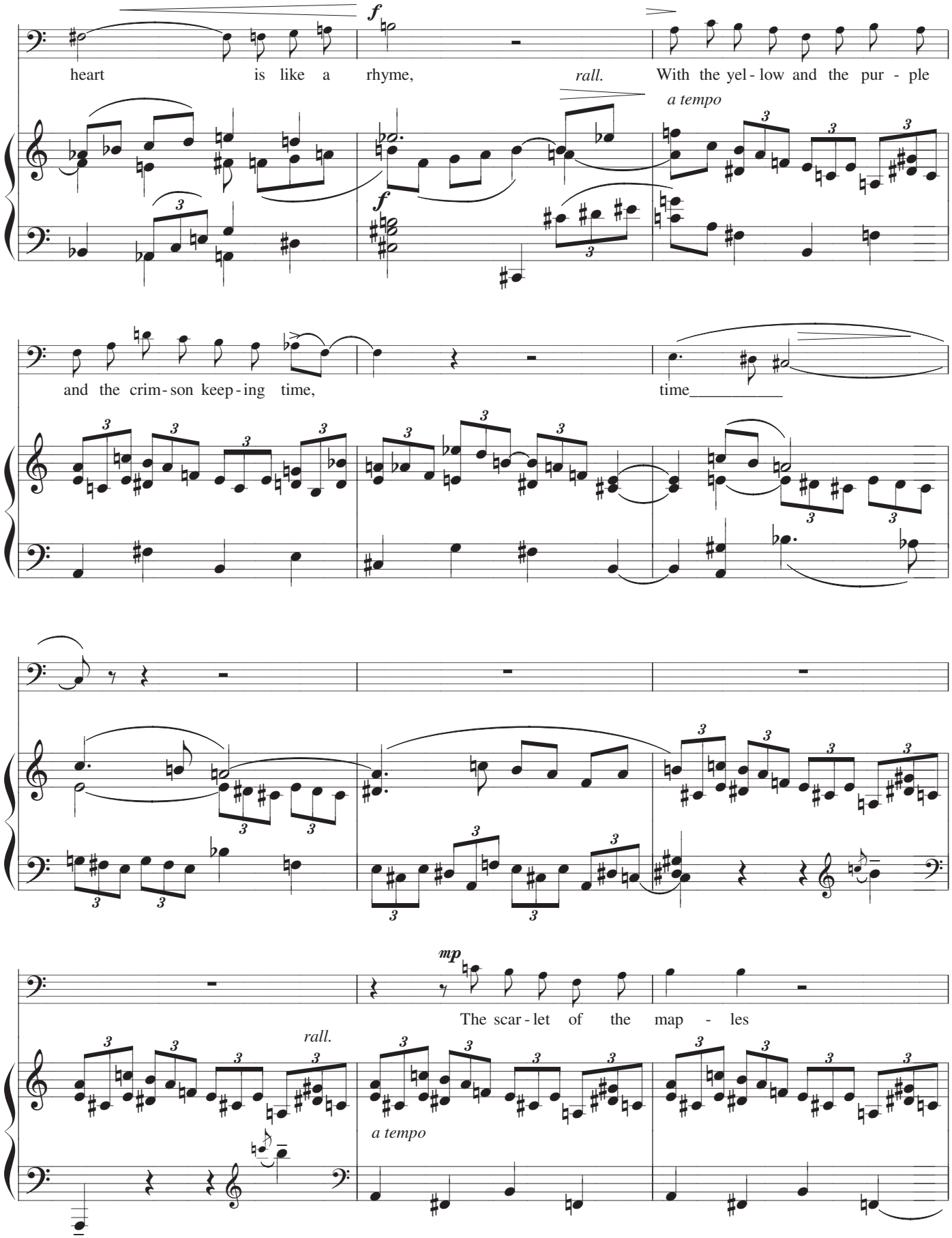
I. "A Vagabond Song"

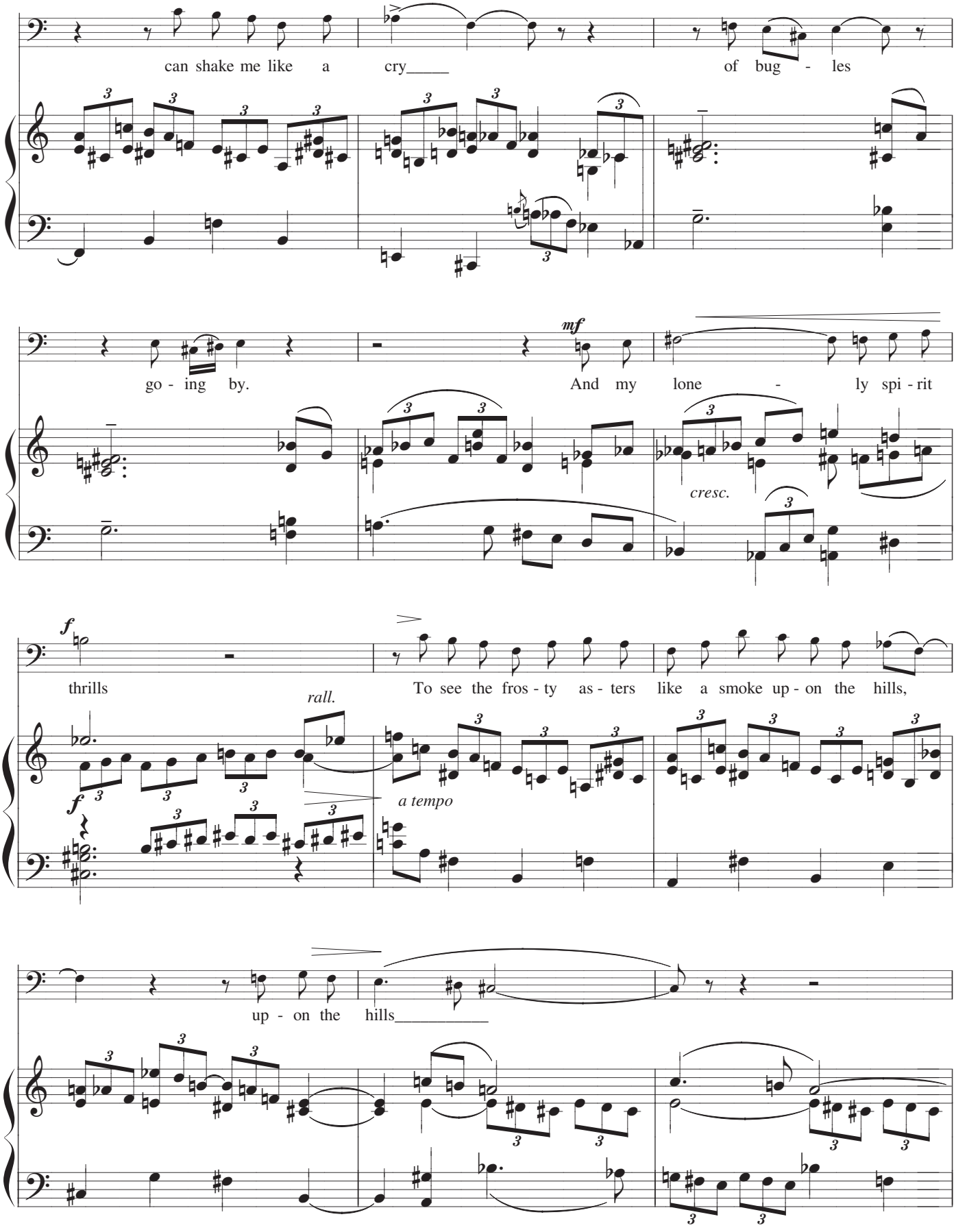
Andante

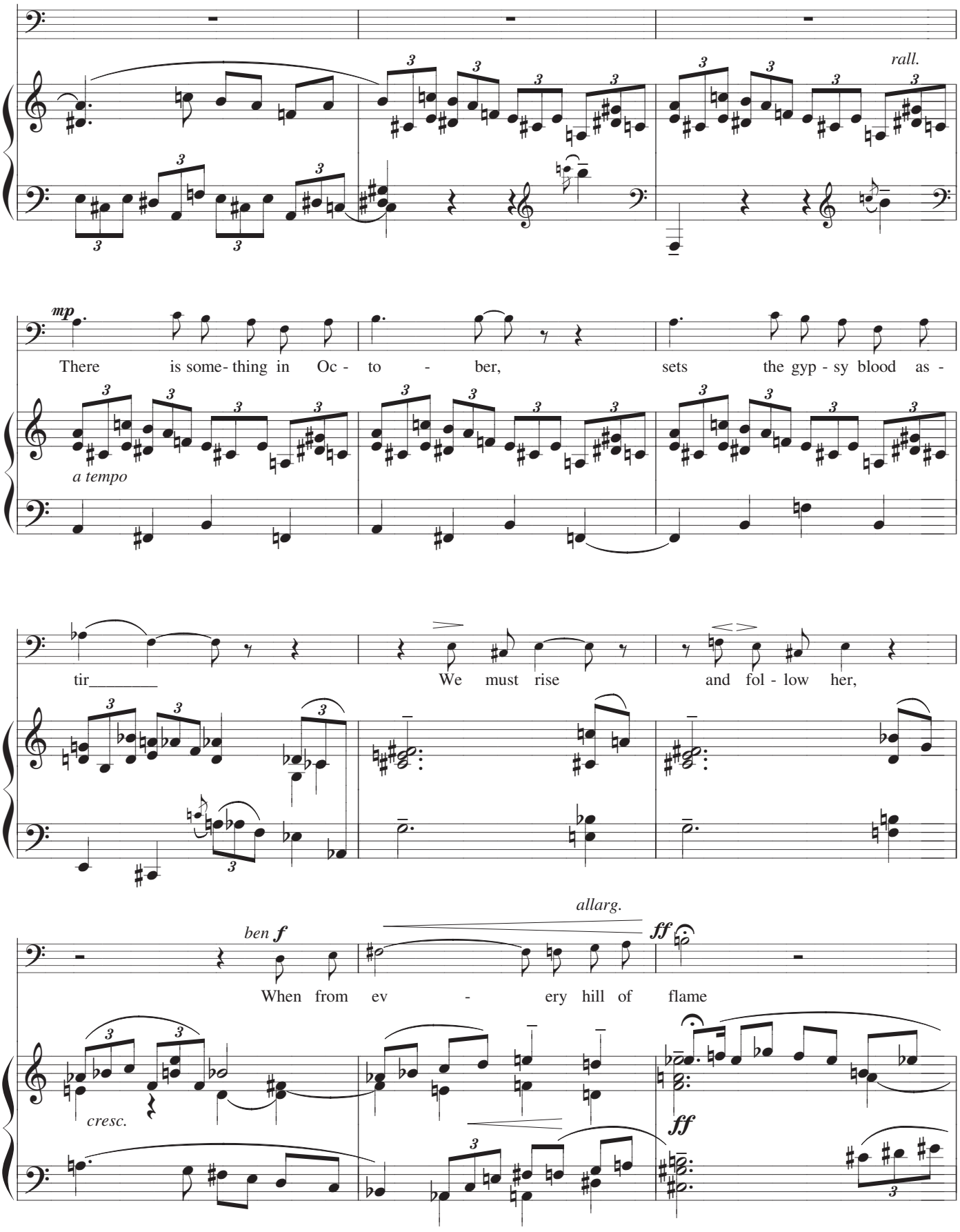
Tudor Feraru
poem by Bliss Carman

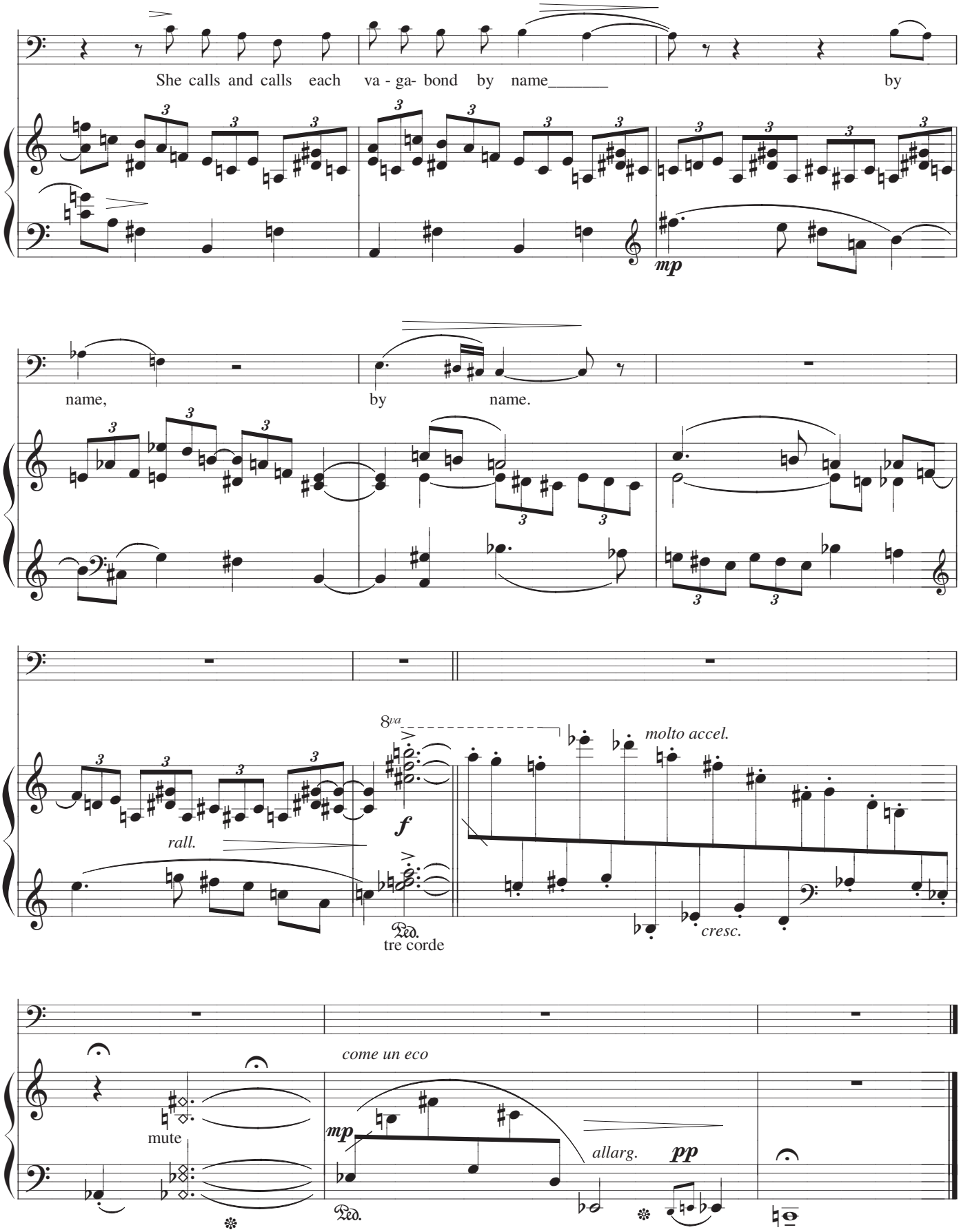



rall.
sopra
mp
There is some-thing in the
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
pp
pesante
au - tumn that is na- tive to my blood_____
Touch of man - ner, hint of mood;
mf
And my
cresc.


f
heart is like a rhyme,
rall.
With the yel - low and the pur - ple
a tempo
f
and the crim - son keep - ing time,
time
mp
The scar - let of the map - les
rall.
a tempo


can shake me like a cry of bug - les
go - ing by. And my lone - ly spi - rit
mf
cresc.
thrills To see the fros - ty as - ters like a smoke up - on the hills,
f
rall.
a tempo
up - on the hills

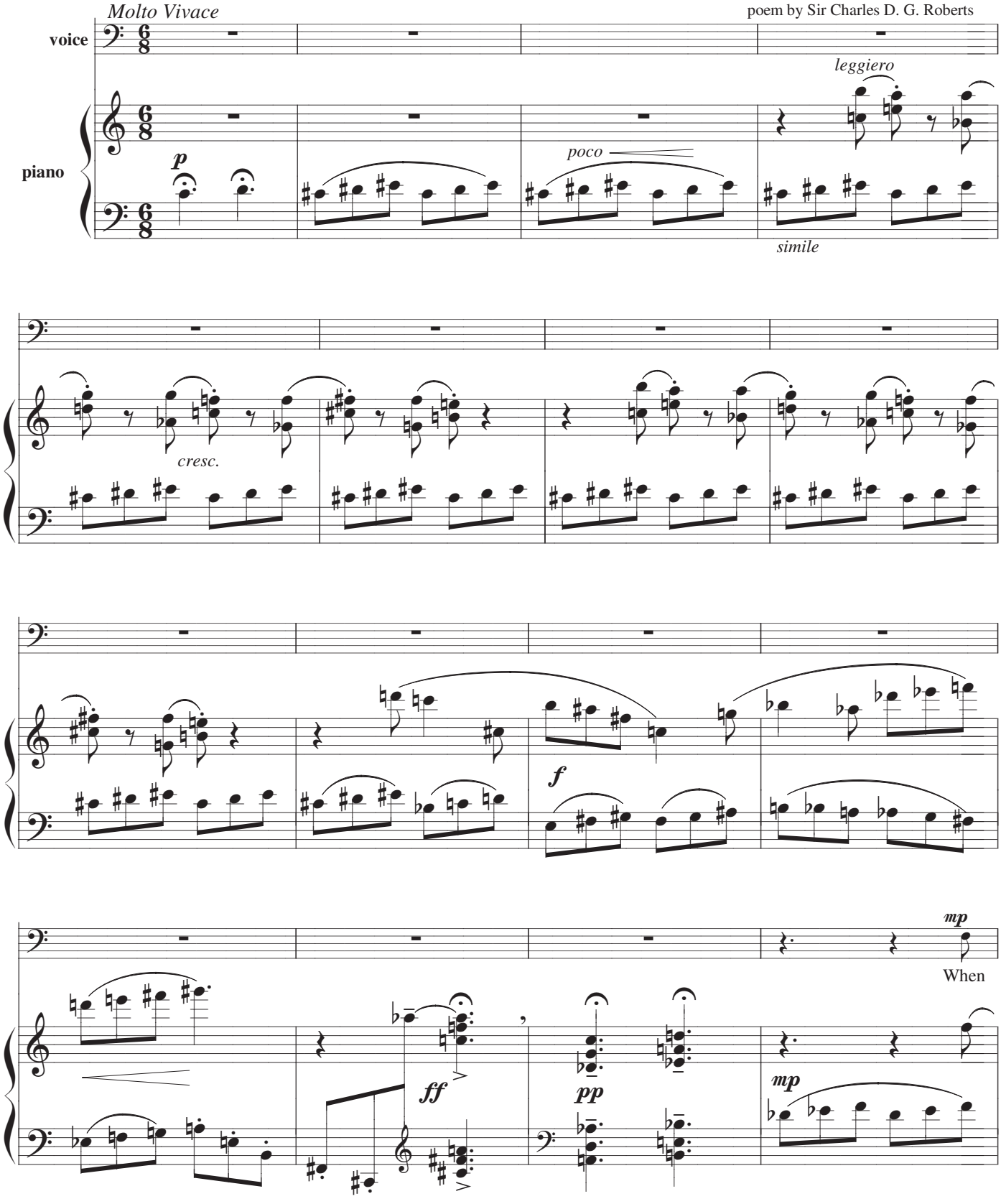

rall.
mp
There is some- thing in Oc - to - ber, sets the gyp - sy blood as -
a tempo
tir_____ We must rise and fol - low her,
allarg.
ben f
ff
When from ev - ery hill of flame
cresc.
ff

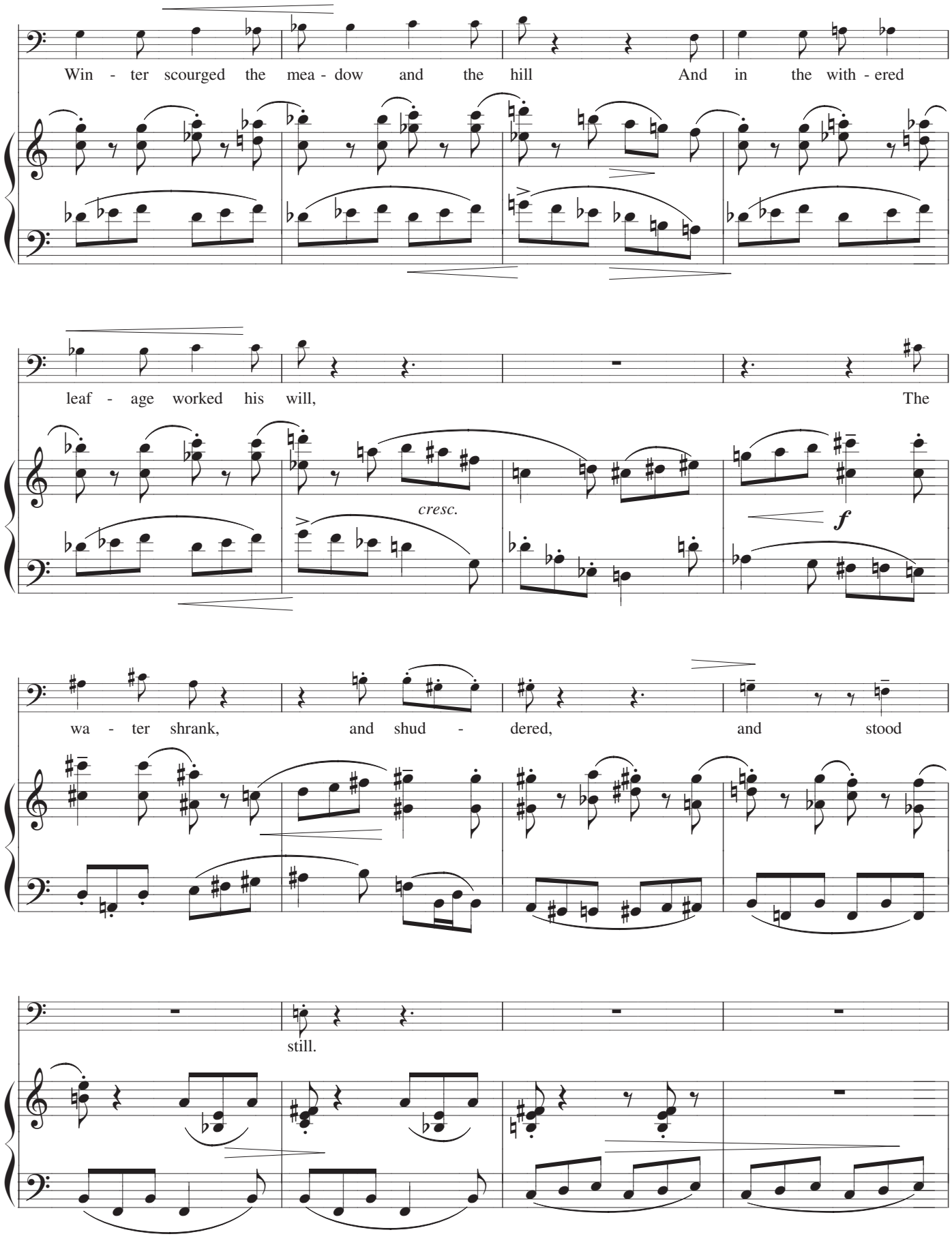

She calls and calls each va - ga- bond by name_____ by
mp
name, by name.
8va
molto accel.
f
rall.
Ped.
tre corde
cresc.
come un eco
mute
mp
allarg.
pp
Ped.

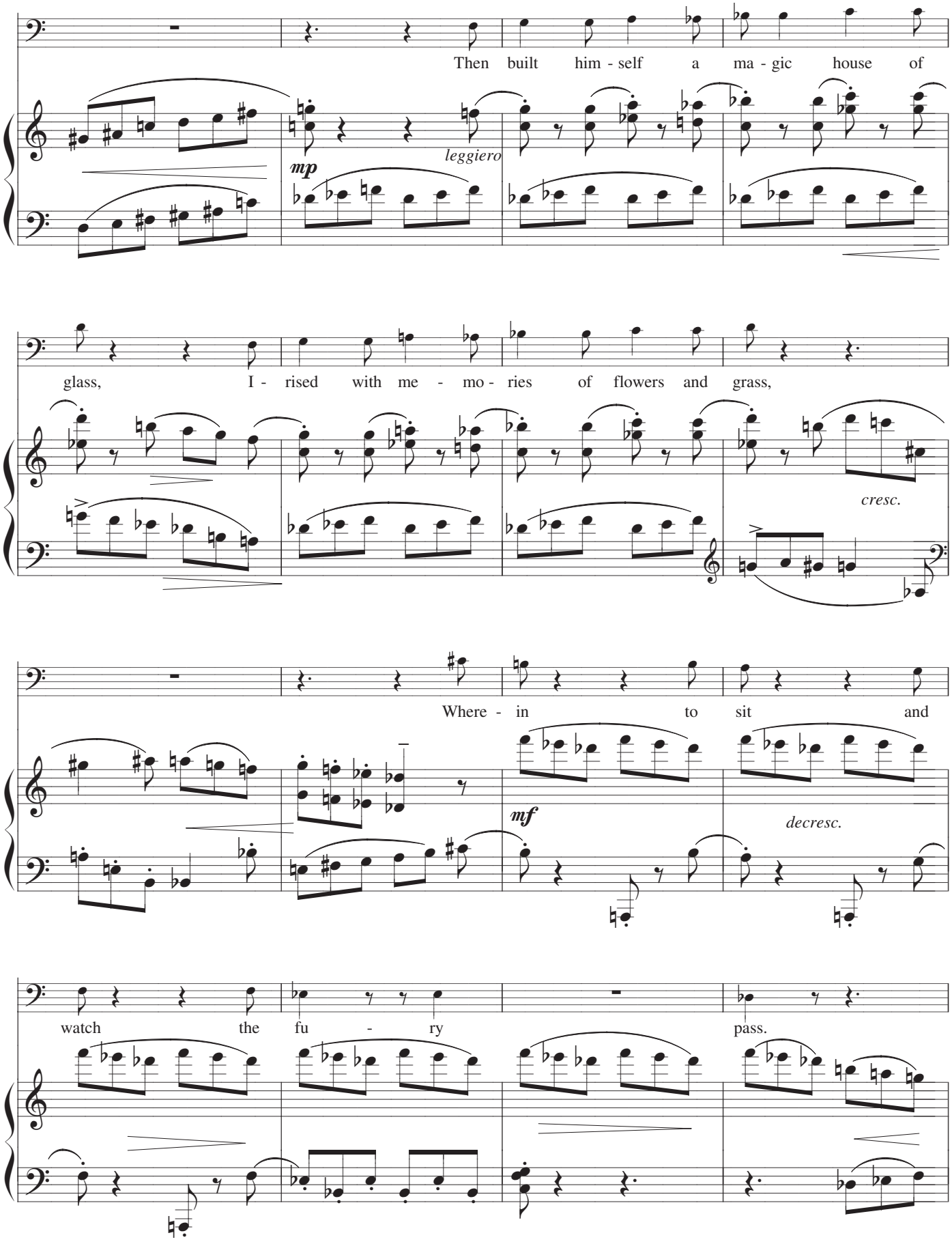
II. "Ice"

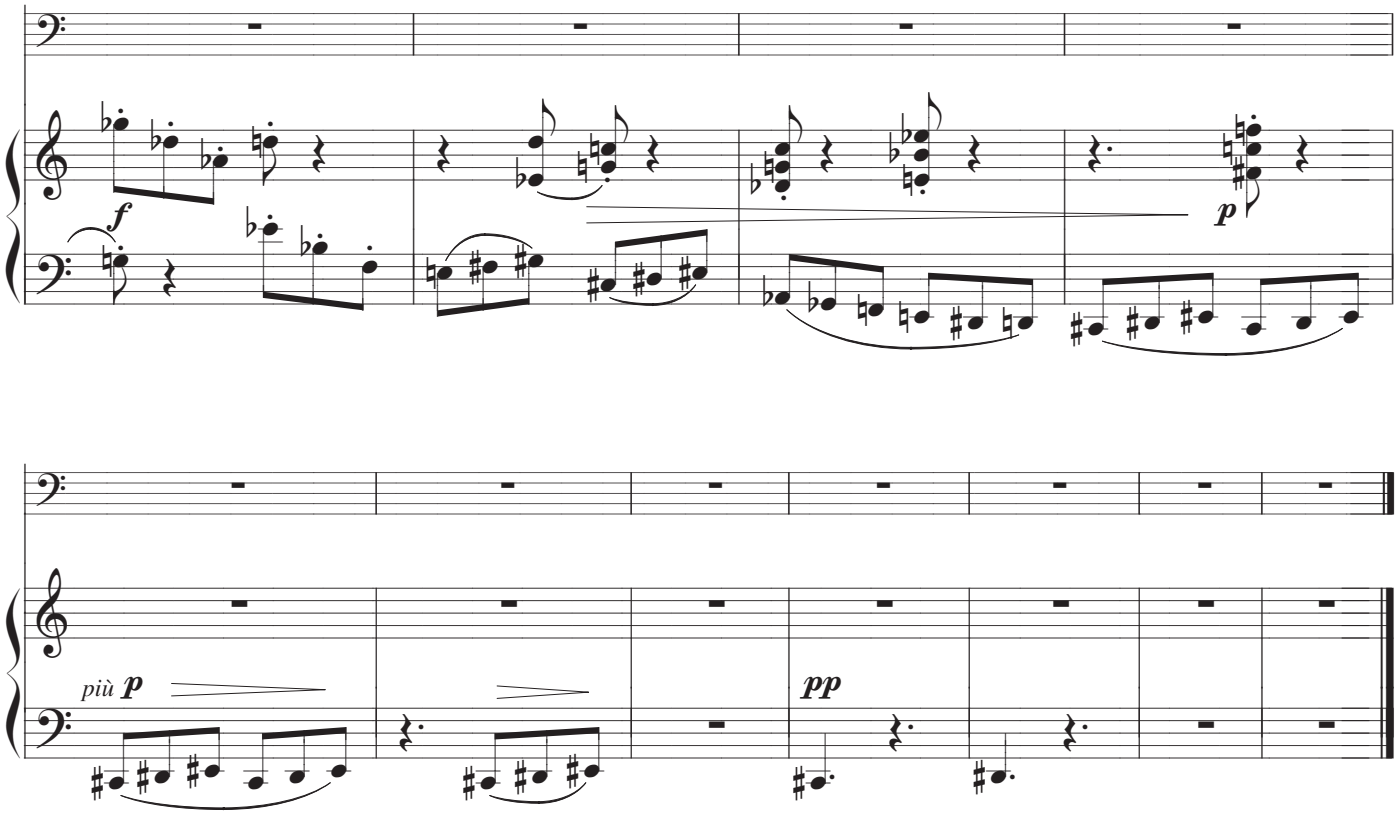
Tudor Feraru

poem by Sir Charles D. G. Roberts




Win - ter scourged the mea - dow and the hill And in the with - ered
leaf - age worked his will, The
cresc.
f
wa - ter shrank, and shud - dered, and stood
still.

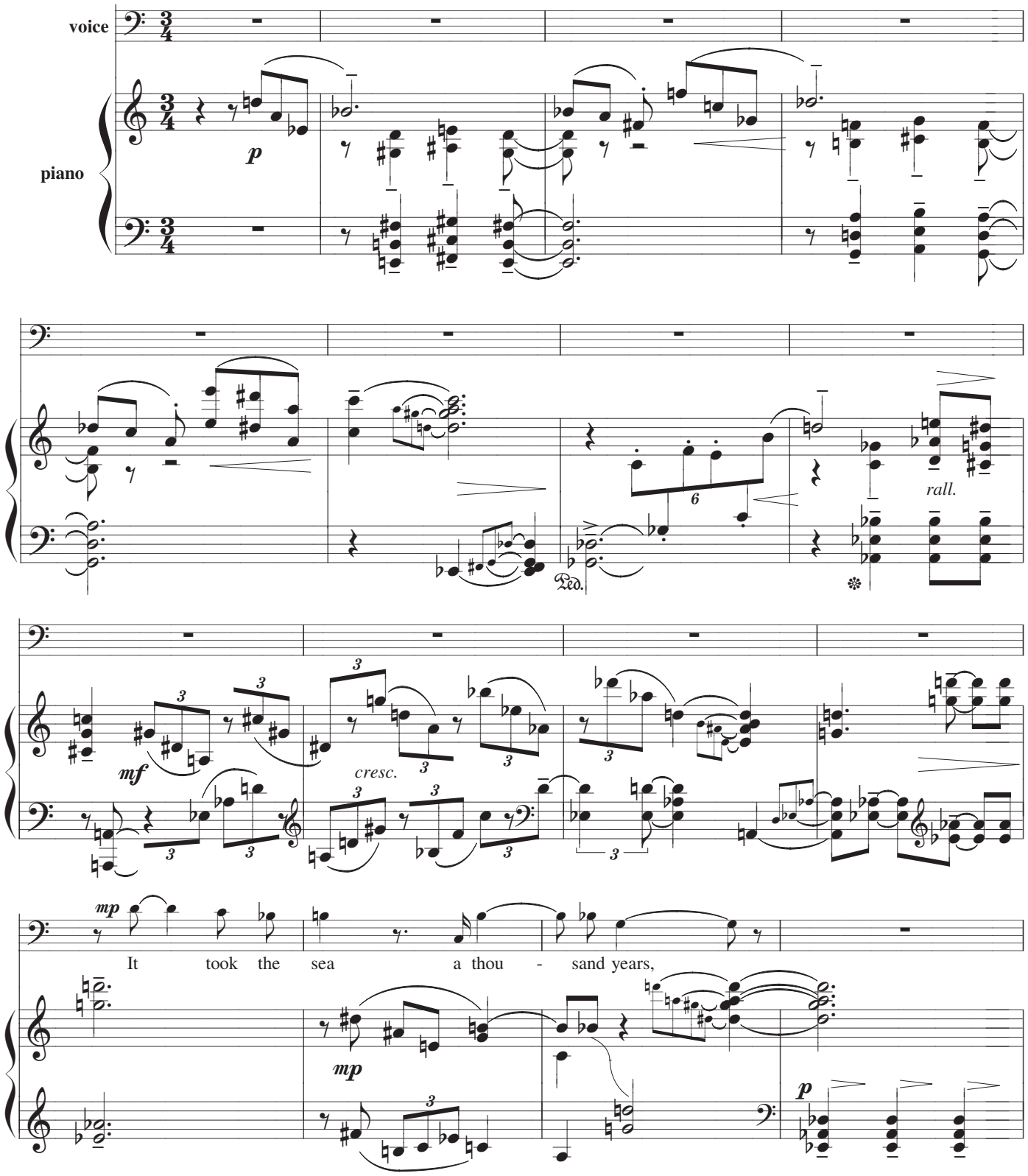

Then built him - self a ma - gic house of
mp
leggiero
glass, I - rised with me - mo - ries of flowers and grass,
cresc.
Where - in to sit and
mf
decresc.
watch the fu - ry pass.

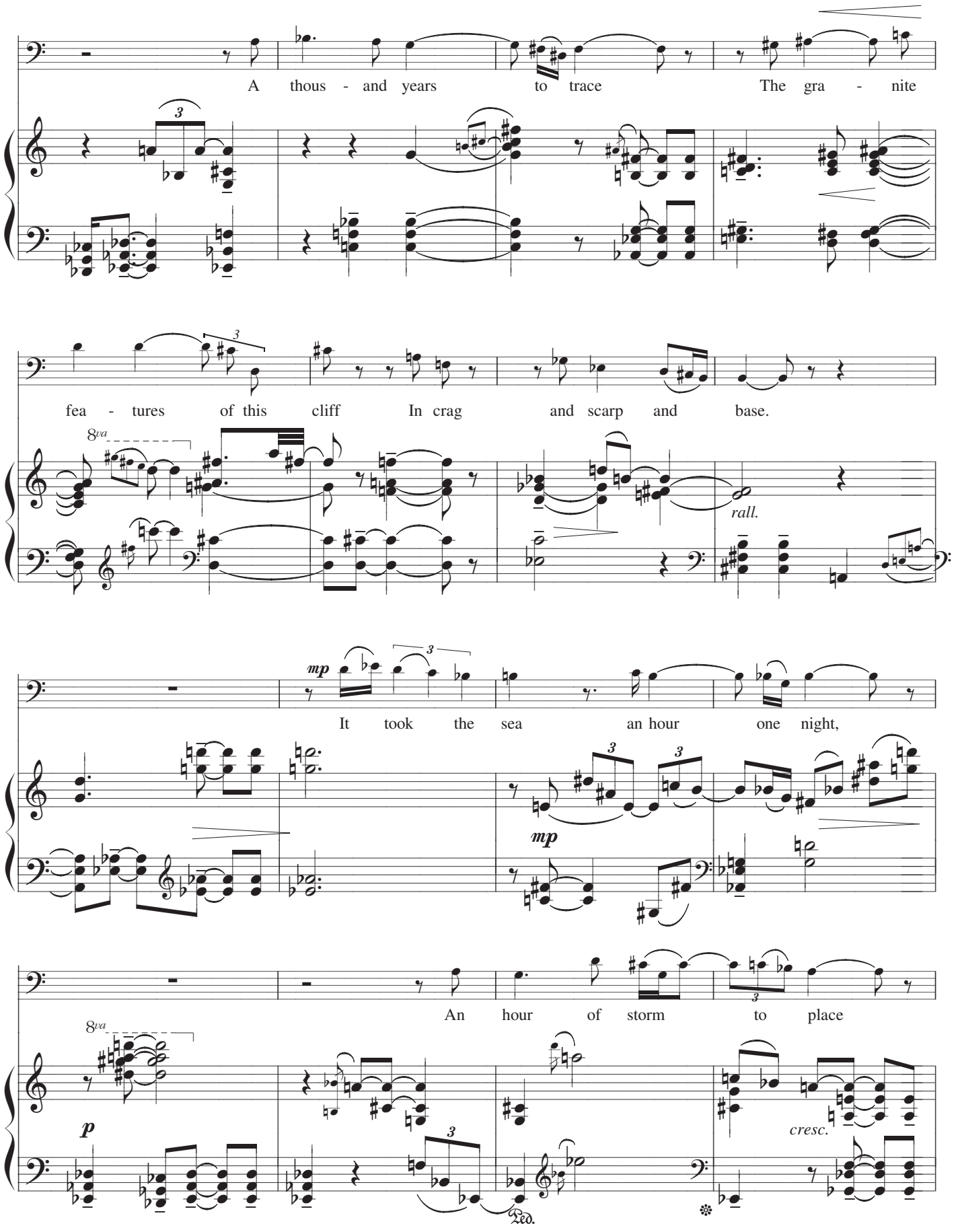

f
p
più p
pp

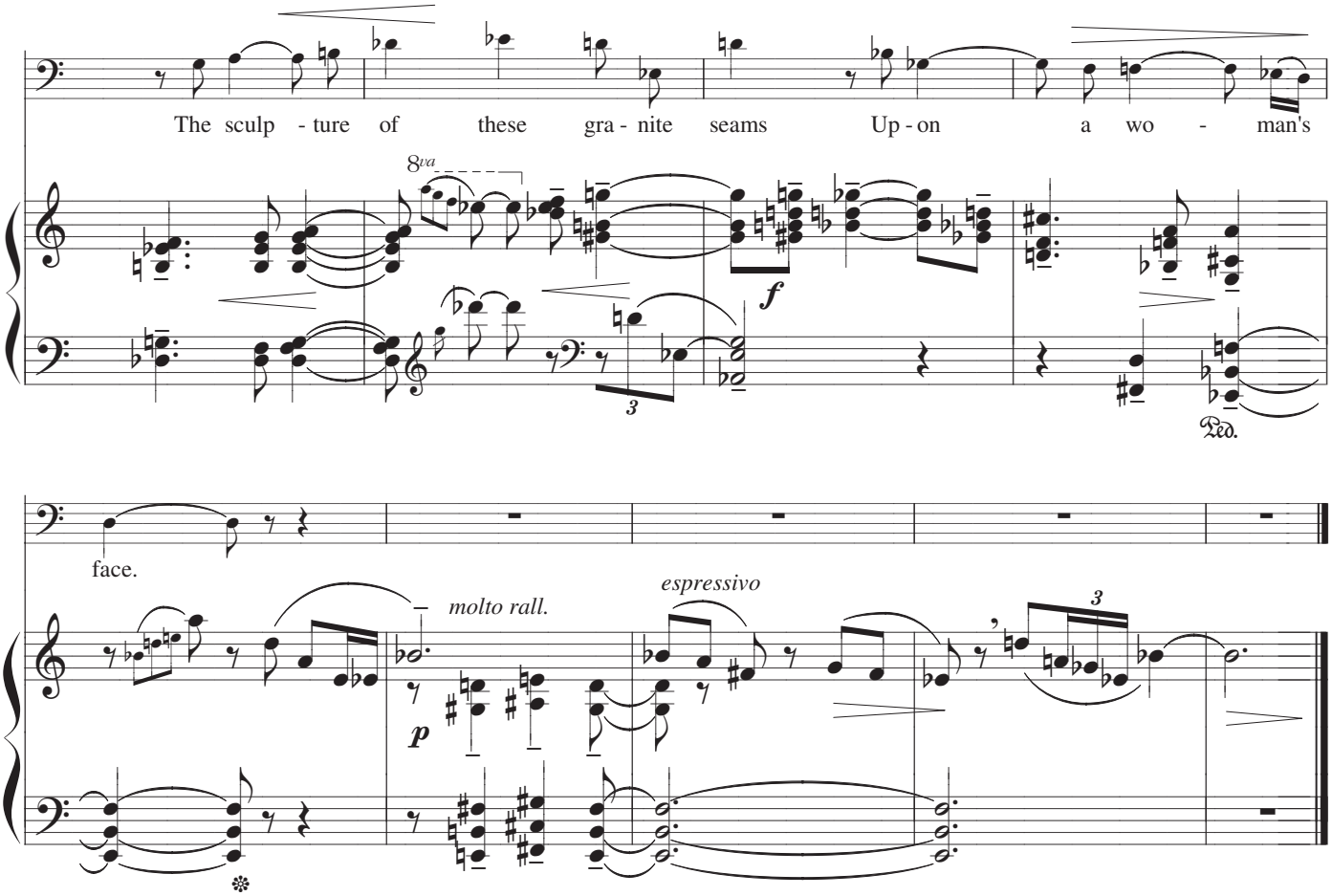
III. "Erosion"

Tudor Feraru
poem by E. J. Pratt

Moderato tranquillo




A thous - and years to trace The gra - nite
fea - tures of this cliff In crag and scarp and base.
8va
rall.
mp
It took the sea an hour one night,
mp
An hour of storm to place
8va
p
cresc.

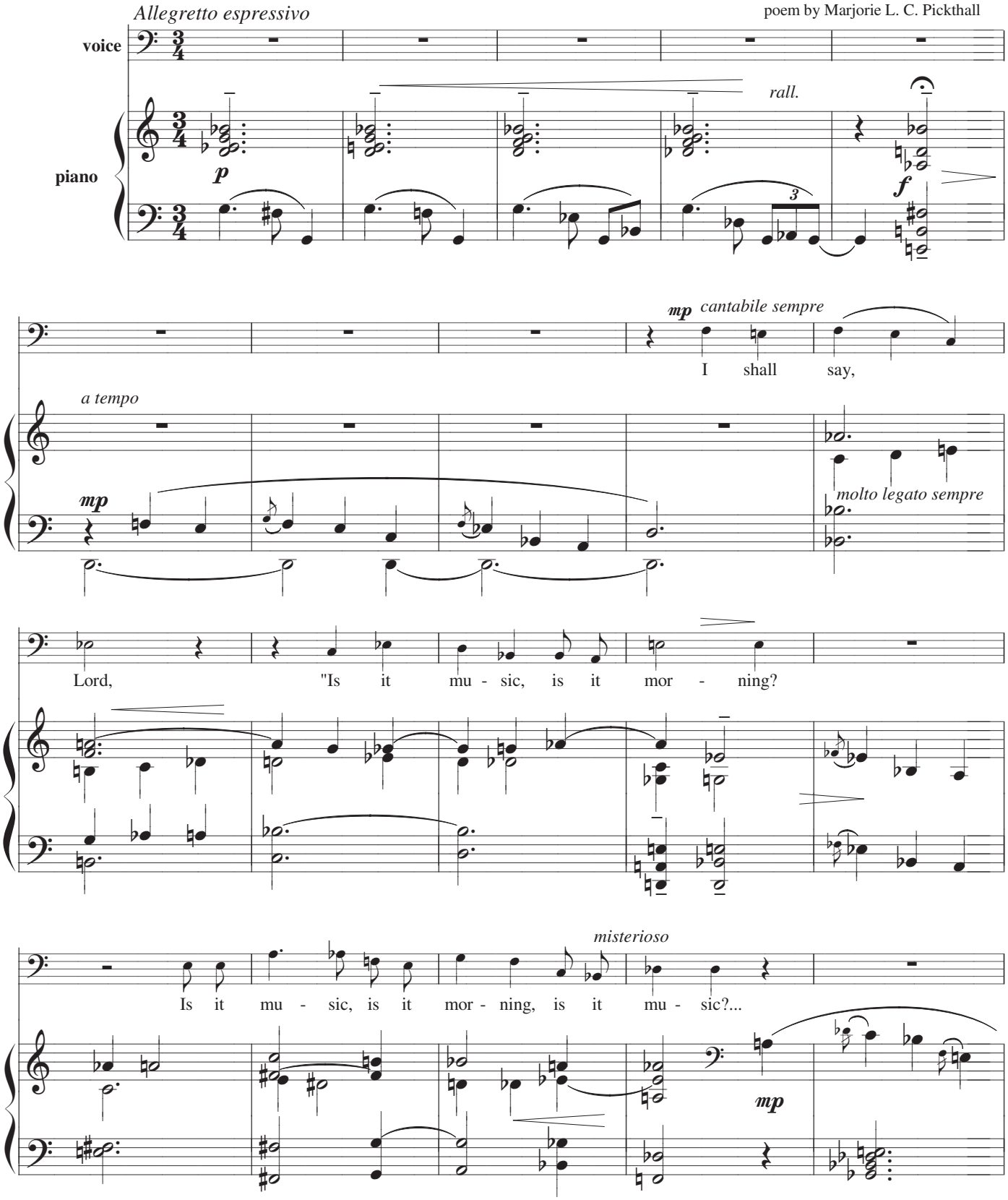

The sculp - ture of these gra - nite seams Up - on a wo - man's
8va
f
Ped.
face.
molto rall.
espressivo
p
3
3

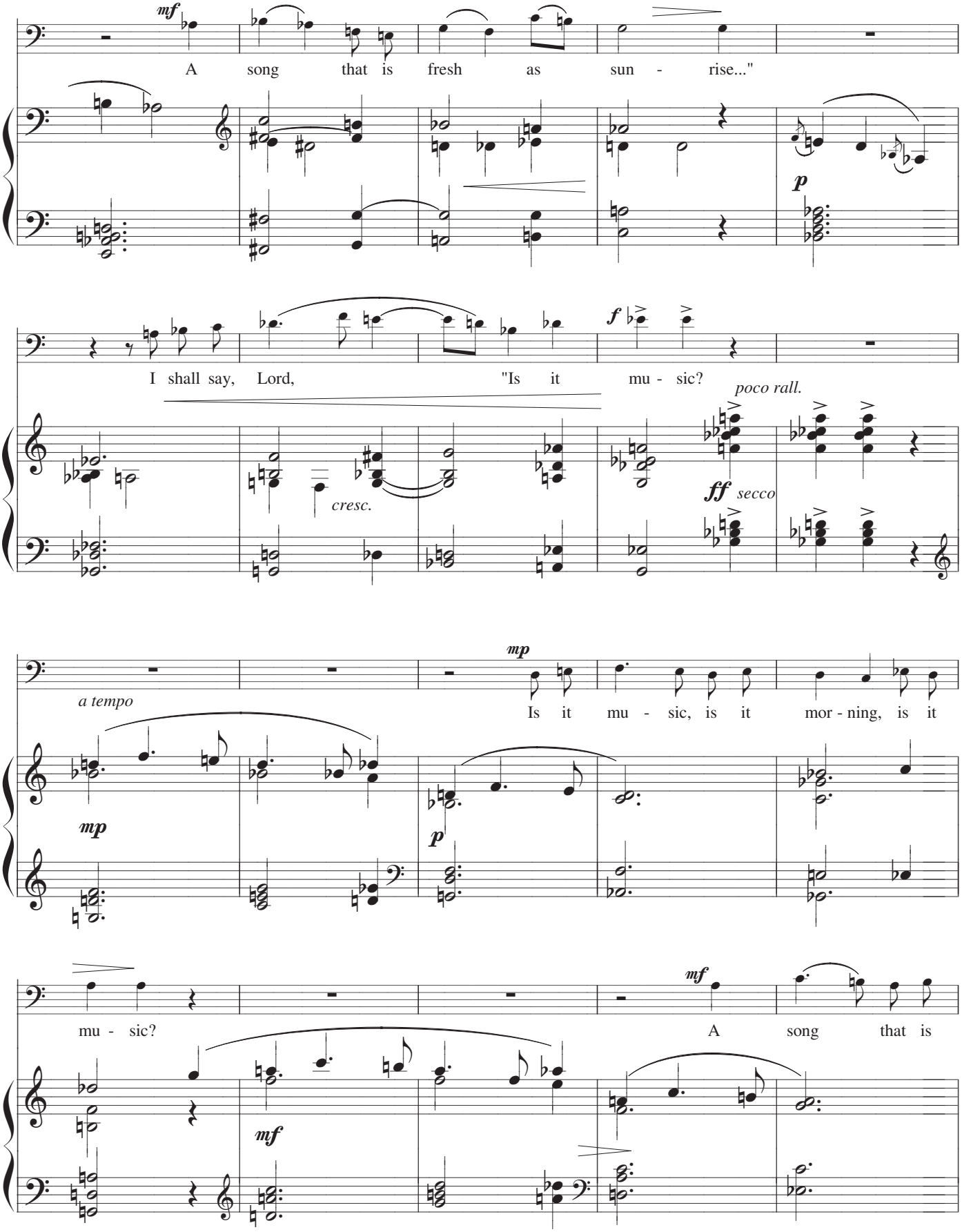
Attacca IV

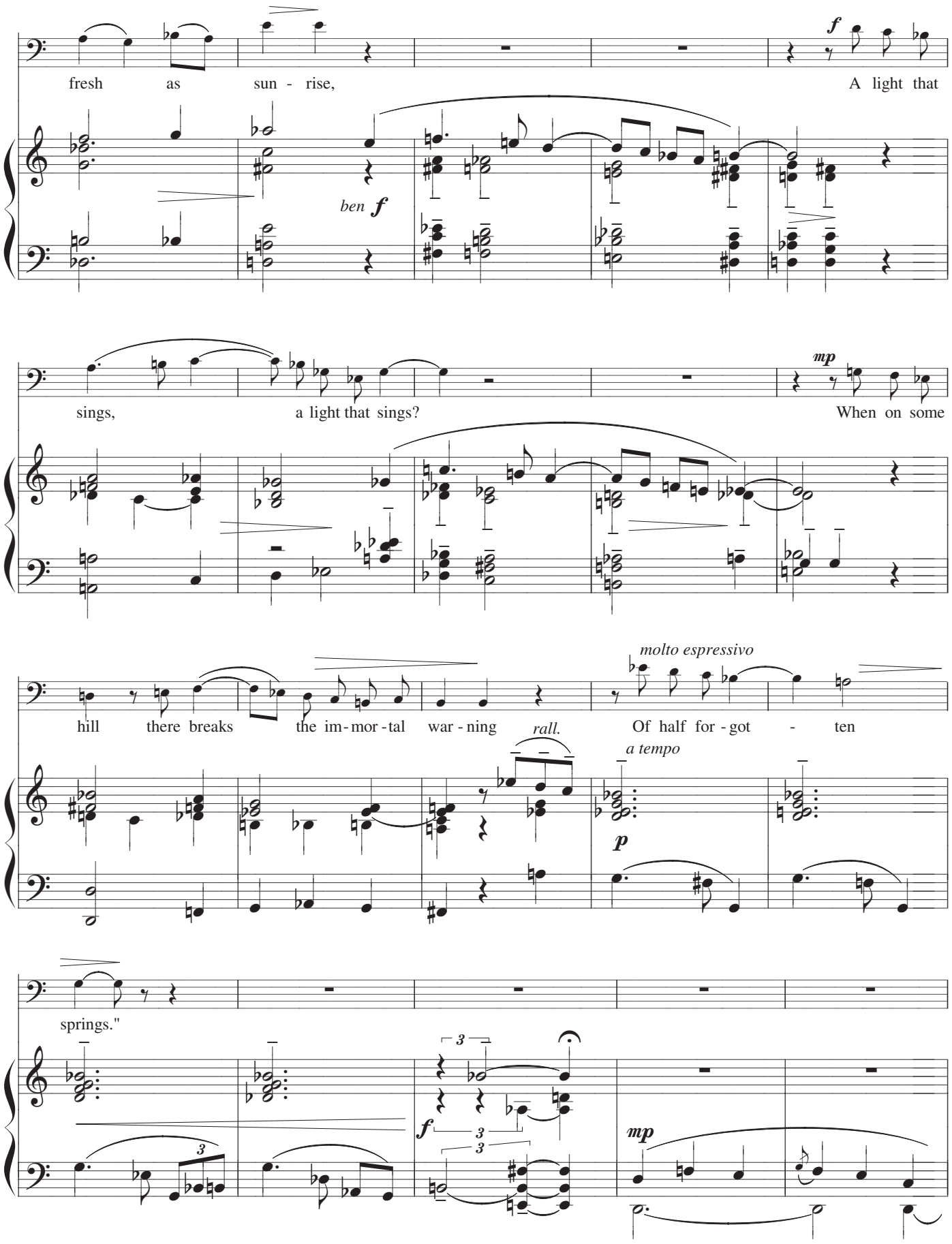
IV. "Resurgam"

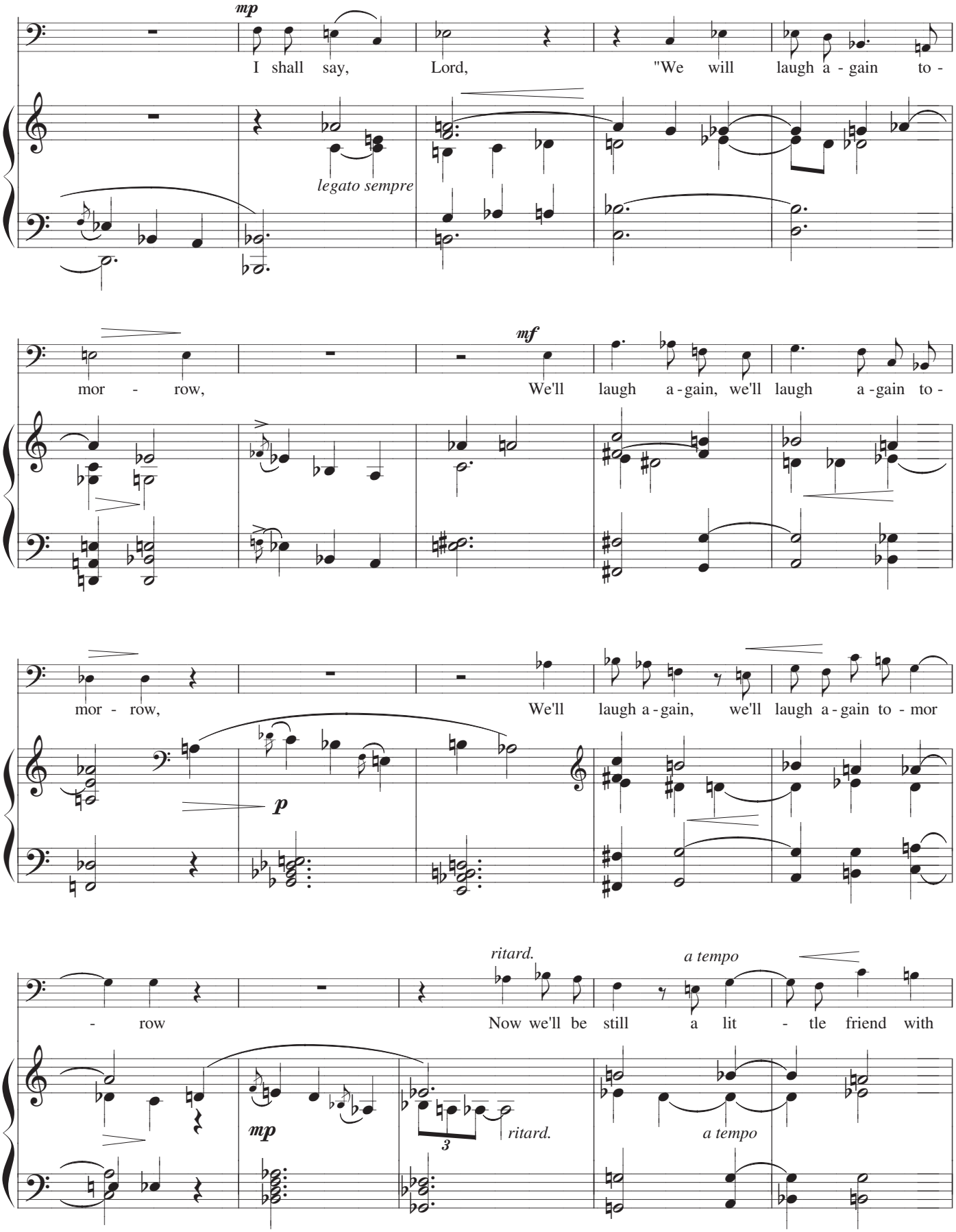
Tudor Feraru

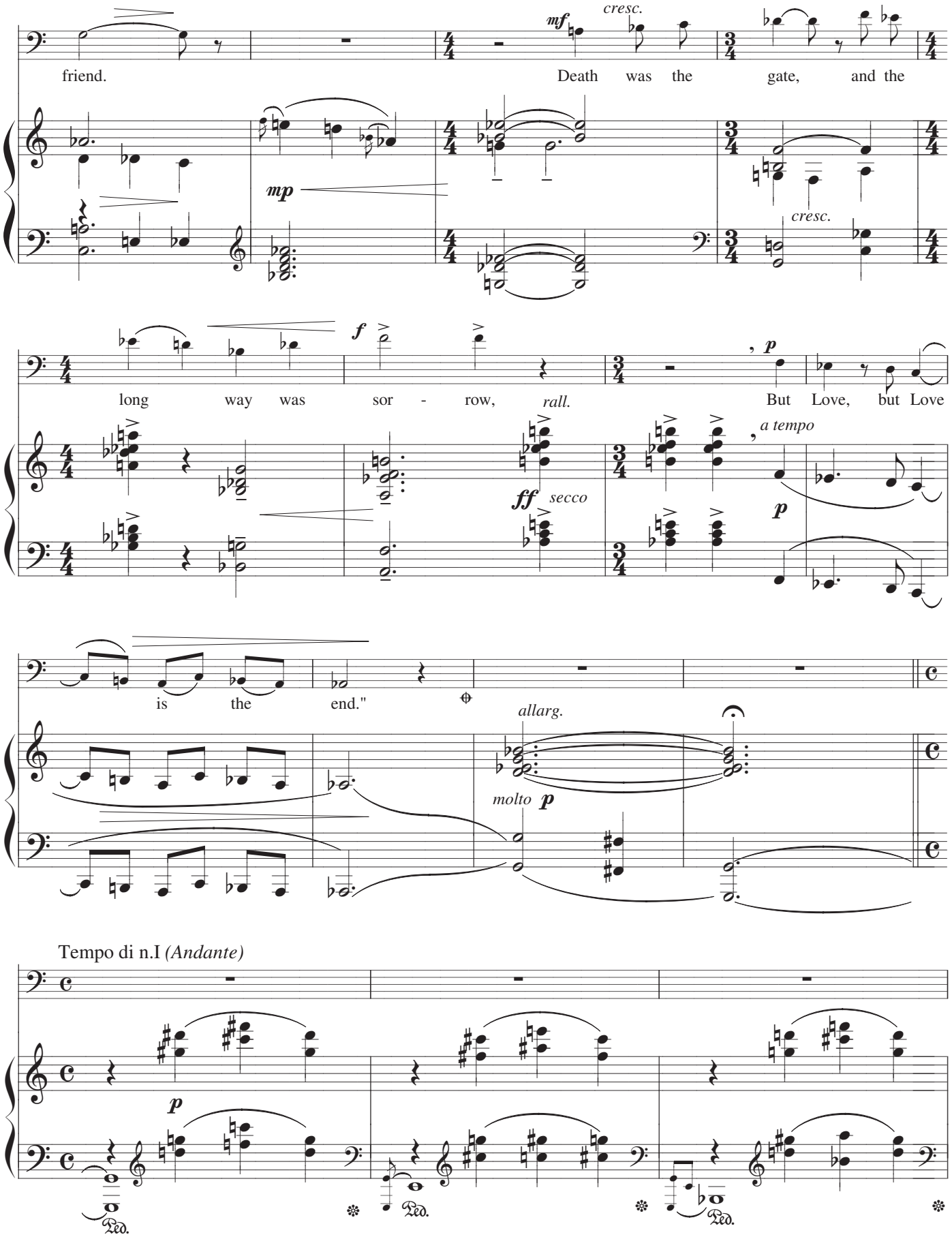
poem by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

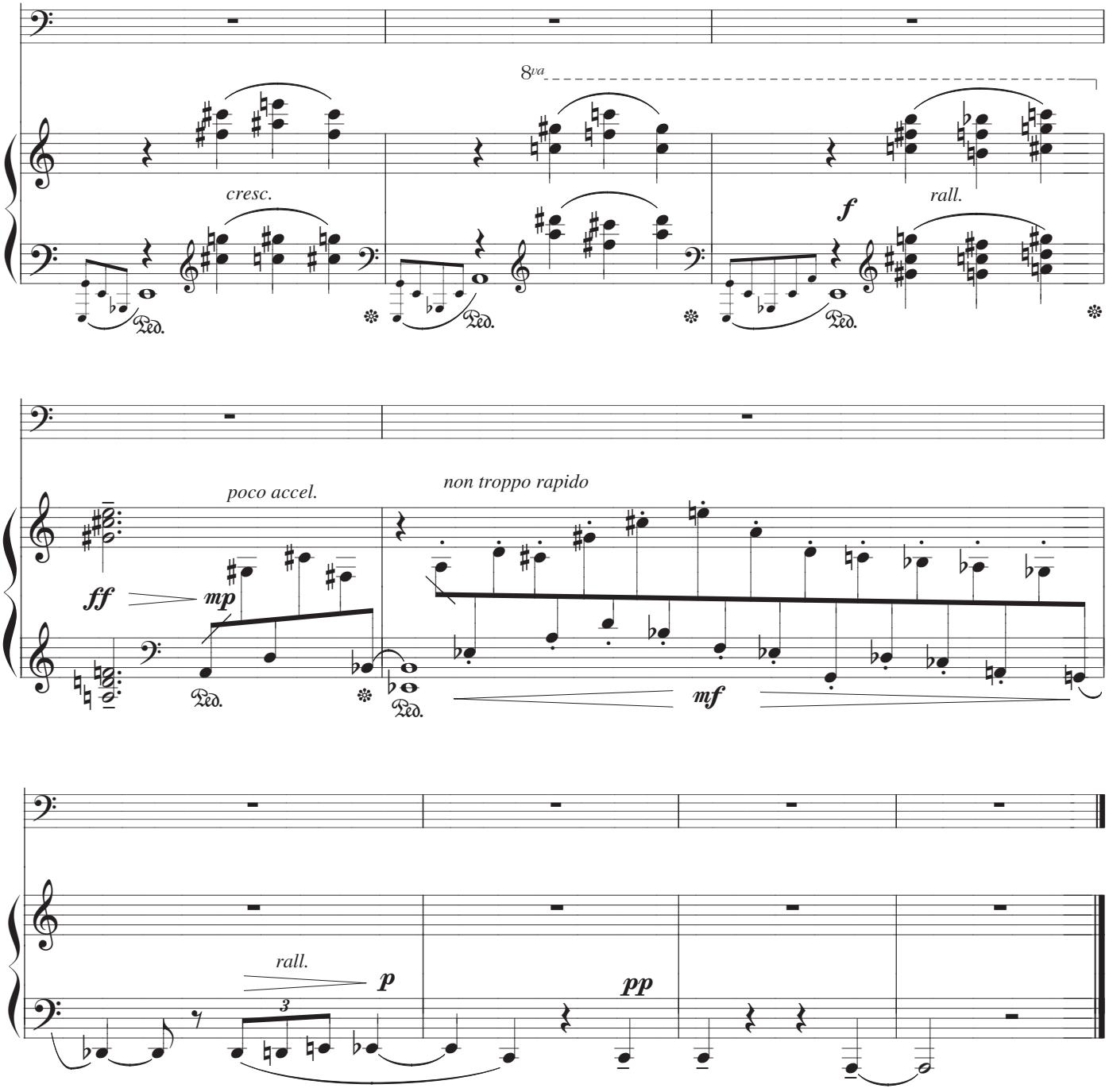



mf
A song that is fresh as sun - rise..."
p
f
I shall say, Lord, "Is it mu - sic?
poco rall.
cresc.
ff secco
mp
a tempo
Is it mu - sic, is it mor - ning, is it
mp
p
mf
mu - sic?
A song that is
mf


fresh as sun - rise,
A light that
ben f
f
sings, a light that sings?
When on some
mp
hill there breaks the im - mor - tal war - ning
rall.
Of half for - got - ten
molto espressivo
a tempo
p
springs."
f
mp
3


mp
I shall say, Lord, "We will laugh a - gain to -
legato sempre
mf
mor - row, We'll laugh a - gain, we'll laugh a - gain to -
mor - row, We'll laugh a - gain, we'll laugh a - gain to - mor
p
ritard.
a tempo
- row Now we'll be still a lit - tle friend with
mp
3
ritard.
a tempo


friend.
Death was the gate, and the
long way was sor - row,
But Love, but Love
is the end."
Tempo di n.I (Andante)



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London - Canada