CRAIG CARNAHAN MUSIC CCM607

Craig Carnahan



Promises and Interludes

Mezzo-soprano, Guitar



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PROGRAM NOTE: Promises and Interludes

The texts chosen for this song cycle are four of the fourteen poems that comprise Thomas Meyer's *The Promise: A Grand But Lost Crown*. Their fragmentary and, at times, contradictory nature lend themselves perfectly to two distinct voices—in this case, mezzo-soprano and guitar—sometimes working independently of each other; sometimes working in tandem.

Each *Promise* is brimming with vivid imagery and contrasting emotions that range from seasoned self-confidence, to crippling self-doubt, to detached acceptance. These feelings often converge so abruptly that interludes are employed to provide an opportunity to, in Meyer's words: "take a deep breath." Ultimately though, these are poems that transcend human restraint to celebrate the most powerful human instinct: love.

- Craig Carnahan

Promises and Interludes

The Promise (5)

When one dies, a Persian custom, doesn't matterWhat your sex was

an angel

sent by the lord

to meet you in

the cool shadows of the meadows

young, ravishing, boy, girl -

doesn't matter -

your heart breaks

And you are in heaven. They say, that this angel Is yourself seen in the still waters of your soul Quiet pool

Narcissus knelt by

"You need no more than this," the gray willows whisper, no more than this....

The Promise (6)

What more than this is there anyway? Echoes Reflections,
Sunlight
bright cucumbers, ripe pears

The confident, sensual world where everything Can be touched, in whose arms we are held And what we behold is god.

Each hesitant step

trembling finger tears

There is not enough air. The room's too warm. I am sick.

Sick of love, sick of passion,
Sick of their conventions.

The Promise (13)

Let the wine breath. Yes.

The wine dark sea, I'm reminded and would mention it, but don't. Did you know grapes grow down to the shore

And tangle in the surf off
Hatteras? I haven't seen them, but've
been told...
I cannot take my eyes off you.

Where my heart was, a young hare has been trapped Weak with the look of you

my tongue goes numb

I'd planned to say
Tell you that, or at least...

Take a deep breath

The Promise (14)

Take a deep breath

yes

it is

if then...

Let's bury our hearts
They won't

bruised with lust sick of their conventions

no more than this...

When one dies — ...a Persian custom? doesn't matter

there

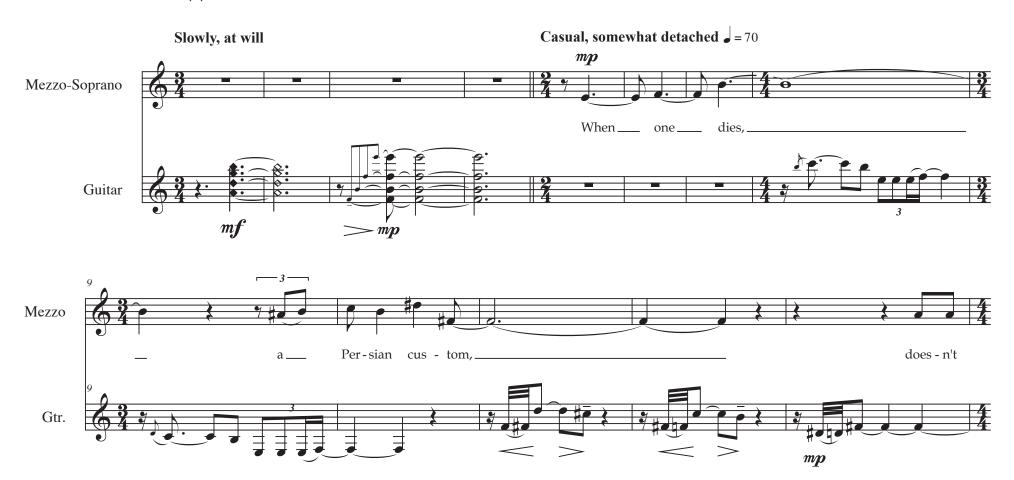
- Thomas Meyer

Promises and Interludes

Commissioned by The Dream Songs Project, Alyssa Anderson and Joseph Spoelstra
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thanks to a legislative appropriation from the Arts and Cultural Heritage Fund.

Thomas Meyer Craig Carnahan (b. 1951)

The Promise (5): When one dies

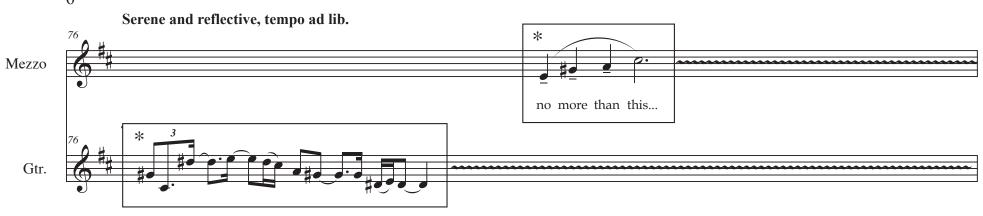


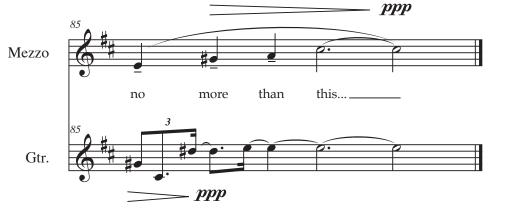












* *Performance note*: The motives in each cell should be repeated multiple times at the discretion of the performers, getting gradually softer until the final notes. The voice and guitar should be treated as independent of each other, each choosing their own tempo, pacing and flow.

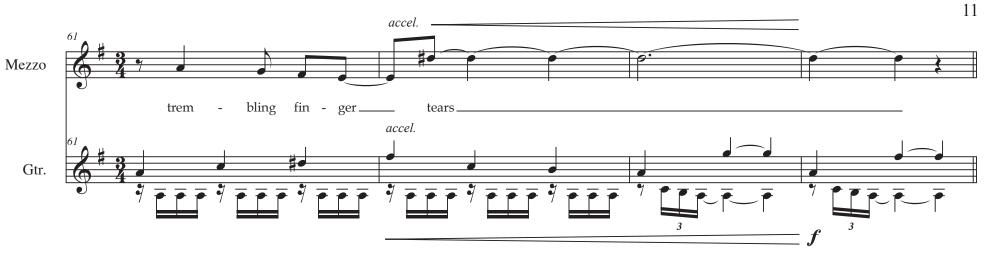
The Promise (6): What more than this is there anyway?

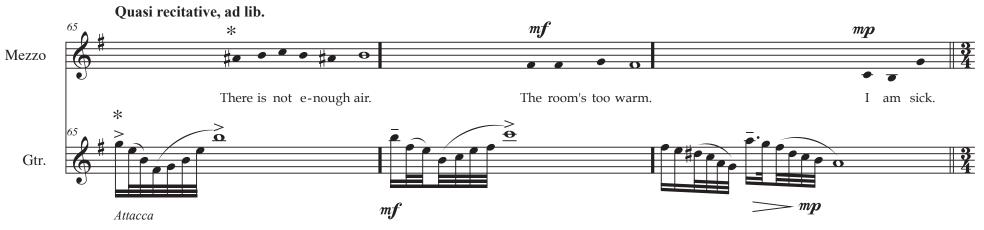
Relaxed, conversational = 84





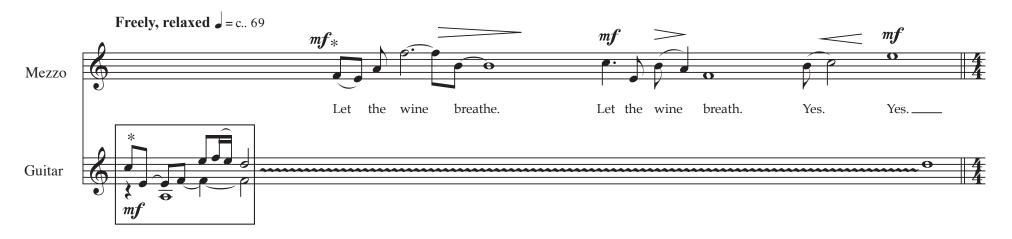




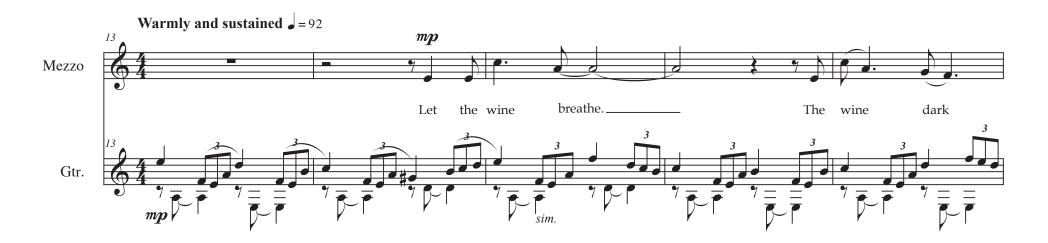


^{*} *Performance note*: These three measures should be treated as separate statements, with appropriate space between each one (at the discretion of the performers). The guitar flourishes are meant to be bold and theatrical; the mezzo-soprano determines the rhythms and dramatic approach to the musical material in each measure.

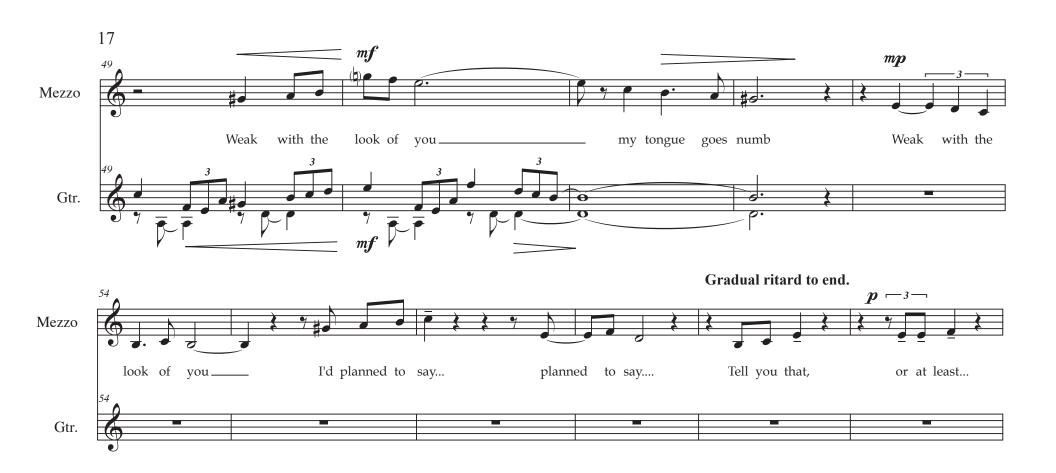
The Promise (13): Let the wine breathe

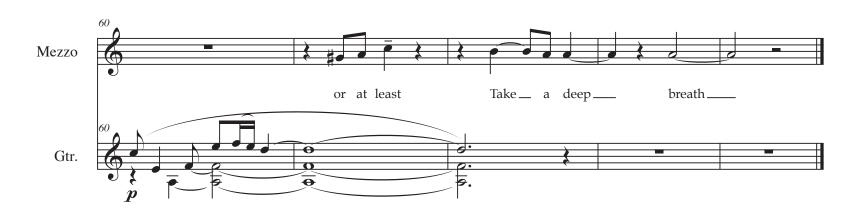


* *Performance note*: As previously, the mezzo-soprano and the guitar should be treated independently of each other. The guitar maintains a constant tempo; the mezzo decides her own tempo and the amount of time between each musical motive.









The Promise (14): Take a deep breath

Relaxed and flowing Solo: p mpmp accel. mpTempo 1 mfp



