Portfolio of Compositions

1. 2011  As If A Phantom Caress’d Me for mezzo-soprano, clarinet and harp

2. 2012  Ode to The Mock Turtle for SATB soli

3. 2012  I Think I Made You Up for soprano and piano
   I. Dear Daddy, From Sylvia
   II. Mad Girl’s Love Song
   III. Who

4. 2012  Incomprehensible to a Man for soprano and piano
   I. It Is A Truth
   II. An Engaged Woman
   III. Of A Ministry
   IV. Little Bag

5. 2012  The Applicant for voice and piano

6. 2013  Ode to The Jabberwocky for SATB soli

7. 2013  Long Lankin for soprano, baritone, free bass accordion, cello

8. 2013-14  Theme Park for solo voice
   I. Rollercoaster
   II. Ghost Train
   III. Hall of Mirrors
   IV. Tower Drop Ride

9. 2015  Alliterated Sugar Rush for unaccompanied solo voice
   I. Cupcake
   II. Battenberg Bourbon
   III. French Fancy
   IV. Wagon Wheels

10. 2015  Who is Geoffrey? for unaccompanied solo voice
11. 2016  *Dans Les Ombres de La Guerre* for mezzo-soprano and piano
   I. Le Ravin
   II. Le Feu
   III. Le Retour
   IV. Nocturne

12. 2016-2017  *Three Sensual Songs* for soprano and piano
   I. Song for a Lady
   II. When Man Enters Woman
   III. Us

13. 2018  *Come Slowly, Eden* for unaccompanied solo voice

14. 2018  *In Sultry Sun* and *Fiesta Benavites* for soprano and classical guitar

15. 2018  *Cycle of Senior Moments* for unaccompanied voice
   I. At The Savoy
   II. What Is That Woman?
   III. Take Me To Tony’s

16. 2018  *A Bed for the Night* for five voices and mixed ensemble
As If a Phantom Caress’d Me

For mezzo-soprano, clarinet in Bb and harp

Fleur Bray
As If a Phantom Caress’d Me

As if a phantom caress’d me,
I thought I was not alone walking by the shore;
But the one I thought was with me...
The one I loved...
As I lean and look through the glimmering light, that one has
utterly disappear’d
And those appear that are hateful to me and mock me.

By Walt Whitman
As If A Phantom Caress'd Me

Score in C

Mezzo-soprano

Clarinet in Bb

Harp

M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

\( q = 90 \) enigmatically

\( q = 90 \) enigmatically

Let harp string vibrate

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walking by the shore

But the one I thought was with me, but the one I loved,

thought was with me, the one I loved, (the one I loved,) I loved.
M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

M-S.

Cl.

Hp.

and look through the glimmering
To be sung *fp if singer comfortable floating the height. Clarinet and harp to copy with *fp.
and mock me, mock me.

ff

(Breathy tone)

mf sfp pp

a niente
Ode To The Mock Turtle

For SATB soli

Fleur Bray

2012
Ode to the Mock Turtle

BEAUTIFUL Soup, so rich and green,
   Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!

   Beau--ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo--oop of the e--e--evening,
    Beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
   Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
Pennyworth only of Beautiful Soup?

Extracted from 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

Lewis Carroll (1832 – 1898)
wai-ting in a hot, wai-ting

wai-ting in a hot tu-reen! Wai-ting in a hot, wai-ting in a hot tu-reen!

wai-ting in a hot tu-reen! Wai-ting in a hot in a hot tu-reen!

wai-ting in a hot, hot, hot, hot,

gliss. between notes

Wai-ting in a hot tu-reen, tu-reen,

Wai-ting in a hot tu-reen,
low soft palette, to enable true 'ee' vowel, mouse-like sound

(heptated)

reen, _______ tu - reen, tu - reen, tu - reen, gliss. between notes

'reen__ tu - reen, tu - reen!________

__ tu - reen, tu - reen, tu - reen!________

__ tu - reen!________________


low soft palette again, to enable true 'ee' vowel

41

mf
gliss.

__ tu - reen!

Wai - ting, wai - ting, wai - ting, mf

Wai - ting, wai - ting, wai - ting wai - ting, wai - ting, wai - ting

...wai - ting, wai - ting, wai - ting...
wa"iting, wa"ting, wa"ting wa"ting, wa"ting, wa"ting wa"ting wa"ting wa"ting rich and

\[ \frac{J=160}{\text{ho" vowel as in 'hot')}\]


green, green, green, green,


green, green, green, green,

ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho',

green, green, green, green,

hot, hot, hot, hot,

* Bass 't' to be explosive
ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho',
hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot,
Who for such dainties would not stoop? Ho', ho', ho', ho',

Ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho',

Ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho',

Hot, hot, hot, hot,

ho', ho', ho' ssoup, ssoup, ssoup, hot ssoup,

ho', ho', ho' ssoup, ssoup, ssoup, green ssoup,

ho', ho', ho' ssoup, ssoup, ssoup, hot ssoup,

hot, hot green ssoup,

* Bass 't' to be explosive
Gliss. through whole of note value

\( \text{\textbf{ff}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{g\textsc{li}ss}} \)

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\( \text{\textbf{g\textsc{li}ss}} \)
74 A tempo \( \frac{j=90}{\text{pp}} \)

Ssoup of the

Ssoup of the

Ssoup of the

nostalgic

Ssoup of the eve - ning, beauww - ti - ful ssou - pp!

79 \( \frac{j=170}{\text{f}} \)

eve - ning, beau - hoo - ti - ful ssoup! Who cares for fish,

eve - ning, beau - hoo - ti - ful ssoup! Game...

eve - ning, beau - hoo ti ful ssoup! ...cares for game...

Ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho', ho',

or
who cares for fish, who cares for fish, who cares for fish, who cares for fish,
who cares for fish, who cares for fish, who cares for fish,
cares... game... cares... game... cares... game... cares... game,
soup
fish - y, fish - y

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,

fish - y, fish - y,

fish - y,
98
rich_ and hot! rich_ green, rich_ and green,
green, rich and hot! hot! rich_ green, rich, green,
rich_ and green, hot hot! rich_ green, soup, rich_ and green,
green, rich and hot! hot!

102
rich_ and green, rich_ and
rich_ and green, rich and
rich_ and green, rich_ and green.
rich_ and green.
Freely spoken: 'Who would not give all else for two Pennyworth only of Beautiful... ssou...'

'poco rit.'
I Think I Made You Up

Three Songs for soprano and piano

Fleur Bray
I Think I Made You Up
Three Songs for soprano and piano

1. Dead Daddy, Love Sylvia
   I never could tell where you put your foot.
   I never could talk to you.
   I made a model of you.

   At twenty I tried to die
   They pulled me out of the sack
   And stuck me together with glue,

   I never could talk to you.
   I have always been scared of you
   With your Luftwaffe,
   Your gobbled gook
   I made a model of you
   Daddy, I’m through.

2. Mad Girl’s Love Song
   I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
   I lift my lids and all is born again.
   (I think I made you up inside my head.)

   The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
   And arbitrary blackness gallops in:
   I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

   I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
   And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.
   (I think I made you up inside my head.)

   God topplies from the sky, hell's fires fade:
   Exit seraphim and Satan’s men:
   I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

   I fancied you’d return the way you said,
   But I grow old and I forget your name.
   (I think I made you up inside my head.)
I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

3. Who

Let me sit in a flower pot,
The spiders won’t notice.
My heart is a stopped geranium

Dogsbody noses the petals
They bloom upside down.
They rattle like hydrangea bushes.

Cabbageheads: wormy purple, silver glaze.
Mothy pelts, green hearted veins of white.

The orange pumpkins have no eyes,
I am a root, a stone, an owl pellet, without dreams of
any sort.

I said I must remember this
There were such enormous flower,
Of purple and red mouths
The hoops of blackberry stems made me cry
Now they light, light me up like electric bulb
For weeks, I remember...

Extracted from texts by Sylvia Plath
I

Dear Daddy, From Sylvia

Sylvia Plath

Fleur Bray

\[ \text{\textit{j} = 100 ominously} \]

8

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with underlying threat

I never could tell where you put your foot.

I never could talk to you.

made a model of you, of you.
poco accel.

They pulled me out of the sack and stuck me together with
quasi whisper

55

fp

glue,

with glue

61

mp

I ne-ver could

65

mf  fp

talk to you.

69

ppp

I have al-wa ys been scared of you

(Let sound for as long as possible under recit.)
with your Luftwaffe, your gobble dy goog

with your Luftwaffe, your gobble dy goog

accel. A tempo

I made a model, a model of you

Daddy, I'm through.
II

Mad Girl's Love Song

Sylvia Plath

Fleur Bray

\[ \text{\textit{expressionless}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{pp}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{with tentative, nervous energy}} \]

Soprano:

Piano:

I shut my eyes and the world drops dead;

I lift my lids and all is born.
(I think I made you up inside my head.) (Um Cha Cha. Um Cha Cha.)

Um Cha Cha.) The stars go waltzing out in blue and red
and arbitrary blackness

gallops in:

I shut my eyes... the world drops

whispered

(I think I made you up...)

dead.
in a deranged manner

(Um Cha Cha. Um Cha Cha.)

that you bewitched me into bed and

sung me moonstruck...
Ha Ha

(laughs).ff

\( \text{I should have} \)

\( \text{A} \)

loved

\( \text{A} \)

\( \text{heightened intensity} \)

thunderbird instead; (At least when spring comes they roar back again.)
Ha Ha!  (At least when spring comes...)  Ha Ha!  (I think I made you up)

(I think I made you up)

Ha... 'a
(nasal)

Ha!  Ha!  Ha!
III
Who

Soprano

Piano

Let me sit in a flower pot, the spiders won't notice.

My heart is a stopped geranium.

dog's body noses the petals; they bloom upside down.
They rattle like hyrager bush-es

Cabbage heads: wormy purple, silver glaze.

Mothy pels, green hearted veins of white.

The orange pumpkins have no eyes, I am a route, a stone, an
owl pellet, without dreams of any sort.

I said I must remember this

There were such enormous flowers, of purple and red mouths

The hoops of blackberry stems made me cry. Now they light,
light me up like an electric bulb
For weeks,

for weeks, I remember, remember.

Rit.
Incomprehensible to a Man

For soprano and piano

Fleur Bray
Incomprehensible to a Man

1. It is a Truth
   It is always incomprehensible to a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage.

   It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

2. An engaged woman
   An engaged woman is always more agreeable than a disengaged.

   Single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor, which is one very strong argument in favour of matrimony.

3. Of a Ministry
   Of a Ministry pitiful, angry, mean,
   A gallant commander the victim is seen.

4. This Little Bag
   This little bag I hope will prove
   To be not vainly made--
   For, if you should a needle want
   It will afford you aid.
   And as we are about to part
   ‘Twill serve another end,
   For when you look upon the bag
   You'll recollect your friend.

Extracted from Jane Austen texts: *Emma, Pride and Prejudice* and private letters
It Is A Truth

It is always incomprehensible to a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage. It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.
a good fortune must be in want of a wife.
II

An Engaged Woman

Jane Austen

Pianist: Fleur Bray

\[ \text{\textcopyright \textregistered \texttrademark} \]

Voice

\[ \text{j = 92 forcefully} \]

An Engaged Woman is always more agreeable than a disengaged.

Piano

An Engaged Woman is always more agreeable than a disengaged.

\[ \text{Red} \]

\[ \text{Red} \]

\[ \text{Red} \]

always more agreeable. Engaged Woman always more agreeable.

\[ \text{Red} \]
than a dis-eng-aged. Eng-aged wo-man al-ways more a-gree-a-ble. Eng-aged wo-man. al-ways more a-gree-a-ble than a dis-en-
gaged.
Calmly

Sing

me wo men have a dread

ful pro pen si ty for be ing poor.
Which is an extraordinary argument in favour of matrimony.

A tempo

Forcefully

An engaged woman is always, always,
Always more agreeable, always more, always

poco accel. \textit{A tempo} \text{sub}p

Always more agreeable, always more, always
always more agreeable.

poco accel. \textit{A tempo} \text{sub}p

Engaged, always more agreeable. Engaged, dis-engaged. An Engaged
Woman is always more agreeable than a disengaged. An Engaged

al-ways more a-gree-a-ble. Al ways more a-gree-a-ble.

Always more... Engaged, Disengaged.
Of a Ministry

Jane Austen

Fleur Bray

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of a, of a Min-i-stry pi-ti-ful, ang-ry, mean.

gal-lant com-man-der the vic-tim is seen. A gal-lant com-man-der the vic-tim is seen. A gal-lant com-man-der the vic-tim is seen, the vic-tim is seen, the vic-tim is seen,
galant commander the victim is seen. A galant commander the victim is

victim is, is, is, is, is, is seen of a Ministry,

pitiful, angry Of a Ministry, galant commander is seen, of a Ministry. Of a, of a,
of a Ministry pitiful, angry mean. Of a, of a,

of a Ministry pitiful. Of a Ministry pitiful, angry, pitiful, angry mean.
Little Bag

J = 60 delicately

Voice

Piano

mysteriously

Lit - tle

bag I hope will prove not vainly made.
Little bag, if you should need

want it will afford you aid.

when you look upon, you look upon upon

mf f3

mf f3

mf f3
the bag, you re-collect your friend.

little bag, little, little, bag.
The Applicant

For Voice and Piano

Fleur Bray

2012
The Applicant

First, are you our sort of a person?
Do you wear
A glass eye, false teeth or a crutch,
A brace or a hook,

How can we give you a thing?
Stop crying.

What about this suit,
Black and stiff,
Dissolve of sorrow.
We make new stock from the salt.
What do you think of that?
Your last resort.
The Applicant

Sylvia Plath

aggressively

\( \text{aggressively} \quad \text{mf} \)

(with relative freedom of tempo and pitch)

\( J = 190 \)

with attitude

Voice

First, are you our sort of person? are you our sort of person?

Piano

6

\( f \)

\( mp \)

Do you wear a glass eye,
false teeth, or a crutch, a brace or _ a _ hook, How

can we give you a thing? How can we give you a thing? How can we give

you a thing? Stop crying. Stop crying. Stop crying.
What about this suit: black and stiff, what about this suit,
this suit? Stop crying, crying, Dis-
solve of sorrow. We make new stock from the salt. What do you think of
that? Stop crying, Stop crying.
Your
last re sort, your last re sort. Your last re sort, your last, Your last, your last, your last re sort.

What do you think...? What do you think...? What do you think...?
What do you think...?
Ode To The Jabberwocky

For SATB soli

Fleur Bray
Jabberwocky
from ‘Through the Looking Glass’ (1871)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

by Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)
Text Explanation
(Extracted from the author’s notes of 1896)

The poem ‘Jabberwocky’ contains many nonsensical words of Lewis Carroll’s own invention. In later writings, Carroll discusses both the pronunciation and the meaning behind some of the wording [see below]. A number of these verses are also explained by the character Humpty Dumpty to Alice in within the story of Through the Looking Glass.

Brillig = Referring to the time of day; late afternoon
Slithy = A combination of ‘lithe’ and ‘slimy’
Toves = In the story, Humpty Dumpty refers to ‘toves’ as “something like badgers, they’re something like lizards, and they’re something like corkscrews”
Gyre = Traditionally translated as an action ‘to go round and round in spiral motion’ but Carroll also noted that in his text it meant to scratch like a dog
Wabe = A grass plot, the side of a hill
Borogoves = Thin shabby-looking bird with a turned-up beak and no wings; an extinct kind of parrot
Mome Rath = A species of land turtle with curved front forelegs
Outgrabe = Past tense of ‘outgribing’, to squeak/shriek
Frumious = A combination of the words ‘fuming’ and ‘furious’
Bandersnatch = A swift moving creature with snapping jaws, capable of extending its neck.
Manxome = A portmanteau of ‘manly’ and ‘buxom’
Uffish = A state of mind ‘when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish and the temper huffish’
Tulgey = Darkness, gloominess
Burbled = To murmur and warble
Galumphing = Galloping with triumph
Frabjous = A combination of fabulous, fair and joyous
Composer’s Note on Pronunciation/Effect

[I] - as in ‘brillig’ / ‘brilliant’

**Brillig** - Roll the ‘r’

**Slithy** - First vowel pronounced [ai] -long ‘i’ as in ‘sly-thee’

[ɻ] - Unpitched consonants

**Toves** - [æʊ] to rhyme with ‘goves’

**Gyre and Gimble** - hard ‘g’ as in good

**Raths** - To rhyme with baths [ɑː]

**Outgrabe** - Roll the ‘r’

▲ - An upward arrow notehead denotes the singer to glissando up off the note as high as possible (Bar 21 and 44)

**Frumious** - Roll the ‘r’. ‘Fru.’ pronounced [uː]

[iː] - As in tree

**Galumphing** - Second syllable [ʰ] as in ‘mud’.

**General note on diction**: All consonants to be over-articulated due to the unusual and whimsical manner of the text.
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
Text Explanation
(Extracted from the author’s notes of 1896)

The poem ‘Jabberwocky’ contains many nonsensical words of Lewis Carroll’s own invention. In later writings, Carroll discusses both the pronunciation and the meaning behind some of the wording [see below]. A number of these verses are also explained by the character Humpty Dumpty to Alice in within the story of Through the Looking Glass.

Brillig = Referring to the time of day; late afternoon
Slithy = A combination of ‘lithe’ and ‘slimy’
Toves = In the story, Humpty Dumpty refers to ‘toves’ as “something like badgers, they’re something like lizards, and they’re something like corkscrews”
Gyre = Traditionally translated as an action ‘to go round and round in spiral motion’ but Carroll also noted that in his text it meant to scratch like a dog
Wabe = A grass plot, the side of a hill
Borogoves = Thin shabby-looking bird with a turned-up beak and no wings; an extinct kind of parrot
Mome Rath = A species of land turtle with curved front forelegs
Outgrabe = Past tense of ‘outgribing’, to squeak/shriek
Frumious = A combination of the words ‘fuming’ and ‘furious’
Bandersnatch = A swift moving creature with snapping jaws, capable of extending its neck.
Manxome = A portmanteau of ‘manly’ and ‘buxom’
Uffish = A state of mind ‘when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish and the temper huffish’
Tulgey = Darkness, gloominess
Burbled = To murmur and warble
Galumphing = Galloping with triumph
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[iː] - As in tree

Galumphing - Second syllable [vː] as in ‘mud’.

General note on diction: All consonants to be over-articulated due to the unusual and whimsical manner of the text.
Ode to the Jabberwocky

Lewis Carroll

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did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mim-sy, mim-sy, mim-sy were the

bo-ro-goves,

mim-sy, mim-sy, mim-sy were the bo-ro-goves,

All mim-sy, mim-sy, mim-sy were the bo-ro-goves,

All mim-sy, mim-sy,
bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves,
mim-sy, mim-sy, mim-sy were the bo-ro-goves,
All mim-sy, mim-sy, mim-sy were the bo-ro-goves,
—mim-sy, all mim-sy...

broadly
bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves,
bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves,
bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves, bo-ro-goves,

* (Into falsetto if comfortable)
and the mome_raths out-grabe___
rolled 'r' in outgrabe___
Be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - ware the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son! Be - ware, be - war e, be - war e the jab - ber - wock my son!
=140 with vigour

jab-ber wock._ and shun the fru-mious ban-der-snatch! The ban-der-snatch! And

jab-ber wock._ shun the fru-mious ban-der-snatch! The ban-der-snatch!

jab-ber wock._ and shun the fru-mious ban-der-snatch! The ban-der-snatch! And

jab-ber wock._ ban-der-snatch! Be-ware be-ware

rolled 'r' in frumious

shun the fru-mious ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch!

shun the ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch! Fru-mious

shun the fru-mious ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch! Fru-mious

Ban-der-snatch! Ban-der-snatch!
Ban-der-snatch, ban-der-snatch!

He took his vor-pal sword in hand;

the man-some foe he ss-ought,

Tum-tum tree,

long time, long time the man-some foe he ss-ought, ss-o rest-ed he Tum-tum tree,

(Into falsetto if comfortable)

hand; long time, long time man-some foe he ss-ought, by the

took his vor-pal sword in hand;
playfully

Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum, Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum tree.

Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum, Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum tree.

Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum, Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum tree.

By the Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum tree,

--- gliss. between notes

Tum-tum, Tum-tum tree, Tum-tum tree. Tum-tum, Tum tree,

--- gliss. between notes

tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tree,

--- gliss. between notes

tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tree,

--- gliss. between notes

--- gliss. between notes

Tum-tum tree, Tum, Tum-tum, tum, tree,
stood, The Jab-ber-wock, with eyes of flame, came whiff-ling through the tul-gey

stood, The Jab-ber-wock, with eyes of flame, came whiff-ling through the tul-gey,

stood, The Jab-ber-wock, with eyes of flame, came whiff-ling through the tul-gey,

stood, Jab-ber-wock, with eyes of flame,______

wood, and bur- bled as it came

wood, and bur- bled as it came!

whiff-ling through the tul-gey, bur- bled as it, bur- bled...

whiff-ling through the tul-gey wood, bur- bled, bur- bled
with aggression and bite

vor-pal blade went snicker-snak! The vor-pal blade!

vor-pal blade went snicker-snak! The vor-pal blade!

vor-pal blade went snicker-snak! Vor-pal blade went ss-nicker ss-nack!

vor-pal blade.. snicker-snak! Went ss-nicker ss-nack!

blade went ss-nicker-snak! Snic-ker-snak! Snic-ker-snak!

blade went ss-nicker-snak! Snic-ker-snak! Snic-ker-snak!

Blade went ss-nicker-snak! Snic-ker-snak! Snic-ker-snak!

Snic-ker-snak! Snic-ker,
Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker, snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack!

Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker, snicker snack.

...and with it's head...

Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker, snicker snack.

He left it dead, with it's head...

Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker, snicker snack.

Left it dead,...

Snicker-snack! Snicker-snack! Snicker, snicker snack.

...he...
O frab-jous day!
And the galumphing back.
Cal-looh! Cal-lay!
And the galumphing back.
Cal-looh! Cal-lay!
And the went galumphing back. Fra-ab-jous day!

sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes

...sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes

...sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes

...sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes

...sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes

...sli-thy toves, 'oves__ did
gliss. between notes
gyre and gimble

gyre and gimble in the wabe

gyre and gimble, gyre and gimble in the wabe

gyre, gimble, gyre and gimble, gyre, gimble in the wabe

gyre, gimble, gyre, gyre, gimble in the wabe
Long Lankin

For soprano, baritone, accordion and cello

Fleur Bray
Long Lankin
Premiered at Tête à Tête 2013

Synopsis, Adaptation and Libretto

Synopsis

The tale of Long Lankin is based on a true story from 18th Century Northumberland, centering on a man named Long Lankin. Lankin, a stonemason, was never paid for his building work on the grand manor, Welton Hall, owned by Lord Wearie. This dispute over money led Lankin to reap revenge on Wearie by murdering his daughter and grandson, with the help of the Wet Nurse (named False Nurse in the tales). Together they brutally murder the two innocent relatives in the manor. Lankin and the nurse escaped but were later tracked down. Lankin hung himself from a nearby tree and the nurse was burnt at the stake by Wearie's men. It is said that Lankin was a desperado and robber, and in one of the versions he is said to have been a leper and needed to cure himself by bathing in the blood of an innocent.

Adaptation

My adaptation for this piece is that the killing has just happened. Lankin and False Nurse are on the run. False Nurse is in shock and realises the crime they have committed. She then taunts Long Lankin with guilt. After Lankin tells False Nurse to leave, never to meet again, Lankin begins to hear the voice of the dead child which has come back to haunt him. This is where the soprano switches from singing the character of False Nurse to the Child Ghost. The accordion uses a leitmotif as the child’s ironically happy and playful nursery rhyme, while the Child Ghost references two lines from the original folk tale 'Beware Long Lankin that lives in the Moss, beware Long Lankin that lives in the hay'. Lankin soon becomes delusional with seeing/hearing (depending on direction) the ghost of this child and proceeds to realise the severity of his actions. He admits to himself that he is a murderer and, losing the will to live with this sin, hangs himself from a nearby tree.

Characters:
Long Lankin (LL) ... Baritone
False Nurse (FN) and Child Ghost (CG) ... Soprano
Libretto

Scene 1

The murder of Lord Wearie’s daughter and grandchild has just taken place inside Welton Hall, the Wearie household. Long Lankin and False Nurse have fled the scene...

FN (Panicked) Blood! Blood in the kitchen, blood in the hall!

LL I have sought my revenge on Lord Wearies.

FN Blood in the parlour, blood on the stairs!

LL His debt is now satisfied; we are even now, Lord Wearies and I.

FN You took your debt too far; your price was not equal (half spoken) to the blood of innocents.

LL (Angered) Don’t rile me, woman, you played your part in this slaughter. Face the truth; we have slain Wearie’s daughter and grandchild. My plan is accomplished. The debt is now settled; he owed me for my art, my hours, my work on his lofty palace. I, the honourable stonemason have erected his heavenly home while he’s left me unpaid and penniless! He left me; a nomad, a vagrant, after his castle was gilded. There he remained with his perfect family, in his perfect dwelling, in his perfect little life.

(spoken) And you, False Nurse, you slaved each day for them round the clock. Now we must flee this scene, never to meet again.

FN They’ll catch us. They’ll know.

LL You will stay silent, or your fate will run the same course.

FN I bear no guilt, Long Lankin. You are their slayer. My vengeance was with the woman alone, and not to a fatal end.

(Spitted whisper) That child you slayed was innocent. Your demonic soul will writhe in hell. Now two bodies lie in that hall. Poor child – you pricked and poked him all over with a pin! (Whispered) Until he bled to death.

LL False Nurse, you held the basin for the blood to drip in.

FN (Spitted whisper) They’ll hunt you down Long Lankin. Murderer! The tortured souls of your victims now follow you for the rest of your days.

LL Enough, critic! I have no use for you now. You are a hindrance. Leave! (Spitted whisper) You servile wretch

The False Nurse leaves in an agitated and angered state

LL (To Himself) A foolish woman of weakened mind, may our paths never cross again.
Long Lankin reflects on the conversation with the False Nurse before starting on his journey in the opposite direction. After a while of pacing, Long Lankin suddenly stops; he hears the voice of the dead child.

**Scene 2**

**CG**  
Beware Long Lankin that lives in the moss.  
Beware Long Lankin that lives in the hay.

**LL** *(Nervously, half Spoken)* Who’s there?

**CG**  
Come down pretty lady, come comfort your child.  
Come down pretty lady and rock him to sleep.  
Your babe slumbers restless and takes not his milk.  
His eyes red with weeping and heart wrenched in solitude.  
His arms search for his mother’s embrace but he is left alone.

**LL** I ask again, who speaks?

**CG**  
Beware Long Lankin that lives in the moss.  
Beware Long Lankin that lives in the hay.

**LL** The child, I hear the child, but his body lies in a pool of blood.  
It cannot be. *(Half spoken)* Why does my mind trick me so?

**CG** *(Half Spoken)* Mummy please hold me, show me you’re near.  
Mummy protect me, comfort me in your embrace.

**LL** Stop this babble! Stop this nonsense!
CG Mummy help! The nasty man has pricked and poked me all over; my blood runs fast.

Mummy (half spoken, difficulty breathing) my breathing is hard.

Mummy this death comes fast.

LL (Nervously) It is the child; the very same. He returns to this world taunt my mind ‘til the next. (Realisation) For my sins; what have I done? Murdered two innocents. I have my revenge on Lord Wearies; he has lost the two beings he loved the most.

Child, my vengeance was not with you. The debt was your father’s, not your’s. I thought this was the answer. I thought this way to seek my revenge. I have eliminated the lives of two innocents. Forgive me young child. Forgive me young son!

(Spitted whisper) Child? (Silence) Child, forgive me...

(Terrified, freely spoken) And now the word will spread... Have mercy for I was senseless. My debt overruled.

I am not even worthy to build a myriad of houses for you; I have stolen your lifetime’s treasure.

(Spoken) I cannot continue with the debt of their souls in my heart.

I cannot go on. I cannot be.

(Aggressively whispered) I have become a mortal of my own hating.

I stand in a hell of my own making. There is no life left for me with this haunting guilt...

Long Lankin is about to hang himself from a nearby tree...
Long Larkin
An opera in two scenes
Commissioned for Tete a Tete 2013

Music and Words by Fleur Bray

Scene 1

The murder of Lord Wearie’s daughter and grandchild has just taken place inside the Wearie household. Long Larkin and False Nurse have fled the scene...

Soprano
(False Nurse and Child Ghost)

Baritone
(Long Larkin)

Accordion

Violoncello

ff Panicked

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

Blood! Blood!

Blood! Blood!

Blood! Blood!

Blood! Blood!

Blood!

Blood in the kitchen, blood in the hall!

Blood in the kitchen, blood in the hall!

I have sought my revenge on Lord Wearie, Lord Wearie

I have sought my revenge on Lord Wearie, Lord Wearie

(Aproximate pitches)

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in this slaughter. Face the truth; we have slain Wear-iel's daughter and grandchild. My

plan is accomplished. The debt is now settled; he owed me for my art, my hours, my work on his lofty palace.

I, the hon'ra-ble stone-mason have er-ect-ed his heav-en-ly home while he's left me un-paid and pen-ny-less!
He left me; a no-mad, a va-grant, af-ter his ca-stle was gild-ed.

There re-mained with his per-fect fam-i-ly in his per-fect dwel-ling, in his per-fect lit-tle life. And

you, False Nurse, you slaved each day for them round the clock. Now we must flee this scene, nev-er to
They'll catch us. They'll know!
meet again. You will stay silent or your fate will run the same course.

I bear no guilt, Long Lan-kin. You are their slay-er. My ven-geance was

with the wo-man a-lone, and not to a fa-tal end. That child you slayed was in-no-cent. Your de-mon-ic soul will writhe in
now two bodys lie in that hall. Poor child; you

laughs demonically

ha, ha, ha, ha!

over-pressure

shouted, low pitch

pricked and poked him, pricked and poked him all over with a pin? until he bled to death.

false

snap pizz.

with spitted whisper

They'll hunt you down Long Lan kin. Murderer! The

Nurse you held the basin for the blood to drip in.

arco sul pont.

over-pressure
E-nough cri-tic, e-nough!

of your days, the rest of your days, your vic-tims.

I have no use for you now. You are a hin-drance. Leave! You ser-vile wretch.

Long Lankin reflects on the conversation with the False Nurse before starting on his journey in the opposite direction.

Child Ghost enters at some distance from Long Lankin.
Lan-kin that lives in the moss.

Long Lankin begins to breathe heavily and nervously

Be - ware Long Lan-kin that lives in the hay.

Who's there?

Slightly psychotically

Come down pret-ty la - dy,

Come

Angry, nervous

Who's there?

Long Lankin gasps nervously and looks around to locate the voice
down pretty lady, come comfort your child. Come down pretty lady and

rock him to sleep. Your babe slum-bers rest less and takes not his

milk. Come down pretty lady, rock him to sleep. His eyes red with
Accord.

Sop. 136

weeping and heart wretched in solitude. His arms search for his mother's embrace

Bar.

Accord.

Vc.

Sop. 142

Regretfully

but he is left alone.

Bar.

I ask again, who speaks?

Accord.

Vc.

Sop. 148

P Again, comotosed expression

Be-ware Long Lan-kin that lives in the moss. Be-ware Long Lan-kin that lives in the

Bar.

Accord.

Vc.

arco molto sul pont.
Agitated

Sop.
Bar.
Accord.
Ve.

157

161

166

Spitted whisper, approx. pitches
Half spoken, approximate pitches

Mum-my! 

It can-not be____

(poco rall.)
A tempo $\approx 152$

brace.

Mum - my, help! The nas-ty man he pricked and poked me, poked and pricked me,

Stop this bab-ble, this babble, bab-ble, bab-ble!

A tempo $\approx 152$

snap pizz

arco

snap pizz.

The nas-ty man has pricked me, pricked me, all o - ver. all o -

Stop this non-sense!

arco scratch tone

arco over-pressure

ver.

The nas-ty man has pricked me, my blood runs fast._
Half spoken approx. pitches, with difficulty breathing

Mum my I'm hurt-ing, Mum my my breath-ing, breath-ing is hard. Mum my this death comes fast.

It is the child; the ve-ry same. He re-turns to this world to taunt my

decreasing vib.

mind 'til the next, For my sins,

sul pont. trem quickening
my sins, what, what, what, what, what, what, what have I done?

Mur-dered two in-no-cents, two in-no-cents, mur-dered two in-no-cents, mur-dered two in-no-cents, two in-no-cents,
To himself

mur-dered two in-no-cents. Mur-der-er! Mur-der-er!

To himself

Lord, my ven-geance was not with you, the pain he has caused

Evocatively

Long Laskin writhes in the realisation of the pain he has caused

Evocatively
debt was your Grand-father's, not yours... I thought this was the answer, the answer.

I thought this was the way to seek my revenge. I, I, I, I have 

liminated the lives of two innocents. Forgive me young child. For-
264
With spitted whisper, approximate pitches
Almost to a scream

give me young son! 
Child? Child? Child for-give me _

274
Long Lankin, terrified, begins to breathe fast and nervously.

And now the word will spread, have mercy for I was...
...sense less. My debt o-ver ruled.

I am not wor-thy to build a myri-iad of hou-ses for you. I have sto-len your life-time's trea-sure.

I cannot continue with the debt of their souls in my heart.
...I can-not go on. I can-not be.
I have become a mortal of my own hating.

I stand in a hell of my own making. There is no life for me with this haunting guilt.
Theme Park

For solo voice

Fleur Bray
Theme Park

1. **Rollercoaster**

   [Ng] ch
   Tucker tuck
   H
   i – le – i – le
   a – i
   oo – ee
   grao
   oo-
   ee-
   ah-
   ayy
   uff
   oh ch
   og a dug a

   (laughing)

   Holy
   Cor
   B z b d g d t v k

   f
   i:

   cra...

   ss
2. **Ghost Train**

Kkkk ch,

“DO NOT ENTER!”
Ha ha ha ha

“GO BACK WHILE YOU STILL CAN!”
G dung

Huh huh

Ee
(gasp)
(scream)
Raow

Hiss
V – ee – ay – oo
Wa sh ha
Doof
Khh
Woo hoo
(panting)
Wer wer wer
Ff – ff
Yah
Ka

Der ver der ver shoo

“HELLO MY PRETTY”

“Mummy?” rah a her her
Mm “BLOOD AND GUTS”

I think I’ll stick to the tea cups!

3. **Hall of Mirrors**

Ng (gasp) way ay
oo woo er

4. **Tower Drop Ride**

Ger dung

Ha ha ha ha

(indecipherable chatter and laughter)
Ch ha ha

Kh ts
mm
D d d

Argh!!!
Rollercoaster

Performance suggestion: singer to be seated and to imitate the motion of the rollercoaster

Music and words by Fleur Bray

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(gasp and hold breath)

aggressively; letting back of soft palate vibrate strongly

alternating between [I] and [le] as fast as poss.

b z b d g d t v t v t v t v k [I] [I][le] [ae] [a] [I] oo-ee ss Ee oo-ah-ay ah [ng] k tu-cka, tu-cka, tu-cka,

breathe in and out with decreasing intensity

breathe in and out (unvoiced) (laughter c. 3 secs)
II
Ghost Train
Performance suggestion: singer to be seated and to imitate the motion of the ride

Music and words by Fleur Bray

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{c. } \frac{\text{j}}{\text{}} &= 60 \text{ dramatically} \\
\text{A tempo} & \quad \text{(panting c. 2 secs)} \\
\text{(angry cat)} &
\end{align*} \]
Nasal evil laughter

(panting c. 2 secs)

Nasal witch voice

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha (scream)

g-dung hiss der ver der ver der ver der ver der ver shoo

khh "HEL - LO

(scared child's voice)

(agggressive growl)

MY PRETTY!"

"Mummy?"

rah A her her her her (scream) khh (scream)

(Aggressive whisper)

rah woo ah ah woo (gasp) mm "BLOOD AND GUTS" (scream) (gasp) (scream) rah oo (scream) ... I think I'll stick to the tea cups!

Kek to noteheads:

* Unpitched

• Approximate pitch

* High as possible

* Low as possible

* ... all action happen straight after each other unless marked

khh = background white noise

N.B. all texts without speech marks are sound effects
III
Hall of Mirrors

\( \text{\textcopyright FdB 2016} \)
IV
Tower Drop Ride

Music and words by Fleur Bray

Continuous hum

Moderato

Voice

Ger-dung  ha ha ha ha
c.2 minutes

kh  ts  d d d
d d d

screm c. 5 secs

(fierce laughter)

(indecipherable chatter and laughter)
Alliterated Sugar Rush

For solo voice

Fleur Bray
Alliterated Sugar Rush

I.  Cupcake
    Mm,
    Ha ha ha ha,
    cupcake,
    custard cream.

II. Battenberg Bourbon
    Battenberg!
    Bourbon!

III. French Fancy
    French Fancy

IV. Wagon Wheels
    Wagon Wheels
Alliterated Sugar Rush

I Cupcake

\[ \text{\textbf{Fleur Bray}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{j = 60 with pleasure}} \]

\[ \text{Voice} \]

\[ \text{mp} \quad \text{giss} \quad \text{mm ha ha ha ha mm ha ha ha mm ha ha ha mm} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{sub pp} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{3} \quad \text{3} \quad \text{3} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{3} \quad \text{k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k}

\[ \text{accel.} \quad \text{sub p} \]

\[ \text{8} \]

\[ \text{Kay kay kay kay kay kay kay kay kay k up kay kay kay kay kay cup up kay kay kay kay kay up kay}

\[ \text{17} \quad \text{ppp} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{explosive 'p' explosive 'p' explosive 'p' explosive 'p' explosive 'p' mf}

\[ \text{kay kay cake! cu p cu p cu p cu p mm mm mm mm mm mm}

\[ \text{25} \quad \text{p f} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{ff fff p f}

\[ \text{ay ay ay cake! up up up cake! cu u up cake! cup cake! cup cake! cup cake! custard cream m(er) mm mm mm ha ha ha}

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III Wagon Wheels
while subtly waltzing on the spot

\( \frac{1}{\text{beat}} = 120 \) with a little lunacy

\( \text{slow to fast/wide} \)

86 \( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{accel...} \)

Wa____ Wee____ Wa-o-wee______
Wa____ Wee____ wa-o-wa-o-wa-o______
wee____ wa-o-wa-o-wa-o______
wee____

97 \( \text{rit...} \)

\( \text{p} \)

wa- wee wa_ o wa- wee wa_ o____
wee____
wee____
wa-gon, wa-gon, wa-gon

105 \( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{slow to fast/wide} \)

\( \text{accel...} \)

\( \text{rit...} \)

wa- gon, wa- gon, wa-gon
wa-gon, wa-gon, wa-gon
wee____

wheels____
Who is Geoffrey?

For solo voice

Fleur Bray
Who is Geoffrey?

No no no no no no no no no!
(exhale)
Geoffrey?
Mm moo
(tut)
(exhale)
(chuckle)
Chicke(n) - eh
Yum
(fast eating sounds)
(pleased hum)
Hmm
Balopy palopy malopy galopy
He he he
Oh no!

*looks at watch*
*squints at sky*

Oo tea!!!
(slurps)
*happy face*
*confused face*
Ha fluffy furry hopper ha jumpies trotties squeakies squawkies dancies! Dar
(hum, close eyes, sway/dance)
(soft palate gargle)
Stamapos per post no post  (cries)  Not today
I made this
(sniff)
Shizbiz? Oh slazbers? Silplili? Silipers?

Siplers!

(groan)
Tea cold!
(scream)
Baa
Ber ber ber
Koink  S’piggy
(heavy breathing)
Ding! Cuckoo!
(smiles, applauds self)
'Who is Geoffrey?'

An elderly lady, somewhat lacking in marbles, sits looking out of her window over the farm that once was. In her mind she still sees the animals but can't find Geoffrey, her favourite. Who is Geoffrey?

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frustrated

hmm oo bal-lo-py pal-lo-py mal-lo-py gal-lo-py He he he! He he he! He he! No! Oh oh oh oh! No!

*looks at watch* *squints at sky*

*looks at watch* pp (whisper) (drinking action) *happy face* *confused face*

Geof- frey? Geof- frey? ...frey? Oo tea! slurps*

c. 10 secs
*hum, close eyes sway/dance*

Ha fluf- fy, ha fur- ry, hop- per- y, ha, jump- ies, trot- ties, squeak- ies, squawk- ies, squeak- ies, squawk- ies, danc- ies! Dar dar dar dar

*soft palate gurgle* stam- a-pos per post post post post post *cries* not to- day

oo tea!

*chuckle*

I made this I made this *sniff* Geoff- rey? Geoff- rey? No no no no no no no no no!
My gal-o-py, gal-o-py
sip-lers!!

(points at feet)

*groans* c. 2 secs  c. 3 secs
*chuckle* sub. *scream*  baa
(tea cold!) (sheep-sound)

No no no no no no no no! Geoffrey? Geoffrey?

Ber ber ber ber ber ber ber ber ber ber!
Ha ha ha!! K-k-koink koink koink S'pig-gy!

*chuckle* No! No! No no no!

looks at watch*

*squints at sky* *looks at watch* pp

Geoffrey? Geoffrey? Ee!

*squints at sky* pp

*in breath* fff ecstatic

Ding! Cuck-oo Ding! Cuck-oo Ding! Cuck-oo Ding! Cuck-oo
Geoffrey!!

*looks at watch* c. 15 secs

*gasp* *heavy breathing*
Dans Les Ombres de La Guerre

For mezzo-soprano and piano

Fleur Bray
Dans Les Ombres de La Guerre

Four songs set to poetry by French author Albert-Paul Granier (1888-1917) whose plane went down in flames while working as an air observation officer. His body was never found. Shortly before his death he published his book of poetry, Les Coqs et les Vautours, the texts of which are largely influenced by his traumatising wartime experiences. It is in this collection that the following four poems are located.

1. **Le Ravin**

Au fond du grand ravin, hérissé de cailloux,
Où la vapeur du lourd poison traîne et s’accroche,
Le canon formidable, avec un bruit de cloche,
A roulé pesamment, comme un mort dans son trou.

Brisant leurs traits les six chevaux, comme des fous,
Se sont enfuis parmi les éboulis de roches,
Où l’écho des éclatements tonne, ricoche,
Et déferle dans un vacarme de remous...

Et le grand canon noir, dans l’ombre du ravin,
Gît, tout seul, renversé, béant, crispant en vain
Ses larges roues, aux rais puissants, vers les tonnerres,
Impassible sous la mitraillette qui le mord,
Immobile et muet, comme un grand aigle mort,
Vers l’ennemi vainqueur dardant encor ses serres.

1. **The Ravine**

At the bottom of the great ravine, bristling with pebbles,
Where the vapour of the heavy poison drags and clings,
The formidable cannon, with the sound of a bell,
Rolling heavily, like a corpse in its hole.

Breaking their features the six horses, like madmen,
Fled among the rock scree,
Where the echo of bursts thunders,
Ricochets, and surges in a din of swirls...

And the great black gun, in the shadow of the ravine,
Lies, all alone, overturned, yawning,
Clutching in vain
Its broad wheels, with powerful rays, towards thunder,
Impassive under the grape-shot that bites him,
Immobile and dumb, like a great dead eagle,
Towards the conquering enemy still darting his talons.
2. **Le Feu**

Le Feu, dans la cheminée,
Fait le bruit souple et flou
Des oriflammes
Et des pennons bleus des processions,
Sur les quais des ports de pêche
Quand on va bénir la mer.

Le feu, très doux,
Fait craquer les branches sèches,
Et les faire s'affaisser avec un bruit soyeux
De jupe que l'on froisse ou de pas dans la neige.

Les flammes,
Attachées aux sarments,
Se tendent vers la lumière
- Comme des âmes –
Vers la lumière si lointaine.

2. **The Fire**

The Fire, in the chimney,
Makes the noise soft and blurry
Banners
And blue pennons of processions,
On the docks of fishing harbours
When we go to bless the sea.

The fire, very soft,
Fair crack dry branches,
And make them fade with a silky sound
Of skirt that is crushed or footsteps in the snow.

The flames,
Attached to the shoots,
Tight to light
- Like souls -
Towards light so far away.

3. **Le Retour**

Les canons noirs, dans la nuit brune,
S’en vont, très lourds, très lents, très las,
Très lentement, au petit pas
Des six chevaux empanachés de lune.

Les canons noirs s’en vont, très lourdement,
Vers leur formidable repaire,
Très lourdement et un peu titubants,
- Tant ils se sont gavés de poudre -
Très lentement, en file, sure la route,
Très lourdement...

Les roues, de chêne dur, grinçent et sifflent

3. **The Return (Back to Base)**

Black guns, rolling through the sepia night,
Very slowly, very heavy, very weary,
Very slowly rolling to the slow plod
Of six horses plumed with moon.

The black guns are lumbering, very heavily,
back to their den,
Lumbering – and a bit unsteady,
with all the cordite they’ve sunk -
lumbering in single file along the road,
very slowly...

The wheels are hard oak, and grate and creak,
Comme des serpents en colère,
Les roues miaulent de haine, et du désir
De se cabrer et de bondir
Encore, là-bas, dans les clairières.

like hissing angry snakes,
and whimper with hate, and with longing
to buck and rear
Again, back there in the forest clearings.

Les chevaux ont soif, les hommes ont
faim,
Les grands canons noirs sont saouls de
leur gloire, il s’en vont, dans la nuit, cuver
leur victoire,
Immobiles, alignés, jusqu’au lendemain...
The horses are thirsty, the men are
hungry,
great black canons drunk on glory
rolling home in the night, to sleep off their
victory,
Still, lined up, overnight...

4. *Nocturne*

Dans la nuit fourbe et fourmillante de
mystères,
Dans la nuit moite et spongieuse,
D’innombrables et vagues présences s’avèrent
Farouches et silencieuses.

In the night deceitful and swarming with
mysteries,
In the moist and spongy night,
Countless and vague presences are
Fierce and silent.

Dans la forêt, de formidables energies
Guettent derrière chaque Buisson,
Guettent, attentive et tenaces
Comme des esprits nocturnes.

In the forest, formidable energies
Watch behind each bush,
Watchful, attentive and tenacious
Like nocturnal spirits.

Dans les lointains du ciel, de longs
spectres surgissent,
Et s’y promènent, lents et flous;
D’immenses feux follets s’allument tout à
coup;

In the distance of the sky, long spectres
arise,
And walk slowly and blurrily;
Immense flickering lights suddenly light
up;

Et, déchirant soudain le calme des
clairières,
On entend, comme pour un sabbat de
sorcières,
Aboyer les canons comme des loups-
garous...

And suddenly rending the calm of the
clearings,
One hears, as for a sabbath of
witches,
Barking guns like
werewolves ...
I

Le Ravin

$\text{\textit{mf} with a sombre weighted feeling}$

Mezzo-

soprano

Piano

Au fond du grand ravin,

bérisé de cailloux,

Où la peur du lourd poison traîne et s'accroche,

$\text{pitched spoken}$

Albert Paul-Granier

Fleur Bray
poco rit.

Le

poco rit.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{can-on for-mi-dable,} & \quad \text{a-vec un bruit de cloche,} \\
\text{A rou-lé} & \\
\text{pronounced whisper} & \\
\text{laboured} & \\
\end{align*} \]
comme un mort dans son trou, comme un mort dans son trou.

A tempo

Brisant leurs traits les six chevaux,

poco rit.

pronounced whisper

comme des fous, se sont en-fuis par-mi les éboulis de roches,

poco rit.

ff

 où l'écho des éclettes tonné, ricoche, et
défier, et défier dans un vacarme de

re-mous et le

laboured

pitched spoken pronounced whisper

grand canon noir, dans l'ombre du ravin git, tout seul,
laboured

pronounced whisper

re - ver - sé bé-ant, crisp-ant en vain tout seul,

crisp-ant en vain, tout seul, seul...
II
Le Feu

Albert-Paul Granier

\[ \text{Mezzo-soprano} \]

with smudged effect

\[ \text{Piano} \]

\[ \text{R} \]

3
dans la cheminée,

5
fait le bruit souple et flou
des-oir-flam-mes et des pen-nons bleues des
pro-ce-sions, sur les quais des ports de pé-che quand on va
bé-nir la mer. with smudged effect
Le Feu, [18]
très [19]
doux,

fait craquer,

les branches sèches, et les fait s'afai-ser avec un bruit soyeux,
de jump que l'on friosse ou de pas dans la neige.

with smudged effect

Les flammes, attachées aux sarments, se tendent vers la lumière,
comme des âmes, vers la lumière, si lointaine,

que l'on froisse ou de pas dans la neige,

que l'on froisse ou de pas dans la neige.
III
Le Retour
'The Return' or 'Back to Base'

Albert-Paul Granier

Fleur Bray

\( \text{\textit{With sombre exhaustion}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Les canons noirs, dans la nuit brune,}} \)

\( \text{s'en vont, très lourds,} \)

Copyright © FdB
très lents, très las, très lent e-ment, au petit pas

des six che-vaux em-pa-chaïes de lune...

hauntingly
Les canons noirs s'en vont, très lourdement, vers leur formidable raim.

Paire,

lourdement et un peu titubants, tant ils se sont gavés de pouder,
très lent-ement, en file, sur la route, très lourd-ement...

Les roues, de chêne dur, grin-cent et siff-lent

comme des ser-pents en co-lâre, des ser-pents en co-lâre,
les roues mi-aulent de haine, et du désir de se cabrer et de bon dir en cor,
en cor, bon dir en cor, là bas, dans la clair i ères.
Les chevaux ont soif,
les hommes ont faim,

les grandsca-nons noirs sont saouls de leur gloire,
ils s'en vont, dans la nuit,

couver leur victoire, immobiles, alignés, jusqu'au lendemain.
IV
Nocturne

Albert-Paul Granier

Fleur Bray

\( \text{\textcopyright FdB_2017} \)
euse, d'in-nombrables et vagues pres-sences s'a-verent.

pronounced whisper

fa-rouches et si-len cie-u-ses. Dans la fo-rêt, de

half spoken

for-mi-da-bles e-ner gies guettent der-rî-ère chaque Buis-son,
guettent, atten-live
et te-naces comme des es-prits noc-turnes.

upward gliss with nails on piano strings
Dans les lointains du ciel, de longs spectres sur-

A tempo

pronounced whisper

lents et flous; lents, lents...
D'immenses

feux follets s'allument tout à coup;

et, déchirant soudain le calme des clairières, on entend,
comme pour un sab-bat de sor-ci-ères,

de sor-ci-ères.
Three Sensual Songs

For soprano and piano

By Fleur Bray
Three Sensual Songs

1. **Song for a Lady**

On the day of breasts and small hips
window pocked with rain coming on,
coupled, so sane and insane.
We lay like spoons,
rain on our lips.

Oh my swan,
You are product and power
even a notary would notarize our bed
as you knead me.

Oh my swan, my drudge, my rose.

2. **When Man enters Woman**

When man, enters woman
Like the surf biting the shore,
Again and again.
And man inside woman
Ties a knot
With double hunger.
The woman opens her mouth with pleasure
And swallows it’s stem,
Unleashes their rivers.

3. **Us**

I was wrapped in black and white fur
And you undid me
And then you placed me in gold light
And then you crowned me,
While snow fell outside the door in diagonal darts.
Ten inch snow came down like stars,
You were in my body
I rubbed your feet dry,
I was your slave
Then you called me princess,
I stood up in my gold skin
And beat down the clothes and undid the buttons
And we rose.

Anne Sexton
I

Song for a Lady

Anne Sexton

Fleur Bray

\( \mathbf{\text{Soprano}} \)

\( \mathbf{\text{Piano}} \)

\( \mathbf{\text{q} = 90 \text{ with delicacy}} \)

\( \text{On the day of breasts and small hips,} \)

\( \text{serenely} \)

\( \text{win-dow pocked with rain co-ming on,} \)

\( \text{cou-pled, so-sane and in-sane.} \)

\( \text{We lay like spoons,} \)

\( \text{rain on our lips, our lips.} \)

\( \text{Oh my swan,} \)

\( \mathbf{\text{Copyright © FdB_2017}} \)
oh my swan, oh my swan, Oh my swan, oh my swan, oh

You are product and power, even a notary would notarise our

strongly

passionately

bed as you knead me. Oh my swan,
oh my swan, oh my swan, my drudge, my rose, my rose.
When Man Enters Woman

Anne Sexton

Fleur Bray

\( \text{\textcopyright FdB_2017} \)
surf biting the shore, again and again, again and again, biting, biting, and man_.

_inside woman___ ties a knot__ with double hang__

ger, again and again, again and again,
biting, biting.

the woman opens her mouth with pleasure,
swallows its stem unleashes their rivers,

poco accel.

ri - vers, pleas - ure ri - vers, ri - vers,

poco accel.

ri - vers, pleas - ure ri - vers...

poco accel.
seductively, teasing

I was wrapped in black and white

fur and you un-did me and then you
placed me in gold light

and then you crowned me,

while snow fell outside the door in diagonal darts.

espress.
10

Ten inch snow came down like

40

stars, stars

Ah!

45

Ah!

dolce mp

sensually

51

you were in my body

I rubbed your feet dry, I was your slave
your slave______ then____ you called me__ prince__,

whispered

prince__, I____ stood up in my gold____ skin and

beat down the clothes and un-did the but- tons, the but- tons, un-did the, clothes but- tons, the but- tons, the

but- tons and we rose
Come slowly, Eden

For solo voice

Fleur Bray
Come slowly, Eden

Come slowly, Eden!
Lips unused to Thee.

Bashful, sip thy Jessamines
As the fainting Bee.

Reaching late his flower,
Counts his nectars,
Lost in Balms.

By Emily Dickinson
Come slowly, Eden

Voice

Come slowly, Eden. Come slowly, Eden. Lips unused to,

molto accel. . . . A tempo

lips unused to thee, lips, unused to thee. Come slowly, Eden. Come

slowly, Eden. Lips, unused to thee.

molto accel. . . . . . . . . . A tempo

Bashful, sip thy Jessamines, Bashful, sip thy Jessamines, As the fain-ting bee.
Come slowly, Eden. Come slowly, Eden. Lips unused to, Lips unused to, lips unused to thee, lips unused to thee. 

molto accel. A tempo

unused to, lips unused to thee, lips unused to thee. Reaching late his flower,

A tempo

reaching late his flower, counts his nectars. En-

molto rall.

- - - ters, lost in balms.
In Sultry Sun

For soprano and classical guitar

Fleur Bray
In Sultry Sun

Glory glistens in the distance.
Soft sands reddened in its brilliance.
Droplets fall from humidity.
Turns the skin to fluidity.
Dancing to the sea’s symphony,
Spotless blue of humidity.
Endless horizon smiling in silence

Samuel Lom
In Sultry Sun
For soprano and classical guitar

Samuel Lom
Fleur Bray

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} 100 \text{ andante moderato} \)

\( \text{soprano} \)

\( \text{espress.} \)

\( \text{Glo} \)

\( \text{ry glis- tens} \)

\( \text{guitar} \)

\( \text{espress.} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \in \text{ the dis- tance,} \text{ glis- tens} \in \text{ the di-} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{mp} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{mf} \)

\( \text{rall.} \text{ a tempo} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{nost} \text{ Soft sands} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{mf} \)

\( \text{poco accel.} \text{ a tempo} \)

\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{mf} \)

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\( \text{\textdaggerleft} \text{mf} \)
Droplets fall, from humidity. Turns the skin to fluidity. Dancing, dancing, dancing to the sea's symphony.


Droplets fall, from humidity.
Turns the skin to fluidity. Dancing, dancing!

Dancing, dancing to the sea's symphony,

Dancing, dancing! Dancing to the sea's symphony.

Spotless blue of humidity.
Fiesta Benavites

For soprano and classical guitar

Fleur Bray
Fiesta Benavites

Sing to the enchanting tune.
Tap to the midnight moon.

Birds and trees rejoice the weather,
Every branch and every feather,

Move with heart and soul so proud,
Ring the music loud.

Feel that rhythm play.
Dance the hours away.

In the heat the wine is flowing,
Laughter fills the air with glowing,

Round the fountain, under the palms,
lovers in arms,

in each other’s arms.

Samuel Lom and Fleur Bray
Fiesta Benavites

Samuel Lom and Fleur Bray

\[ J = 120 \text{ with aplomb} \]

Soprano

Guitar

\[ \text{mf} \]

5

Sing

Feel

to enchant

that rhyme

thm. play.

10

15

Tap,

da', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'ance,

tap

tap, tap, tap,

19

to the midnight

moon,

the hours a

way.
Birds and trees rejoice the weather,
In the heat the wine is flowing,
e’ry branch and e’ry feather, move with heart and soul so proud,
laugh-ter fills the air with glowing, round the fountain, under the palms,

ring the music loud, ring out aloud,
lovers in arms, in each other’s arms.

2nd verse 8ve higher
Cycle of Senior Moments

For solo voice

Fleur Bray
Cycle of Senior Moments

1. At The Savoy
   No, stop, listen.
   I walked into the Savoy,
   Greeted at the door.
   Entered the grand hall, and,
   Incredible, pictures of you, of me,
   Pictures, paintings.
   Same interior designer as me!
   I woke back in my room, in my chair.

2. What is that woman?
   What is that woman doing here in my house?
   Never seen her before.
   What tosh!
   To jsou zvast! Kurva!

3. Take me to Tony’s
   Taxi!
   Tony’s! Take me to Tony’s!
   My hair, see? Needs a cut, a tidy trim,
   Near Tony’s, for my hair.
   Near Tony Blair, near there.
   You know, Tony’s!

By Samuel Lom
I
At The Savoy

Samuel Lom

Fleur Bray

with stilted frustration

Voice

\( \text{\textbf{no, stop, listen: i walked into the savoy, savoy. greeted, greeted, greeted at the door. greeted.}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{in breath}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{no, stop, listen: at the door. listen: listen: listen at the door greeted (hee hee hee) ted. entered the grand hall and, and, in-}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{with surprise}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{molto accel.}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{a tempo}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{sub. p}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{short sharp in-breath}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pictures of you,}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pictures of me, me and you and you and me and me and you, you and me, me and you, you and me, you and me, me and you,}} \)
paintings of you, paintings of me, paintings, same paintings, same paintings, same credible, edible, pictures, paintings paintings pictures.

Ss a______ voy Stop, listen, listen, Savoy, paintings, same paintings, same paintings, same Ss a____

voy Same interior,____________ interior designer as me! my chair, my chair

No, stop, listen: I woke back in my room I woke in my chair, my room. Listen. In

credible, same pictures, paintings of me, of you, of me, of you...
II

What is that woman?

Samuel Lom

\( \uparrow \text{92} \) angered frustration

Voice

\( \begin{array}{c}
mf \\
\text{What is that wo-man do-ing here?}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
p \\
\text{That wo-man... What is that wo-man do-ing here?}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
f \\
\text{Do-ing here? What is that wo-man?}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
mp \\
\text{What is that wo-man do-ing here?}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
pp \\
\text{What is that wo-man? What is that wo-man do-ing,}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{Do-ing here in my house? Do-ing here in my house?}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
glis \ 
\text{Never seen her be-fore that wo-man, wo-man in my house... What tosh! tosh!}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
glis \ 
\text{Never seen her be-fore...}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
fp <
\text{Never, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver sss een in my house, Tosh! What tosh - (sh)!}
\end{array} \)

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{To jsou zva-sty! Kur-va! (Argh!) Tosh! Tosh! What}
\end{array} \)
ff loud whisper

23

ff loud whisper

accel.

A tempo

pp

mf

f

Tosh! Tosh! Do-ing here in my house? Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver zva-sty! Ne-ver seen her be-fore that z-

va-sty! To jsou zva-sty! Kur-va! (urgh) kur va k kur-va kur va k v k k k k sss - een

37

mf

pp

fp

What is that wo-man do-ing here? Do-ing here in my house? Ne-ver seen! What is that wo-man do-ing here? Do-ing here in my house?

42

mf

pp

fp

What is that wo-man What is that wo-man do-ing here? What is that What is that wo-man do-ing here?

44

pp

f

Do-ing here in my house? Do-ing here in my house? What is that wo-man do-ing here?
III
Take me to Tony's

Samuel Lom

Voice

\( \text{f} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{fp} \)

GP ad lib.

Ta-xi!

To-ny's!

To-ny's!

Take me to To-ny's!

To-ny's! Take me to To-ny's!

You know, To-ny's!

To-ny's! To-ny's!

Near there... To-ny's!

My hair, see? My hair...

needs a cut, needs a trim, trim, a cut, cut, a trim, hair, ti-dy trim, hai-air, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy hair

needs a cut, needs a trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, take me to To-ny's, take me to trim near
ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy trim, ti-dy, take me to To-ny's, take me to trim near To-ny's to To-ny's, near To-ny's to To-ny's

To-ny's, To-ny's, To-ny's, To-ny's, trim, for my hair, trim. Near To-ny Blair... 'Ber 'Ler 'Air' Near there, To-ny Blair,

for my hair______ To-ny's! To-ny's! To-ny's! Take me to

To-ny's! To-ny's! Take me to To-ny's! You know, To-ny's!
A Bed for the Night

Musical drama for five voices and mixed ensemble

Fleur Bray
A Bed for the Night

or

An Eggcellent Tale

Based on the story ‘A Bed for the Night’ by Joan Aiken

Roles

Crane, Bear, Old Man, Lady - Mezzo-soprano
Traveller 1 - Tenor
Traveller 2 - Tenor
Traveller 3 - Baritone
Traveller 4 - Baritone

Instrumentation

Flute
Clarinet in Bb
Acoustic Guitar
Accordion
Violoncello

Libretto

Scene 1

Setting: Afternoon. A rather bare-looking countryside landscape. Four travellers enter the scene looking mildly lost and largely frustrated. In the background can be seen a hill with a strange shape on top, and a river at the base.

Traveller 3 – Our faithful transportation has broken down!

Traveller 1 – We need a place to sleep or we’ll freeze in the night!

(The four travellers begin walking at a good pace and then stumble across a river with a large nest sitting on the bank. On the nest sits a haughty looking Crane)

Traveller 3 – Look, a neighbourly nest of reeds and rushes...

(The travellers approach the Crane in the nest)

Traveller 1/2/3 – Mrs Crane, Mrs Crane, please may we spend the night in your warm nest? We are so cold and wet and hungry. We can sing and play for you in return.

Crane – Kaa, be off with you, hiss, be off with you, kaa, be off with you, hiss, no room, no room, no room.
(The Crane replies hissing and snapping)

Traveller 1/2/3/4 - Let’s go!

(The four travellers continue walking at a good pace up the hill and see the bear’s cave)

Traveller 3 – Look, a cosy cave with a bed of leaves...

Traveller 3/2/4/1 – Big brown bear, Big brown bear, please may we spend the night in your warm cave? We are so cold and wet and hungry and tired.

Weevil 3 - We can sing and play for you in return.

Bear – Grr, get out of here, grr, get out of here, hurumph! Grr, grr, grr, hurumph!

(The Bear swipes his paw at the travellers and they are compelled to leave)

Travellers 4/3/2/1 - Let’s go!

(They continue up the hill and see the Old Man’s little wooden house)

Traveller 3 – Look, a humble halfway house...

Traveller 1 – Old Man, Old Man, please may we spend the night in your warm little house? (The Old Man opens his door) We are so cold and wet and hungry and tired and thirsty.

Travellers 1/2/3/4 - We can sing and play for you in return.

(The Old Man yawns and looks unimpressed)

Old Man – Away! Away I say! (Yawn) Away! Away I say! (Yawn)

(The Old Man slams the door shut)

Traveller 3 – oh well!

Traveller 4 – oh well!

Traveller 2 – well!

Traveller 1 – well!

(The travellers notice the well with something poking out of the top... they are thirsty and hope to drink some water)

Traveller 1/2/3/4 – we are so thirsty, yes, let’s drink from the well!

(They walk over to the well and discover a large egg)

Travellers 3/4/2/1 – An egg! A huge egg!

(One of the travellers picks up the egg)

Travellers 1/4/2/3 – we are so hungry, yes, let’s eat the egg!

Old Man – Away I say!

(The Old Man startles the travellers and the egg is dropped)

Traveller 4 – You dropped the egg!
Traveller 3 – The egg is rolling down the hill!

Traveller 1 – Urgh! Forget the egg, we need to find a bed!

Traveller 2 – Yes we need to find a bed!

Travellers 4/3/2/1 – let’s go!

---

**Scene 2**

(The Travellers continue their climb up the hill)

Traveller 3 – Look, a fluffy little chicken house!

(The door opens and a lady steps outside)

Traveller 1 – Kind lady, Kind lady, please may we spend the night in your warm fluffy chicken house?

Travellers 1/3/2/4 – We are so cold and wet and hungry and tired and thirsty and miserable. We can sing and play for you in return.

Lady – I may just be able to help. My house laid an egg and someone has stolen it! Find it and you shall have a bed for the night. It is round and white and as large as the harvest moon.

Travellers 1/2/3/4 – Find the egg!

Traveller 1/3/4/2 – I know where it is! That’s the egg that came out of the well and rolled down the hill! The Old Man must have stolen it! Hidden it in his well! Then it rolled down the hill! Let’s go back down the hill to fetch the egg!

---

**Scene 3**

(The Travellers descend back down the hill. They pass the Old Man’s house and the well but the Old Man spots them and yells at them to leave)

Old Man – Away I say!

Travellers 1/2/3/4 – let’s go!

(They head off down the hill and the egg proceeds to run down the hill, near the bear’s cave, waking him up.)

Bear – Grr, get out of here! Hurumph!

Traveller 1 – I’ll save us!

Bear – Grr

(The Traveller places his harp in the entrance to the Bear’s cave. The Bear is trapped. The Bear begins to scrape at the strings and the sound makes him fall asleep.)

Travellers 1/2/3/4 – let’s go!
Crane – Kaa, who rolled that ball in to my nest!

Traveller 2 – I’ll save us!

(Traveller 2 places his triangle in the nest and the Crane is stuck)

Crane – I’m stuck!

Travellers 1/2/4 – Get the egg!

(Traveller 2 rescues the egg from The Crane’s nest)

Travellers 4/3/2/1 – let’s go!

(The Travellers leave The Crane’s nest in the distance and head on back up the hill... they pass The Bear’s Cave and The Old Man’s house... they are huffing and puffing and out of breath.)

Travellers 1/2/3/4 – Kind lady, we have found your egg but it is cracked! Look, it’s growing fast! (The egg starts to grow bigger and bigger) A giant fluffy chicken house!

Lady – and it’s yours!

Travellers 1/2/3/4 – Ours? Woohoo! Thank you! Thank you so much! Our giant fluffy chicken house!

(The egg has grown into a giant fluffy chicken house! They all celebrate!)

THE END
Four travellers enter the scene looking mildly lost and largely frustrated.

We need a place to sleep or we’ll freeze in the night!

Our faithful transport has broken down!

(Stretch the time if needed for textual clarity)

Setting: Afternoon. A rather bare-looking countryside landscape.

Based on the story ‘A Bed for the Night’ by Joan Aiken

‘A Bed for the Night’ or ‘An Eggcellent Tale’

‘A Bed for the Night’ score in C

Fleur Bray
The four travellers begin walking at a good pace.

They stumble across a river with a large nest sitting on the bank. On the nest sits a haughty looking crane.

The travellers approach the crane in the nest:

Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Crane,

Repeat as necessary.

Walking at a good pace.

Look, look, a neighbourly nest of reeds and rushes.
Crane please may we spend the night in your warm nest?

Mrs. Crane, Mr. Crane may we, may we spend the night (Mf-i-sus)

we can sing and play for you in return

we are so cold and wet and hun-gry

Mrs. Crane, Mr. Crane please may we spend the night in your warm nest?

may we, may we spend the night

we can sing and play for you in return

we are so cold and wet and hun-gry
The four travellers continue walking at a good pace.

Let's go!
may we, may we spend the night, may we spend the night?

please may we spend the night may we spend the night?

leaves

Big Brown Bear, Big Brown Bear please may we spend the night in your warm cave, may we, may we spend the night

may we, may we spend the night, may we, may we spend the night in your warm cave.

slap tongue

slap tongue

slap tongue

may we, may we spend the night, may we, may we spend the night in your warm cave.

(Accord.)

(A. Gtr.)

(T. 4.)

(Fl.)

(Cl.)

(Vc.)
C/B/O-M.K.L.

T. 2.
we can sing and play for you in return.

T. 3.
we are so cold and wet and hungry and tired. we can sing and play for you in return.

T. 4.
hungry and tired. we can sing and play for you in return.

Fl.
and

Cl.
and

A. Gtr.

Accord.

Vc.

sul pont.

nat.

arco

The Bear swipes his paw at the travellers and they are compelled to leave.
Accord.

A. Gtr.

T. 4.
Look, look, a humble halfway house.

T. 3.

T. 2.

T. 1.
let's go!

Vc.

Cl.

Fl.

let's go!

let's go!

Old

mm

slap tongue

slap tongue

slap tongue

slap tongue
The Old Man opens the door.

Accord.

T. 1.

Man, Old Man, Old Man, Old man please, please, please, may we spend the night?

T. 2.

may we spend the night in your warm house, may we, may we spend the night, may we spend the night in your warm house.

T. 3.

may we spend the night?

T. 4.

lit-ty house

Fl.

Cl.

A. Cito.

Accord.

Vc.
The Old Man yawns and looks unimpressed. The Old Man says, "No more shoo!"

We are so cold and wet and tired and hungry and thirsty, we can sing and play for you in return.

Oh well!

We can sing and play for you in return.

Oh well!

The Old Man sneezes.

The Old Man sneezes and looks unimpressed.
The travellers notice the well with something poking out of the top. They are thirsty and hope to drink some water...

The top... they are thirsty and hope to drink some water...

They walk over to the well and discover a huge egg!

One of the travellers picks up the egg.

The egg! A huge egg! A huge egg!
Let's eat the egg! Let's eat the egg!

The egg is rolling down the hill!

You dropped the egg!
Urgh! (rolls eyes)

For - get the egg, we need to find a bed!

Yes we need to

poco rall. with positivity

q=112

= 135

with positivity

with positivity

= 135

with positivity

= 135

with positivity

with positivity
find a bed!  
let's go!

find a bed!  
let's go!

find a bed!  
let's go!

find a bed!  
let's go!

Look, look, look, look, a fluffy little chicken house!

a fluffy little chicken house!

a fluffy chicken house!

a fluffy chicken house!
The door opens and a lady steps outside.

Kind lady, kind lady,

please may we spend the night in your warm fluff-

please may we spend the night in your warm fluff-

mp

mp

mp

mp
we are so cold and wet and tired and hun-gry and thirst-y and mis'r-a-ble we can sing and play.

mis'r-a-ble we can sing and play for you in re-turn.

chickem house?

chickem house?

we can sing and play for you in re-turn.
My house, my house, my house laid an egg, an egg, egg, laid an egg and some-one has sto-len it, some-one, sto-len it.
some-one has sto-len it, sto-len it, sto-len, find it! find it! find it! find it! and you shall have, you shall have a bed, for the
night!
it is round and white, round and white white round it is large and white,

T. 1.

T. 2.

T. 3.

T. 4.

Fl.

Cl.

A. Cie.

Accord.

Vc.
A. Gtr.: T. 4.

That's the egg that came out and rolled down the hill.

That's the egg that came out of the well and rolled down the hill.

That's the egg that came out of the well and rolled down the hill.

That's the egg and rolled down the hill.

The old man must have
sto-len! sto-len! sto-len! Hi-dlen it in his well! well! well! well! Then it rolled down the hill!

sto-len! sto-len! Hi-dlen it in his well! well! well! well! Then it rolled down the hill!

sto-len! sto-len! Hi-dlen it in his well! well! well! well! Then it rolled down the hill!

sto-len it! Hi-dlen it in his well! well! well! well! Then it rolled down the hill!

slap tongue

Then it rolled down the hill!
Accord.

A. Gtr.

T. 4.

T. 3.

T. 1.

Vc.

The travellers descend 
back down the hill

let's go back down the hill to fetch the egg, to fetch the egg!
They pass the Old Man's house and the well that the Old Man spots them and yells at them to leave.

T. 1. let's go!

T. 2. let's go.

T. 3. let's go.

T. 4. let's go.

Fl. Go on, now.

Cl.

A. Gtr. go, go, go.

Accord.

Vc.
The traveller places his harp in the entrance to the Bear's cave. The bear is trapped. The bear begins to scrape at the strings and the sound makes him fall asleep.

get out of here! I'll save us!

The bear makes him fall asleep.
let's go.

let's go.

let's go.

let's go.
Two travellers are in a nest and The Crane is trapped.

**Accord.**

1. Traveller 1 places his triangle in the nest and The Crane trapped.
2. Traveller 2 rescues the egg from The Crane's nest.

**Vc.**

- I'll save us!

**Fl.**

- Get the egg!

**Cl.**

- Get the egg!

**Accord.**

- Get the egg!

With panic: let's go...
They soon compose themselves...
We have found, we have found your egg, egg, egg.

We have found your egg. We have found your egg, egg, egg.

We have found your egg. We have found your egg, egg, egg.

We have found your egg. We have found your egg, egg, egg.

Fl.

Cl.

A. Ob.

Accord.

Vc.
...and it's yours!

A giant fluf-ly chick-en house!

Ours? Woo-hoo! Thank you!

Thank you so much!

Our giant fluf-ly chick-en house!
The egg has grown into a giant fluffy chicken house! How did this happen?