

SCORE

Silver Rose

For Brass Band and Soprano Voice



Paul Gough, 'Remnants of a trench system. The Old Front Line', 2014

Liz Lane

Programme notes

Silver Rose is a musical response to five poems by Bristol born poet Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918), who died in action during World War 1. The choice of texts, which work collectively like a song cycle, echo perspectives including the atrocities of war and hope for peace.

The title, *Silver Rose*, takes its name from two sources. The 1914 Star was a British campaign medal awarded to men who served in France or Belgium between 5th August and 22nd November 1914. Those who fought under enemy fire were also entitled to a bronze horizontal clasp engraved with the above dates and could attach a small silver rose to the ribbon when not wearing the medal. The final movement of the work, *Song*, also includes the words 'silver rose'.

Originally written for brass band and narrator, this version extends the compositional process whereby the musical shape of the first, second, third and fifth movements (*On Receiving News of the War*, *Beauty*, *A Careless Heart* and *Song*) was influenced by the poems, which are often set wordlessly. The soprano represents the voice of women involved within World War 1, whose work is becoming increasingly better known. Her musical role gradually evolves from commentary to full integration with the brass band, initially narrating Rosenberg's poems as a quasi-recitative before and during the first three movements (*On Receiving News of the War*, *Beauty* and *A Careless Heart*), then partially joining with them in the fourth movement (*Returning, We Hear the Larks*). It is not until the final movement (*Song*) when she sings with the band throughout in a spirit of peace and reconciliation.

Liz Lane, 2014 and 2017
www.lizlane.co.uk

Front cover: Paul Gough, 'Remnants of a trench system. The Old Front Line', 2014

This drawing was made in the remains of a Great War trench system; the ink applied with charred twigs gathered from infamous woods nearby. On the horizon stands the blunt stump of a stone monument carved with the names of those long lost and buried in the soil around. The paper is peppered with spilt ink; the air potentially charged with immutable memory.

Paul Gough, 2014
www.paulgough.org

Five Poems by Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918)

1. *On Receiving News of the War*

Snow is a strange white word.
No ice or frost
Has asked of bud or bird
For Winter's cost.

Yet ice and frost and snow
From earth to sky
This Summer land doth know.
No man knows why.

In all men's hearts it is.
Some spirit old
Hath turned with malign kiss
Our lives to mould.

Red fangs have torn His face.
God's blood is shed.
He mourns from His lone place
His children dead.

O! ancient crimson curse!
Corrode, consume.
Give back this universe
Its pristine bloom.

2. *Beauty*

As a sword in the sun -
A glory calling a glory -
Our eyes, seeing it run,
Capture its gleam for our story.

Singer, marvellous gleam
Dancing in splendid light,
Here you have brought us our dream,
Ah, but its stay is its flight!

3. *A Careless Heart*

A little breath can make a prayer,
A little wind can take it
And turn it back again to air:
Then say, why should you make it?

An ardent thought can make a word,
A little ear can hear it,
A careless heart forget it heard:
Then why keep ever near it?

4. *Returning, We Hear the Larks*

Sombre the night is.
And though we have our lives, we know
What sinister threat lies there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know
This poison-blasted track opens on our camp -
On a little safe sleep.

But hark! joy - joy - strange joy.
Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.
Music showering our upturned list'ning faces.

Death could drop from the dark
As easily as song -
But song only dropped,
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
By dangerous tides,
Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin lies
there,
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

5. *Song*

A silver rose to show
Is your sweet face;
And like the heavens' white brow,
Sometime God's battle-place,
Your blood is quiet now.

Your body is a star
Unto my thought;
But stars are not too far,
And can be caught -
Small pools their prisons are.

INSTRUMENTATION:

E♭ Soprano Cornet

B♭ Solo Cornet 1/2 (including off-stage in *1. On Receiving News of the War*)

B♭ Solo Cornet 3/4

B♭ Repiano Cornet

B♭ Cornet 2

B♭ Cornet 3

B♭ Flugelhorn

E♭ Solo Tenor Horn

E♭ Tenor Horn 1

E♭ Tenor Horn 2

B♭ Baritone 1

B♭ Baritone 2

Trombone 1

Trombone 2

Bass Trombone

B♭ Euphonium

E♭ Bass

B♭ Bass

Percussion 1: timpani, low suspended cymbal, snare drum, floor tom, tubular bells

Percussion 2: glockenspiel, tubular bells, 3 rototoms (or tom toms), triangle, 3 tom toms

Percussion 3: 2 medium suspended cymbals, bass drum, cymbals

Soprano Voice

Duration: 10 minutes

Score is transposed

Silver Rose was commissioned by Bristol City Council with funding from Arts Council England and first performed by Lydbrook Band, conductor Ian Holmes, narrator Robert Hardy CBE, Bristol Museum and Art Gallery, 9 November 2014.

Part of Bristol 2014 - Bristol's programme marking the centenary of the start of the First World War and looking at other conflicts that have had an impact on the city over the last century. www.bristol2014.com

BRISTOL 2014
THE CITY AND CONFLICT
WWW.BRISTOL2014.COM



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3. A Careless Heart

156 **Lyrical, sweet, reflective** $\text{♩} = 80$ *p* Extra bars for narrated song - no bar numbers so this version tallies with original

S. 


A lit - tle breath can make a pra - yer, _____ A lit - tle wind can take it _____

S. 

_____ And turn it back a - gain to air: Then say, why should you make it? _____

S. 

An ar - dent thought can make a word, _____ A _____ lit - tle ear can hear it, A care - less

S. 

heart for - get it heard: Then why keep e - - - - ver near it? _____

157 Lyrical, sweet, reflective $\text{♩} = 80$

Sop. Cnt. *mp* solo

S. Cor. 1/2 *mp* 2. solo 1. solo

Flug. *mp* solo

S. T. Hn. *p mp p mp*

T. Hn. 1 *p mp p mp*

T. Hn. 2 *p mp p mp*

Bar. 1 *p*

Bar. 2 *p*

Euph. 1. *p*

Eb Bass 1. *p mp p*

S.

S

T moving on....

166

Sop. Cnt. *mf*

S. Cor. 1/2 *mp* (match previous flugel phrase)

S. Cor. 3/4 *mp* *mf*

Rep. Cor. *mp*

Cor. 2 *mp* *mf*

Cor. 3 *mp* *mf*

Flug. *mp*

S. T. Hn. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* sail over band!

T. Hn. 1 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* sail over band!

T. Hn. 2 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* sail over band!

Bar. 1 *mp* *mf* *mp* sail over band!

Bar. 2 *mp* *mf* *mp* sail over band!

Tbn. 1 *p* *mp*

Tbn. 2 *p* *mp*

B. Tbn. *p* *mp* *mp*

Euph. *mp* *mf* *mp*

Eb Bass *mp* *mp*

Bb Bass *p* *mp*

(with flugel - match previous solo cornets phrase) **U** more relaxed rit. con sord - cup mute

175

Sop. Cnt. *f* *p* *pp*

S. Cor. 1/2 *f* *p* *pp*

S. Cor. 3/4 *mp* *f* *p* *pp*

Rep. Cor. *mf* *p* *pp*

Cor. 2 *mf* *mp* *pp*

Cor. 3 *mf* *mp* *pp*

Flug. (with sop - match previous solo cornets phrase) solo (take over from euph.) *p*

S. T. Hn. *mf* *mp* *p*

T. Hn. 1 *mf* *mp* *pp*

T. Hn. 2 *mf* *mp* *pp*

Bar. 1 *mf*

Bar. 2 *mf*

Tbn. 1 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

Tbn. 2 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

B. Tbn. *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

Euph. *mf* *mp* *mp* *pp*

Eb Bass *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

Bb Bass *mp* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

4. Returning, We Hear the Larks

182 **Slow, sombre and heavy** ♩=72

S. T. Hn. *p*

T. Hn. 1 *p*

T. Hn. 2 *p*

Bar. 1 *pp*

Bar. 2 *pp*

Euph. *pp*

Eb Bass *pp*

Bb Bass *pp*

S. *pp* *p*
Som - - - - - bre the night is. And - - - - - though we

Slow, sombre and heavy ♩=72

Timpani *pp*

Perc. 1 *pp*

186

Flug. *pp*

S. T. Hn.

T. Hn. 1

T. Hn. 2

Bar. 1

Bar. 2

Euph.

E♭ Bass

B♭ Bass

S. *mp* *mf*
 have our lives, we know What si - nis - ter threat. lies there.

Perc. 1 *pp*
 Low Tom Toms (not Rototoms)
 hard sticks

Perc. 2 *mp* *p*
 Bass Drum

Perc. 3 *mp* *p*

V becoming brighter

190

Sop. Cnt. *mp* 6 *mf* solo brightly, sparkle!

S. Cor. 1/2 *mp*

S. Cor. 3/4 *p* senza sord

Rep. Cor. *pp*

Cor. 2 *pp*

Cor. 3 *pp*

Flug.

S. T. Hn. *mp*

T. Hn. 1 *mp*

T. Hn. 2 *mp*

Bar. 1 *mp*

Bar. 2 *mp*

Eb Bass *mp*

Bb Bass *mp*

S. *p* *mf*
 Drag-ging these an-cient limbs, we-on-ly know This poi-soned-blas - ted track o-pens on our camp.

V becoming brighter

Perc. 1 [Timpani] *pp* *pp* *f*

Perc. 2 [Low Tom Toms] *mp* *p* *mp* *f*

Perc. 3 [Bass Drum] *mp* *p* *mp* *f*

195

Sop. Cnt. *f* *mf* *f*

S. Cor. 1/2 *f*

S. Cor. 3/4 *f*

Rep. Cor. *f*

Cor. 2 *f*

Cor. 3 *f*

Flug. *f*

S. T. Hn. *f*

T. Hn. 1 *f*

T. Hn. 2 *f*

Bar. 1 *mf* *f*

Bar. 2 *mf* *f*

Tbn. 1 *mf* *f* solo

Tbn. 2 *mf* *f*

B. Tbn. *mf* *f*

Euph. *mf* *f*

Eb Bass *f*

Bb Bass *f*

S. *f* *ff*

On a lit - tle safe sleep.