Pieces of Peacock Pie

for medium high voice and piano

Texts of Walter de la Mare

2006

Gary Bachlund

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Pieces of Peacock Pie

Twelve songs for medium high voice and piano

Texts of
Walter de la Mare

C O N T E N T S

i.	The Lost Shoe	1
ii.	Tired Tim	6
iii.	The Huntsmen	8
iv.	Some One	10
v.	Miss T	12
vi.	The Cupboard	14
vii.	Hide and Seek	16
viii.	Then	18
ix.	Full Moon	21
x.	Poor Henry	23
xi.	Will Ever?	25
xii.	Song of the Secret	28
	Texts	31

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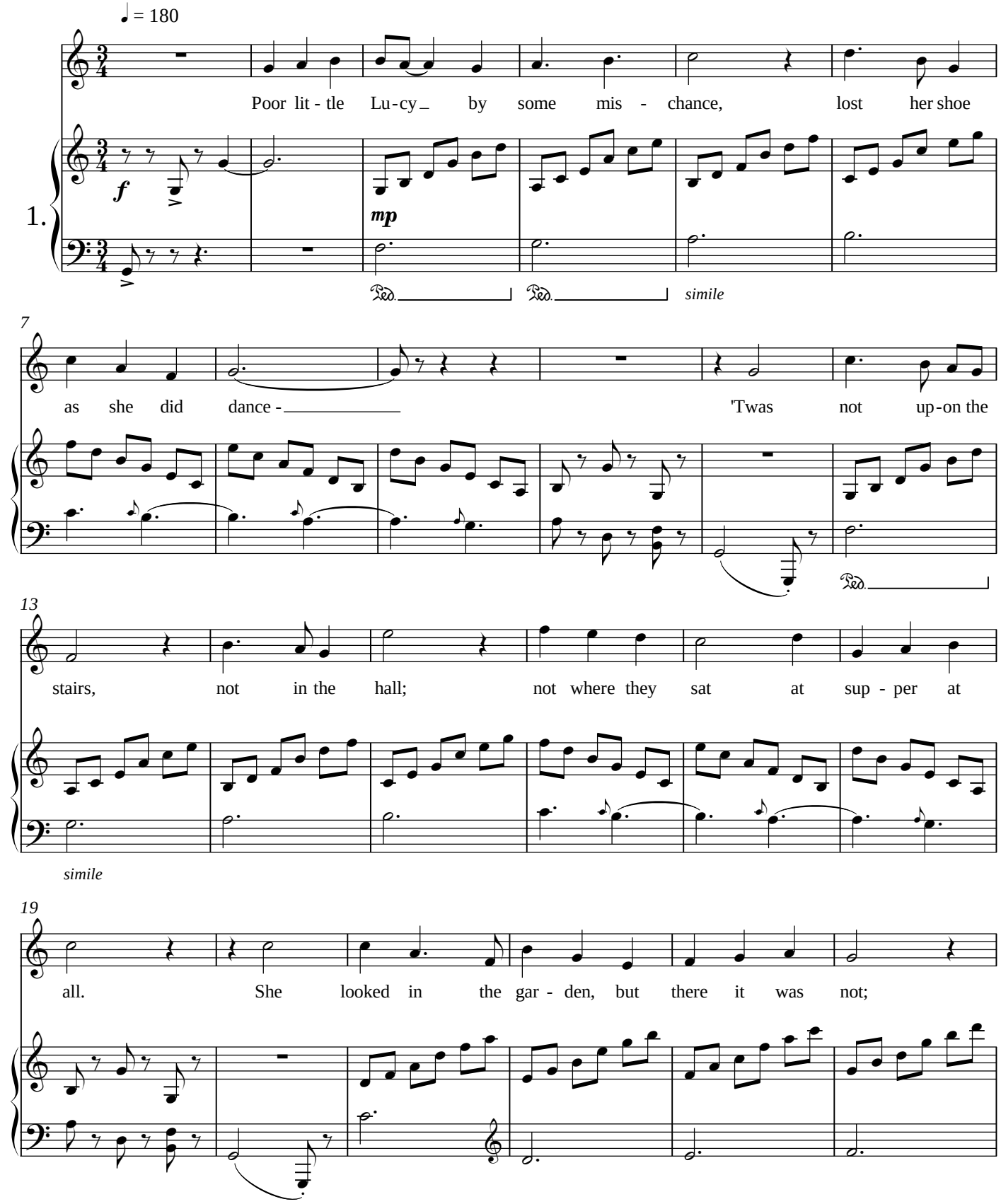
Pieces of Peacock Pie

Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

The Lost Shoe

Gary Bachlund



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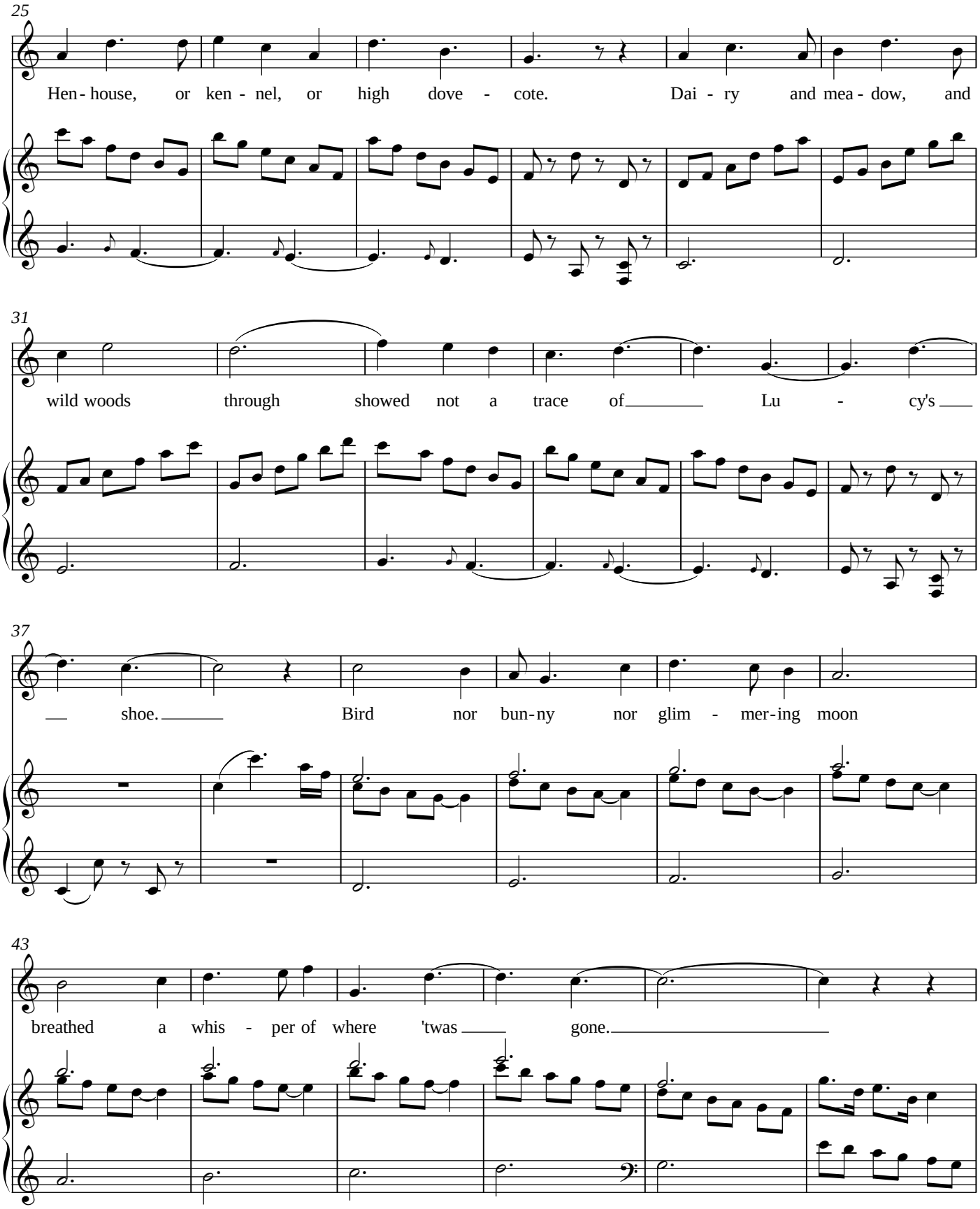
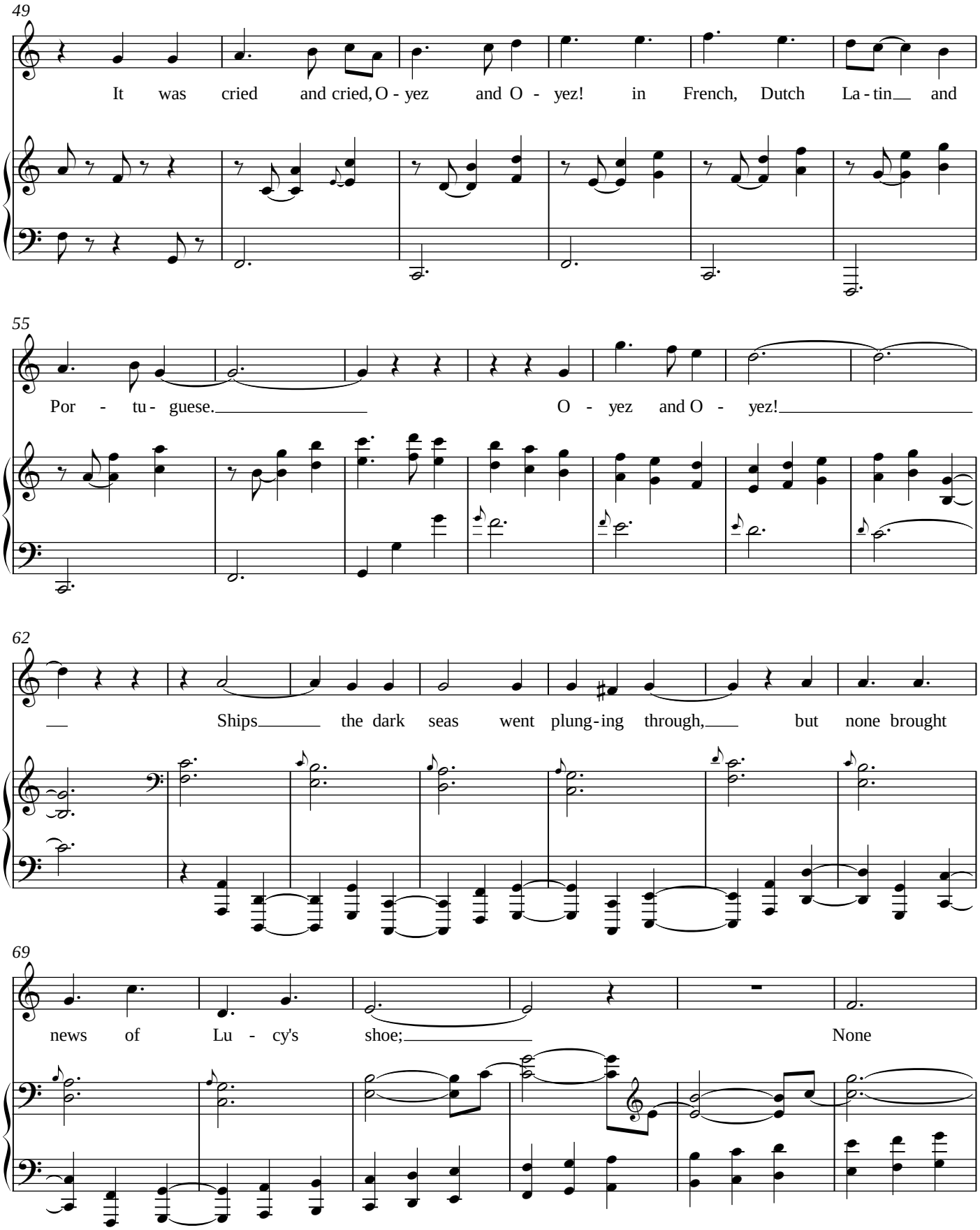
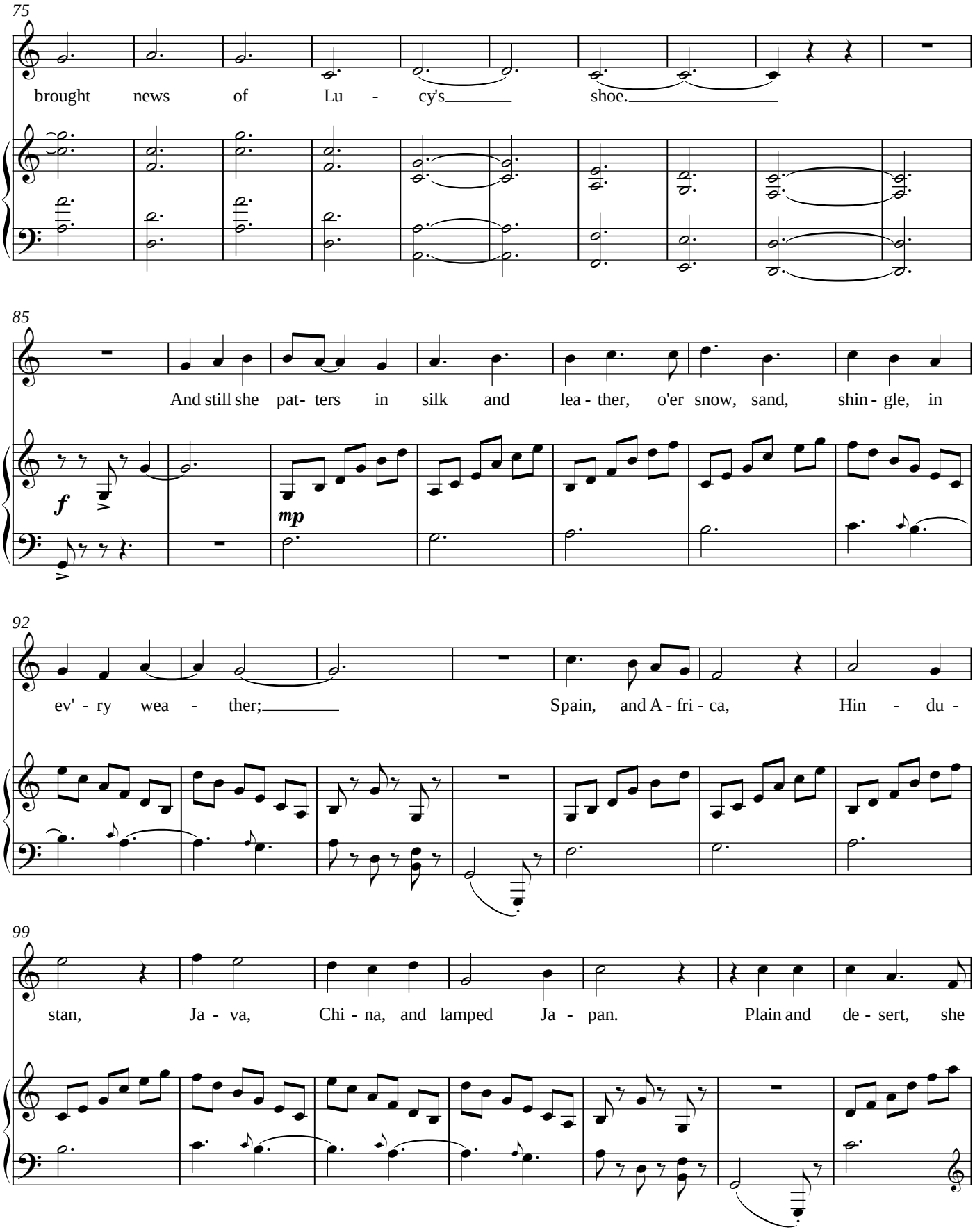

25
Hen - house, or ken - nel, or high dove - cote. Dai - ry and mea - dow, and
31
wild woods through showed not a trace of Lu - cy's
37
shoe. Bird nor bun-ny nor glim - mer-ing moon
43
breathed a whis - per of where 'twas gone.


49
It was cried and cried, O - yez and O - yez! in French, Dutch La - tin and
55
Por - tu - guese. O - yez and O - yez!
62
Ships the dark seas went plung - ing through, but none brought
69
news of Lu - cy's shoe; None


75
brought news of Lu - cy's shoe.
85
And still she pat- ters in silk and lea - ther, o'er snow, sand, shin - gle, in
f
mp
92
ev' - ry wea - ther; Spain, and A - fri - ca, Hin - du -
99
stan, Ja - va, Chi - na, and lamped Ja - pan. Plain and de - sert, she

106

hops-hops and hops-hops through, Per - nam - bu - co to gold Pe - ru;

113

moun-tain and for - est, and ri - ver too, all the world o - ver for her

120

lost shoe.

mp

126

Poor lit - tle Lu-cy

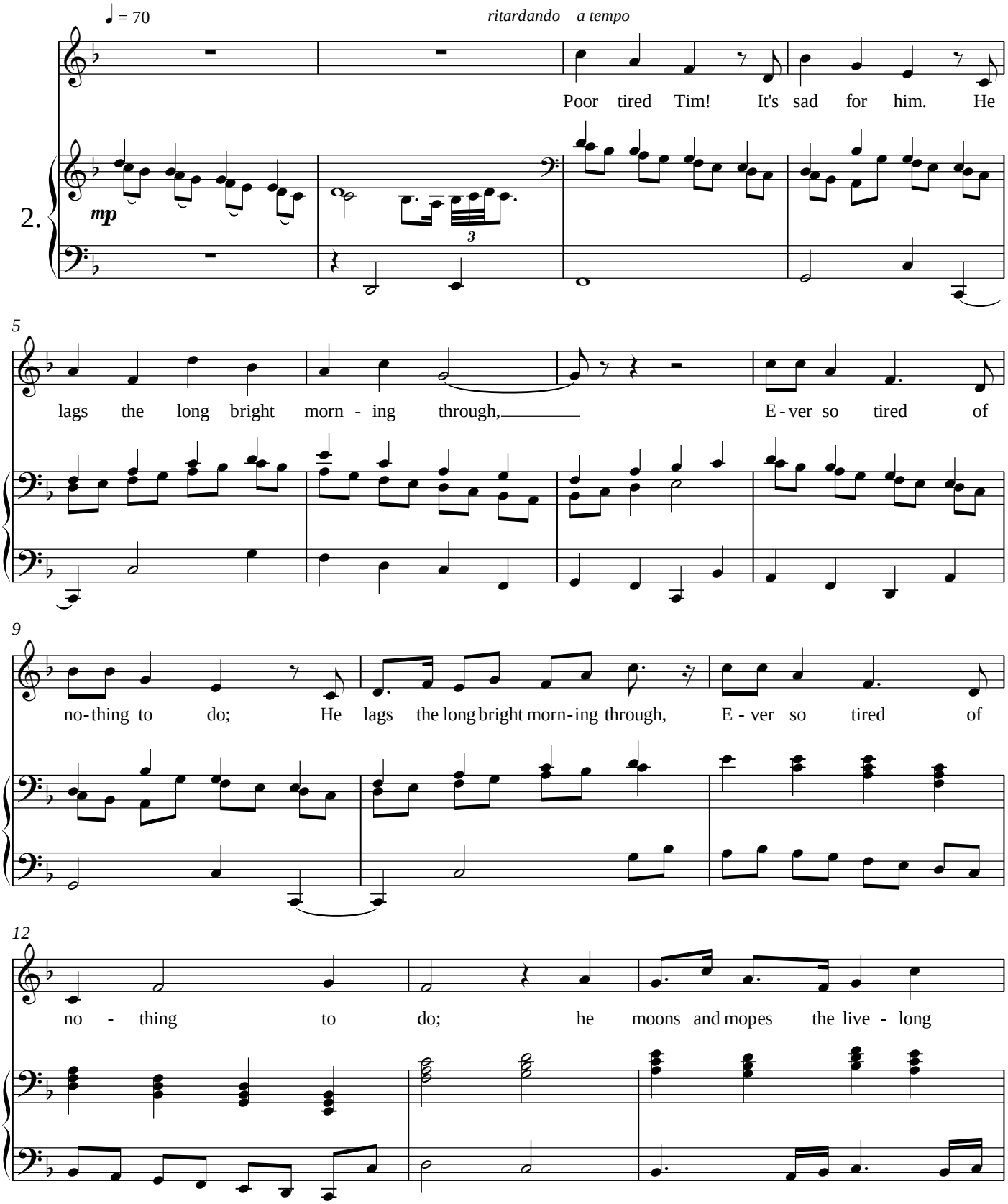
f

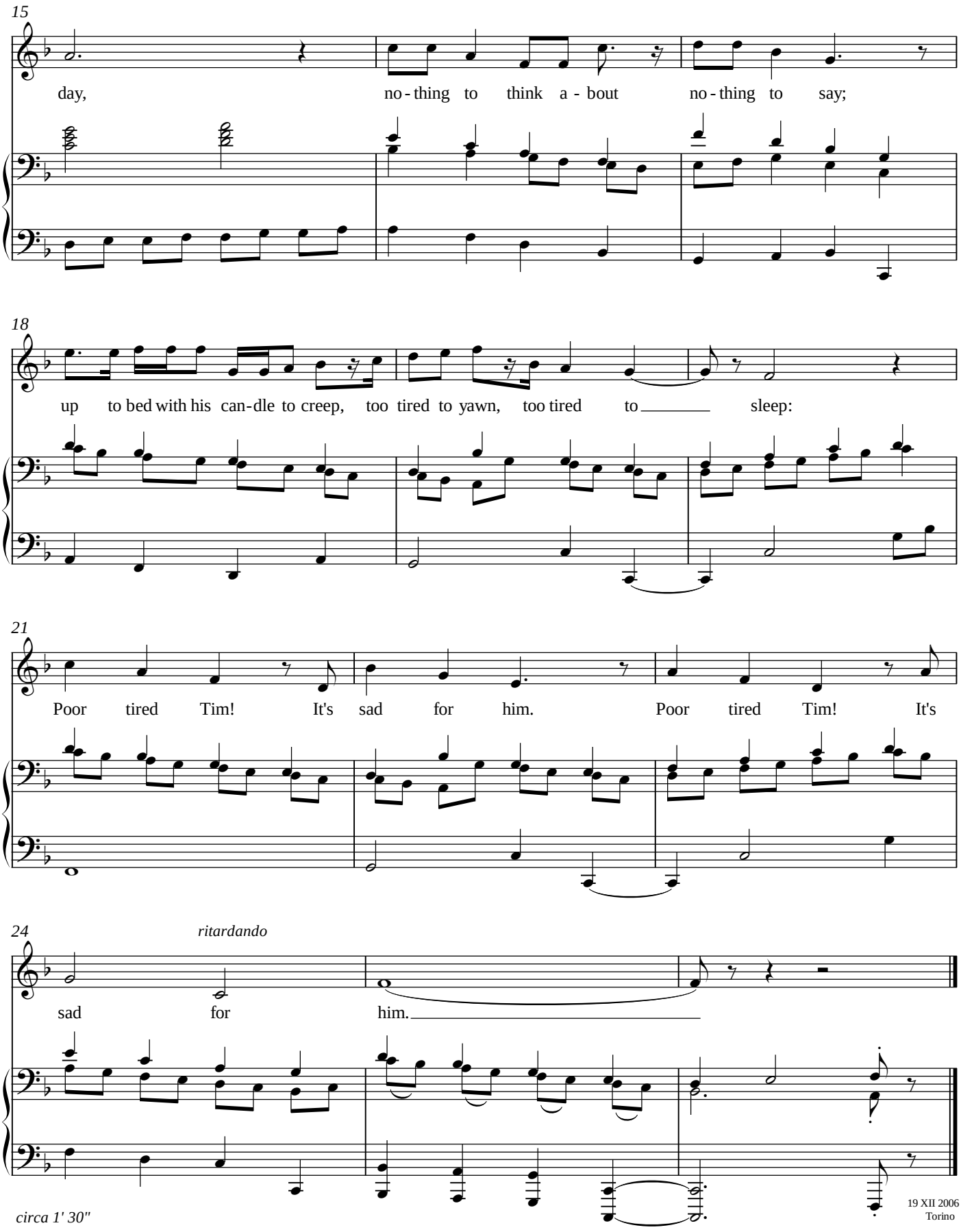
mp

circa 2' 15"

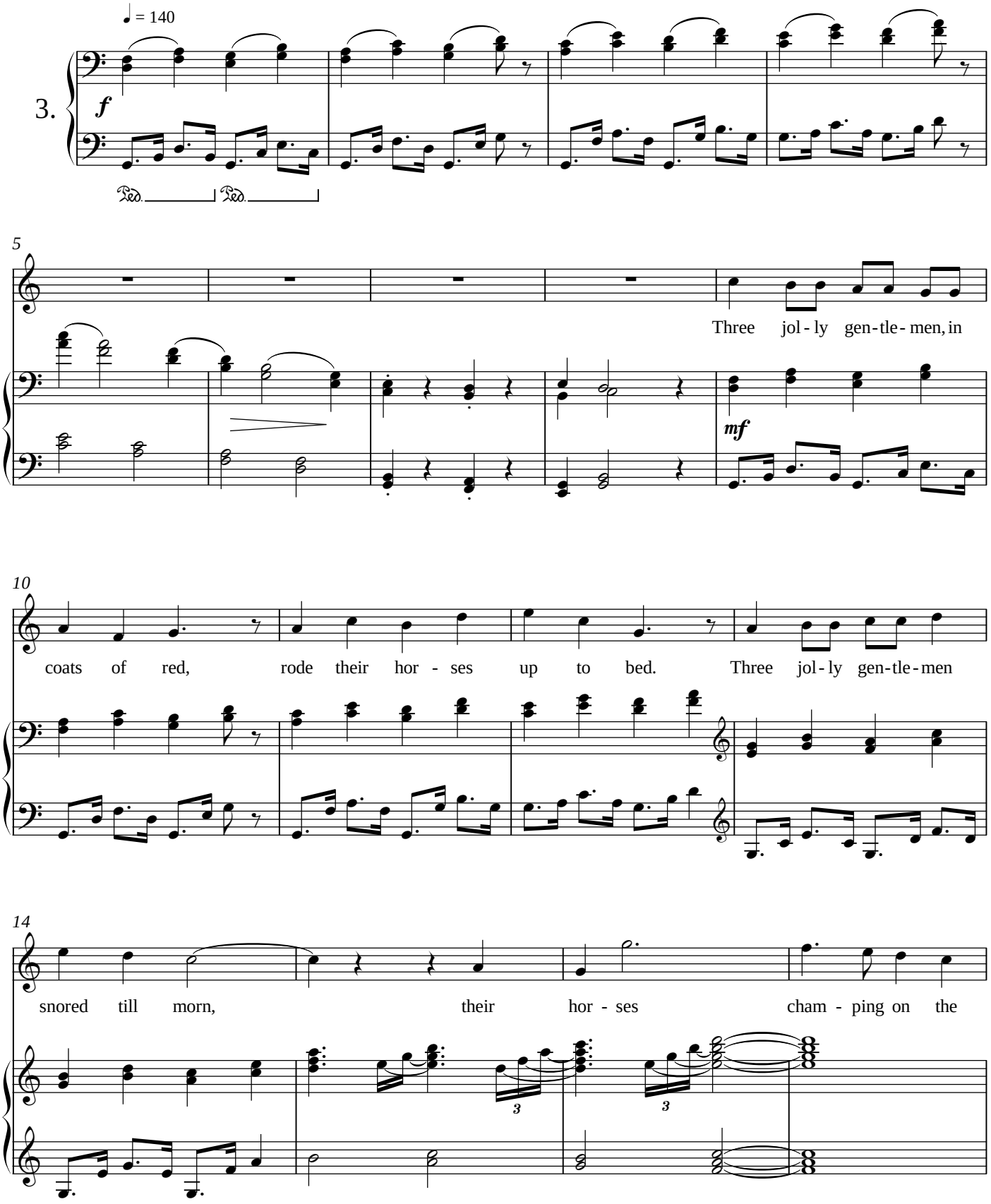
18 XII 2006
Torino

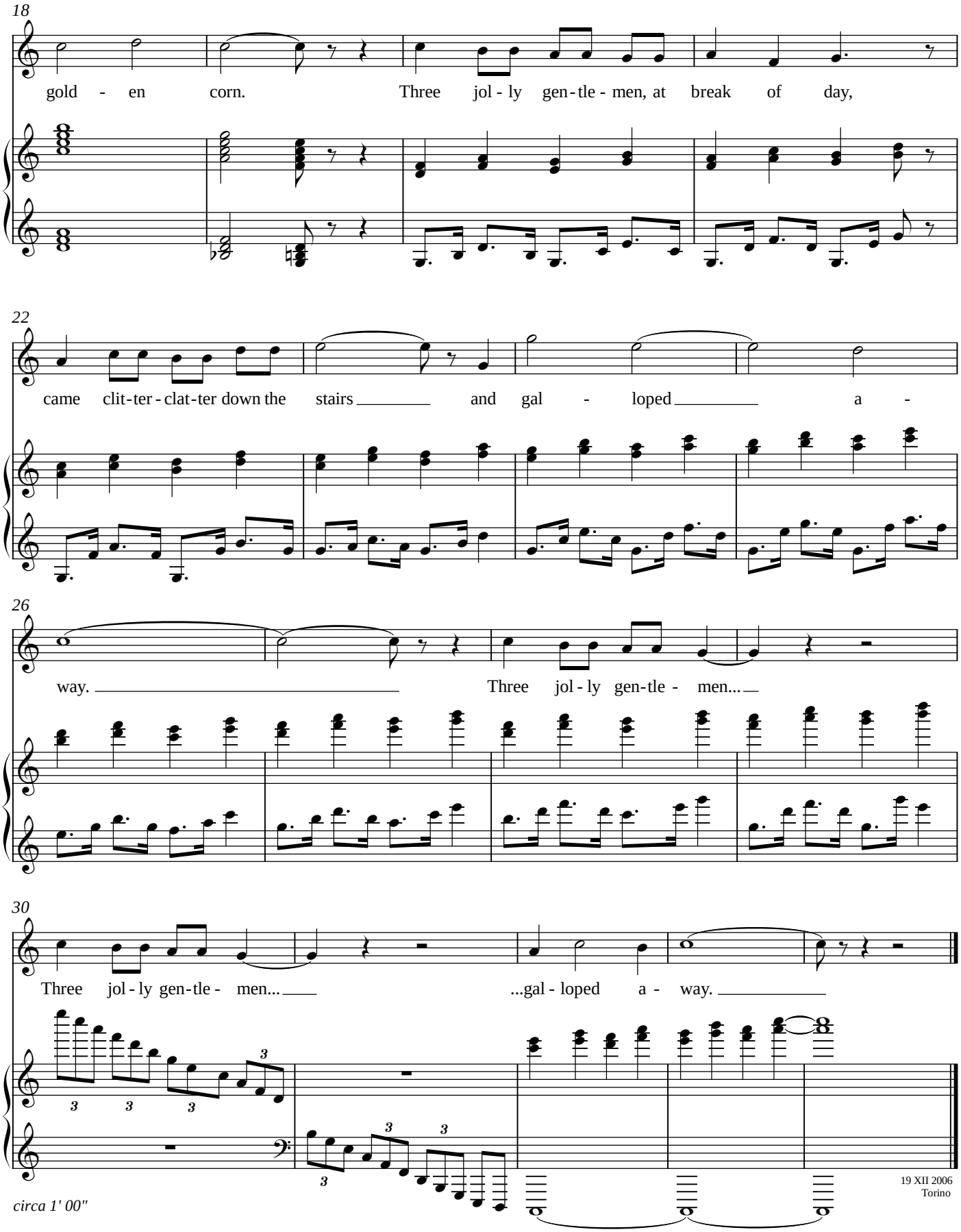
Tired Tim


♩ = 70
ritardando a tempo
Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him. He
2.
mp
3
5
lags the long bright morn - ing through, E - ver so tired of
9
no - thing to do; He lags the long bright morn - ing through, E - ver so tired of
12
no - thing to do; he moons and mopes the live - long

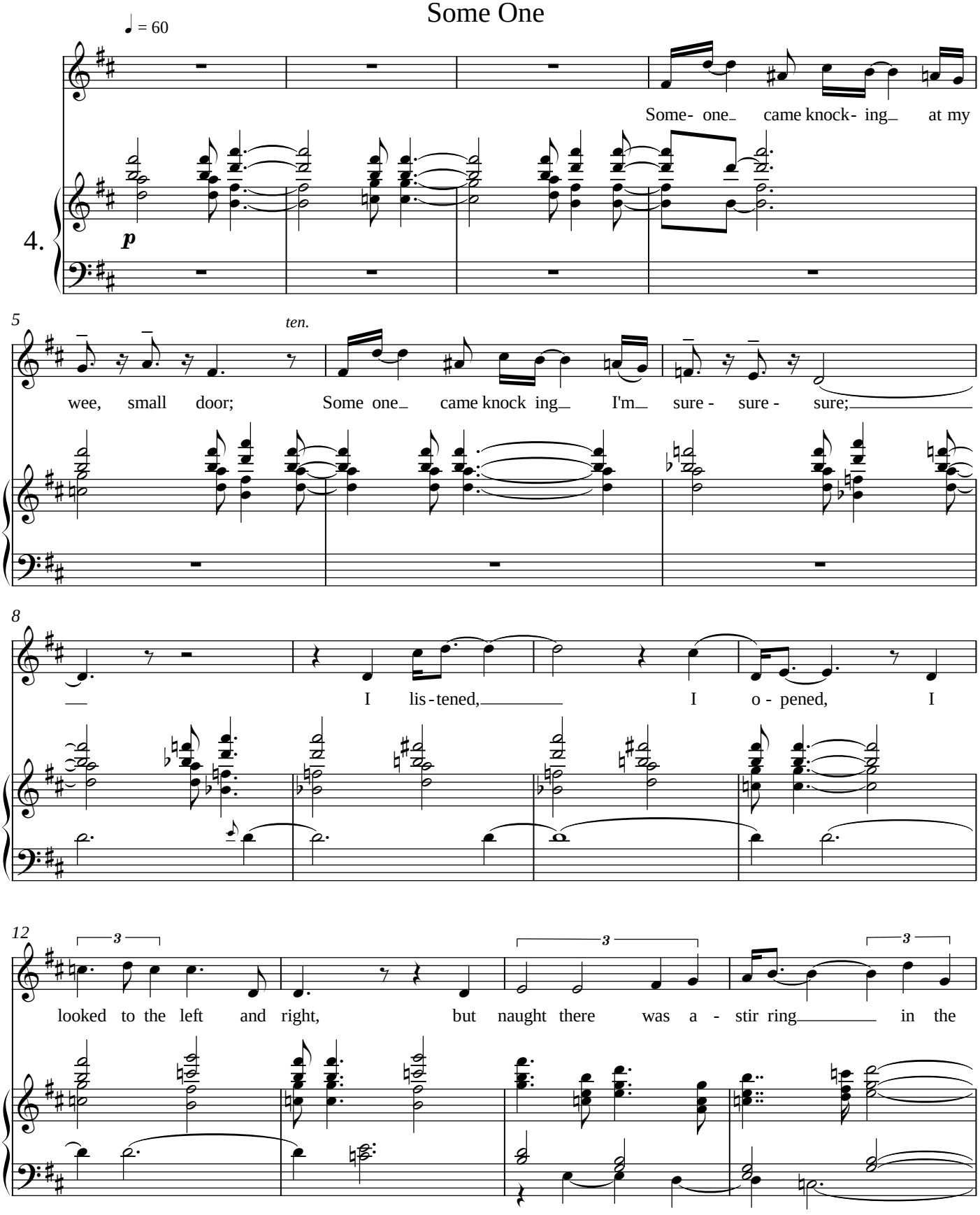

15
day, no - thing to think a - bout no - thing to say;
18
up to bed with his can-dle to creep, too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep:
21
Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him. Poor tired Tim! It's
24
ritardando
sad for him.
circa 1' 30"
19 XII 2006
Torino

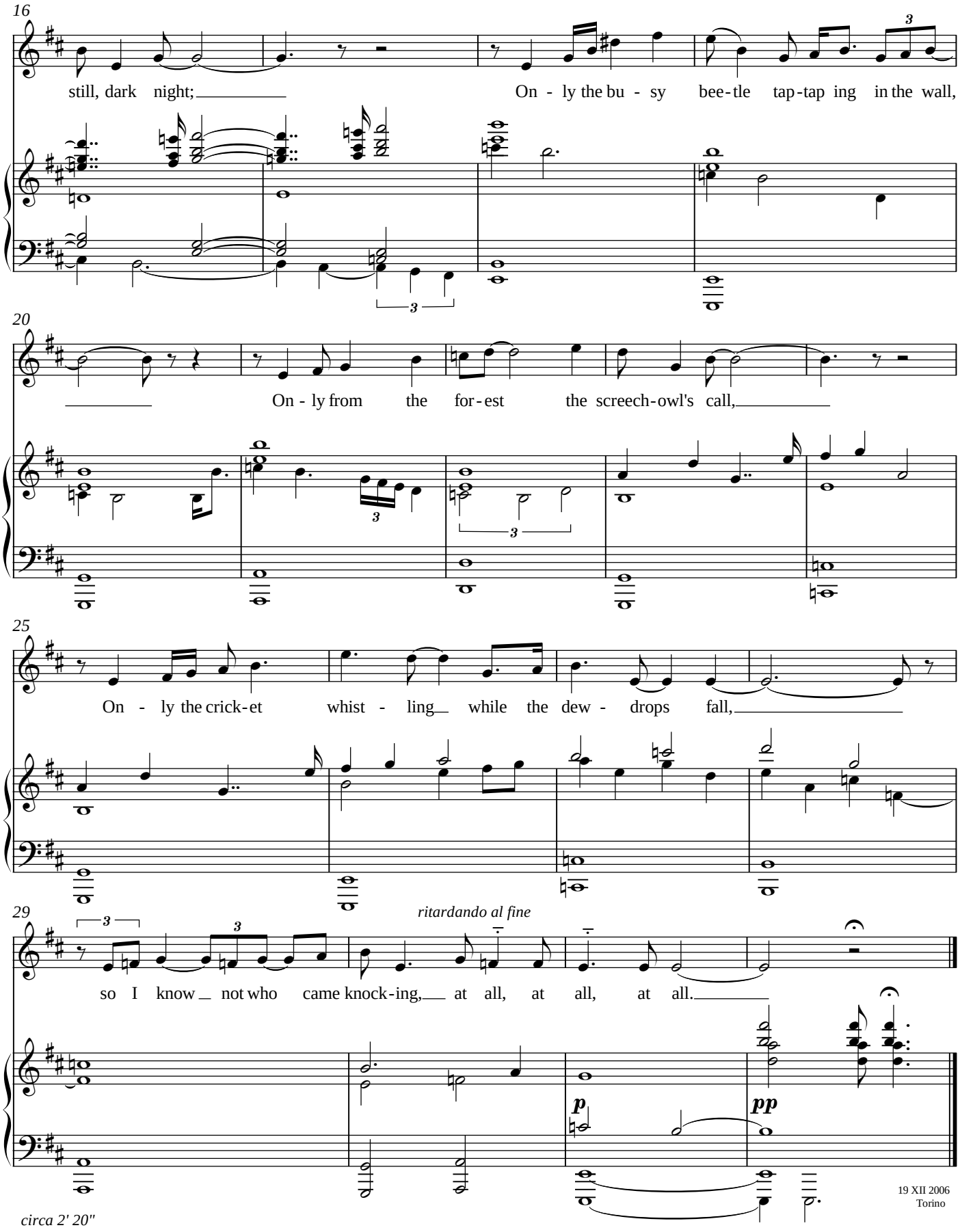
The Huntsmen



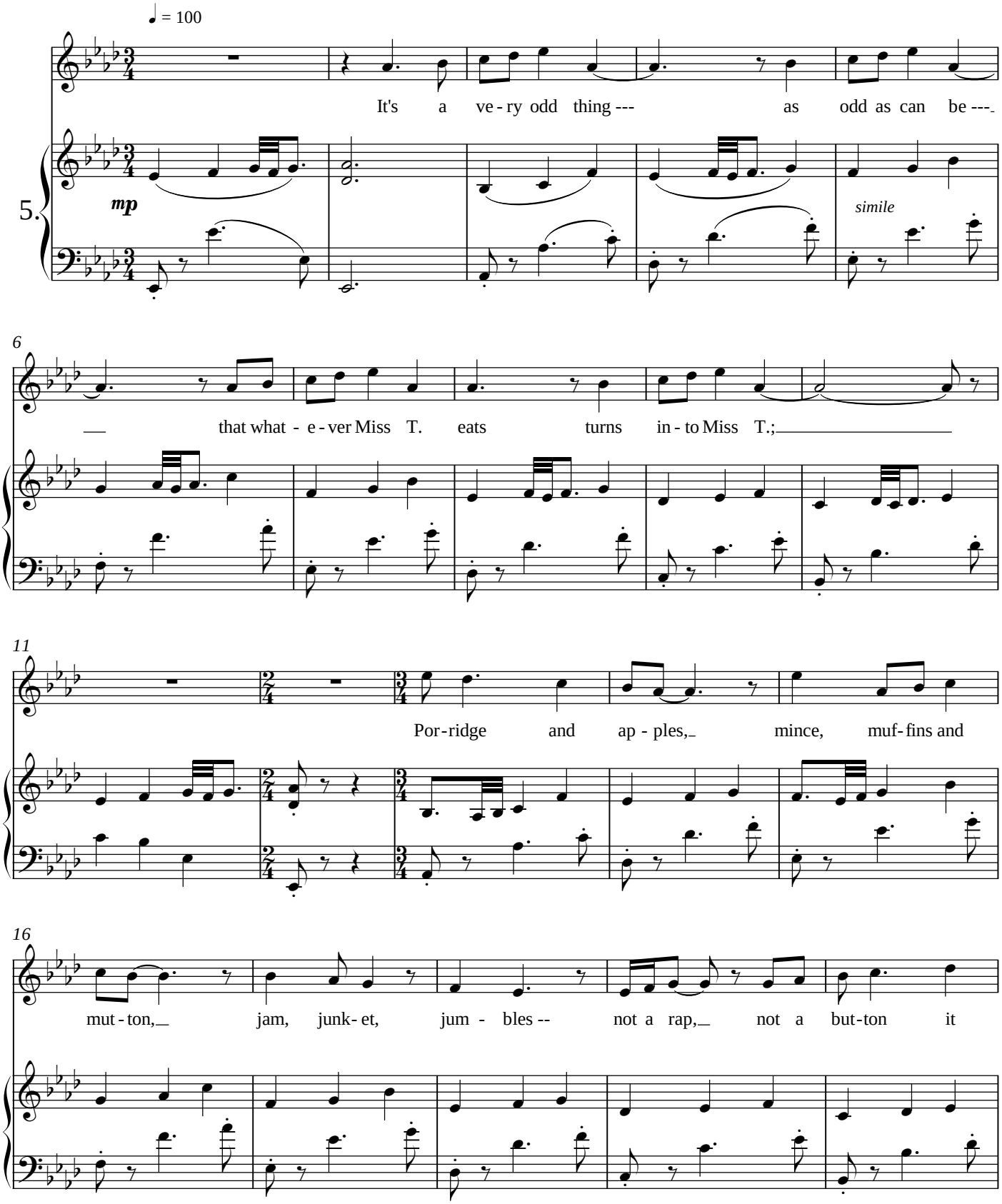

18
gold - en corn. Three jol - ly gen - tle - men, at break of day,
22
came clit - ter - clat - ter down the stairs and gal - loped a -
26
way. Three jol - ly gen - tle - men...
30
Three jol - ly gen - tle - men... ...gal - loped a - way.
circa 1' 00"
19 XII 2006
Torino

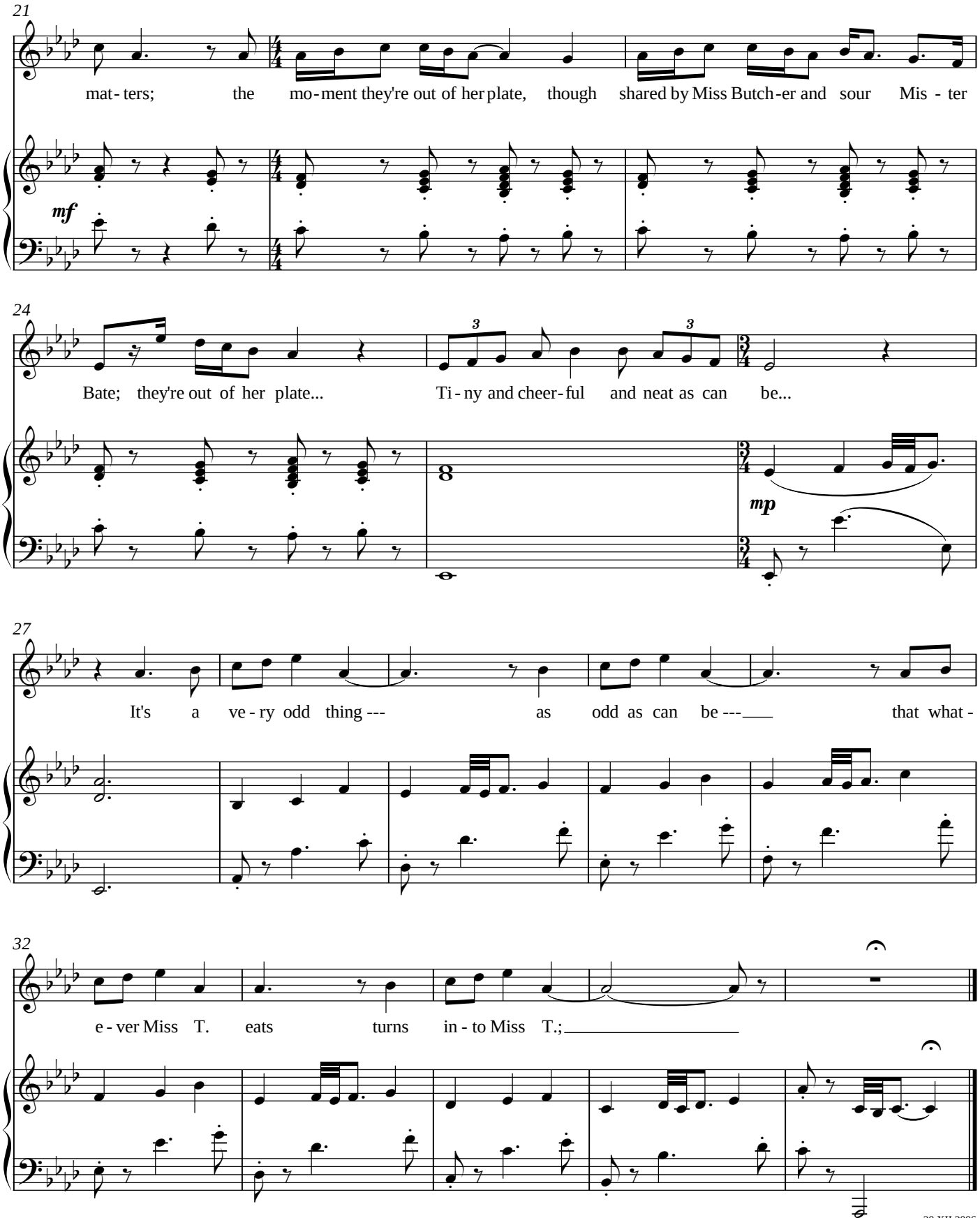
Some One


♩ = 60
4.
p
Some- one came knock- ing at my
5
ten.
wee, small door; Some one came knock ing I'm sure - sure - sure;
8
I lis - tened, I o - pened, I
12
looked to the left and right, but naught there was a - stir ring in the

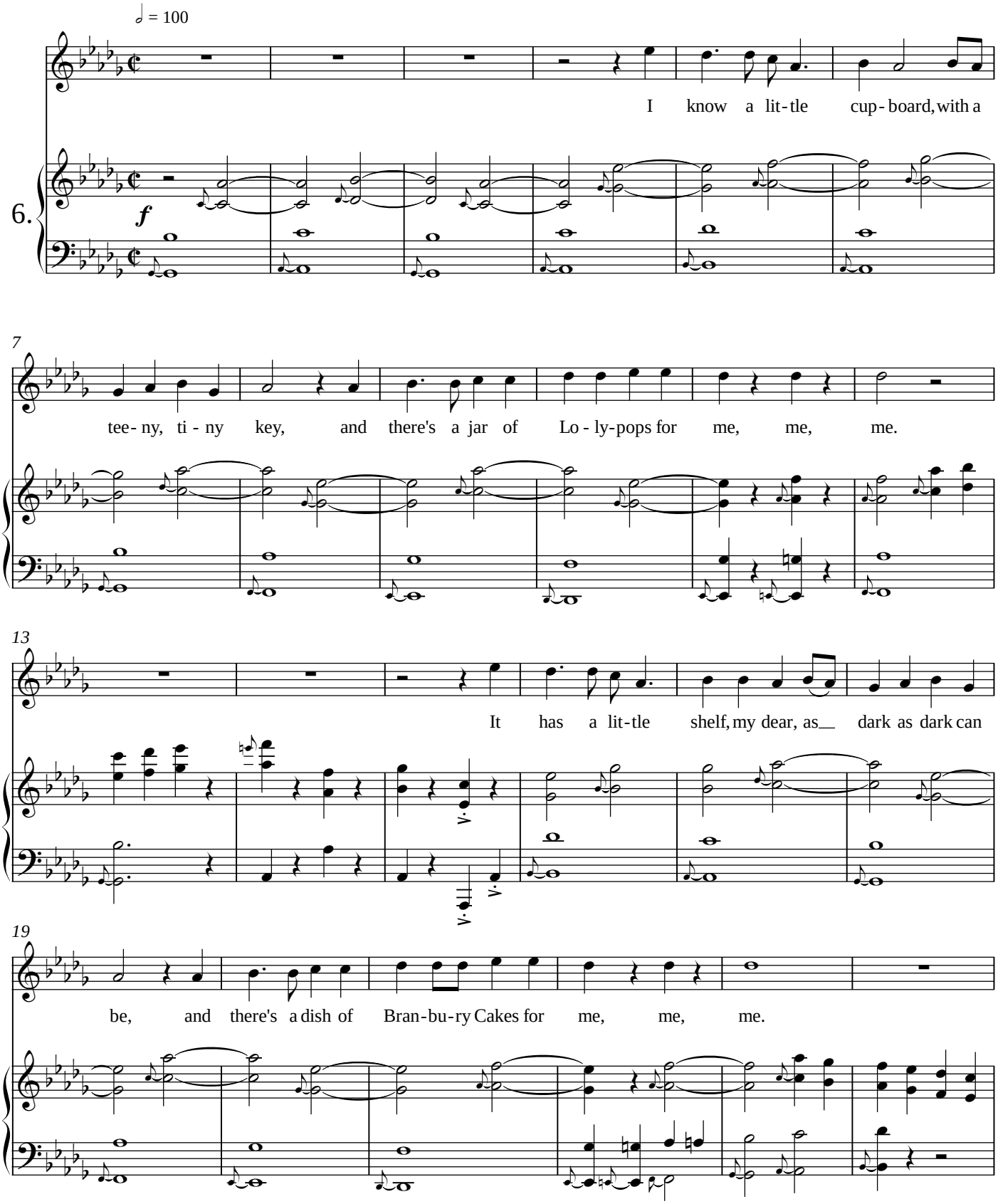

16
still, dark night;
On - ly the bu - sy bee-tle tap-tap ing in the wall,
20
On - ly from the for-est the screech-owl's call,
25
On - ly the crick-et whist - ling while the dew - drops fall,
29
ritardando al fine
so I know not who came knock-ing, at all, at all, at all.
p
pp
circa 2' 20"
19 XII 2006
Torino

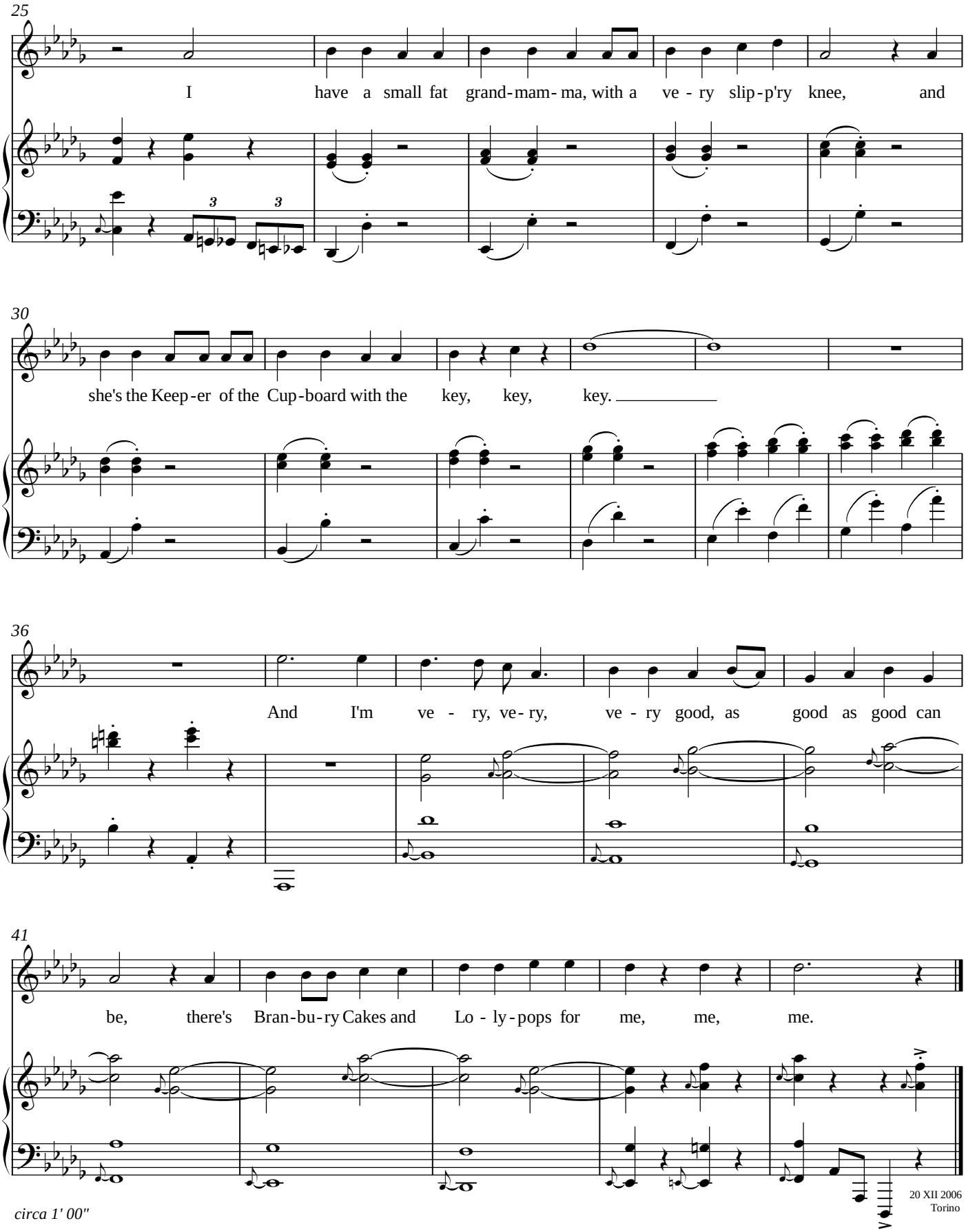
Miss T


♩ = 100
It's a ve - ry odd thing --- as odd as can be ---
mp
5.
simile
6
that what - e - ver Miss T. eats turns in - to Miss T.;
11
Por - ridge and ap - ples, mince, muf - fins and
16
mut - ton, jam, junk - et, jum - bles -- not a rap, not a but - ton it

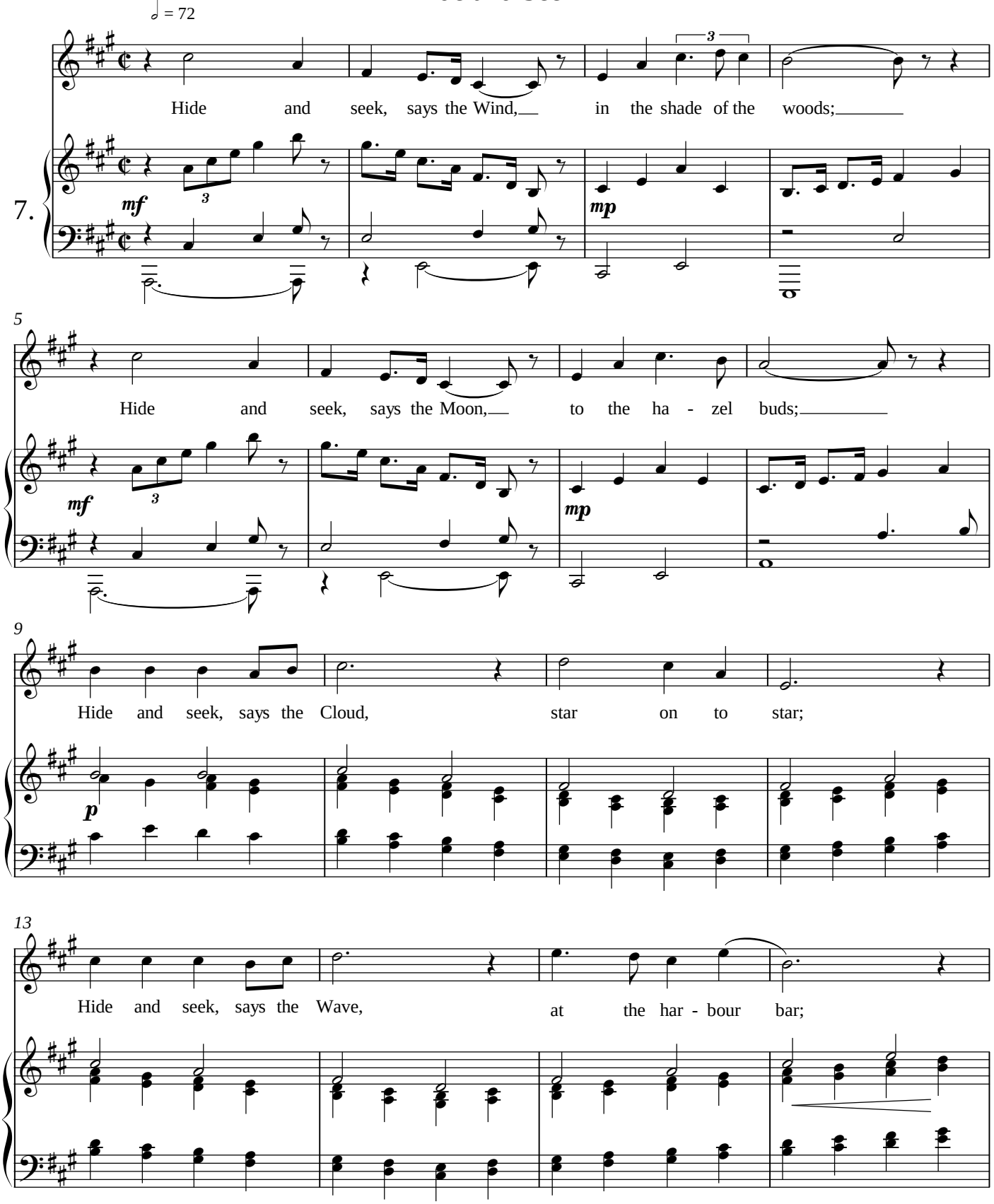

21
mat - ters; the mo - ment they're out of her plate, though shared by Miss Butch - er and sour Mis - ter
mf
24
Bate; they're out of her plate... Ti - ny and cheer - ful and neat as can be...
3
3
mp
27
It's a ve - ry odd thing --- as odd as can be --- that what -
32
e - ver Miss T. eats turns in - to Miss T.;
circa 1' 10"
20 XII 2006
Torino

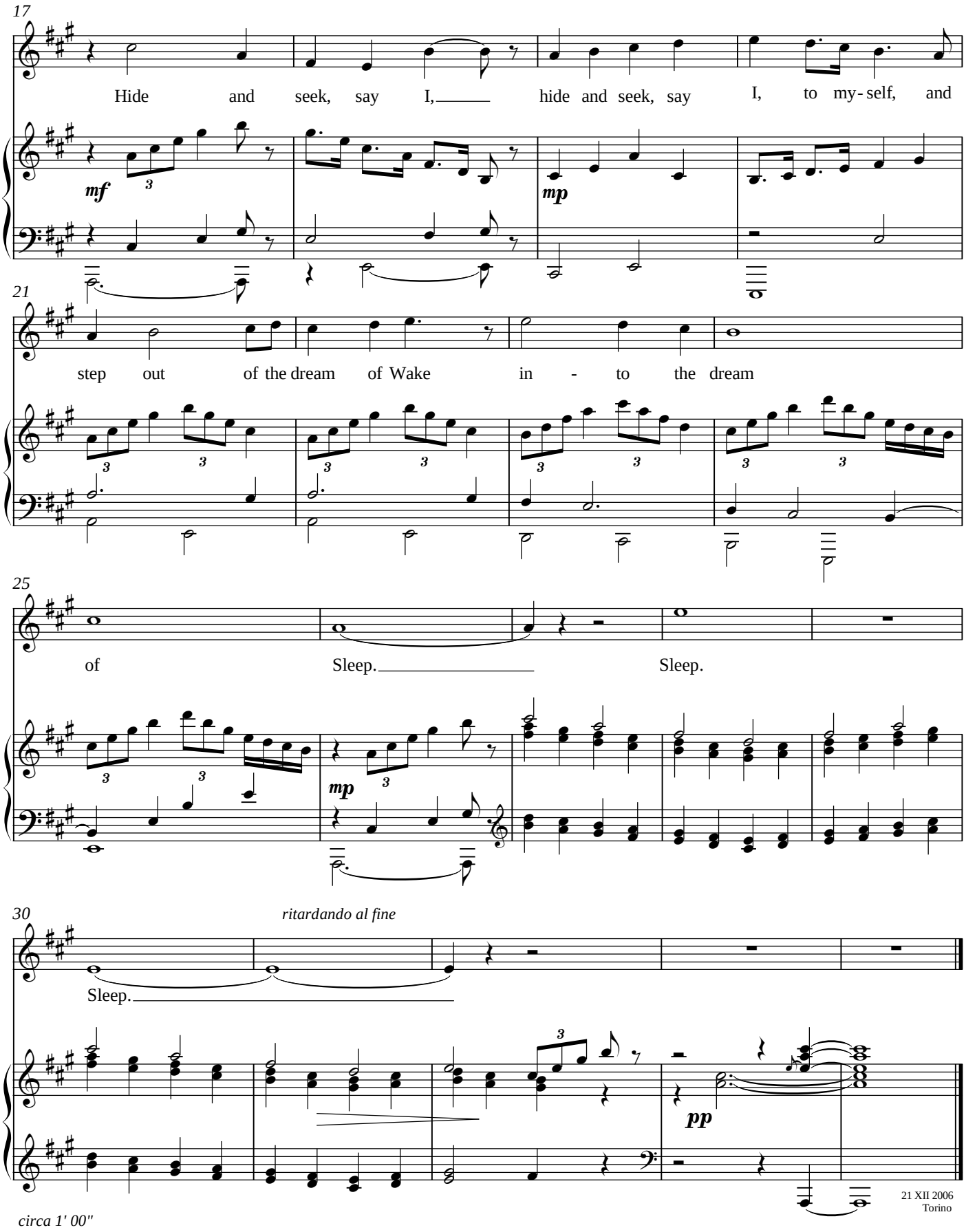
The Cupboard



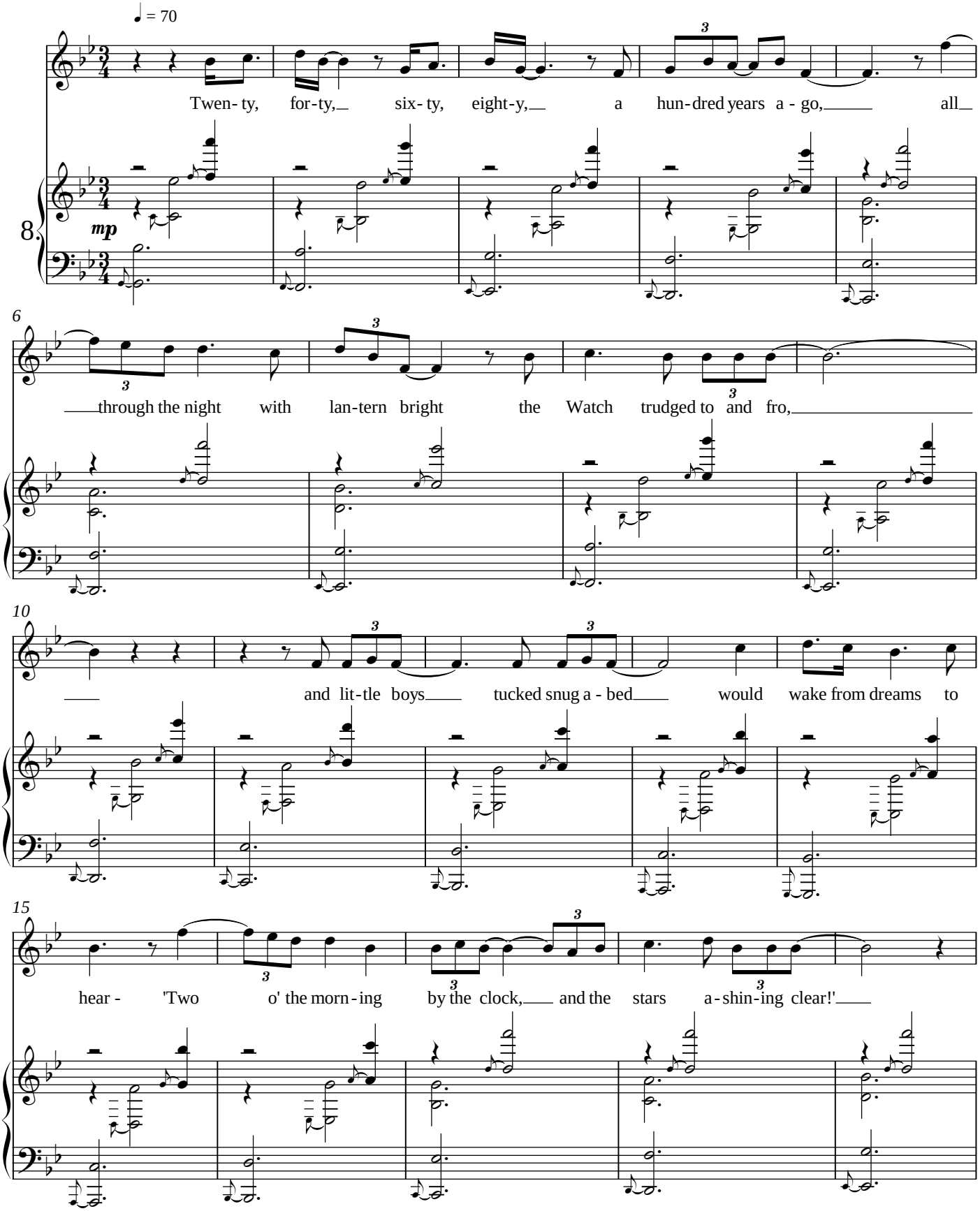

25
I have a small fat grand-mam-ma, with a ve - ry slip-p'ry knee, and
30
she's the Keep-er of the Cup-board with the key, key, key.
36
And I'm ve - ry, ve-ry, ve - ry good, as good as good can
41
be, there's Bran-bu-ry Cakes and Lo - ly-pops for me, me, me.
circa 1' 00"
20 XII 2006
Torino

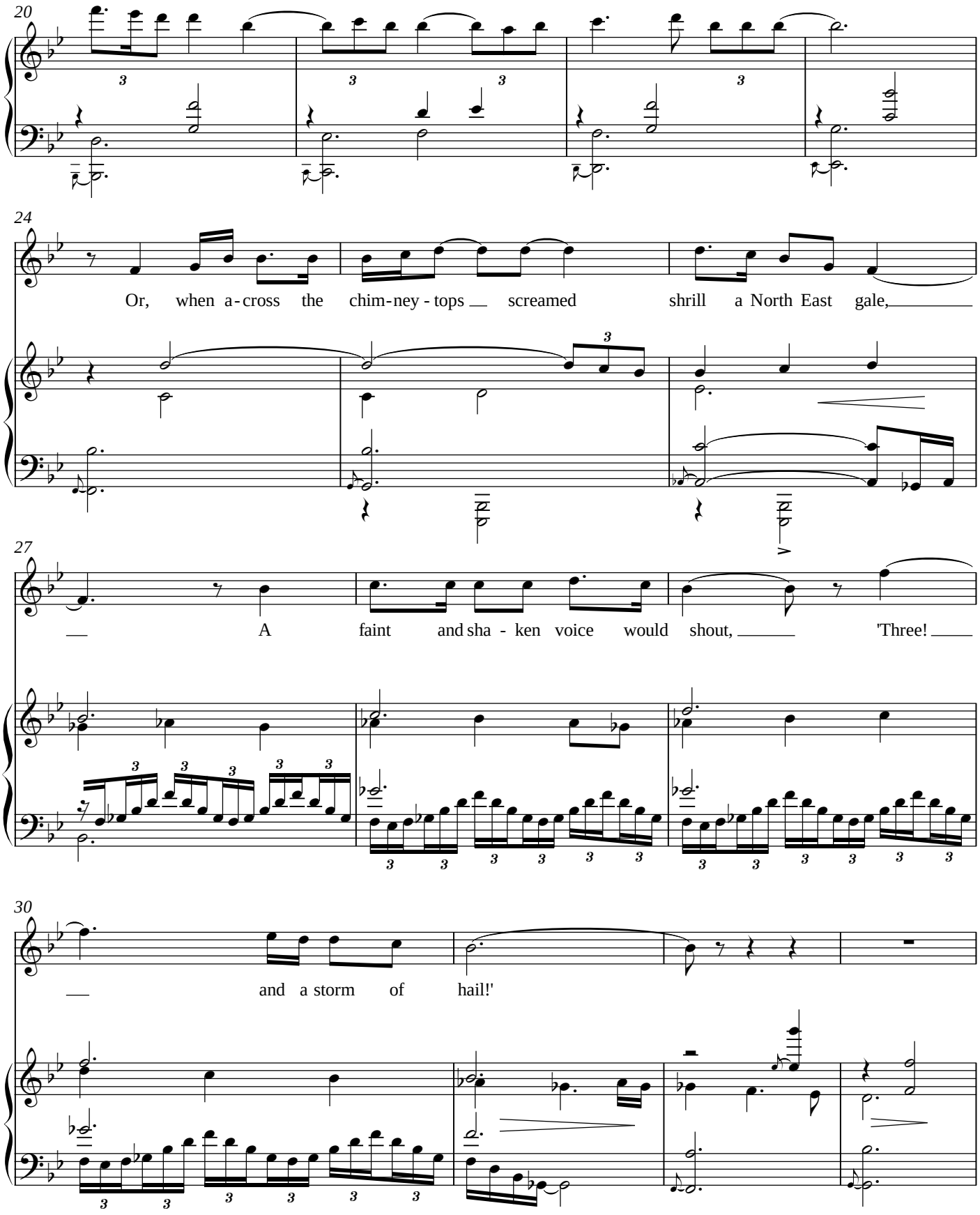
Hide and Seek

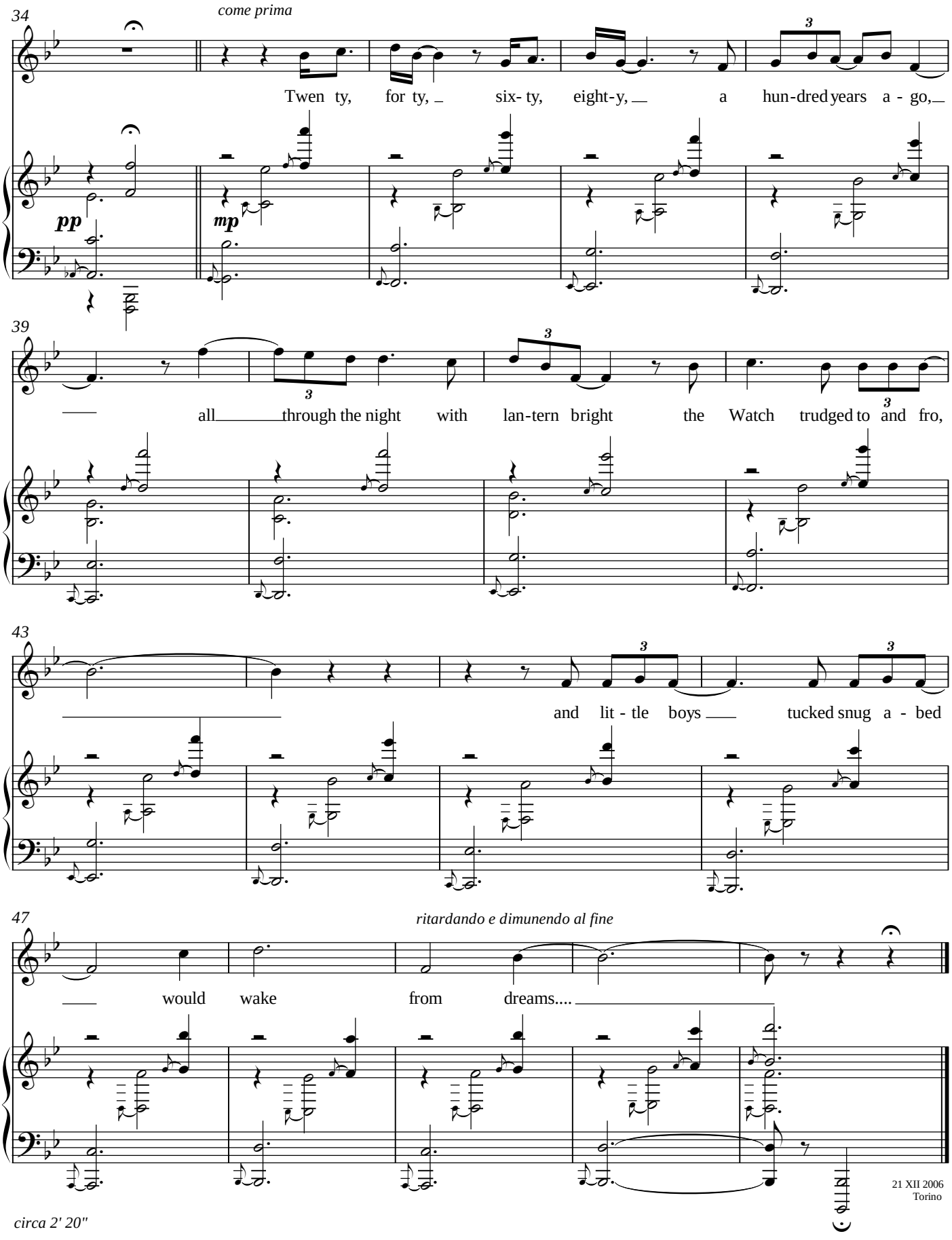



17
Hide and seek, say I, hide and seek, say I, to my-self, and
mf
mp
21
step out of the dream of Wake in - to the dream
25
of Sleep. Sleep.
mp
30
ritardando al fine
Sleep.
pp
21 XII 2006
Torino
circa 1' 00"

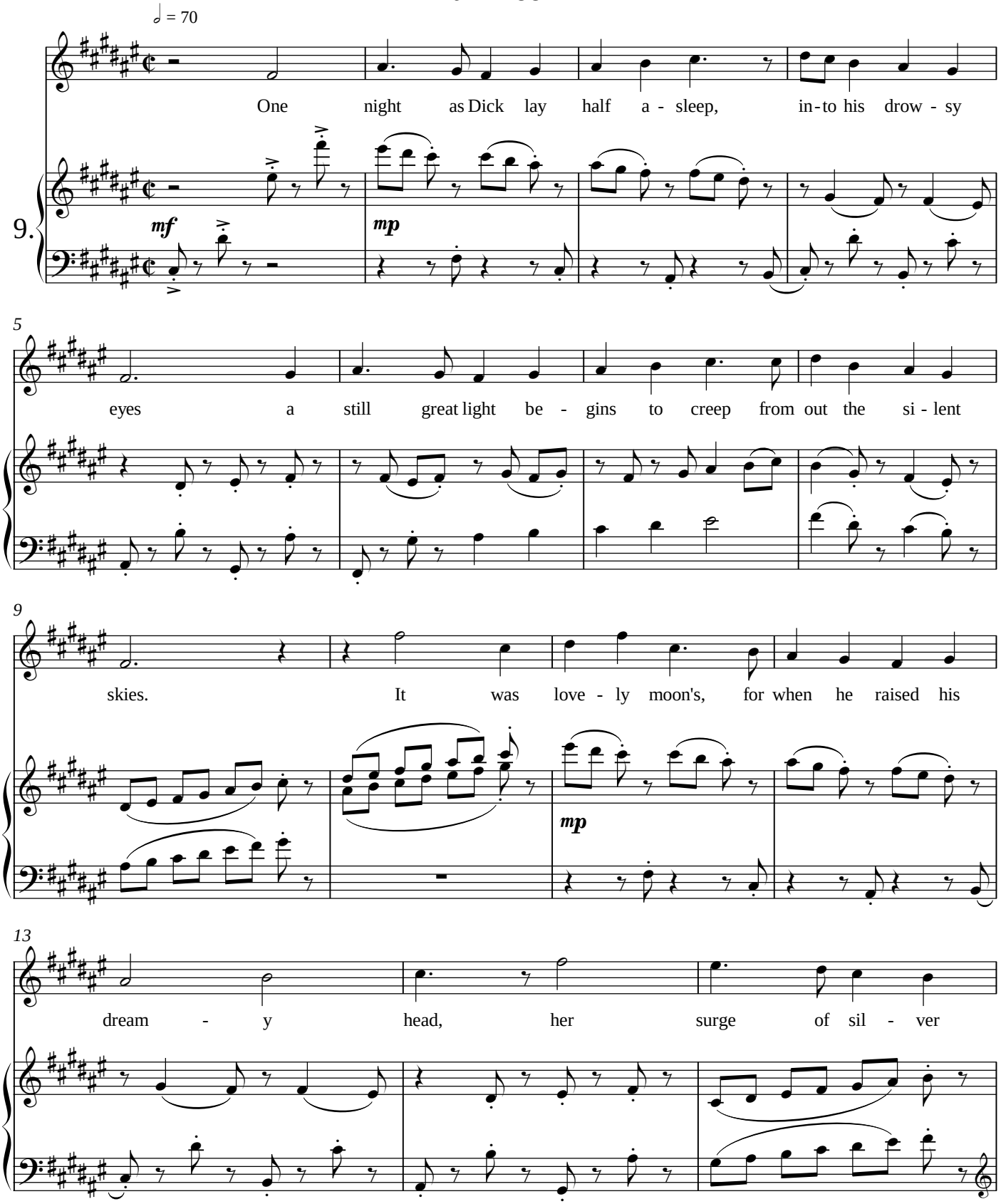
Then

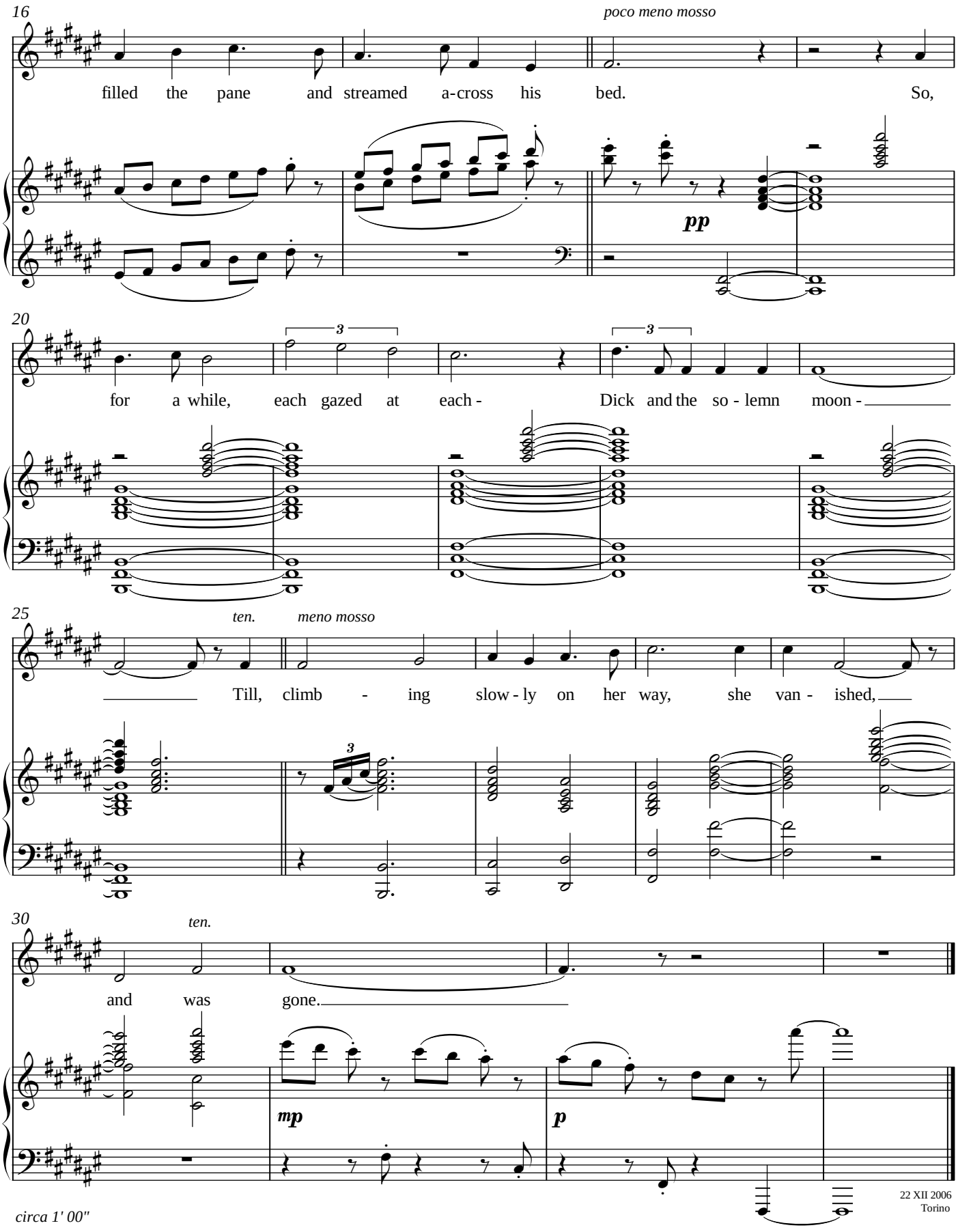

♩ = 70
Twen- ty, for- ty, six- ty, eight- y, a hun- dred years a - go, all
mp
through the night with lan- tern bright the Watch trudged to and fro,
and lit- tle boys tucked snug a - bed would wake from dreams to
hear - 'Two o' the morn- ing by the clock, and the stars a- shin- ing clear!'


20
24
Or, when a-cross the chim-ney-tops screamed shrill a North East gale,
27
A faint and sha-ken voice would shout, 'Three!
30
and a storm of hail!'

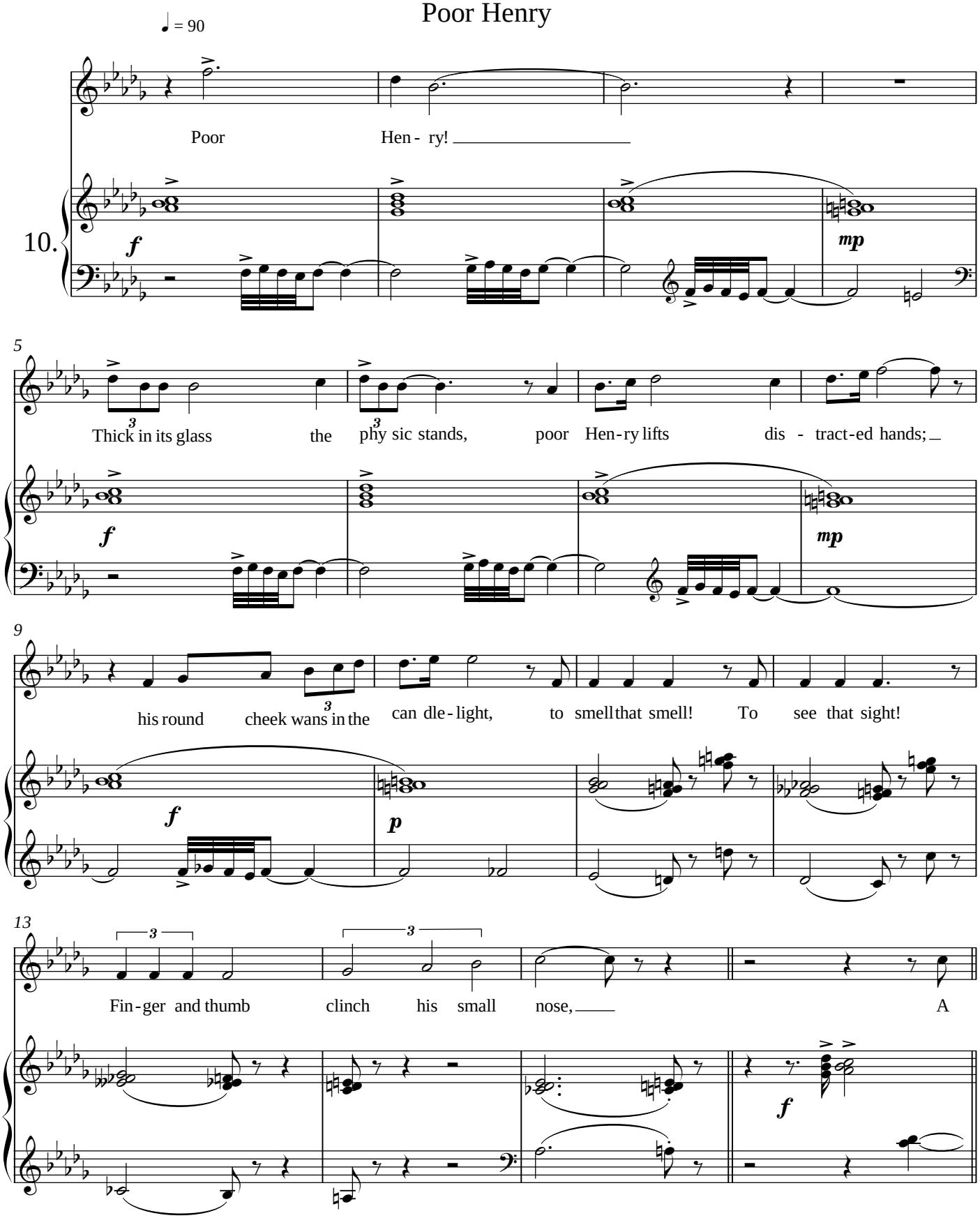

34
come prima
Twen ty, for ty, six- ty, eight-y, a hun-dred years a - go,
pp
mp
39
all through the night with lan-tern bright the Watch trudged to and fro,
43
and lit - tle boys tucked snug a - bed
47
ritardando e dimunendo al fine
would wake from dreams....
21 XII 2006
Torino
circa 2' 20"

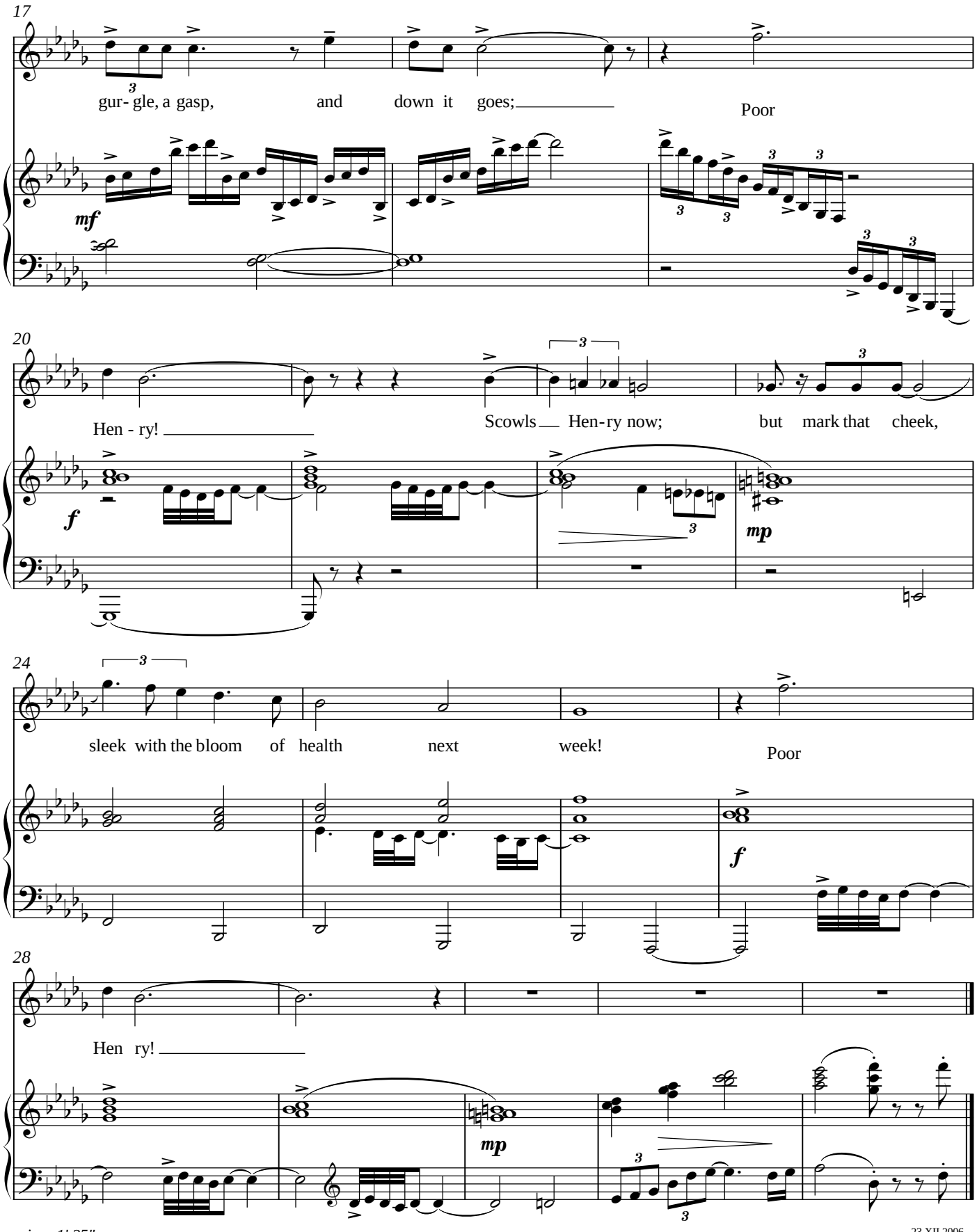
Full Moon


♩ = 70
One night as Dick lay half a - sleep, in-to his drow - sy
9.
mf
mp
5
eyes a still great light be - gins to creep from out the si - lent
9
skies. It was love - ly moon's, for when he raised his
mp
13
dream - y head, her surge of sil - ver


16
poco meno mosso
filled the pane and streamed a-cross his bed. So,
pp
20
for a while, each gazed at each - Dick and the so - lemn moon -
25
ten.
meno mosso
Till, climb - ing slow - ly on her way, she van - ished,
30
ten.
and was gone.
mp
p
circa 1' 00"
22 XII 2006
Torino

Poor Henry

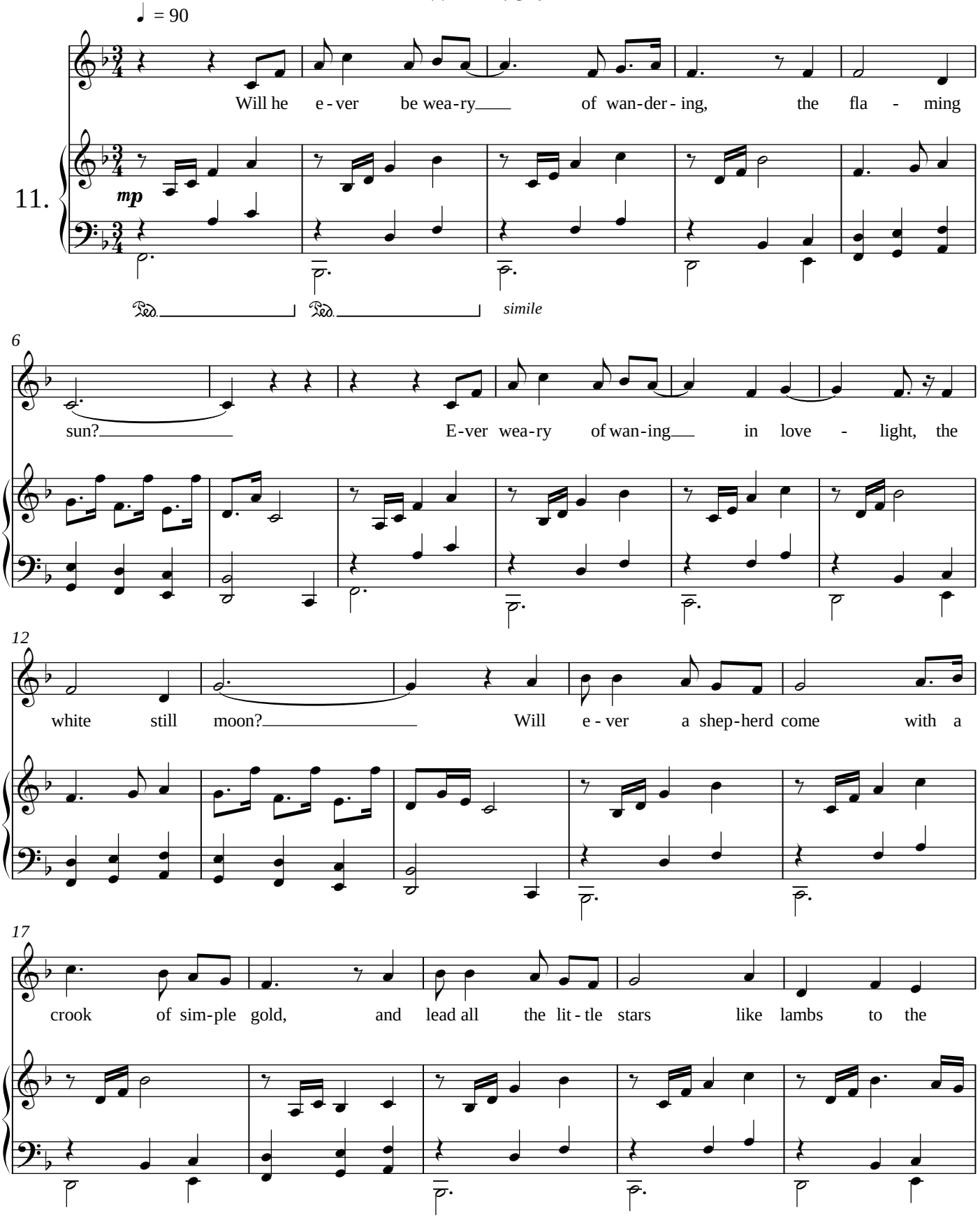

♩ = 90
Poor Hen - ry!
10.
f
mp
5
Thick in its glass the phy sic stands, poor Hen-ry lifts dis - tract-ed hands;
f
mp
9
his round cheek wans in the can dle - light, to smell that smell! To see that sight!
f
p
13
Fin - ger and thumb clinch his small nose, A
f

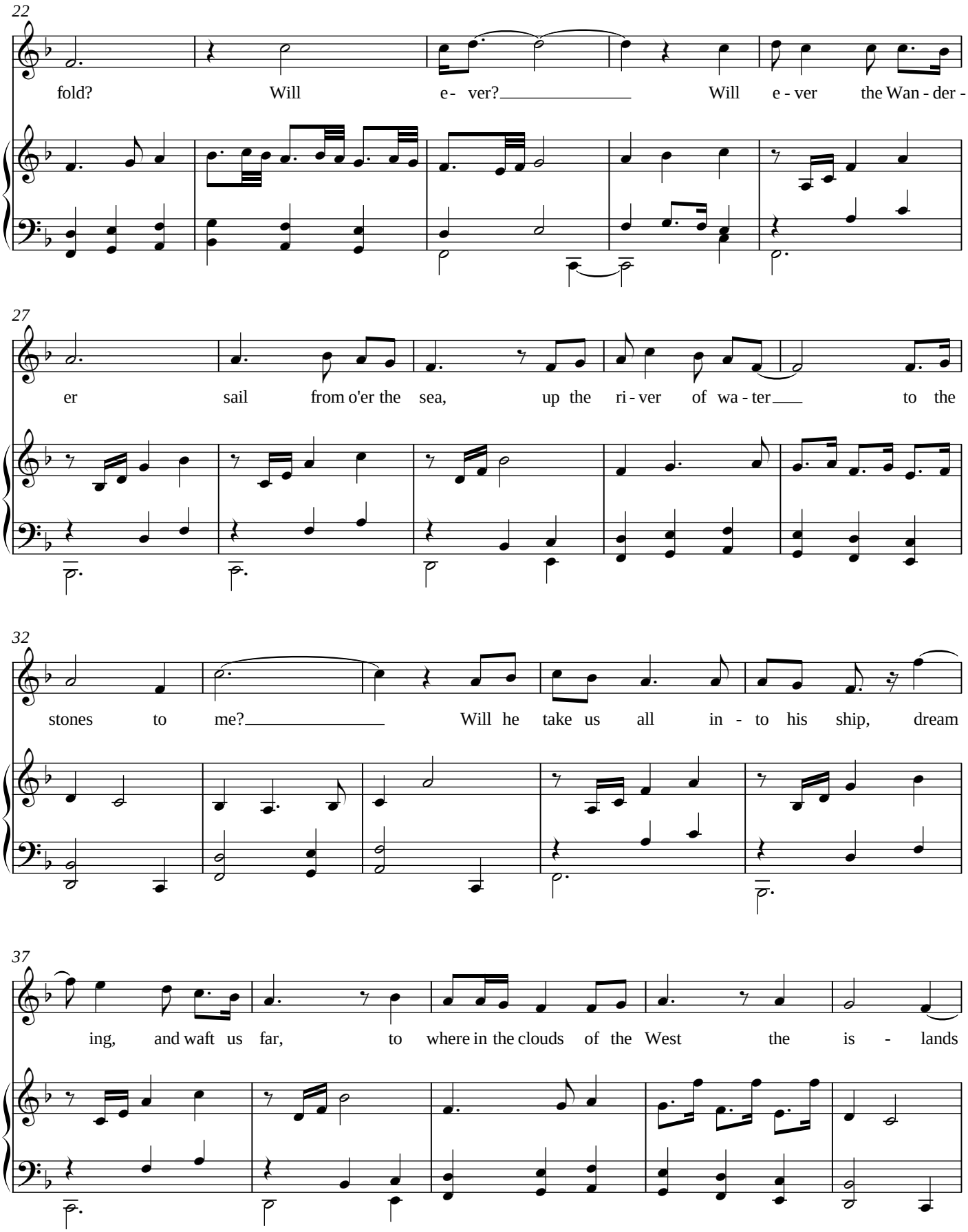


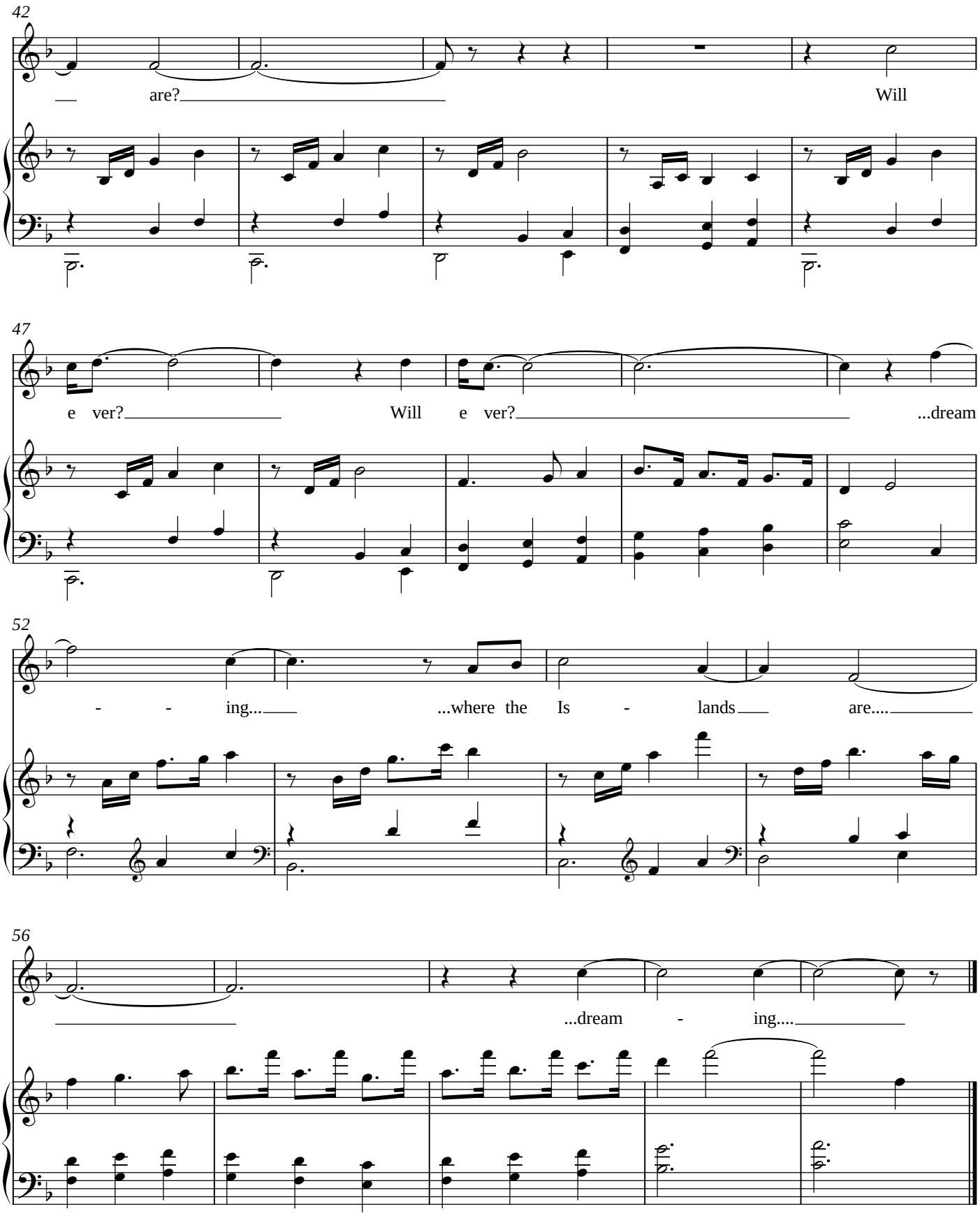
circa 1' 25"

23 XII 2006
Torino

Will Ever?


♩ = 90
Will he e - ver be wea - ry of wan - der - ing, the fla - ming
11.
mp
simile
6
sun? E - ver wea - ry of wan - ing in love - light, the
12
white still moon? Will e - ver a shep - herd come with a
17
crook of sim - ple gold, and lead all the lit - tle stars like lambs to the

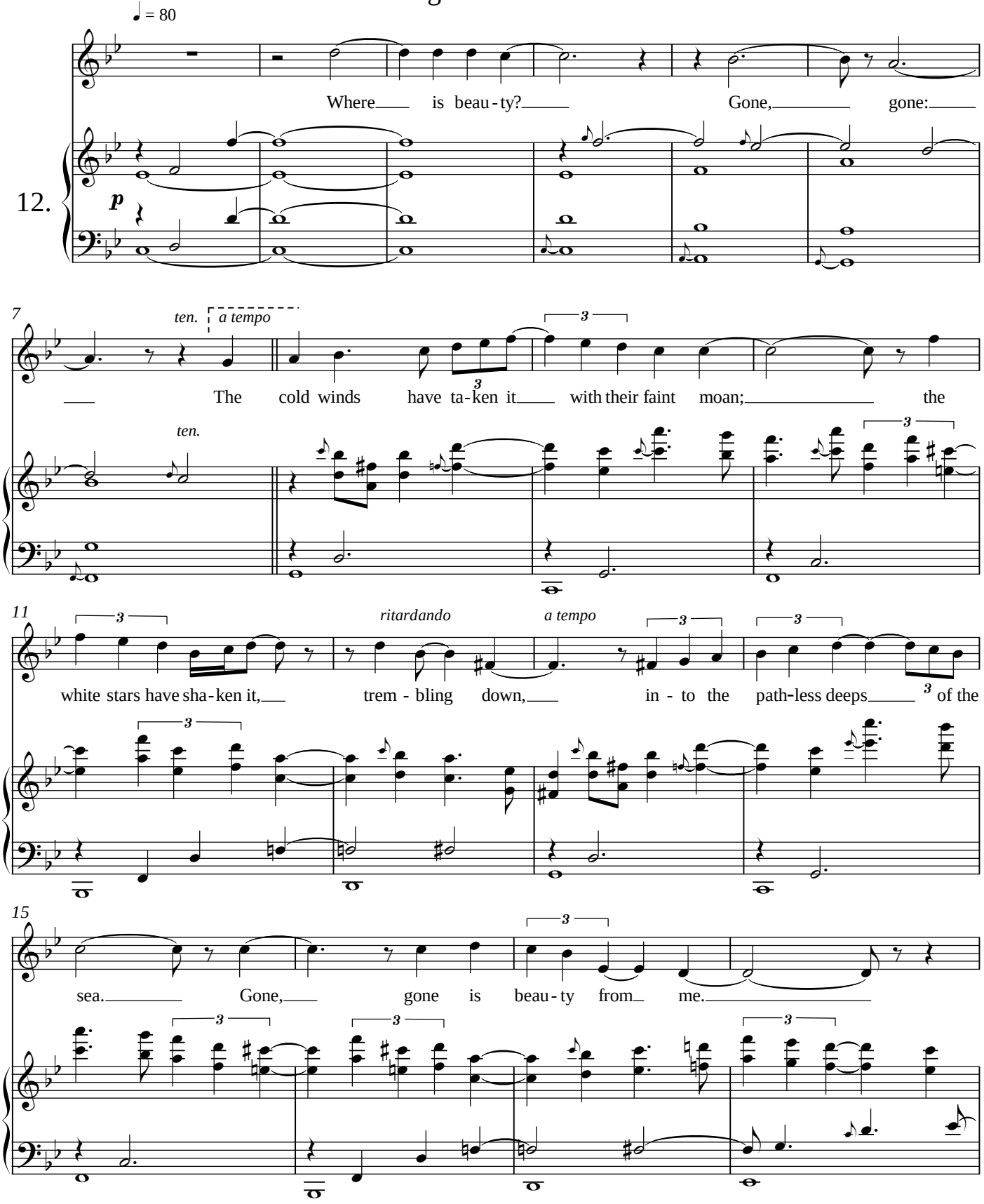

22
fold? Will e- ver? Will e - ver the Wan - der -
27
er sail from o'er the sea, up the ri - ver of wa - ter to the
32
stones to me? Will he take us all in - to his ship, dream
37
ing, and waft us far, to where in the clouds of the West the is - lands



circa 2' 00"

23 XII 2006
Torino

Song of the Secret



ritardando espressivo

19

Gone, The clear na-ked flo-wer is fad - ed and dead;

22 *a tempo*

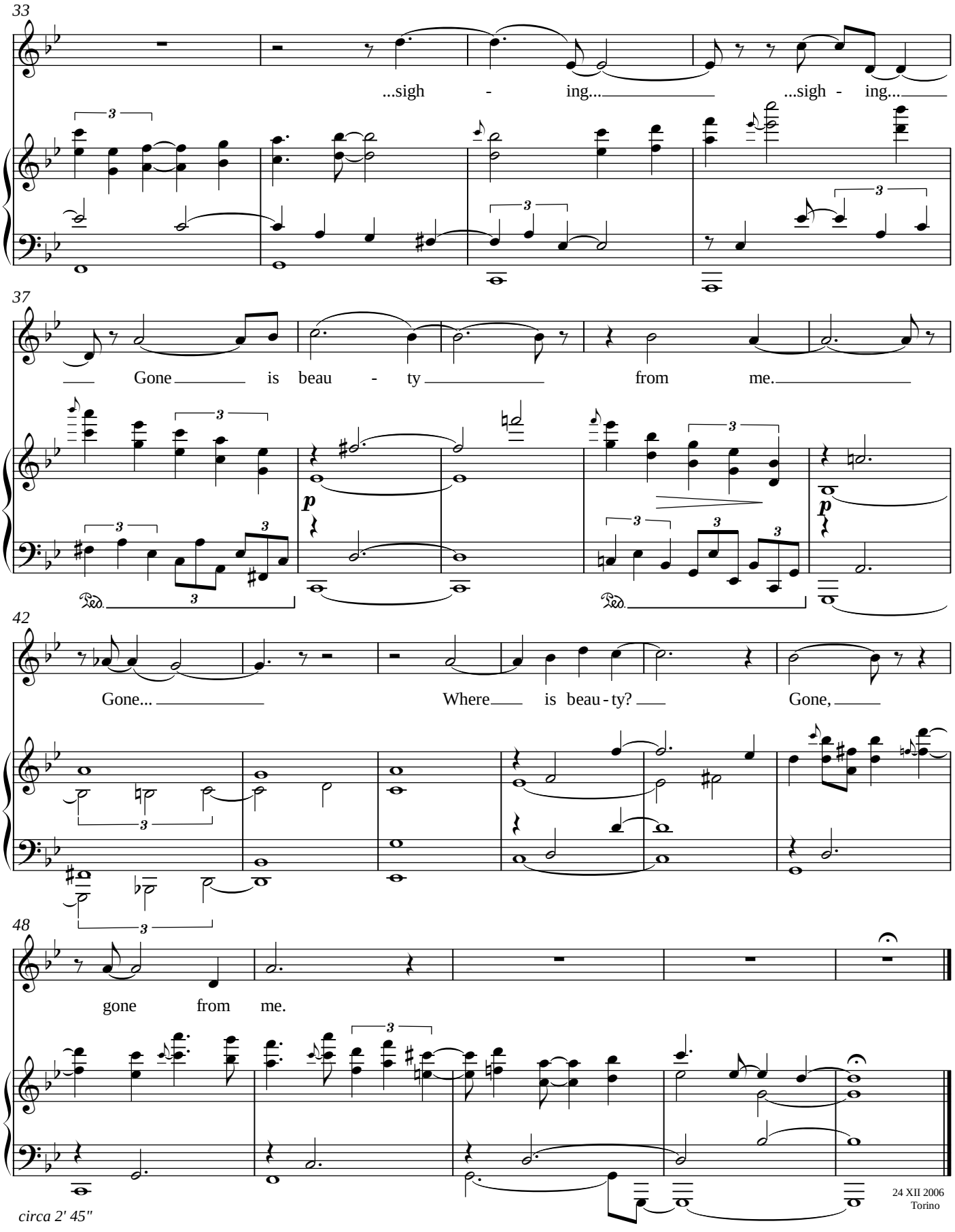
The green-leafed wil - low droop ing her head, whis-pers low to the shade of her

25 *ritardando* *a tempo*

boughs in the stream, sigh - ing a beau- ty, sigh-ing a beau - ty, se-cret as

29

dream. ...sigh - ing..... beau - ty, se - cret as dream.


33
...sigh - ing... ...sigh - ing...
37
Gone is beau - ty from me.
p
p
42
Gone... Where is beau - ty? Gone,
48
gone from me.
circa 2' 45"
24 XII 2006
Torino

i. The Lost Shoe

Poor little Lucy
By some mischance,
Lost her shoe
As she did dance -
'Twas not on the stairs,
Not in the hall;
Not where they sat
At supper at all.
She looked in the garden,
But there it was not;
Henhouse, or kennel,
Or high dovecote.
Dairy and meadow,
And wild woods through
Showed not a trace
Of Lucy's shoe.
Bird nor bunny
Nor glimmering moon
Breathed a whisper
Of where 'twas gone.
It was cried and cried,
Oyez and Oyez!
In French, Dutch, Latin,
And Portuguese.
Ships the dark seas
Went plunging through,
But none brought news
Of Lucy's shoe;
And still she patters
In silk and leather,
O'er snow, sand, shingle,
In every weather;
Spain, and Africa,
Hindustan,
Java, China,
And lamped Japan;
Plain and desert,
She hops-hops through,
Pernambuco
To gold Peru;
Mountain and forest,
And river too,
All the world over
For her lost shoe.

ii. Tired Tim

Poor Tired Tim! It's sad for him.
He lags the long bright morning through,
Ever so tired of nothing to do;
He moons and mopes the livelong day,
Nothing to think about, nothing to say;
Up to bed with his candle to creep,
Too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep:
Poor Tired Tim! It's sad for him.

iii. The Huntsmen

Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.

Three jolly gentlemen
Snored till morn,
Their horses champing
The golden corn.
Three jolly gentlemen,
At break of day,
Came clitter-clatter down the stairs
And galloped away.

iv. Some One

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure - sure - sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But naught there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

v. Miss

It's a very odd thing -----
As odd as can be ---
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.;
Porridge and apples,
Mince, muffins and mutton,
Jam, junket, jumbles ----
Not a rap, not a button
It matters; the moment
They're out of her plate,
Though shared by Miss Butcher
And sour Mr. Bate;
Tiny and cheerful,
And neat as can be,
Whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.

vi. The Cupboard

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Branbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's the Keeper of the Cupboard
With the key, key, key.

And I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Branbury Cakes, and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

vii. Hide and Seek

Hide and seek, says the Wind,
In the shade of the woods;
Hide and seek, says the Moon,
To the hazel buds;
Hide and seek, says the Cloud,
Star on to star;
Hide and seek, says the Wave,
At the harbour bar;
Hide and seek, say I,
To myself, and step
Out of the dream of Wake
Into the dream of Sleep.

viii. Then

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty
A hundred years ago,
All through the night with lantern bright
The Watch trudged to and fro,
And little boys tucked snug abed
Would wake from dreams to hear -
'Two o' the morning by the clock,
And the stars a-shining clear!'
Or, when across the chimney-tops
Screamed shrill a North-East gale,
A faint and shaken voice would shout,
'Three! And a storm of hail!'

ix. Full Moon

One night as Dick lay half asleep,
Into his drowsy eyes
A great still light begins to creep
From out the silent skies.
It was lovely moon's, for when
He raised his dreamy head,
Her surge of silver filled the pane
And streamed across his bed.
So, for a while, each gazed at each -
Dick and the solemn moon -
Till, climbing slowly on her way,
She vanished, and was gone.

x. Poor Henry

Thick in its glass
The physic stands,
Poor Henry lifts
Distracted hands;
His round cheek wans
In the candlelight,
To smell that smell!
To see that sight!

Finger and thumb
Clinch his small nose,
A gurgle, a gasp,
And down it goes;
Scowls Henry now;
But mark that cheek,
Sleek with the bloom
Of health next week!

xi. Will Ever?

Will he ever be weary of wandering,
The flaming sun?
Ever weary of waning in lovelight,
The white still moon?
Will ever a shepherd come
With a crook of simple gold,
And lead all the little stars
Like lambs to the fold?

Will ever the Wanderer sail
From over the sea,
Up the river of water,
To the stones to me?
Will he take us all into his ship,
Dreaming, and waft us far,
To where in the clouds of the West
The Islands are?

xii. Song of the Secret

Where is beauty?
Gone, gone:
The cold winds have taken it
With their faint moan;
The white stars have shaken it,
Trembling down,
Into the pathless deeps of the sea.
Gone, gone
Is beauty from me.

The clear naked flower
Is faded and dead;
The green-leafed willow,
Drooping her head,
Whispers low to the shade
Of her boughs in the stream,
Sighing a beauty,
Secret as dream.

This song cycle's title reflects the original title, Peacock Pie, A Book of Rhymes, by Walter de la Mare, a small book of poems ostensibly for children which is prefaced with a quote by Isaac Watts: "He told me his dreams. . . " In some of the other texts I have set, de la Mare speaks of dreams, and these dreams of childhood are an adult's dreams. They are a retrospection of times past, or perhaps times now lost. I therefore see these poems in part as meant also for adults, as we each remember our own childhood - the medicine difficult to swallow, the obsessive search for something lost, the boredom which sometimes came, wild imaginings, dreams, fantasy and play.

Carl Gustav Jung wrote that the "...dynamic principle of fantasy is play, which belongs also to the child, and as such it appears inconsistent with the principle of serious work. But without this playing with fantasy no creative work has ever yet come to birth. The debt we owe to the play of imagination is incalculable." Certainly another visit in memory and musings to one's childhood proves this out, but also this same "dynamic principle of fantasy" -- play -- is what allows the composing of such a set of songs. It is, as Jung reminds, also that which powers so many other facets of a productive and inventive life. Those "adults" who would strip our childish fantasy from us have lost theirs; we must not heed such a poor example, but rather continue with the best of our childhood, even as we might recall it with some melancholy for a time now past.

These settings were composed in Torino, Italy, 18-23 December 2006.