

Barron, Richard (2021) From text to music: a Scots portfolio. PhD thesis.

(2.(a) Twa Drumlie Sangs for soprano and cello)

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Richard Barron

Twa Drumlie Sangs

for Soprano and Cello

The Daemon Lover

and

In to thir Dirk and Drublie Dayis

April 2021

A song for soprano and cello

The text of the song is taken – selectively – from a Scottish ballad of the same name. The story is one that appears, in similar forms, in many cultures. A woman is sought out, after seven years, by her former lover. She now has a husband and two children, but she is persuaded to leave them behind and to sail with her lover. After sailing only a league or three, he reveals himself as the devil and takes her down to hell.

In the song, the singer takes all three voices that figure in the poem – the woman, her lover and the narrator. The narrator's part is set as *Sprechstimme*, and crossed noteheads are used to notate it.

Performance time is around 14 minutes.

The song was performed by Nora Holden and David O'Connell at the CCA in Glasgow in April 2016, at the Glasgow University Sound Thought Festival.

The text used in the song is as follows:

'O where have you been, my long, long love, This long seven years and mair?''I'm come to seek my former vows Ye granted me before.'

O hold your tongue of your former vows, For I am become a wife.

If I was to leave my husband dear, And my two babes also, O what have you to take me to, If with you I should go?'

'I hae seven ships upon the sea, With four and twenty mariners, With music on every hand.'

She has taken up her two little babes,Kissd them baith cheek and chin:'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,

For I'll never see you again.'

She had not saild a league, a league, A league but barely three, When dismal grew his countenance, And drumlie grew his ee.

They had not saild a league, a league, A league but barely three, Until she spied his cloven foot, And she wept right bitterlie.

'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills, That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills of heaven, Where you will never win.'

'O whaten a mountain is yon, All so dreary with frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell, Where you and I will go.'

Into thir dirk and drublie dayis

This is a setting, also for soprano and cello, of part of the poem of the same name by the Scots makar William Dunbar (c.1460 - c.1520). The text used, the first three stanzas and the final stanza of the poem, is shown below.

The sections marked *Sprechgesang* should be closer to singing than speaking, and those marked *Sprechstimme* should be closer to speaking than singing. It is intended throughout that diction should be very clear and emphatic, and that performance should be highly expressive.

Performance time is about five minutes.

In to thir dirk and drublie dayis, Quhone sabill all the hevin arrayis With mystie vapouris, cluddis and skyis, Nature all curage me denyis Of sangs, ballattis and of playis.

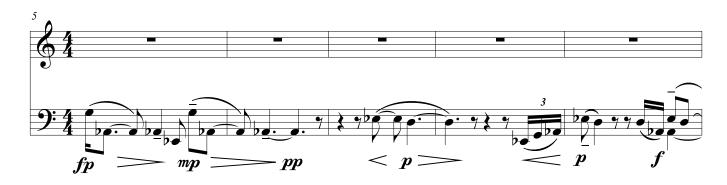
Quhone that the nycht dois lenth in houris, With wind, with haill and havy schouris, My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir; My hairt for langour dois forloir, For laik of symmer with his flouris.

I walk, I turne, sleip may I nocht; I vexit am with havie thocht; This warld all ovir I cast about, And ay the mair I am in dout, The mair that I remeid have socht.

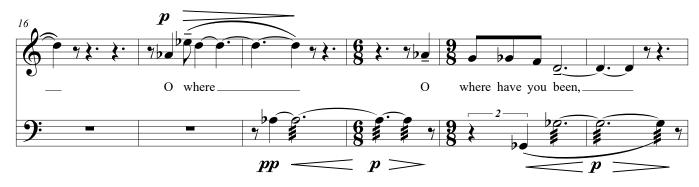
Yit quhone the nycht begynnis to schort It dois my spreit sum pairt confort, Of thocht oppressit with the schowris. Cum, lustie symmer, with thi flowris, That I may leif in sum disport.

Richard Barron

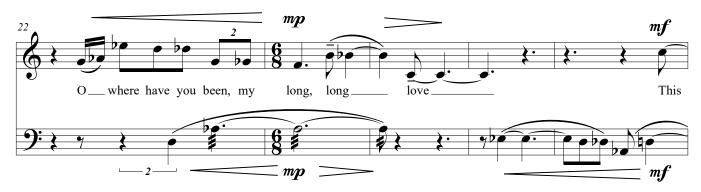




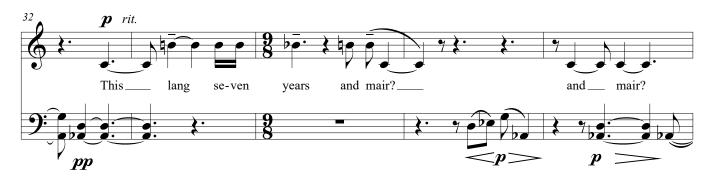




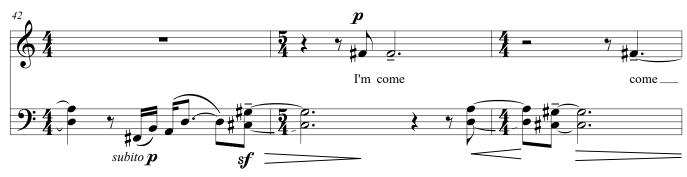
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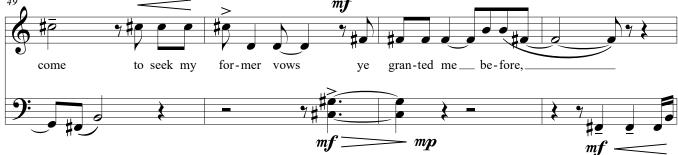




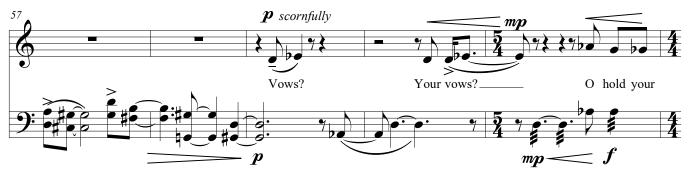


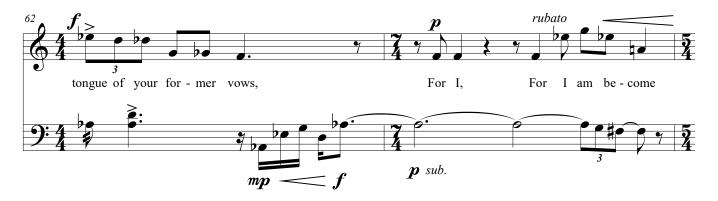
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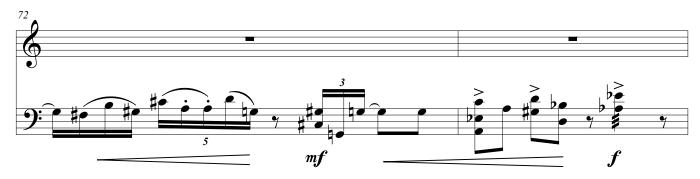


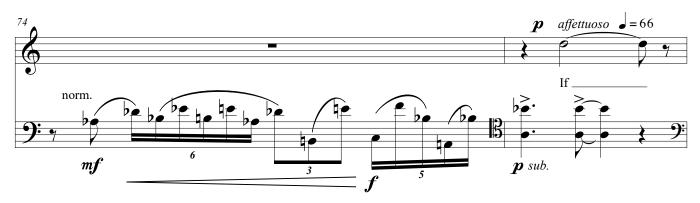






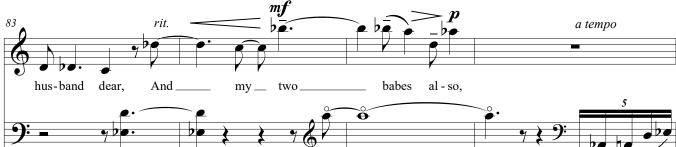










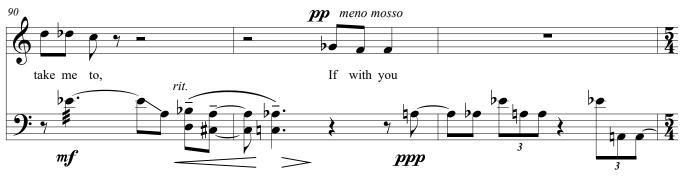


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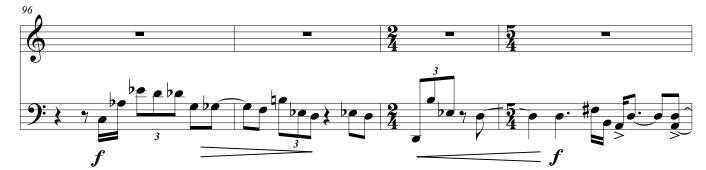
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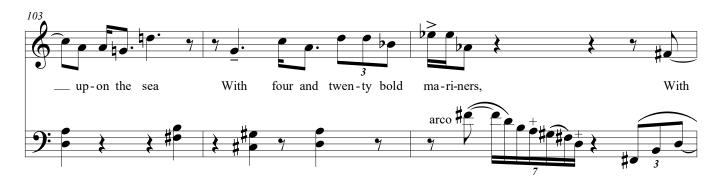






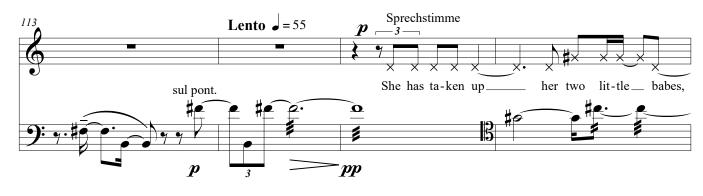


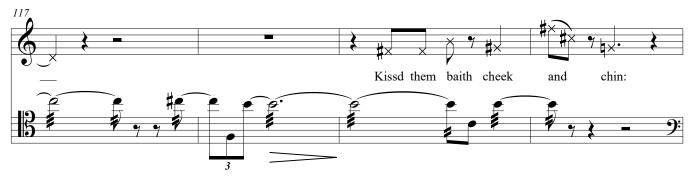


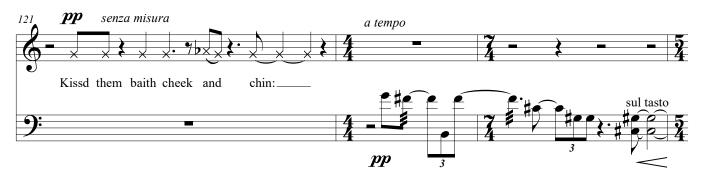




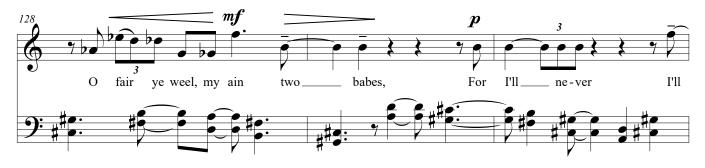




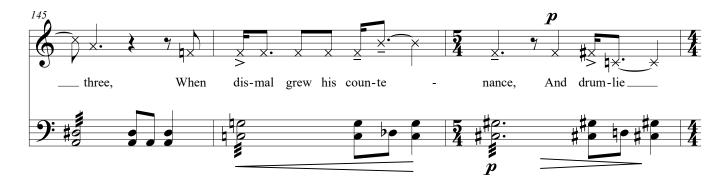


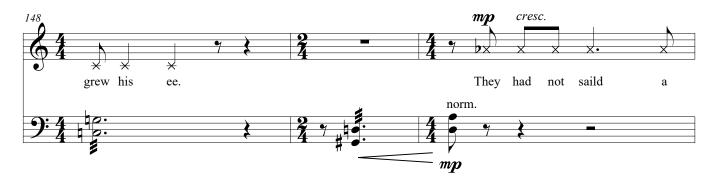




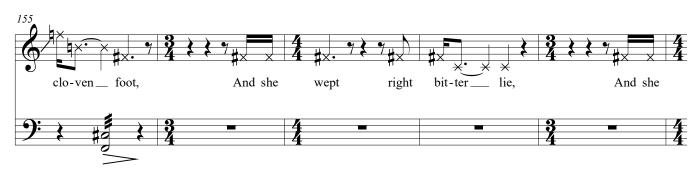






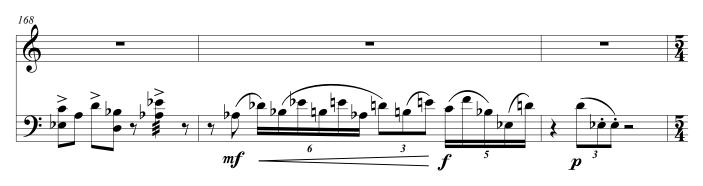








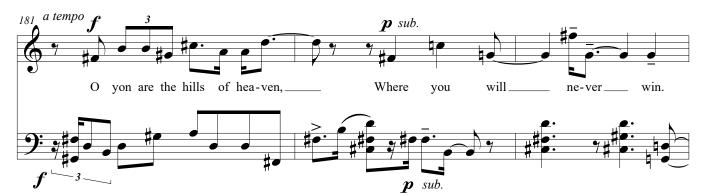
















Into thir dirk and drublie dayis

Score

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