

Michael Gibson

A Night's Rain

Song Cycle written for
high voice and piano

Text by Walter Wingate

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The 5 songs for this cycle are taken from poems by the Scottish poet Walter Wingate. Whilst each poem is not directly related, each of them talk of the power and the force of nature and how it affects us all, from contrasting viewpoints. Whilst the first song tells us of the battering rain overnight, the second tells us of the peace and tranquillity by a lake, and so on.

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| <p>1. A Night's Rain</p> <p>The thunder clap may clatter?
The lichtnin'flare awa';
I'm listenin' to the water.
And heed them nocht ava.</p> <p>I canna think o' sleepin':
I canna hear eneuch,
The sang the trees are dreepin',
The music o' the scheugh!</p> <p>And 'neath the roof that's drummin'
Wi' mair than rhone can kep,
Wi' faster fa' is coming'
That plop upon the step.</p> <p>My famished flowers are drinkin'
In ilka drookit bed:
An' siller blabs are winkin'
On ilka cabbage bled.</p> <p>And in my blankets rowin'
I think on hay an' corn?
I maist can hear them growin':
We'll see an odds the morn.</p> | <p>5</p> <p>2. Sunday by the Loch</p> <p>Tis not the silent hill,
Nor the deserted pier;
A something that evades me still,
Announces Sabbath here.</p> <p>No tinkling bell intrudes
Upon the morning calm;
The white cascade among the woods
Is all there is of psalm.</p> <p>Becalmed is every cloud,
And all the winds at rest;
In laurel-dusk the thrush emboughed
Is mute upon his nest.</p> <p>But something more, too deep
For my interpreting,
Proclaims as clear the Sabbath sleep
As willow buds the spring.</p> | <p>12</p> <p>3. A Child-Wish</p> <p>Teach me flowers: and in the dell,
When I know them really well,
I shall think that every bell
Nods to me.</p> <p>Teach me birds: and when I go
Where their singing arbours grow
I shall hear a voice I know
Sing to me.</p> <p>Teach me stars: and from the sky,
Dark and lonely when I lie,
I shall feel a friendly eye
Watching me.</p> <p>How I wish that things so sweet
Could, like children when we meet
With our nurses down the street,
Speak to me!</p> |
|--|---|---|

4. The Young Year 21

Though whirling drift may blind us,
 Though winds may pierce us through,
 The winter lies behind us,
 Whene'er the year is new.

Our spirits subtly lighter,
 Our fancies, fetter-free,
 Can feel the mornings brighter
 However dark they be.

We know that some to-morrow
 Will bid the frost take wing;
 We turn our back to sorrow,
 We turn our face to Spring.

5. Roses 24

A sea of broom was on the brae,
 A heaven of speedwell lit the way;
 But ever as I passed along
 Of roses only was my song

They spread their petals, pink and white
 Full stretch to feast upon the light;
 They pushed each other on the spray
 Like children mad with holiday

But as when summer noon is high
 A fearful cloud bedims the sky,
 A sudden memory of pain
 Arises from the bright refrain

I watch a figure to and fro
 'Mong summer roses long ago,
 Herself a rose as blythe as they
 Alas! how soon they pass away
 Roses, roses, roses!

Meaning of unusual words:

lichtnin' = lightning

awa' = away

nocht ava = nothing at all

Eneuch = enough

dreepin' = dripping

scheugh = drainage ditch

ilka drookit = every soaking

siller blabs = silver blobs

rowin' = wrapped up

odds = consequence

the morn = in the morning

1. A Night's Rain

Walter Wingate

Michael Gibson

♩ = 76

Voice

Piano

p *f* *mp*

8^{vb}

4 **A** *mp*

The thun-der clap my cla tter? The lich-tin' flare a

8 *p*

wa' I'm list-enin' to the wa ter.

pp

11

And heed them nocht a - va.

14

B

17

I can na think o' sleep in' ___ A can nae hear e - neuch,

21

mp

p

7

The sang the trees are dree pin'_ The mu-sic o'the scheugh! And

25

C

f

'neath the roof that's drumm in'___ And 'neath the roof that's

28

ff

drumm in'_ Wi' mair than rhone can kep,

accel.

31

mf

8
 Wi' fas - ter fa' is com ing'

f

rit.

33

mf

$\text{♩} = 76$

mp

8
 Wi fas - ter fa is com ing That plop u - pon the

mp

35

D

mf

8
 step. My fam-ish-ed flowers are drin-kin'

38

9

In il - ka drook-it bed: An' sill - er blabs are

41

♩ = 72

win - kin' On il - ka cabb-age bled.

f
con Ped.

44

49 ♩ = 76

E

mf

And in my blank-ets row - in'___

52

mp

I think on hay an' corn? I maist can hear them

55

rit. 11

grow-in' _____

We'll see an odds the morn. _____

p

3

p

58

8^{vb}

ppp