

N° 1110

Eve Beglarian

# Robin Redbreast

for voice, piccolo, and electronics



**EVBVD MUSIC**

468 Sixth Avenue  
New York, NY 10011  
[www.ebvvd.com](http://www.ebvvd.com)

**Robin Redbreast** for voice, piccolo, and electronics

Notes to the Performers:

The low E drone has a resonant filter that mirrors the vowels of the text. If you listen for that, it will help you line up with the CD. (The first part of the piece is the hardest in this respect.) I have also supplied a copy of the CD with a half note click so you can work with a metronome until you are comfortable.

The jay squawk is a seven bar loop that starts at the downbeat of m. 57 and again at m. 64, which will help the piccolo enter correctly. The other electronic sounds (transformations of the jay squawks) are working with a sixteenth note pulse and many of the accents in the CD part line up with piccolo accents in this part of the piece. (The piccolo music here warps a robin song.)

By the time you get to "whistle", the vowel filters on the drone are really audible. The singer can play with his alignment with the CD. Don't worry about being absolutely strict: communicating the text is always more important than rhythmic precision or conventional vocal beauty (i.e. the low register stuff should be as close to spoken as feels comfortable, and the high register stuff should be clear and naked.) Similarly, the piccolo hits at the end of the piece should be violent, even to the point of obliterating the text.

The piccolo notation at the end of the piece follows Artaud's **Present Day Flutes**.

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Program Note:

**Robin Redbreast** was commissioned by the Guggenheim Museum for an evening of songs celebrating the poetry of Stanley Kunitz. Thanks to flutist Margaret Lancaster for her ideas, suggestions, and support while I was writing the piece. Thanks to the Holby family (especially Grethe, Barrett, Robin and Will) for the use of their house in Vermont, where I wrote it. **Robin Redbreast** is dedicated to my mother, Joyce, who taught me how to tell the birds.

## Robin Redbreast

It was the dingiest bird  
you ever saw, all the color  
washed from him, as if  
he had been standing in the rain,  
friendless and stiff and cold,  
since Eden went wrong.  
In the house marked For Sale,  
where nobody made a sound  
in the room where I lived  
with an empty page, I had heard  
the squawking of the jays  
under the wild persimmons  
tormenting him.  
So I scooped him up  
after they knocked him down,  
in league with that ounce of heart  
pounding in my palm  
that dumb beak gaping.  
Poor thing! Poor foolish life!  
without sense enough to stop  
running in desperate circles,  
needing my lucky help  
to toss him back into his element.  
But when I held him high,  
fear clutched my hand,  
for through the hole in his head,  
cut whistle-clean . . .  
through the old dried wound  
between his eyes  
where the hunter's brand  
had tunneled out his wit . . .  
I caught the cold flash of the blue  
unappeasable sky.

# robin redbreast

words by stanley kunitz  
music by eve beglarian

$\bullet = 128$

piccolo

[E drone begins]

vox

*p* It was the din - gi - est bird

timbral trill (start from nothing); vary speed of trill ad lib.  
also do some lip glisses (no more than a semitone up or down)

8

*ppp*

you e - ver saw, all the co - lor

15

8

washed from him, as if he had been stand - ing in the rain,

22

8

*mp*

friend - less, stiff, and cold,

30

8

since E - den went wrong.

37

8 In the house marked For Sale,

all we hear are intermittent key clicks (the remnants of the timbral trill), and the slightest air going through the tube of the instrument

42

*pppp*

8 where no-bo-dy made a sound in the room where I

49

8 lived with an emp - ty page, *mp*

56

[jay squawk]

8 had heard the squawk - ing of the jays un - der the wild per-sim-mons tor-

63

[jay squawk]

*f p*

birdlike (sempre staccato); accents as loud (and unaccented as soft) as possible

8 ment - ing him. *mf* So I (rouse yourself)

68

*f p*

8 scooped him up af - ter they knocked - 4 - him down, in league with that

72

8

ounce of heart *f* pound - - - ing in my palm that

76

8

dumb beak gap - ing.

80

8

*mp* Poor thing! Poor fool - ish

85

8

life! *mf* with-out sense e - nough to

89

8

stop run - ning in desp - 'rate cir-cles, need - ing my luck - y help to toss him back in - to

93  
8  
his e - le - ment. *f* *p* *mp* But when I held him

97  
8  
high, fear clutched my

101  
8  
hand, for through

105  
8  
the hole in his head, cut whi - - - *ff*

109  
8  
stle - clean through the - 6 - old dried wound be -

115

8

tween his eyes *ff* where the hun - ter's *p*

121

8

brand had tun - neled *pp*

127

8

out his wit I

134

8

caught the cold flash *f* *p* of

*mp*

whistle tones through the harmonic series ad. lib.

141

8

the blue un - - - ap - - -

145

8

peas - - - ab - le sky. - 7 -