

Soprano Voice
Piano

The Sideréal Day

A song cycle for soprano voice and piano

1. In the Night
2. The Birds' Lullaby
3. At Dawn
4. i thank You God for most this amazing

Katherine Pukinskis

Text

I. In the Night

Let us go in: the air is dank and chill
With dewy midnight, and the moon rides high
O'er ghostly fields, pale stream, and spectral
hill.

This hour the dawn seems farthest from the sky
So weary long the space that lies between
That sacred joy and this dark mystery

Of earth and heaven: no glimmering is seen,
In the star-sprinkled east, of coming day,
Nor, westward, of the splendor that hath been.

Strange fears beset us, nameless terrors sway
The brooding soul, that hungers for her rest,
Out worn with changing moods, vain hopes'
delay,

With conscious thought o'erburdened and
oppressed.
The mystery and the shadow wax too deep;
She longs to merge both sense and thought in
sleep.

-Emma Lazarus

II. The Birds' Lullaby

Sing to us, cedars; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments, the wilderness
through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be
sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warbled to you;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; the night-wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading, to hear you reply;
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing.
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so
strong;
Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their
slumberous song.

And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.
-Emily Pauline Johnson

III. At Dawn

Turn to my window in the silver hour
That day comes stepping down the hills of
night,
Infolded as the leaves infold a flower
By all her rose-leaf robes of misty light.

Then, like a joy born out of blackest sorrow,
The miracle of morning seems to say,
"There is no night without its dear to-morrow,
No lonely dark that does not find the day."

-Virna Sheard

IV. i thank You God for most this amazing

i thank You God for most this amazing
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any-lifted from the no
of all nothing-human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

-e.e. cummings

Composer's note:

A sidereal day is the amount of time it takes the earth to rotate fully on its axis, with respect to a fixed point in the sky. This measurement is defined by the map of the stars: 23 hours and 56 minutes. As a point of reference, the solar day—our 24-hour day—refers to the time of earth's rotation in relation to the sun, the amount of time it takes to return to the same longitudinal location.)

This cycle explores an alternate view of the cycle of a day by centering texts that engage the vast expanse of night. Emma Lazarus's poem, "In the Night," invites us in at the close of daylight, setting the tone into a drowsy lull. In "The Birds' Lullaby," E. Pauline Johnson brings the cycle into that freely flying experience of dreams in sleep, caught up in a cyclical ternary meter. Virna Sheard's "At Dawn" pivots and twists around itself, slowly creeping out of the creaks and comforts of sleep as the world begins to brighten. The cycle closes with e.e. cummings' bright declaration of the day, outstretched and full.

Perusal Score Only
DO NOT PRINT

Duration: 18 minutes
Premiere: Katy Shakleton-Williams, soprano
Ellen Rissinger, piano
Sewickley, PA

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I. In the Night

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

K. Pukinskis

Suspended, Freely (♩ = 60)

Soprano

Piano

mp *pp*

8va

3

3

And.

*Repeat pitches as needed to slow to an artful "rest"

5

Sop.

mp

Let

Pno.

mp

3 3 3

3 3

8

In time ♩ = 64

Sop.

us go in the the air is dank and chill with
hour the dawn seems farth-est from the sky So

Pno.

mp

3 3

3 3

una corda

12 *mf*

Sop. dew - y mid - night, and the moon rides high
wear - y long the space that lies be tween

Pno.

15 *In time*

Sop. O'er ghost - ly
That sa - cred

Suspended, freely

Pno. *mf*

tre corde

* slow to eighth note

17 *poco accel.* $\text{♩} = 72$

Sop. fields, pale stream, and spec-tral hill.
joy and this dark my - ste - ry.

Pno. *mp*

una corda

23 *poco rall.* *mp*

Sop. This

Pno. *f* *pp* *poco rall.*

28 *2. accel.* *f* $\text{♩} = 72$

Sop. Of earth and heav - en:

Pno. *2. accel.* $\text{♩} = 72$ **slow to eighth note*

Red (tre corda)

32 *mp* *(f)*

Sop. no glim - mer-ing is seen,

Pno. *mp* *mf*

II. The Birds' Lullaby

E. Pauline Johnson (1861-1913)

K. Pukinskis

Lilting, Easy ♩ = 40

Soprano

Piano *mp*

5 *mp*

Sop. Sing to us, ce-dars; the twi - light is creep - ing With sha - dow - y gar - ments, the

Pno.

8

Sop. wild - er - ness through — All day we have car - olled, and now would be sleep - ing, So

Pno.

11

Sop. e-cho the an - thems we war - bled to you; so e-cho the an-thems we

Pno.

14

Sop. war bled to you; so e-cho the an them s we war bled to you;

Pno.

17

Sop. While we swing, swing, And your bran - ches sing,

Pno.

Free ly, re lax ed

accel. $\text{♩} = 54$

mf

22

Sop. — And we drowse to your dream-y whis-per-ing, — And we drowse to your dream-y

Pno.

26

Sop. whis-per-ing, — And we drowse to your dream-y whis-per-ing. *rall.*

Pno.

31

Sop. — — — — — *Lilting, Easy* ♩ = 40

Pno. *mp*

35 *mp*

Sop. Sing to us, ce-dars; the night-wind is sigh-ing, is woo-ing is plead-ing, to

Pno.

39

Sop. hear you re-ply; And here in your arms we are rest- full - y ly-ing, And

Pno.

42

Sop. long-ing to dream to your soft lul - la - by; And long-ing to dream to your

Pno.

III. At Dawn

Virna Sheard (1865-1943)

K. Pukinskis

A Patient Incantation $\text{♩} = 60$

Soprano *p*

Turn to thy win- dow — in the sil- ver hour

Piano *p*

Sop. 6 *mp*

That day comes step- ping down the hills of night,

Pno. *mp*

Sop. 11 *molto rall.* *A tempo*

Pno. *p*

15 *p* A bit faster *mf* *sub. p*

Sop. In - fold - ed as the leaves in-fold a flower By

Pno. *mf*

20 *poco rall.* *A tempo*

Sop. all her rose - leaf robes of misty light.

Pno. *p*

24 *poco rall.*

Sop.

Pno. *mf*

A tempo

♩ = 60

Sop. *mf*
Then, like a joy born out of black - est

Pno. *mp*

Sop. *mp*
sor - row, The mir - a - cle of

Pno.

Sop. *mf*
morn - ing seems to say, There

Pno. *mf*

IV. i thank You God for most this amazing

e. e. cummings

K. Pukinskis

Proclamatory ♩ = 80

Piano

mf

3 3 3 3 5 3

Pno.

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Sop.

9

mp

i thank You

8va 3 8va 3

Pno.

3 3 3 3 3 3

Sop.

12

God for most this a - ma - zing day:

3

Pno.

15

Sop. *mf* *f*

i thank You God for most this a - ma - zing day:—

Pno. *mp* *mf*

20

Sop.

Pno. *f* *mf*

24

Sop. *mp*

for the leap - ing green-ly spi-rits of trees and a

Pno. *mp*

28 *mf*

Sop. blue true dream of sky; and for

Pno. *mf*

31 *poco rall.*

Sop. ev - 'ry thing which is nat-u-ral which is in - fi - nite which is

Pno.

35 *With hushed intensity*
♩ = 110

Sop. yes

Pno.

39

Sop. (I who have died am a - live a - gain to -

Pno. *sim.*

sim.

43

Sop. day, and this is the sun's

Pno. *f*

46

Sop. birth - day; this is the birth day of life and

Pno.