Drew Sperry

Comforts From a Place We Call Home

for Soprano, Tenor, and Piano

Perusal Score

- Full Score -

© 2022 Drew Sperry (BMI), All Rights Reserved.

Perusal Score

Comforts From a Place We Call Home

for Soprano, Tenor, and Piano

Drew Sperry

Texts from *Orchard and Vineyard* (1921) by Vita Sackville-West

Written for the talents of Anna Fosco and Jonathan Shinn

Perusal Score

Movements

1. Voices of the Lonely Land *1*
2. Apart We Remain *8*
3. Intermezzo: Nocturne *19*
4. From a Diary, January 1918 *21*
5. Before and Now *31*

Vocal Ranges

Soprano: C4-B5

Tenor: C3-G4

Duration ca. 25 minutes

Revised 2024

Perusal Score

Texts

1. Voices of the Lonely Land

Mariana in the North (1921)
All her youth is gone, her beautiful youth is gone
Daughter of tarn and tor, the moors that were once her home
No longer know her step on the upland tracks forlorn
Where she was wont to roam.

All her hounds are dead, her beautiful hounds are dead,
That paced beside the hoofs of her high and nimble horse,
Or streaked in lean pursuit of the tawny hare that fled
Out of the yellow gorse.

All her lovers have passed, her beautiful lovers have passed,
The young and eager men that fought for her arrogant hand,
And the only voice which endures to mourn for her at the last
Is the voice of the lonely land.

Perusal Score

2. Apart We Remain

Dissonance (1921)
Clamour has riven us, clamour and din.
My hand reaches blindly out for your hand, but within
My mind cannot reach to your mind, because of the clamour and din.

Clang as of brass, an uproar that will not cease.
I would take from the strangest god or devil the gift of peace.
If the strife that divides us were suddenly stilled and would cease

I could come to you, come under washed void skies,
My thought in your thought embraced, my eyes and your eyes
Levelly meeting without the quick faltering of disguise.

But all is a harshness and rack where in vain
We strive through the grossness of flesh to discover our souls again,
And the closer we clasp on another, the further apart remain.

4. From a Diary, January 1918

From a Diary, January 1918 (1921)
Joy have I had of life this vigorous day
Since sunrise when I took the wealden way,
And my fair country as I rapid strode
Lay round the turn of the familiar road
In mists diaphanous as seas in foam.
And all the orchards cried me welcome home.

I drove the spade that turned the heavy loam,
Bending the winter to the needs of spring,
The soft air winnowing
The thistledown that blew along the hedge.
A little moorhen rippled in the sedge;
A distant sheep-dog barked; the day was still,
For summer's ghost in winter lay upon the hill.
I worked in peace; an aeroplane above
Crooned through the heaven coloured like a dove.

Within the house I lit a fire
And coaxed the friendly kettle on to boil.
My boots were heavy with the wealden soil,
My hunger eager from the glow of toil.
Fresh bread had I; brown eggs; a little meat;
Freedom I drank for my delirious wine,
And Shelley gave me company divine.
What more could a heart desire?

And when the orange of the sunset burned,
I laid aside my tools and townward turned,

Perusal Score

Seeing across the uplands of the Weald
The ploughteams straining on the half-brown field.
I sang aloud; my limbs were rich with health,
As brooding winter rich with summer's wealth.

5. Before and Now

Before (1921)
I wait your coming as a miracle,
And the expectant morning waits with me;
Time hangs suspended as a quiet bell
That once did strike the hours successively,
For over all the country lies a spell,
A hush, a painted stillness, where I see
(As calm as skies reflected in a well)
The fields enchanted, waiting silently.

Testament (1921)
When I am dead, let not my limbs be given
To rot amongst the dead I never knew,
But cast my ashes wide under wide heaven,
Or to my garden let me still be true,

Lighten the soil with mine. Not the grave!
I loved the soil I fought, and this is my desire.

Perusal Score

Texts

1. Voices of the Lonely Land

Mariana in the North (1921)
All her youth is gone, her beautiful youth is gone
Daughter of tarn and tor, the moors that were once her home
No longer know her step on the upland tracks forlorn
Where she was wont to roam.

All her hounds are dead, her beautiful hounds are dead,
That paced beside the hoofs of her high and nimble horse,
Or streaked in lean pursuit of the tawny hare that fled
Out of the yellow gorse.

All her lovers have passed, her beautiful lovers have passed,
The young and eager men that fought for her arrogant hand,
And the only voice which endures to mourn for her at the last
Is the voice of the lonely land.

Perusal Score

2. Apart We Remain

Dissonance (1921)
Clamour has riven us, clamour and din.
My hand reaches blindly out for your hand, but within
My mind cannot reach to your mind, because of the clamour and din.

Clang as of brass, an uproar that will not cease.
I would take from the strangest god or devil the gift of peace.
If the strife that divides us were suddenly stilled and would cease

I could come to you, come under washed void skies,
My thought in your thought embraced, my eyes and your eyes
Levelly meeting without the quick faltering of disguise.

But all is a harshness and rack where in vain
We strive through the grossness of flesh to discover our souls again,
And the closer we clasp on another, the further apart remain.

4. From a Diary, January 1918

From a Diary, January 1918 (1921)
Joy have I had of life this vigorous day
Since sunrise when I took the wealden way,
And my fair country as I rapid strode
Lay round the turn of the familiar road
In mists diaphanous as seas in foam.
And all the orchards cried me welcome home.

I drove the spade that turned the heavy loam,
Bending the winter to the needs of spring,
The soft air winnowing
The thistledown that blew along the hedge.
A little moorhen rippled in the sedge;
A distant sheep-dog barked; the day was still,
For summer's ghost in winter lay upon the hill.
I worked in peace; an aeroplane above
Crooned through the heaven coloured like a dove.

Within the house I lit a fire
And coaxed the friendly kettle on to boil.
My boots were heavy with the wealden soil,
My hunger eager from the glow of toil.
Fresh bread had I; brown eggs; a little meat;
Freedom I drank for my delirious wine,
And Shelley gave me company divine.
What more could a heart desire?

And when the orange of the sunset burned,
I laid aside my tools and townward turned,

Perusal Score

Seeing across the uplands of the Weald
The ploughteams straining on the half-brown field.
I sang aloud; my limbs were rich with health,
As brooding winter rich with summer's wealth.

5. Before and Now

Before (1921)
I wait your coming as a miracle,
And the expectant morning waits with me;
Time hangs suspended as a quiet bell
That once did strike the hours successively,
For over all the country lies a spell,
A hush, a painted stillness, where I see
(As calm as skies reflected in a well)
The fields enchanted, waiting silently.

Testament (1921)
When I am dead, let not my limbs be given
To rot amongst the dead I never knew,
But cast my ashes wide under wide heaven,
Or to my garden let me still be true,

Lighten the soil with mine. Not the grave!
I loved the soil I fought, and this is my desire.

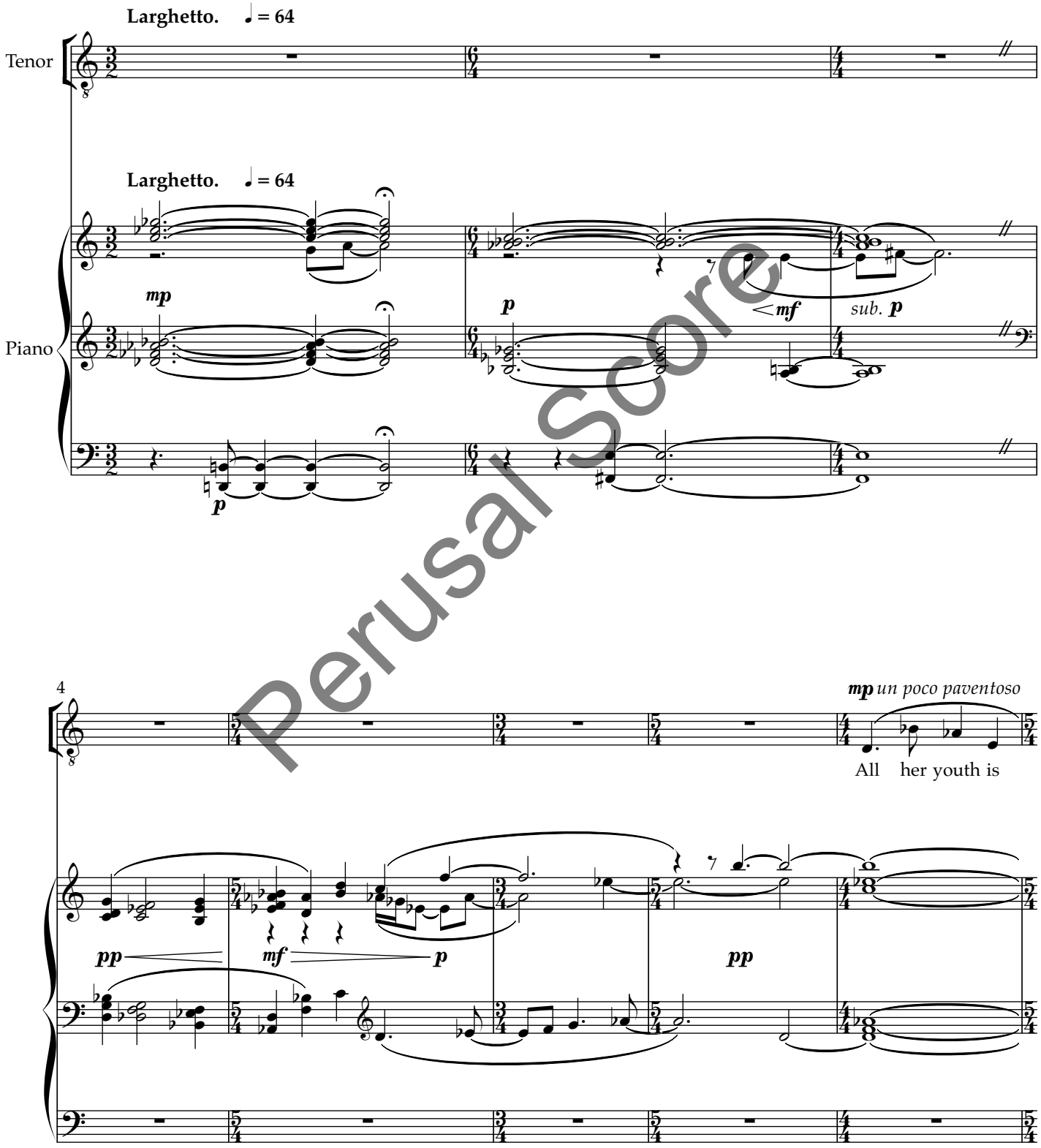
Perusal Score

Comforts From a Place We Call Home

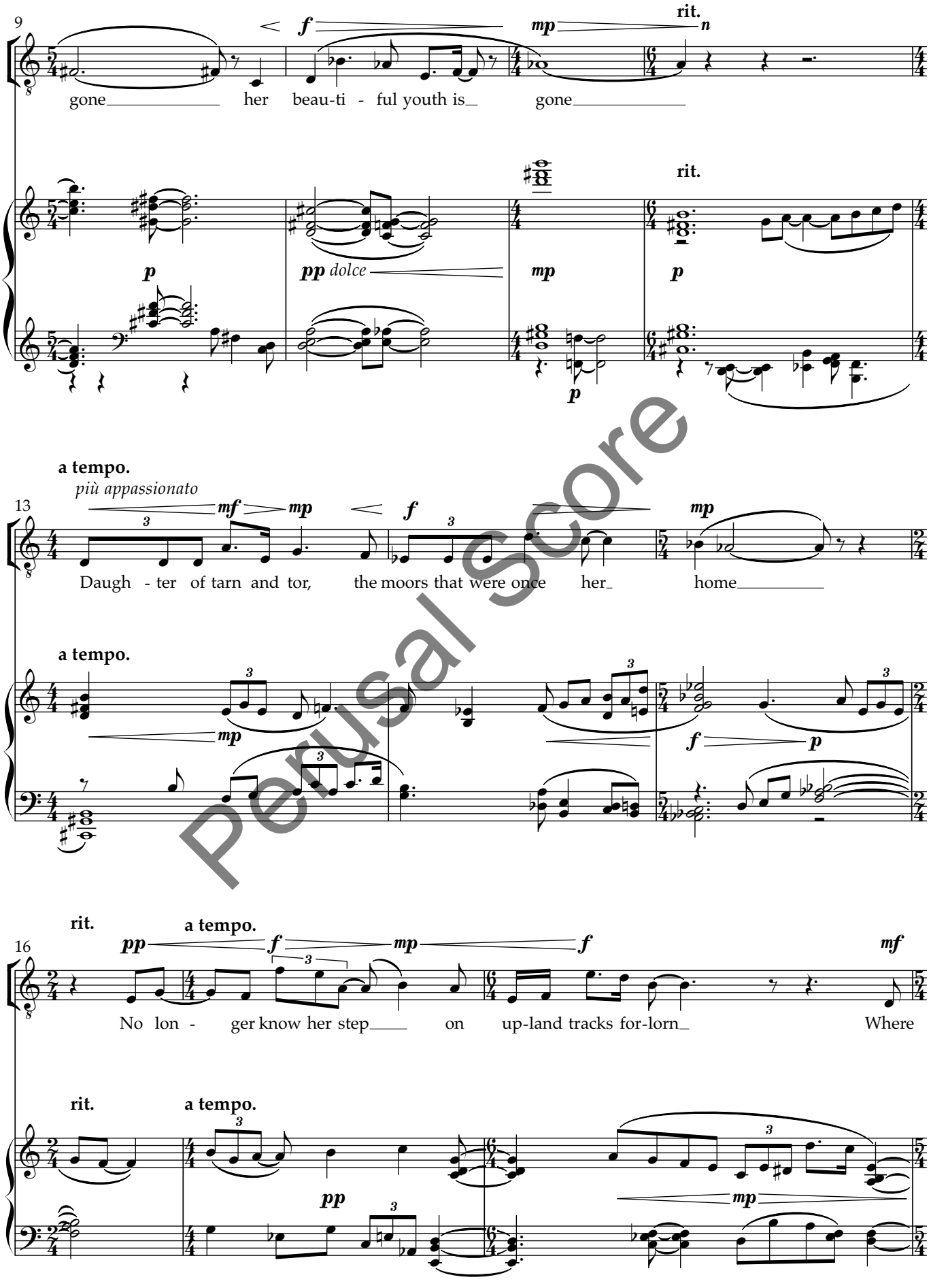
Text by Vita Sackville-West

1. Voices of the Lonely Land

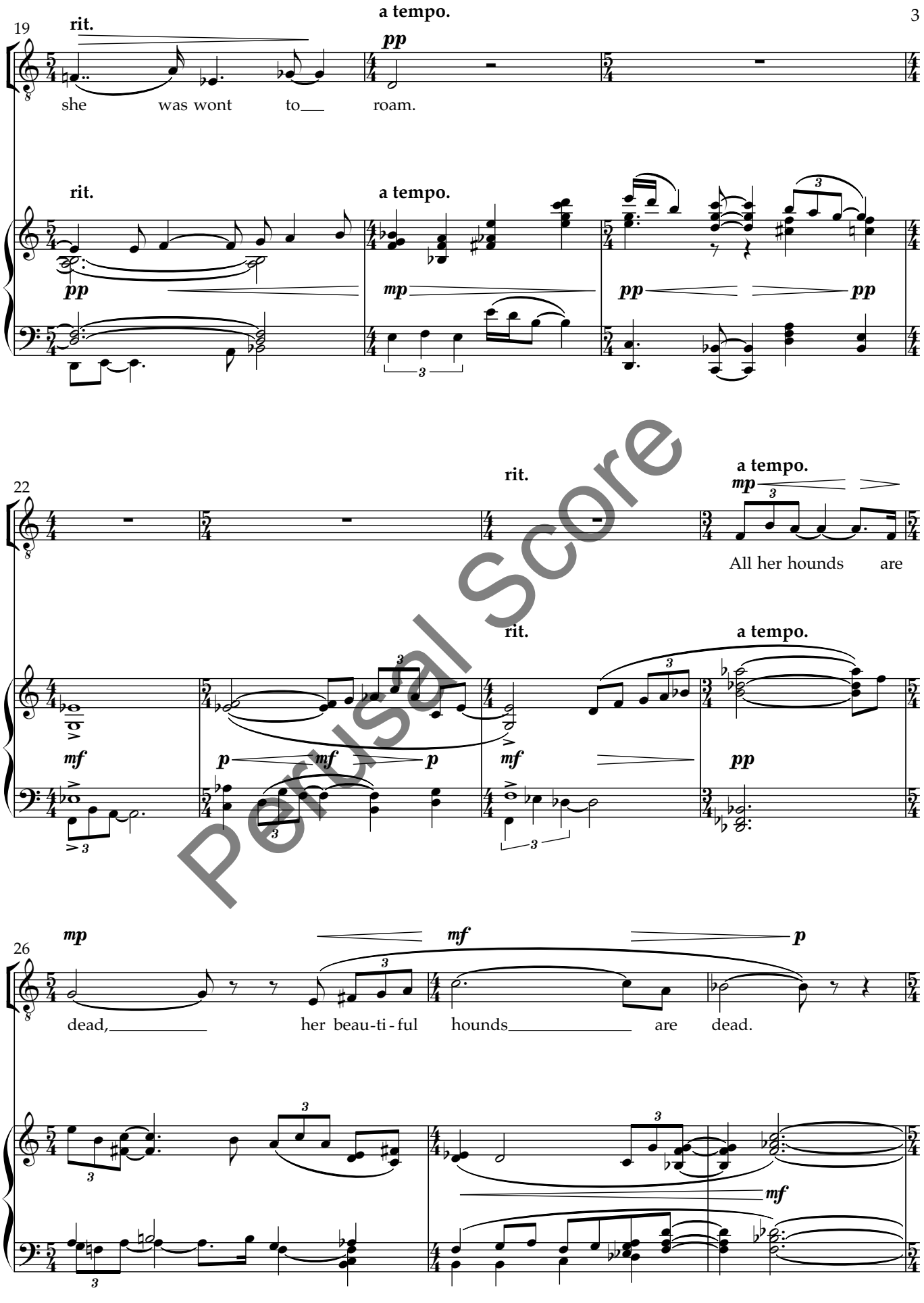
Drew Sperry



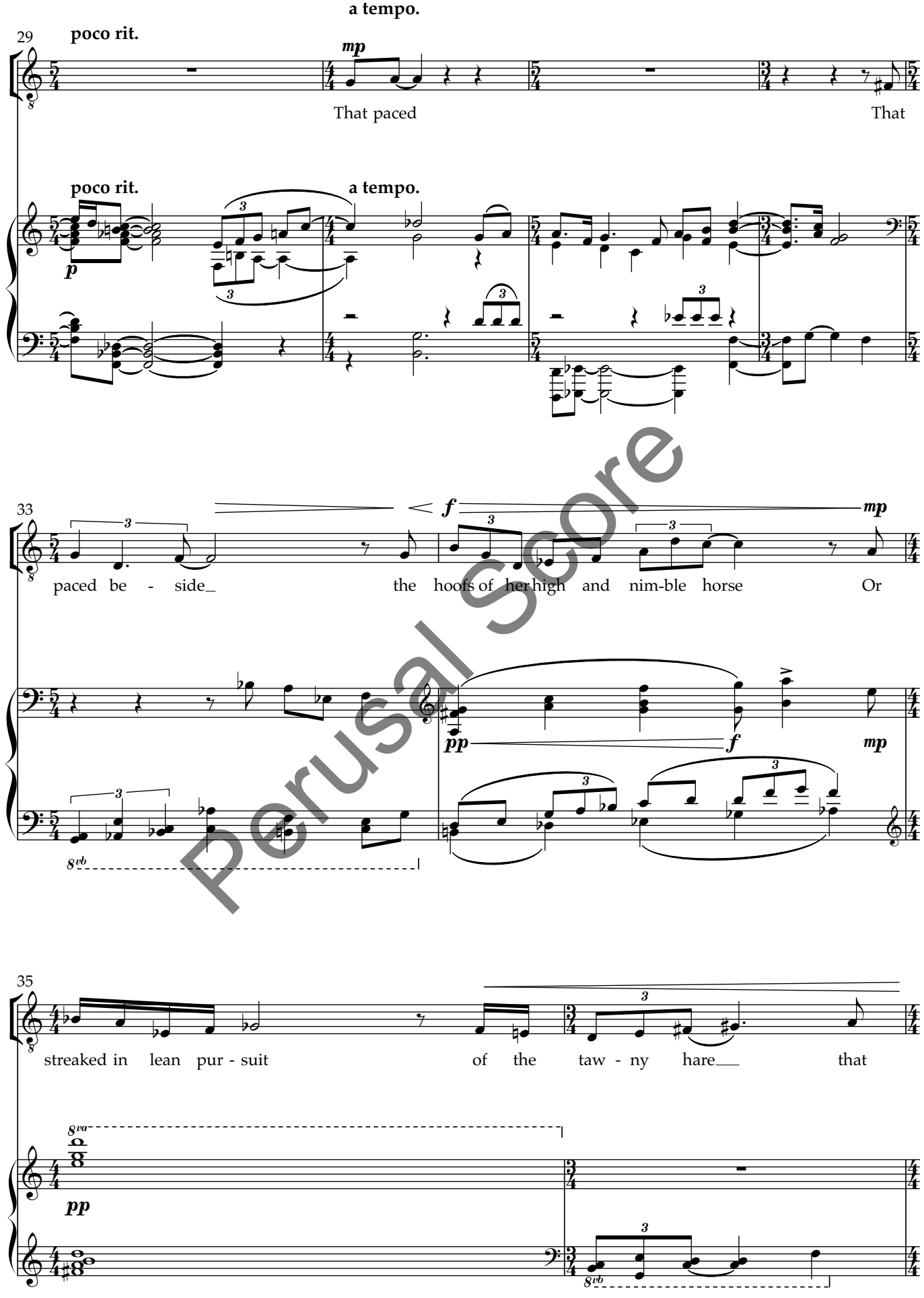
Perusal Score



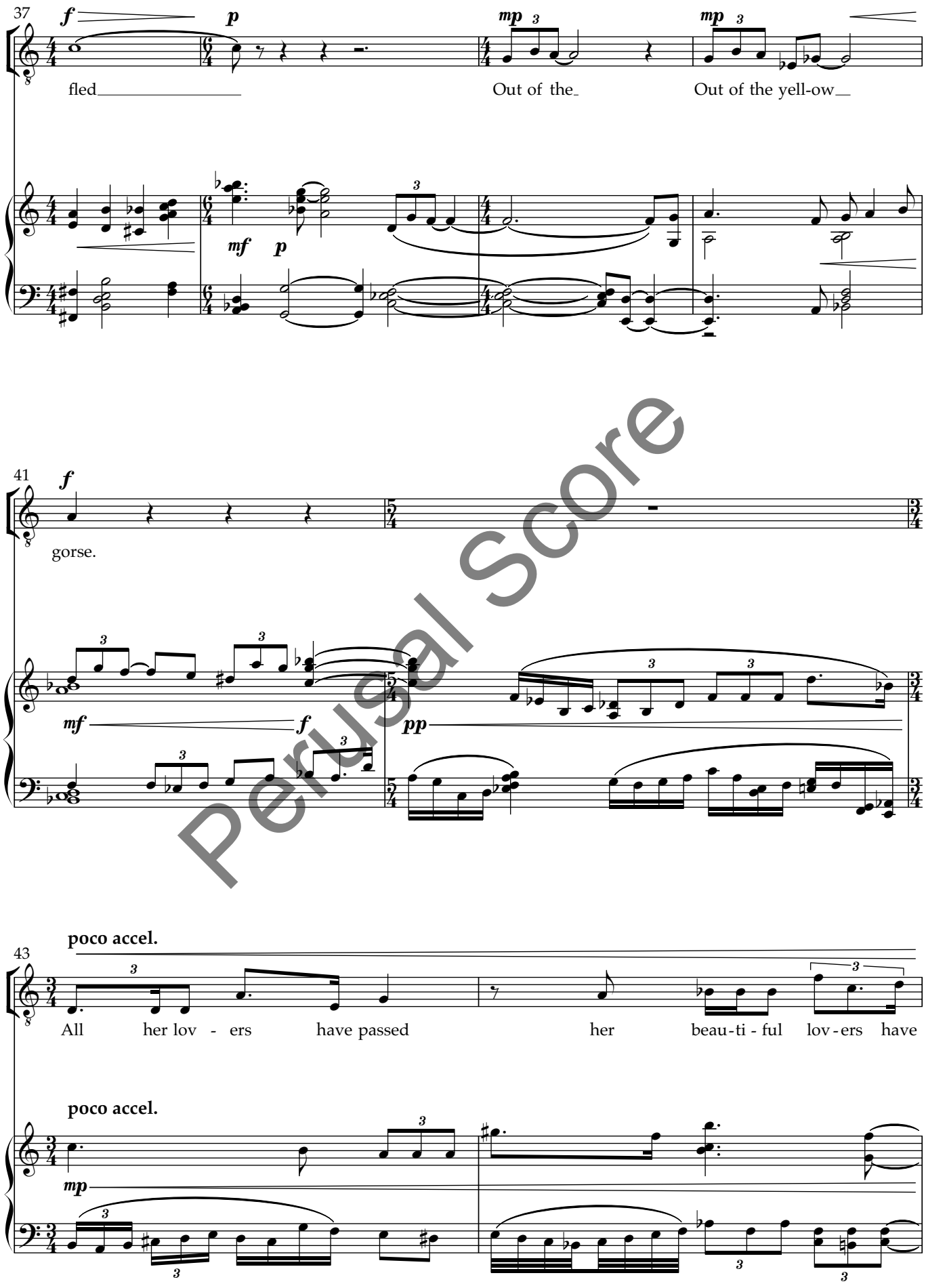
Perusal Score



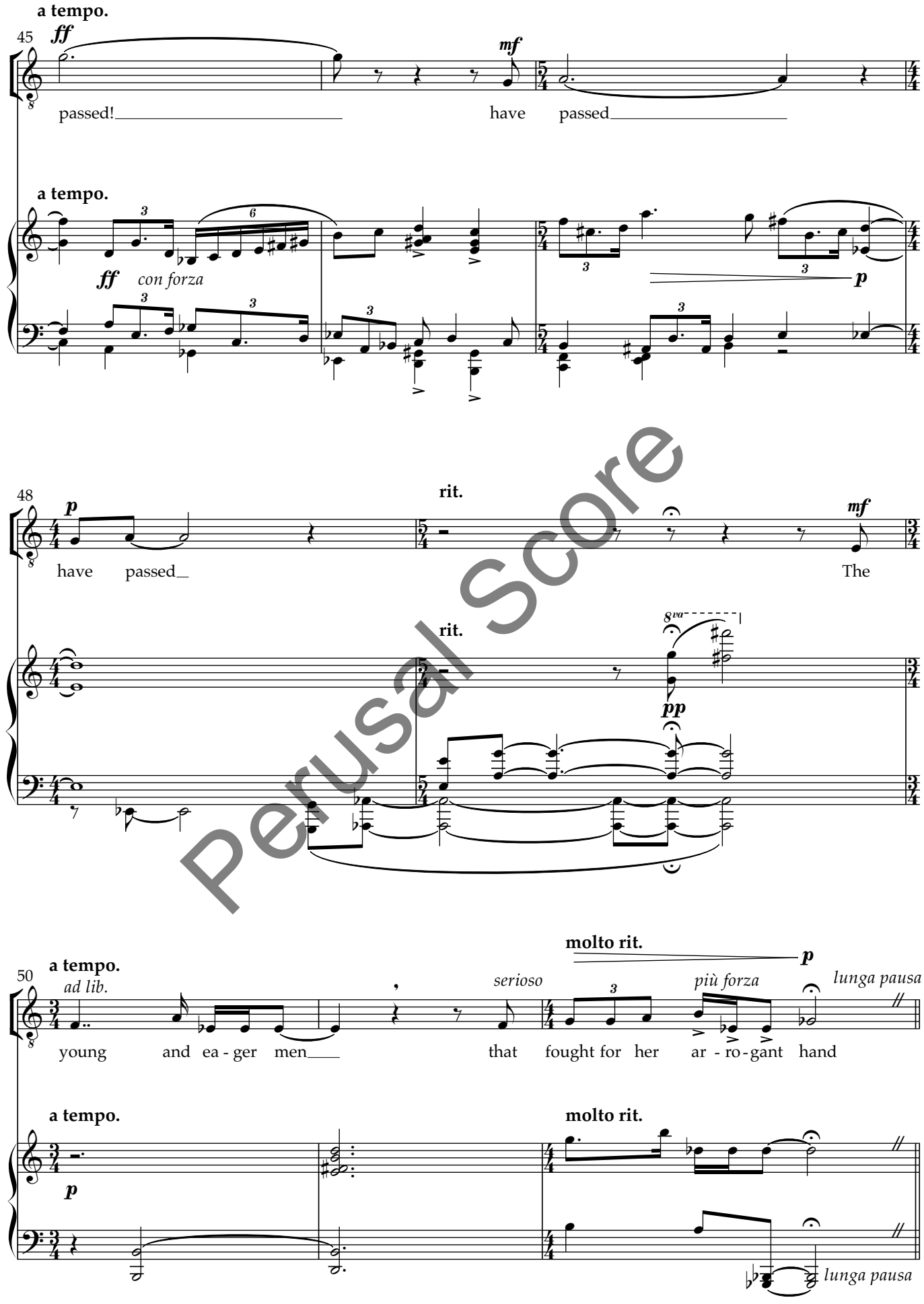
Perusal Score



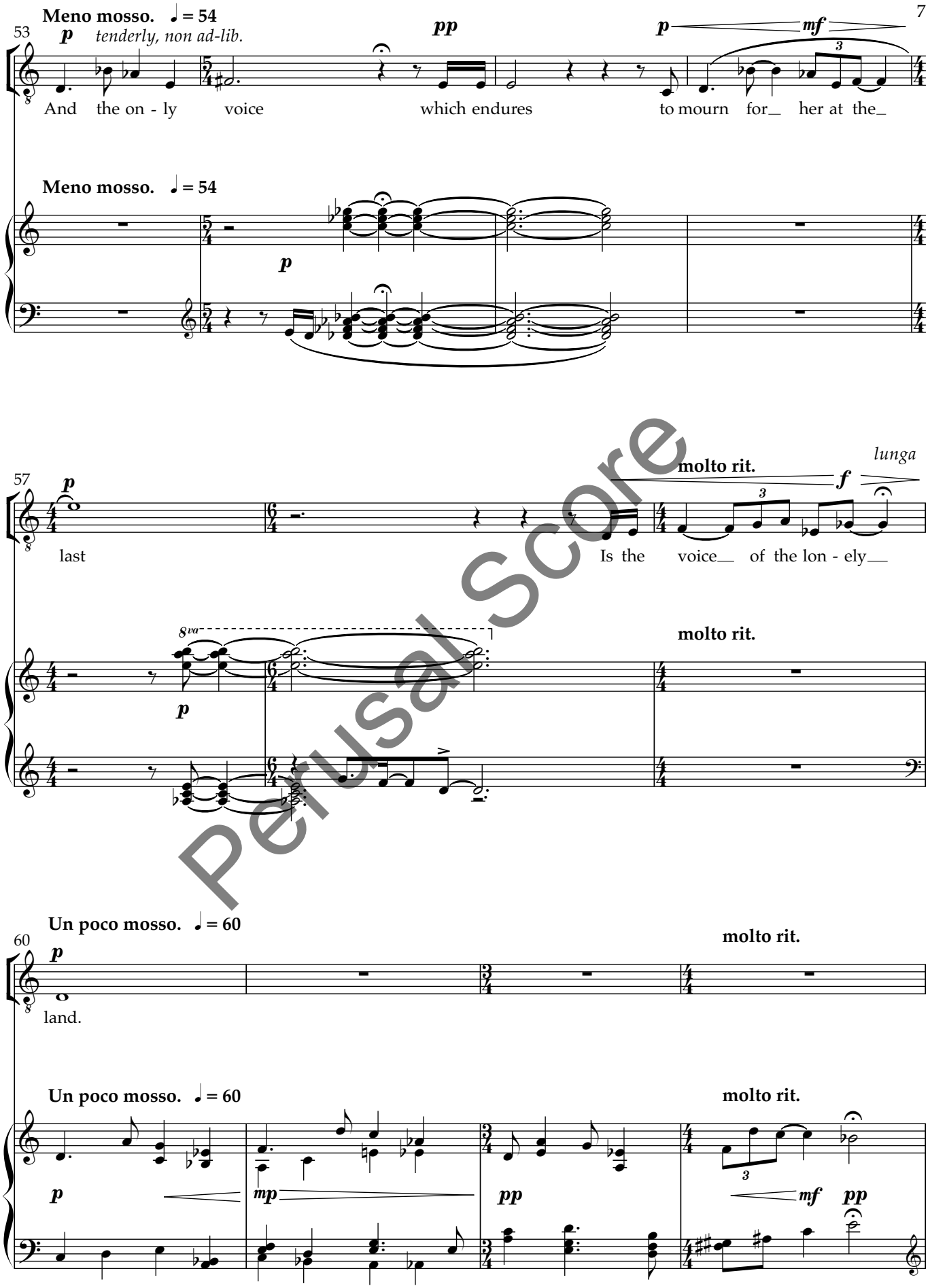
Perusal Score



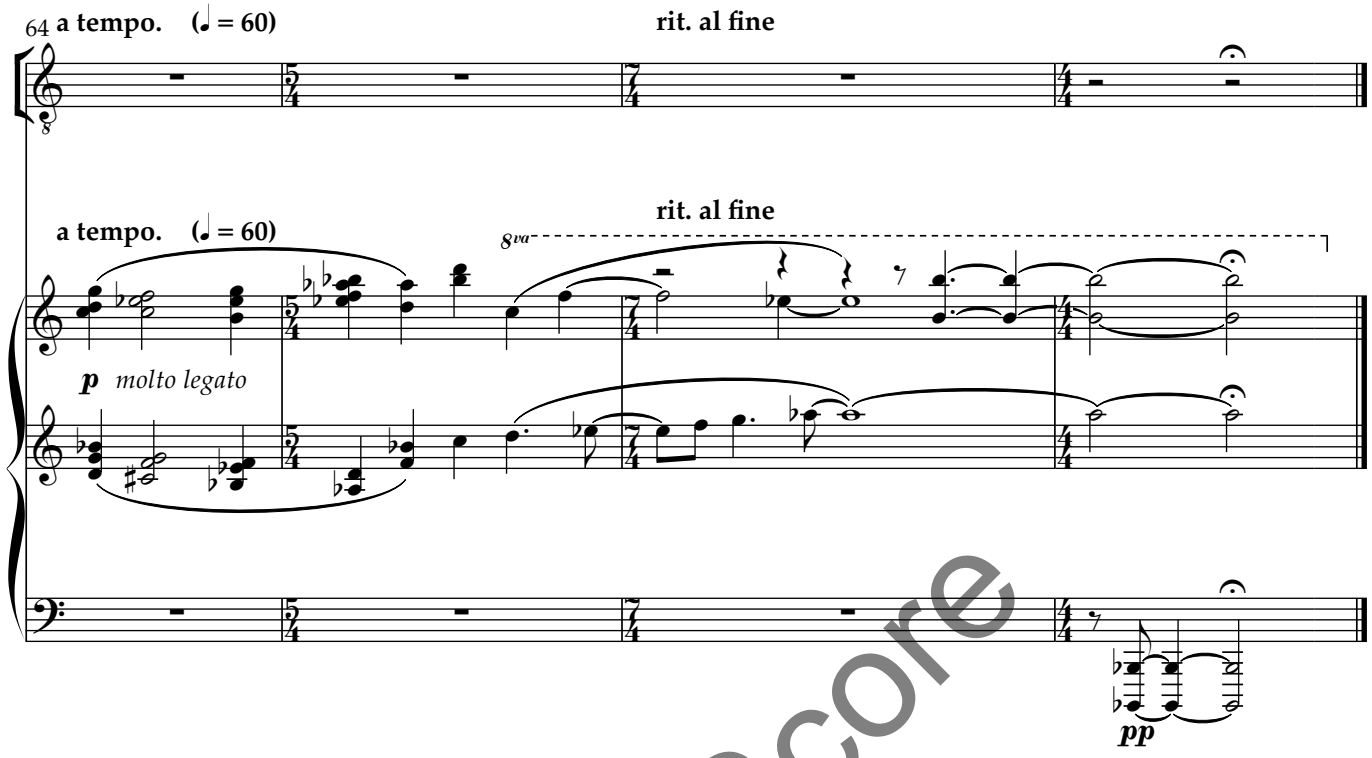
Perusal Score



Perusal Score

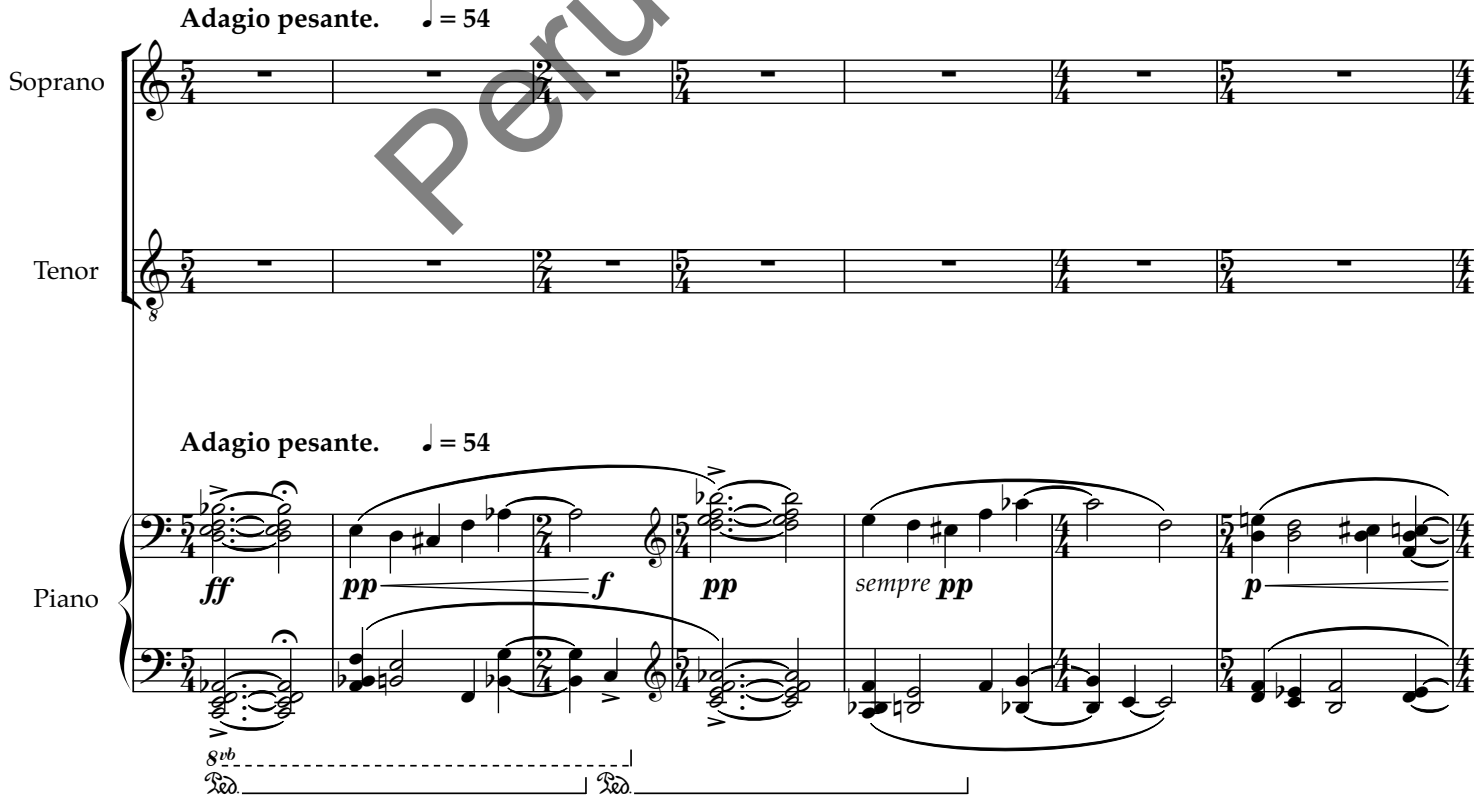


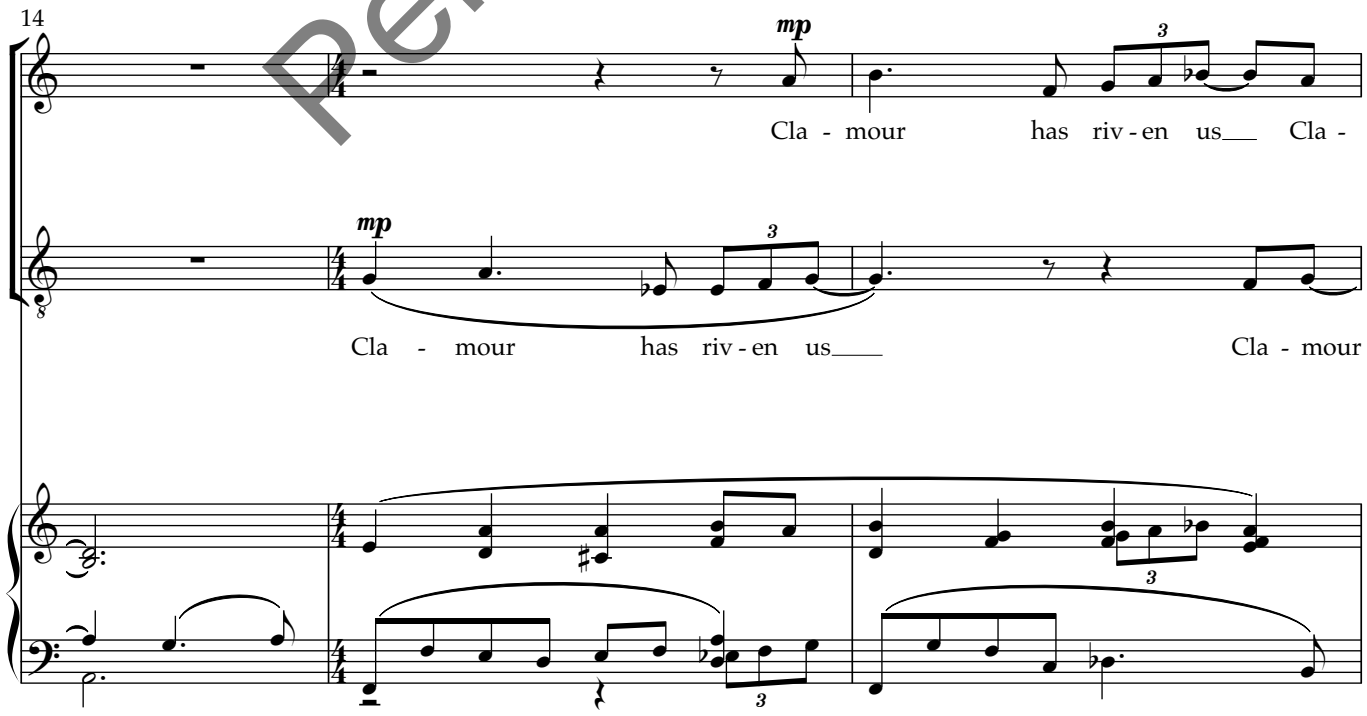
Perusal Score



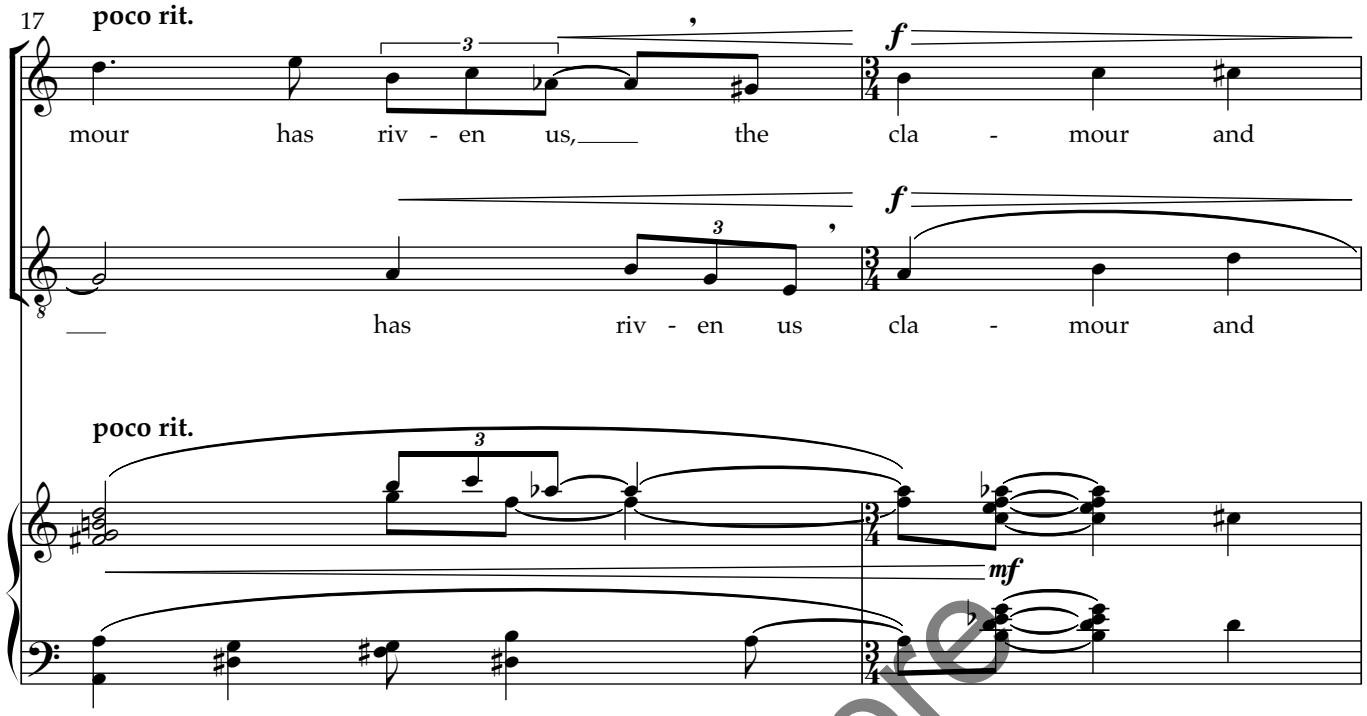
Perusal Score

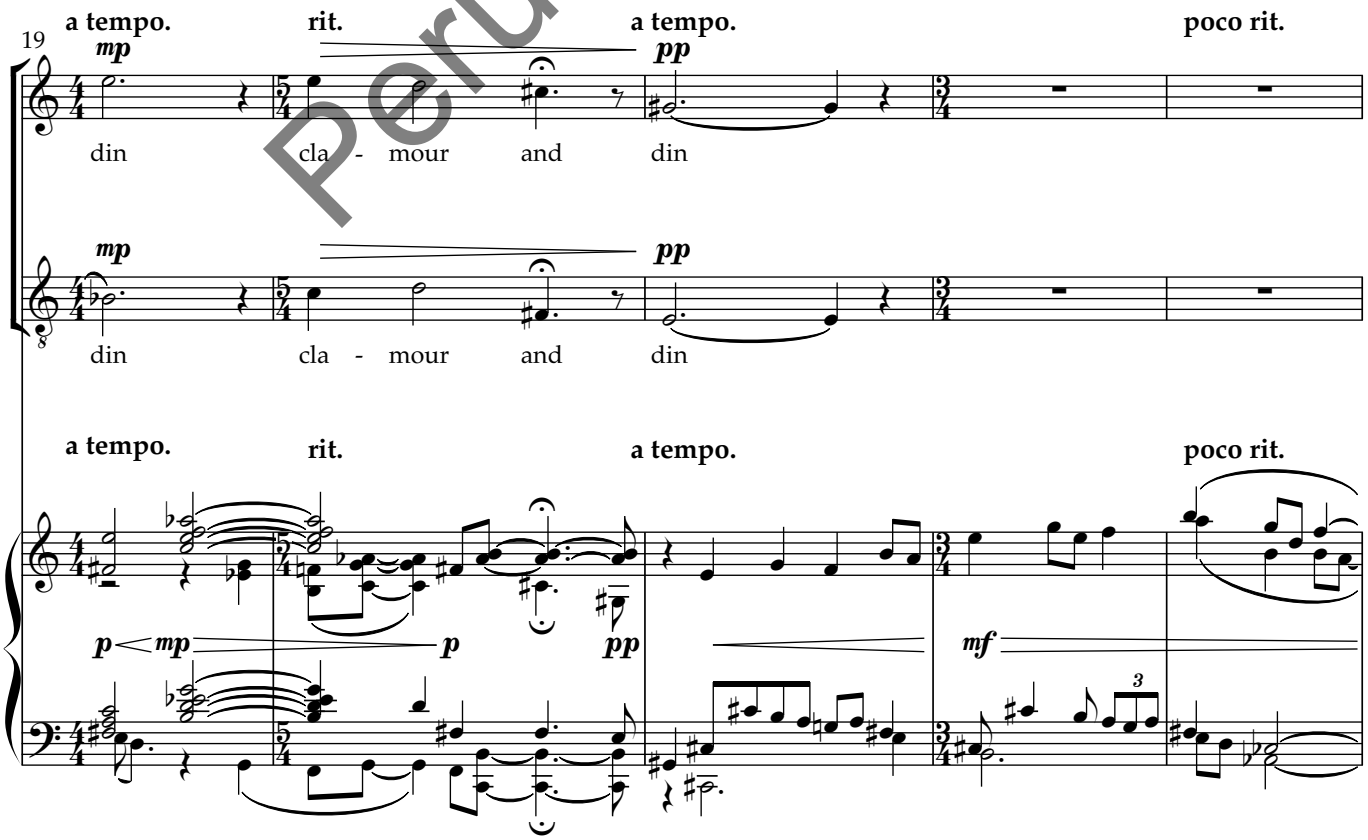
2. Apart We Remain



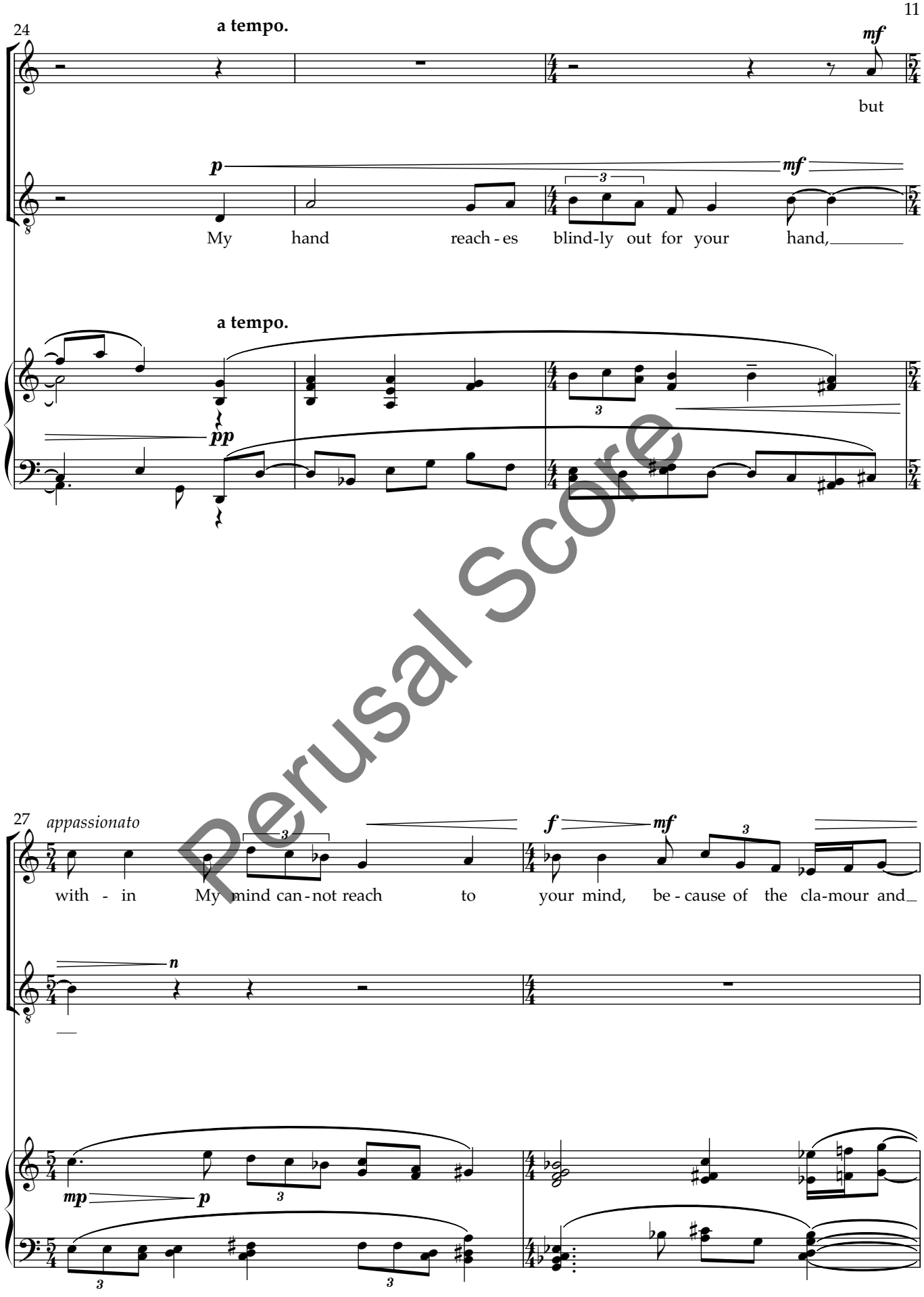


Perusal Score

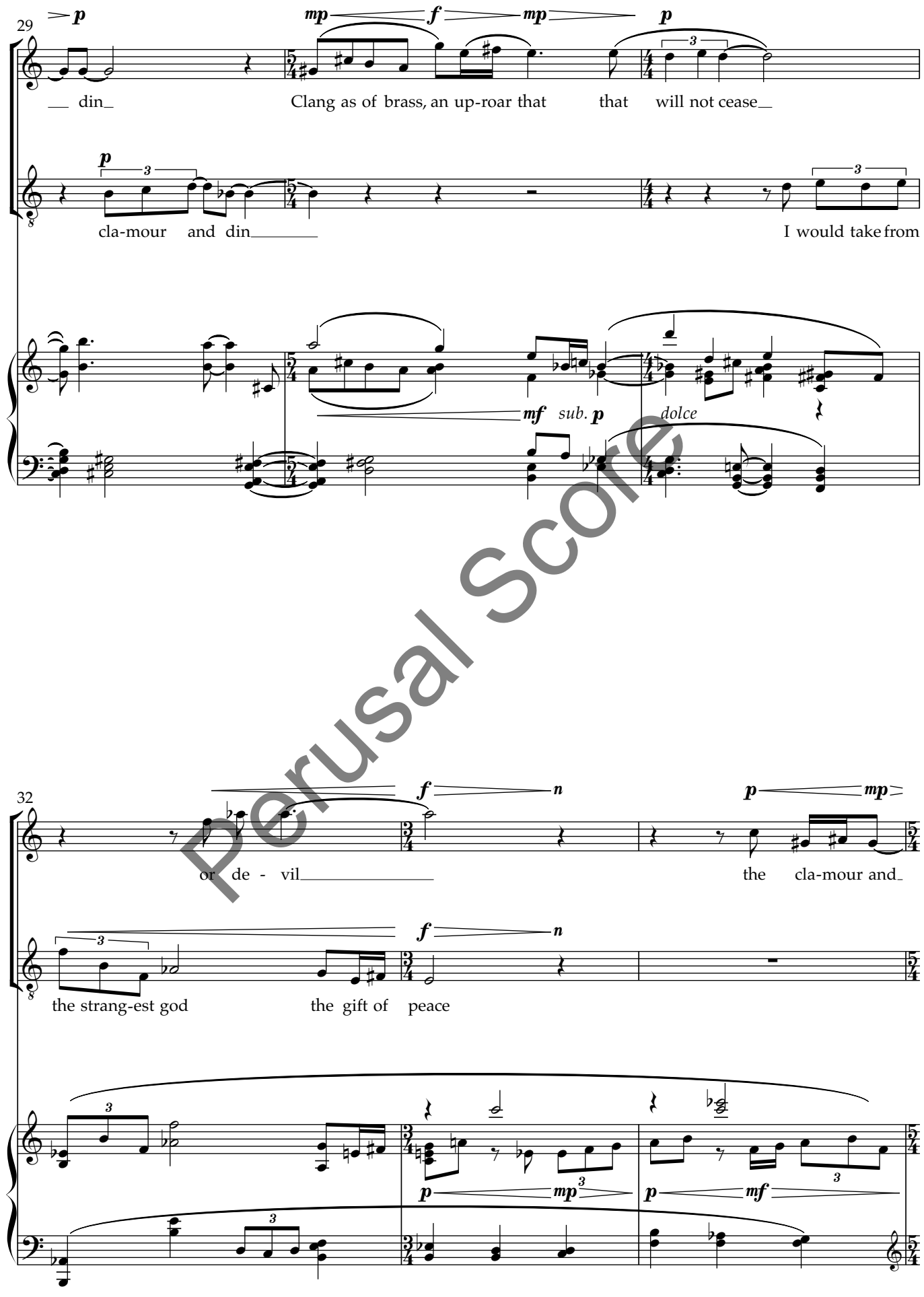




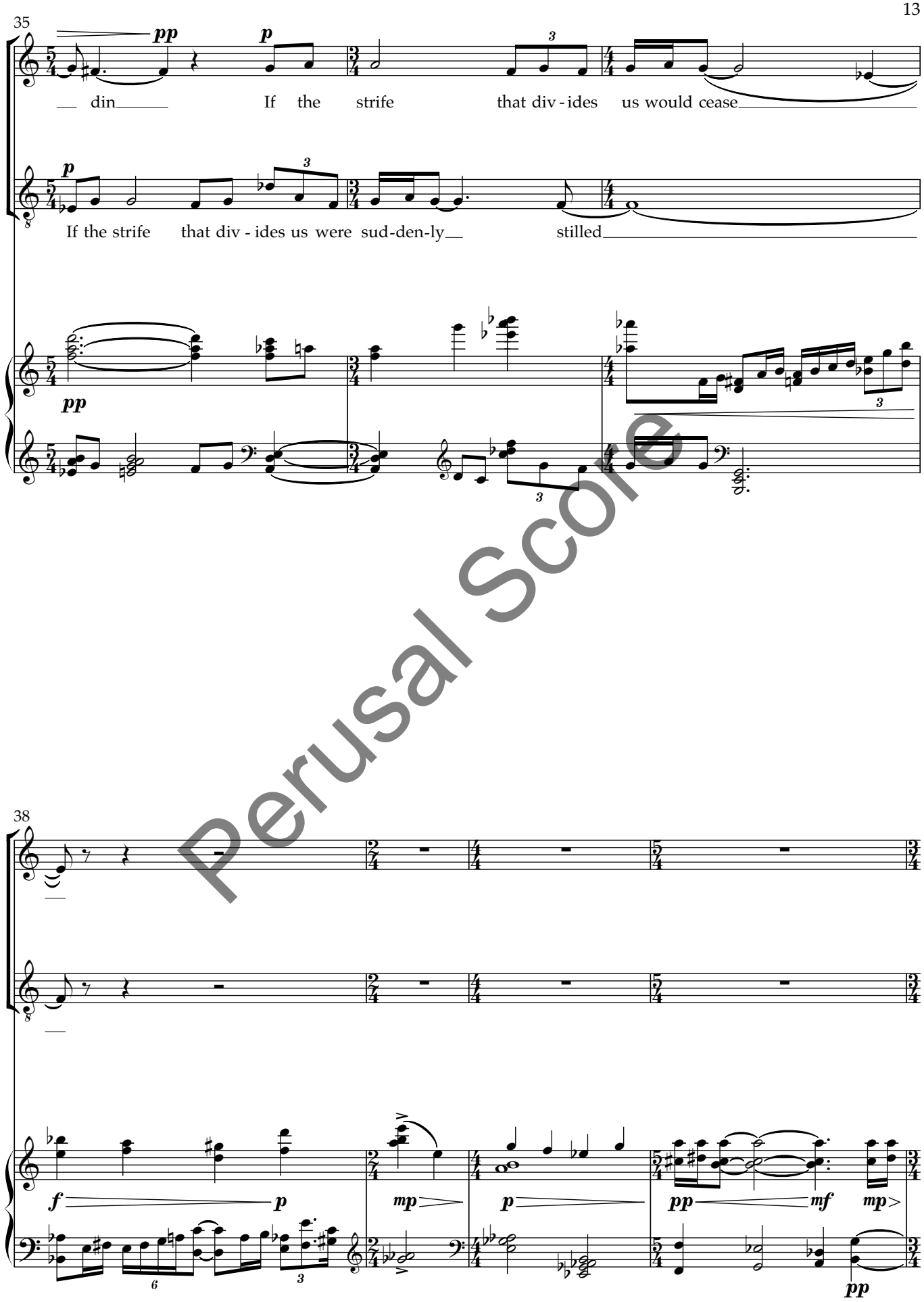
Perusal Score



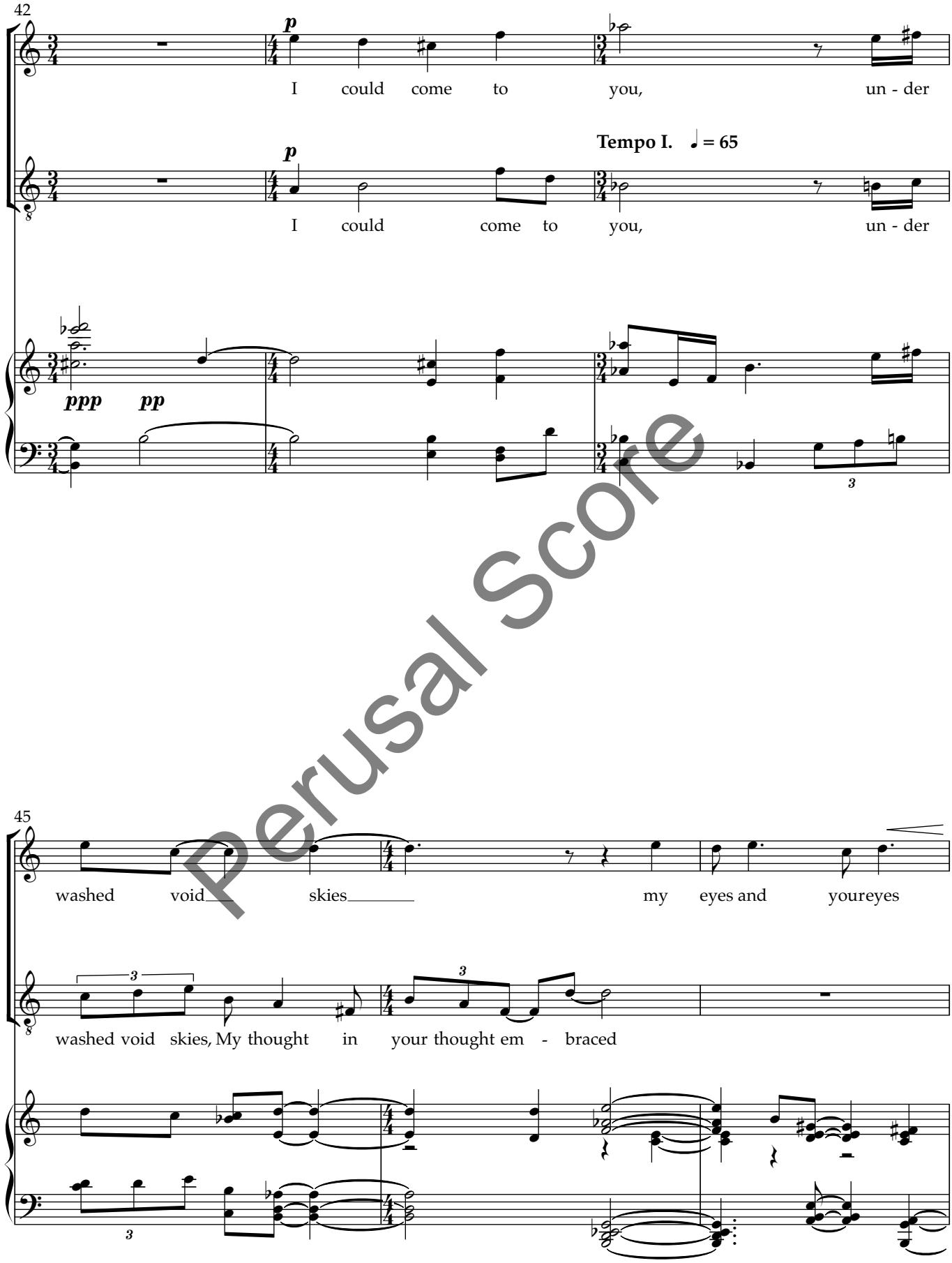
Perusal Score



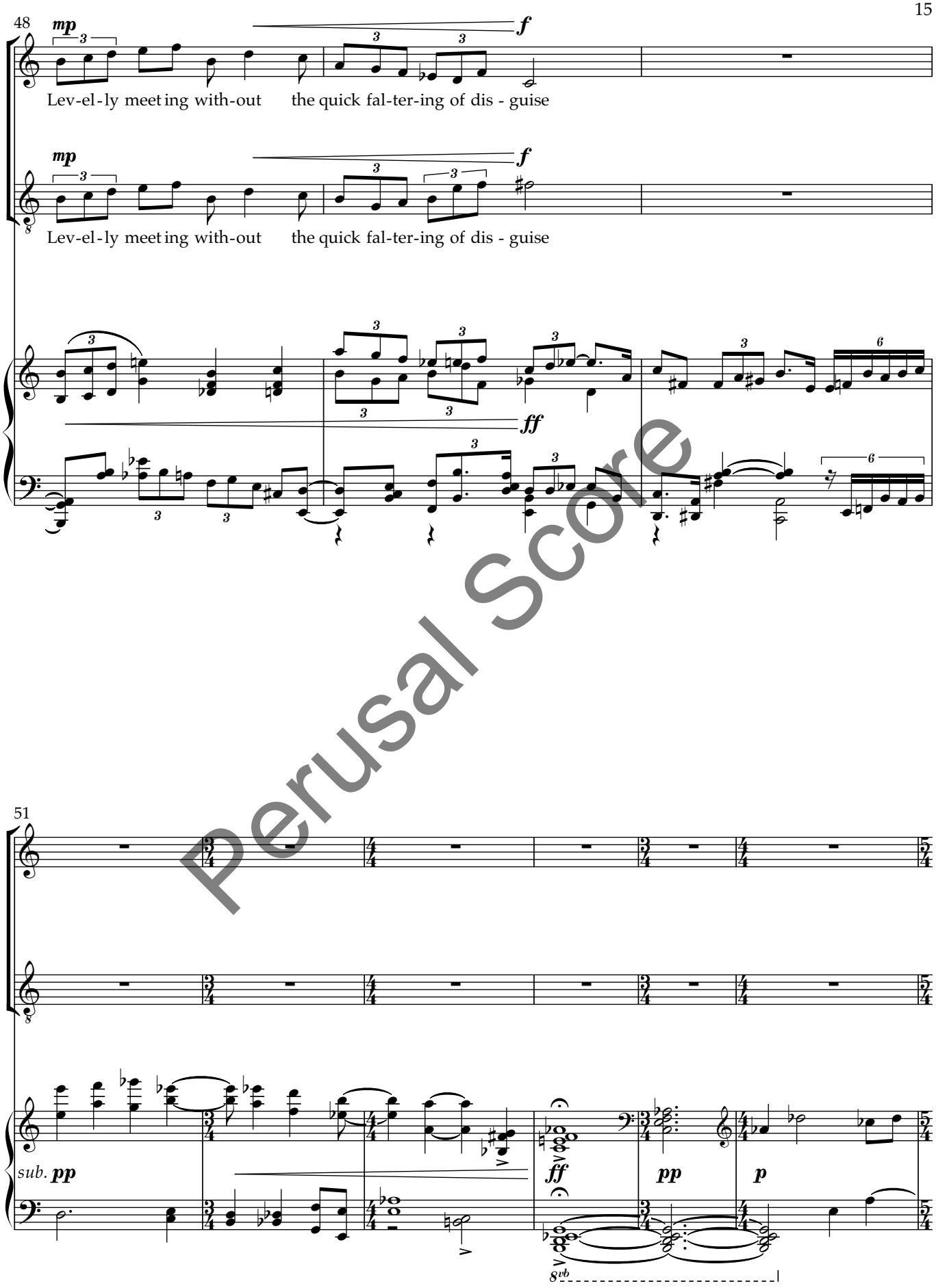
Perusal Score



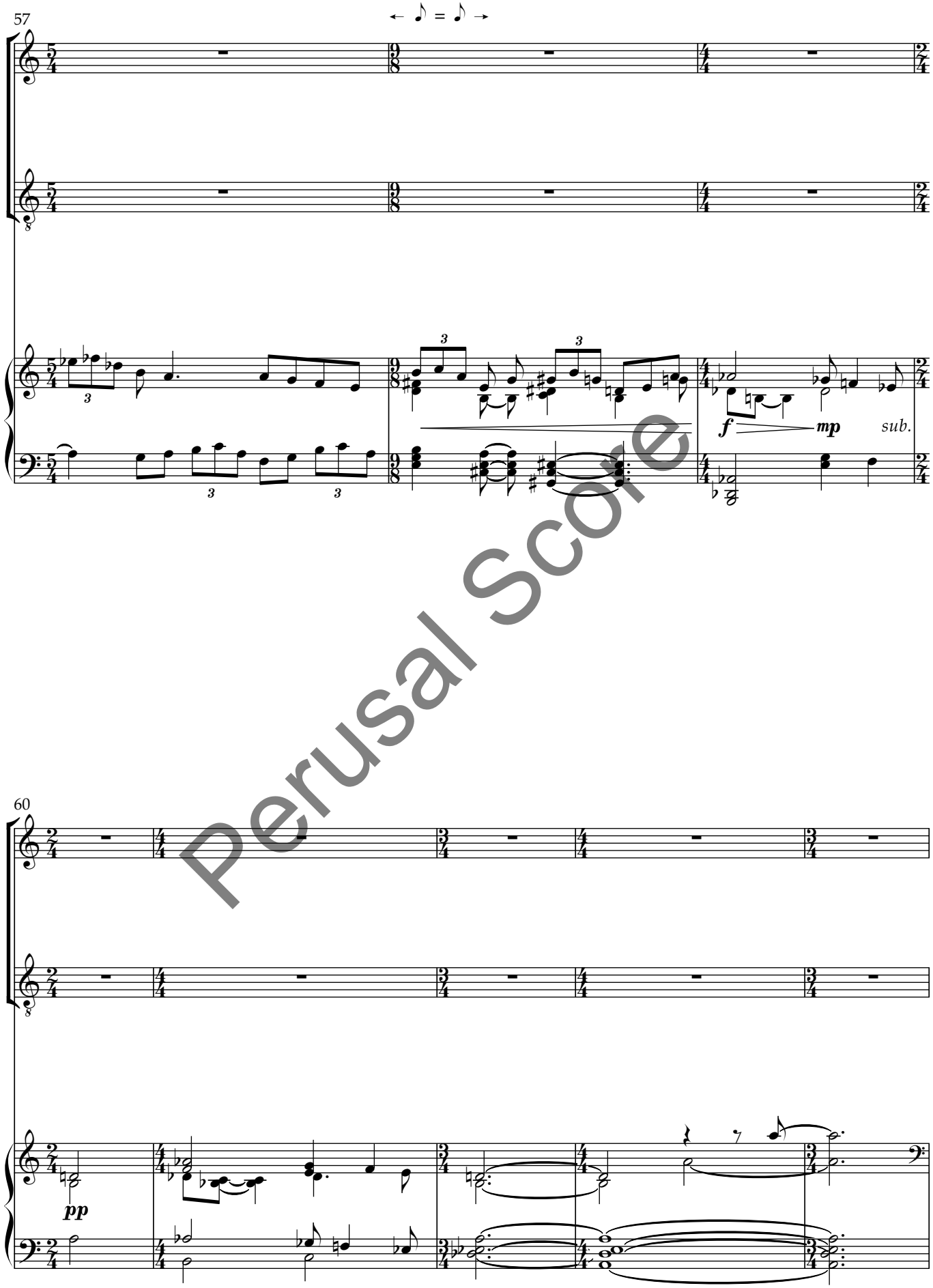
Perusal Score



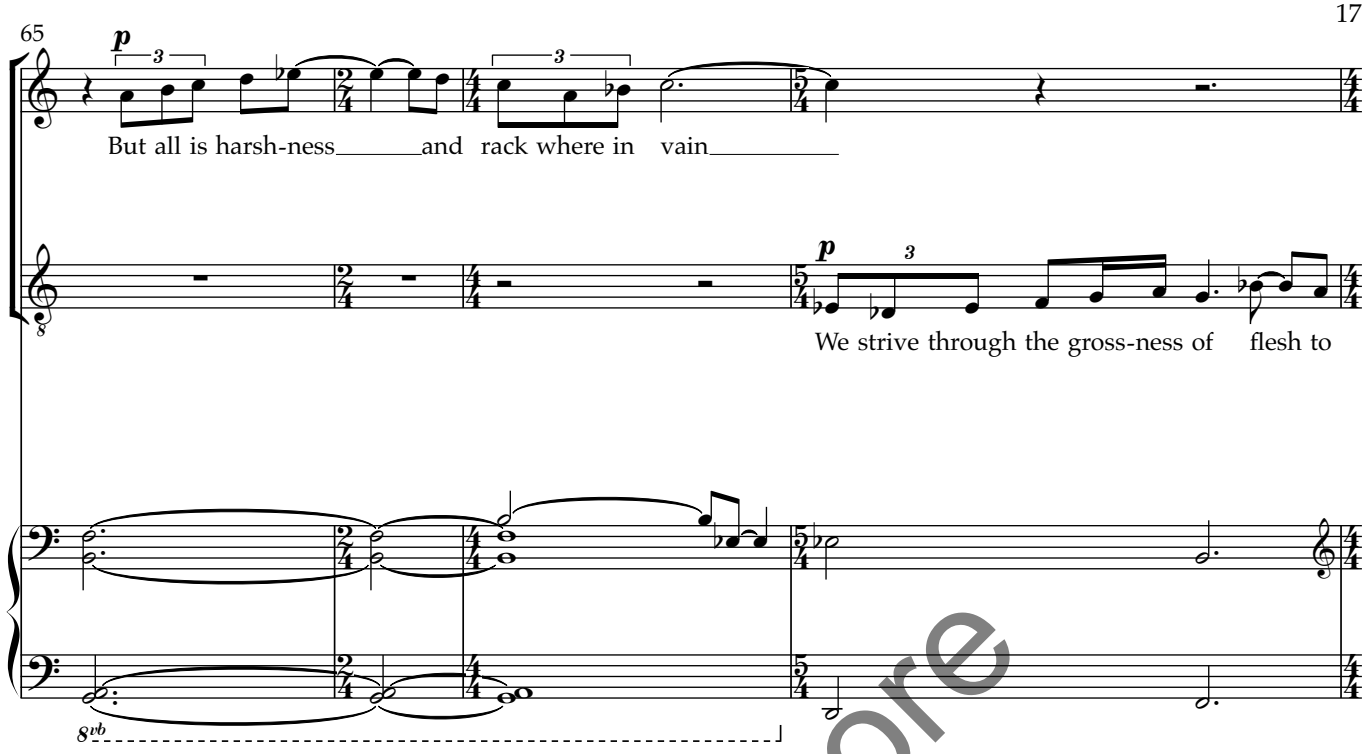
Perusal Score



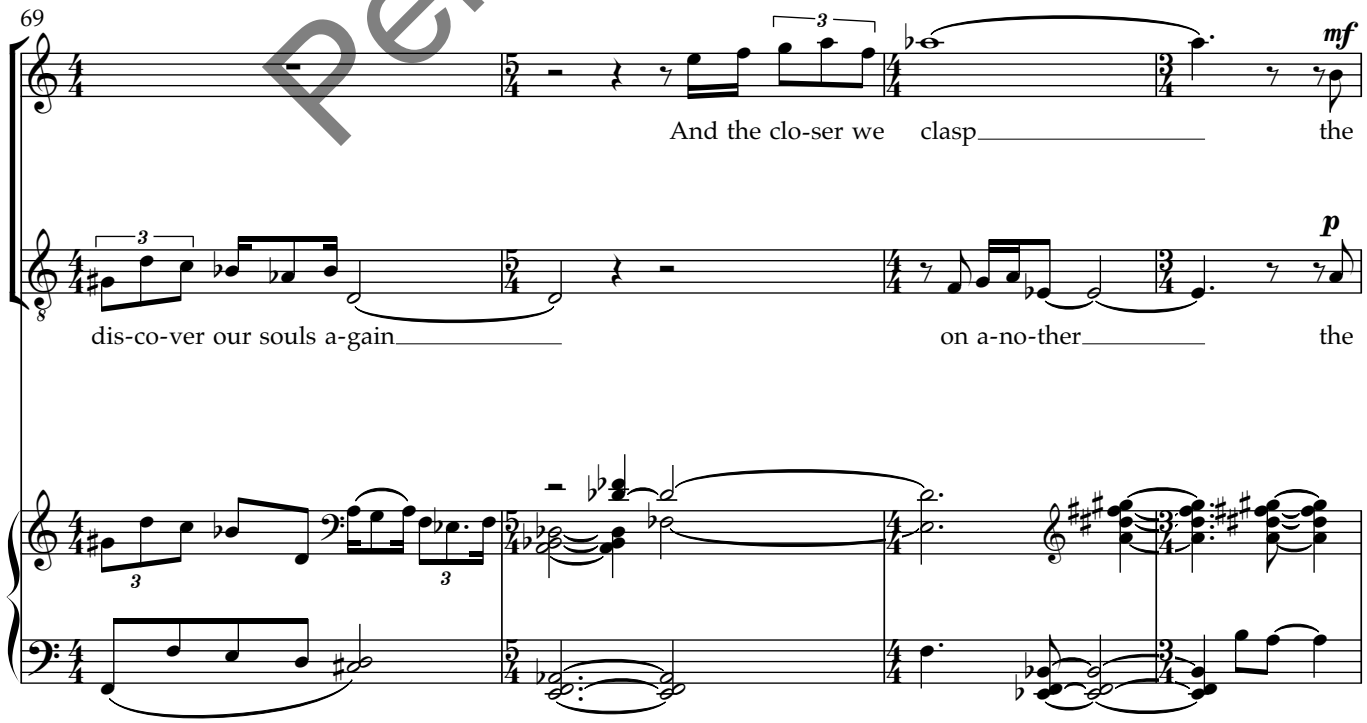
Perusal Score

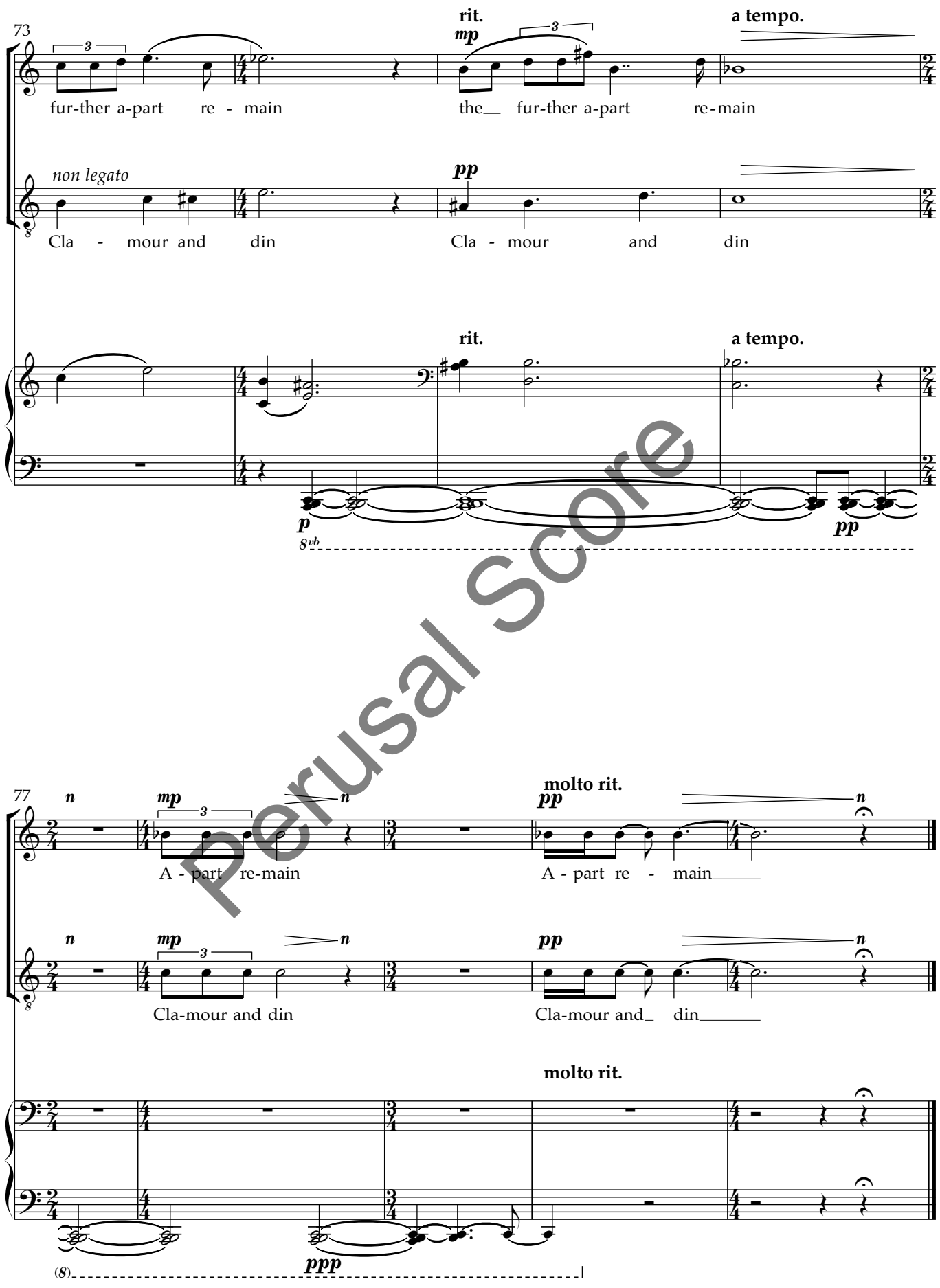


Perusal Score



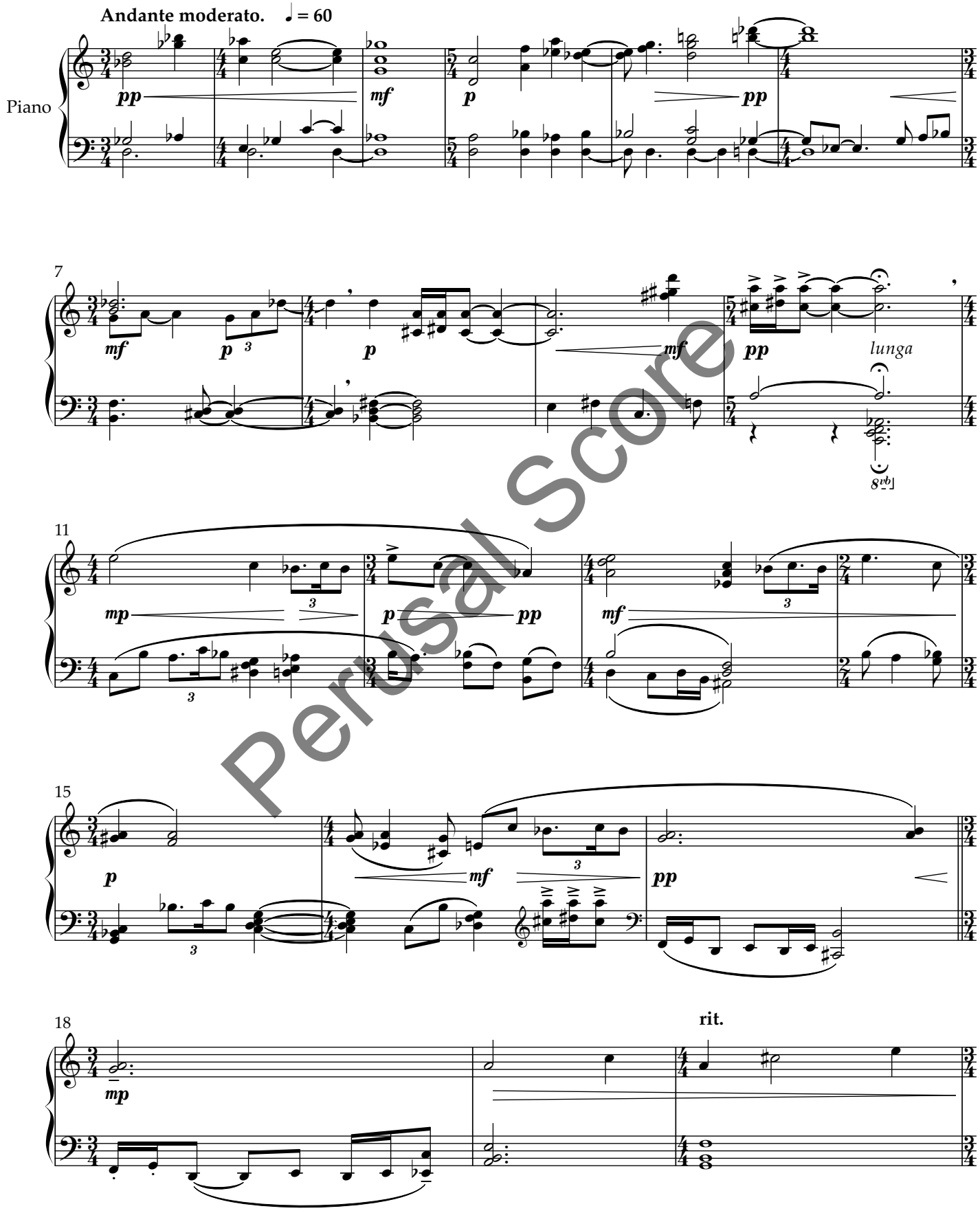
Perusal Score



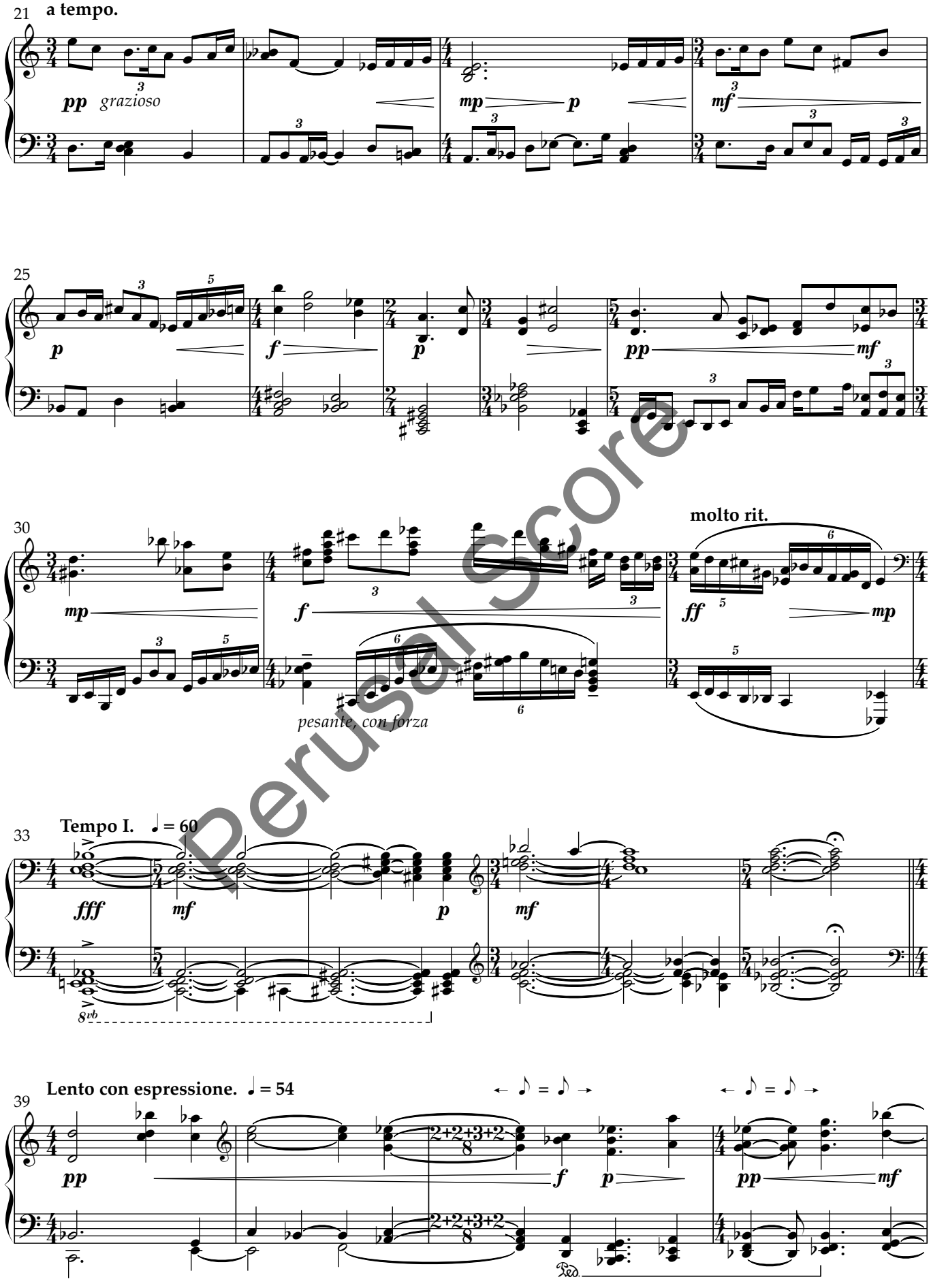


Perusal Score

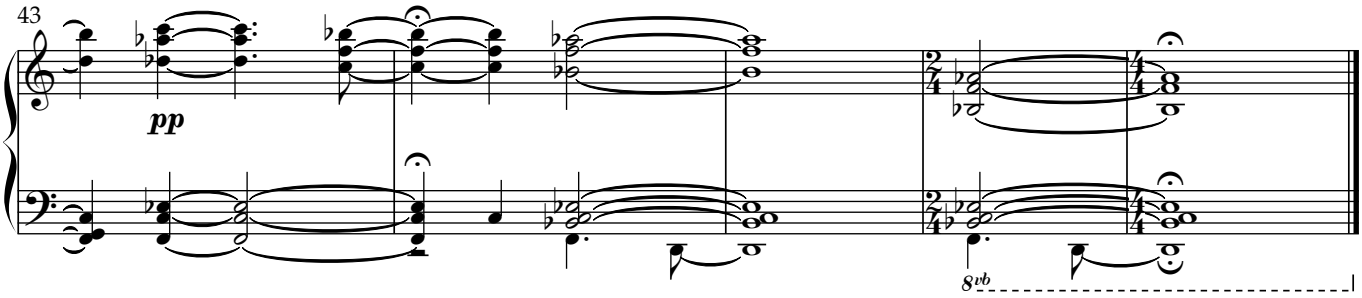
3. Intermezzo: Nocturne



Perusal Score

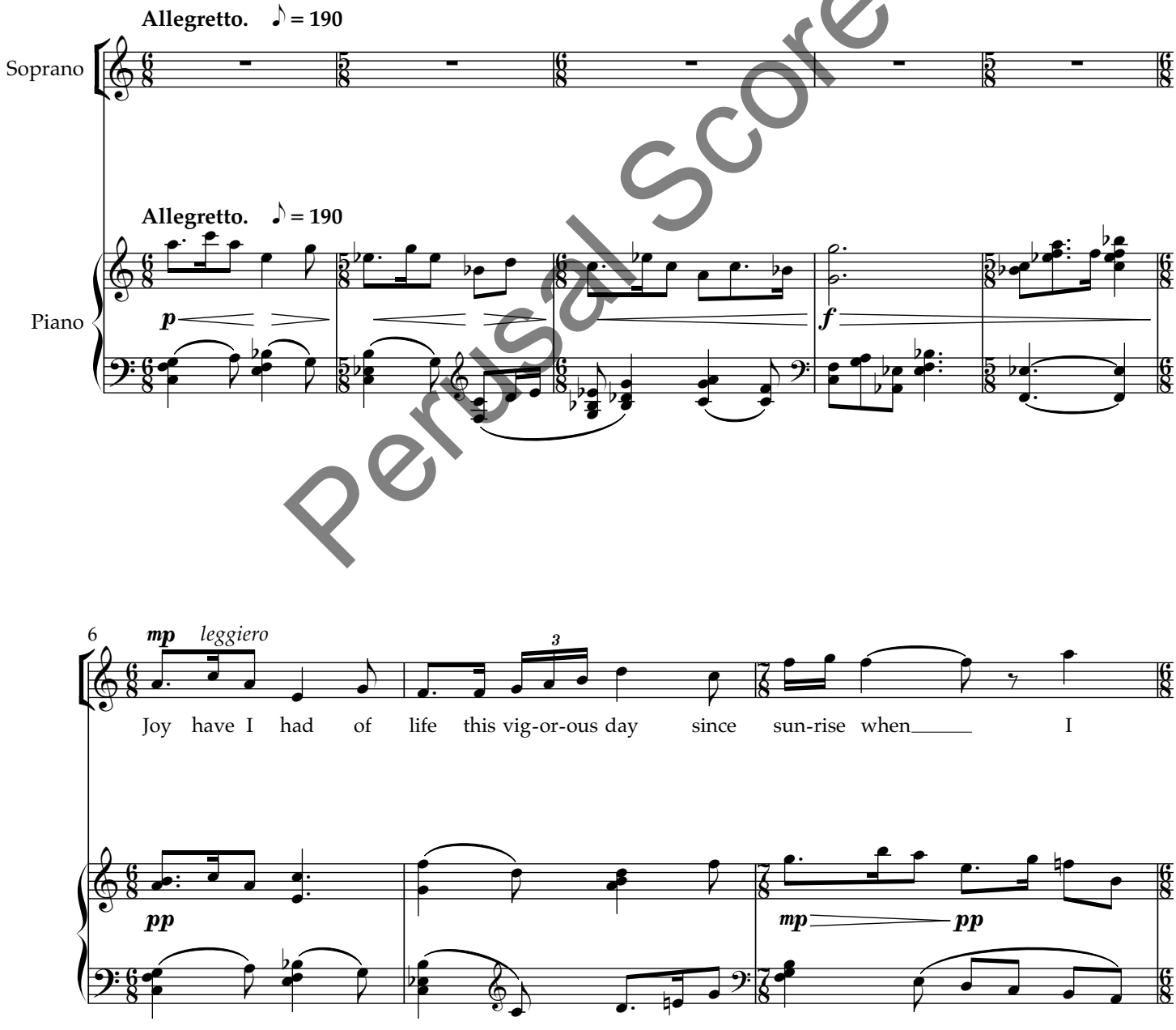


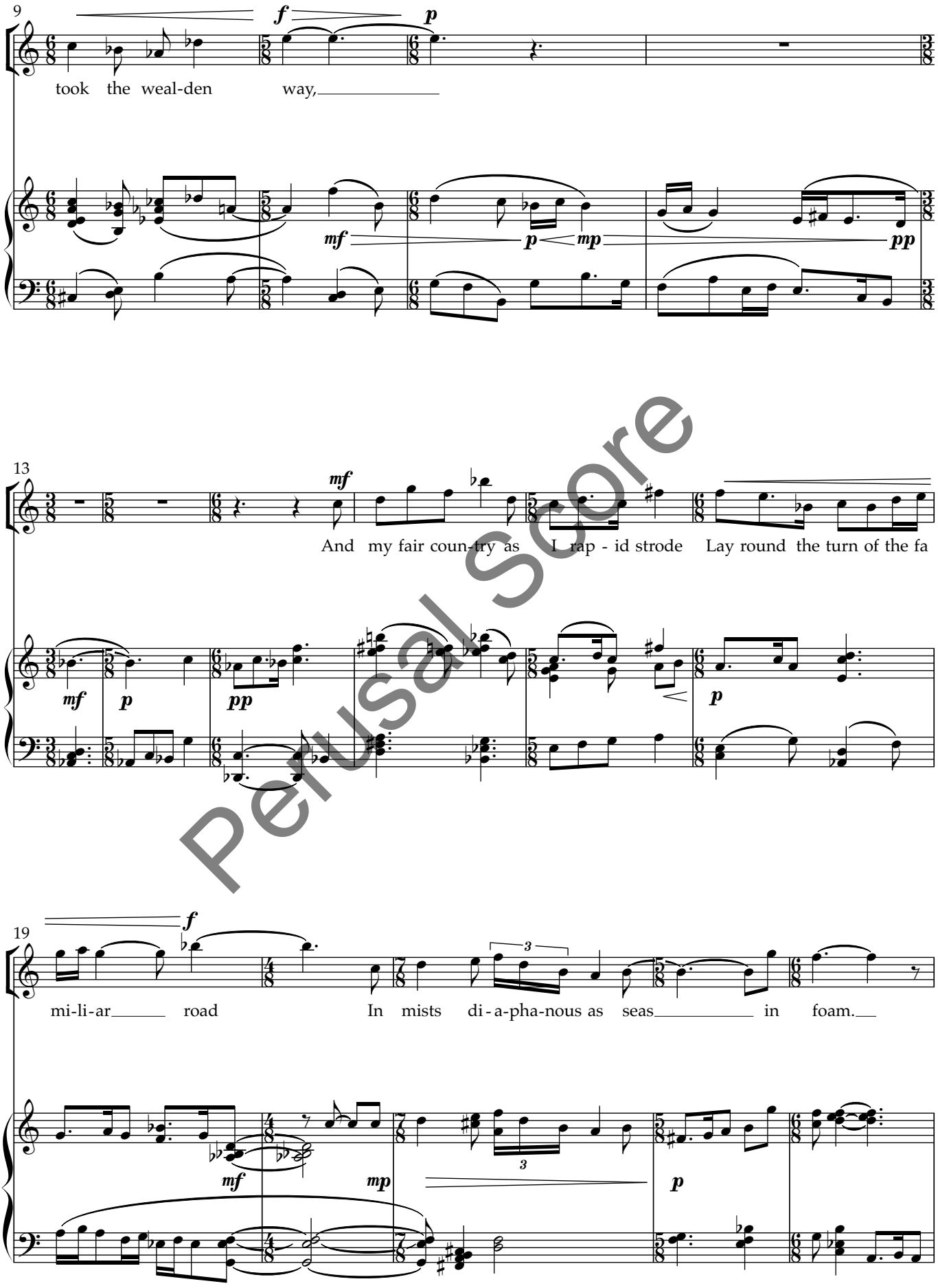
Perusal Score



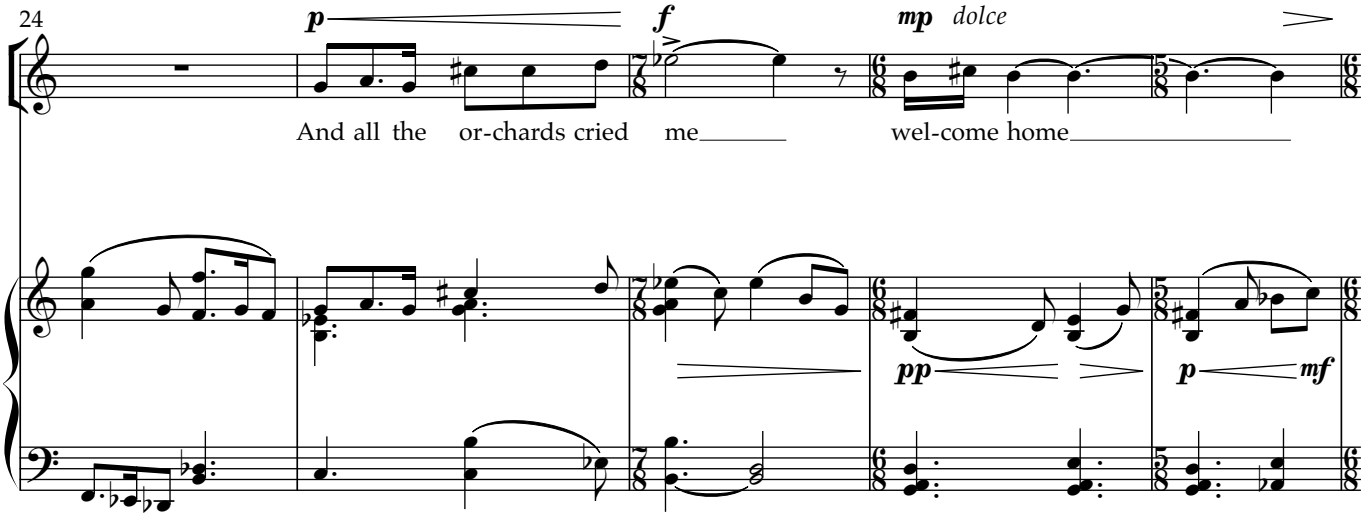
4. From a Diary, January 1918

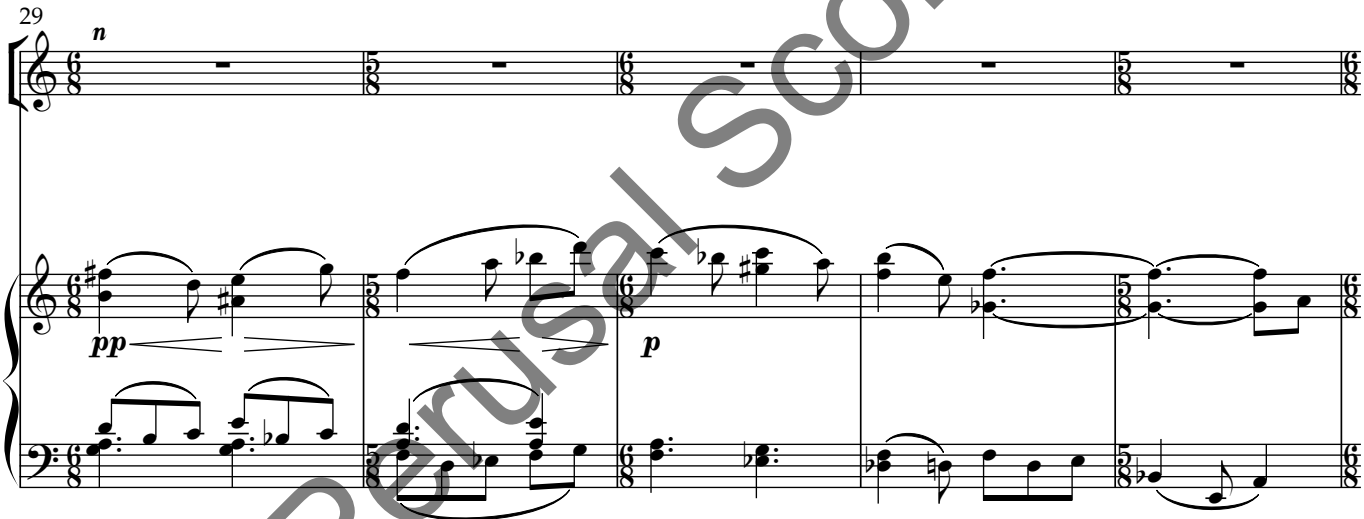
Perusal Score

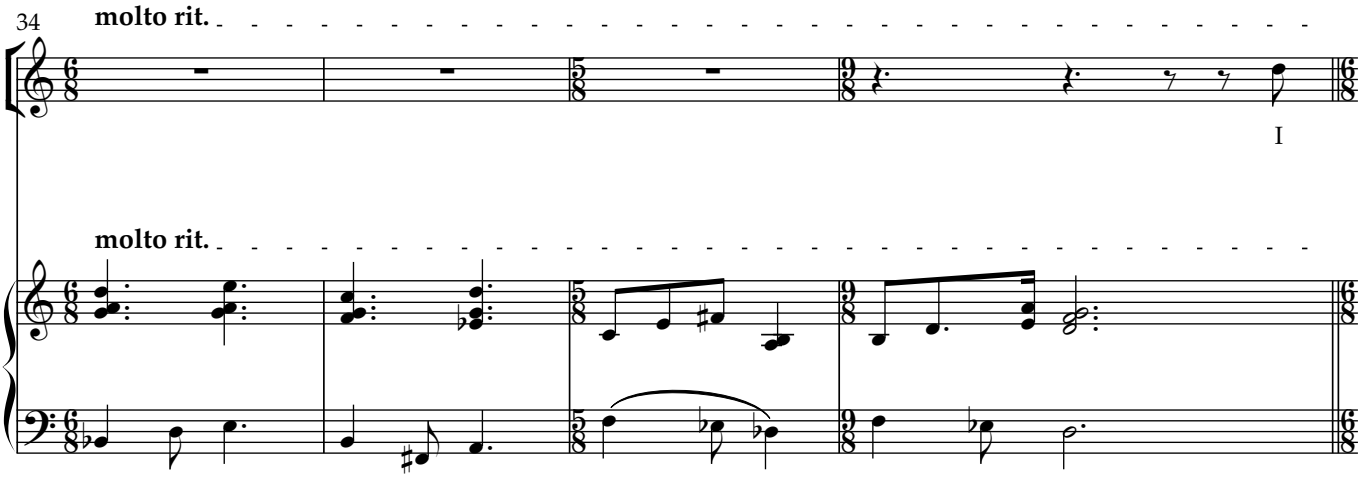




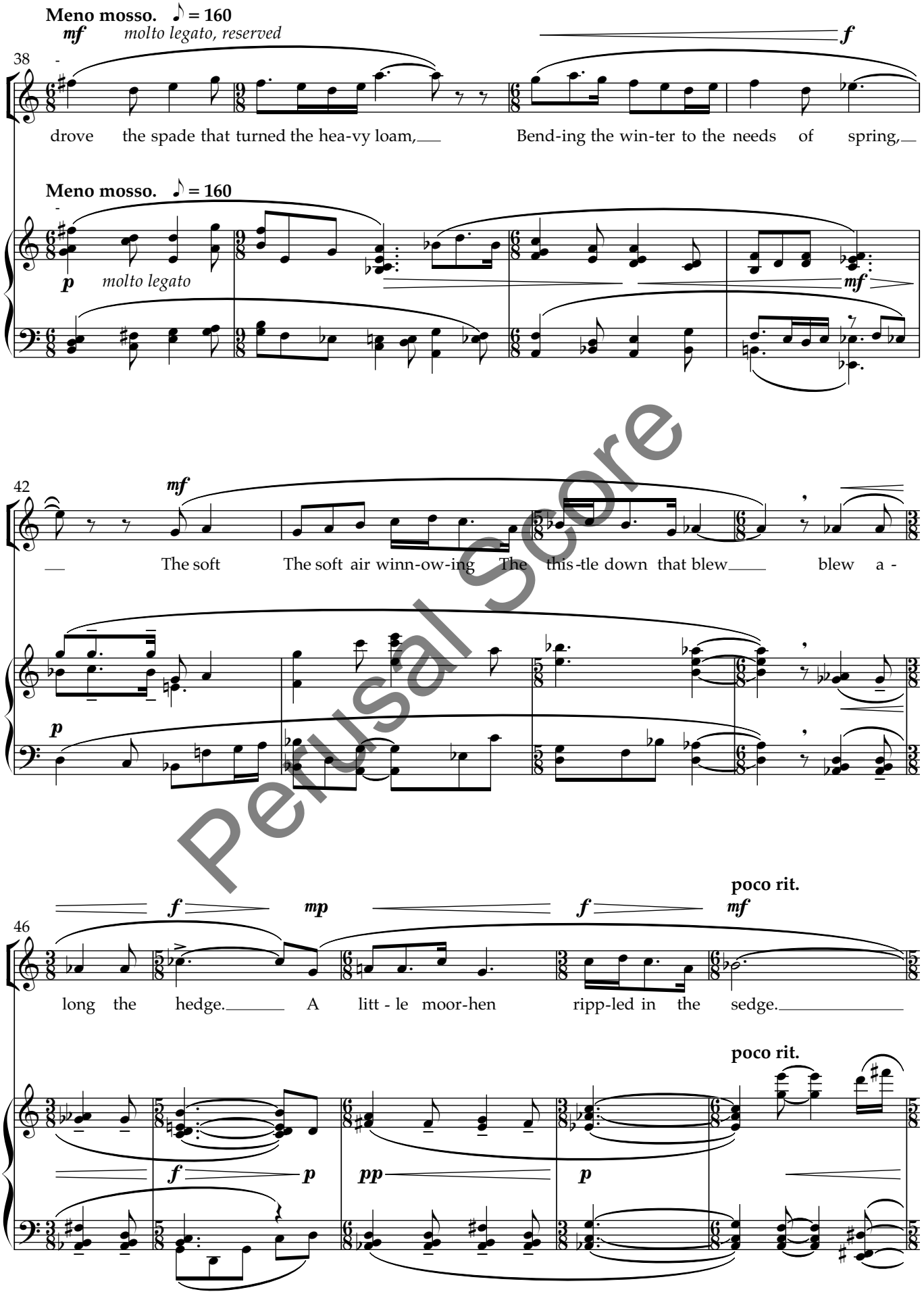
Perusal Score



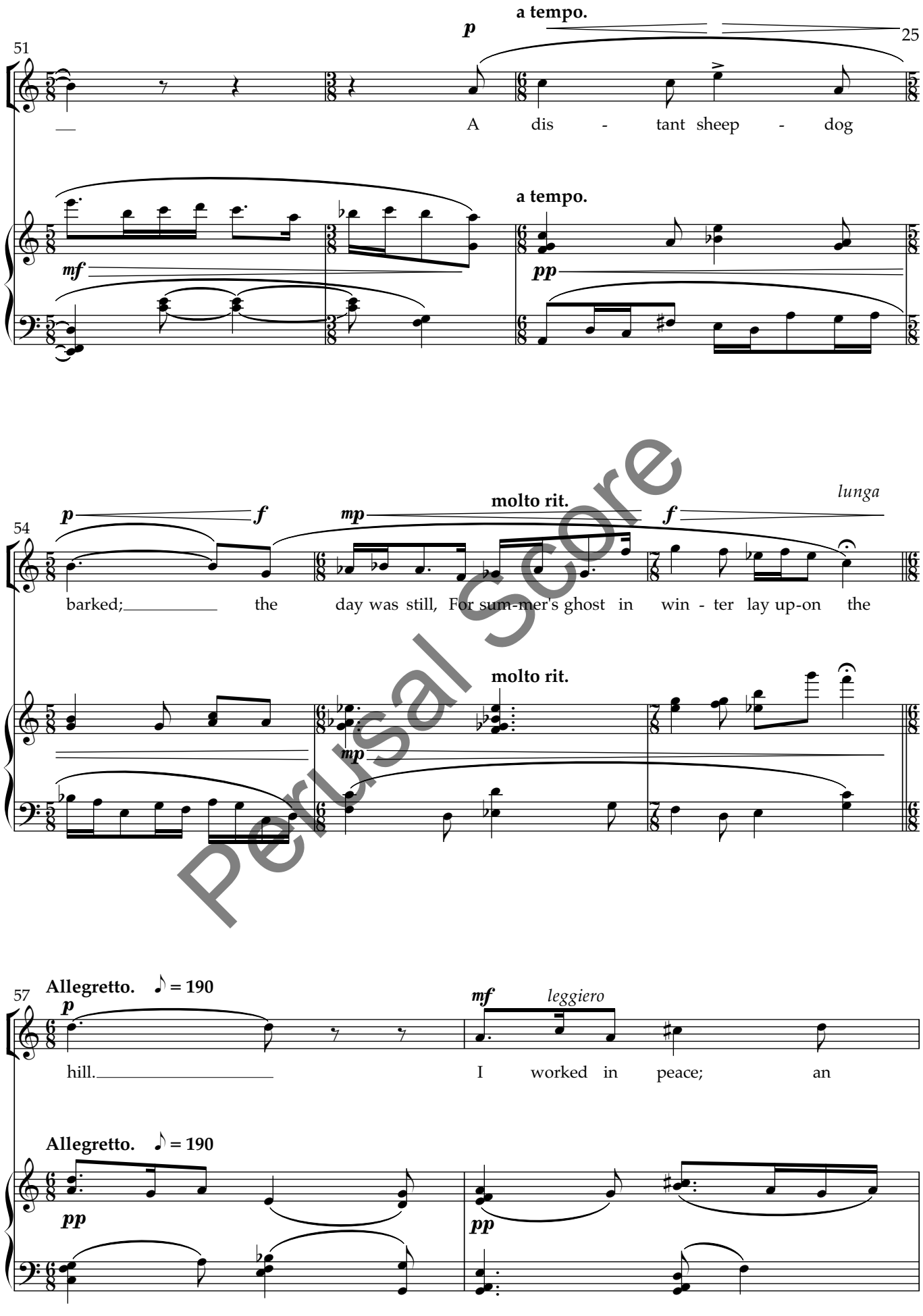




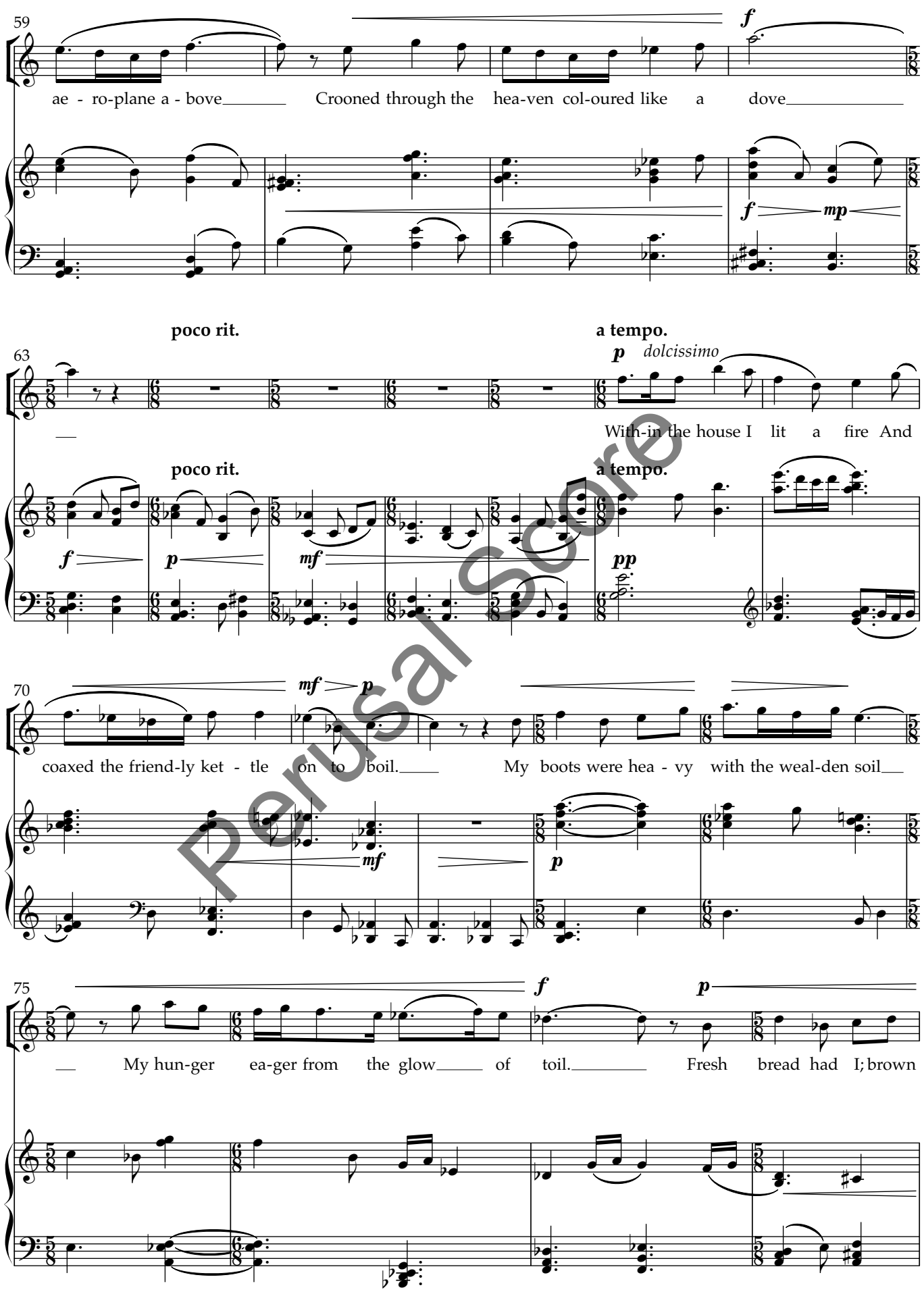
Perusal Score



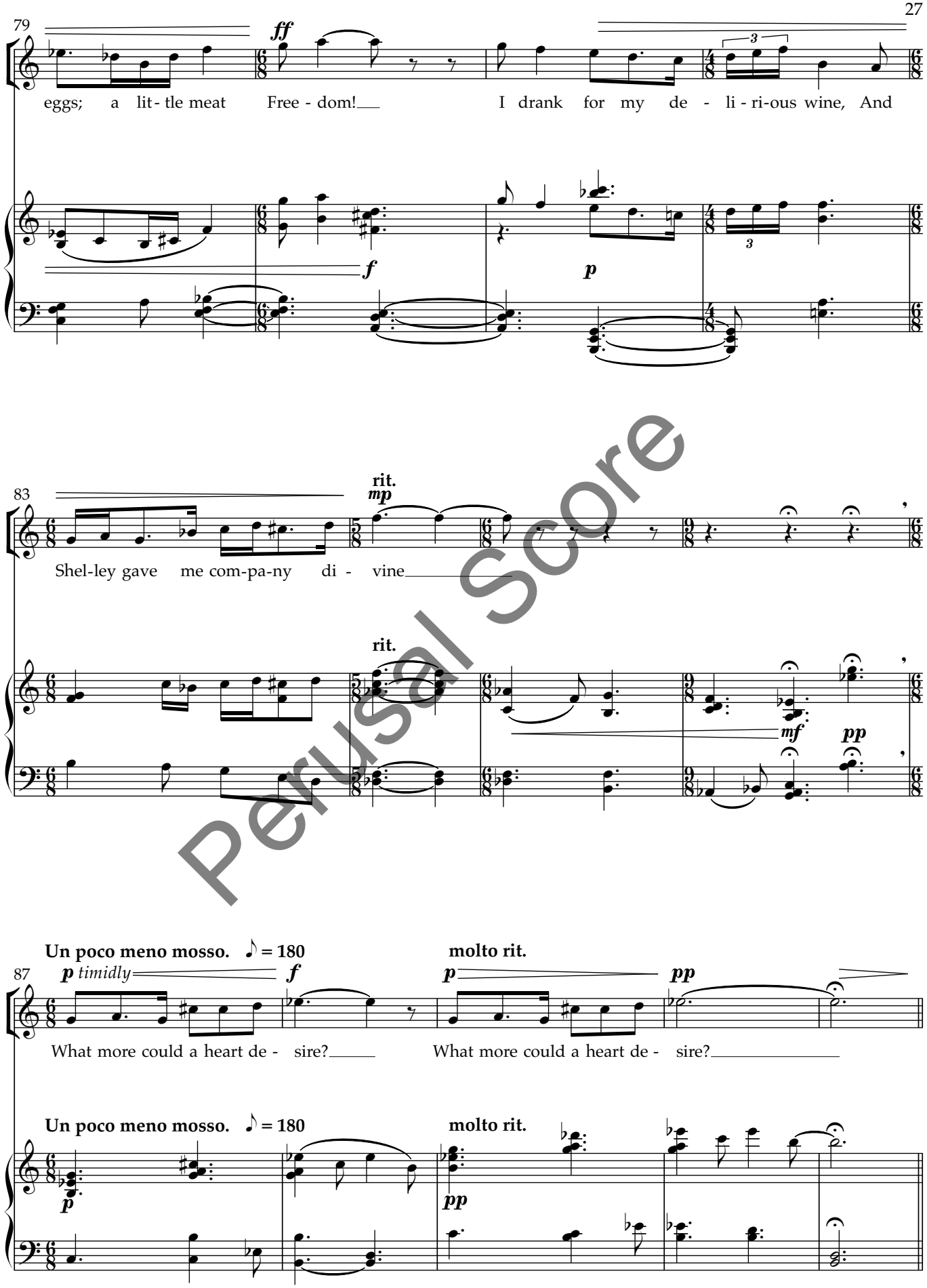
Perusal Score



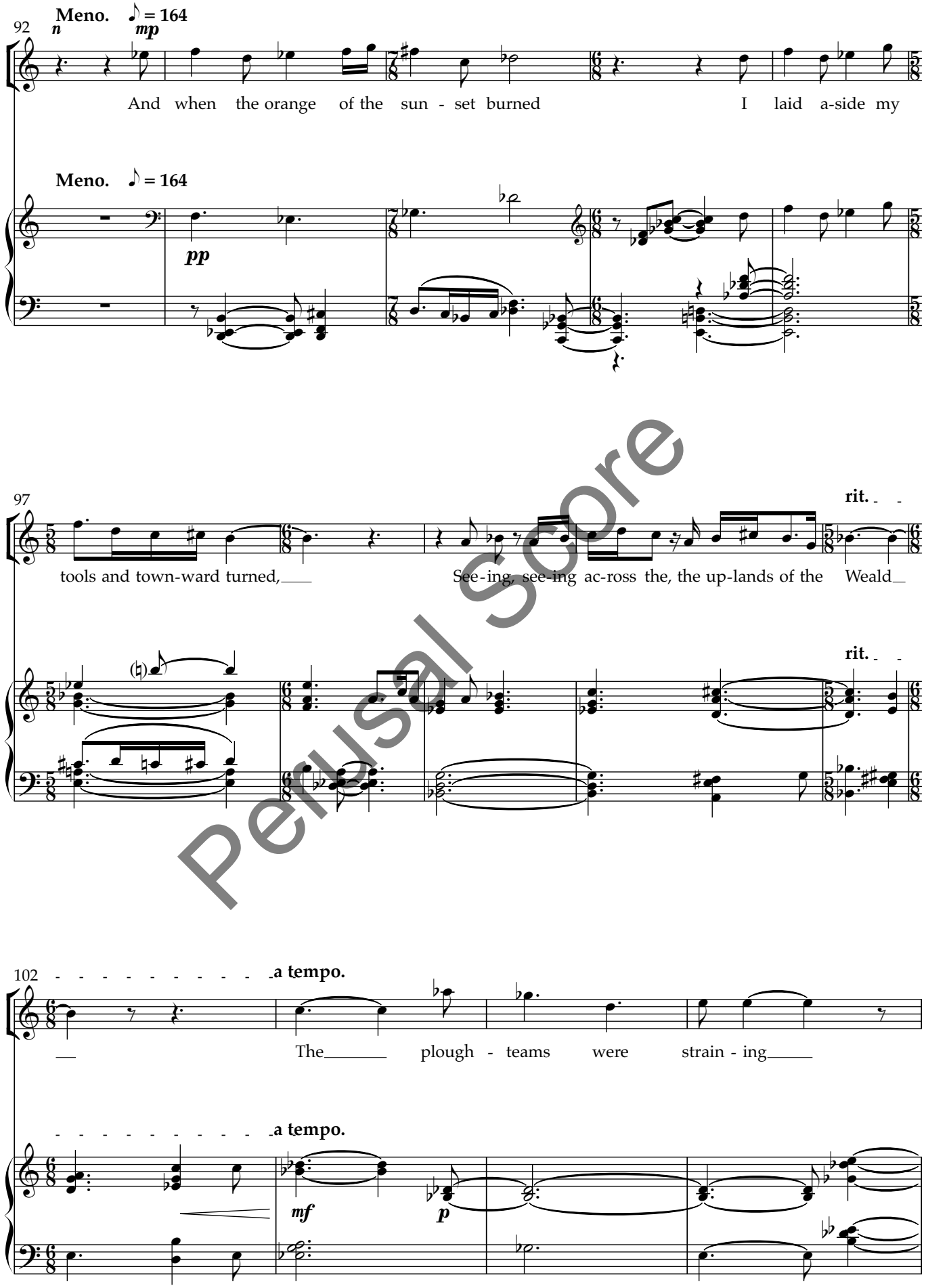
Perusal Score



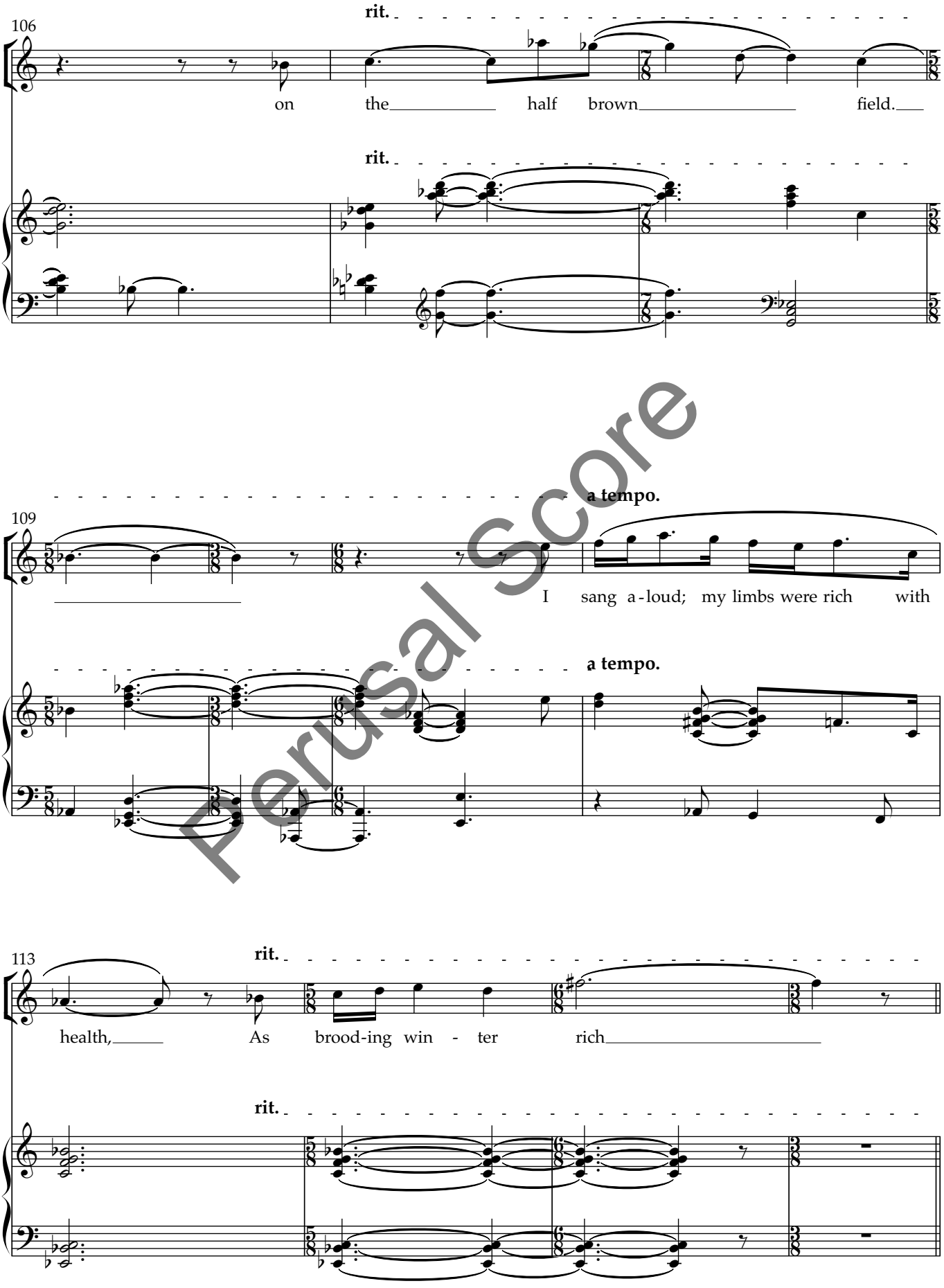
Perusal Score



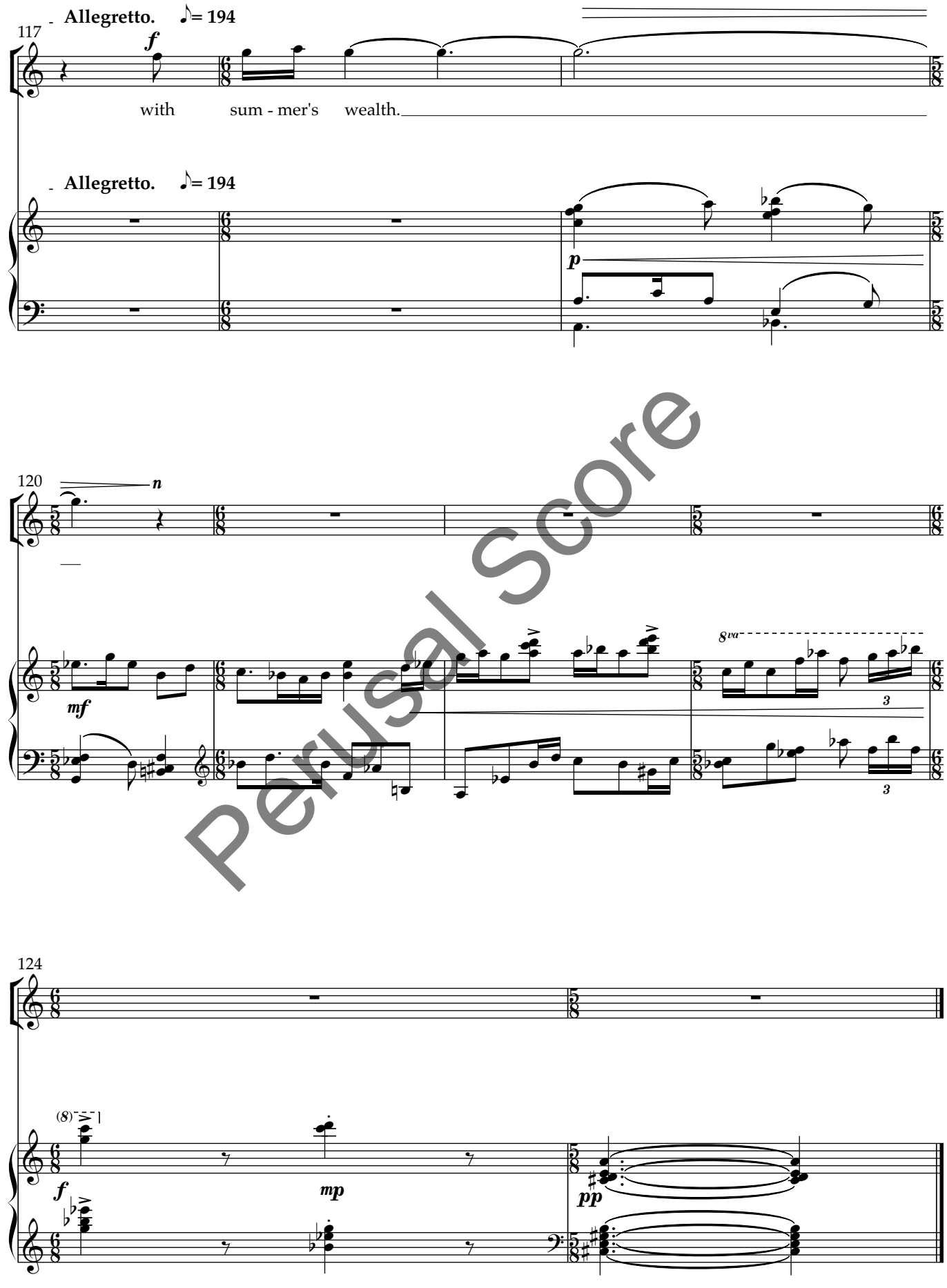
Perusal Score



Perusal Score

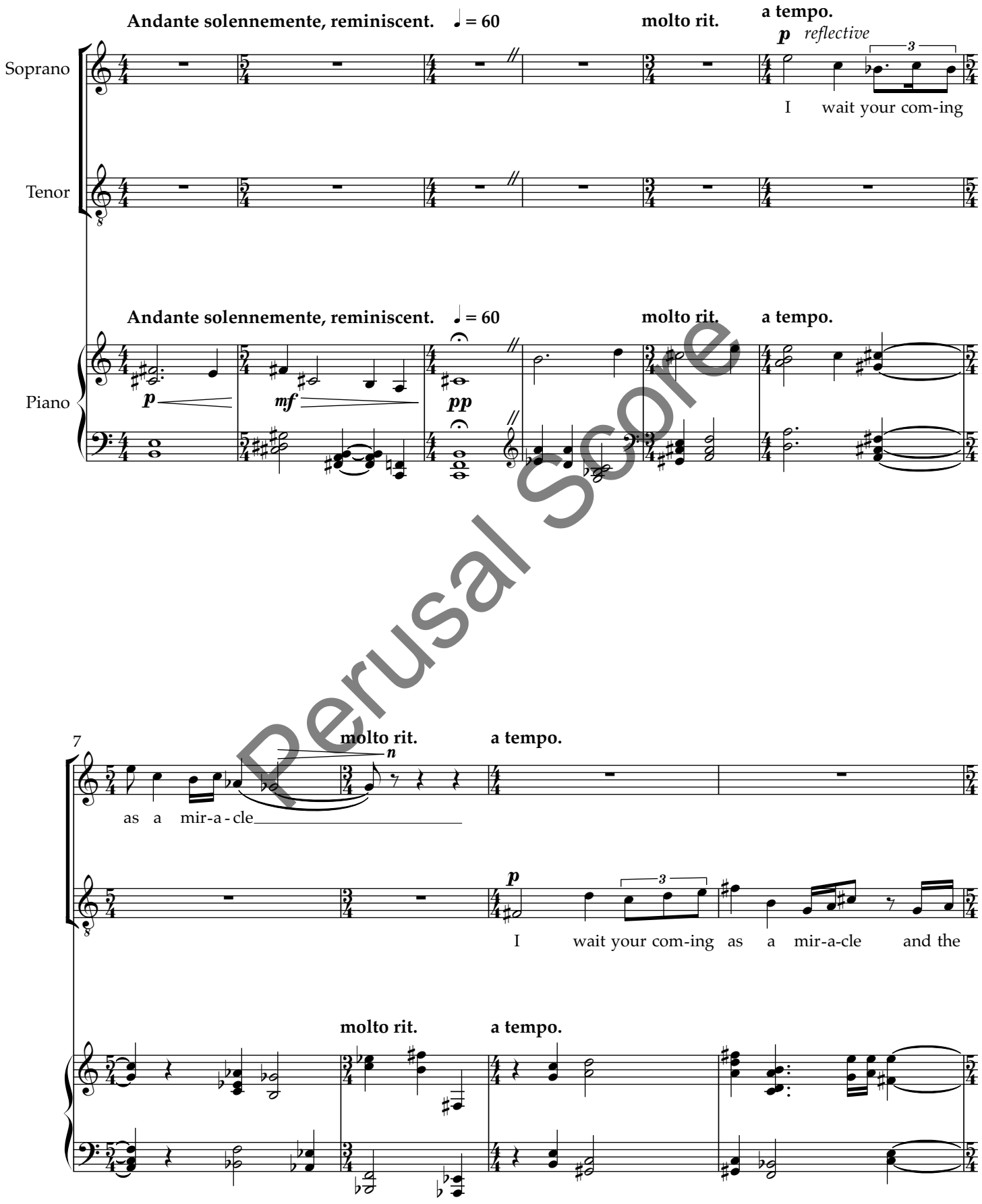


Perusal Score

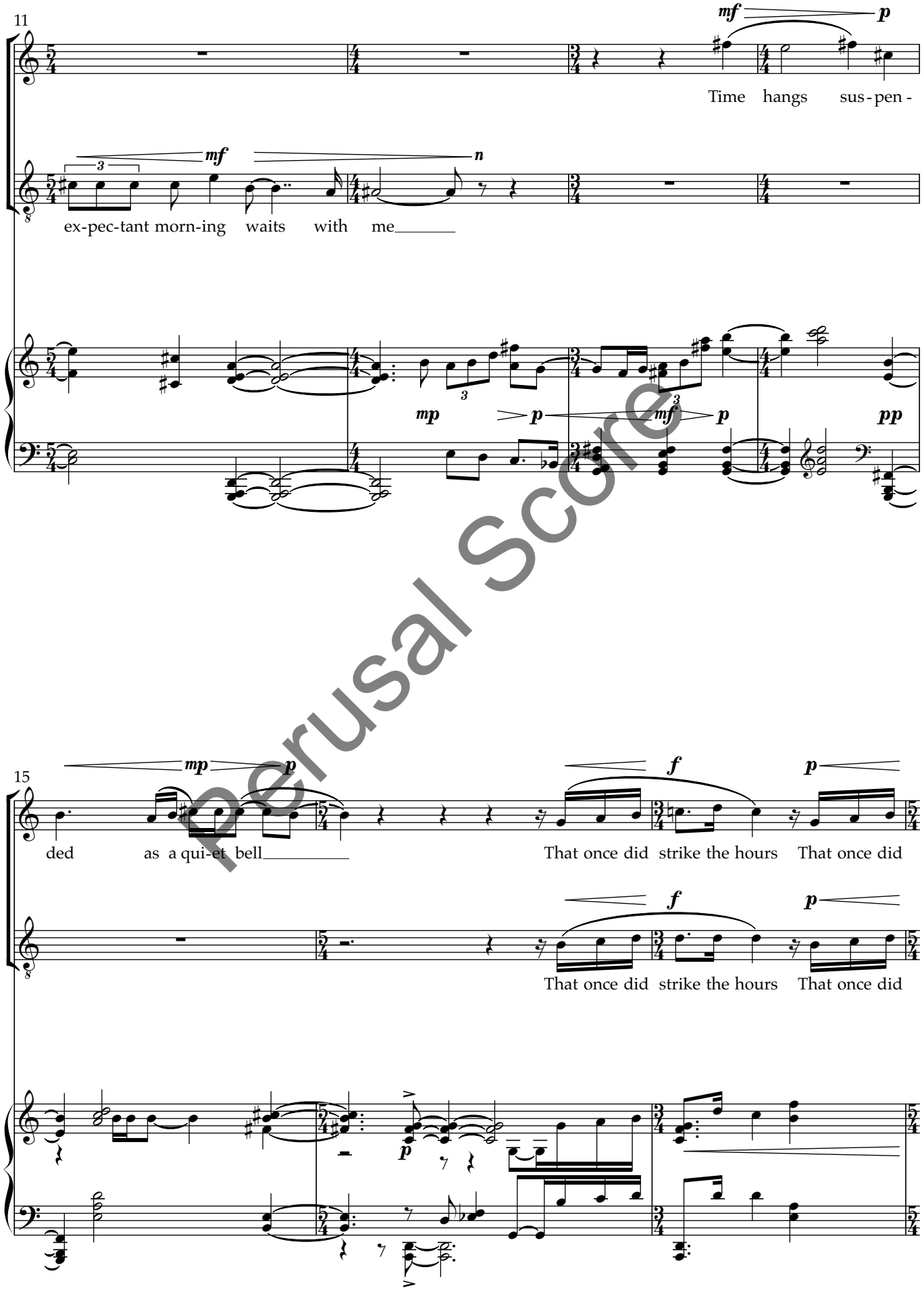


Perusal Score

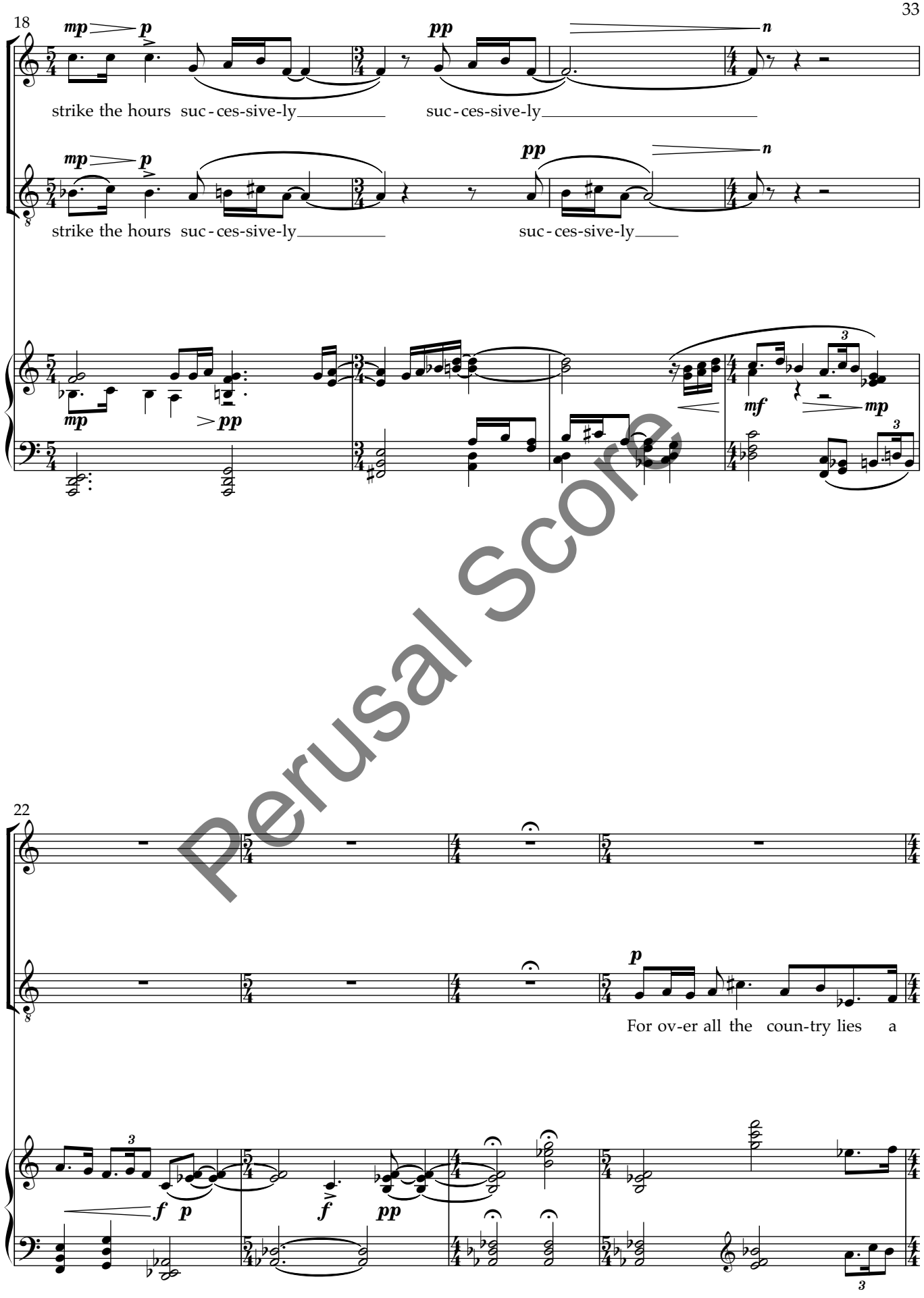
5. Before and Now



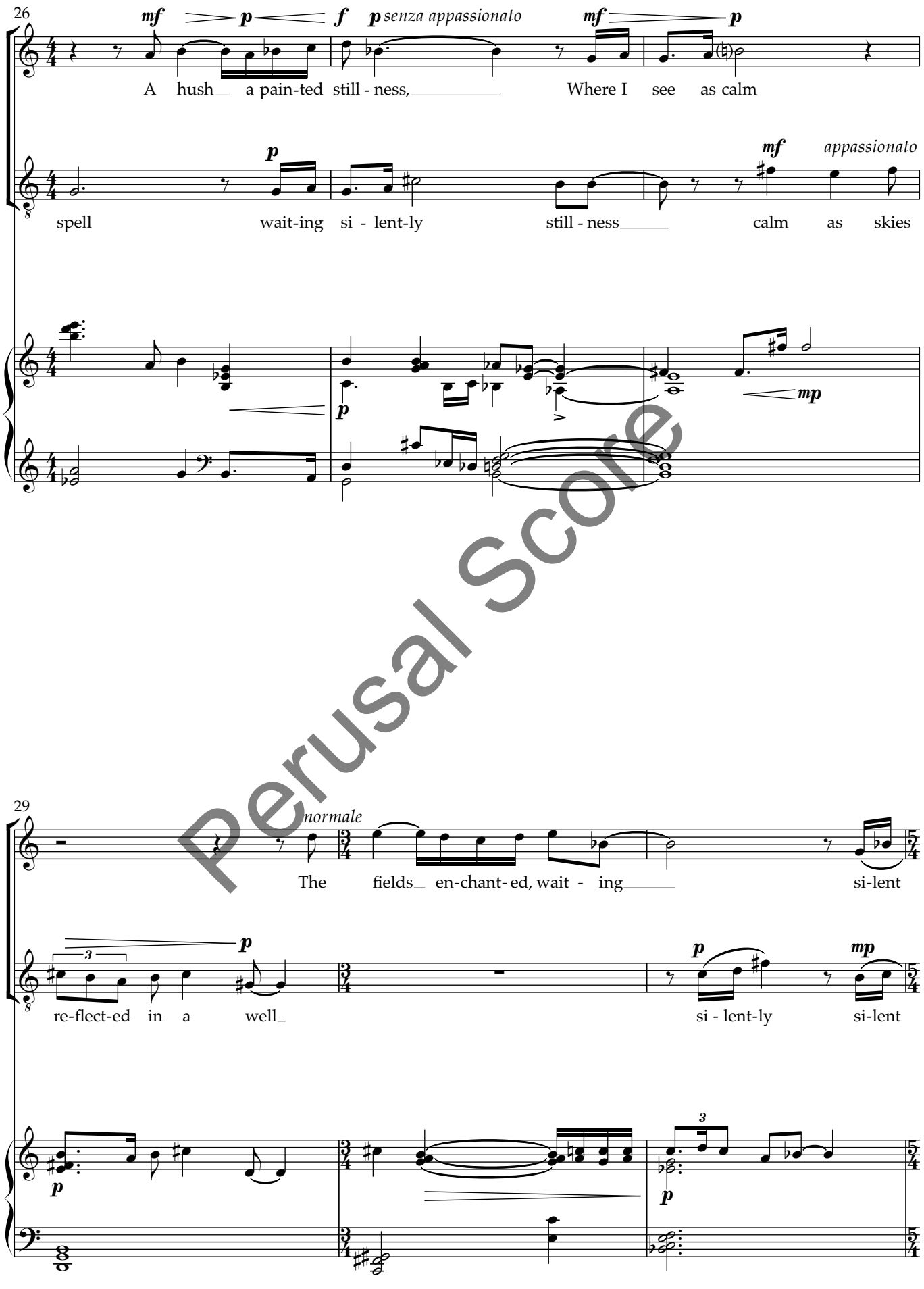
Perusal Score



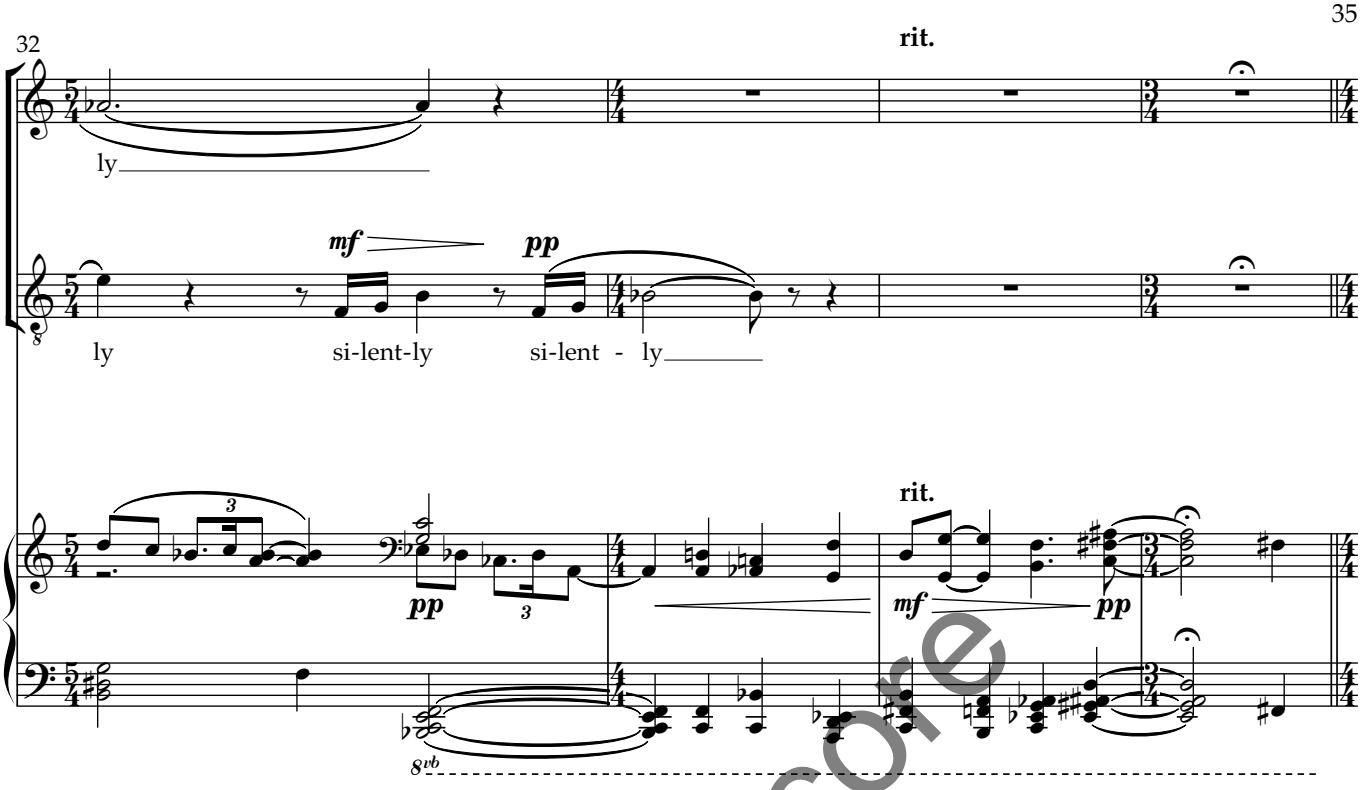
Perusal Score

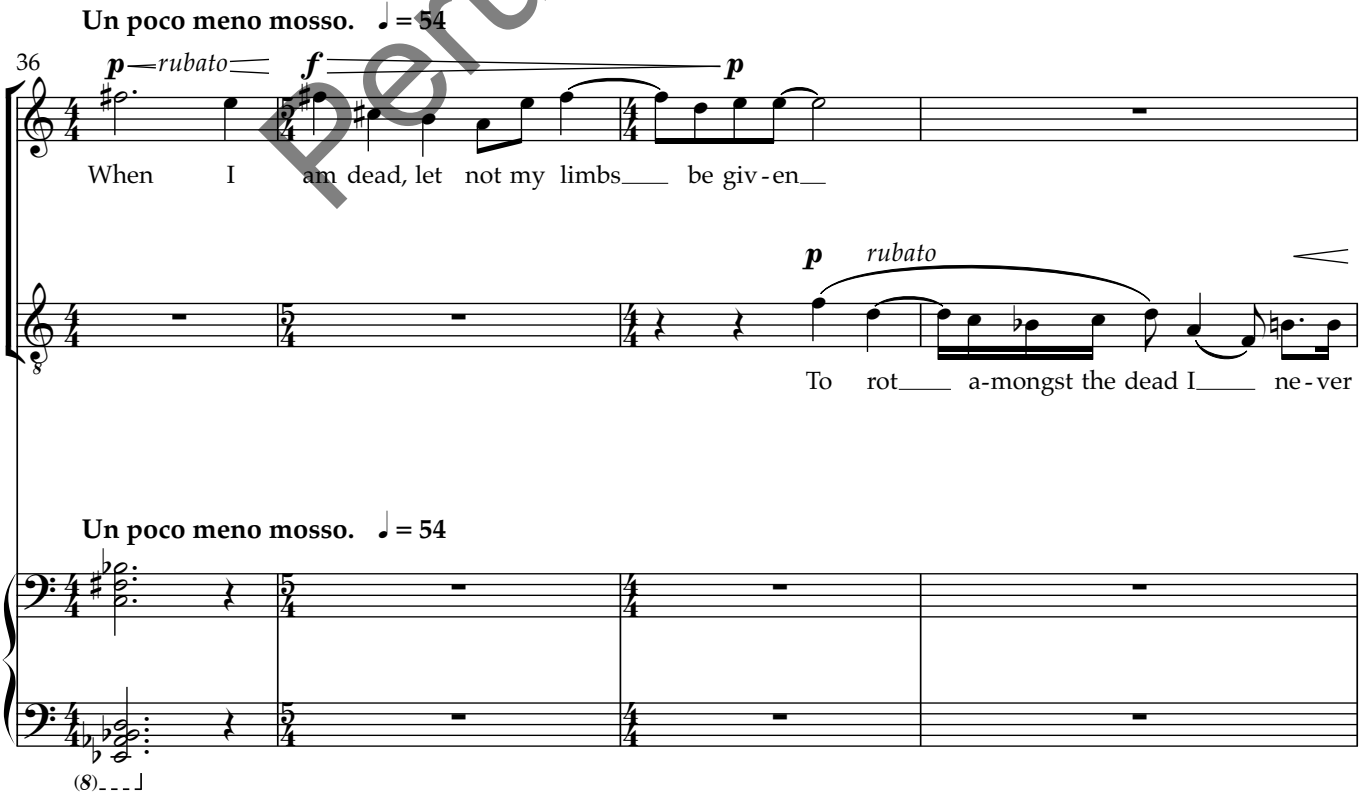


Perusal Score

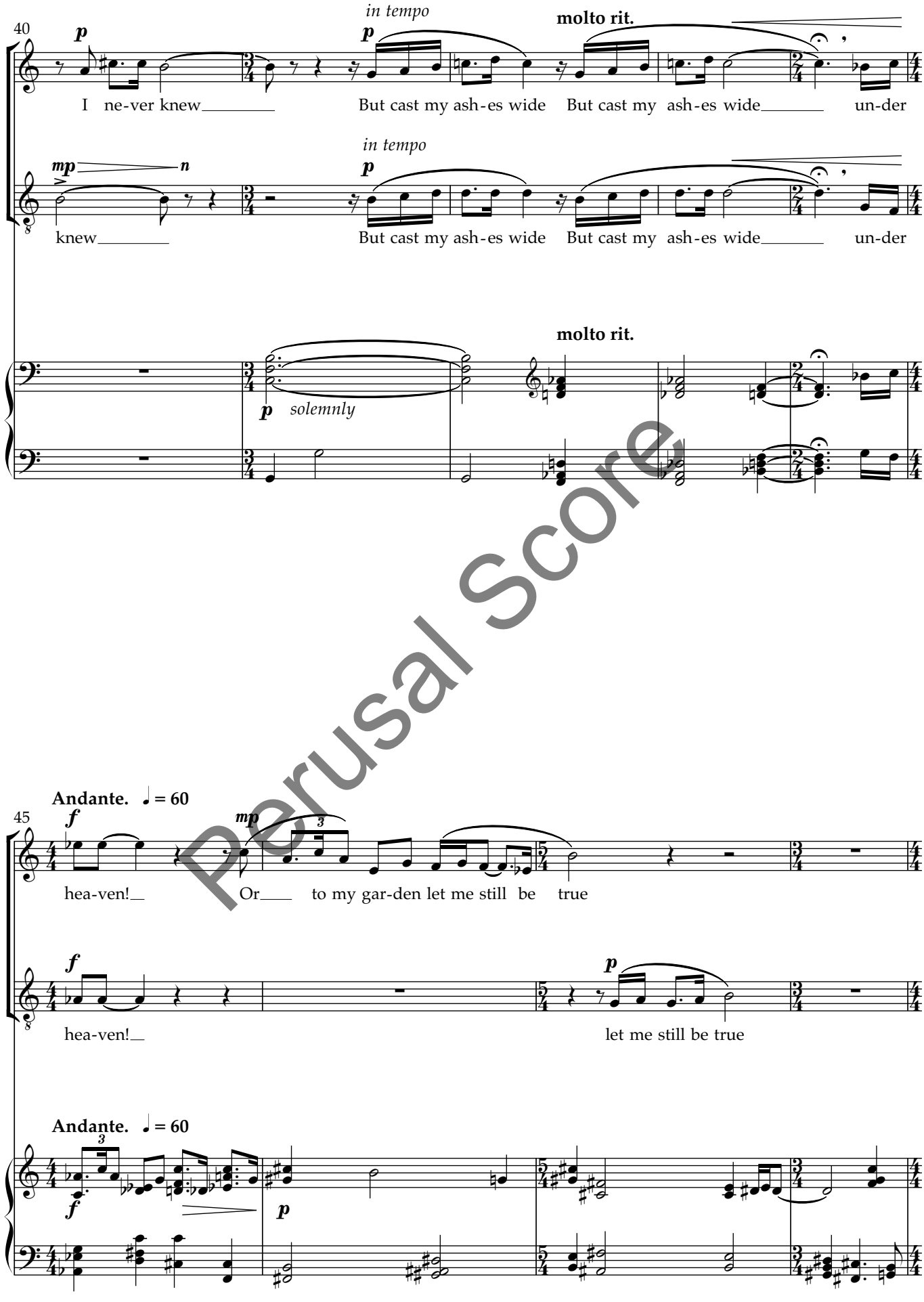


Perusal Score

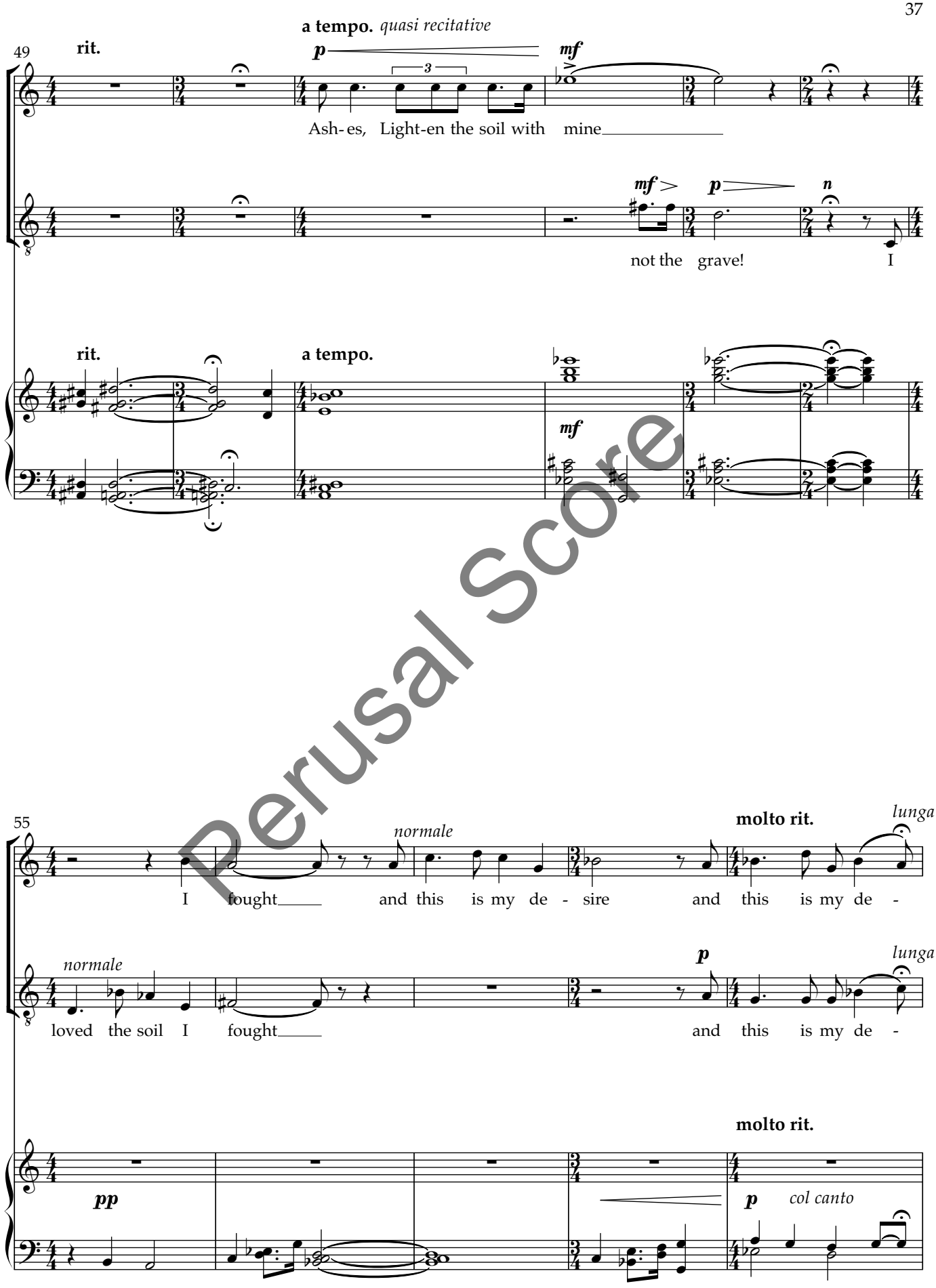




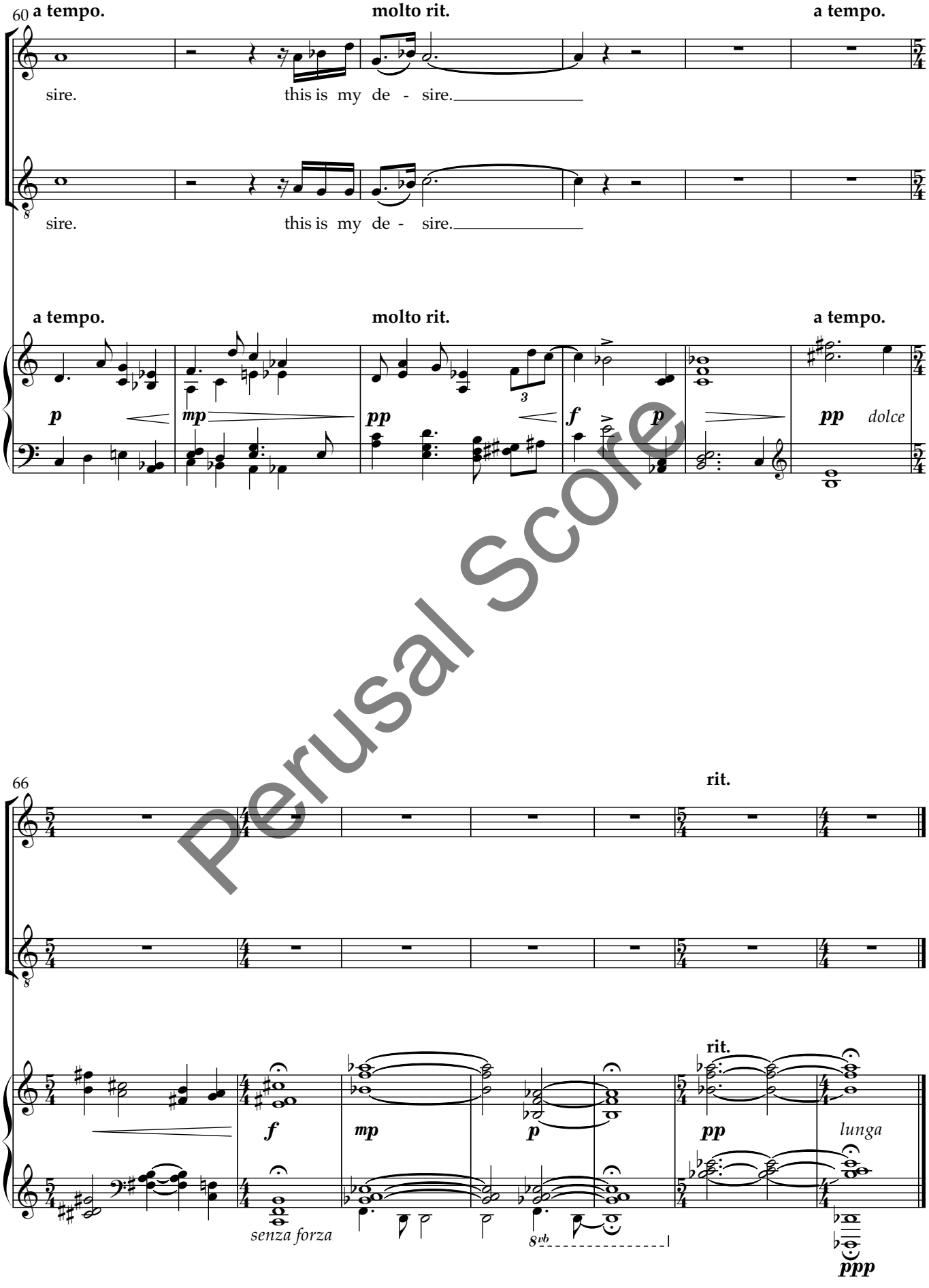
Perusal Score



Perusal Score



Perusal Score



Perusal Score