THREE POEMS
BY
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VOICE AND PIANO

JOHN MITCHELL
OP. 150 (2005)

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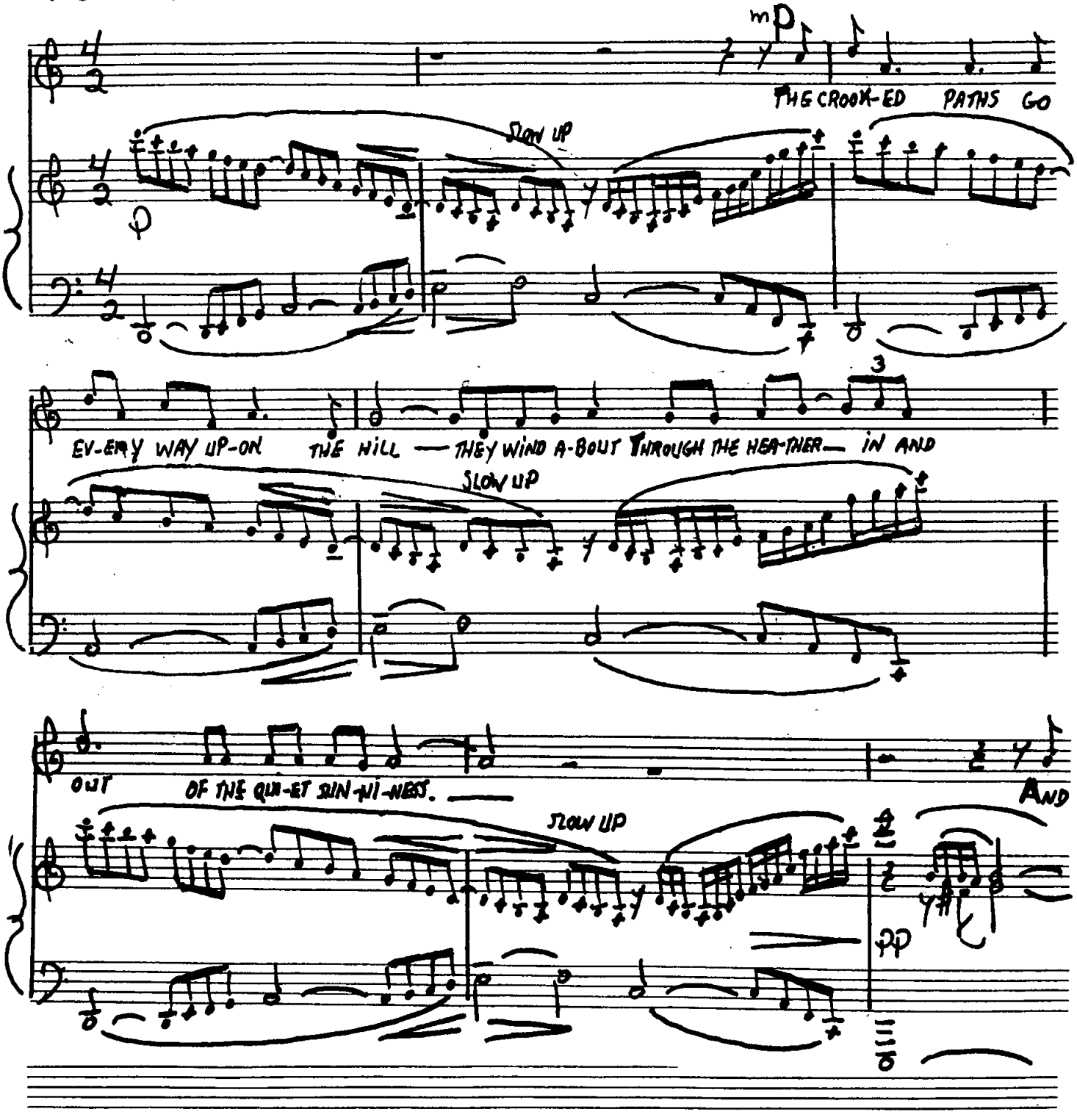
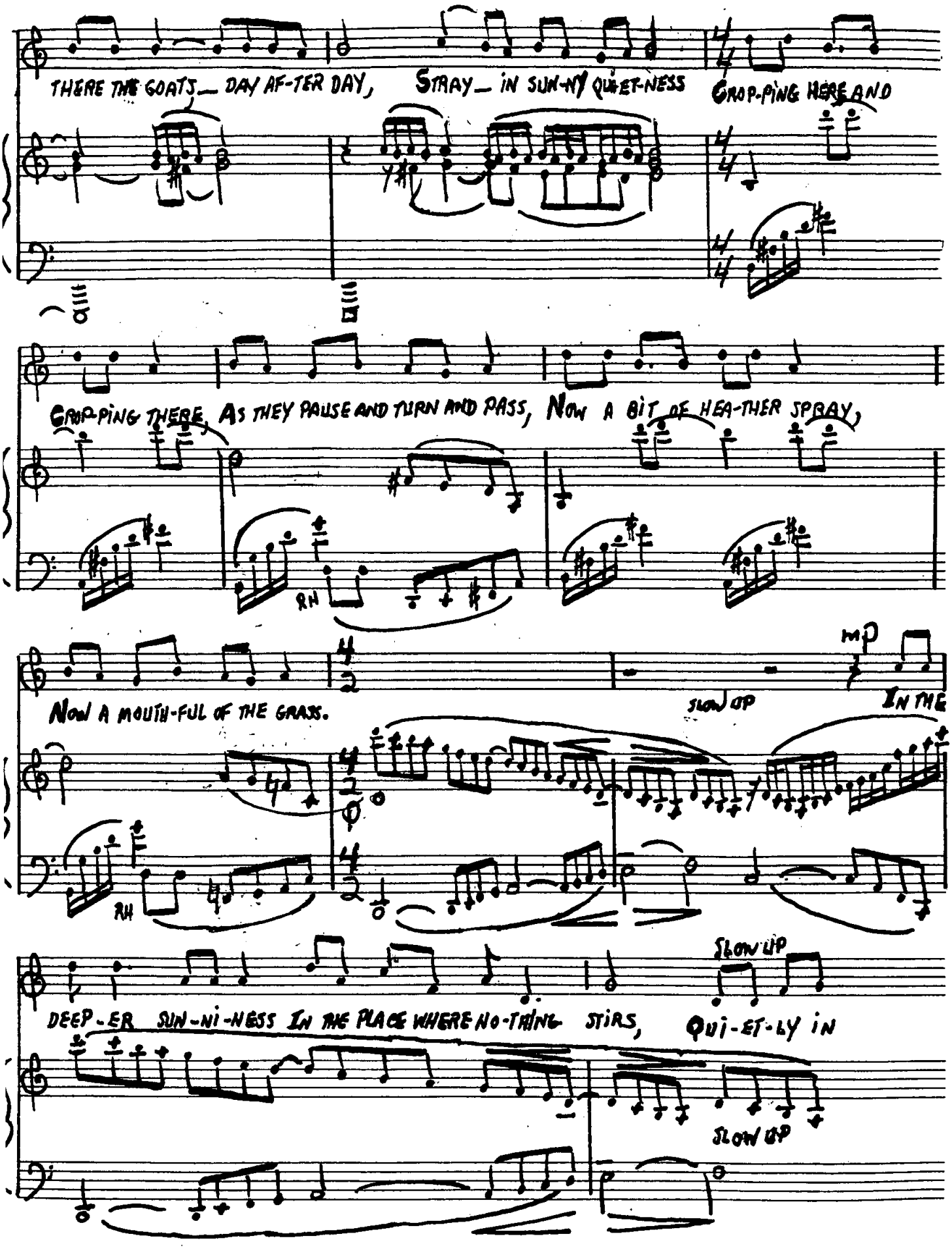
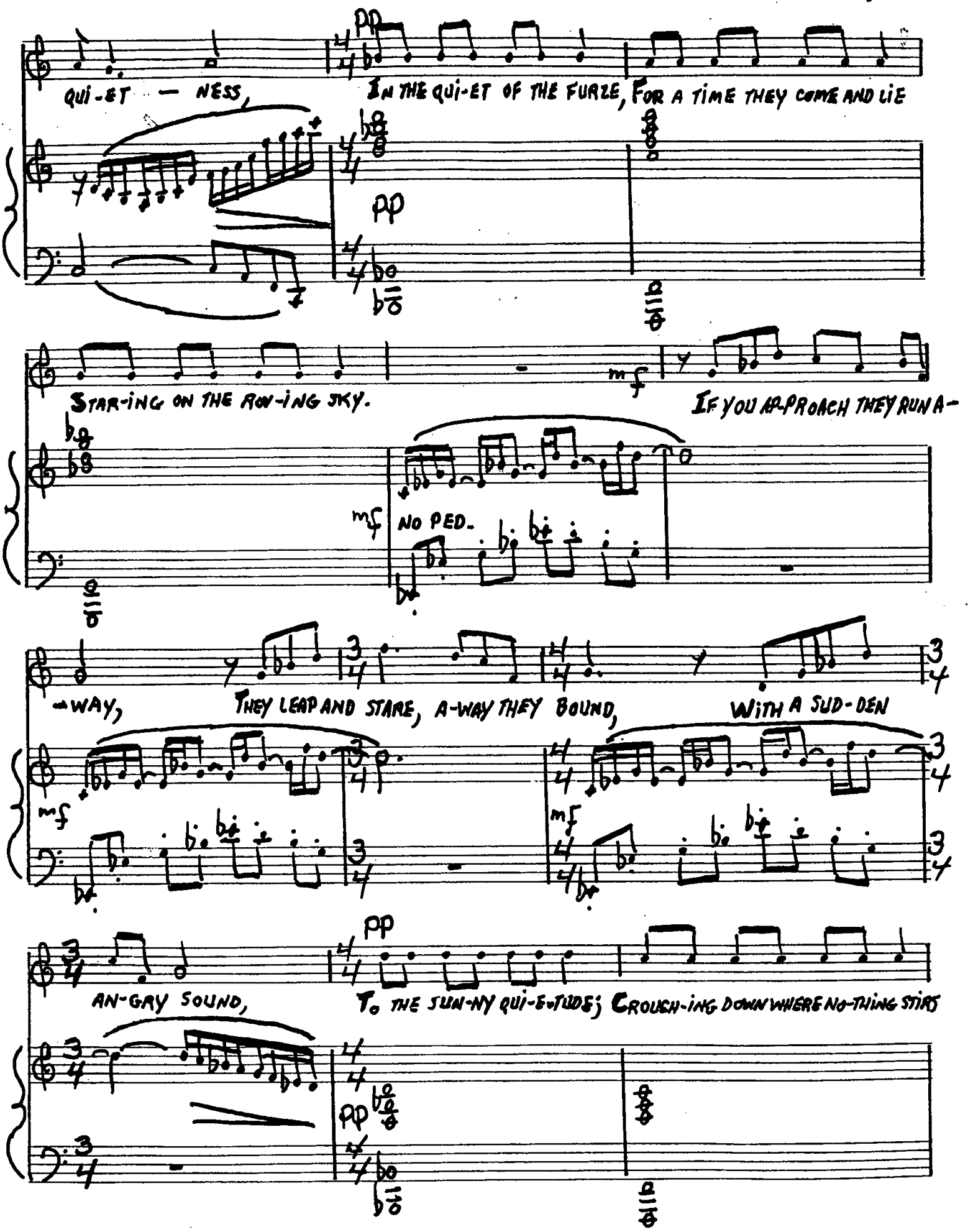
MUSIC PAPERS

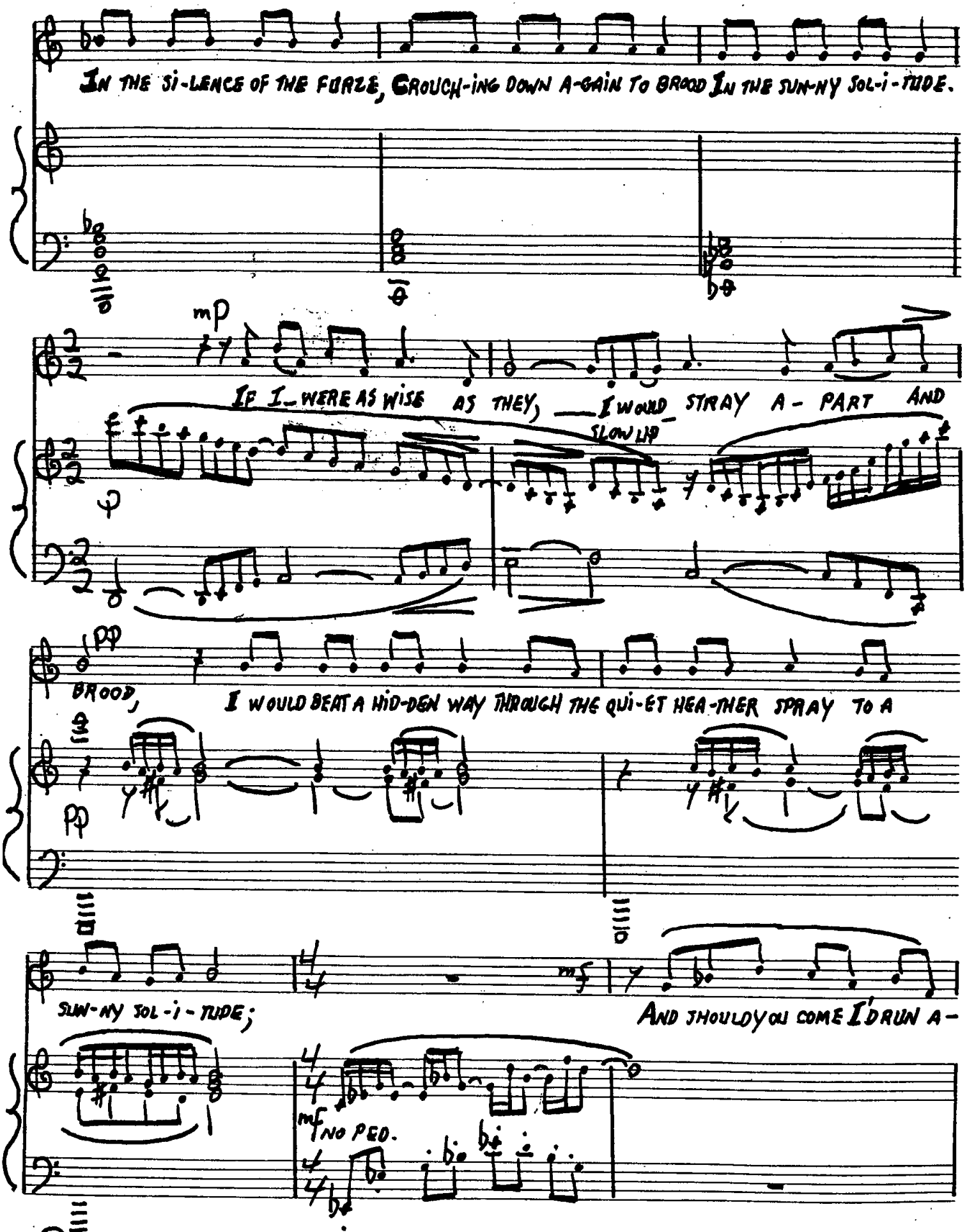
1. THE GOAT PATHS

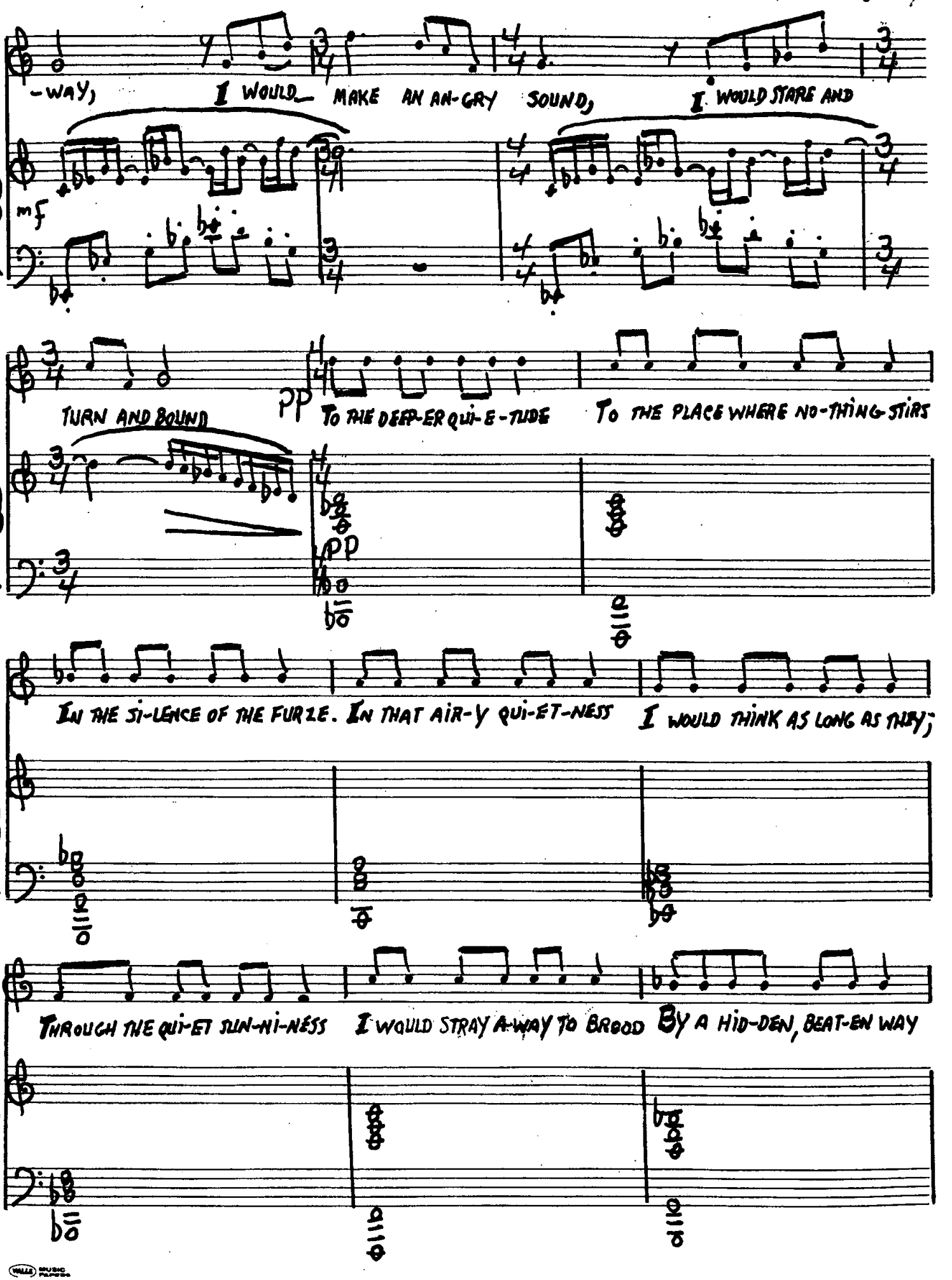
MEDIUM SLOW

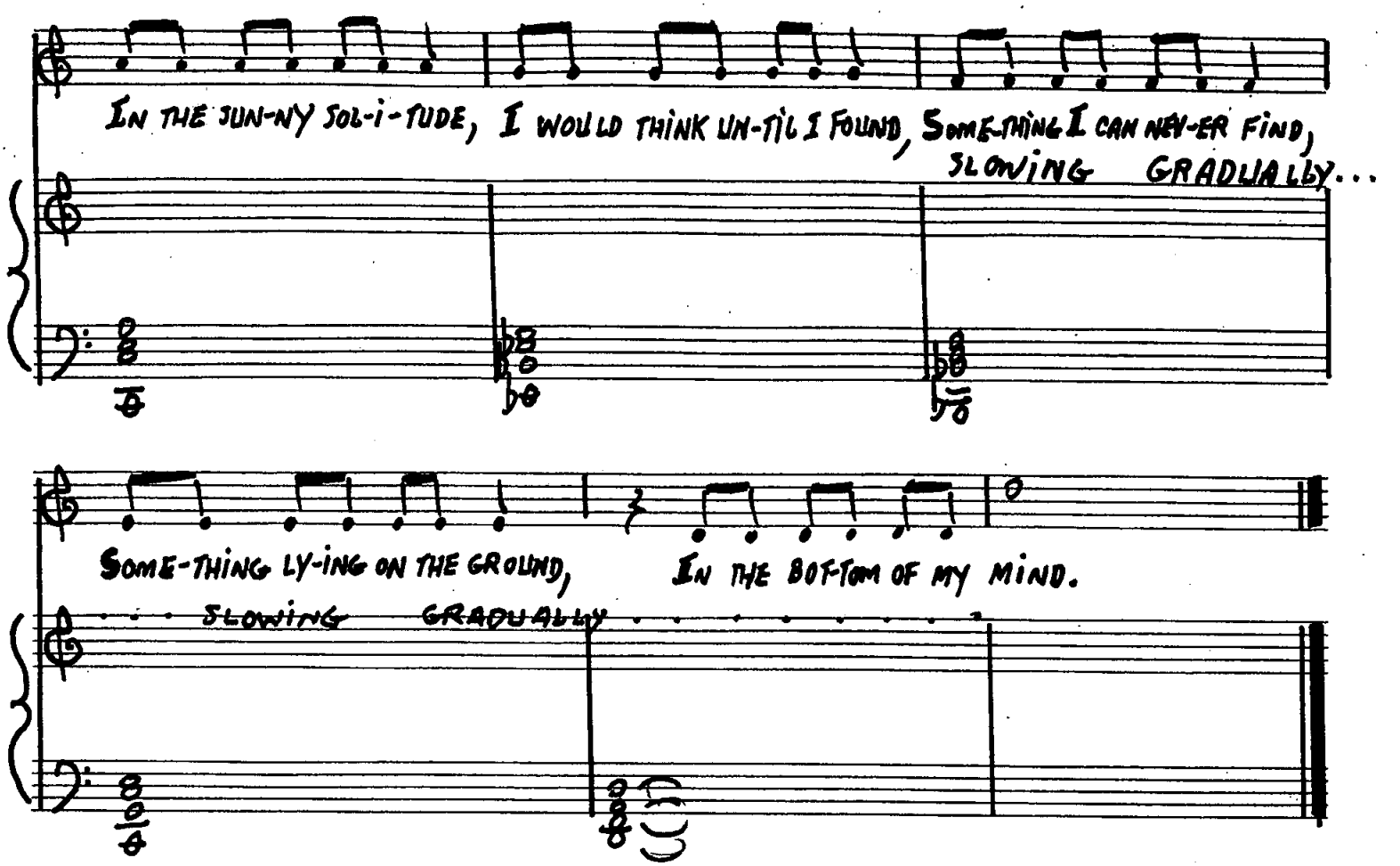



THERE THE GOATS— DAY AF-TER DAY, STRAY— IN SUN-NY QUIET-NESS GROP-PING HERE AND
GROP-PING THERE AS THEY PAUSE AND TURN AND PASS, NOW A BIT OF HEA-THER SPRAY,
RH
NOW A MOUTH-FUL OF THE GRASS.
mp
SLOW UP
IN THE
RH
SLOW UP
DEEP-ER SUN-NI-NESS IN THE PLACE WHERE NO-THING STIRS, QUI-ET-LY IN
SLOW UP


pp
QUI-ET — NESS,
IN THE QUI-ET OF THE FURZE, FOR A TIME THEY COME AND LIE
pp
mf
STAR-ING ON THE ROV-ING SKY.
IF YOU AP-PROACH THEY RUN A-
mf
NO PED.
-WAY,
THEY LEAP AND STARE, A-WAY THEY BOUND,
WITH A SUD-DEN
mf
mf
pp
AN-GRY SOUND,
TO THE SUN-NY QUI-E-TUDE; CROUCH-ING DOWN WHERE NO-THING STIRS
pp

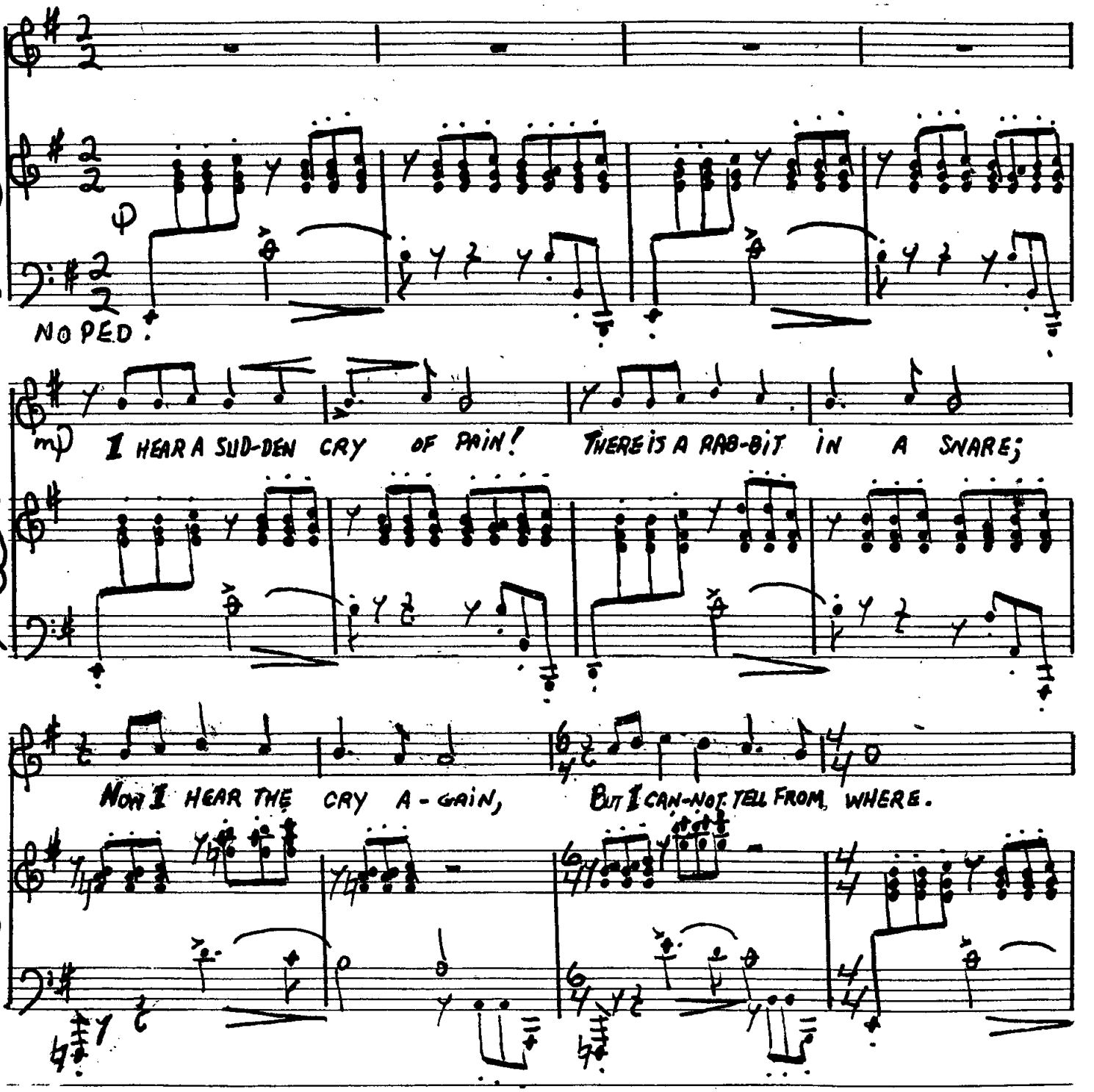

IN THE SI-LENCE OF THE FURZE, CROUCH-ING DOWN A-GAIN TO BROOD IN THE SUN-NY SOL-I-TUDE.
mp
IF I WERE AS WISE AS THEY, I WOULD STRAY A-PART AND
SLOW LY
pp
BROOD, I WOULD BEAT A HID-DEN WAY THROUGH THE QUI-ET HEA-THER SPRAY TO A
pp
SUN-NY SOL-I-TUDE;
mf
AND SHOULD YOU COME I'D RUN A-
mf NO PED.

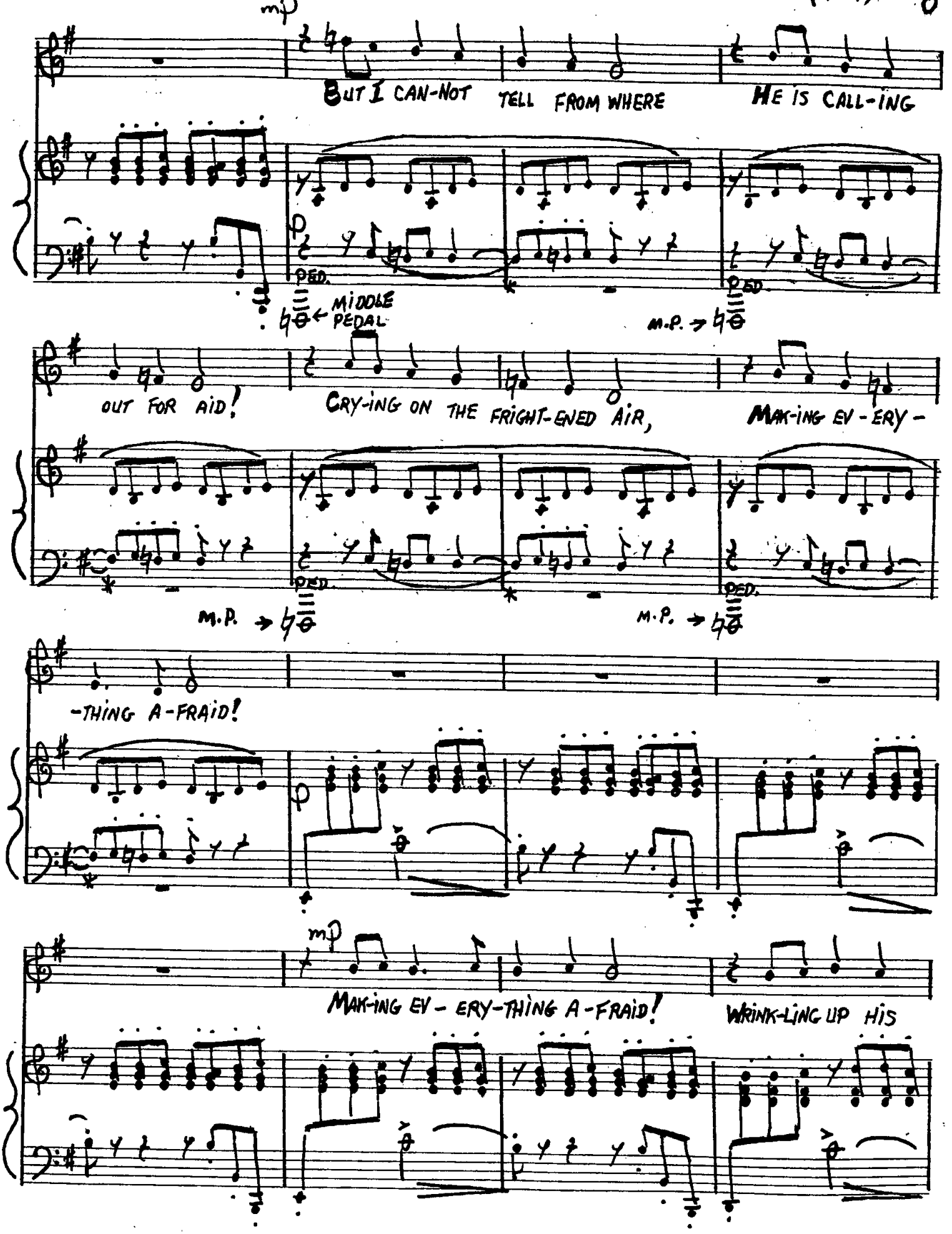

-WAY, I WOULD MAKE AN AN-GRY SOUND, I WOULD STARE AND
mf
TURN AND BOUND
pp
TO THE DEEP-ER QUI-E-TUDE
TO THE PLACE WHERE NO-THING STIRS
pp
IN THE SI-LENCE OF THE FURZE. IN THAT AIR-Y QUI-ET-NESS I WOULD THINK AS LONG AS THEY;
THROUGH THE QUI-ET SUN-NI-NESS I WOULD STRAY A-WAY TO BROOD BY A HID-DEN, BEAT-EN WAY

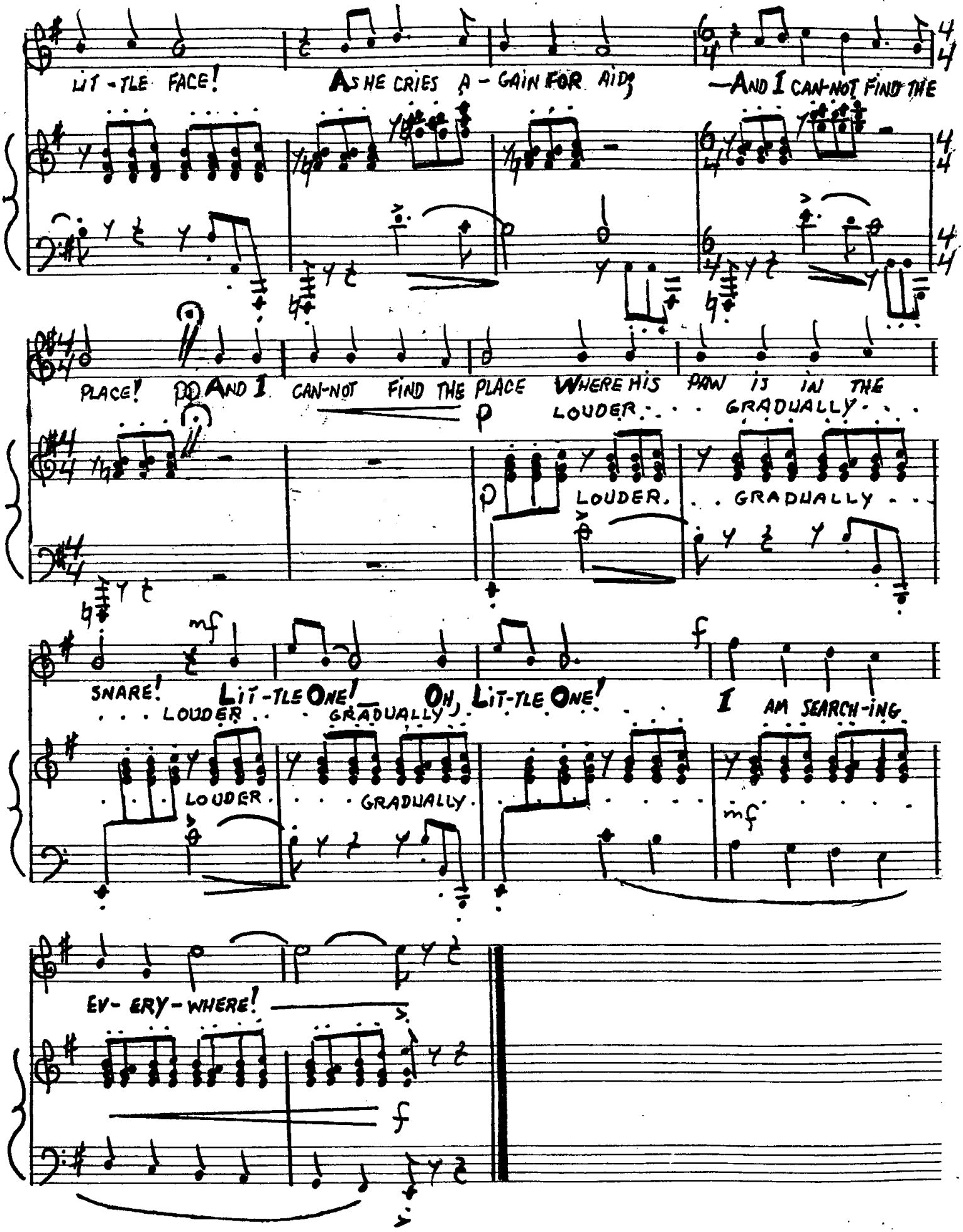

IN THE SUN-NY SOL-i-TUDE, I WOULD THINK UN-TIL I FOUND, SOME-THING I CAN NEV-ER FIND,
SLOWING GRADUALLY...
SOME-THING LY-ING ON THE GROUND, IN THE BOT-TOM OF MY MIND.
SLOWING GRADUALLY

2. THE SNARE

FAST MEDIUM

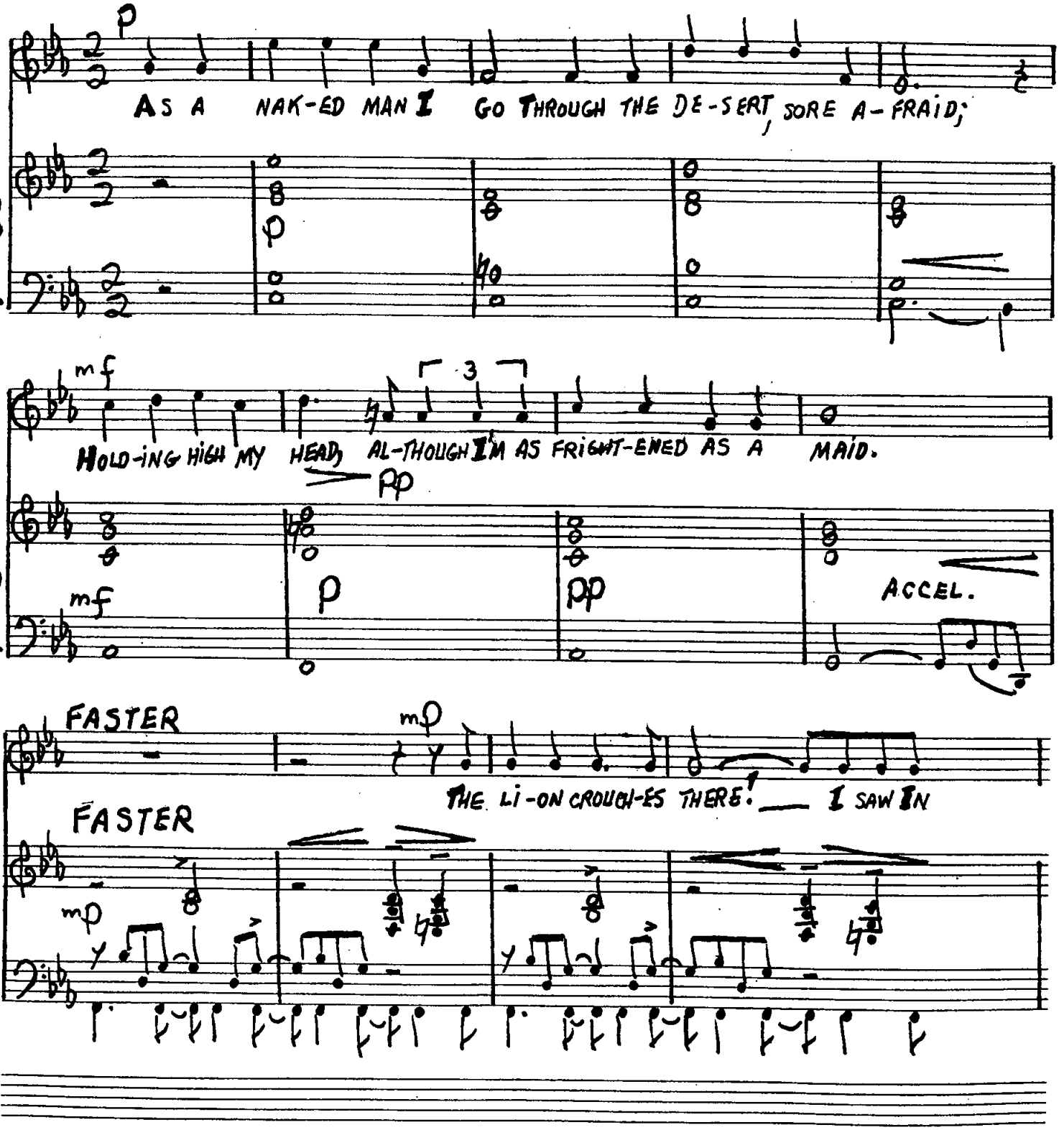


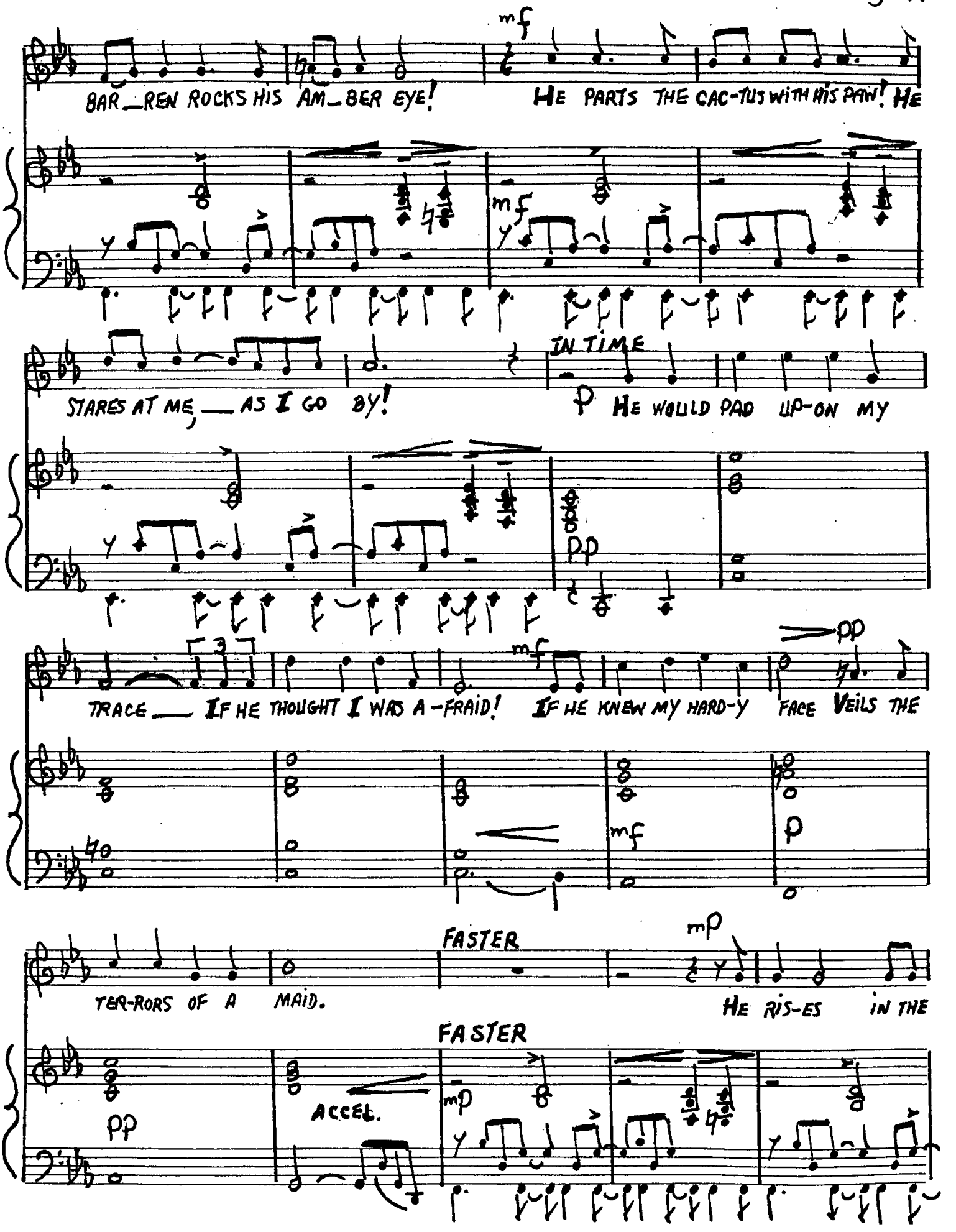

mp
BUT I CAN-NOT TELL FROM WHERE HE IS CALL-ING
PED.
MIDDLE PEDAL
M.P.
OUT FOR AID! CRY-ING ON THE FRIGHT-ENED AIR, MAK-ING EV-ERY-
PED.
M.P.
M.P.
-THING A-FRAID!
mp
MAK-ING EV-ERY-THING A-FRAID! WRINK-LING UP HIS

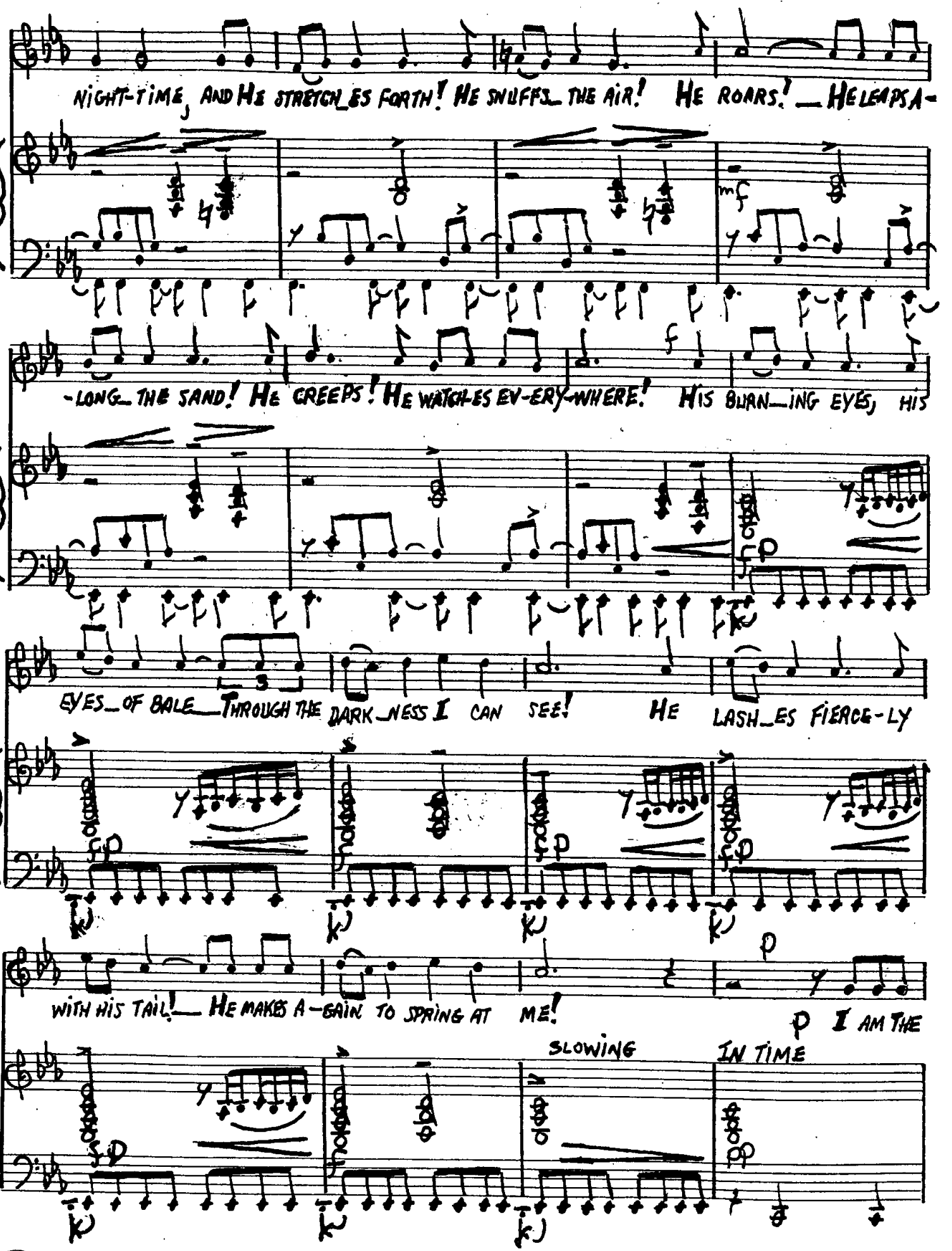

LIT-TLE FACE! AS HE CRIES A-GAIN FOR AID; —AND I CAN-NOT FIND THE
PLACE! pp AND I CAN-NOT FIND THE PLACE WHERE HIS PAW IS IN THE
p LOUDER. . . GRADUALLY. . .
p LOUDER. GRADUALLY
SNARE! LIT-TLE ONE! OH, LIT-TLE ONE! I AM SEARCH-ING
mf . . . LOUDER . . GRADUALLY.
LOUDER. GRADUALLY.
mf
EV-ERY-WHERE!
f

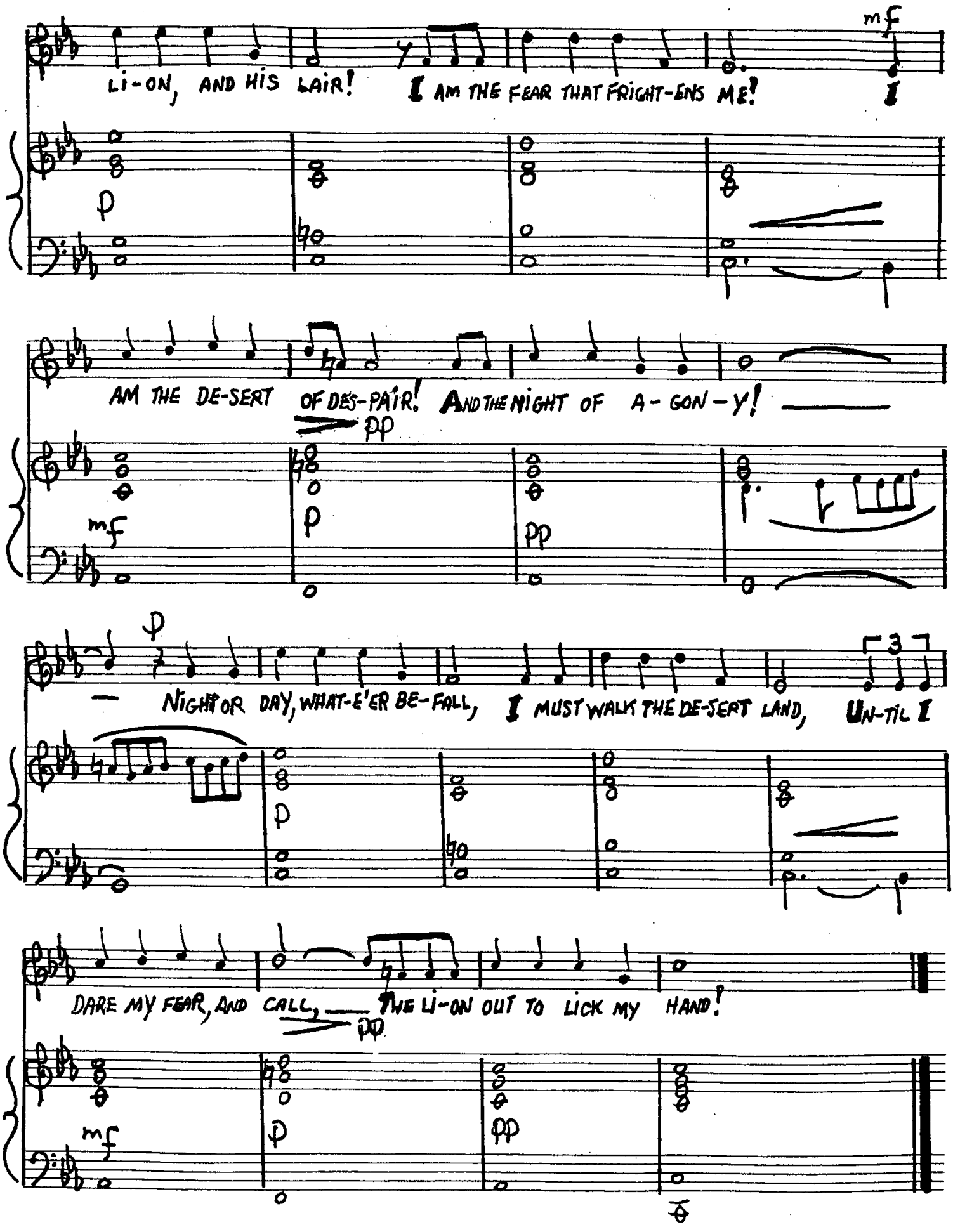
3. IN WASTE PLACES

MEDIUM SLOW




mf
BAR_REN ROCKS HIS AM_BER EYE!
HE PARTS THE CAC-TUS WITH HIS PAW! HE
mf
STARES AT ME, __ AS I GO BY!
IN TIME
p
HE WOULD PAD UP-ON MY
pp
TRACE __ IF HE THOUGHT I WAS A-FRAID!
mf
IF HE KNEW MY HARD-Y FACE VEILS THE
pp
mf
p
TER-RORS OF A MAID.
FASTER
mp
HE RIS-ES IN THE
FASTER
pp
ACCEL.
mp


NIGHT-TIME, AND HE STRETCH_ES FORTH! HE SNUFFS_ THE AIR! HE ROARS! _ HE LEAPS A-
-LONG_ THE SAND! HE CREEPS! HE WATCH-ES EV-ERY-WHERE! HIS BURN_ING EYES, HIS
EYES_ OF BALE_ THROUGH THE DARK_NESS I CAN SEE! HE LASH_ES FIERCE-LY
WITH HIS TAIL! _ HE MAKES A-GAIN TO SPRING AT ME!
I AM THE
SLOWING
IN TIME


LI-ON, AND HIS LAIR! I AM THE FEAR THAT FRIGHT-ENS ME!
mf
p
AM THE DE-SERT OF DES-PAIR! AND THE NIGHT OF A-GON-Y!
pp
mf
p
pp
— NIGHT OR DAY, WHAT-E'ER BE-FALL, I MUST WALK THE DE-SERT LAND, UN-TIL I
3
p
DARE MY FEAR, AND CALL, — THE LI-ON OUT TO LICK MY HAND!
pp
mf
p
pp