Assignment #2: Song
Due, January 27th, 2015

Compose a song, using one of the three texts given below. By “song,” I mean whatever you think that means, has meant, could mean.

You must use one of the three texts supplied below. The only other constraints are:

1) it should be 5 minutes or shorter
2) you take no part in the performance (it should be, ideally, for others in the class). Your job, come performance time, is to sit in the audience. Your score must try and communicate what you want to hear. Try to (seriously) take performability, score readability, and logistics into account.

Scores can be written by hand. Use a ruler. Recopy (several times). Space things as carefully as you can. Ask Madison and me about anything you want: feel free to show us preliminary copies so we can make suggestions.

There is no given “form” or “tradition” or “style” that you need to adhere to. Approach the assignment in good faith, musical seriousness, and think through the assignment deeply. Do your best to do something interesting and new and important to your own work. And, as usual, I encourage you to leave your comfort zone as much as possible.

You may decide how to approach the text you choose, but you must use one of the texts supplied, not your own. You don’t have to use the whole text, but you can.

We will perform each piece twice in class.

All scores are due to Madison (GoogleDocs) no later than 12 p.m., January 27th (we’ll start performing them that day, I hope). Five copies of the physical score should also be brought to class so that we can look at them in our seats. I’ll send out performance the schedule prior to that class
Texts
(I will tell you their provenance after the assignments are turned in)

Text 1
why
be so grandiose
just do something
now and then

Text 2
Set this down too:
I have pursued rhyme, image and metre,
Known all the clefts in which the foot may stick,
Stumbled often, stammered,
But in time the fading voice grows wise
And seizing the co-ordinate of all existence
Traces the inevitable graph.

Text 3
As I started from Dover
On a hot September day,
For the village of Wilmington
Six miles away.

The hills all looked beautiful,
The leaves they were so red.
I carried my trowel
Some mortar to spread.

I passed over the bridge
To a very pretty house
And there I commenced to plaster
As still as a mouse.

I found another mason,
And together we did hustle
To spread on the mortar
To please Mrs. Russell.

For she is the lady
So neat and so prim;
With feathers and ribbons
The hats she does trim.

C.M. Russell the orator,
And it is just my mind,
A smarter public speaker
It would be hard to find.

Text 4
What do we hear when we listen, if we really listen what do we really hear when
listening. It is necessary really to begin at the beginning. In the beginning is
listening. In the beginning is living. In this beginning in the very beginning
listening is living. In this very beginning listening is living, listening is hearing
living, hearing is listening to this very living. In this beginning to our thinking
about the matter of hearing we are listening and knowing that our listening is
living and feeling that. Hearing and feeling that. Listening and hearing that.
Living and listening and knowing that living. Is hearing that. Is feeling that. Is
listening. Is listening to that. Is listening to that what. To that which is. This is that
which is. SILENCE.