

To Go To Lvov

for the Providence String Quartet

Stephan Moore

based on the poem by Adam Zagajewski
and translated by Renata Gorczynski

Score

♩ = 72

To go to Lvov. Which station for Lvov, if not in a dream, at dawn, when dew gleams on a suitcase, when express
trains and bullet trains are being born. To leave in haste for Lvov, night or day, in September or in March. But

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

only if Lvov exists,

if it is to be found within the frontiers and not just in my new passport,

if lances of trees –

of poplar and ash –

14

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

f *mp* *f*

f *mp* *f*

f *mp* *f*

f *mp* *f*

still breathe aloud

like Indians,

and if streams mumble their dark Esperanto,

and grass snakeslike soft signs in the Russian language disappear into thickets.

20

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

mp *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

mp *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

mp *pp* *p* *mf*

mp *pp* *p* *mf*

To pack and set off, to leave without a trace, at noon, to vanish like fainting maidens. And burdocks, green armies of burdocks,

28

Vln. I *arco* *ff* *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *f*

Vln. II *arco* *ff* *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *f*

Vla. *arco* *ff* *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *f*

Vc. *arco* *ff* *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *f*

and below, under the canvas of a Venitian café, the snails converse about eternity. But the cathedral rises, you remember, so straight, as straight as

34

Vln. I *p* *ff* *f* *mp*

Vln. II *p* *ff* *f* *mp*

Vla. *p* *ff* *f* *mp*

Vc. *p* *ff* *f* *mp*

Sunday and white napkins and a bucket full of raspberries standing on the floor; And my desire which wasn't born yet, only gardens and weeds and the amber of Queen Anne cherries,

40

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

mf *ff* *p*

mf *ff* *p*

mf *ff* *p*

mf *ff* *p*

and indecent Fredro. There was always too much of Lvov, no one could comprehend its boroughs, hear the murmur of each stone scorched by the sun,

48

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

f *mp* *mf* *p*

f *mp* *mf* *p*

f *mp* *mf* *p*

f *mp* *mf* *p*

at night the Orthodox church's silence was unlike that of the cathedral, the Jesuits baptized plants, leaf by leaf, but they grew,

54

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

f *pp*

f *pp*

f *pp*

f *pp*

grew so mindlessly, and joy hovered everywhere, in hallways and in coffee mills revolving by themselves, in blue teapots, in starch, which was the first formalist,

60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

mp *f* *mp* *f*

mp *f* *mp* *f*

mp *f* *mp* *f*

mp *f* *mp* *f*

in drops of rain

and in the thorns of roses.

Frozen forsythia yellowed by the window.

The bells pealed and the air vibrated,

the cornets of nuns sailed

68

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

ff *mf* *f*

ff *mf* *f*

ff *mf* *f*

ff *mf* *f*

like schooners near the theater; there was so much of the world

that it had to do encores over and over,

the audience was frenzy and didn't want to leave the house.

My aunts

75

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

mp *f* *ff* *mf*

mp *f* *ff* *mf*

mp *f* *ff* *mf*

mp *f* *ff* *mf*

couldn't have known yet that I'd resurrect them, and lived so trustfully; so singly; servants, clean and ironed, ran for fresh cream, inside

82

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for measures 82 through 87. It features four staves: Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Violoncello. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The Violin I part has a melodic line with several triplets and slurs. The Violin II part provides harmonic support with similar rhythmic patterns. The Viola and Violoncello parts play a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned above the staves, with measure numbers 82-87 aligned with the corresponding measures of music.

the houses a bit of anger and great expectation, Brzozowski came as a visiting lecturer; one of my uncles kept writing a poem entitled *Why*, dedicated to the Almighty,

88

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for measures 88 through 93. It features the same four staves as the previous block: Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Violoncello. The music continues in the same key and time signature. The Violin I part has a more active melodic line with many triplets and slurs. The Violin II part continues with harmonic support. The Viola and Violoncello parts maintain their rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned above the staves, with measure numbers 88-93 aligned with the corresponding measures of music.

and there was too much of Lvov, it brimmed the container; it burst glasses, overflowed each pond, lake, smoked through every chimney, turned to fire, storm,

95

Vln. I *f* *p* *f* *mf*

Vln. II *f* *p* *f* *mf*

Vla. *f* *p* *f* *mf*

Vc. *f* *p* *f* *mf*

laughed with lightning, grew meek, returned home, read the New Testament slept on a sofa beside the Carpathian rug, there was too much of Lvov, and now

101

Vln. I *ff* *mp* *pp* *p* *mf*

Vln. II *ff* *mp* *pp* *p* *mf*

Vla. *ff* *mp* *pp* *p* *mf*

Vc. *ff* *mp* *pp* *p* *mf*

there isn't any, it grew relentlessly and the scissors cut it, chilly gardeners as always in May, without mercy, without love, ah, wait till warm June comes with soft ferns,

108

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

f *f* *f* *mp* *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

boundless fields of summer, i.e., the reality. But scissors cut it, along the line and through the fiber; tailors, gardeners, censors cut the body and the wreaths, pruning shears worked

117

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

pp *mp* *mf* *f* *pp* *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

diligently, as in a child's cutout along the dotted line of a roe deer or a swan. Scissors, penknives, and razor blades scratched, cut, and shortened the voluptuous dresses

125

detached

mf (non-detached) *f* *ff*

detached

mf (non-detached) *f* *ff*

detached

mf (non-detached) *f* *ff*

detached

mf *f* *ff*

131

of prelates, of squares and houses, and trees fell soundlessly, as in a jungle and the cathedral trembled, people bade goodbye without handkerchiefs,

p *p* *p* *pp*

no tears, such a dry mouth, I won't see you anymore, so much death awaits you, why must every city become Jerusalem and every man a Jew, and now in a hurry just pack, always, each day,

137

Vln. I *pp* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vln. II *pp* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vla. *pp* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vc. *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf*

and go breathless, go to Lvov, after all it exists, quiet and pure as a peach. It is everywhere.

146

Vln. I *f* *ff* *p*

Vln. II *f* *ff* *p*

Vla. *f* *ff* *p*

Vc. *f* *ff* *p*