

# Narcissus and Echo

Duration: 4:00

Text: Fred Chappell  
Music: Jonathon Roberts

Distant, Longing ♩ = 64-72

Soprano 1

Soprano 2

Piano

*p*

*delicate*

*crescendo*

Em - ber of air - y long - ing;

S 1

Pno.

*mp*

*more urgently mp*

*mf*

*decresc.*

ache of un - be - ing. Em - ber of air - y long - ing; ache of un - be - ing

*mp*

*crescendo*

S 1

Pno.

More Intense

More Intense

*mf* *deliberate*

*slight accel.*

*slight accel.*

Slightly Faster, Rubato ♩ = 72-80

S 1

S 2

Shall the wa - ter not re - mem - ber my hand's slow ges - ture,

Pno.

S 1

S 2

Em - ber of air - y chas - ing a - bove its mir - ror my half i - mag - in - ar - y por - trait? My on - ly be -

Pno.

S 1

S 2

long - ing is - my beaut - y, ache of un - be - ing. long - ing is my beaut - y, which I take a - way and then re - turn, as love teas - ing

Pno.

Flowing, Rubato  $\text{♩} = 114-124$

S 1  
*accel. mf* the one be - ing whose grat - i - tude I treas - ure.  
*accel.* *ritard*

S 2  
*accel.* play - ful - ly the one be - ing whose grat - i - tude I trea - sure moves me.  
*mf* *accel.* *ritard* *mp*

Pno.  
*mp* *accel.* *mp* *crescendo* *accel.* *mf* *ritard* *p*

Slow, Firm  $\text{♩} = 60-68$  Sudden Energy  $\text{♩} = 108-116$

S 1  
*mf* Is your heart not stone?  
*mf*

S 2

Pno.  
*mf* *rubato* *f* *9* *10*

S 1

S 2

Pno.  
*sf* *5* *mp* *6* *mf* *9* *sf* *5* *mp* *mf* *steady rhythm* *mp*

35 Tempo slightly relaxed, still urgent *mf* expansive

S 1 Em - ber of air - y long - ing;

S 2 *rubato mf* Shall the wat - er not re - mem - ber my hand's slow ges - ture, *with suppressed energy mf*

Pno. *mf* building

39 *ritard* Slower  $\text{♩} = 96-104$  fluid *mp* *mf* *molto rit.*

S 1 trac - ing a - bove its mir - ror my half i - mag - i - nar - y

S 2 *ritard* fluid *mp* *mf* *molto rit.* trac - ing a - bove its mir - ror my half i - mag - i - nar - y

Pno. *loco* *f* *ritard* *mp* *sf* *molto rit.*

42 *mp* *rubato* *f* *mp* Freely, recitative ( $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 84$ )

S 1 por - trait? Ache of un - be - ing.

S 2 *mp* *mf* por - trait? My on - ly be - long - ing is my beaut - y,

Pno. *firm* *mf* *mp* *mf* Freely, recitative ( $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 84$ )

45 *Flowing* ♩ = 96-104 *mf*

S 1 *Ache of one*

S 2 *a tempo* *flowing*  
 which I take a-way and then re - turn, as love teas - ing play - ful - ly the one

Pno. *Flowing* ♩ = 96-104 *a tempo* *mf* *mp*

48 *expressive, urgent* *ritard* *decresc.* *Faster, Building* ♩ = 108-116

S 1 *be - ing whose grat - i - tude I treas - ure moves me.*

S 2 *expressive, urgent* *decresc.* *ritard* *mf* *bushed intensity* *freely*  
 be - ing whose grat - i - tude I treas - ure moves me. I live a -

Pno. *mf* *ritard* *mp* *f* *mp* *crescendo* 9

51 *mf* *bushed intensity* *freely* *crescendo* *rubato* *ritard*

S 1 *Yet can - not live a - part.*

S 2 *crescendo* *rubato* *ritard*  
 part from my - self, yet can - not live a - part.

Pno. *ritard* *molto cresc.*

Slower, Passionate ♩ = 86-94      Slightly Faster

S 1 *f* Is your heart not stone? *crescendo* *slight accel.*

S 2 *f* Is your heart not stone? *crescendo* *slight accel.*

Pno. *f* *f* *f* *f* *crescendo* *slight accel.*

*sfz*

ritard      Distant, Emptiness ♩ = 64-72 *mp*

S 1 Hour, light:

S 2 *mp* In the wat-er's tone,

Pno. *p* *delicate* *sfz*

*ritard*

S 1

S 2 that bril-liant si-lence      A flow'r whisp-ers my name      with

Pno. *8va*

70

S 1 *mp* fare well, *p fading* fare - well,

S 2 such slight mo - ment, *almost spoken* it seems fil - a - ment of air, *p fading* the

Pno. *mp* *p*

75

S 1 *pp faint* fare - well.

S 2 *no breath pp* world be - come cloud - swell.

Pno. *pp fading away*

### Narcissus and Echo

by Fred Chappell (b. 1936)

Shall the water not remember *Ember*  
 my hand's slow gesture, tracing above *of*  
 its mirror my half-imaginary *airy*  
 portrait? My only belonging *longing*:  
 is my beauty, which I take *ache*  
 away and then return, as love *of*  
 teasing playfully the one being *unbeing*.  
 whose gratitude I treasure *Is your*  
 moves me. I live apart *heart*  
 from myself, yet cannot *not*  
 live apart. In the water's tone, *stone?*  
 that brilliant silence, a flower *Hour*,  
 whispers my name with such slight *light*:  
 moment, it seems filament of air, *fare*  
 the world become cloudswell. *well.*