i have not always been as now

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i have not always been as now

Bailey Knowles
**Instrumentation**

Soprano (B3 - B5)
A Clarinet
Violin
Violoncello
Piano
Glockenspiel

**Program Notes**

*i have not always been as now* is a four-movement piece for soprano voice, clarinet, violin, cello, piano, and glockenspiel. The libretto is a reworking of literature by Edgar Allen Poe. I read through his entire output of poetry, isolated lines that I enjoyed, stood out, or triggered a musical thought in my head, and rearranged them to create a new story. The story is purposefully vague, and its specific meanings and interpretations shall be deciphered by the listener. The story follows someone who is recalling memories of a love from the past. This love could be a person, a thing, a past version of themselves, a person they wish had existed in their life, a hallucination, or something else—the possibilities are endless. The main character takes the listener through the journey of loving, and eventually losing, this entity. The circumstance in which this happens is also vague and up for interpretation by the listener. The main character shows many signs of being unstable, which also brings a perspective of truthfulness into the picture. The listener must decide whether or not to trust what this character is saying. There are many small details (like the performers entering and leaving at different times) that add to the illusion of insanity or hallucination. Overall, there is a logical beginning, middle, and end, and that is the only intentionally concrete part of this piece.
I.  *keeping time*

Spoken by Conductor:
“There are some qualities, some incorporate things, that have a double life, which thus is made a type of that tin entity which springs from matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.”

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes, a portrait taken after death of Earth, who seeks the skies.

And I am happy now, in return for the love-light, she was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

So sweet the hour, so calm the time, I saw no heaven but in her eyes.

And while a reverie came over me, is all that we see but a dream within a dream?

Every moment of the night forever changing places. They have not left me, as my hopes have since, upon their upturned faces of a thousand roses that grew. When nature sleeps and stars are mute.

Two sep’rate, yet most intimate things and dimmer nothings which were true.

Alas! I cannot feel.

For ‘t is not feeling, this standing motionless upon the golden threshold of the wide open gate of dreams.

But ’were better than the cold reality.

Oh, I am happy now.

II.  *sadly this star I mistrust*

We grew in age, and love, together roaming the forest, and the wild.
Serenest skies continually just over that one bright island smile.
She filled my soul with Beauty, which is Hope,
And love a simple duty.
But we loved with a love that was more than love
haunted by ill angels only,
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
of those who were older than we.
In sunshine and in shadow

I saw but her, she was the world to me.

Be silent in that solitude.
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
of the beautiful stars I kneel to.

Be still. Be Still.
There is a two-fold silence,
The wearied light is dying down.

Only thine eyes remained,
They rule the hearts of the mightiest men.
With fever called ‘Living’ that burned in my brain,
That brightest hour I would not live again.
I would not live again.

Was it not fate, whose name is also sorrow,
clothing us in a robe of more than glory.
Mountains toppling evermore

Death was in that poisonous wave,
and she prayed, she prayed, she prayed
to the angels to keep me, to keep me, from harm.
I said: “That proves me happy now!”
They replied: ‘This is nothing but dreaming’

III. the happiest day, the happiest hour

Oh, oh, she was worthy of all love
of many far wiser than me!
So lovely was the loneliness.

The which I could not love the less
so lovely was the loneliness.

A dream of the truth.
I may not be happy now.
A dream of the truth.

The requiem how be sung by you by yours,
the evil eye,

by yours, the slanderous tongue that did to
death the innocence that died
and died so young?
Too much horrified to speak,
they can only shriek out of tune.

Over the mountains of the moon.
The rain came down upon my head,
the heavy wind rendered me mad and deaf
and blind.
Thy soul shall find itself alone lone and
dead.

IV. out of space, out of time

The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

And the fever called ‘Living’ is conquered at last.
There are some qualities, some incorporate things, that have a double life, which thus is made a type of that twin entity which springs from matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.

I have not always been as now.

I keeping time.

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes, a

portrait taken after death of Earth, who seeks the skies. And I am

walk onstage

walk onstage

brass mallets

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hap - py now, in re-turn for the love-light, she was
dear - er to my soul than its soul-life.
Energetic \( \dot{\mathbf{f}} = 95 \)

walk onstage
So sweet the hour, so calm the time,
I saw no heaven but
in her eyes. And while a reverie came over me,

is all that we see but a dream within a dream? Every
moment of the night forever changing places.

They have not left me, as my hopes have since upon their up-turn'd
faces of a thousand roses that grew. When

nature sleeps, stars are mute. Two sep' rate, yet most in - ti - mate things and
dim-mer no-things which were true.

Alas!

61) Longing \( \cdot \) 90

spoken: "I cannot feel"
feeling, this standing motionless upon the golden threshold

of the wide open gate of dreams. But 'twere
S.  bet-ter  than  the  cold  re-al-i-ty.  Oh  I  am  hap-py  now  oh  I  am

A  Cl.  hap-py  now  hap-py  now  hap-py  now  hap-py  now  oh  I  am

Vln.

Vc.  mf

Pno.

Glsp.
hap - py now.

attacca
II. sadly, this star I mistrust

Joyful $\cdot \cdot \cdot = 130$

Soprano

We grew in age, and love, together roaming the

A Clarinet

mp

Violin

mp

Violoncello

Piano

Glockenspiel

for - est and the wild, Ser - en - est skies
continually

continually over that one bright island smile.

continually

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continuously
She filled my soul with beauty, which is hope, and love a simple duty. But we loved with a love that was more than
love, haunted by ill angels only, but our love

it was strong stronger. But our love
...it was stronger by far than the love of those who were older than...
but her she was the world, she was the world to me.

Be silent in that solitude.

star-like: play notes in any order desired, in free rhythm

Be silent in that
moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful stars I kneel to.

Be still. Be still. There is a two-fold silence the weared light is dying

The weared light is dying
74

\[ \text{down.} \quad \text{On-ly thine eyes re-mained, they rule the hearts of the might-i} \quad \text{With} \]

79

\[ \text{fe-ver called liv-ing that burned in my brain} \quad \text{that bright-est hour} \quad \text{I would not live a-not live} \]
I would not live again.

Was it not fate whose name is also sorrow.
clothing us in a robe of more than glory. Mountains

topping ever-more into seas without a shore, some ocean throbbing far and free!
Death was in that poisonous wave, and she
prayed, she prayed, she prayed__ to the angels__ to keep me, to keep me__

I said: "That proves me happy now!" They said:

Spoken, looking at soprano:

"This is nothing but dreaming"
III. *the happiest day, the happiest hour*

Lento $\mathbf{\dot{\jmath}} = 52$

- **Soprano**
- **A Clarinet**
- **Violin**
- **Violoncello**
- **Piano**
- **Glockenspiel**

---

Oh, oh, she was worthy of all love.

---

Sul G
love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness

love, love of many far wiser than me, me! So lovely was the loneliness
The which I could not love, I could not love the less, so love-ly was the lone-li-ness.
A dream of the truth, a dream, I may not be happy now, a dream of the truth, a dream, a dream.
dream, I may not be happy now, a dream of the truth.

The requiem how be sung by you, by yours, the evil eye.
the slanderous tongue, that did to death the innocence that died, and
died so young, so young.
Frantic $\cdot 90$

Sop.

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak, they can only shriek out of tune

Sul D

Sul G

Sop.

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak

Too much hor-ri-fied to speak
Over the mountains of the moon

expressively

mf
"the rain came down upon my head"

"head the heavy the heavy wind"
rendered me mad and deaf and blind
thy soul shall

find itself lone and dead
Passionately $\cdot = 100$

Soprano

A Clarinet

Violin

Violoncello

Piano

Glockenspiel

walk off stage
chant-like: choose
either octave, switch
freely if desired

mf

The life still there up on her

walk off stage

hair the death up on her eyes. The life still there up
on her hair the death up on her eyes. The life still

there up on her hair the death up on her eyes. The
life still there upon her hair the death upon her eyes. The life still there upon her hair the death upon her
on her eyes. The life still there up on her hair the

death up on her eyes, her eyes.

conductor walks off stage soprano watches conductor leave

walk off stage
spoken: "And the fever called 'Living'..."

Soprano: "And the fever..."

"...is conquered at last" walk to piano, sit down, and play