

Dave Soldier

# Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

Twelve songs from poems by Jonathan Swift

*including* an Air, a Hornpipe, a Planxty, a Reel, a Rhapsody, and a Gig

singer (mezzo or baritone), flute, viola, and harp

2011, opus 22

version from December, 2011

about 40 minutes in length

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## DEAN SWIFT'S SATYRS FOR THE VERY VERY YOUNG

1 **Maids of Mitchelstown**, *traditional, a reel*

2 **The Bubble**, *a hornpipe / sea chantey*

3 **ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN 1726**

4. **Elegy for the Death of a Late FAMOUS GENERAL**

5 **A description of the morning**

6 **A description of an Irish Feast**, *a planxty*  
*melody adapted from O'Rourke's Planxty by O'Carolan*

7 **Stella's birthday March 13 1719**  
*melody adapted from "Big hill little hill" (Si Bheagh Si Mhor) by O'Carolan*

8. **Helter Skelter**

The hue and cry after the attorneys going to ride the circuit  
*vocal solo, melody from The Little Pack of Tailors*

9 **The man must be insane**, *an air*  
*viola & harp duo*

10 **Rhapsody: On poetry**, *a rhapsody*

11 **An Elegy ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720**

12 **The Death of Dean Swift**, *a jig*

These twelve pieces include ten poems, in some cases highly edited, over the course of Swift's career.

*Helter Skelter* is set as a solo with a traditional tune, *The Little Pack of Tailors* as sung by Elizabeth Cronin. *The Maids of Mitchelstown* is a traditional reel, this version based on a recording by the Bothy Band.

The original melody of *O'Rourke's Planxty* derived from a collaboration between the composer O'Carolan with the original poet in Gaelic, Hugh Mac Gouran, and Jonathan Swift, who translated Mac Gouran's poem to English for O'Carolan's use. Only O'Carolan's melody survives, and it doesn't fit the English poetry well, and so I only maintain fragments of that theme.

*Stella's Birthday* uses a melody, again the only surviving fragment, to an O'Carolan piece that I incorporate but with my own harmony.

The other themes may use Celtic forms but are my own inventions.

-Dave Soldier, New York City, April 12, 2011

Jonathan Swift poems for

## Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

### 1 Reel: Maids of Michelstown, *traditional*

#### 2. Hornpipe: The Bubble

Ye wise philosophers, explain What magic makes our money rise,  
When dropt into the Southern main; Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?  
Put in your money fairly told; *Presto!* be gone--'Tis here again:  
Ladies and gentlemen, behold, Here's every piece as big as ten.  
Thus the deluded bankrupt raves, Puts all upon a desperate bet;  
Then plunges in the Southern waves, Dipt over head and ears--in debt.

Mark where the sly directors creep, Nor to the shore approach too nigh!  
The monsters nestle in the deep, To seize you in your passing by.  
Meantime, secure on Garway cliffs, A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,  
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs, And strip the bodies of the dead.

There is a gulf, where thousands fell, Here all the bold adventurers came,  
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell-- 'Change Alley is the dreadful name.  
Subscribers here by thousands float, And jostle one another down;  
Each paddling in his leaky boat, And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Directors, thrown into the sea, Recover strength and vigour there;  
But may be tamed another way, Suspended for a while in air.  
The nation then too late will find, Computing all their cost and trouble,  
Directors' promises but wind, South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

### 3. ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN 1726

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,  
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;  
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,  
When haughty Britain was a land unknown  
    Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!  
    Not by thy valour, but superior guile:  
    Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine  
    First taught thee human knowledge and divine;

My prelates and my students, sent from hence,  
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:  
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,  
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,  
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:  
Wretched lerne! with what grief I see  
The fatal changes time has made in thee!!  
    Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,  
    Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.  
    Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)  
    Be all made captives in their native land;

Where is the holy well that bore my name?  
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!  
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,  
And from this hour my patronage resign.

#### **4. Elegy for the Death of a Late FAMOUS GENERAL**

His Grace! impossible! what dead!  
Of old age, too, and in his bed!  
And could that Mighty Warrior fall?  
And so inglorious, after all!  
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,  
The last loud trump must wake him now:  
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,  
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.

And could he be indeed so old  
As by the news-papers we're told?  
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;  
'Twas time in conscience he should die.  
This world he cumber'd long enough;  
He burnt his candle to the snuff;  
And that's the reason, some folks think,  
He left behind so great a *stink*.

Behold his funeral appears,  
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,  
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,  
Attend the progress of his hearse.  
But what of that, his friends may say,  
He had those honours in his day.  
True to his profit and his pride,  
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things,  
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings;  
Who float upon the tide of state,  
Come hither, and behold your fate.  
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,  
How very mean a thing's a Duke;  
From all his ill-got honours flung,  
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

#### **5. A description of the morning**

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach  
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.

Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,  
And softly stole to discompose her own;

The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door  
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,  
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,  
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:

Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;  
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,  
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

#### **6. Planxty: A description of an Irish Feast**

*melody adapted from O'Rourke's Planxty by O'Carolan*

O'ROURKE'S noble fare Will ne'er be forgot,  
By those who were there, Or those who were not.  
Usquebaugh to our feast In pails was brought up,  
A hundred at least, And a madder our cup.  
Come, harper, strike up; But, first, by your favour,  
Boy, give us a cup: Ah! this hath some savour.

O'Rourke's jolly boys Ne'er dreamt of the matter,  
Till, roused by the noise, And musical clatter,  
They dance in a round, Cutting capers and ramping;  
A mercy the ground Did not burst with their stamping.  
The floor is all wet With leaps and with jumps,  
While the water and sweat Splish-splash in their pumps.

Good lord! what a sight, After all their good cheer,  
For people to fight In the midst of their beer!  
What stabs and what cuts, What clattering of sticks;  
What strokes on the guts, What bastings and kicks!  
With cudgels of oak, Well harden'd in flame,  
A hundred heads broke, A hundred struck lame.

The Earl of Kildare, And Moynalta his brother,  
As great as you are, I was nurst by your mother.  
Ask that of old madam: She'll tell you who's who,  
As far up as Adam, She knows it is true.  
Come down with that beam, If cudgels are scarce,  
A blow on the weam, Or a kick on the arse.

#### **7. Stella's birthday March 13 1719**

*Melody adapted from "Big hill little hill" (Si Bheagh Si Mhor) by O'Carolan*

Stella this day is thirty-four,  
(We shan't dispute a year or more:)  
However, Stella, be not troubled,  
Although thy size and years are doubled,  
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,  
The brightest virgin on the green;  
So little is thy form declin'd;  
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, would it please the gods to split  
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit;  
No age could furnish out a pair  
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;  
With half the lustre of your eyes,  
With half your wit, your years, and size.  
And then, before it grew too late,

How should I beg of gentle Fate,  
(That either nymph might have her swain,)  
To split my worship too in twain

### **8. Helter Skelter**

*The hue and cry after the attorneys going to ride the circuit*  
vocal solo with melody from *The Little Pack of Tailors*

Now the active young attorneys  
Briskly travel on their journeys,  
Looking big as any giants,  
On the horses of their clients;  
Like so many little Marses  
With their tilters at their arses,  
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,  
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,

And with whips and spurs so neat,  
And with jockey-coats complete,  
And with boots so very greasy,  
And with saddles eke so easy,  
And with bridles fine and gay,  
Bridles borrow'd for a day,  
Bridles destined far to roam,  
Ah! never, never to come home.

And with hats so very big, sir,  
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,  
And with ruffles to be shown,  
Cambric ruffles not their own;  
And with Holland shirts so white,  
Shirts becoming to the sight,  
Shirts bewrought with different letters,  
As belonging to their betters.

With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,  
Gotten from their dainty doxies,  
And with rings so very trim,  
Lately taken out of lim-  
And with very little pence,  
And as very little sense;  
With some law, but little justice,  
Having stolen from my hostess,

From the barber and the cutler,  
Like the soldier from the sutler;  
From the vintner and the tailor,  
Like the felon from the jailor;  
Into this and t'other county,  
Living on the public bounty;  
Thorough town and thorough village,  
All to plunder, all to pillage:

Thorough the mountains, thorough the valleys,  
Thorough the stinking lanes and alleys,  
Some to cuckold farmers' spouses,  
And make merry in their houses;

Some to tumble country wenches  
On their rushy beds and benches;  
And if they begin a fray,  
Draw their swords, and----run away;

All to murder equity,  
And to take a double fee;  
Till the people are all quiet,  
And forget to broil and riot,  
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,  
Safely glad to sup their porridge,  
And vacation's over--then,  
Hey, for Dub-i-lin town again.

### **9. Air: The man must be insane**

### **10. Rhapsody: On poetry, a rhapsody**

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature  
Lives in a state of war by nature.  
[The] greater for the smaller watch,  
But meddle seldom with their match.  
A whale of moderate size will draw  
A shoal of herrings down his maw;  
A fox with geese his belly crams;  
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;  
But search among the rhyming race,  
The brave are worried by the base.

Thus every poet, in his kind,  
Is bit by him that comes behind:  
Who, though too little to be seen,  
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;  
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,  
Lay Grub Street at each other's doors;  
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,  
How genius is no more rewarded;  
And all their brother dunces lash,  
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

If on Parnassus' top you sit,  
You rarely bite, are always bit:  
Each poet of inferior size  
On you shall rail and criticise,  
And strive to tear you limb from limb  
While others do as much for him.  
So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.



**11. An Elegy ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER;  
WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720**

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,  
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;  
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
Redeem him from his prison underground.

His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess  
Bestow, to bury him, one iron chest.  
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know  
His faithful steward in the shades below.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;  
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;  
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation  
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

*EPITAPH*

Beneath this verdant hillock lies Demar, the wealthy and the wise,  
His heirs, that he might safely rest, Have put his carcass in a chest;  
The very chest in which, they say, His other self, his money, lay.  
And, if his heirs continue kind To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe, that four in five Will think his better self alive.

**12. Jig: The Death of Dean Swift**

The Time is not remote, when I  
Must by the Course of Nature dye:  
When I foresee my special Friends,  
Will try to find their private Ends:  
Tho' it is hardly understood,  
Which way my Death can do them good;  
Poor Gentleman, he droops apace  
You plainly find it in his Face:  
That old Vertigo in his Head  
Will never leave him, till he's dead:

Besides, his Memory decays,  
He recollects not what he says;  
Plyes you with Stories o'er and o'er,  
He told them fifty Times before.  
But he takes up with younger Fokes,  
Who for his Wine will bear his Jokes:  
For Poetry, he's past his Prime,  
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime:  
I'd have him throw away his Pen;  
But there's no talking to some Men.

Though your Prognosticks run too fast,  
They must be verify'd at last.

"Behold the fatal Day arrive!  
How is the Dean? He's just alive.  
Now the departing Prayer is read:  
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,  
'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.  
The Queen, so Gracious, Mild, and Good,  
Cries, Is he gone? 'Tis time he shou'd.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts  
Have better learn'd to act their Parts.  
Receive the News in *doleful Dumps*,  
"The Dean is dead, (*and what is Trumps?*)  
Six Deans they say must bear the Pall.  
(I wish I knew what *King* to call.)  
Why do we grieve that Friends should dye?  
No Loss more easy to supply.  
We lov'd the Dean. (*I lead a Heart.*)  
But dearest Friends, they say, must part.

Where's now this Fav'rite of *Apollo*?  
Departed; *and his Works must follow*:  
Must undergo the common Fate;  
His Kind of Wit is out of Date.  
"He gave the little Wealth he had,  
To build a House for Fools and Mad:  
And shew'd by one satyric Touch,  
No Nation wanted it so much:  
That Kingdom he hath left his Debtor,  
I wish it soon may have a Better. "

# Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

Dave Soldier

## 1. The Maids of Mitchelstown

c. ♩=126

A

warm & not too slow  
legato

Viola

Harp

B

Vla.

Hp.

Vla.

Hp.

rubato

C

a tempo

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

2

Fl. <sup>27</sup> *mf* D

Hp. <sup>27</sup> *p* *pp* *mp*

Fl. <sup>33</sup> *mp*

Hp. <sup>33</sup>

Fl. <sup>38</sup> *p* *pp* E

Vla. <sup>38</sup> *mp* *gliss*

Hp. <sup>38</sup> *pp* *pp*

Fl. <sup>44</sup> *ppp* *mp* F

Vla. <sup>44</sup> *gliss* *p*

Hp. <sup>44</sup> *mp* *mp*

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50

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Hp.

56

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *mp*

Hp. *mp*

G

63

Fl.

Vla. *p*

Hp. *p*

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

4

Fl. <sup>69</sup> 

Vla. <sup>69</sup> 

Hp. <sup>69</sup> 

Fl. <sup>75</sup> 

Vla. <sup>75</sup> 

Hp. <sup>75</sup> 

Fl. <sup>81</sup> 

Vla. <sup>81</sup> 

Hp. <sup>81</sup> 

87 **I**

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

Detailed description: This system covers measures 87 to 92. The flute part (Fl.) features a melodic line with slurs and a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 92. The viola part (Vla.) includes two triplet markings and a dynamic marking of *p* at measure 92. The piano part (Hp.) consists of two staves; the right hand has triplet markings and a *pp* dynamic, while the left hand has a *p* dynamic at measure 92. A box labeled 'I' is placed above the first measure.

93 **J**

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

Detailed description: This system covers measures 93 to 98. The flute part (Fl.) has a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 93 and a box labeled 'J' above measure 95. The viola part (Vla.) has a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 93. The piano part (Hp.) has dynamic markings of *mp* and *mf* in both hands across the system.

99

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

Detailed description: This system covers measures 99 to 104. The flute part (Fl.) has a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 99. The viola part (Vla.) has a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 99. The piano part (Hp.) has a dynamic marking of *mp* at measure 99.

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6

This musical score is for three instruments: Flute (Fl.), Viola (Vla.), and Harp (Hp.). It covers measures 102 through 107. The score is written in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat).  
- **Flute (Fl.):** Measures 102-106 contain melodic lines with various dynamics including *p*, *pp*, and *p*. A dynamic hairpin is shown in measure 102. Measure 107 is mostly rests, with a *pp* dynamic marking at the end. A box containing the letter 'K' is placed above the staff in measure 103.  
- **Viola (Vla.):** Measures 102-106 feature rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs. Dynamics range from *pp* to *p*. Measure 107 consists of a continuous sixteenth-note pattern with a *pp* dynamic.  
- **Harp (Hp.):** Measures 102-106 include arpeggiated chords and triplets. Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, and *pp*. A *rit.* (ritardando) hairpin is present in measure 105. Measure 107 shows sustained chords with a *pp* dynamic. A *8<sup>va</sup>* marking is present in the bass clef of measure 107.  
- **Measure 107:** The piece concludes in measure 107 with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat).



## 2. The Bubble

Sea chantey/ hornpipe (♩ = c. 88)

tempos can be altered by singer

111

vox. *mf*

Ye wise phi-los-o-phers ex-plain what makes our mo-ney ri - se - When dropt in - to the Sou-thern main: or - do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Vla. *mf* pizz. arco

Hp. *f* *mf* *pp*

116

vox. *mf*

Put in your mo-ney fair - ly told Pres - to! be gone 'Tis here - a - gain La - dies and gen-tle men be-hold Here's

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *mf* *mf*

Hp. *p* *mf*

120

vox. *mf*

ev' ry pieceas - good as ten. Thus do the de-lu - ded bank-rupt raves Puts all up - on a des-'perate bet Then

Fl. *mf*

Vla. pizz. arco

Hp. *mf*

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

124 *rit.* *a tempo* *can be in a stage whisper*

vox. plun- ges in the Sou-thern waves Dipt - ov - er head- ears in debt. *p* Mark where the sly di-rec - tors creep Nor

Fl. *ff* *mf*

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

Hp. *ff* *mf* *f*

128

vox. to the shore ap - proach too- nigh! The *f* mon - sters nes - tle in the deep To - seize you in - your pas - sing by *f* Mean

Fl. *mf* *mf*

Vla. *pizz.* *arco*

Hp.

132

vox. time se - cure on Gar - way cliffs, A sa - vage race by ship - wrecks fed Lie wai - ting for the foun - der'd skiffs and - strip the bo - dies - of the dead

Vla. *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.* *arco* *pizz.* *arco*

Hp. *mf*

136

vox. *mf* There is a gulf where thou-sands fell — Here

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Hp. *f*

139

vox. *satanic* all the bold ad - ven-tur-ers - came. A nar - row sound though deep as Hell, Change Al - ley is the dread - ful name

Vla. *pizz.*

Hp.

142

vox. Sub - scri-bers here by thou-sands float and jos-tle one a-no-ther down Each

Vla. *arco* *ff* *mf*

Hp. *mf* *mf*

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

10

145

vox. *mp* pad- dling in his lea-ky boat and - here they fish-for-gold and drown. — Di - rec - tors thrown in-to-the sea re-

Fl. *f* *p*

Vla. *pizz.* *arco* *f* *p* *mf* *pizz.*

Hp. *f* *p* *mf* *f* *p* *mf*

150

vox. *f* co-ver strength and vi-gour - there But *mine a noose* may be tamed a-no-ther way, Sus - spen-ded for - a-while in air. The

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *arco* *pizz.* *arco* *arco* *pp* *mf*

Hp. *mf*

154

vox. na - tion then too late will find Com - pu - ting all the cost and trou-ble Di - rec - tors' pro - mis - ses but wind South -

Fl. *p*

Vla.

Hp.

**Allegro** (M.M. ♩ = c. 120)

157

vox. Sea at best a migh-ty Bub-ble.

Fl. *f*

Vla. *pizz.* *arco* *f*

Hp.

162 *accel.*

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*8vb*

### 3. St. Patrick's Well

167  $\text{♩} = 60$

Fl. *f*

Hp. *ff*

169 singing in imitation of Uilleann pipes

VOX. *rhythms can be altered to make words sound natural*

By \_\_\_\_\_ ho - ly zeal in - spired \_\_\_\_\_ and led \_\_\_\_\_ by fame To \_\_\_\_\_

Fl. //

Hp. *8<sup>vb</sup>*

172

VOX. thee once fav - rite is - le \_\_\_\_\_ with joy \_\_\_\_\_ I came Thee \_\_\_\_\_ hap - py is - land Pal - las called his own When \_\_\_\_\_

Hp. *mp* *mf* *ff* *8<sup>vb</sup>*

176

vox. haugh-ty Bri-tain was a land un-known. Bri-tain by thee we fell un-grate-ful isle!

Vla. *espress. arco*  
*mf*

Hp. *espress.*  
*mf*

180

vox. Not by thy va-lour but su-per-ior guile Bri-tain with shame con-

Vla.

Hp.

183

vox. fess this land of mine First taught thee hu-man know-ledge and di-vine My

Vla.

Hp.

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186

VOX. pre lates and my stu - dents sent from hence Made - your sons con-verts both to God and sense . Not

Hp. *p* *mf*

8<sup>vb</sup>

190

VOX. like the pas - tors of thy rave-nous breed Who come to fleece the flocks and not to feed

Hp. *p*

8<sup>vb</sup>

194

VOX. By

Fl. *faster* *a tempo* *mp*

Hp. *ff*

197

VOX. faith and prayer, this cro - sier in my hand, I drove the ve-nom'd ser - pent from thy land: Wret -

Hp. *mp* *mf*

8<sup>vb</sup>



201

vox. *ched I - er - ne! with what grief I see The fa - tal chan-ges time has made in thee! Free - dom*

*(8va)*

Hp. *mp*

*ff 8vb*

205

vox. *and - vir - tue in thy sons I found, Who now in vice and*

Vla. *espress. mp*

Hp. *espress. mf*

208

vox. *sla - ve - ry are drowned Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)*

Vla. *208*

Hp. *208*

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211 *rubato: create your own ornaments* *a tempo*

VOX. Be \_\_\_\_\_ all made cap-tives in their na-tive land; Where \_\_\_ is the ho-ly well \_\_\_ that bore \_\_\_ my name? Fled \_\_\_\_\_

Vla. 211

Hp. 211

8vb

215

VOX. to the foun-tain back, \_\_\_ from whence it came! \_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ scorn thytspu-rious and \_\_\_ de - gen-rate line And from \_\_\_

Hp. 215 *p* *mf* *p*

8vb

219 *faster*

VOX. this \_\_\_ ho-ur my pa-tro-nage re-sign.

Fl. 219 *f*

Hp. 219 *mf*

Fl. 222

Hp. 222

3

3/4

Detailed description: This image shows a musical score for measures 222 and 223. The top staff is for the Flute (Fl.) and the bottom two staves are for the Harp (Hp.). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 3/4. Measure 222 features a complex melodic line in the flute with many slurs and ties, and a chordal accompaniment in the harp. Measure 223 continues the flute line with a triplet of eighth notes and concludes with a double bar line. The harp accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

# 18 4. Elegy for a General

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

Vla. *f*  $\text{♩} = 66$  arco

Hp. *f*

vox. *f* His

Vla.

Hp.

vox. Grace! Im - pos - si - ble but dead! Of old age too and in his bed And could that Migh - ty War - rior fall? And so in - glo - rious

Hp.

vox. af - ter all well since he's gone no mat - ter how the last loud trump must wake him now and trust me as the noise grows stron - ger he'll wish to

Hp.

247

vox. sleep a lit - tle lon - ger. And could he be in - deed so old As by the news - pa - pers we're told Threeseore I

Vla. *Con sord.*  
*mf* *pp*

Hp. *8<sup>vb</sup>* *8<sup>vb</sup>*

253

vox. think is pret - ty high Twas time in cons - cience he should die This world he cum - ber'd long e - nough He burnt his can - dle to the

Vla. *3*

Hp. *8<sup>vb</sup>* *8<sup>vb</sup>*

258

vox. snuff And that's the rea - son some folks think he left be - hind so great a stink. Be - hold his fu - ne - ral ap - pears no wi - dows ighs or

Vla. *pp* *p* *Senza sord.*

Hp. *pp* *mf* *mp* *8<sup>vb</sup>* *8<sup>vb</sup>*

264  
vox. or-phan's tears wont at these times each heart to pierce At - tend the pro-gress of his hearsbut what of that his friends might say he

264  
Vla.

264  
Hp.

(8<sup>vb</sup>)  
269  
vox. had those ho-nours in his day Trueto his pro-fit and his pride he made them weep be - fore he dy'd Come

269  
Vla. *mf*

269  
Hp.

275  
vox. hi - ther all ye em-pty thingsYe bub - bles raisedby breath of kingsWho float u - pon the tide of state Come hi - ther and be -

275  
Fl. *p*

275  
Vla. *mp*

275  
Hp. *f*

Detailed description: This page of a musical score contains three systems of music. The first system (measures 264-268) features a vocal line with lyrics, a viola line, and a piano accompaniment. The second system (measures 269-274) includes a vocal line with lyrics, a viola line with a mezzo-forte dynamic, and a piano accompaniment. The third system (measures 275-280) features a vocal line with lyrics, a flute line with a piano dynamic, a viola line with a mezzo-piano dynamic, and a piano accompaniment with a forte dynamic. The score is written in G major and 3/4 time.

280

VOX. hold your fate Let pride be taught by this re - buke how ve - ry mean a thing's a Duke From all his ill got ho - nours flung Turned to that

Fl. *ft.*

Vla.

Hp.

285

VOX. dirt from whence sprung.

Fl. *p*

Vla. *mf*

Hp. *p*, *f*

*8vb*

292

Vla.

Hp. *8vb*

### 5. A Description of the Morning

299  $\text{♩} = 80$

vox. *p* Now hard - ly here and there \_\_\_ a hack - ney coach ap - pear - ing - show'd the rud - dy dawn's ap - proach \_\_\_ Now

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *p*

Hp. *p*

304

vox. Bet - ty from her mas - ter's bed had flown and soft - ly \_\_\_ stole \_\_\_ to dis - com - pose her own. \_\_\_ *mp* The

Fl. *pp* *p*

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

Hp. *pp* *p*



*a little louder*

309

VOX. slip - shod 'pren - tice from his mas - ter's door - had pared the dirt and sprin - keled round the floor. *mf* Now

Fl.

Vla.

Hp. *mp mp*

313

VOX. Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext - rous *ff* airs Pre - pared *mp* to scrub the en - try and the stairs *p*

Fl. *f mp mf*

Vla. *f mp pizz. mf*

Hp. *f mp p mf*

318

Fl.

Vla. *arco f*

Hp.

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322

vox. *mf* The small coal man was

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *p mp*

Hp. *f*

326

vox. heard with cad - ence deep Till drowned in shril - ler notes of chim - ney sweep Duns at his lord - ships' gate be - gan to

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

330

vox. *f* meet and brick - dust Moll had *ffz* screamed through half the street *mf* *p* The

Fl. *ff* *f* *mf* *mp*

Vla. *f* *ff* *f* *mf* *mf*

Hp. *f* *ff* *mp*

334

vox. turn - key now his flock re - tur - ning sees *mp* Du - ly let out a - nights to steal for fees *mf* The

Fl. *p* *mf*

Vla. *p* *p* *mf*

Hp. *p* *mp*

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338

VOX. *f*  
 watch - ful bal - liffs take their si - lent stands While school - boys lag with sat - chels in their hands.

Fl. *mp* *p*

Vla. *mf* *pizz.*

Hp. *mf*

342

VOX. *mf hum* *pp*

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp* *arco* *mf*

Hp. *pp* *pp*

347

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Hp. *pp*

## 6. Description of an Irish Feast

350  $\text{♩} = 76$

Fl. *f* *mf* *mp*

Vla. *mf* *mp*

Hp. *f* *mf*

358 (or Bb) *mf*  
O' Rourke's no-ble fare will ne'er be for-got by

Fl. *p* *mf*

Vla. *f* *p* *mf*

Hp. *mf* *f* *p* *p*

365 those who were thereor those who were not. Useque-baugh to our feast in

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *p*

Hp. *mf* *p*

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28

372

vox. pails was brought up, a hun-dred at least - a mad-der our cup. *f* Come

Fl. *f*

Vla. *mf*

Hp. *f*

379

vox. harp - er \_ strike up: but first by your fa-vour, boy give us a cup-. Ah! this has some sa-vour

Fl. *ff*

Vla. *ff*

Hp. *ff*

385

vox. *mp* O' Rouke's jol-ly boys ne-ver

Fl. *mp*

Vla. *f* *mp* *mp* pizz.

Hp. *mf* *mp* *mp*

392

vox. dreamt of the mat-ter till roused by the noise-and mu-sic-al clat-ter they danced in *f* a round - - - *mf* cut - ting

Fl. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Hp. *mp*

397

vox. ca-pers and ram-ping a mer-cy the ground did not burst with their stam-ping. The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps while the

Vla. *mf* arco

Hp. *mf*

402

vox. wa-ter and sweat splish splash in their pumps. \_\_\_\_\_

Fl. *ff*

Vla. *ff* *f*

Hp. *ff* *mf*

409

vox. *f* Good Lord! what a sight af-ter all the good cheer for peo-ple to fight in the

Vla. *mp* *mf*

Hp. *mp* *p*

415

vox. midst - of their beer! What stabs and what cuts what clat - t'ring of sticks what strokes on the guts, what bas - tings and kicks! With

Fl. *mp*

Vla. *mp* *sfz* *sfz* pizz. arco

Hp. *mf* *sfz* *sfz*



420

vox. *f* cud-gels of oak well har-dened by flame a hun-dred heads broke a hun-dred struck lame.

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *f*

Hp. *f*

425

vox. *f* The

Fl.

Vla. *mf* *mp*

Hp. *mf* *mp*

432

vox. *soused* Earl of Kil-dare and Moy-nal-ta his bro-ther - as great as you are I was nurst by your mo-ther Ask

Vla. *pizz.* *mf*

Hp. *mf*

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437

vox. *mp*

that of old Ma-dam She'll tell you who's who, As far up as A-dam, She knows that it's true \_\_\_\_\_ Come

Fl. *mp* f.t.

Hp. *mf*

442

vox. *f*

down off that beam - - - and if cud-gels are scarce \_\_\_ a blow on the weam \_\_\_\_\_ or a

Fl. *f*

Vla. *arco* *ff*

Hp. *ff*

448

kick in the arse

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *ff* *mf*

Hp. *ff* *ff* *mf*

453 *in tempo* *ff* *mf* *mf* *p*

Hp. *mf* *p*

Detailed description: This page of a musical score contains measures 448 through 453. The score is for a vocal part and four instrumental parts: Flute (Fl.), Viola (Vla.), Harp (Hp.), and Violoncello (Vla.).  
- Measure 448: The vocal line begins with the lyrics "kick in the arse". The Flute part has a melodic line with a *mf* dynamic. The Viola part has a rhythmic accompaniment with *ff* and *mf* dynamics. The Harp part has a complex accompaniment with *ff* and *mf* dynamics.  
- Measure 453: The Viola part has a melodic line with *ff* and *mf* dynamics, marked *in tempo*. The Harp part has a melodic line with *mf* and *p* dynamics. The score concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature.

### 7. Stella's Birthday March 13, 1719

$\text{♩} = 150$

Hp.

Hp.

Hp.

VOX.

*mf* Oh Stel - la this day is thir - ty four (We shan't - dis - pute — a -

Hp.

475

VOX. ye - ar or - more:) How - ev - er Stel - la be not - troub - led Al - though thy size and

Hp.

479

VOX. years are \_\_\_ doub-led. *f* Since first \_\_\_ I - saw - you at six-teen The - brigh - test vir - gin on \_\_\_ the green; *mp* So -

Hp.

484

VOX. lit - tle is thy form de - clined made up \_\_\_ so - large - ly - in thy mind.

Fl.

Hp.

489

Fl. *p* *mf*

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

Hp. *f* *mp* *p* *mf*

494

vox. *mp* Oh - would it please the gods to split Thy beauty size and

Fl. *mp* *tr*

Vla. *p*

Hp. *mp* *p*

499

vox. years and wit; No age could furnish out a pair of nymphs so graceful

Hp. *mp* *p*

503

vox. *mf* wise and fair of half the lus - tre of your eyes With half your wit and

Hp.

507

vox. half your size. And then be - fore it grew too late how can I beg of gen - tle Fate That

Hp.

512

vox. eith - er - nymph might have her swain to split my - wor - ship to in twain.

Vla.

Hp.

516

VOX.

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

521

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.



## 8. Helter Skelter

524  $\text{♩} = 140$  *Spirito*

VOX. 

Now the ac - tive young at - tor - neys Bris - kly tra - vel on their jour - neys, Loo - king big as a - ny gi - ants, On the hor - ses of their cli - ents;

528

VOX. 

Like so ma - ny lit - tle Mar - ses With their til - ters at their ar - ses, Bra - zen - hil - ted, late - ly bur - nish'd, And with har - ness - buc - kles fur - nish'd,

532

VOX. 

And with whips and spurs so neat, And with joc - key - coats com - plete, And with boots so ve - ry gre - asy, And with sad - dles eke so ea - sy,

536

VOX. 

And with bri - dles fine and gay, Bri - dles bor - row'd for a day, Bri - dles des - tined far to roam, Ah! ne - ver, ne - ver to come home.

And with hats so very big, sir,  
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,  
And with ruffles to be shown,  
Cambric ruffles not their own;  
And with Holland shirts so white,  
Shirts becoming to the sight,  
Shirts bewrought with different letters,  
As belonging to their betters.

With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,  
Gotten from their dainty doxies,  
And with rings so very trim,  
Lately taken out of lim-  
And with very little pence,  
And as very little sense;  
With some law, but little justice,  
Having stolen from my hostess,

From the barber and the cutler,  
Like the soldier from the sutler;  
From the vintner and the tailor,  
Like the felon from the jailor;  
Into this and t'other county,  
Living on the public bounty;  
Thorough town and thorough village,  
All to plunder, all to pillage:

Thorough the mountains, thorough the valleys,  
Thorough the stinking lanes and alleys,  
Some to cuckold farmers' spouses,  
And make merry in their houses;  
Some to tumble country wenches  
On their rushy beds and benches;  
And if they begin a fray,  
Draw their swords, and----run away;

All to murder equity,  
And to take a double fee;  
Till the people are all quiet,  
And forget to broil and riot,  
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,  
Safely glad to sup their porridge,  
And vacation's over--then,  
Hey, for Dub-i-lin town again.

40

### 9. That Man Must Be Insane

540 *Adagio*  $\text{♩} = 60$   
*arco*

Vla. *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

Hp. *mf* *mp*

547

Vla.

Hp. *f* *mf*

553

Vla.

Hp. *p* *mf* *mp* *p*

559

Vla. *f*

Hp. *pp* *mf* *pp* *mp* *pp* *mp* *f*

565

Vla.

Hp.

*f*

*p*

572

Vla.

Hp.

*f* *espress.*

*mf*

577

Vla.

Hp.

*p*

*mf*

582

Vla.

Hp.

*mp* *mf* *ppp* *p*

*pp*

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589

Vla. *mp*

Hp. *p* *mp*

594

Vla.

Hp.

### 10. On Poetry a Rhapsody

597  $\text{♩} = 66$

VOX. *mf* Hobbes clear - ly proves that ev - ery crea - ture Lives in a state - war by na - ture. Grea - ter for the smal - ler watch, But

Fl. 597

Vla. 597 *pp* *mp*  
c#,d,e,f#,g#,a,b#

Hp. *mf* *mp* *mf*

601

VOX. med - dle sel - dom with their match. A whale of mode - rate size will draw A shoal of her - rings down her maw; A

Fl. 601 *p* *ft.*

Vla. 601 *p*

Hp.

604

vox. fox with geese his bel-ly crams;A wolf dest-roys a thou-sand lambs; But search a-mong the rhy-ming race,The brave are wor-ried by the base.

*mp*

Fl. *p* *pp* *mp* f.t.

Vla. *mf*

Hp. *p*

608

vox. — Thus ev-ery po-et in his kind, Is bit by him that comes be-hind Who,

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Hp. *mf* *mp* *mf*

613

VOX. *f*  
 though too lit - tle to be seen, Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen; Call dun - ces, fools, and sons of whores, Lay

Fl. *p* *f*

Vla. *p* *f*

Hp. *mf*

616

VOX. *mp*  
 Grub Street at each o-ther's doors;Com-plain, as ma-ny an-cient bard did, Ge-nius is no more re-war-ded;And all their bro-ther dun-ces lash, Who

Fl. *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

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

Hp. *f* *p*

620

vox. *mp* *mf*  
crowd the press with hour - ly trash. \_\_\_\_\_

Fl. *f* *pp* *mf*

Vla. *f* *p* *mf*

Hp. *mf* *p* *mf* [E]

624

vox. *f*  
on Par - nas - sus' top you sit, You rare - ly bite, are al - ways bit: Each po - et of in - fer - ior size On you shall rail and cri - ti - cise, And

Vla. *p* [F#]

Hp. *f*

628

vox. *pp*  
strive to tear you limb from limb While o - thers do as much for him. So, na - tura - lists ob - serve a flea Has

Fl. *pp* *pp*

Vla. *pp* *pp*

Hp. *mf*



631  
VOX. *smal-ler fleas that on him prey; And these have smal-ler still to bite 'em, And so pro-ceed ad in - fi - ni - tum \_\_\_\_\_*

631  
Fl. *mf*

631  
Vla. *mp* *mf*

631  
Hp. *f* *mf*

635  
Fl. *mp* *f.t.*

635  
Vla. *mp*

635  
Hp. [E] *mp*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features five systems of staves. The first system (measures 631-634) includes a vocal line with lyrics and three instrumental staves (Flute, Viola, and Harpsichord). The second system (measures 635-638) continues the instrumental parts. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *f* (forte). A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

# 11. On the Death of Demar

*piano uses sustain at will, deviates from precise rhythm and phrasing with mystery in imitation of Uilleann pipes*

**L** Adagio ♩ = 60

*more rubato than the others*

vox. *mf* Know all men by these pres - ents Death the - tam - er - By -

Vla. *mp* *mp*

Hp. *mp* Ab, Bb, C, D, E, F, G *chords rolled/ played impromptu, improvised manner*

vox. mort-gage has se - cured thy corpse of De - mar *mf*

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp* *slide double stop harmonics over C and G string*

Hp. *ad lib, espressive*

8vb

647

vox. *Plu - tus - tus the god of wealth will joy to know His faith - ful ste - ward in the shades be - low*

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

(88)<sup>b</sup>

M

653

vox. *Wher - 'er he went deviate / improvise gliss and arpeggios at will*

Hp. *mp B#,C,D,E#,F,G,Ab f*

655

vox. *he nev - ver saw his bet ters Lords*

Hp.

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657

vox. knights and squires were all his hum - ble deb - tors

Hp.

659

vox.

Hp.

661

vox. and un - der hand and seal the I -

Hp.

663

vox. - rish na - tion - were forced to owe him

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

665

Allegro ♩ = 160 *in tempo*

the epitaph can be sung in parts

mf Ben - eath this ver - dant hil - lock

their ob - li - ga - tion

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

ff

mf

c,d,e,f,g,a,Bb

672

vox. lies De - mar the weal - thy and the wise . His heirs that he might safe - ly

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

683

vox. rest have - put his car - cass in a chest - - - The ve - ry chest in which they

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

694

vox.  say\_\_ his oth - er self his mo - ney lay \_\_\_\_\_ and if his heirs con - ti - nue - kind to that dear

Fl. 

Vla. 

Hp. 

705

vox.  self he left be - hind \_\_\_\_\_ I dare\_\_ be - lieve that four - in

Fl. 

Vla. 

Hp. 

714

vox. five will think his bet - ter self a - live.

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

The image shows a page of a musical score for measures 714-718. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment for Flute, Viola, and Harp. The vocal line has lyrics: "five will think his bet - ter self a - live." The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: Flute (Fl.), Viola (Vla.), and Harp (Hp.). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.



### 12. The Death of Dean Swift

720 *a bit manic*  
Fl. *f*

720 *mf a bit manic*  
Hp. brush and bounce the chords

728  
Fl. *f*

728  
Vla. *mf* *p*

735  
Fl. *f*

735  
Vla. *mf* *p* *mp*

742  
Fl. *f*

742  
Vla. *mf*

742  
Hp.

Detailed description: This page contains the musical score for 'The Death of Dean Swift', measures 720-742. The score is for three instruments: Flute (Fl.), Violin (Vla.), and Harp (Hp.). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 112. The Flute part starts at measure 720 with a dynamic of *f* and a performance instruction 'a bit manic'. The Harp part also starts at measure 720 with a dynamic of *mf* and the instruction 'brush and bounce the chords'. The Violin part enters at measure 728 with a dynamic of *mf* and ends at *p*. The Flute part continues with a dynamic of *f*. The Violin part continues with dynamics of *mf*, *p*, and *mp*. The Flute part continues with a dynamic of *f*. The Violin part continues with a dynamic of *mf*. The Harp part continues with a dynamic of *mf*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

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56

$\text{♩} = 88$  thoughtful

*espress.*

749

VOX. The Time is not re-mote, when I Must by the Course of Na-ture dye: \_\_\_\_\_ When I fore-see my spe-cial Friends, Will

Fl. *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Hp. *mp*

754

VOX. try to find their pri-vate Ends: \_\_\_\_\_ Tho' it is har-dly un-der-stood, \_\_\_\_\_ Which way my Death can do them good;

Fl.

Vla. *p* *p*

Hp. *p* *f* *p*

759

VOX. \_\_\_\_\_ Poor Gen-tle-man, he droops a-pace You plain-ly find it in his Face: That old Ver-ti-go \_\_\_\_\_ in his Head Will

Vla.

Hp. *p* *p* *8va*

763  $\text{♩} = c. 108$   $\text{♩} = 88$

vox. ne - ver leave him, till he's dead: \_\_\_\_\_ Be - sides, his Me - mo - ry de - cays, He

Fl. *with some energy*  
*f*

Vla. *with some energy*  
*mf*

Hp. *mf*

768  $\text{♩} = c. 108$

be a little confused here

vox. re - col - lects not what he says; \_\_\_\_\_ Plyes you with Sto - ries o'er and o'er, He

Fl. *pp* *p*

Vla. *pp* *p*

Hp. *mp* *f solo* *pp*

772

vox. told them fift - y Times be - fore. But he takes up with youn - ger Fokes, Who

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

776

vox. for his Wine will bear his Jokes: For Po - e - try, he's past his Prime, He

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*subito rit.*

780  $\text{♩} = 88$

vox. takes an Hour to find a Rhime: I'd have him throw a-way his Pen; But there's no tal-king to some Men. \_\_\_\_\_

Fl. *f*

Vla.

Hp.

784  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 108$

Fl.

Vla. *mp*

787  $\text{♩} = 88$

vox. *mp* Though your Prog-no-sticks run too fast, They

Fl.

Vla. church bells

Hp. *ff* *ff*

sub- - - - -

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60

791 *accel.*

vox. must be ve - rif - y'd at *mf* last. "Be - hold the fa - tal Day ar - rive! How is the Dean? He's just a - live Now

Fl. *p*

Vla. *p*

Hp. *p*

796 *a tempo*

vox. the de - par - ting Prayer is read: *mp* He har - dly breathes. The Dean is dead. From

Fl.

Vla. *p*

Hp. *pp*

*p* *8<sup>vb</sup>* *8<sup>vb</sup>*

800

vox. Du - blin soon to Lon - don spread, 'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead. The Queen, so Gra - cious Mild and Good cries

Fl. *p* *mp*

Vla. *p* *mp*

Hp. *mf* *mp*

803

vox. is he gone? Tis time he shou'd \_\_\_\_\_ My fe - male Friends, whose ten - der Hearts Have bet - ter learn'd to act their Parts. —

803

Fl. *pp* *ff*

803

Vla. *pp* *ff*

803

Hp. *p* *pp*

807

vox. — Re - ceive the News in dole - ful Dumps, "The Dean is dead, (and what is Trumps?) \_\_\_\_\_ Six

*imitate the women* *— aside —*

807

Fl. *pp* *tr* *pp*

807

Vla. *pp* *pizz.* *p*

807

Hp. *pp* *p*

811

vox. *Deans they say must bear the Pall.* *aside* *p* *(I wish I knew what King to call.)* *mf* *faster* *still the women* Why

Fl. *tr* *p* *tr* *pp*

Vla. *p*

Hp.

815

vox. do we grieve that Friends should dye? No Loss more ea - sy to sup - ply. We lov'd the Dean. *aside* *mp* (I lead a Heart) *mp* But

Fl. *p* *tr* *pp*

Vla. *p*

Hp.



818  $\text{♩} = c. 108$

vox. *de - rest Friends, they say, must part."*

Fl. *f*

Vla. *arco mp*

Hp. *mf f*

824  $\text{♩} = 88$

vox. *f* *Where's now this Fav - 'rite of A - pol - lo? De -*

Fl. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Hp. *mf*

829

vox. par-ted; and his Works must fol-low: \_\_\_\_\_ Must un-der-go the com-mon Fate; His Kind of Wit is out of Date. \_\_\_\_\_ He

Fl. *p*

Vla. *p*

Hp. *p*

834 **singer begins to exit the stage**

vox. gave the lit-tle wealth he had \_\_\_\_\_ To build a House for Fools and Mad \_\_\_\_\_ And

Fl.

Vla. *mp* *mf*

Hp. *mp* *f* *mf*

838

vox. shew'd by one sa-tyr - ic touch No Na - tionwan - ted it so much" That King - dom he hath left his Deb - tor

Fl. *ppp* *p*

Vla. *ppp* *p*

Hp. *p*

♩.=112 singer can leave the stage

841

vox. I wish it soon mayhave a Bet - ter

Fl. *f* *a jig*

Vla. *f*

Hp. *ff* *f*

847

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

853

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

859

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

865

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

871

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

brush and bounce the chords

878

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

Dean Swift's Satyrs for the Very Very Young

68

882

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*mf*

*f*

Musical score for measures 882-888. The Flute (Fl.) part begins with a melodic line in the treble clef, marked *mf*. The Viola (Vla.) part also starts with a melodic line in the bass clef, also marked *mf*. The Harp (Hp.) part features a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef, marked *f*. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

889

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*mp*

*ff*

*f*

Musical score for measures 889-894. The Flute (Fl.) part has a sustained note in the treble clef, marked *mp*. The Viola (Vla.) part has a rhythmic pattern in the bass clef, marked *ff*. The Harp (Hp.) part has a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef, marked *f*. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

895

Fl.

Vla.

Hp.

*ff*

Musical score for measures 895-900. The Flute (Fl.) part has a sustained note in the treble clef. The Viola (Vla.) part has a rhythmic pattern in the bass clef. The Harp (Hp.) part has a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef, marked *ff*. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).