

DINOS CONSTANTINIDES

MIDNIGHT SONG

For Soprano and Chamber Orchestra

LRC 112a



magni

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Duration: ca. 11 min.

Midnight Song is based on a cluster of half steps. This is evident at the very beginning of the work, and octave displacements later create melodic figures of a lyrical nature. In fact, this cluster was created from the beginning of an old, evocative Nat King Cole song. The interplay of tonal and atonal elements achieves changes of mood and affects the overall structure of the piece. *Midnight Song* begins with a cluster of three notes leading to a nightingale's song. Occasionally fast descending sonorities interrupt the tranquil mood of the music.

A dramatic middle section embellished by short, fast passages brings the music back to the opening three-note cluster. A highly contrapuntal section builds up to some very loud sonorities echoed by very soft clusters. The nightingale's song appears again as an epilogue to the entire piece. The composition ends with some haunting sonorities enhanced by antique cymbals and triangles.

PINKIE GORDON LANE

MIDNIGHT SONG

If I were sitting
on the banks of the river
I would write poems
about seaweed or flotsam
making their way
to the end of the sea
or the expense of the bridge
that falls into the sky

If a flight to nowhere
curled waves of air
beneath my feet
or framed my vision, a poem
would draw images
from wings of the jet
filling corners of clouds

But my blue room –
where I die each night –
frames this poem
The curtain is striped
blue on white
the walls the color
of twilight just before death
of the sun
and the doors pale
as the morning sky

And so I write
a blue room poem
my mind penetrates walls
and hangs like mist
on the wake of trees
swaying low over the town

Only the crickets know
I am there, and they
sing songs
to the low-touching wind
only they will know
I have passed over the earth
gathering periwinkles
and ivy
to take to the hills

This poem plants itself
and grows like the jasmine
coating my fence
it creeps over the page
like hollyfern
and bore into the depths
of my mind like the wild palm
that sentinels my yard's
center, spreading fan-like
at all points
caught up in a web
of light –
a ring of gold
painting the earth.