

**DINOS CONSTANTINIDES**

**MIDNIGHT SONG**

For Soprano and Chamber Orchestra

**LRC 112b**

**PIANO VERSION**



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# DINOS CONSTANTINIDES

## **MIDNIGHT SONG**

*for Soprano and Chamber Orchestra*

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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.