

UCLA

Contemporary Music Score Collection

Title

Vigil Strange

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/8rs919xq>

Author

Feather, John

Publication Date

2020

VIGIL STRANGE

poem by Walt Whitman

for baritone, glockenspiel, oboe bassoon, violin and viola

Music by John Feather

Vigil strange I kept in the field one night;
When you my son and my comrade dropt at my side that day,
One look I but gave which your dear eyes return'd with look I shall never forget,
One touch of your hand to mine O boy, reach's up as you lay on the ground,
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested battle,
Till late in the night reliev'd to the place at last again I made my way,
Found you in death so cold dear comrade, found your body fond of responding kisses
 (never again on earth responding)
Bared your face in the starlight, curious the scene, cool blew the moderate night-wind,
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around the battlefield spreading,
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet there in the fragrant silent night,
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh, long, long I gazed,
Then on the earth partially reclining sat by your side leaning my chin in my hands,
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you dearest comrade -- not tear, not a word,
Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you my son and soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole,
Vigil final for you brave boy (I could not save you, swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living, I think we shall surely meet again,)
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head and carefully under feet,
And there and then and bathed by the rising sun, my son in his grave,
 in his rude-dug grave I deposited,
Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of night and battlefield dim,
Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth responding),
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

To my dear friend, great artist and extraordinarily loving special human, Shea Owens.

Vigil Strange

Walt Whitman

for baritone, glockenspiel, oboe, bassoon, violin & viola

John Feather

$\text{♩} = 100$

Baritone

Vi - gil strange I kept in the field one night;

Glockenspiel

Bassoon

Oboe

Violin

Viola

6

Bar.

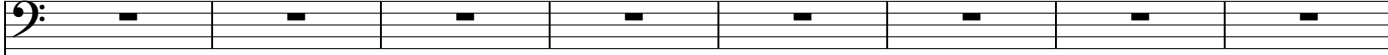
Glock.

Bsn.

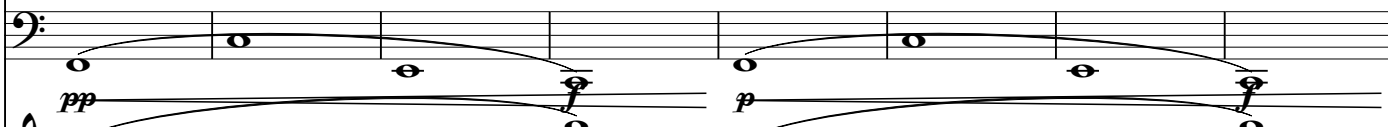
Ob.

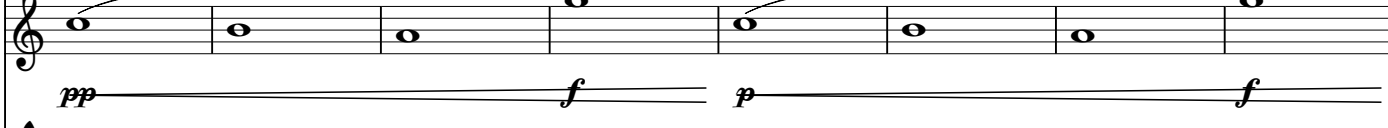
Vln.

Vla.

Bar. 

Glock. 

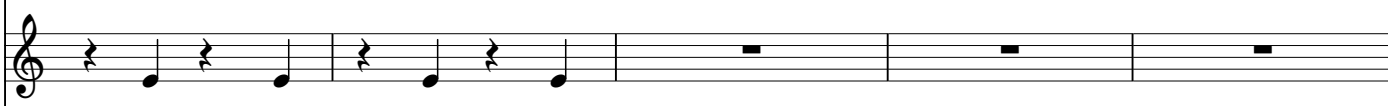
Bsn. 

Ob. 

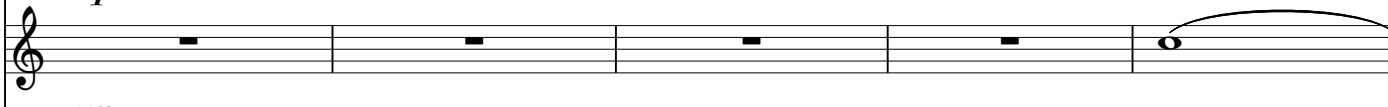
Vln. 

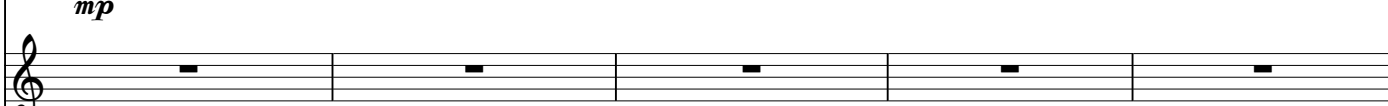
Vla. 

Bar. 
 when you myson and my com-rade dropt at my side that day, One look I but

Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

Bar. gave which your dear eyes return'd with a look I shall ne-ver for - get

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. One touch of your hand to mine, my boy, reach'd up as

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. you lay on the ground then on -

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. ward I sped in the bat-tle, the e - ven con - test-ed bat-tle, till late in the night

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

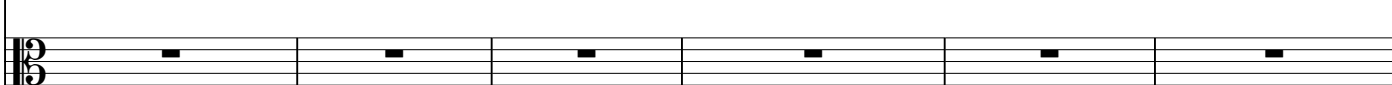
Bar. 
to the place at last a-gain I made my way, found you in death

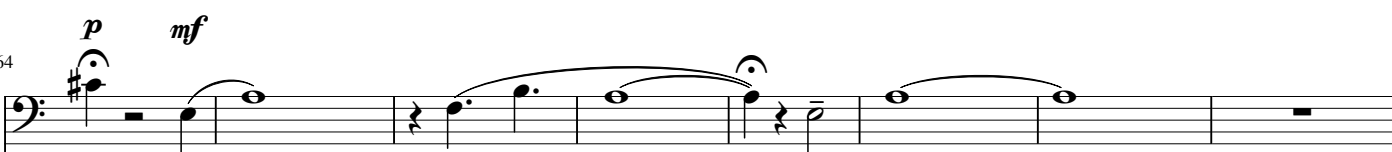
Glock. 

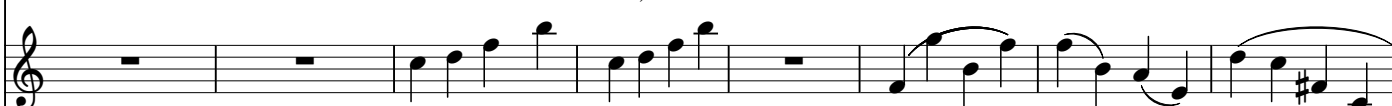
Bsn. 

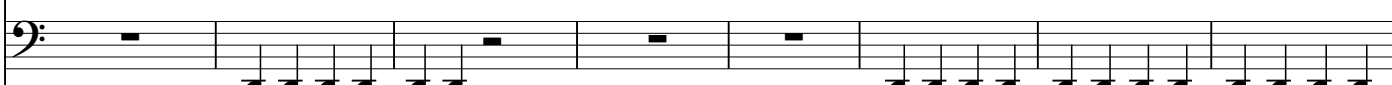
Ob. 

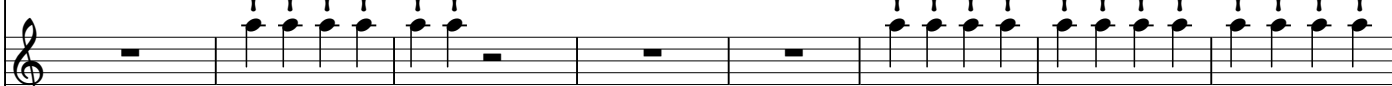
Vln. 

Vla. 

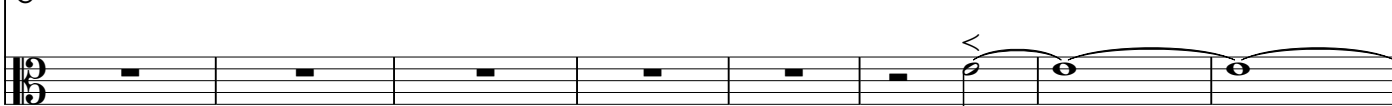
64 *p* *mf*
Bar. 
death so cold dear com - rade, so cold

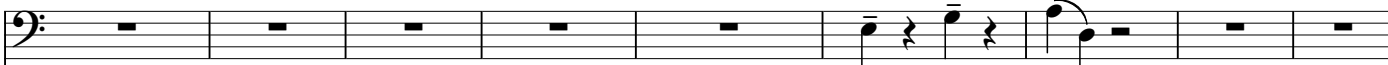
Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

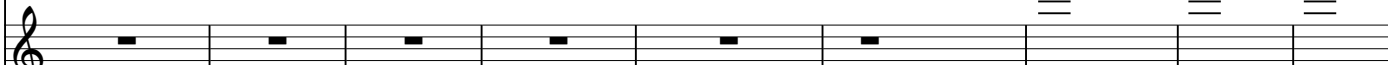
Vla. 

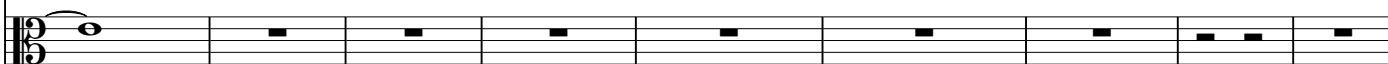
Bar.  found your body

Glock. 

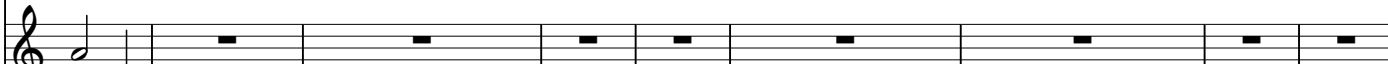
Bsn. 

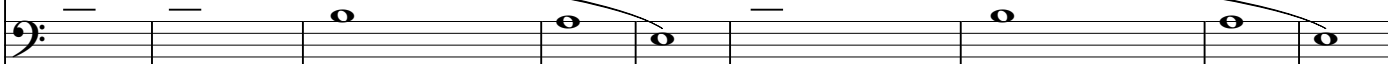
Ob. 

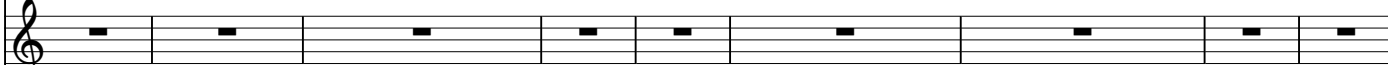
Vln. 

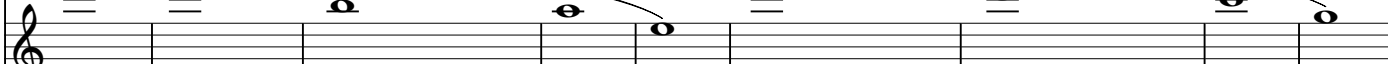
Vla. 

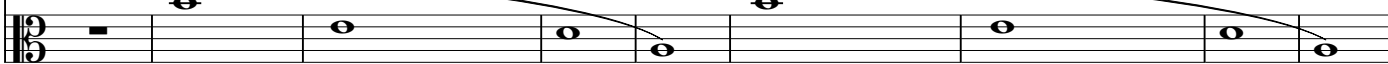
Bar.  son of re - sponding kiss - es, never a - gain on earth re - sponding

Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

pp *f* *f*

Bar. *never a - gain bared your face in the star-light,*

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob. *p* *8* *mp*

Vln. *8* *mp*

Vla. *p* *mf*

Bar. *cu - ri - ous the scene, cool blew the moder - ate night wind long*

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob. *8*

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. there and then in vi-gil I stood, dim-ly a-round me

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. the bat-tle field spread - ing, vi - gil won - drous and vi - gilsweet

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. there in the fra - grant si - lent night but not a tear fell, not

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. e-ven a long-drawn sigh, long, long I gazed, then on the earth par-tial - ly

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. re- cli - ning sat by your side leaning my chin in my hands

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. pass - ing sweet hours, im - mor - tal and

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. my - stic hours with you dear-

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

mf *p*

Bar. - est com - rade not a tear, not a word, vi-gil of si -

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. lence love and death vigil for you dear son and my sol - dier,

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln. 15

Vla.

Bar. as on ward si-lent-ly stars a-loft, east-ward

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob. 8 *pp* 15 8

Vln. 15 *pp* 15 8

Vla. *pp*

173

Bar. new ones upward stole, vi - gil fi - nal

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

181

Bar. for you brave boy I... I... I could not save

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. you, could not save you, swift was your death, swift was your death, I could not

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

194

Bar. save you,

Glock.

Bsn.

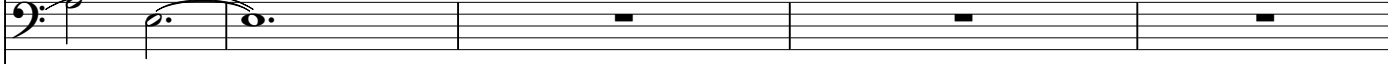
Ob.

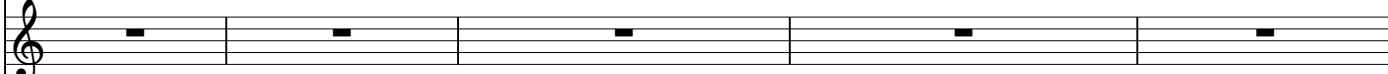
Vln.

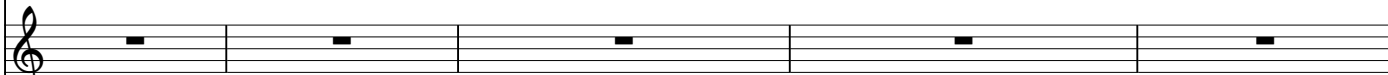
Vla.

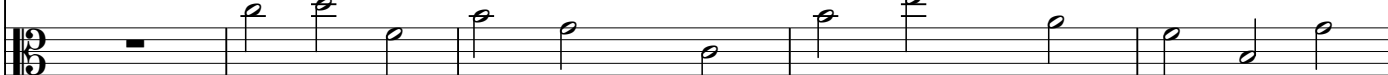
Bar.  I faith-ful-ly loved you, faith-ful-ly loved you and

Glock. 

Bsn. 

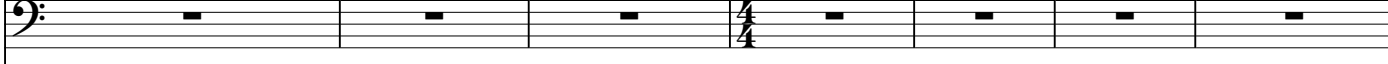
Ob. 

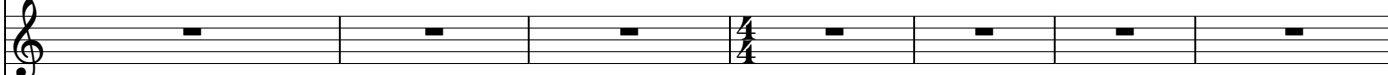
Vln. 

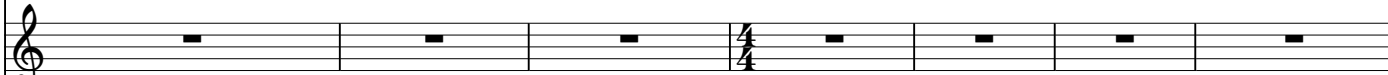
Vla. 

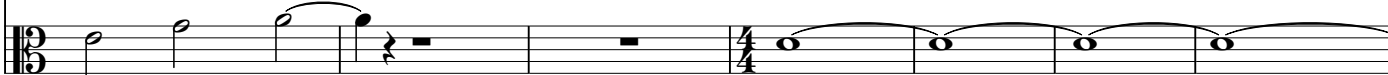
Bar.  cared for you. cared for you liv - ing (I think

Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

Bar. we shall sure - ly meet a - gain, I think we shall sure - ly meet

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. a - gain,)

Glock.

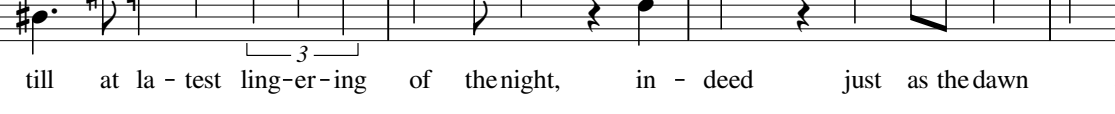
Bsn.

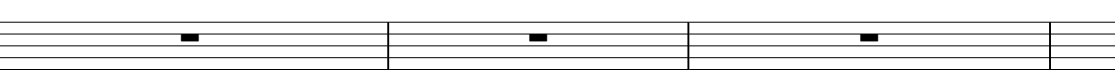
Ob.

Vln.

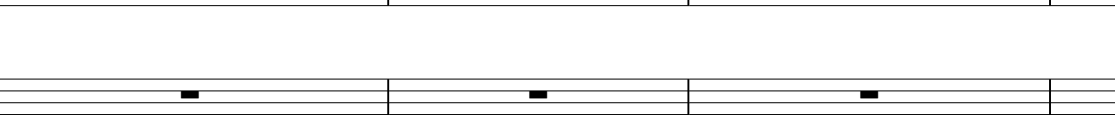
Vla.

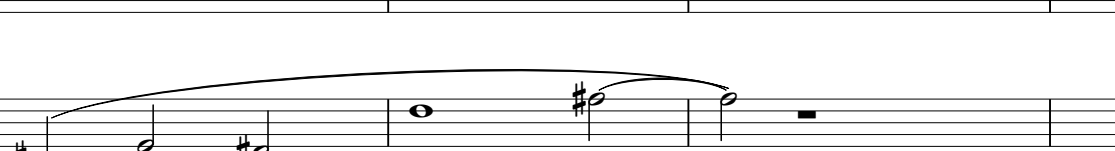
224

Bar.  till at la - test ling-er-ing of the night, in - deed just as the dawn appear'd,

Glock. 

Bsn. 

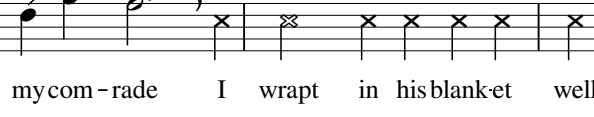
Ob. 

Vln. 

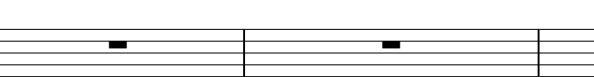
Vla. 

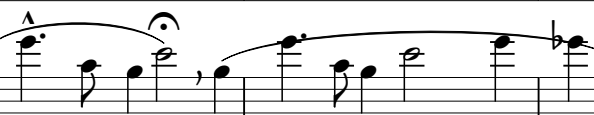
228

SPOKEN restrained, hiding emotions, not necessarily in written notes or values

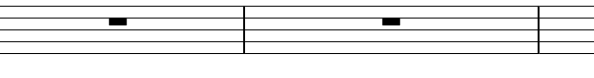
Bar. 

my com - rade I wrapt in his blank-et well tucking it careful-ly o - verhead and un-der

Glock. 

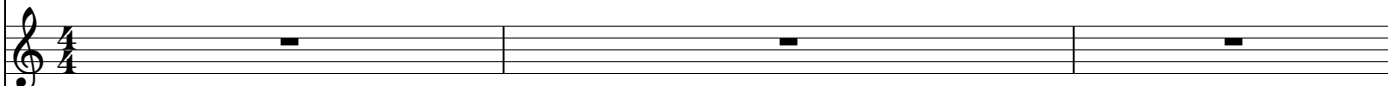
Bsn. 

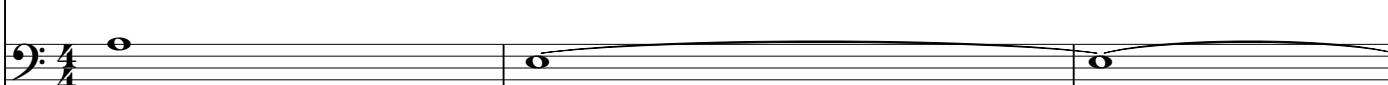
Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

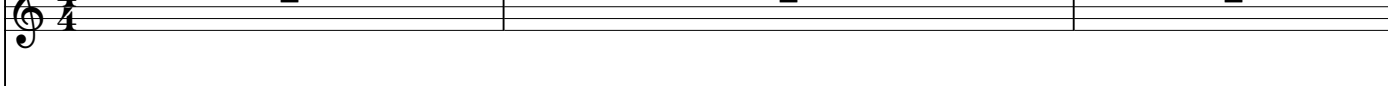
Bar.  feet. and there and then and bathed

Glock. 

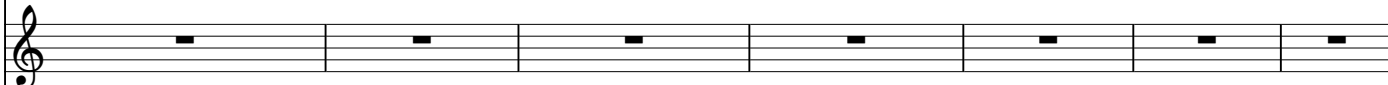
Bsn. 

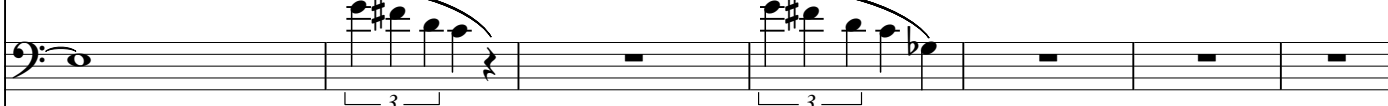
Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

Bar.  by the ri - sing sun bathed by the ri - sing sun

Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

Bar.
 Glock.
 Bsn.
 Ob.
 Vln.
 Vla.

Bar.
 Glock.
 Bsn.
 Ob.
 Vln.
 Vla.

Spoken with finality

Bar. with that, vi-gil of night and bat-tle field dim (ne-ver a -

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. gain on earth re - sponding, ne-ver a - gain, ne-ver a - gain, ne-ver a - gain)

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. 3 vi-gil for comrades swift-ly slain, 3 vi-gil I ne-ver

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

Vln.

Vla.

Bar. 3 for-get, 3 how as day bright-en'd, 3 I rose from the chill ground and

Glock.

Bsn.

Ob.

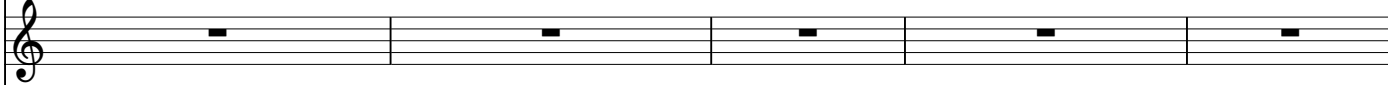
Vln.

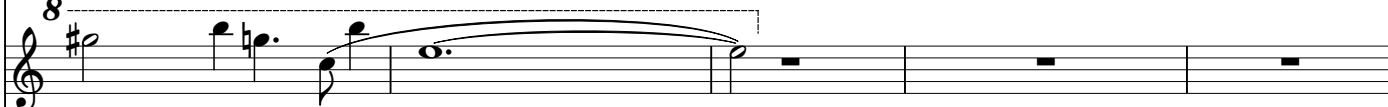
Vla.

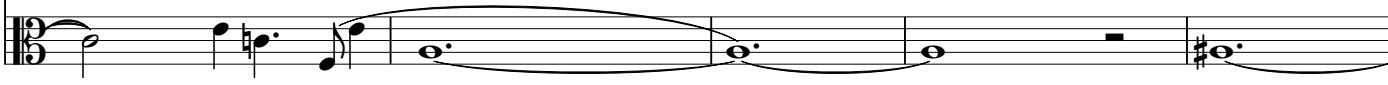
Bar. 
fol-ded my sol - dier well in his blan-ket and bu-ried him where he fell.

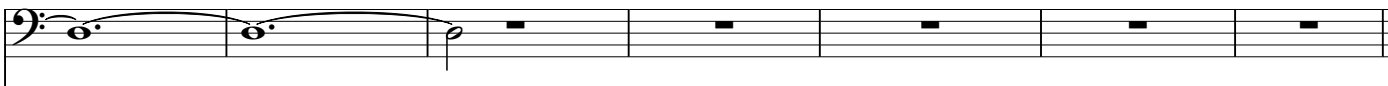
Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

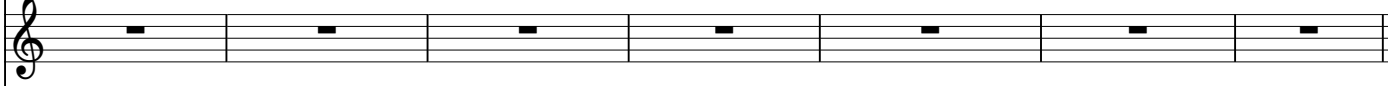
Vln. 

Vla. 

Bar. 

Glock. 

Bsn. 

Ob. 

Vln. 

Vla. 

