

# Reaper

*and Cello*



Words by William Wordsworth  
2019 4:50

Music by Jon Corelis



♩ = 80  
With restraint  
*mf*

♩ = 72

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Violoncello

Sweetly melancholy, freely, rubato and dynamics ad lib.

With restraint

Be - hold her,

*p*

With restraint

*p*

7

Mzs.

Fl.

Vc.

sin - gle in the field, yon sol - i - tar - y High - land lass!

14


Mzs. 

Reap-ing and sing - ing by her - self; stop\_ here, or gent\_ ly\_ pass\_


Fl. 


Vc. 

24

Mzs. 

A - lone she cuts and binds the grain, and sings a mel - an - chol - y strain,

Fl. 

Vc. 

32 *Rapturously*  
*f* 3

Mzs. O list-en, list-en, list-en, list - en for the vale pro - found is ov-er -

Fl. *Rapturously*  
*mp* 3

Vc. *Rapturously*  
*mp* 3

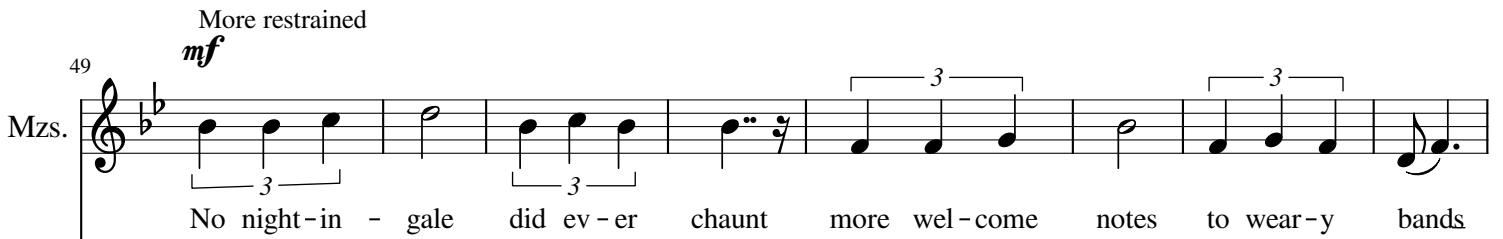
42 G. P.

Mzs. flow - ing with the sound.

Fl.

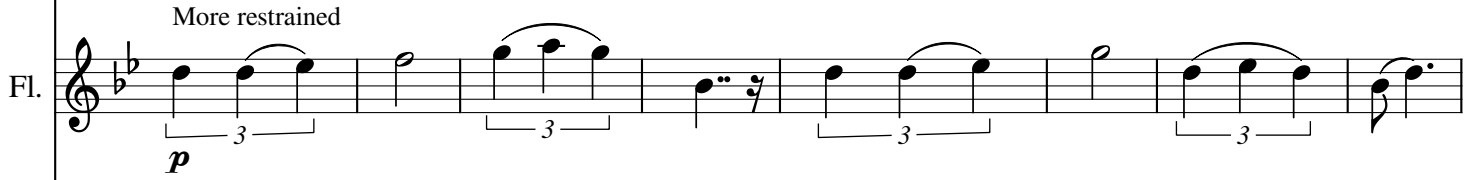
Vc.

49 *mf* More restrained

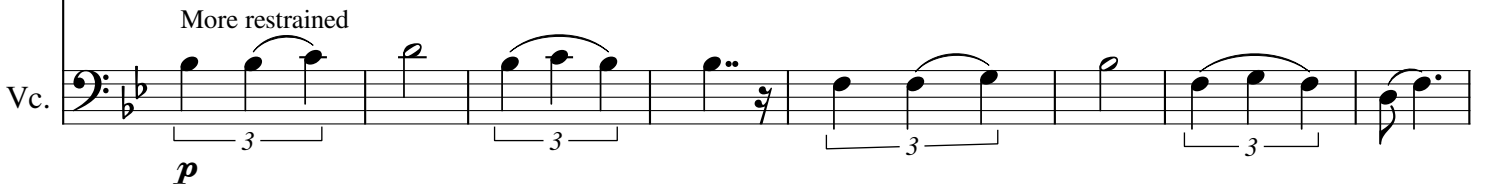
Mzs. 

No night-in - gale did ev - er chaunt more wel - come notes to wear - y bands

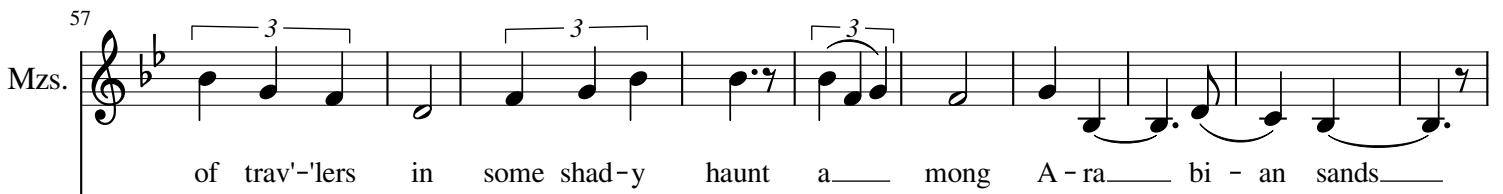
Fl. *p* More restrained



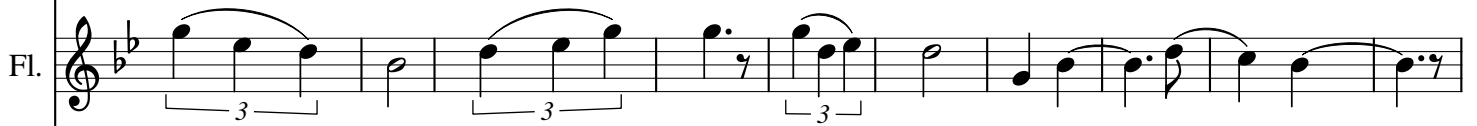
Vc. *p* More restrained

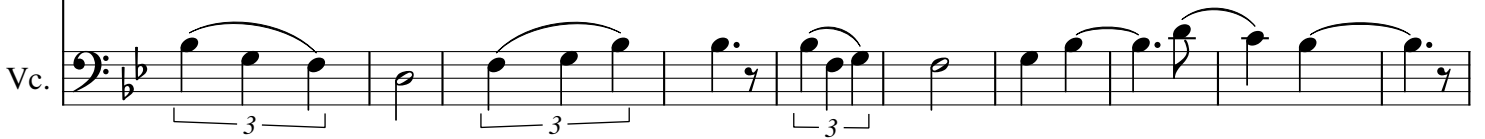


57

Mzs. 

of trav' - lers in some shad - y haunt a \_\_\_ mong A - ra \_\_\_ bi - an sands \_\_

Fl. 

Vc. 


67

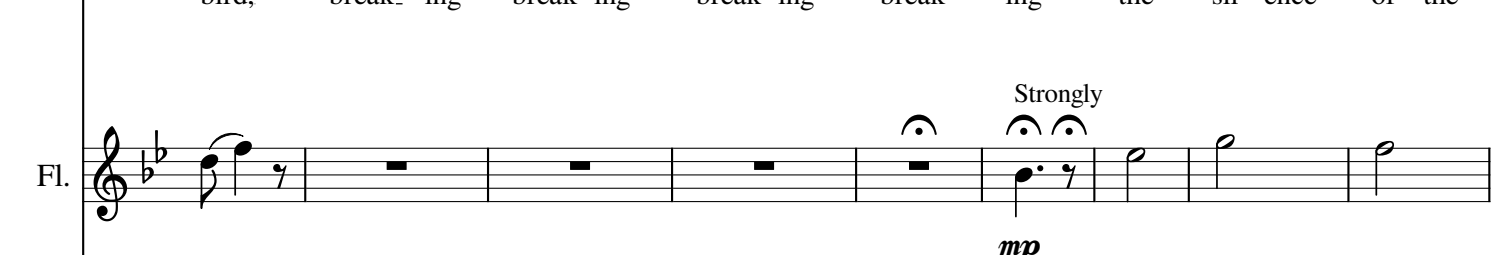
Mzs. 

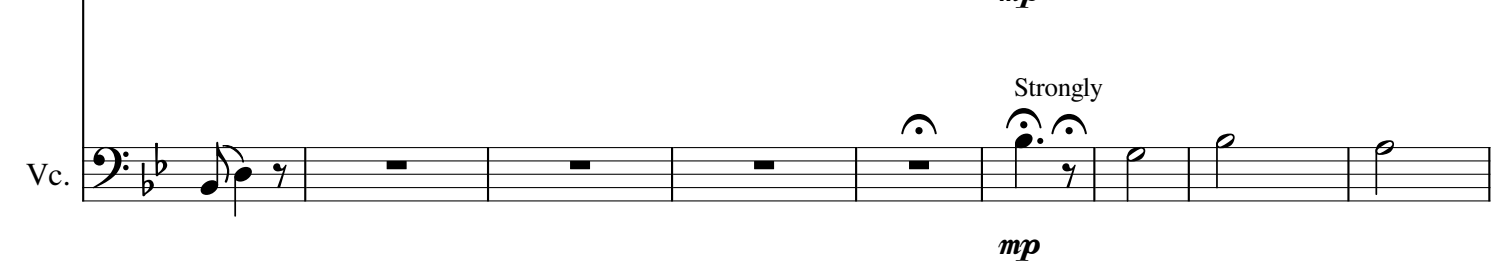
Fl. 

Vc. 

74

Mzs. 

Fl. 

Vc. 

83

Mzs.

seas

Fl.

Vc.



84

Mzs. *G. P. mp* More restrained  
 a - mong the farth - est Heb - ri - des. Will no one tell me what she

Fl. *pp* More restrained

Vc. *pp* More restrained

95

Mzs. sings? Per-haps the plain - tive num - bers flow for old, un - hap - py, far-off

Fl.

Vc.

103

Mzs. things,

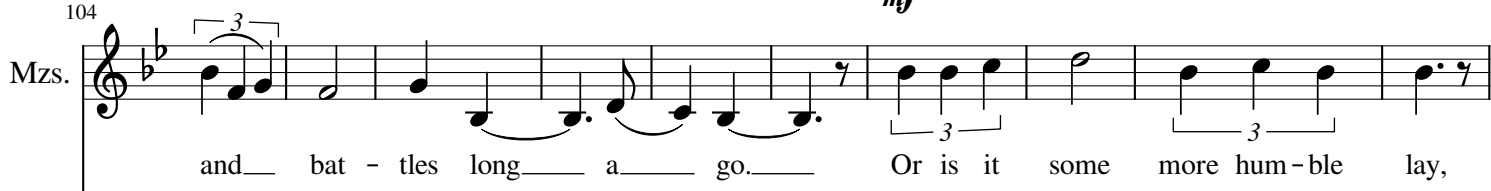
Fl.

Vc.

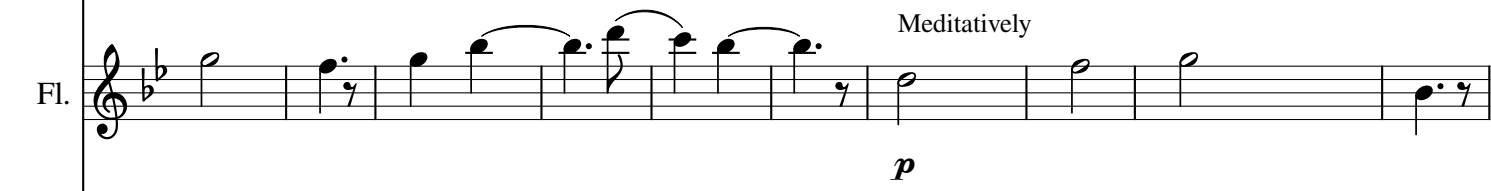
The image shows three staves of music. The top staff is for Mzs. (Mezzosoprano), the middle for Fl. (Flute), and the bottom for Vc. (Violoncello). All three staves are in the same key signature (one flat) and time signature. Each staff contains a single measure of music, starting with a dotted quarter note followed by a fermata. The lyrics 'things,' are written below the first staff.

Meditatively  
*mf*


104

Mzs. 

and bat - tles long a go. Or is it some more hum - ble lay,


Fl. 

Meditatively  
*p*

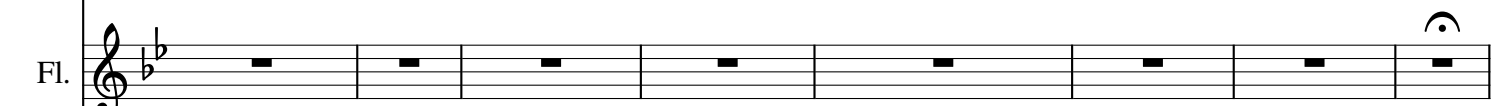
Vc. 


Strongly  
*f*

114

Mzs. 

fam - il - iar mat - ter of to - day? Some nat - u'ral sor - row sor - row sor -

Fl. 

Vc. 

Meditatively  
*p*

122

Mzs. row,

Fl. Strongly *mp*

Vc. Strongly *mp*

123

Mzs. *G. P. mf* A little livelier

loss, or\_ pain, that has been and may be a\_ gain?\_ What-e'er the

Fl. A little livelier

Vc. A little livelier

135

Mzs.

theme, the Maid - en sang, as if her song could have no end - ing;

Fl.

Vc.

142

Mzs. *I saw her sing - ing at her work, sing - ing, and o'er the sick - le bend -*

Fl.

Vc.

151

Mzs. *ing; I list-ened mo - tion - less and still, and as I mount - ted up the*

Fl. *Hushed*  
*pp* *p*

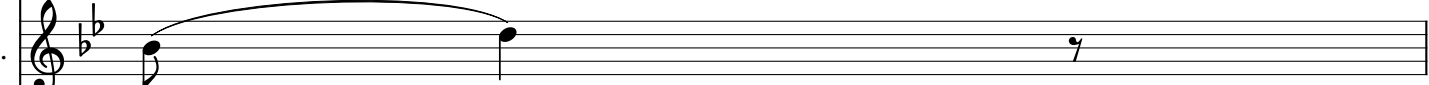
Vc. *Hushed*  
*pp* *p*

Mzs.



hill.

Fl.



Vc.



Detailed description: This block contains three staves of musical notation. The top staff is for the Mezzo-soprano (Mzs.) in a soprano clef, with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a half note on G4, a half note on Bb4, and a fermata on G4. A slur covers the first two notes, and the word "hill." is written below the first note. The middle staff is for the Flute (Fl.) in a soprano clef, with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a half note on G4, a half note on Bb4, and a fermata on G4. A slur covers the first two notes. The bottom staff is for the Violoncello (Vc.) in a bass clef, with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a half note on G3, a half note on Bb3, and a fermata on G3. A slur covers the first two notes.

160

Mzs. *f* Rapturously *ff* With great joy *f* Fade with restraint

the mus\_ ic mus\_ ic mus - ic in my heart I bore, long\_ af -

Fl. *mp* *mf* *mp* Rapturously With great joy Fade with restraint

Vc. *mp* *mf* *mp* Rapturously With great joy Fade with restraint

171

Mzs. *p*

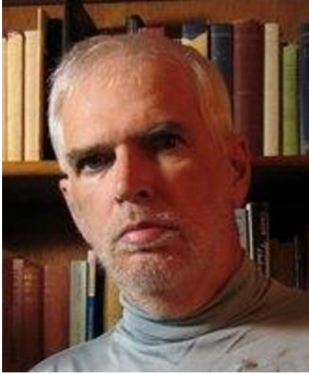
ter it was heard no more\_

Fl. *ppp*

Vc. *ppp*



## ABOUT THE COMPOSER



Jon Corelis was born in California and grew up in and around Chicago, where he earned a degree in Classical Languages and Literatures at the College of the University of Chicago. He later took a doctorate in Classics at Stanford, and taught Classics and Humanities at Stanford, the University of California, and the University of Minnesota. After a subsequent career as a software specialist in Silicon Valley, he now lives in Wisconsin. His poetry and other writings have been published in print and on web sites in eight countries, and he has given lectures and readings by

invitation in America and Europe.

He more recently has turned to composing songs and instrumental pieces. His music has been featured on the web site *The Flexible Persona*, has been performed in concert by the Wisconsin ensemble a very small consortium, by the New York State flute quartet *Party of Four*, and at Denison University's TUTTI 2019 Festival, and has been recorded by flutist Robin Meiksins for her YouTube recording project *365 Days of Flute*, and by clarinetist Emily Mehig for her YouTube recording project *The Miniature Month of May*.

The Solitary Reaper by William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.