TOAST!

for Soprano & Piano

DANIEL FARDON

Written for Anna Shackleton

TOAST!

2016-17

Music by DANIEL FARDON

Words

Anacreon

Beaumont & Fletcher

Li Bai

Sean Jacks

Approx. 16 Minutes

I CARE NOT FOR THE IDLE STATE
DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT
DRINK TODAY AND DROWN ALL SORROW
TO ME

I CARE NOT FOR THE IDLE STATE

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
Today I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if tomorrow ne'er should shine;
But if tomorrow comes, why then-
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For Death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us-drink no more!

~ Anacreon (c.582-c.485 BC)

DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

A cup of wine, under the flowering trees;
I drink alone, for no friend is near.
Raising my cup I beckon the bright moon,
For he, with my shadow, will make three men.
The moon, alas, is no drinker of wine;
Listless, my shadow creeps about at my side.
Yet with the moon as friend and the shadow as slave
I must make merry before the Spring is spent.
To the songs I sing the moon flickers her beams;
In the dance I weave my shadow tangles and breaks.
While we were sober, three shared the fun;
Now we are drunk, each goes his way.
May we long share our odd, inanimate feast,
And meet at last on the Cloudy River of the sky.

~ Li Bai (701-762 AD)

DRINK TODAY AND DROWN ALL SORROW

Drink today, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do it tomorrow;
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

~ John Fletcher (1579-1625)

TO ME

Thirsty and neglected, amnesia, dark red eyes,
Knocking down the wall and exposing the lies,
A sharp rhythm and motion that turns day after day,
With some wine to drink in the castle I play.

Lost to the underworld, it's a crying shame,
Washed away in emptiness, another losing game,
To friends and to family, poor child I have become,
A shadow of a woman, unrecognisable to some.

Like in her songs, they say it all went wrong,
But happiness and love will never last too long,
We toast to the talent, not to the damage we could see,
So let's have a toast, to me.

Is it sunny over there? No snow or gloomy shade,
Please let a boy visit and nobody come to his aid,

Am I ill? Am I over? Am I weak? Am I done?
I am vanishing here with another ounce or tonne,

~ Sean Jacks (b.1990)

I CARE NOT FOR THE IDLE STATE

Anacreon
(c.582-c485 BC)




17
mine the ro - sy braid the fer - vour of my brow
21
f
mp
to shade; Be mine the o - dours, rich - ly
f
mp
26
cresc.
f thrilled
sigh - ing, A - midst my hoa- ry tres - ses fly - ing.
cresc.
30
FREE TIME
p (hesitant/growing)
mf
f (resplendent)
Suddenly Melancholic
mp
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine, As if to-mor-row
8va
p
mp
mf
f
sub p
8vb
Ped.
Ped. (norm.)


32
rit.
(♩ = c. 64)
Nostalgic - slightly slower
mf
mp
ne-ver should shine; But if tom-or-row comes, why then. I'll haste to
rit.
(♩ = c. 64)
mf
mp
37
accel.
quaff my wine a - gain.
accel.
42
(♩ = 69) mp cresc.
A Tempo
And thus while all our days are bright, Nor time has
(♩ = 69)
A Tempo
mp cresc.
46
f
mp
dimm'd their bloo-my light, Let us the fes-tal hours be - guile
f
mp


FREE TIME
51
p cresc.
brightly
With mant-ling cup and a cor - di - al smile;
8va
mf
pp
U.C
rapido.
cresc.
mf
8vb
mf disquieting
And shed from eve - ry bowl of wine
The rich-est drop on Bac-chus'
f
T.C
8vb
52
ff
shrine!
As in the beginning,
but somewhat despairing.
mp
For death may
mp unsettled
sffz
(sim. phrasing)
58
come with brow un-plea - sant,
May come, when we least wish him pre - sent,
mf
mf

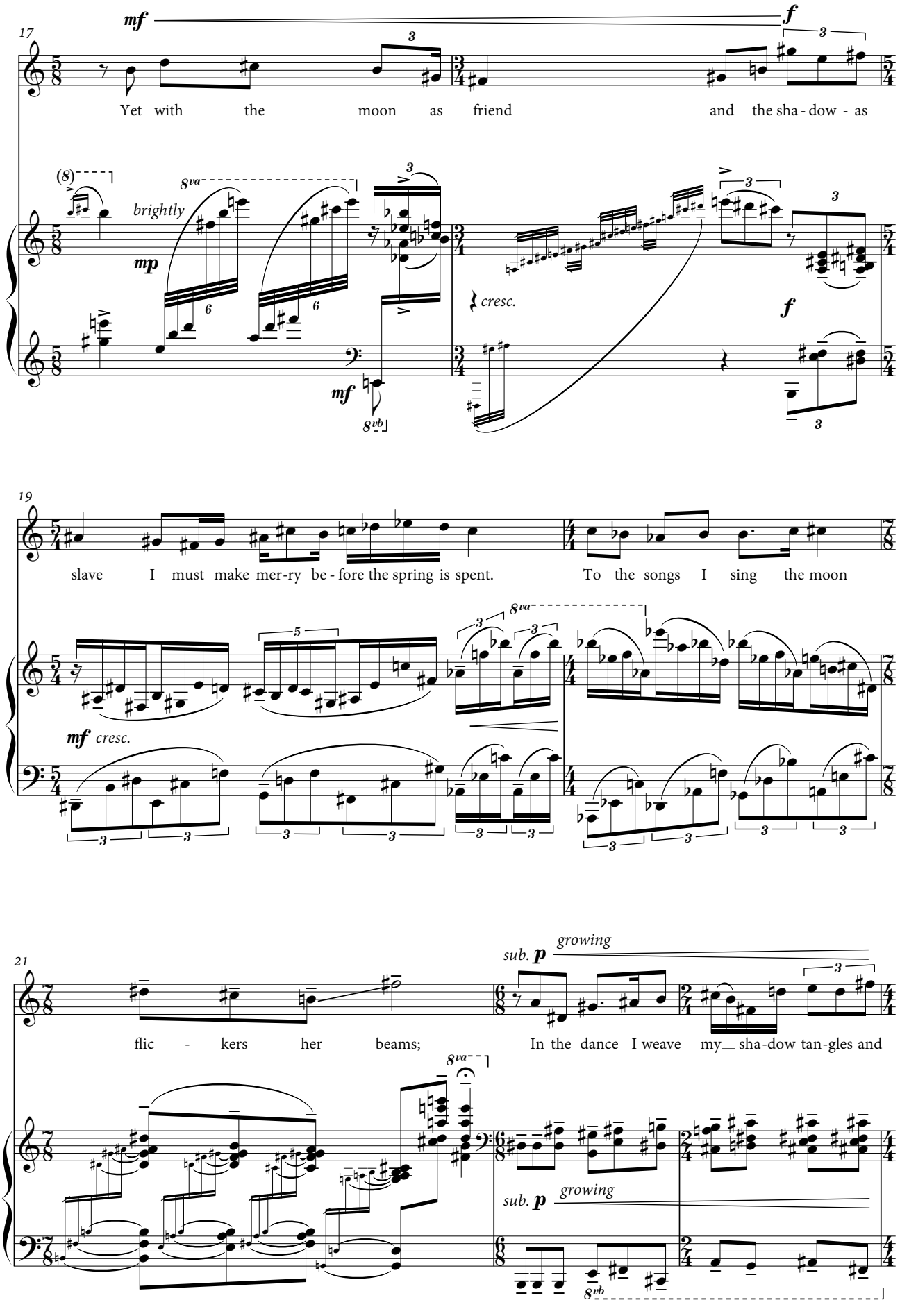

63
cresc.
5
And beck - on to the sab - le shore, And grim-ly bid us
5
8vb
67
f lavish
drink no more!
8va
f
ff
sffz

DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

Li Bai
(701-762 AD)

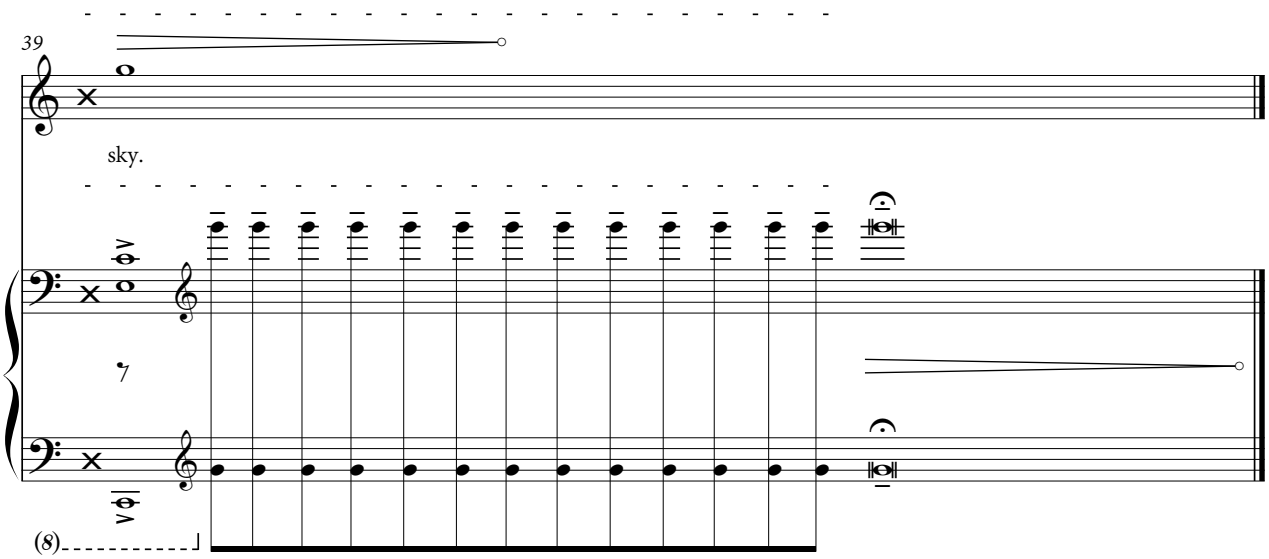



9
cup I bec - kon the bright moon, for he with my
dolce
cresc.
8va
mf
12
f
sha - dow will make three men.
mf
The moon, a - las is no
mp cresc.
15
p
drin - ker of wine;
List - less, my sha - dow creeps at my side.
dim.


17
mf
f
Yet with the moon as friend and the sha - dow - as
brightly
mp
8va
8vb
cresc.
f
mf
19
slave I must make mer-ry be - fore the spring is spent. To the songs I sing the moon
mf cresc.
8va
21
sub. p growing
flic - kers her beams; In the dance I weave my__ sha-dow tan-gles and
8va
sub. p growing
8vb


24
ff
breaks!
8va
sffz
ff
mf
26
mf
While we were so - ber
three shared the fun;
f
(8)
8va
f
29
feverish
Now we are drunk,
each goes his way.
Ahh
ff
mf cresc.
muscular
sub p cresc.
8vb

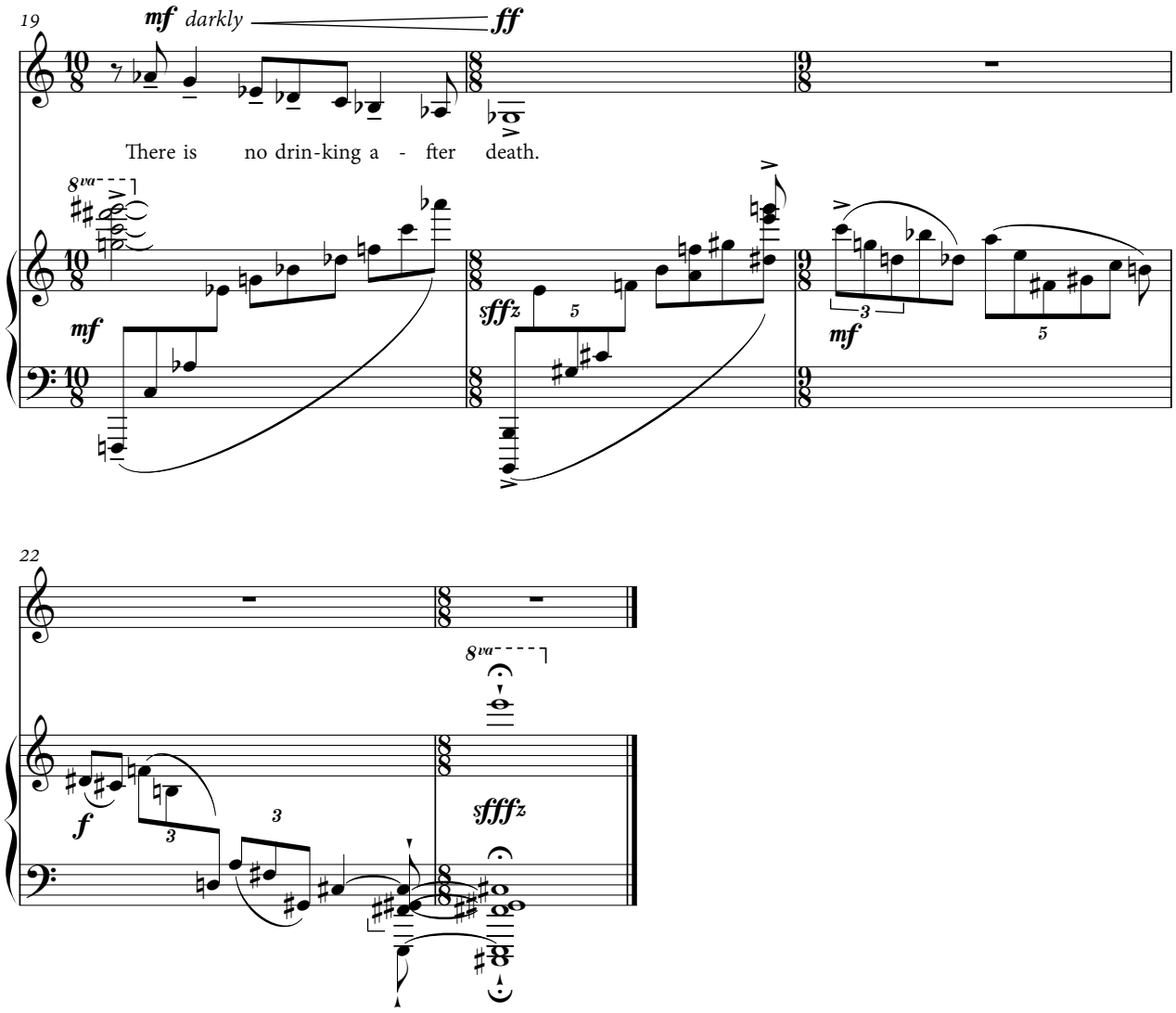

31
34
f
May we long share our
8va
tr
f
8vb
36
rit.
ff
odd, i - na - ni - mate feast, And meet at last on the clou - dy ri - ver of the
(8)
rit.
8vb


39
sky.
(8)

DRINK TODAY AND DROWN ALL SORROW

John Fletcher
(1579-1625)




19
mf darkly
ff
There is no drin-king a - fter death.
8va
mf
sffz
5
3
mf
5
22
8va
f
3
3
sffffz

TO ME

Sean Jacks
(b.1990)

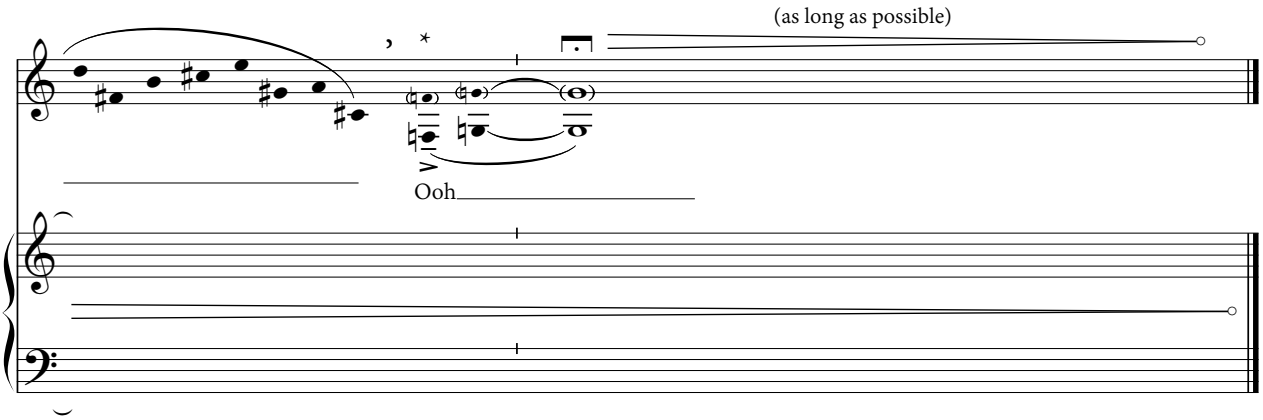


* Diamond note heads: add Blu-tack to highest and lowest strings of piano, striking notes as hard as possible


15
FREE TIME
mf
15
With some wine to drink in the cas - tle I play.
Ooh
(8)
mp
20
p
5
5
Lost to the un-der world, it is a cry-ing shame,
Washed a-way in emp-ti-
p
25
mf
5
ness, a-no-ther lo-sing game,
pp
3
To friends and to
8va
15ma
8va
mf
sfffz
pp
15mb
29
fa-mi-ly, poor child I have be - come, A sha-dow of a wo-man un-re-cog
3
(8)


34
mf
mp
ni - sa - ble to some. ooh ooh ahh Like
38
cresc.
in her songs, they say it all went wrong, But hap-pi-nes and love will ne - ver
42
f
sub p
last too long,
We toast to the ta-lent, not to the da-mage we could
8va
48
cresc.
f
see, So let's have a toast, to me!
15ma
sfffz
15mb


54
mp
Is it sun - ny o - ver there? No snow or gloo-my shade,
mp
59
cresc.
Please let a boy vi-sit and no-bo-dy come to his aid.
f
sub p
8va
8vb
cresc.
64
sempre p
Am I ill? Am I o- ver? Am I weak? Am I done? I am va - ni-shing
(8)
69
FREE TIME
ff
here with a - no-ther ounce or tonne.
Ooh
cresc.
ff



* Sing bracketed notes if normal sized note-heads are out of range