Along the silent streets

A Song cycle

Words: Phillip Dalziel  Music: Neil Carey
Author’s note

There is a photograph in my kitchen of two very tidy well dressed little boys, both look a little scared and also a little overawed by the photographer’s studio. They stand in front of a canvas scene probably as still as they had ever been or ever were to be.

The taller one standing with his hand on his brother’s shoulder is my great uncle. The shorter and younger of the two is my grandfather he sits with his little feet not touching the ground.

It is only I who now know that these children were escaping persecution only a few months before this photograph was taken.

When I was a child my grandfather would tell me of the streets they walked down, he remembered the people watching and his father telling him to keep looking forward, to not look down but to keep looking to the distance.

When, much older I watched on the news the long trails of human suffering trudging through Bosnia, and remembered the countless old news clips of dispossessed people walking down countless streets I saw not just my ancestors but an unbroken line of people including myself walking towards an unknown distance, trying to look forward and telling ourselves and those we travel with not to look down.

This song cycle is in honour of all those thousands and thousands more who kept walking and are walking still.

Phillip Dalziel
January 2012
Performance notes

The piece is conventionally notated throughout; there are passages of ambient, harmonic piano textures that are generated by the left hand holding the notes open without sounding and the right hand providing a note cluster “smash” to resonate the open strings. There is an explanation on the score and then this is designated by diamond note heads in the left hand with a Pedal sign.

Score in C

Baritone

Piano

The first song, Along the silent streets was first performed by Paul Carey Jones and Ian Ryan at the University of Surrey on the 29th February 2012.
Along The Silent Streets

Baritone Solo

Moderate \( \dot{\text{d}} = 72 \)

Faster \( \dot{\text{d}} = 100 \)

Al- long the sil- ent streets we came

Piano

Moderate \( \dot{\text{d}} = 72 \)

Faster \( \dot{\text{d}} = 100 \)

A hun- dred souls or more there came

Moderate \( \dot{\text{d}} = 72 \)

Faster \( \dot{\text{d}} = 100 \)

And a thou- sand more

A Little slower \( \dot{\text{d}} = 90 \)

A Little faster \( \dot{\text{d}} = 100 \)
Hold the left hand notes (without sounding) and allow the right hand cluster "smash" to resonate the left hand pitches. The resulting "harmonics" from the resonating strings should be allowed to decay naturally.

You have not seen the blood we have
You did not see that body there

With flies a round its eyes and
Moderate $\frac{4}{4}$

67

$\text{ppp}$

You did not witness all we saw
From your smart hou-ses
Smell the sight

83

$\text{ppp}$

Smell the sight
Of a thou-sand thou-sand souls or more

$\text{pp}$

Don't flinch at that
Don't flinch at that
A little slower $\frac{3}{4} \approx 90$

Faster $\frac{3}{4} = 100$

---

Faster $\frac{3}{4} = 100$

A little slower $\frac{3}{4} \approx 90$

---

100

_ cannot now re mem ber_ right_ The look of all we left_
A little slower $\dot{=} 90$

Moderate $\dot{=} 72$

A photograph of two... Who are not with us now
Don't smile at that

Don't smile at that

Ped. Ped.
Cotton Roses

Baritone Solo

\( \text{Bars 1-16} \)

\( \text{Bars 17-32} \)

Piano

\( \text{Bars 33-48} \)

Bar. Solo

\( \text{Bars 1-16} \)

\( \text{Bars 17-32} \)

Pno.

\( \text{Bars 33-48} \)
strayed across the floor I stood on the chair

and Hitched a look And their faces

striving back I saw As in this photograph share

Their love they had was all they gave was all they craved
60

Bar. Solo

And their roses ran around the hem

Pno.

67

Bar. Solo

He cut the cloth

Pno.

mageo

76

Bar. Solo

Such care for such a simple dress

Pno.

86

Bar. Solo

Pno.
Bar. Solo

That was their way

Pno.

P

104

Bar. Solo

A tailor, his wife, a child, a mess

Pno.

P

111

Bar. Solo

Of threads and cotton scraps And scissors hiding in the rug Needles being pulled

Pno.

pp
and tagged

And only now a photograph

Of two who are untimely dead

How quickly now the roses grow And still I don't let go The thread
The Rope Maker

mf Even, "liturgical" style with no change of dynamic or expression

Baritone

Therewas a man in our town Who made rope He'd lost an

Piano

9

eye in a war he did not talk a - bout At the

15

end of a day his hand would Smell of hemp Of re - sin, tar and blood and soap His

23

roap was used for build-ing Child-ren's swings It heaved on to ships a hun-dred Thou - sand things He did not mind to
Bar. 29
who he sold his Rope His one eye is not an

Bar. 36
ex - cuse for that I hope His rope he sold to bind the bod-ies Dumped in

Bar. 45
tracks And I who saw all this still smell The

Bar. 50
hemp and re - sin tar and
Barnes...

Blood and his one eye will never be an excuse for that.
Along the riverbank

Philip Dalziel

\( \dot{\jmath} = 40 \)

Slowly, in an English folk song style

Baritone Solo

A long the ri-Ver-bank the peach trees stood For years the fruit had tum-bled to the ground A bur-den of a gift

\( \dot{\jmath} = 40 \)

Piano

it could not give a-way Un - til we child-ren found those trees one day We climbed the trees with

Bar. Solo

lengths of rope And could not cope With all we pitched and grabbed at We laughed and swung a -

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bou the bran-ches And stuffed our fa-ces With the warm and yel-low flesh

This year that spot will un-

dis-cover-ed be And on the ground, dark, bruised and rot-ting flesh The flies will buzz and hum

a-round the stu-ky mess_ How quick-ly sweet-ness turns_ to bit-ter-ness

segue
Remember Them

Baritone Solo

Along the sil-ent streets we come

A hun-der-

Piano

(ff from "Along the river bank")

Bar. Solo

thou sand souls all come

And a thou sand

Pno.

more a thou sand

Thou sand

Pno.

mf

f

mf
Bar. Solo

more we come_

Don't flinch

Pno.

P

at that

You have not seen the blood we have
The flies that

Bar. Solo

buzz a round

The tears we've wept

Pno.
Slow, rhythmical \( \approx 85 \)

A thousand bodies mostly men

Of bakers, teachers, tailors, then All placed in trucks And bound

with ropes And unceremoniously dumped

The memories fer-
ment with the dew  A rose embroi-ded in a hem  A child-rens

swing  A photo-graph of two  Re-

member them  Remember them