Lancaster, David (2017) The Dark Gate - for soprano and piano. [Composition]

Downloaded from: http://ray.yorksj.ac.uk/id/eprint/2870/

Research at York St John (RaY) is an institutional repository. It supports the principles of open access by making the research outputs of the University available in digital form. Copyright of the items stored in RaY reside with the authors and/or other copyright owners. Users may access full text items free of charge, and may download a copy for private study or non-commercial research. For further reuse terms, see licence terms governing individual outputs. Institutional Repository Policy Statement

RaY
Research at the University of York St John
For more information please contact RaY at ray@yorksj.ac.uk
The Dark Gate

For soprano and piano

By David Lancaster

Poetry by David Vogel

Copyright © 2017 Dragon Music Publishing
This music sets five poems by David Vogel (1891-1944), sung without a break:

1) On Summer Evenings
2) How Can I See You Love
3) An Autumn Day will Breathe
4) With Gentle Fingers
5) There is One Last Solitary Coach about to Leave

In his work and life Vogel was always an outsider. In Vienna (during WWI) he was imprisoned as a Russian subject; he subsequently adopted Austrian nationality then emigrated to Palestine before returning to settle in Paris. At the outbreak of WWII Vogel was arrested in France as an Austrian subject; on the Nazi invasion of France he was released and then re-arrested as a Jew before being transported to Auschwitz, where he was murdered in 1944.

Today Vogel is chiefly remembered for two short novels but there are also some thirty poems. The only anthology published in his lifetime was *Before the Dark Gate* (Vienna, 1923) from which I take my title, but some of the poems I have set were written later. With the benefit of hindsight they seem deeply imbued with the horror of the impending holocaust but this is only made explicit in the final poem, which is probably his last work.

I learned about Vogel and his poetry two or three years ago but after visiting Auschwitz and Birkenau in January 2016 I felt compelled to compose this piece, to re-tell Vogel’s words and to reflect on my own memories of that place.
1
On summer evenings
the blue mists rise
From streams, and hang trembling
Among evening whispers.

At the edges of forests
Young girls sit alone
Their hair hanging loose
Weeping tears over nothing

2
How can I see you love
Standing alone
Amid storms of grief
Without feeling my heart shake (tremble)

A deep night
Blacker than the blackness of your eyes
Has fallen silently
On the world

And is touching your hair.

Come,
My hand will clasp your dreaming
Hand
And I shall lead you between the nights,
Through the pale mists of childhood.

3
An autumn day will breathe.
With a pale, trembling hand
It will slowly strip the black dress
From your sleeping village.

In front of your white house
He naked linden will stand
Sadly swaying.

I shall return, lonely,
Out of the night
Bow gently to her and say:
_Take my greeting to your mistress._

But you
Will go on softly sleeping on your bed.

4
With gentle fingers
The rain is softly
Playing sad melodies
On the black instrument of night.

Now we are sitting in darkness,
Each in their own house
Listening to the rain
Telling our sorrow.

For we have no more words.
Our feet have been leadened
By day.
There is no dance
Left in them.

5
There is one last solitary coach about to leave.
Let us get in and go,
For it won’t wait.

I have seen young girls going softly
With sad faces
That look ashamed and sorry
Like purple sunsets.

And chubby pink children
Who went simply
Because they were called.

And I’ve seen men
Who stepped proud and straight through the
streets of the world,
Far and wide,
They too got in calmly
And left.

And we are the last.
Day is declining.
The last, solitary coach is about to leave.
Let us too get in quietly
And go,
For it won’t wait.
The Dark Gate
On Summer Evenings

David Vogel (1891-1944?)
David Lancaster

Adagio \( \text{q} = 60 \)

\( p \) languid, distant

On summer evenings the blue mists rise

Adagio \( \text{q} = 60 \)

quasi \( \text{fp} \)

from streams and hang trembling among evening whispers.

At the edges of forests young girls sit a-

\( 3 \)

\( \text{mp} \)
lone, their hair hanging down. weeping

(8)

tears over nothing.

(8)

(8)

27
2. How Can I See You Love?

Poco più mosso $\frac{3}{1} = 72$

$mp$

How can I see you love?

Standing -
lone a-mid storms of grief

without feeling my heart

shake.

A deep night
black-er than the black-ness of your eyes

sil-ent-ly

on the world.

And is touch-ing your hair.

Come, my hand will
clasp your dream-ing hand,
And I shall

lead you be-tween the nights.

Through the pale mists of child-hood
3. An Autumn Day will Breathe

Lento $\frac{\varnothing}{56}$

An autumn day will breath, with a pale trembling hand.

Lento $\frac{\varnothing}{56}$

It will slowly strip the black dress from your sleeping village.

slentando

The naked linden will stand sadly swaying. And I shall return.
lonely, out of the night. Bow gently to her and say:

Take my greeting to your mistress. But you will go on sleeping so softly on your bed.

rall. poco a poco
4. With Gentle Fingers

With gentle fingers the rain is softly playing
sad melodies on the black instruments of night.

Now we are sitting in darkness, each in their own house.

Listening to the rain,
For we have no more words.
Our feet have been lead-en'd by day. There is no dance left.
in them.

ah mm

in

ah

mm

in

ah

mm

in

ah

mm
There is one last solitary coach about to leave. Let us get Lento, rubato $q=52$

in and go. For it won't wait. And I have seen young girls going softly with sad faces that look ashamed and
sor-ry like pur-ple sun-sets. And chub-by pink

child-ren who went sim-ply be-cause they were call'd. And I've seen men who stepp'd

proud and straight through the streets of the world far and wide They
too got in calmly and left. And we are the last. Day is de

Poco meno mosso al fine

climing. There is one last solitary coach, about to

Poco meno mosso al fine

leave. Let us get in too and go, softly, For it won't

rall. poco a poco
wait.