

Elaine Fine

A Bassist's Garden of Verses

Five Pieces for Solo Bass



Five pieces for solo double bass based on poems from *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson.

I. THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!
Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—
Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

II. FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.
I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.
I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.
If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,
To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

III. MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

IV. MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.
At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.
And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

V. SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.



Bass

for Talia, Josie, and Rose

A Bassist's Garden of Verses

I. The Swing

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Elaine Fine

Brightly swinging

mf

9

17 pizz.

26 arco mp mf

35

44

51 f mp

60 mf

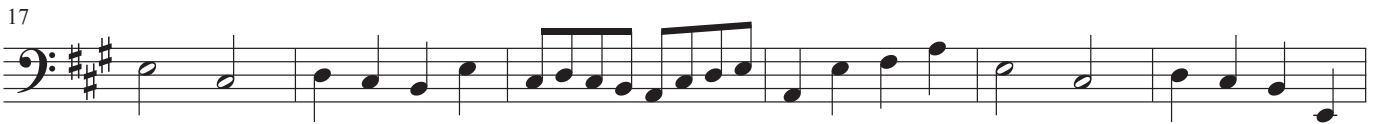
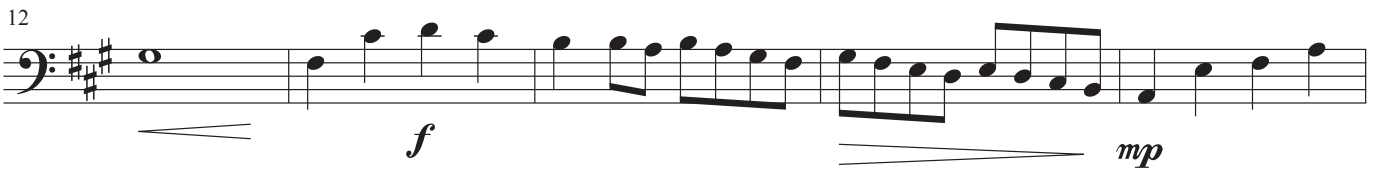
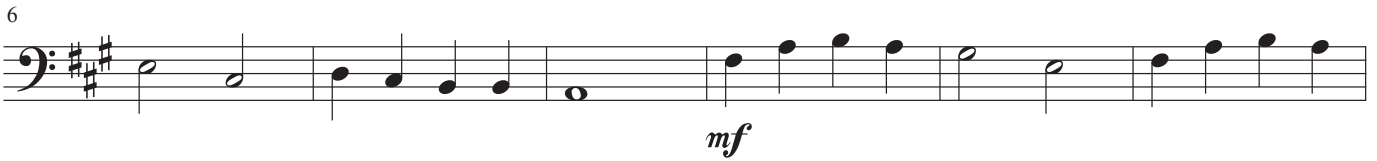
68 f

Bass

II. Foreign Lands

*The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.
If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see . . .*

Andante moderato



Bass

III. My Shadow

*I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.*

Moderato ♩ = 84

mf p mf

5 *poco rit.*

10 *a tempo*
f p mf 3 mp

15 *molto rall.* *a tempo*

20 3 f mp pp mf

25 pizz. arco mp

30 f

35 p

40

Bass

IV. My Bed is a Boat

*My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.*

Barcarolle tempo

p dolce

7 *mp*

14 *mf* *mf*

21 *f* *mp*

29

38 *mf*

45 *f* *mp* *pp*

51 *mf* *mp*

58 *mf*

Bass

V. Singing

*Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees . . .
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.*

Somewhat slowly ♩ = c. 72

f

5

mp espress. mf

11

mp mf

15

mp p mp

20

mf

24

f

28

mf

33

p rubato a tempo