

*Elaine Fine*

*A Violist's Garden of Verses*

*Six Pieces for Solo Viola*



Six pieces for solo viola 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. WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?  
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

#### VI. 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.

## Viola

for Talia, Josie, and Rose

## A Violist'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

25 *pizz.* *arco* *mp* *mf*

33

42

51 *f*

59 *mp*

67 *mf* *f*

Viola

## 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**

*mp*

6

*mf*

12

*f* *mp*

17

23

*mf* *f*

29

*mp*

34

## Viola

## 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

5 *mf* *p* *mf* *poco rit.*

10 *f* *p* *mf* *a tempo* *mp*

15 *molto rall.* *a tempo*

20 *f* *mp* *pp* *mf*

25 *pizz.* *arco* *mp*

30 *f*

35 *p*

40

Viola

## 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*

## Viola

## V. Windy Nights

*Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.*

**Furious and mysterious**

6

12

18

24

30

36

41

*f*

*p*

*mf*

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*f*

*mf*

*ff*

*mf*



## Viola

46 *p*

51 pizz. arco *p*

57 *mf* *f*

62 *mp*

67 *f* *mp* *mf*

73 *f*

79

84

89 pizz. *mp*

Viola

# VI. 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

24 *f*

28 *mf*

33 *rubato* *a tempo* *p*