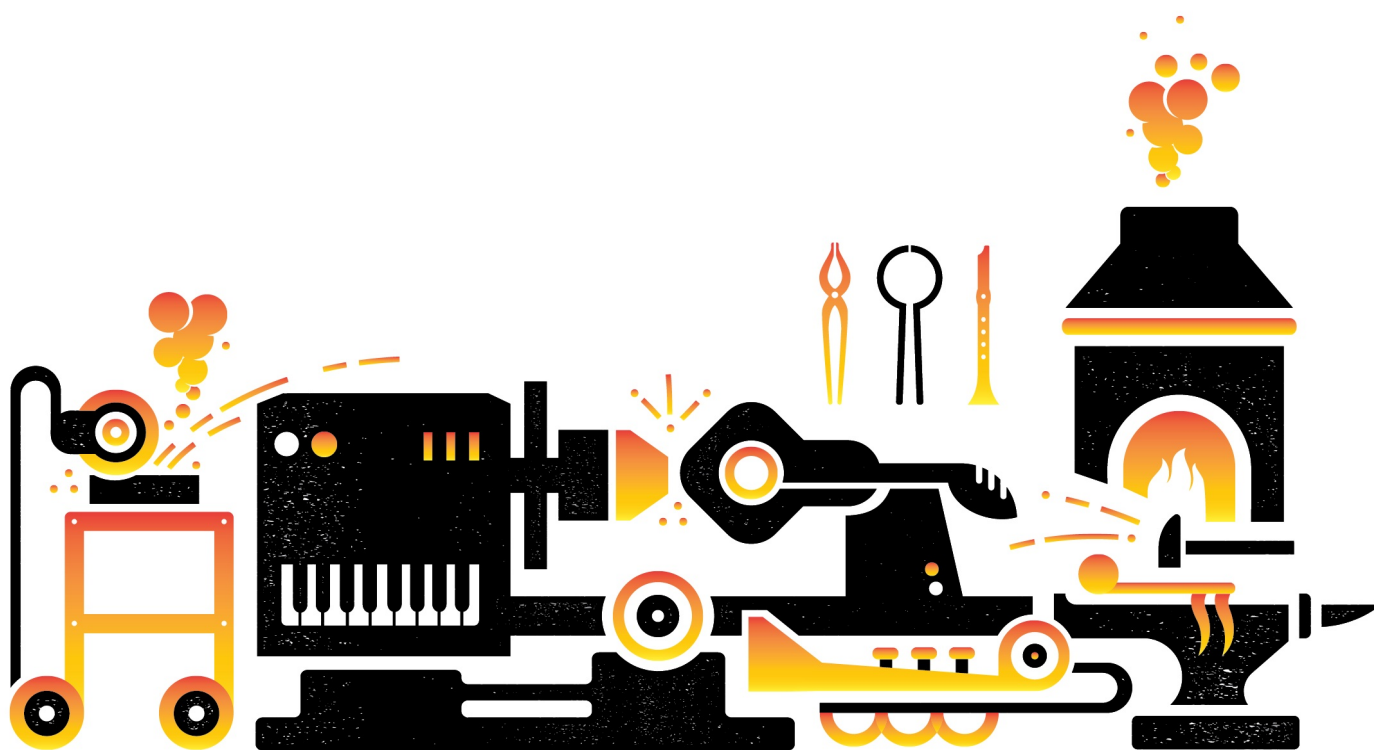




KYLE VANDERBURG

THE NOTES BETWEEN THE NOTES

Voice and Piano

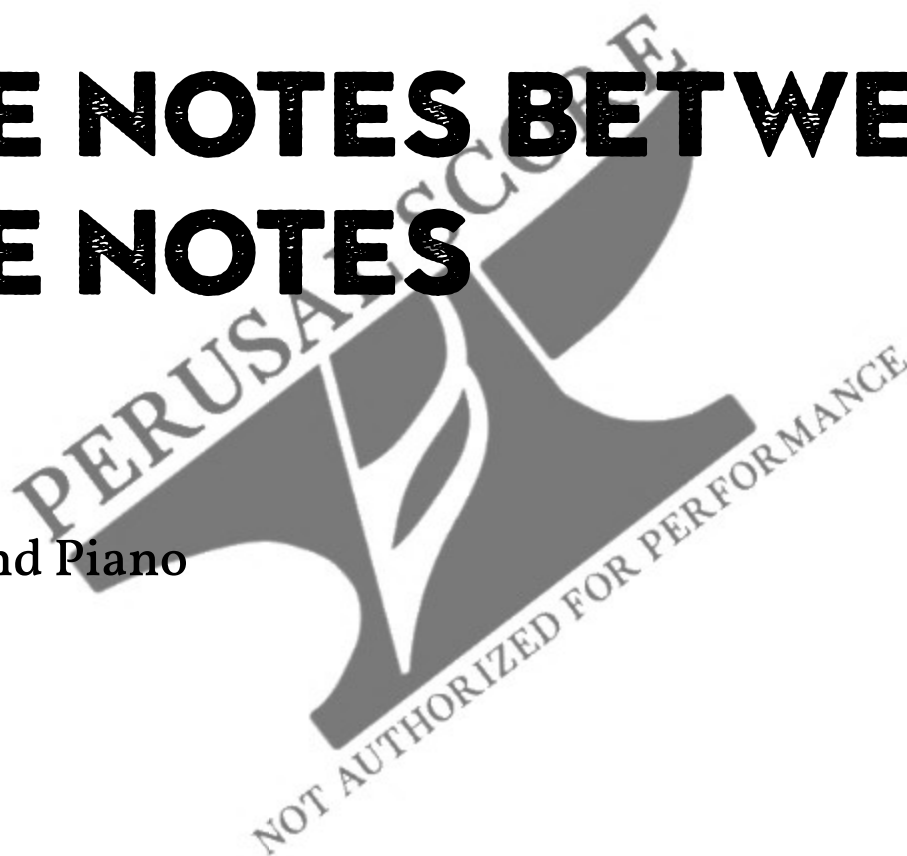




KYLE VANDERBURG

THE NOTES BETWEEN THE NOTES

Voice and Piano



THE NOTES BETWEEN THE NOTES

WORDS BY JAMIE PARSLEY - MUSIC BY KYLE VANDERBURG

Commissioned by:

Joyce Parsley
 Steve Bolduc
 Sandy Holbrook
 Alice Haun
 Amy Phillips
 Dan Rice
 Gin Templeton
 Mike Morrissey
 Michelle Marie Gelinske

Premiered by Michelle Marie Gelinske, mezzo-soprano and Amy Mercer, piano at the Plains Art Museum in Fargo, North Dakota on March 21, 2019.

Performance Notes

Three stereo electroacoustic interludes (Octave (0'47"), Solstice (2'14") and Legacy (2'25")) may be inserted in the performance. These were inserted after Sutra, Cadence, and Zinc for the premiere. Recordings are available from NoteForge.

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Duration: 20-25'

This work was engraved by NoteForge in Fargo. The music is set in Norfolk, provided by NYC Music Services. The text is set in Vollkorn, designed by Friedrich Althausen. The title font is Sonder Sans by Andrew Herndon.

The cover was designed by Jamie Trosen Design + Creative. If you purchased a physical copy direct from us, it's likely you're holding Whip Cream Hemptone made by French Paper.

If we care this much about how it looks, imagine how much we care about how it sounds.

noteforge.com

TO PURCHASE THIS SCORE FOR PERFORMANCE, VISIT NOTEFORGE.COM

Play for me

Play for me the notes
between the notes.

This is the music
I have longed to hear
for more years
than you can even imagine.

We sit here—
not across from each other

but side-to-side
shoulder-to-shoulder.

Our knuckles lie
on this table—

mirror images
of each other.

Your knuckles play to me.
The music of your bones

is the music of wind
and air

and breath
which you release into this same air

we share.
Play for me

something Baroque
and gorgeous! play

for me what you carry
hidden

within your beauty.
Play it for me

A sigh

A sigh—
a deep sigh.
A sigh

that hushes
a room.
I could live

within that
sigh—
that
almost-agonized
action
that produces

song. Who
knew
sighs

sing? Who
guessed
an exhale

could
rejoice? I
rejoice

at your sigh—
that deep

sigh. A sigh
that hushes
a room.

Sutra

There was no beginning
and see!

no end

no glorious awakening to love

and no slow percolation

no longing glances

no stolen glimpses

no hands held

nor furtive grapplings.

It was realized
only after time,
staring into the void of each other.

It amounted
to sitting
and staring,
counting each other's breaths.

It was just this—

this sitting

this gazing

this breathing

this slow, quiet
oh!
of awakening

Bread

How is that
what lies before me
sings? It sings!
the way the bread
I offer on the fair linen
sings
when I break it
and elevate it
and bend the knee before it.

What you offer
and present
so perfectly
lies before me,
sacred in its own
sacred way.

How do I cut it?
will it still sing then?
or will it bleed
something pure
and watery
when I pierce it?

Will it cry?
Will it tell us
what we already know—
that this meal
means more—
much more—
than either you or I
will ever admit
to each other?

Can You Hear?

Can you hear
our atoms sing?

mine to yours

and yours to
the reflection

you make
in the glass

and the atoms!

singing
all around us!

Cadence

The cadences repeat
and multiply
and crescendo
in their contained space.

And in between
the spaces—
the breath

an inhale

an exhale

the sound of both

and all
they contain.

Around us

Where my fingers
touched your face

gently one
sacred moment—

a scar.
A red bruise

which blossomed
and discolored

your entire face.
You reach up

and caress
the red, taunting it

and kneading it
until it flows

and churns.
It freckles

and burns
and scalds.

It billows
and expands

all because
my fingers

touched your face
and our worlds

crumbled around us
into ashes.

Zinc

It happens just this way. It veers
up, then sideways,

somersaulting
through each blizzard-day.

I sit here and burn, despite
the snow's neutering.

Somehow I make it to dusk,
cauterized and aching. How

did I make it? How did I
arrive here, with the ruins

of the day behind me?
Do you reel through the day as I do,

thirsty from the heat
that burns, white as

zinc, across the cheeks
and nose of your face?

Wash Out

After weeks of silence
silence remains.

It clings to everything
I touch. It lurks

in every corner
and in the hallway

all night,
glowing there

like the sickly reflection
from the streetlight.

And there! it stares back
from your photo

with your eyes,
and smiles at me

with your smile.
Every message

I receive from you
is blank and wordless

as a day washed out
with snow.

Fraction

We don't make it through life
without our bodies
being broken
and shattered.

This is
quite simply
the way it is.
It's our nature--
to lie here
like this holy bread.

To be truly who we are
we need to break ourselves
open, cracking
ourselves
into pieces
to emerge
fully
into a wonderful
wholeness
we have--
until that moment--
found so elusive.



Play for me

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

$\text{♩} = 112$

mf *f* *mf*

Play for me the notes be-tween the notes.

f *mf*

8 *mf*

This is the mu-sic I have longed to

f *mf*

16 *f* *mp* *f*

hear for more years than you can ev-en im-ag-ine.

f *mf* *mp* *f*

22 *mf*

We sit here not a-cross from each o-ther

mf

28 *f* *mf*

but side-to-side shoul-der to shoul-der. Our

34 *mf*

knuck-les lie on this ta-ble mir-ror im-ag-es of each o-ther. Your

40 *mp* *mf*

knuck-les play to me. The

44 *ff* *mp* *ff*

mus-ic of your bones is the mu-sic of

48 *f*

wind and air and breath which you re-lease in-to this same air we

mp *mf*

54 *mf* *f*

share. Play for me some-thing Ba-roque and gor-geous!

60

mp cresc. poco a poco

65 *mf* *f*

play for me what you car-ry hid-den with

ff *mf* *f*

70 *mf* *mf* *mp* *f*

in your beau-ty. Play it for me_ with that same bril-liance

76

in with which you cov-er_ your - self.



February 18, 2018

A Sigh

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

♩ = 68

The first system of the score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is mostly rests, with a few notes appearing later in the system. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

The second system begins at measure 9. The vocal line has the lyrics "A sigh a deep sigh. A sigh" under the notes. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *mf* and includes a *f* (forte) marking in the right hand.

The third system begins at measure 16. The vocal line has the lyrics "that hush-es a room. I could live with-in that sigh That" under the notes. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings of *f* and *mp* (mezzo-piano).

The fourth system begins at measure 23. The vocal line has the lyrics "al-most ag-o-nized ac-tion that pro-du-ces song" under the notes, which include triplets. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings of *mf* and *f*.

28 *f* Who knew sighs sing? *f* Who guessed an

34 *ff* ex-hale could re-joyce? I re-joyce *mf* at your sigh that deep sigh. *mp* A

41 sigh that hush-es a room.

March 8, 2018

Sutra

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

$\text{♩} = 84$

mp *mp*

There was no be - gin - ning — and see!

6 *poco rit.* *A Tempo* *f*

no end no glo - ri - ous — a - wak - en - ing to love

11 *mp* *mf*

and no slow per - co - la - tion no long - ing glan - ces

16 *f* *subito mp* *rit.*

no sto - len glimp - ses no hands held nor fur - tive grapp - lings.

20 *mf* **A Tempo**

It was re-al-ized on-ly af-ter time, star-ing in-to the void of each

24 *rit. mp* **A Tempo** *mf*

oth-er. It a-moun-ted to sit-ting and star-ing and

28 *f* *mf*

coun-ting each oth-er's breaths. It was just this this sit-ting this gaz-ing

33 *f* *mp*

this breath-ing this slow, qui - et

36

rit.

oh!_ of a - wak - en - ing.

mf *p*

March 11, 2018





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Bread

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

♩ = 132

mf sempre cresc.

8 *f*

How is that what lies be-fore me sings? It sings! the way the bread I

ff f

14 *mf mp*

of-fer on the fair lin-en sings when I break it and el-e-vate it

mp

19 *f*

and bend the knee be-fore it. What you of-fer and pre

f mf f

24 *mf* *f* *mf*
sent so per-fect-ly lies be-fore me, sa-cred in its own spe-cial way.

30 *f*
How do I cut it? will it still sing then?

36 *sempre cresc.*
or will it bleed some-thing pure and wa-ter-y

40 *ff* *mp*
when I pierce it? Will it

45 *mf* *mf*

cry? Will it tell us what we al-read-y know that this meal means more—

mp *mf* *mf*

52 *f*

much much more— than ei - ther you or

mp *f* *mf*

58 *f* *ff*

I will ev-er ad-mit to each oth-er?

f *mf* *f*

Can You Hear

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

♩ = 80

Can you hear our at-oms_ sing?

6 mine to yours_ and yours to the re - flection you make in the glass

11 and the at - oms!

15 sing ing_ all a-round us!_ rit.

February 18, 2018

Cadence

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

$\text{♩} = 172$

mp

The

mp cresc. *mf*

5

ca-den-ces re-peat and mul-ti-ply

subito mp cresc.

9

mf *f* *mf* *f*

and cre-scen-do in their con-tained space

13

mf *f* *mf*

and in be-tween the spa-ces the breath

mp < f *mf < f*

18 *f* *mp* *f*

an in - hale an ex - hale the sound of

22

both and all they con -

25

tain.

f dim. poco a poco *mf*

March 15, 2018

Around Us

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

$\text{♩} = 76$

mp

Where my fin-gers touched your face

mp *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

7

gen-tly_ one sa-cred mo-ment_ a scar. A red

mf *mp*

mf

11

bruise which blos-somed and dis-col-ored your en-ti-re face. You reach up.

f *mp*

mp *f* *mf*

16

_ and ca-ress the red, taunt-ing it and knead-ing it un-til it flows

mf

mp *f*

21 *f*
 and churns. It

25
 freck-les and burns and scalds. It bil-lows

30 *ff* *mf sempre dim.*
 and ex - pands all be-cause my fin-gers touched your face

35 *rit.*
 and our worlds crum-bled a-round us in-to ash-es.

March 13, 2018

Zinc

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

$\text{♩} = 72$

mp

It hap - pens just this way.

mf *mp* *mf*

6

It veers up, — then side-ways, —

mf *mp* *mf*

10

som-er-sault-ing — through each bliz-zard day.

mp *mf* *mp*

16

mf *mp*

I sit here and burn, de-spite the snow's neu - ter-ing.

mf *mp*

20

f 3 3

Some-how I make it to dusk, cau-ter-ized and

25

mf 3 3

ach - ing. — How did I make it? How did I ar-

29

rive here, — with the ru-ins of the day be - hind me?_

32 *mf*

Do you

37 *f* rit.

reel through the day as I do, ——— thir-sty from the heat that burns, white as

41 *ff* A tempo rit. *molto rit.*

zinc, a-cross the cheeks and nose of your face?

March 8, 2018

Wash Out

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

♩ = 60

p Af - ter weeks of si - lence — *mp* 3 si - lence re

6 mains. *mp* It clings to eve - ry - thing I touch. It

9 lurks in eve - ry cor - ner and in the hall - way — *mf* > *mp* accel. all night,

13 *mf* *mf*

glow-ing there like the sick-ly re-flec-tion from the street-light. And

(8)

mf *mp* *mf*

18

there! it stares back from your pho-to with your eyes, and

(8)

mp *mf*

22 *mp* *mp*

smiles at me with your smile. Ev-ery mes-sage

(8)

mf *mp* *mf* *mp*

27 *p*

I re - ceive from you is blank and

(8)

30 *molto rit.* *mp* *pp*

word - less as a day washed out with snow.

(8)



February 20, 2018

Fraction

Jamie Parsley

Kyle Vanderburg

♩ = 80

mp

We don't make it through life

6

mf *mp*

with-out our bod-ies be-ing bro-ken and shat-tered. This is quite simp-ly the way it

10

poco rit. *A Tempo* *mf* *mp*

is. It's our na-ture to lie here like this ho-ly bread.

15

mp *mf*

To be tru-ly who we are we need to break our-selves o-pen,

molto rit. *p* *molto cresc. ff* **A tempo**

20

crac-king our selves in-to pie-ces to e-merge ful-ly

24

in-to a won-der-ful whole-ness we have un-til that mo-ment

27

found so e-lu-sive.

dim. poco a poco *mp*

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March 15, 2018