Giedrius Kuprevičius

Three Tibullus Elegies

Trys Tibulo Elegijos

for baritone and piano

2014

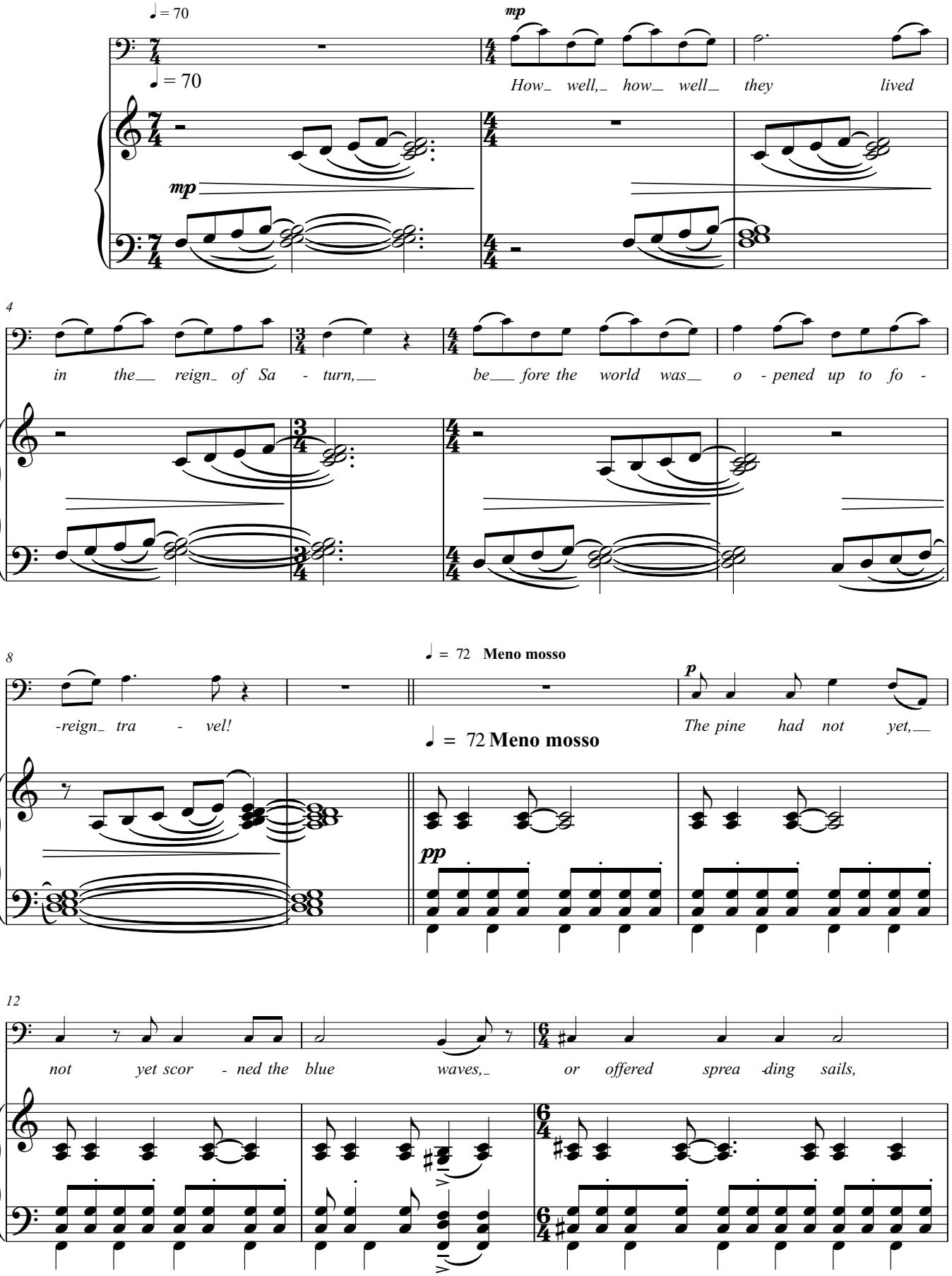
Baritone Solo
Piano

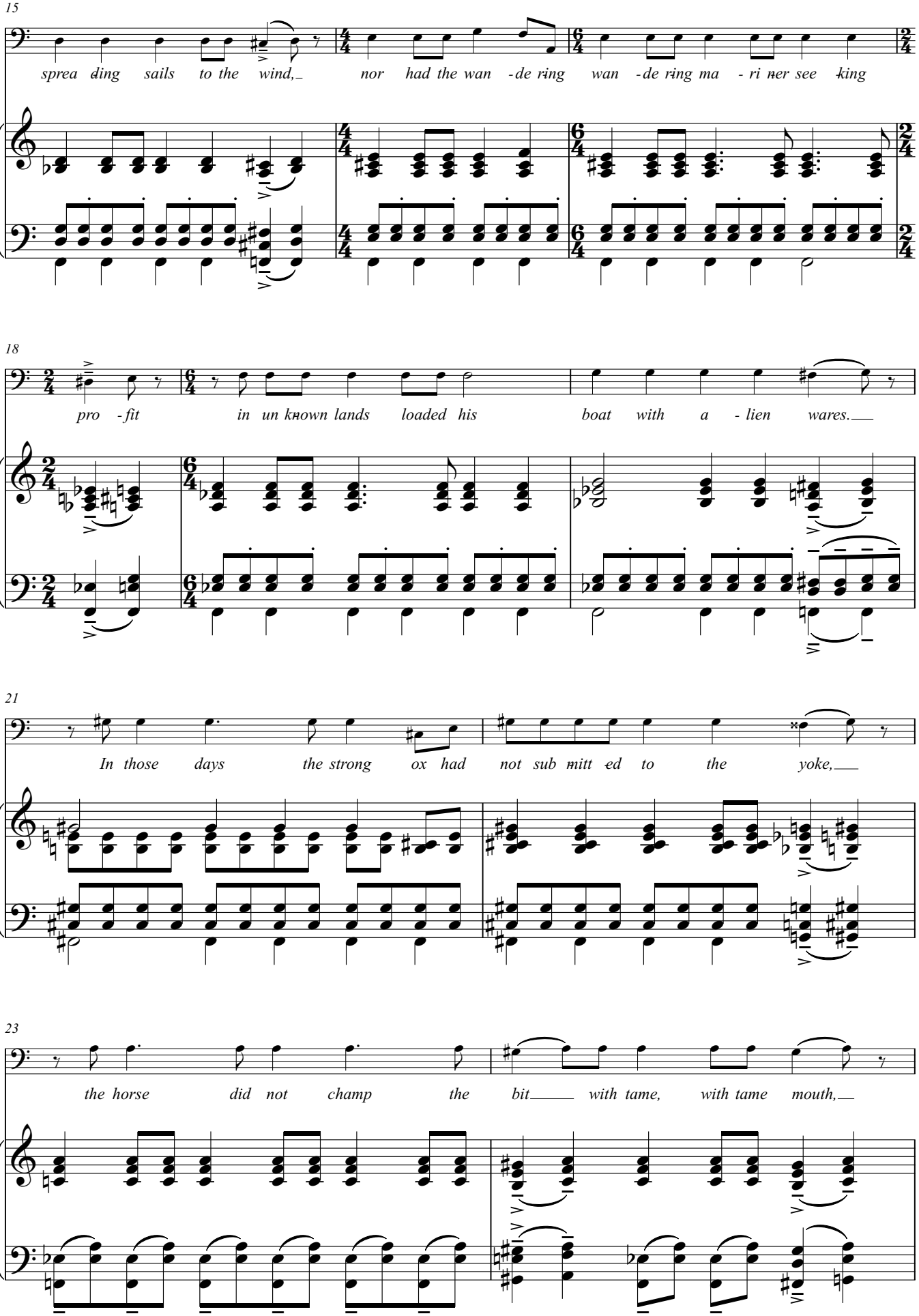
Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

1. Praeities Elegija / 1. Elegy of the Past

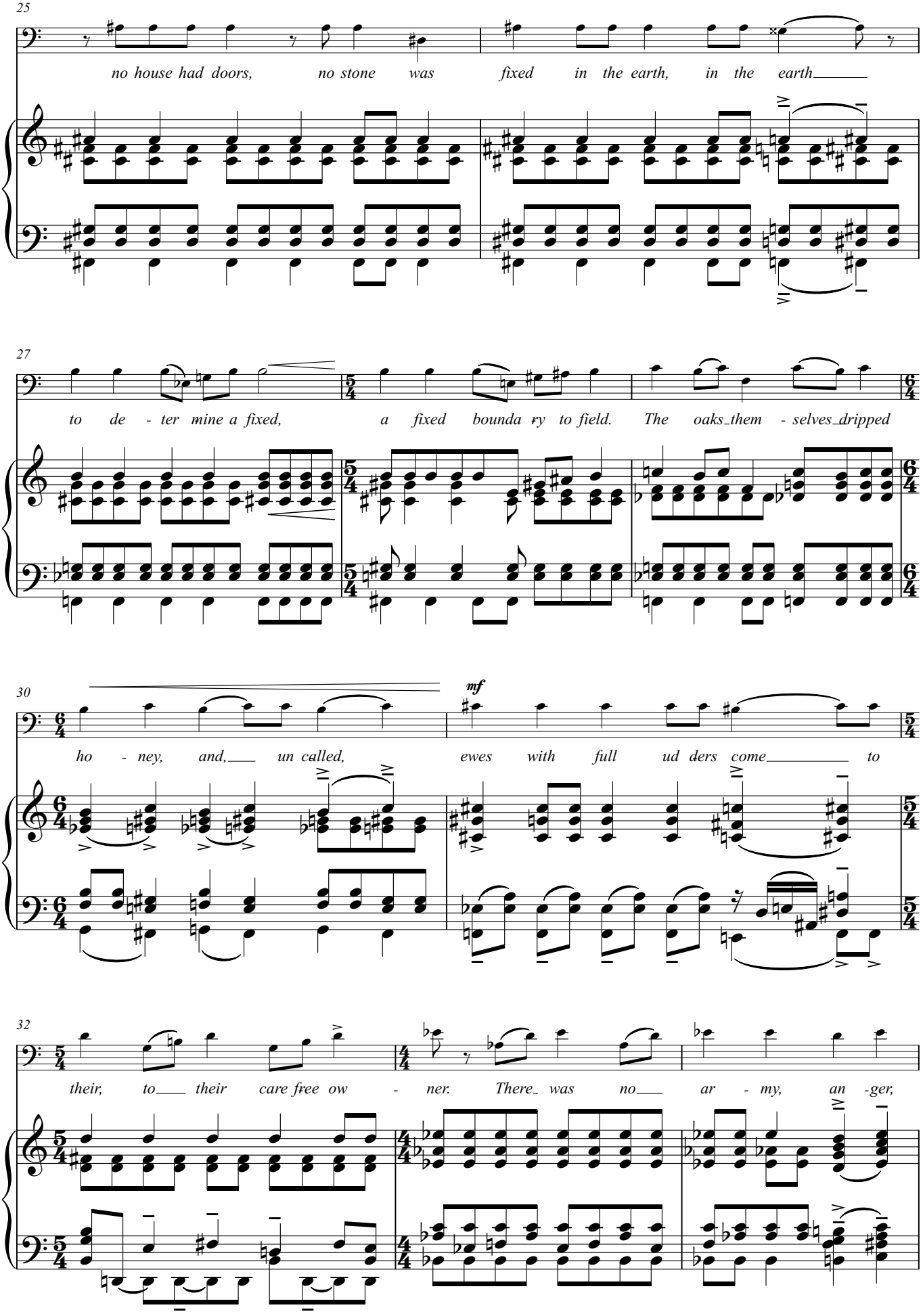
Albius Tibullus
Translated A.S.Kline

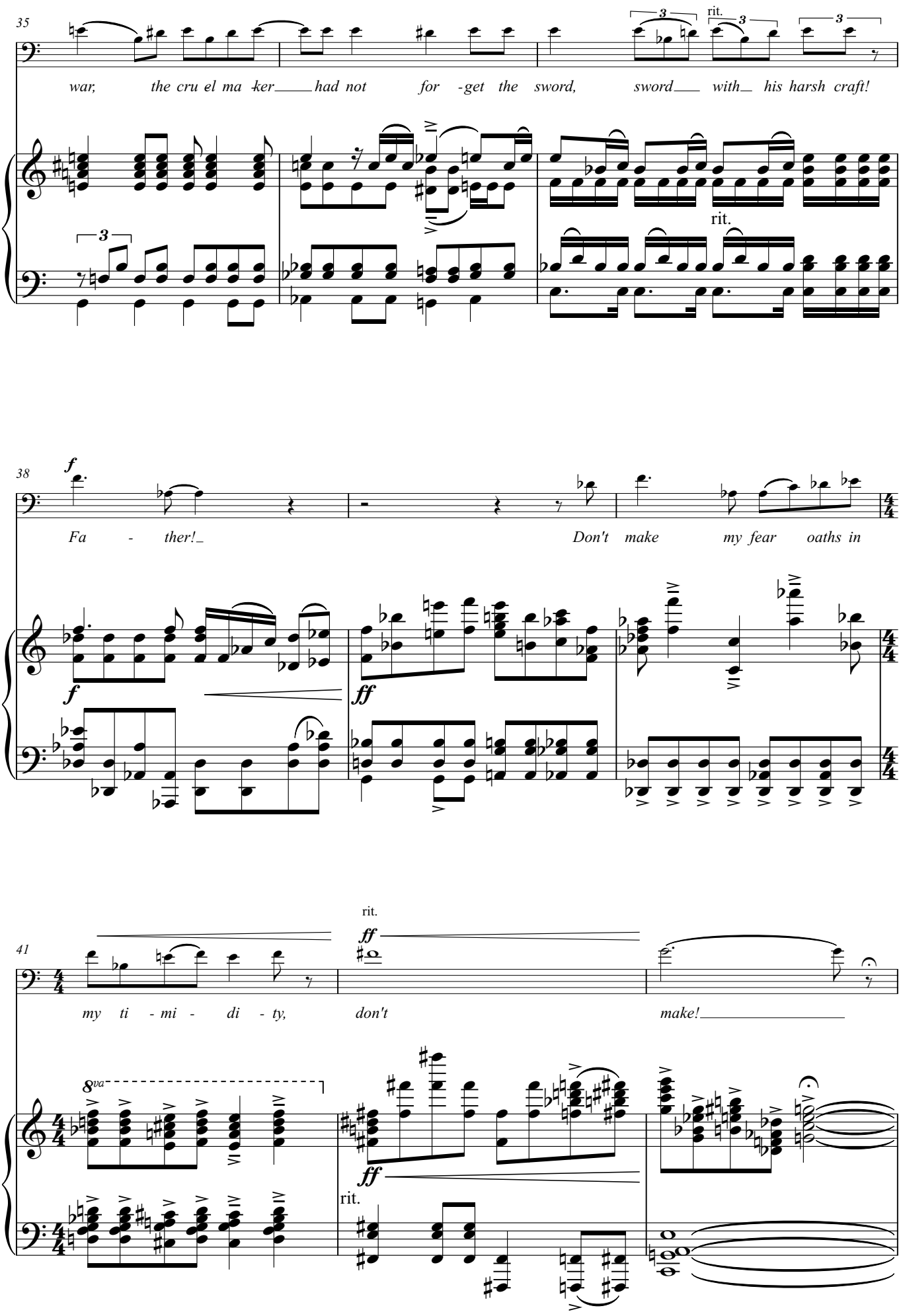
Giedrius Kuprevičius
2014, gk 321/1

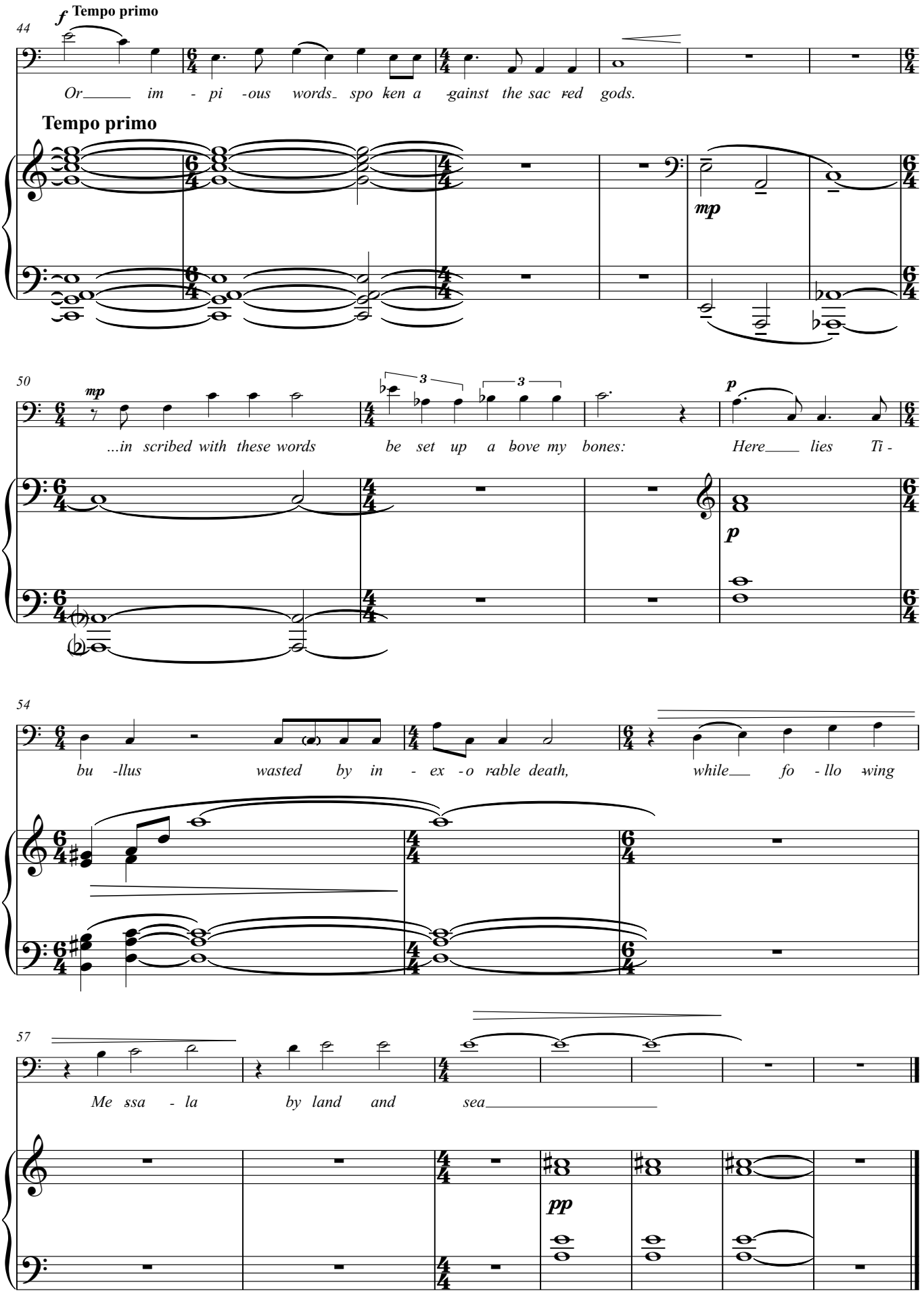



15
sprea ding sails to the wind, nor had the wan de ring wan de ring ma ri ner see king
18
pro fit in un known lands loaded his boat with a lien wares.
21
In those days the strong ox had not sub mitt ed to the yoke,
23
the horse did not champ the bit with tame, with tame mouth,

V.S.


25
no house had doors, no stone was fixed in the earth, in the earth
27
to de - ter mine a fixed, a fixed bounda ry to field. The oaks_them - selves_dripped
30
mf
ho - ney, and, un called, ewes with full ud ders come to
32
their, to their care free ow - ner. There was no ar - my, an -ger,


35
war, the cru el ma - ker had not for - get the sword, sword with his harsh craft!
rit.
rit.
38
Fa - ther! Don't make my fear oaths in
41
my ti - mi - di - ty, don't make!
8va
rit.
V.S.


44
f Tempo primo
Or im - pi - ous words spo ken a gainst the sac red gods.
Tempo primo
mp
50
mp
...in scribed with these words be set up a bove my bones:
3
3
p
Here lies Ti -
p
54
bu -llus wasted by in - ex - o rable death,
while fo - llo wing
57
Me ssa - la by land and sea
pp

Baritone Solo
Piano

Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

2. Dabarties Elegija / 2. Elegy of the Present

Albius Tibullus
Translated A.S.Kline

Giedrius Kuprevičius
2014, gk 321/2

♩ = 122 **quasi militare**

mf

Who

♩ = 122 **quasi militare**

belsti pirštų galais / knocking with the fingertips

destra

mp

mf

sinistra

5

was he, who was he, who first for - ged the_ fear - ful,__ fear - ful_ sword?_____ How

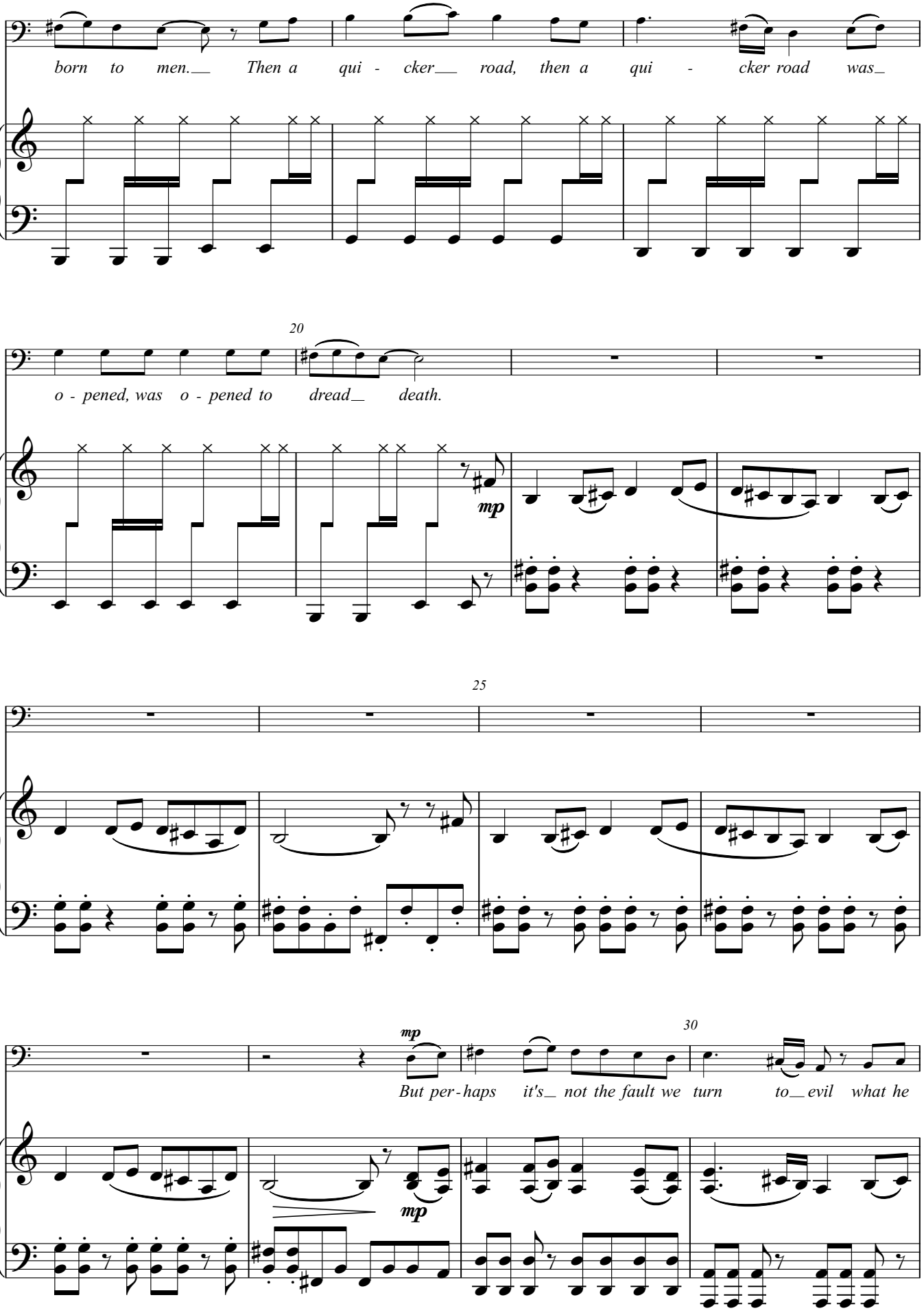
10

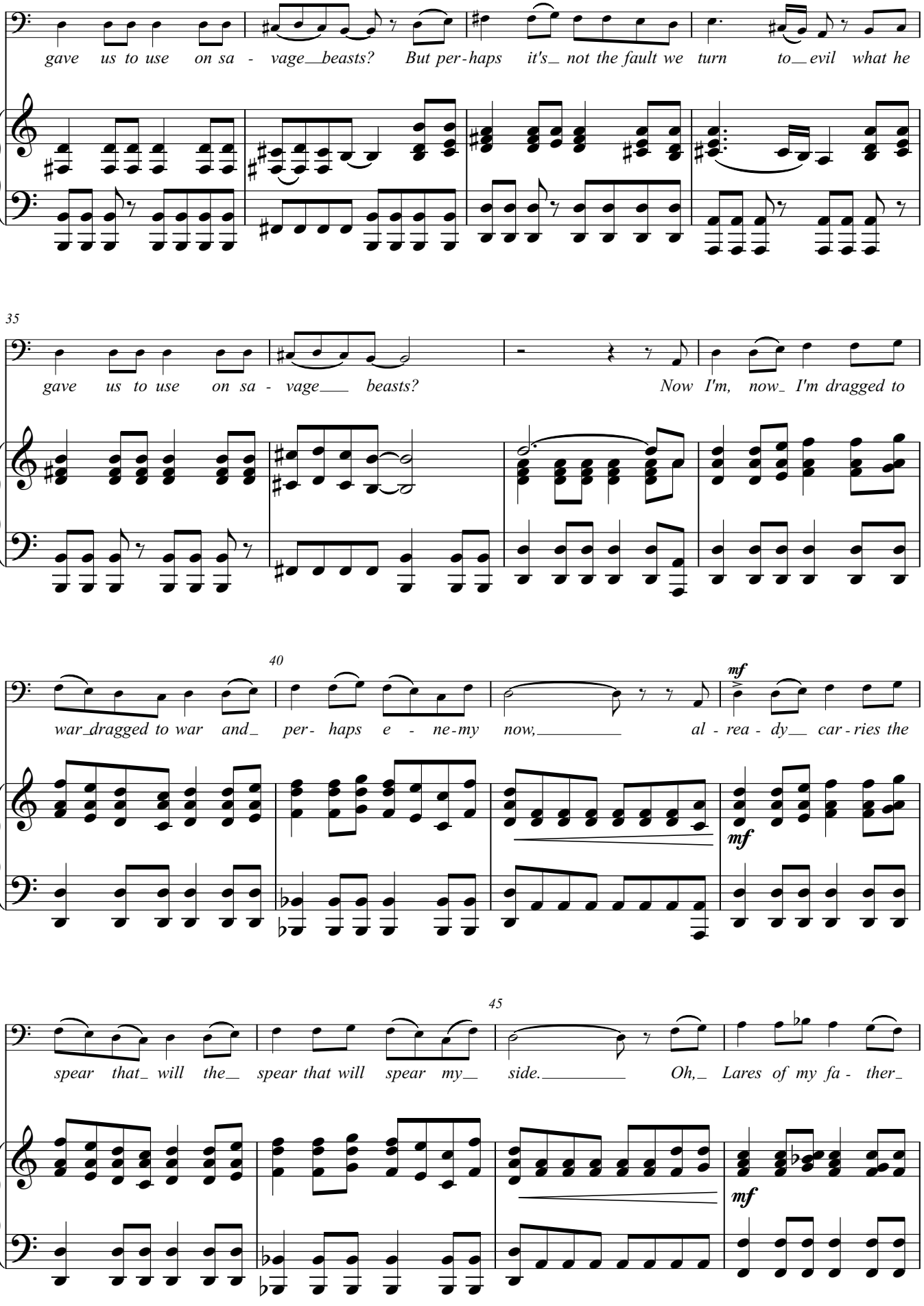
i - ron - willed and tru - ly___ made, tru-ly made of___ i-ron he_ was!_____ Then

15

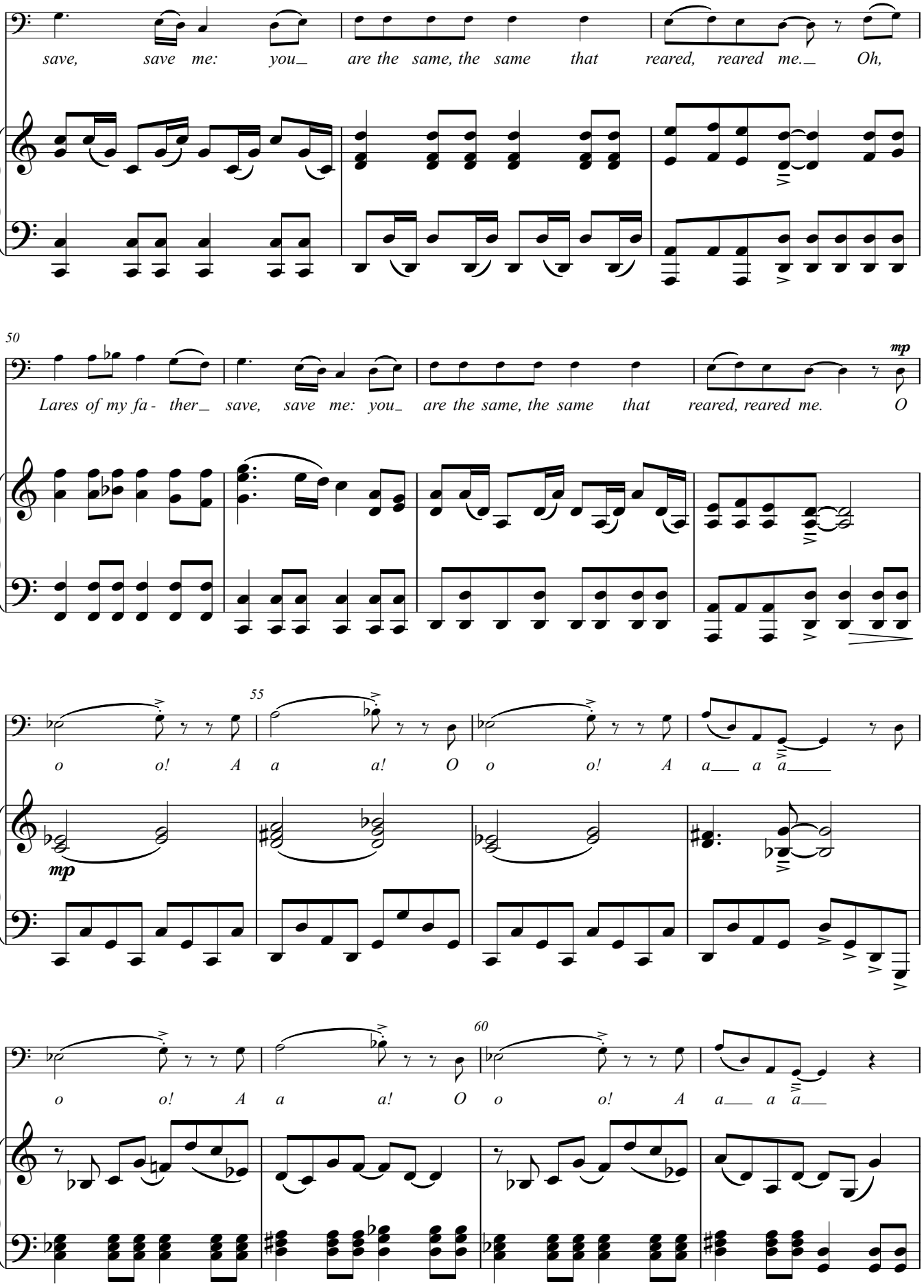
*slaugh - ter, then slaugh - ter__ was cre - a - ted, war was born, was_*

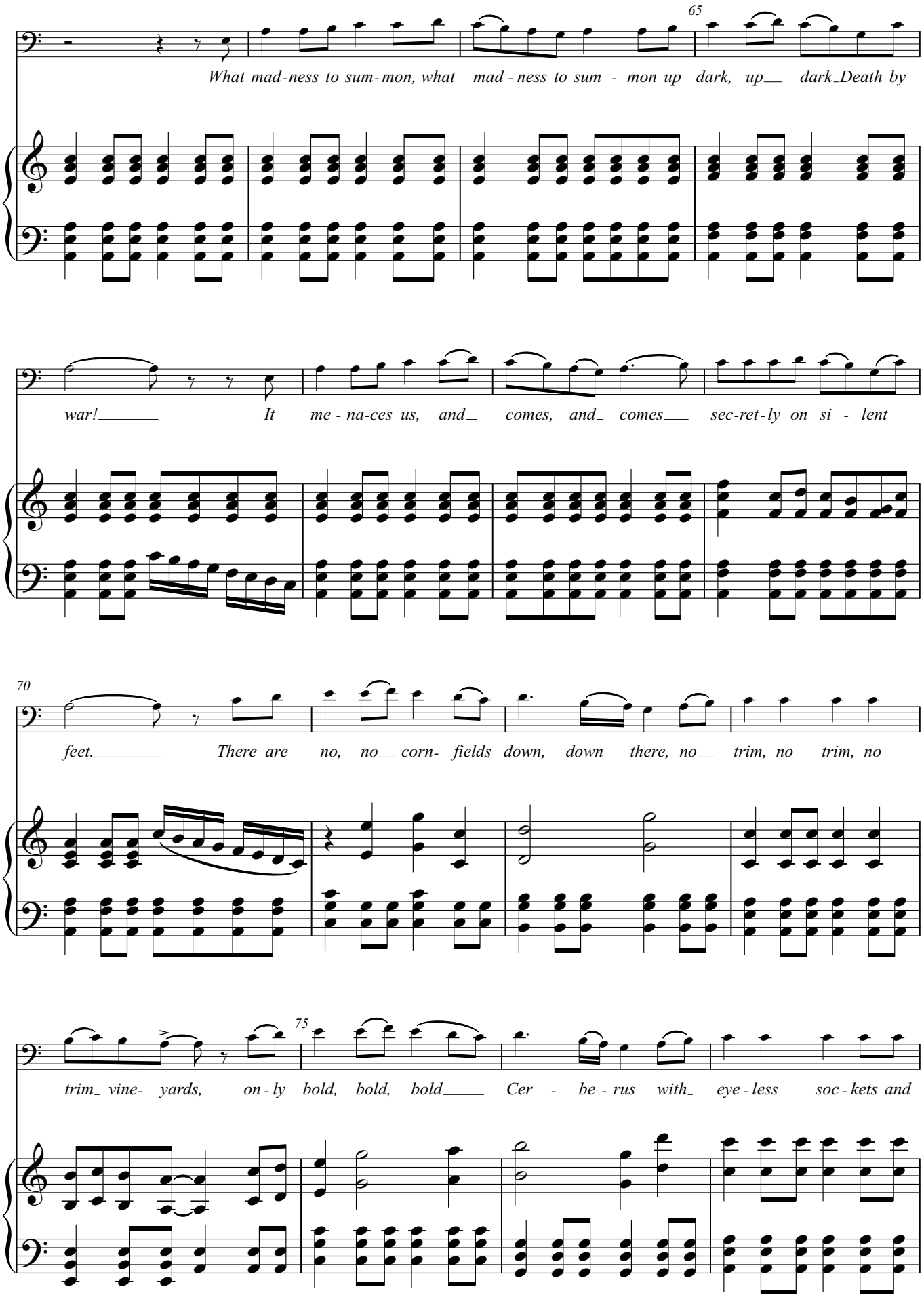
V.S.


born to men. Then a qui - cker road, then a qui - cker road was
20
o - pened, was o - pened to dread death.
mp
25
mp
30
But per - haps it's not the fault we turn to evil what he
mp

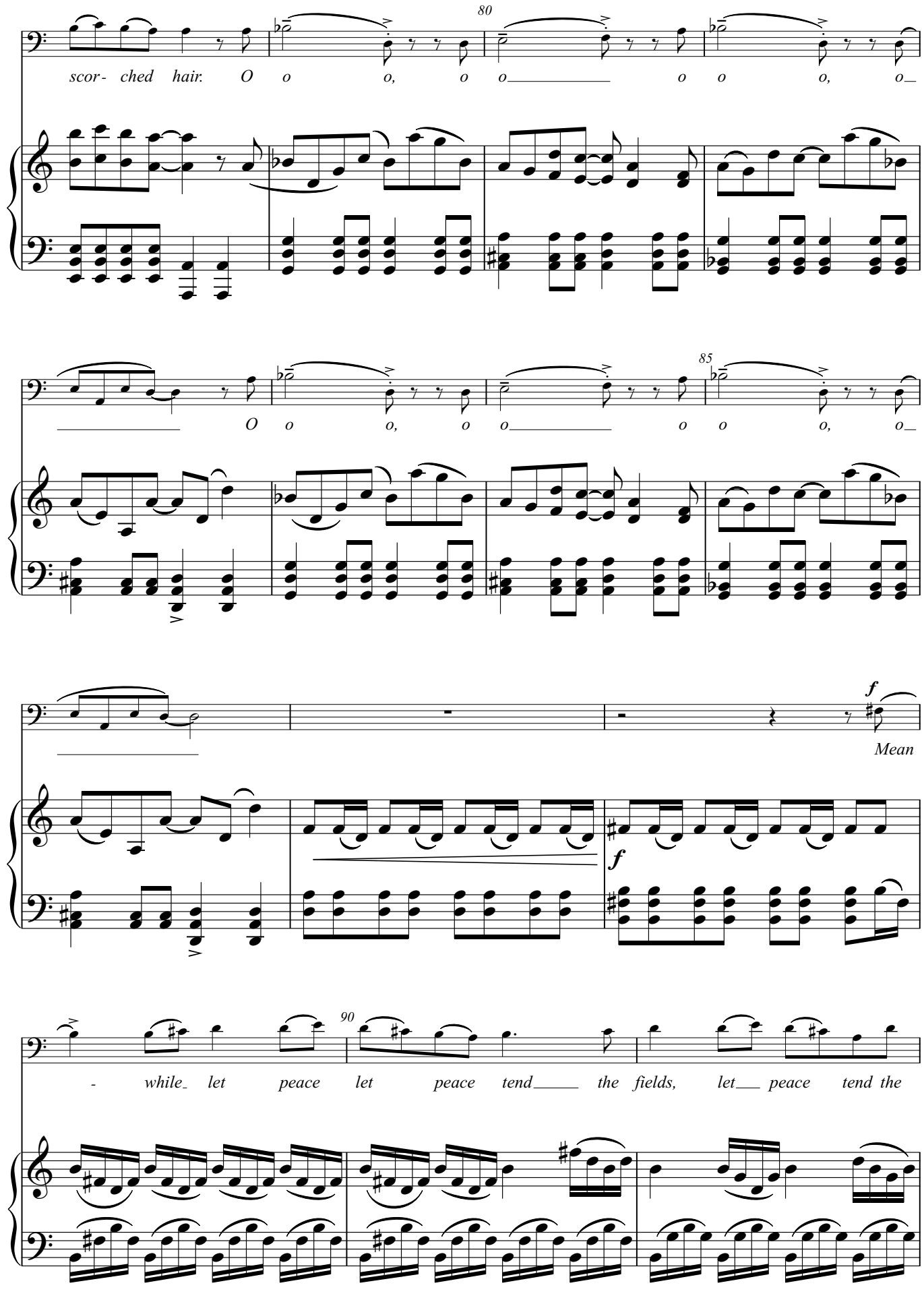

gave us to use on sa - vage beasts? But per-haps it's not the fault we turn to evil what he
35
gave us to use on sa - vage beasts? Now I'm, now I'm dragged to
40
war dragged to war and per- haps e - ne-my now, al - rea - dy car - ries the
mf
mf
45
spear that will the spear that will spear my side. Oh, Lares of my fa - ther
mf

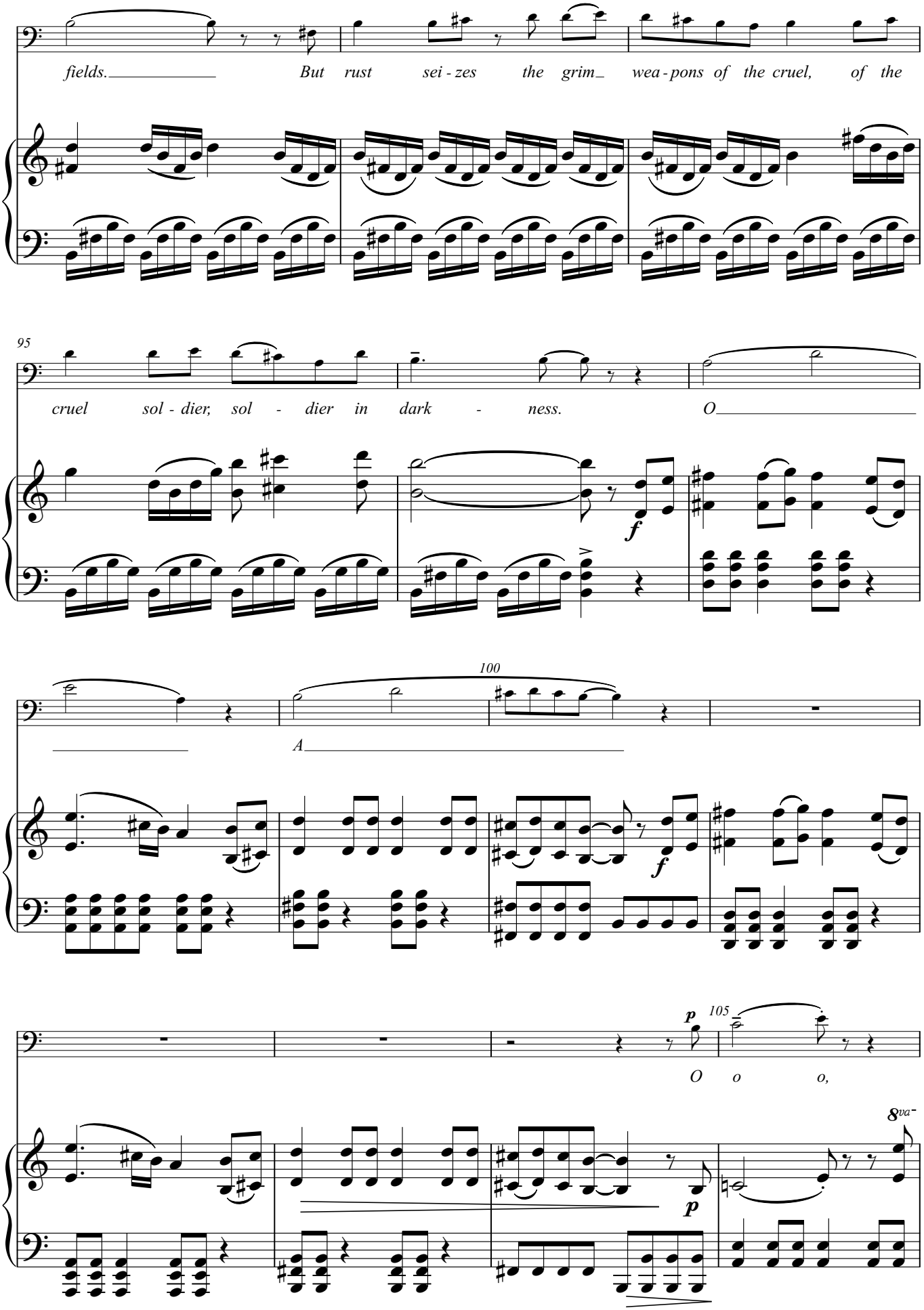
V.S.


save, save me: you_ are the same, the same that reared, reared me._ Oh,
50
Lares of my fa - ther_ save, save me: you_ are the same, the same that reared, reared me. O
mp
55
o o! A a a! O o o! A a___ a a___
mp
60
o o! A a a! O o o! A a___ a a___

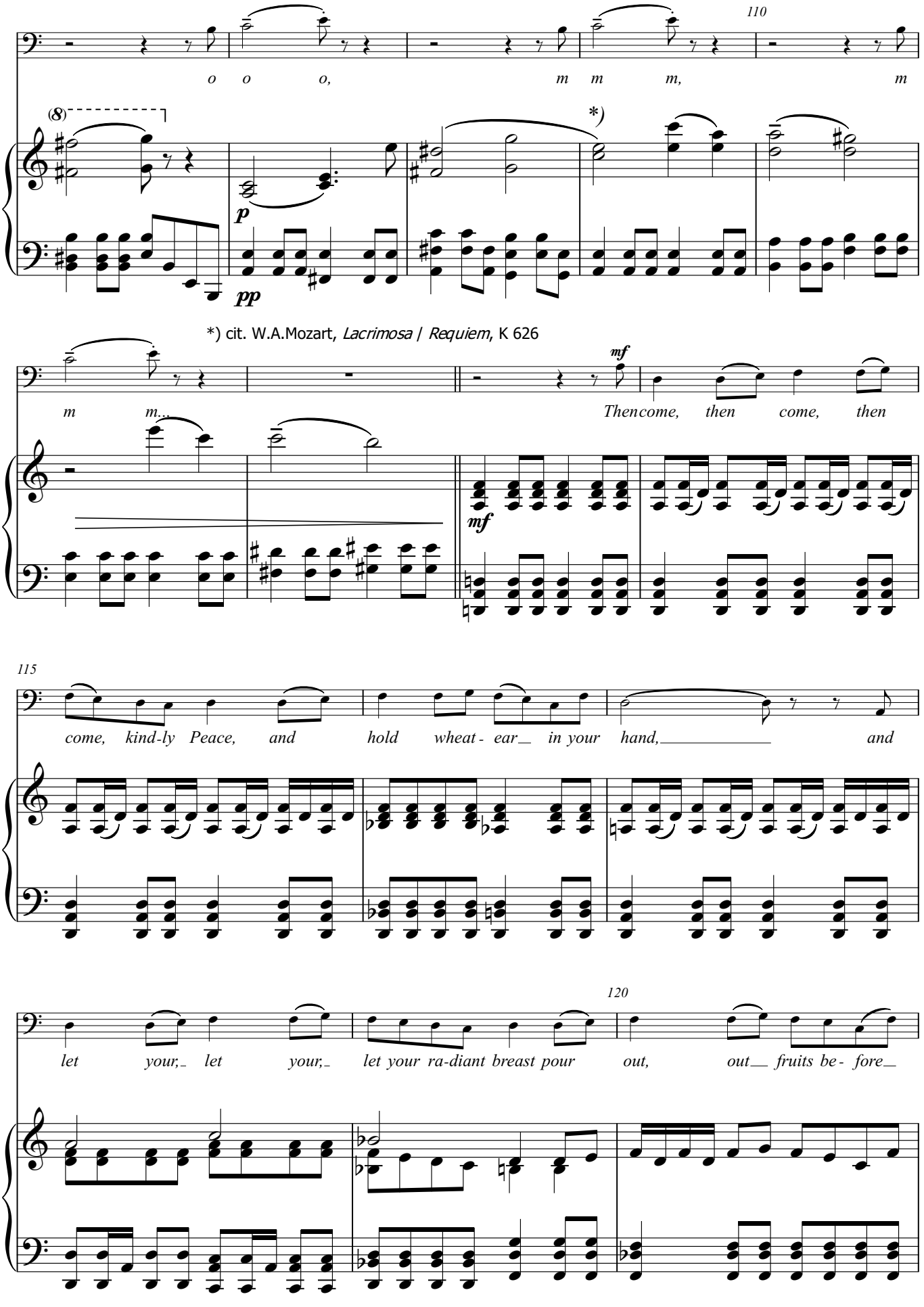

65
What mad-ness to sum-mon, what mad - ness to sum - mon up dark, up dark_Death by
war! It me - na-ces us, and comes, and comes sec-ret-ly on si - lent
70
feet. There are no, no corn- fields down, down there, no trim, no trim, no
75
trim_ vine- yards, on - ly bold, bold, bold Cer - be - rus with_ eye - less soc - kets and

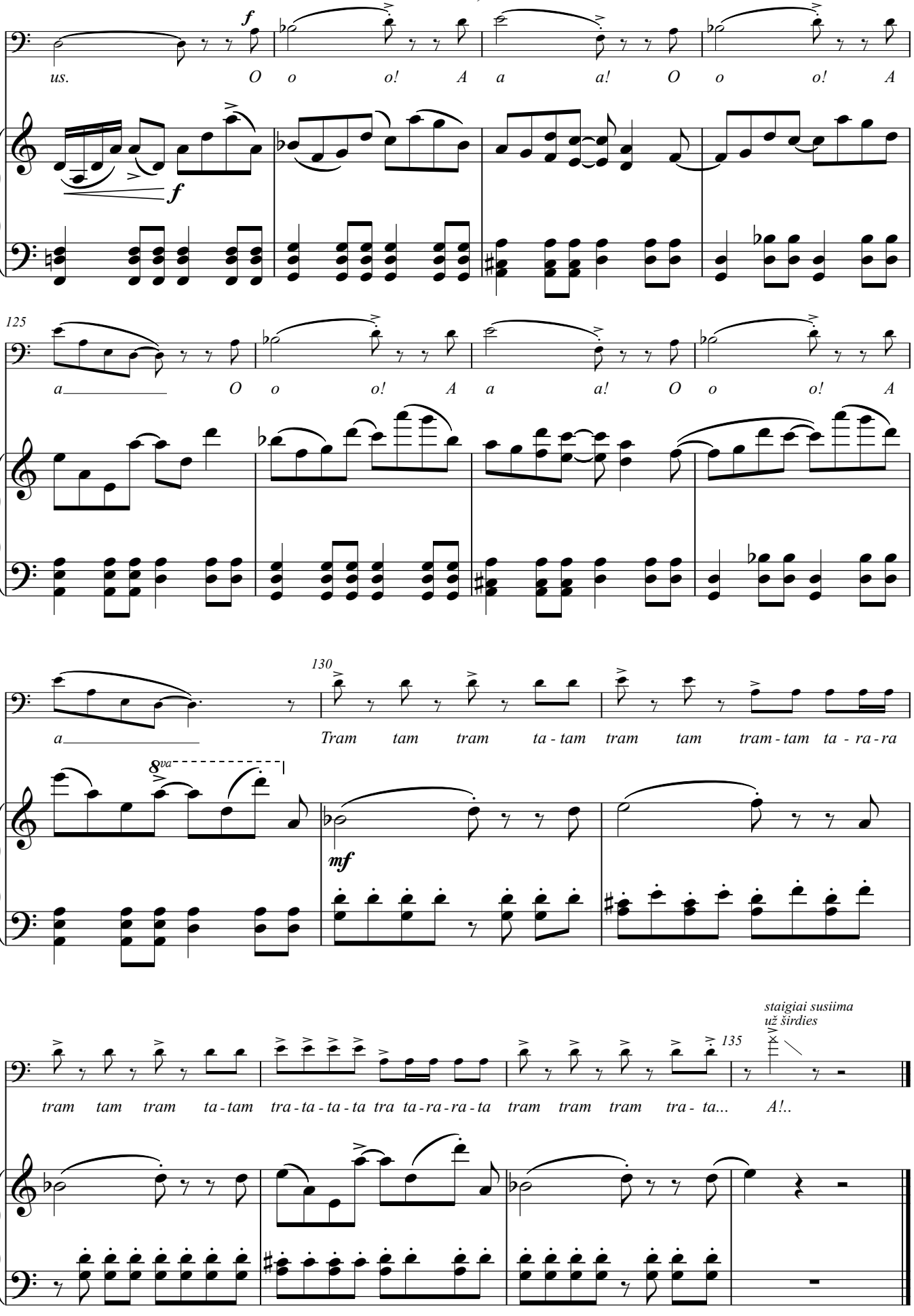
V.S.


80
scor- ched hair. O o o, o o o o o, o
85
O o o, o o o o o, o
f
Mean
f
90
- while let peace let peace tend the fields, let peace tend the


fields. But rust sei - zes the grim wea - pons of the cruel, of the
95
cruel sol - dier, sol - dier in dark - ness. O
f
100
A
f
p
105
O o o,
p
8va-

V.S.


110
o o o, m m m, m
(8)
p
pp
*)
*) cit. W.A.Mozart, Lacrimosa / Requiem, K 626
m m...
mf
Then come, then come, then
mf
115
come, kind-ly Peace, and hold wheat - ear in your hand, and
120
let your, let your, let your ra-diant breast pour out, out fruits be - fore


f
us. O o o! A a a! O o o! A
f
125
a O o o! A a a! O o o! A
130
a Tram tam tram ta - tam tram tam tram - tam ta - ra - ra
8va
mf
staigiai susiima
už širdies
135
tram tam tram ta - tam tra - ta - ta - ta tra ta - ra - ra - ta tram tram tram tra - ta... A!..

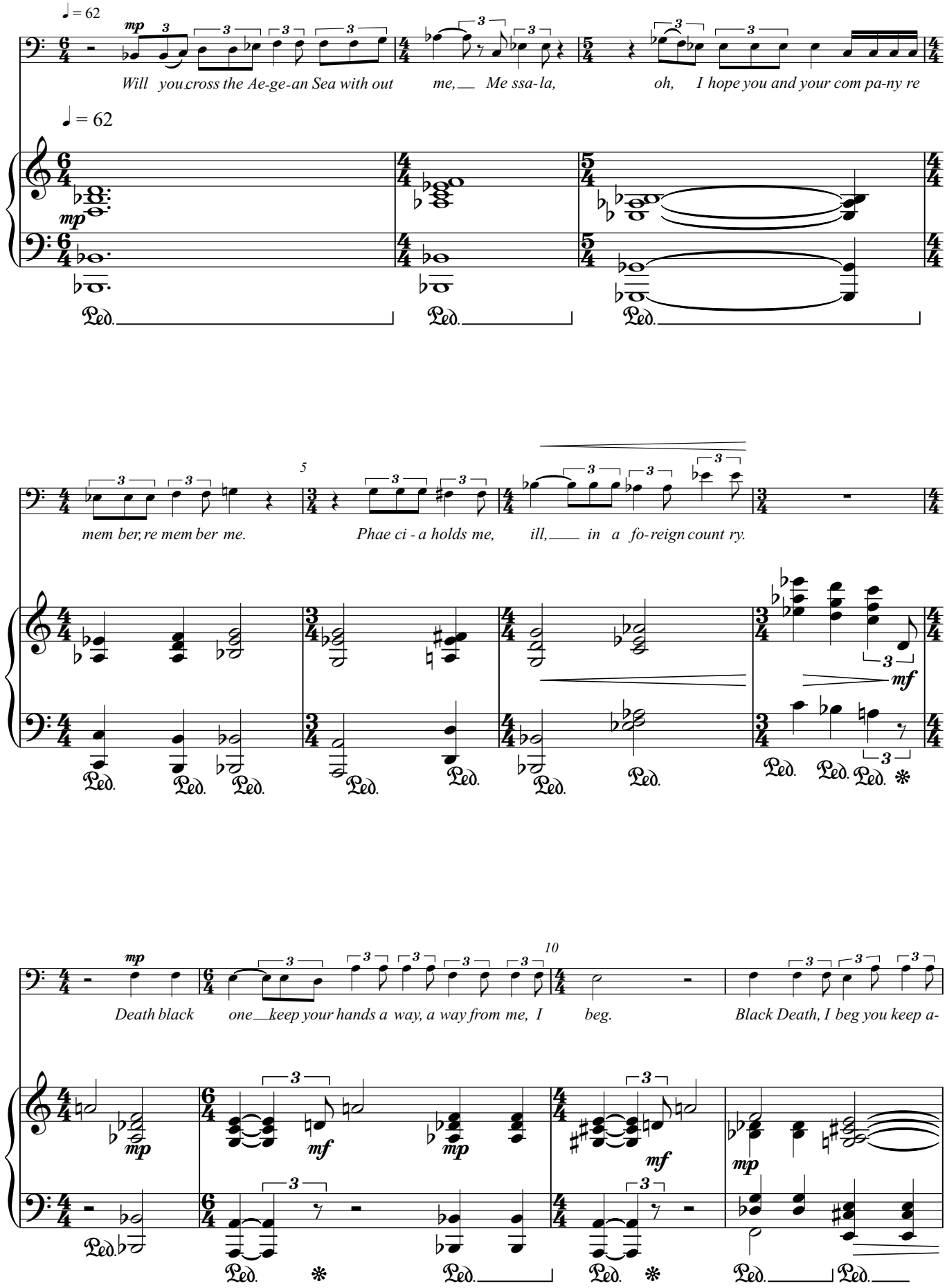
Baritone Solo
Piano

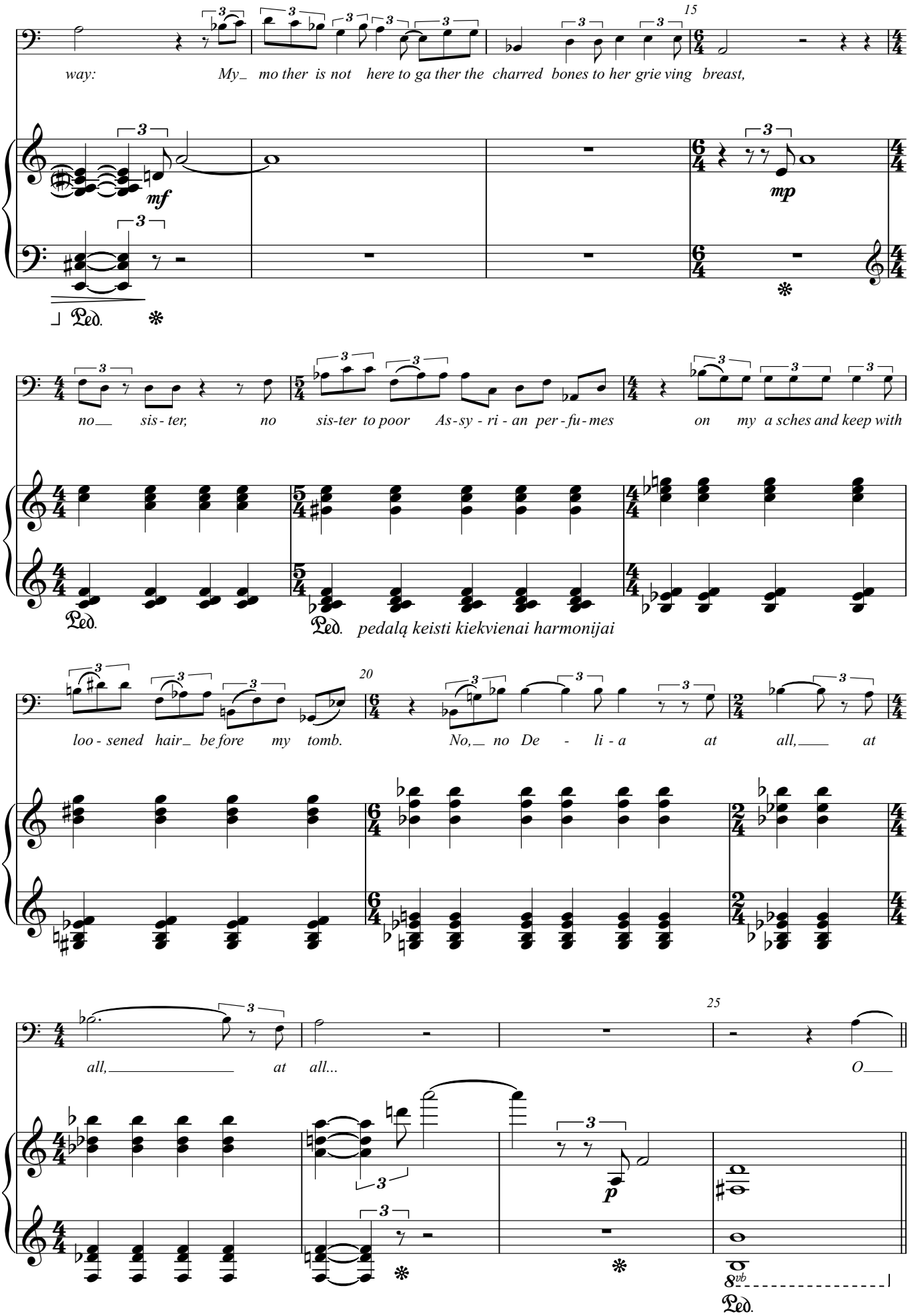
Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

3. Ateities Elegija / Elegy of the Future

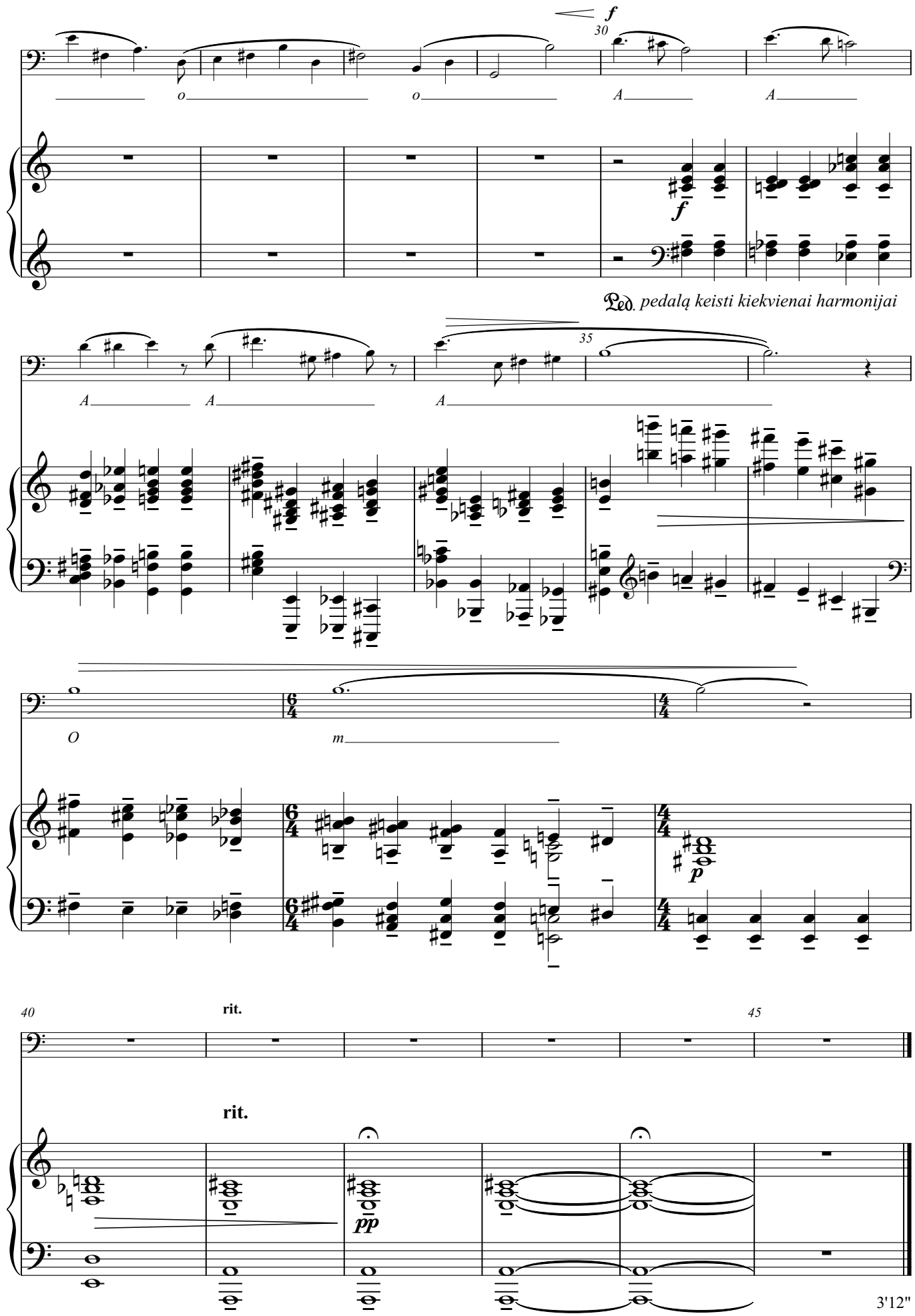
Albius Tibullus
Translated by A. S. Kline

Giedrius Kuprevičius
2014, gk 321/3




15
way: My_ mo ther is not here to ga ther the charred bones to her grie ving breast,
mf
mp
Ped.
no__ sis - ter, no sis-ter to poor As-sy - ri - an per - fu - mes on my a sches and keep with
Ped.
Ped. pedalą keisti kiekvienai harmonijai
20
loo - sened hair_ be fore my tomb. No,__ no De - li - a at all,___ at
25
all,_____ at all... O___
p
8vb
Ped.

V.S.


f
30
o
o
A
A
f
Ped. pedalą keisti kiekvienai harmonijai
35
A
A
A
O
m
p
40
rit.
45
rit.
pp
3'12"

Baritone Solo

Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

1. Praeities Elegija / 1. Elegy of the Past

Albius Tibullus
Translated A.S.Kline

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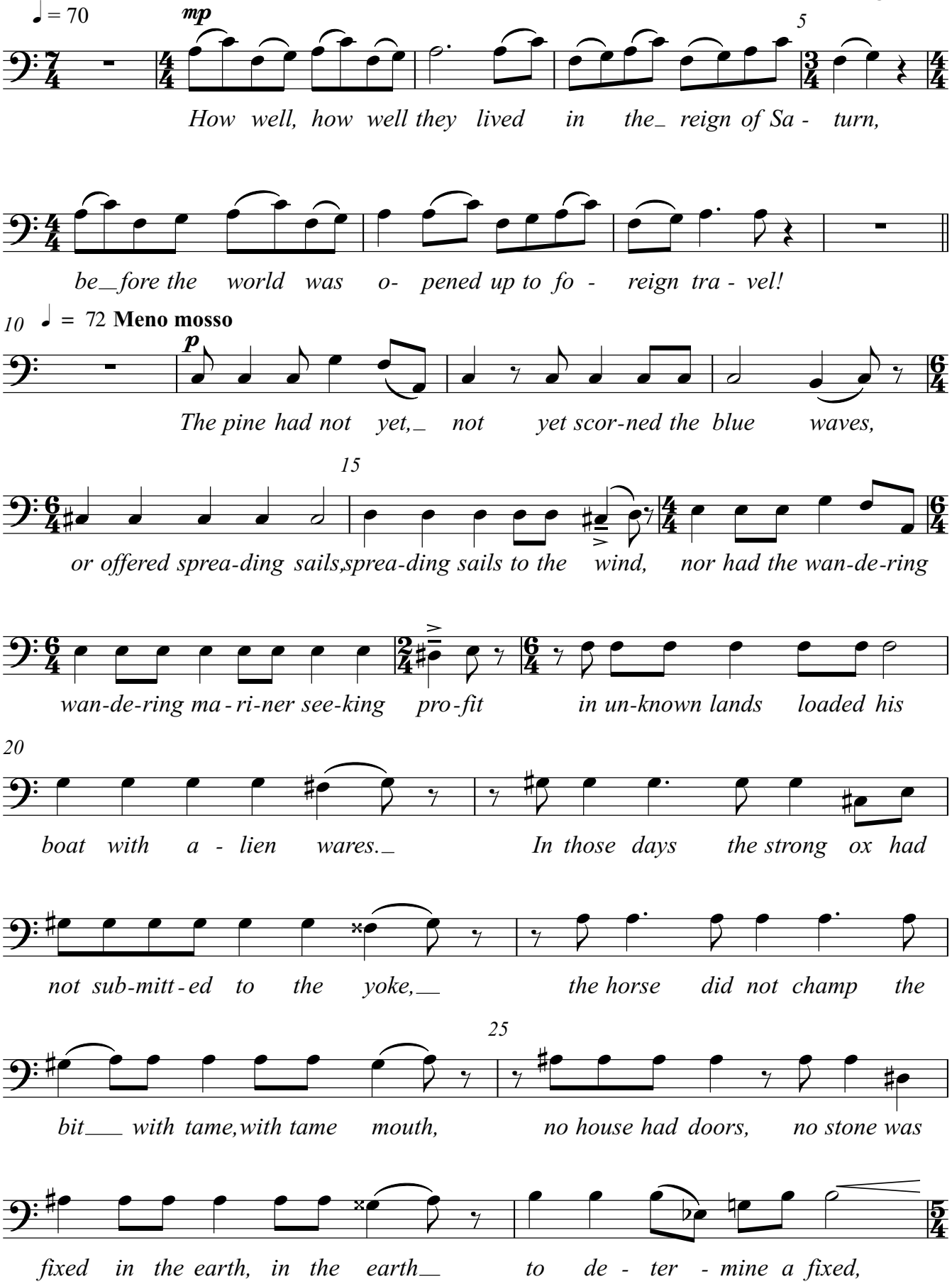
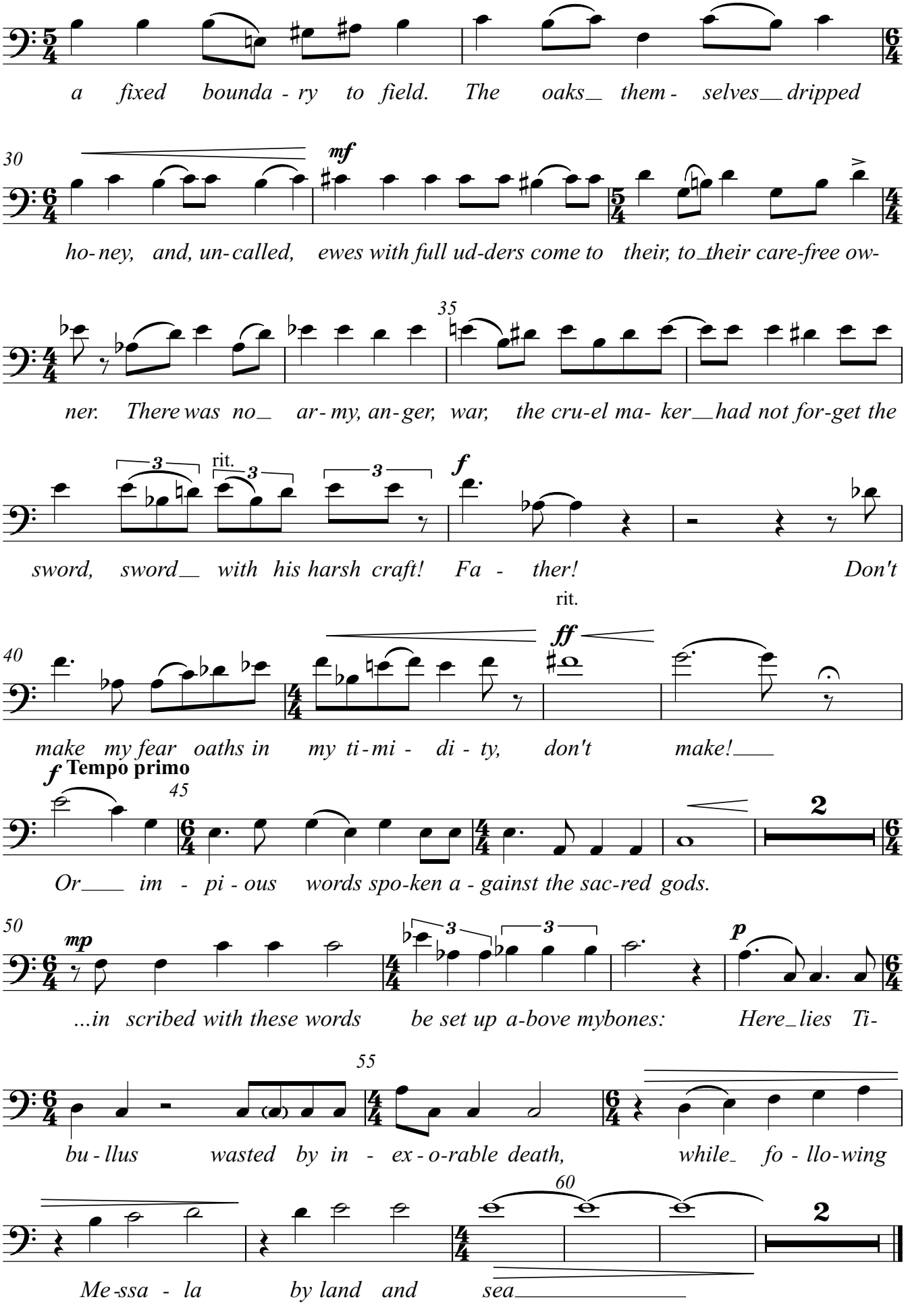
2014, gk 321/1



V.S.


a fixed bounda - ry to field. The oaks__ them - selves__ dripped
30
mf
ho - ney, and, un - called, ewes with full ud-ders come to their, to_their care-free ow-
35
ner. There was no_ ar - my, an - ger, war, the cru-el ma- ker__had not for-get the
rit.
f
sword, sword__ with his harsh craft! Fa - ther! Don't
rit.
40
ff
make my fear oaths in my ti - mi - di - ty, don't make!____
f Tempo primo
45
2
Or____ im - pi - ous words spo-ken a - gainst the sac-red gods.
50
mp
p
...in scribed with these words be set up a-bove mybones: Here_lies Ti-
55
bu - llus wasted by in - ex - o-rable death, while_ fo - llo-wing
60
2
Me-ssa - la by land and sea_____

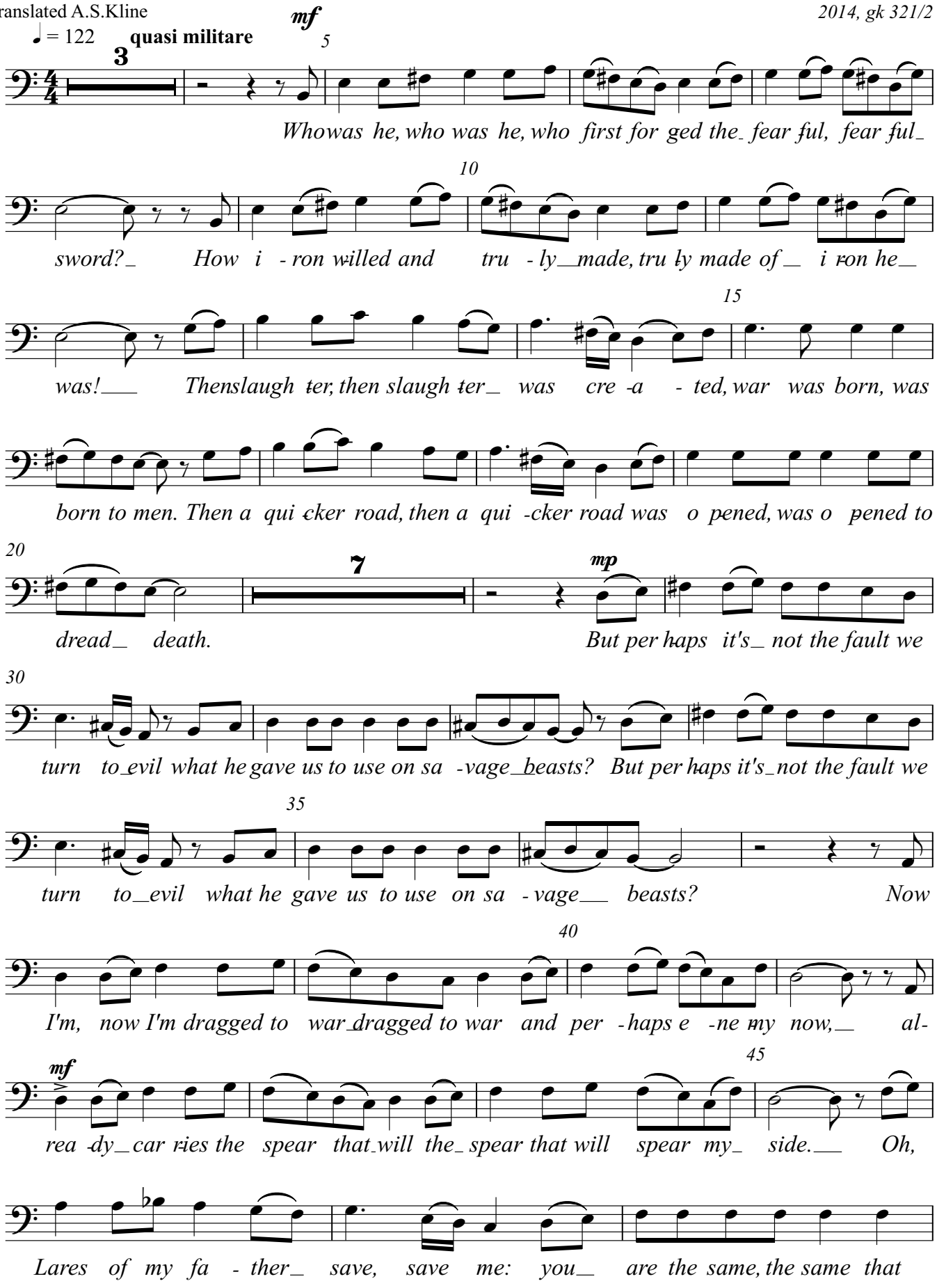
Baritone Solo

Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

2. Dabarties Elegija / 2. Elegy of the Present

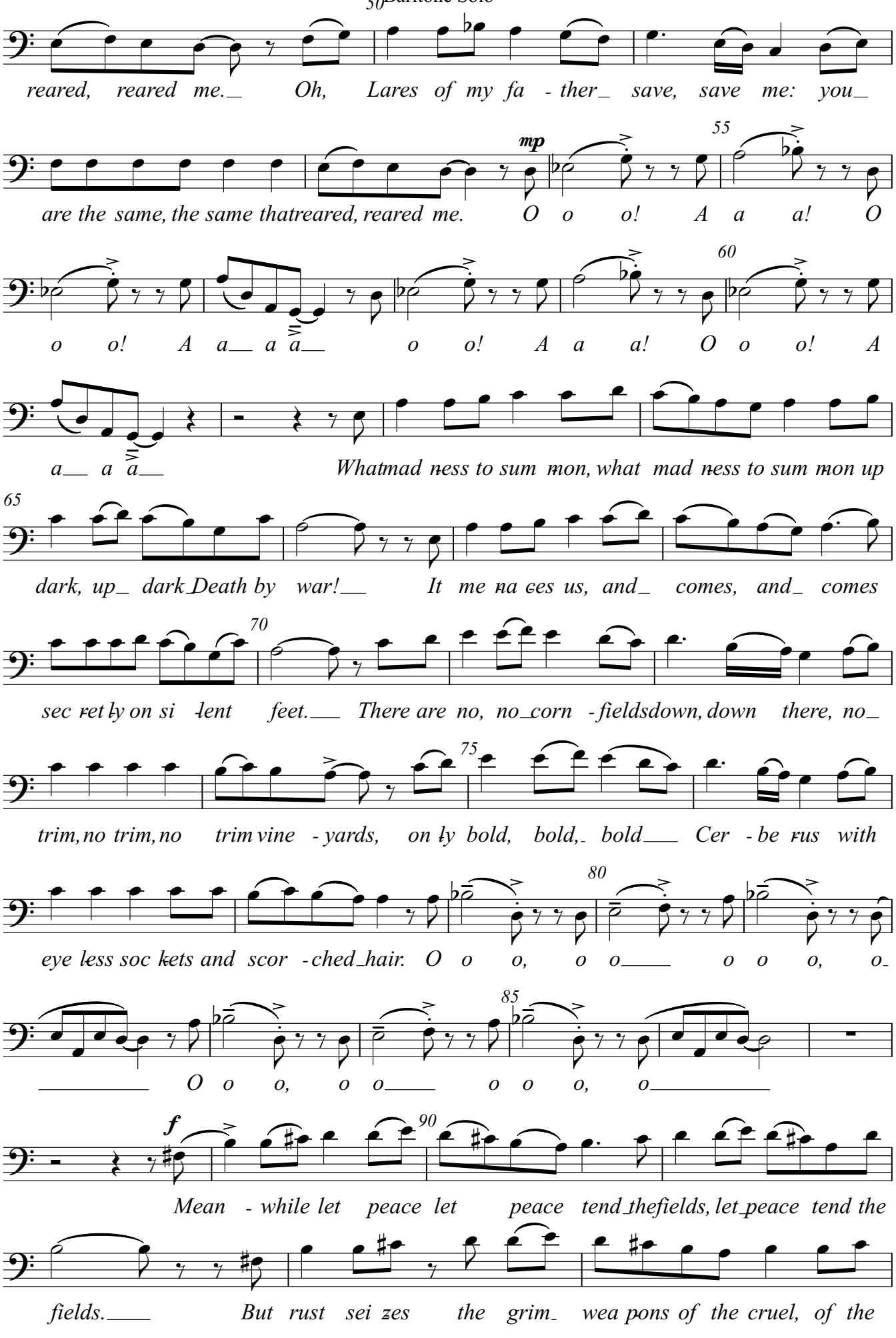
Albius Tibullus
Translated A.S.Kline

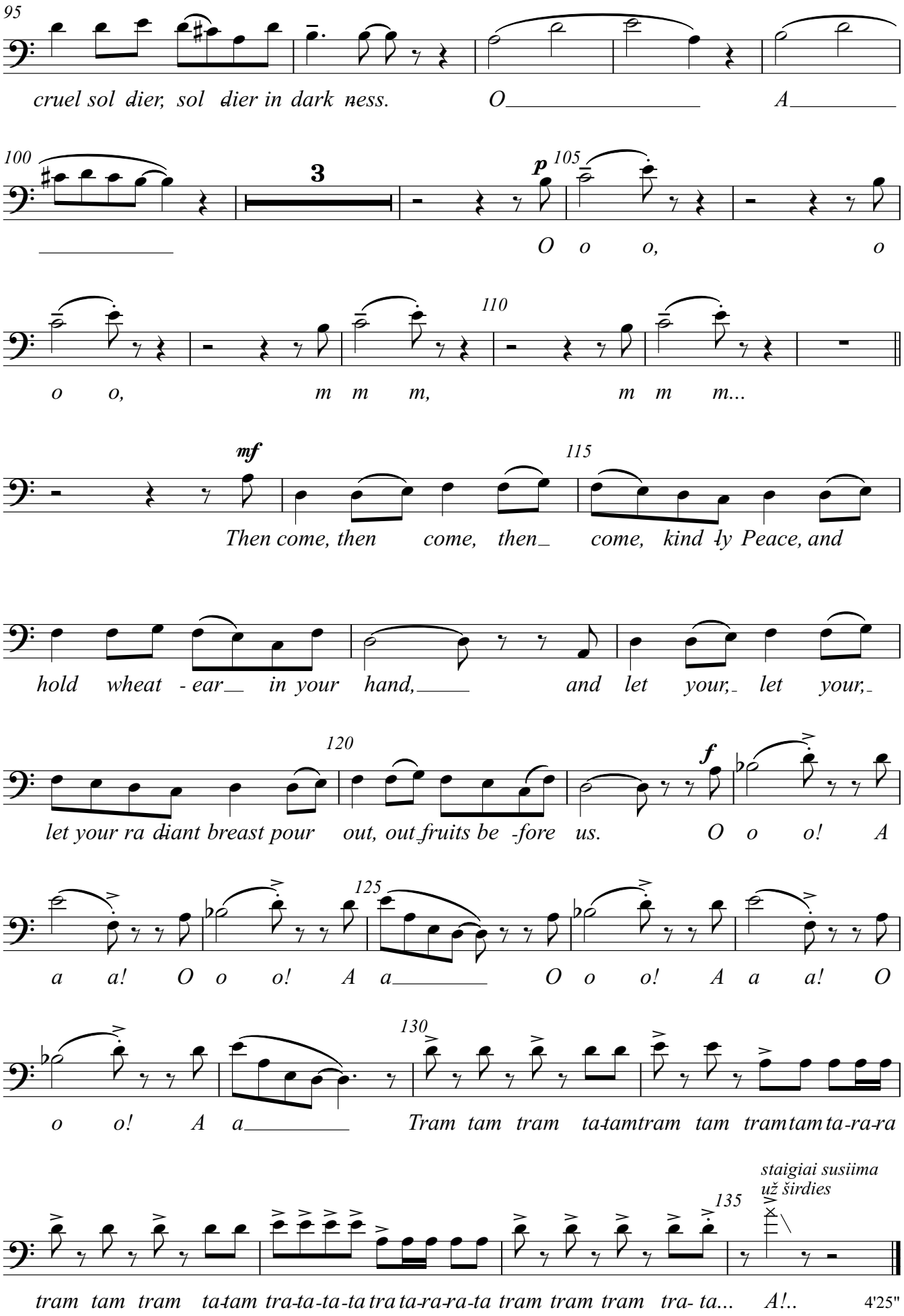
Giedrius Kuprevičius
2014, gk 321/2



V.S.

Baritone Solo




95
cruel sol dier, sol dier in dark ness. O A
100
3
p
105
O o o, o
o o, m m m, m m m...
110
mf
115
Then come, then come, then come, kind ly Peace, and
hold wheat - ear in your hand, and let your, let your,
120
f
let your ra diant breast pour out, out fruits be -fore us. O o o! A
125
a a! O o o! A a O o o! A a a! O
130
o o! A a Tram tam tram ta-tamtram tam tramtam ta-ra-ra
staigiai susiima
už širdies
135
tram tam tram ta-tam tra-ta-ta-ta tra ta-ra-ra-ta tram tram tram tra- ta... A!..
4'25"

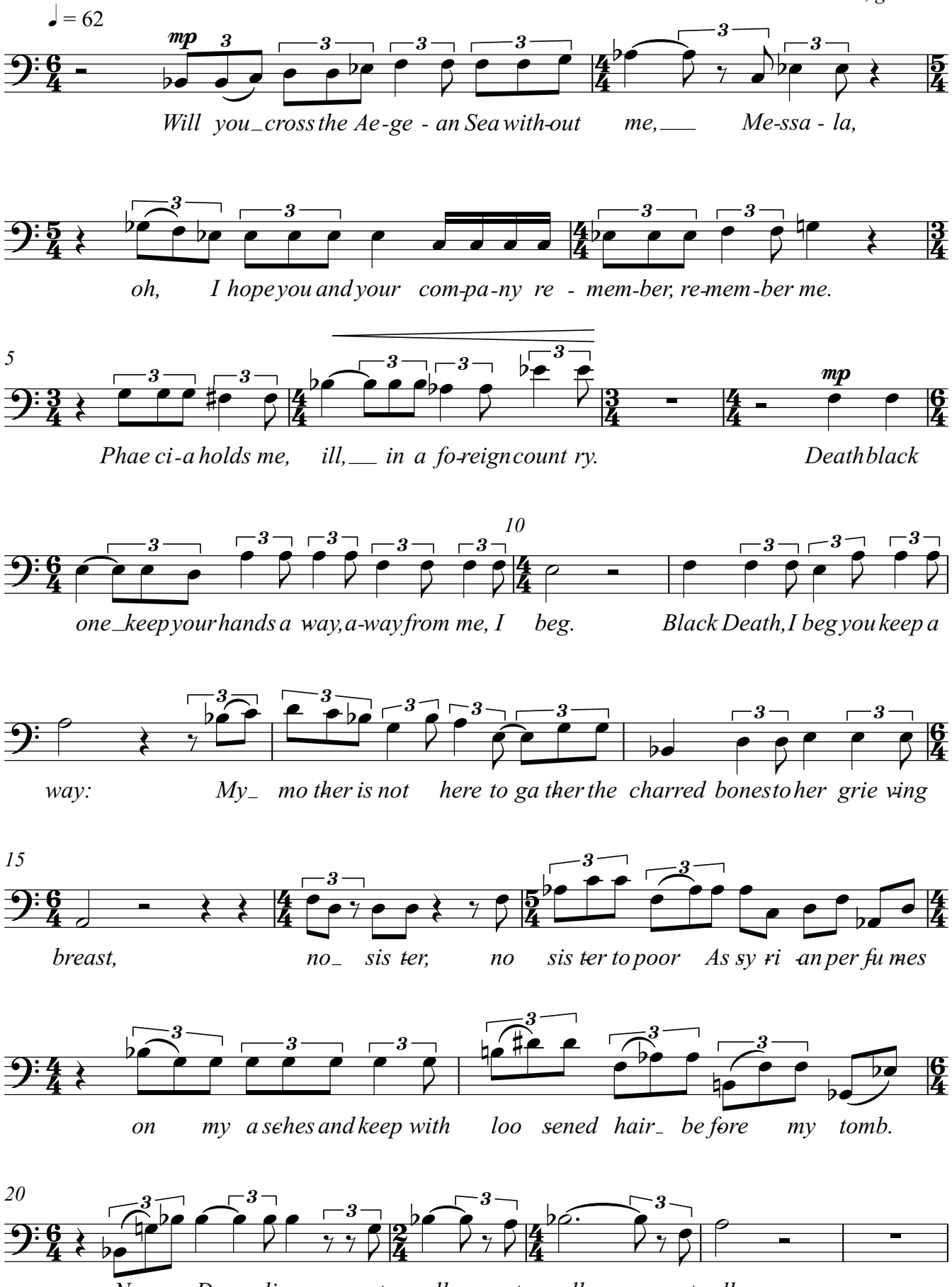
Baritone Solo

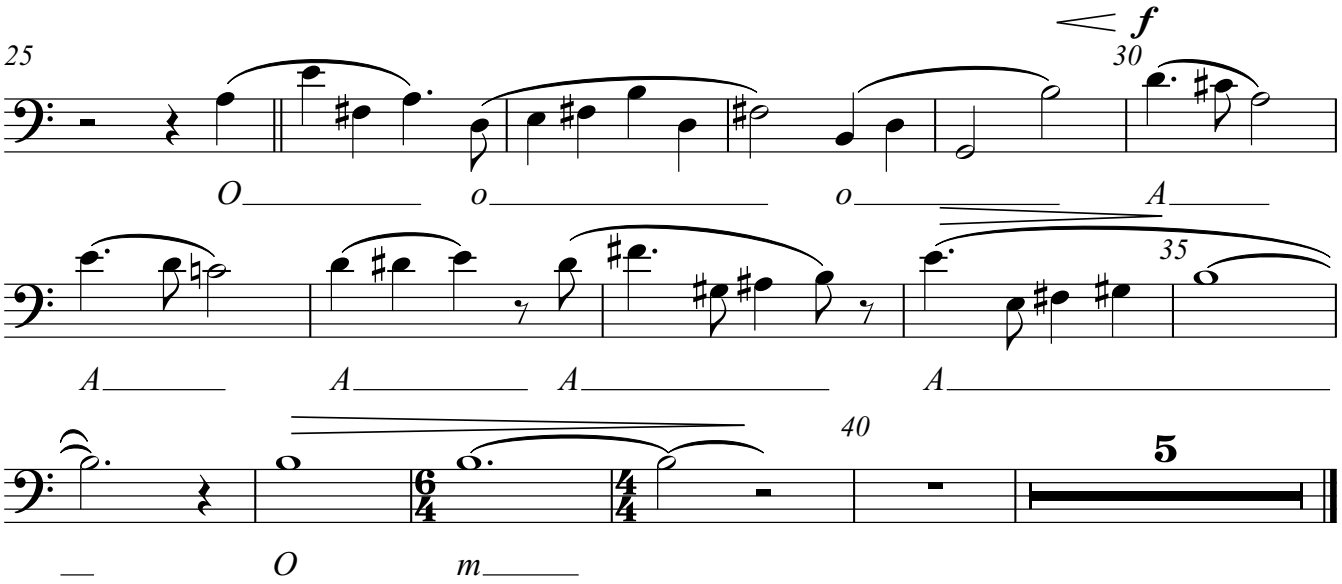
Trys Tibulo Elegijos / Three Tibullus Elegies

Albius Tibullus
Translated by A. S. Kline

3. Ateities Elegija / Elegy of the Future

Giedrius Kuprevičius
2014, gk 321/3




25
30
f
O
o
o
A
35
A
A
A
A
40
5
O
m

Three Tibullus Elegies

Composer: Giedrius Kuprevičius
Lyricist: Albius Tibullus
Translated A.S.Kline

1. Elegy of the Past

How well, how well they lived in the reign of Saturn,
before the world was opened up to foreign travel!
The pine had not yet, not yet scorned the blue waves,
or offered spreading sails, spreading sails to the wind,
nor had the wandering, wandering mariner seeking profit
in unknown lands loaded his boat with alien wares.
In those days the strong ox had not submitted to the yoke,
the horse did not champ the bit with tame, with tame mouth,
no house had doors, no stone was fixed in the earth,
in the earth to determine a fixed, a fixed boundary to field.
The oaks themselves dripped honey, and, uncalled,
ewes with full udders come to their, to their carefree owner.
There was no army, anger, war, the cruel maker had not forget the sword,
sword with his harsh craft!
Father,
Father, pardon!
Don't make me fear oaths in my timidity, don't make!
Or impious words spoken against the sacred gods.
...inscribed with these words be set up above my bones:
Here lies Tibullus wasted by inexorable death, while following Messala by land and sea.

2. Elegy of the Present

Who was he, who was he, who first forged the fearful, fearful sword?
How ironwilled and truly made, truly made of iron he was!
Then slaughter, then slaughter was created, war was born, was born to men.
Then a quicker road, then a quicker road was opened, was opened to dread death.
But perhaps it's not the fault we turn to evil what he gave us to use on savage beasts?
But perhaps it's not the fault we turn to evil what he gave us to use on savage beasts?
Now I'm, now I'm dragged to war dragged to war and perhaps enemy now, already carries the spear that will the spear that will spear my side.
Oh,
Lares of my father save, save me: you are the same, the same that reared, reared me.
Oh,
Lares of my father save, save me: you are the same, the same that reared, reared me.
O o o!
A a a!
O o o!
A a a a o o!
A a a!

O o o!
A a a a
What madness to summon, what madness to summon up dark, up dark Death by war!
It menaces us, and comes, and comes secretly on silent feet.
There are no, no cornfields down, down there,
no trim, no trim, no trim vineyards, only bold, bold, bold
Cerberus with eyeless sockets and scorched hair.
O o o, m m m, o o o, m O o o, m m m, o o o, m
Meanwhile let peace let peace tend the fields,
let peace tend the fields.
But rust seizes the grim weapons of the cruel,
of the cruel soldier, soldier in darkness.
O A O o o, o o o, m m m, m m m...
Then come, then come, then come, kindly Peace,
and hold wheatear in your hand, and let your, let your, let your radiant breast pour out,
out fruits before us.
O o o!
A a a!
O o o!
A a O o o!
A a a!
O o o!
A a Tram tam tram tatam tram tam tramtam tarara tram tam tram
tatam tratatata tra tararata tram tram tram trata...
A!..

3. Elegy of the Future

Will you cross the Aegean Sea without me,
Messala, oh,
I hope you and your company remember, remember me.
Phaecia holds me, ill, in a foreign country.
Death black one keep your hands away, away from me,
I beg.
Black Death,
I beg you keep away:
My mother is not here to gather the charred bones to her grieving breast,
no sister, no sister to poor Assyrian perfumes on my asches
and keep with loosened hair before my tomb.
No, no Delia at all, at all, at all...
O o o A A A A A O m