

Quietude

A Solitude Song Cycle

Shaye Poulton Richards

2021

PERUSAL SCORE

Quietude

A Solitude Song Cycle

Quietude is a through-composed contemporary folk song cycle exploring the mundanity of quiet city life and the reflective headspace time alone cultivates within everyone.

The work is split into two main ideas: one through line and 3 self-contained stories. The through line depicts the idea of friends sitting around a campfire reflecting inwardly on their lives, and the self-contained stories are the tales they tell around the burning fire.

The songs were written and arranged between 30/01/2021 and 18/02/2021 for the following company:

Ben Mason	Bb Clarinet
Chris Huggon	Tenor
Kate Robson	Mezzo-soprano
Olivia Smith	Soprano
Polly Green	Soprano
Sally Carr	Soprano and Cello
Shaye Poulton Richards	Mezzo-soprano, Guitar and Musical Director

Duration: c. 15'

Each piece was created with the intention of being remotely recorded in a relaxed setting, thus much space has been left in the music for singers and musicians to improvise throughout.

With thanks to Darren Clark for his insight and professional support throughout the project.

Track List

1. Quietude

Ben, Chris, Kate, Olivia, Polly, Sally, Shaye

2. Meridian House

Polly, Ben, Sally

3. Interlude 1

Ben, Kate, Shaye

4. Primary Nativity Scene

Olivia, Polly, Shaye

5. Interlude 2

Chris, Olivia, Polly, Shaye

6. The Clear

Ben, Chris, Kate, Olivia, Polly, Sally, Shaye

Quietude

A Solitude Song Cycle

1. Quietude

For a moment
We can sit and not think
Forward

We all know that
We should pause and then
Reflect

And as we sit under the moon
In our camp of quietude
We can finally see the things
We're missing out on

Time
Where does the time go?
If I keep my
Eyes closed

Everything's calmer
But it's always cramped
I can't seem to make out
The person I am

'Cause cities are crucial
And give you a lot
But they don't give you space
To be able to see
What you've got

Time (Time)
Make time (Time)
Look back

End of Song

2. Meridian House

Mary sat staring at windowpanes
Boarded with nails and ply
Curtains were drawn, lights never on

A shell of a home left to die

She wanted to get in the empty house
But couldn't get in past the door
Thus the neighbouring kids would
Chuckle with glib
Every day they would taunt:

Weak Mary, can't use a door
Pale Mary, what is she good for
Weak Mary, try as you might
You'll always be left outside

Mary knew how to get in the den
But couldn't achieve it alone
While kids would ride past, she'd stop them and ask
But they would all laugh and moan

Weak Mary, no one to help
Pale Mary, hopeless herself
Weak Mary, take our advice
You'll always be left outside

Two boys stopped that she despised
Asking Mary what's the prize

Mary replies
Whatever you find
Will be shared once we finally cross the line
And get inside

The boys made their way up the disused porch
And Mary watched on from behind
They stared at the rot, the overgrown pots
And readied themselves in a line

They pulled on the panels that blocked the door
Threw all the wood to the side
Smashed in the glass, reached for the latch
So easy that they both cried

Weak Mary, useless and lame
Pale Mary, simple by name
Weak Mary, without the guys

You would be left cold outside

They made their way into the front foyer
But something inside was amiss
The rooms were all clean, lived not pristine
With nothing of worth in their midst

The boys spun around to ask Mary why
She wanted to make it inside
But as they both turned, they gasped as they learned
They both no longer had sight of Weak Mary

Both boys gaped with fear in eyes
On their knees begging for life

Mary replies
We're sharing the prize
Don't you fear, cause we're here
And you won't ever leave my sight

Weak Mary, trick of the eye
Pale Mary, now you see why
Weak Mary, wasn't alive
And you won't get back out cause

Weak Mary, just crossed the line
Now Mary's finally fine
See Mary, needed a life

And yours is locked with her
There's nothing stopping her
You'll never go back outside

End of Song

3. Interlude 1

The moments we steal
Make us human

The memories we keep
Are the ones that aren't fair

A pause in the space-time continuum

Each time I find myself there
Again

End of Song

4. Primary Nativity Scene

I stood in line
Rooted to ground
Waiting to be called

I took my place
Had practiced for days
And gave the room my all

Being on stage
Made me feel whole
I was truly free

So I was stumped
When they gave out parts
And I was the tree

It wasn't the role I expected
My lines were less bite and more bark
I guess Mary and Joseph just had something special
While I didn't quite have their spark

Still I wrote down the notes
Learnt all my blocking
Said next time they see me
Will be something shocking
For them
But for now I'm a tree
In our primary nativity scene

In secondary school
They casted for Grease
I went for Sandra Dee

I'd spent all my time
Learning the lines
"Devoting hopelessly"

I took a risk

Thought it could pay off
“There’s worst things I could do”

But as it turns out
“I’m not who they want”
I’m just Girl Two

It wasn’t the part that I wanted
I guess they just needed a star
But it’s hard to imagine what role you might fit in
When you still don’t know who you are

And I know there was work
That I still had to do
But it felt like a task that
I wasn’t quite sure I was
Up to

It’s like I’m still a tree
In our primary nativity scene

Now I’m at college
And get the roles I wanted
But can’t help and think
I don’t deserve them at all

I wonder if when people watch me perform
Do they see an actress born for the stage
Or do they see a girl who doesn’t belong
In the first place

Then I recall
I’m not a kid
And don’t have to prove them wrong
Anymore

And I still
Write all the notes
Learn all my blocking
But I do it only
For me, never for them
Again

Thanks to a role

x

In a primary nativity
Teaching me worth is
Whatever I deem it to be

All cause I was a tree in our
Primary nativity scene
Thank God I was the tree in our
Primary nativity scene

End of Song

5. Interlude 2

(Time)
(Make time)

Stories of pleasure
Stories of joy

The past was never built
To be honest

Stories of pleasure (What's the best thing you've ever heard?)
Stories of joy (What's the most scared you've ever been?)

Time is measured by
A fire burning

Stories of wonder
Stories of fear

End of Song

6. The Clear

It takes a while to see clearly
But when I can I view
The whole world different
The birds all sing around me
Trees are glazed with layers of honey
Everything is sweet
Until it's not

Then it takes months to make it
Back there
The more I push I find my
Mind goes blurry

The cold is ever present
Concrete spans into the distance
Every road is leading to a
Stop

But I'll still try
To make it to
The clear
Words can't help
If limbs won't move to
Get me there

And my mind is apathetic
To it all
I find it hard to reach
The clear

Life feels easy when I'm busy
Cause I don't have to think
About my own health
But sometimes people chatting
Can't block out the thoughts I'm having
And that becomes a problem
In itself

But I still try
To make it to
The clear
I know if I
Remove myself
It gets me there

Away from all the planning
And the noise

Then I can finally feel
The clear

While we had the
Fire burning
Drinks were flowing
Everyone was relaxed
But now the sun is coming up
And the flames are going out

Everyone retires
And it's back from once we came
And I can feel the clear clouding again

But for a moment
I could sit and not think
Forward

We all know that
We should pause and then
Reflect

And as we sat under the moon
In our camp of quietude
I could finally see the things
I'm missing out on

And it's all because I had space to
Reflect on, with more

Time
Where does the time go?

It's clear when the
Time slows
I can finally make out
The person I am, see

Cities are crucial
And give you a lot
Now I see what I need to
Get what I want
Thanks to

(Time)
Where does the time go?

(Time)
Where does the time go?

(Make time)
And when the time slows
I'm in the clear

*End of Song
End of Song Cycle*

Quietude

A Solitude Song Cycle

Shaye Poulton Richards

1. Quietude

Gentle, building ♩ = 80
mp gentle

Melody

For a mo-ment, we can sit and not think for - ward. We all

Harmony

Guitar

A

B°

mp

M.

know that, we should pause and then re - flect. And as we sit.

Ctr.

A

D

M.

— un-der_ the moon. In our camp of qui-e-tude. We can fi-nal-ly see the things we're miss-ing out on.

Ctr.

Bm7

A

D

E

F#m/C#

B

E

cresc.

mf

cresc.

mf

Release ♩ = 90
f expressive

M.

Time. Where_ does the time go? If I keep my eyes_ closed_

H.

f expressive

Time. Where_ does the time go?

Gtr.

A

B°

A

D

E

f

M. 17

Ev - ery-thing's calm - er but it's al - ways crammed. I can't seem to make out the per - son I am. 'Cause

Gtr. B7 B7

M. 19

ci - ties are cru - cial and give you a - lot, but they don't give you space to be a - ble to see what you've got.

Gtr. D Dm A A

M. 23

Ad lib. 4 bars (f) dim. mp gentle

Look

H. Ad lib. 4 bars (f) Time. Make time. Time. dim.

Gtr. A B° A B° (f) dim. mp

M. 27

back.

Gtr. A B° B°

2. Meridian House

Self-contained story one.

3. Interlude 1

Contemplative ♩ = 156

Melody

Guitar

mf

2nd time, Guitar only:

M.

mf

The mo - ments we steal — make us hu - man.

Ctr.

M.

The mem - o - ries we keep — are — the ones — that aren't — fair —

Ctr.

M.

— A pause in the space — time con - tin - u - um.

Ctr.

M.

f frustrated

Each time I find my - self there a -

Ctr.

M. 20 [1.]
gain.

Ctr. [1.]
A A/D A/Eb A/D

M. 24 [2.]

Ctr. [2.]
A A/D A/Eb A/D

M. 28

Ctr. 4

M. 32

Ctr. A/D A/D A/D A/D

4. Primary Nativity Scene

Self-contained story two.

5. Interlude 2

Contemplative ♩ = 110

Melody

Harmony

Guitar

mf

Em

E

M.

H.

Ctr.

mf gentle

(Time.)

(Make time.)

2

M.

H.

Ctr.

mf playing mind games

Stor - ies of plea - sure. Stor - ies of joy. The

Stor - ies of plea - sure. Stor - ies of joy.

2nd time:

mp

(What's the best thing you've ev - er heard?) (What's the most scared you've ev - er been?)

2

M.

Ctr.

past Time was nev - er built, to be hon - est.

is meas - ured by a fi - re burn - ing.

A

Am

Em

E

15 *mp*

M. 

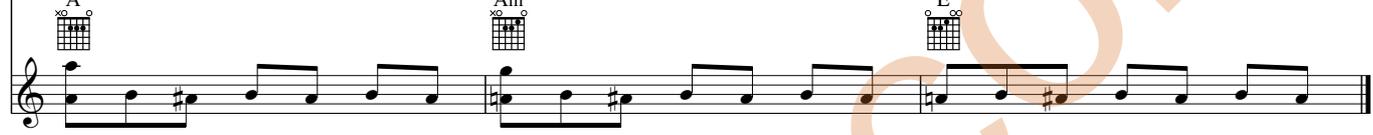
Stor - ies of won - der. Stor - ies of fear.

Gtr. 

mf

19

M. 

Gtr. 

6. The Clear

Self-contained story three.