## Sarah Riskind

For the Pacifica Choirs

## Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter for SA chorus, violin, and piano 2019

Duration: $4^{\prime}$

www.sarahriskind.com

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# Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter 

for SA chorus, violin, and piano

Duration: 4'

## Performance Notes:

The modality of this composition sets the scene of a winter landscape that may seen cold and barren, but reveals precious signs of beauty with a deeper look. There is text painting throughout the piece to bring out this contrast: from the A minor chord on "cold" in measure 10 to the octave leap up to "bird" in measure 18 and the bright C major chord on "star" in measure 53. By ending the piece on an A major chord, I have shown the narrator's newly reverent perspective on winter and their faith that the seasons will soon continue their cycle.

Singers should spend considerable time becoming familiar with the melody, so that they can sing it almost like a folk song and bring out the ebb and flow of the text.

Although I wrote this piece for the Interludes ensemble of the Pacifica Choirs (approximately middle school ages), it would work well for older soprano/alto choirs as well. If you would like to feature a different instrument, contact me about adapting the violin part.

- Sarah Riskind

Previously based in Seattle and Boston, conductor and composer Sarah Riskind (b.1987) is the Director of Choral Activities at Eureka College in central Illinois, Music Director of the Baroque Artists of Champaign Urbana, and a faculty member at The Walden School. Riskind's compositions are featured in the Project Encore catalogue of contemporary choral music and available at www.sarahriskind.com as well as Swirly Music. Among her works are Jewish and Judeo-Christian music, secular pieces with improvisatory elements, and choral settings with string obbligato parts. She holds degrees from the University of Washington, the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and Williams College.
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Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter

The west was getting out of gold, The breath of air had died of cold, When shoeing home across the white, I thought I saw a bird alight.

In summer when I passed the place I had to stop and lift my face;
A bird with an angelic gift
Was singing in it sweet and swift.

No bird was singing in it now.
A single leaf was on a bough,
And that was all there was to see
In going twice around the tree.
From my advantage on a hill
I judged that such a crystal chill
Was only adding frost to snow
As gilt to gold that wouldn't show.
A brush had left a crooked stroke Of what was either cloud or smoke From north to south across the blue; A piercing little star was through.

- Robert Frost (from New Hampshire, 1923)


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Robert Frost
from New Hampshire (1923)








