December 1990

Across The Sandhills

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/musicsnyder

Part of the Music Commons

http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/musicsnyder/2

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Music, School of at DigitalCommons@University of Nebraska - Lincoln. It has been accepted for inclusion in Randall Snyder Compositions by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@University of Nebraska - Lincoln.
Across The Sandhills

Soprano

Piano

Copyright© Miltmore Press 2003
Some-times for days the only travelers for miles and miles are things

that do not keep to the ground

cloud shadows

a hawk
The telephone wires rising and plummeting segue
Sandhill Cranes

Why did I feel like

weeping

on seeing the cranes go by?

in style of Schubert
O snowy bodies and dark-tipped wings scudding cloud-like across the sky over the mud-shouldered road strag-
g(a)ling north as the crow flies you filled me with such deep longing...
Slow \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \text{rit.} \) \( \text{accel.} \) \( \text{A Tempo I} \)

un-der your hurt-ling cries

August

Sultry \( \frac{3}{8} \) \( \text{rit.} \)

In waves of heat be-side the road the

field is all stri-a-tion a wet
70 \( \text{mp} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{rit.} \) A Tempo

73 \( \text{rit.} \) A Tempo

76 \( \text{gol} \) \( \text{den-rod} \) \( \text{goin} \) \( \text{to} \) \( \text{waste} \) \( \text{with} \) \( \text{a} \) \( \text{ban} \) \( \text{don} \) 

79 \( \text{p} \) \( \text{molto rit.} \) A Tempo

\( \text{shim-mer} \) \( \text{drawn on the air} \) 

\( \text{nothing but grass} \) 

\( \text{on} \) 

\( \text{thing} \) 

\( \text{grass} \) 

\( \text{wade} \) 

\( \text{up} \) 

\( \text{a paste of yellows} \) 

\( \text{wading up} \) 

\( \text{hill} \)
Fishheads

Volatile

A Tempo

Grotesque

sprechstimme

Tempo 1

As high on the wall of the chic-ken shed as he could reach

my grand-father kept the heads of the cat-fish that he caught

Tempo 1

A Tempo

rit... slower

A Tempo

rit...
each one im-paled on a bright ten-penny

They would face out into the waves of heat

all summer long each fresh head
wear- ing a wreath of wran(g)ling

flies for several days until the

skin began to shrink and crack like leather badly cured and

head by head a row of skulls appeared
accel.......................... A Tempo

long when Grand-pa sat

on the low slung bench a-long the wall and leaned forward
rubb- ing his hands to- ge- ther and then let fly with a dark-as-

li- co- ri 5 5 (ce) stream like a long-held oath from the

plug he chewed we knew he was a-bout to tell a stor-y

A Tempo

one that was bound to seem gro- tesque for there
in the glare of white above his head

A school of weathered skulls a-

dorned the shed

A Bright Winter Morning

Simply \( \frac{1}{60} \) p sotto voce

In the drifted gullly beside the road

sempre ped

only the top strand of the barbed wire clears the snow and only
barely by an inch or so—A shadow frail as a

pen cil line trails on the snow the wire traverses

snagging the light glint by glint as it goes

147

150

153
Seed Drop

One dande-lion stands a-lone

forming a ge-o-de-sic dome

and seek-ing out a

gust of wind

it looks so fra-gile in the

light

the rays pour through it like a sieve

how can so
frail a thing survive

Melodramatic

Simp-ly by hold-ing on for life while

stand-ing tip toe on one foot its in-crad-ic-a-ble root
combining ballet and its poise with

balast and a load that pays top-

heavy it must dig in deep

Pesante
A Tempo

The seeds in harness fit to burst as in the

shift ing car go hold cling to the

straps with dou bled fist

Melodramatic

it on ly takes a breeze to start the
first small 
cha - tist 
out the 
doors

hit - ing the silk 
and down the air

sev - (e)ral feet 
before the o - thers fol - low suit
Slower $\frac{3}{4}$

Slow $\frac{3}{4}$

and they take the yard by storm

The Gap In The Cedar

Melancholy $\frac{3}{4}$

A Tempo A Tempo
quasi recitative

I saw this much from the window

branch spring lightened into place with a lithe shudder of

snow

what-ever bird had been there chick-a-dee
or sparrow had so vanished into air

resilient beyond recall it had to be taken on faith to be taken at
the air beat·en dim with snow

and then I saw through the swirl·ing