January 2006

Lady Daibu

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A personal poetry collection is something written by a poet for posterity. This, however, is far from being that sort of thing. I have merely recorded, just as I happened to remember them, my feelings at those times.............when something moving.... sad.... or somehow unforgettable.... occurred

\[ \text{\textcopyright 2006 Miltmore Press} \]
and I intend these memoirs for my eyes...alone

\( \text{\textcopyright 2012 Andrew R. Cheeseman} \)
At the Heian Court

Stately \( \frac{d}{=60} \)
While his Majesty Emperor Takakura was still on the throne, it would have been perhaps the fourth year of Joan he visited the apartments of the empress on the first day of the new year...
on that day he in his normal attire
and she in full court dress seemed to me....quite dazzling
and as I watched
from a passageway...
I felt in my heart:
The Empress looked inexpressibly beautiful and young,... wearing a gown of several layers shaded from light to dark purple
a top gown of brownish-yellow, a pale pink underrobe...and a green, Chinese jacket.....

woven with a pattern of butterflies and cherry blossoms
Once on a bright, moonlit night...
we could hear the Emperor playing most enchantingly... on his flute
and I remarked how beautiful it was.

The Empress told him how persistent I had been in my adoration

The Emperor laughed and wrote this poem, on the edge of his fan:
Taira no Sukemori... was a constant visitor at the Empress's quarters... and used to sing and play the lute with us.
sometimes he would ask me to play my zither too... but I always replied that it would spoil everyone's pleasure
Sukemori came to Wisteria Hall at the time of the Kamo Festival, in the fourth month.

His dark indigo jacket and wide trousers...

A Little Faster $\cdot = 80$

Narr.

Sop.

A. Fl./Picc

Vc.

Perc.

Hpschd.
his brown-green underrobe... and the unlined inner robe... were not in any way unusual....
but the colors stood out well, and equipped as he was for ceremonial guard duty... and he looked as beautiful... as someone in a picture book!

Envious \( \text{\textit{d} = 72} \)

(Lady Daibu)

but the colors stood out well, and equipped as he was for ceremonial guard duty... and he looked as beautiful... as someone in a picture book!
I wrote the following poem.... and pushed it towards him, from behind my screen:
I used to be amused by the various love affairs I saw around me or heard about, though I myself had no thought of following everybody else in such behavior... Destiny, however, is not to be avoided, and in spite of my resolve...I also came to know love's miseries.
II Love's Miseries

Agitated \( \dot{=} 88 \)

Narr.

Sop.

A. Fl./Picc

Vc.

Perc.

Hpschd.

M. Gong

I 4'8' -buff
Sukemori insisted on giving me a quite magnificent comb....
decorated with a picture of a small boat
thrusting its way through reeds
it had been pushed into a piece of thin scarlet paper....
on which he had written:

A Little Slower  $\bullet = 80$

(Sukemori)  $mf$
I replied on thin, white paper:

Faster $\bullet = 100$

A-ishi wa-ke-te Ko-ko-ro (o)

Perc. mallets
Once, while this affair was causing me a great deal of heartache...
i was at home, lost in thought... and gazing westward into the distance
the crickets had been chirping near the Empress's quarters but then...at the close of autumn... their cries came to an end and then I heard them still chirping in other places
Then the sky darkened...
and the fitful winter rain, began to fall:
Now, when I look back on it, the affair was not totally unhappy, but right at the time, when I was in the middle of it, I felt mortified and resentful...and was frequently depressed.

Meanwhile, with the turing of the year, the spring appeared almost before I noticed it, filling me with envy.
Once, when we were staying in a mountain village, we got up and went out in the dawn while the moon still lingered in the sky. Seeing a morning glory blooming on the fence, I thought... how sad it was... that is should flourish... for so short a while...
Just around that time I noticed my zither covered in dust. I longed terribly for the times when I had been constantly playing it and joining in concert with the flutes of those who served .......by her Majesty's side.
Stately $\cdot = 56$

Soprano

O ri-o ri no

A. Fl./Picc

Pizz.

Violin

Percussion

Harpsichord
At the beginning I really did not feel... ours was a normal sort of love affair... and I was extremely embarrassed about it.
He would send his carriage... and I used to go to his mansion.

But then I heard that he was about to make final arrangements for taking a wife!

I caught sight of an inkstone and drawing it towards me, wrote this poem, fixing it to the pillow I had come to know so well:
Such was the upheaval in our world... at the time of the Juei and Genryaku.... that whatever I may call it dreams, illusions, tragedy... no words can possibly describe it
What can I say, what can I feel about that autumn when I heard that those whom I knew were soon to be leaving for the capital? Faced with the actual event we were all stunned...we could only feel that it was just some indescribable dream. At that time Sukemori was a First Secretary to the Emperor and seemed to have little away from his duties. Morover, those about me...
inisited that it was a hopless, even scandalous affair

So we became more cautious, and it was with a great deal of hesitation, that we met.
My anxiety was indescribable... as I watched the autumn draw on

One bright moonlit night...
as I gazed out...musing...on the sadness...of the scene...

the sky...

the shapes of the clouds...
the sound of the wind

I could only think of what Sukemori must be feeling, as he journeyed to his unknown destination...beneath a traveler's sky:
Large numbers of fierce warriors... were leaving the capital... for the west
Agitated \( \textit{d = 88} \)

Narr.

Sop.

A. Fl./Picc

Vc.

Perc.

Hpschd.
One night...Sukemori...appeared to me...in a dream
He was as I'd always seen him....
wearing informal court dress...  
gazing into the distance...  

Dream Sequence  \( \cdot = 60 \)
while the wind raged violently around him
In the spring of the following year, I finally heard that he was in truth, no longer of this world.
How can I possibly convey what I felt then... I had already known it would come to this... and yet, I felt completely dazed... unable to hold back my tears. Try as I might to drive away all memories of him, his image stubbornly clung to me... and I felt, I could hear his every word:
Narr.

Sop.

A. Fl./Picc

take Piccolo

Vc.

Pizz

Perc.

Hpschd.

su (u) ru  Ko-ko-ro-ni mo-ga-na_
Thought life has brought me nothing but painful recollections,
I have written down little by little those things that have chanced
to come to mind. I wrote these things intending that my eyes alone
should look on them.
should scatter through the world...
would that I might leave behind...

the name that was mine... in the
unforgettable... days of old:
Narr.

Sop.

A. Fl./Picc

Vc.

Perc.

Hpschd.
speak with soprano

KENREIMON-IN UKYO NO DAIBU

speak with narrator

KENREIMON-IN UKYO NO DAIBU

A. Fl./Picc

Vc.

Perc.

Hpschd.