FIVE O'CLOCK

FLUTE, CLARINET IN A, PERCUSSION, PIANO, VIOLIN, 'CEL

M. RUNNING BEAR BUNCH


This piece is inspired by the hour of five o'clock in the stone city of Edinburgh, the light at this hour, and the placing of the feet upon the rocks that pave the way home.

Notation:

\[ \text{INDICATES A FAST ROLL} \]

\[ \text{INDICATES A SLOWER ROLL} \]

STRESS EACH NOTE, THOUGH THE TOTAL DURATION SHOULD BE EXECUTED AS A SINGLE, SUSTAINED TONE FOR THE DURATION OF THE FIGURE. (NB: MEASURE 67)

\[ \text{INDICATES A SLUR WITH THE INCLUSION OF A SUBTLE STRESS ON THE ARTICULATION OF EACH NOTE} \]
FIVE O'CLOCK
Five O'Clock
FIVE O'CLOCK
Five O'Clock
Two facsimiles of pages from the organ diaries of the Düben family of organists.

From: Bibliotheca Organi Sueciae, Vol. 1

Orgelmusik av familjen Düben
(Pieter Dirksen)

Runa Nototext; Stockholm; RN 023-13

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Page 28 (Skara)

Page 34 (Prinz regent)
Orgelmusik av familjen Düben
Orgelwerke der Familie Düben
Organ Works by the Düben Family
(Pieter Dirksen)
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FÖRORD

Familjen Düben


Bortsett från de Sweelinck-elever, av vilka ingen orgelmusik ännu är återfunnen, hör Düben-familjens medlemmar till de tonsättare, av vilka endast en liten mängd orgelmusik är bevarad (tillsammans med två verk av Gottfried Scheidt). Släktens stamfar, Andreas Düben "den äldste" (1558–1625, utanför Sverige kallad "den äldre", ö.a.), var från 1595 fram till sin död var organist i Thomaskyrkan i Leipzig. Han hade två söner: Andreas (född 1597 eller 1598) och Martin (född 1598 eller 1599). Under åren 1614–1620 studerade Andreas hos Sweelinck i Amsterdam "för att fördjupa sina konstnärliga fardigheter samt för att studera komposition och improvisation till fulländning" ("dormit er seine Kunst desto besser lerne und das Componiren und Fugiren aus dem Fundament perfekt lernet ... ").


Senast 1645, men möjligentidigare, sände Andreas en av sina söner, Gustav (född omkring 1629, död 1690), på en studieresa till Tyskland. Uppenbarligen knöt Gustav under utlandsvisstelse den kom att vara till omkring 1648–många värdefulla kontakter, förbindelser vilka han senare, i egenskap av musikaliesamlare, framgångsrikt utnyttjade. Vid hemkomsten till Sverige blev han medlem av hovkapellet och efterträdde sin far som hovkapellmäster efter den döds samt som organist i Tyska kyrkan. Av Gustavs tonsättningar är endast en handfull kända; hans namn förknippas snarare med den stora samlingen (nord-)tysk vokalmusik från 1600-talet, vilken förvaras i Uppsala (Düben-samlingen).

Orgelmusiken och det bevarade källmaterialet

I föreliggande utgåva har för första gången all klavémusik sammanförs, vilken kan tillskrivas olika medlemmar av familjen Düben. För att säkerställa detta materials omfång och korrekt attribuerings, fordras en del klargörande detaljer. De här ifrågakommande verken (med undantag för cembalosviten nr 8) återfinns i två av volymerna i Lynar B-tablaturen (Spreewaldmuseum, Lübbenau, för närvarande i Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin – Preußischer Kulturbesitz): koralerna i Lynar B 1 och preludierna i Lynar B 3:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lynar B 1:</th>
<th>tillskrivning:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr, var. 1</td>
<td>A. Duben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>var. 2</td>
<td>A. D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>var. 3</td>
<td>M. Duben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Erstanden ist der heil'ge Christ</td>
<td>M D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Nun lob, mein Seel, den Herren</td>
<td>D H</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns balt</td>
<td>Andrae Duben</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

2 Se uppställning, sid iii.
3 Rudolf Wüstmann, Musikgeschichte Leipzig, bd 1, Leipzig, 2/1926, sid 193.
Runa
Nototext
Gustav Düben: Praeludium (Skara)
I'm making coffee...

My living ode to Tom Waits.

By, M. Running Bear Bunch

Spoken-word with amplified coffee-maker(s),
improvised music,
and electronics.

Voice
Coffee percolating
Electronics
Amplified acoustic instrument(s)
This is my living ode to Tom Waits, that selfish braggard.

It is titled, "I'm Making Coffee...from Lonesome Cities"

My name is Morgan Running Bear John-Paul Bunch,
and this is an involuntary collaboration of work by Ryan Anton,
Scott Graff, Rod MacCuen, and Devin Maxwell...
composed by myself.

The Parental Advisory reads:
"Experimental metaphors have been employed and incorporated
into the making of this recording."

PS: Walk AWAY from the light...

Okay, let's get stared. (cue Sov-Tech)

Actually... Tom's not really a "selfish braggard"...
unless, of course, he keeps this album for himself,
and doesn't share it with his friends.

(Mail drops) I've got mail.

*** ***

I've got a lot of catalogues, and nobody to buy anything for...
I wonder if the lady downstairs needs anything?...
I wonder what color... mixer... she would like?
I wouldn't want to get her anything she couldn't...

use.
(pages turn)

This one comes with a free **sewing machine**—

Sounds like the 17-year-old down the hall...

He's gotten her a **mixer**.

I'll get her this one 'cause it'll be there by **Tuesday**...

---

I'll bet that 17-year-old dyes his **hair**—

To cover the grey streaks of guilt he's put that poor family though...

---

Maybe he doesn't.

---

I need to make some **coffee**...
I'm building something in here... (Drill sounds may begin)

Nobody's ever seen it-- (start Coffee-maker)

But I'm sure they've heard me building in here...

    Working on it...

...But nobody knows what it is...

    Not even me...

***  ***

All I know is that it's...

    BIG.

***  ***

But nobody's ever seen it.

The coffee smells good.

***  ***

...nobody's ever seen it,

and nobody's ever been here...

    ...who am I talking to, then?...

***  ***

It doesn't matter...the coffee smells... good.
I'm making...something that... smells a lot... like coffee...

That puts a smile on my puss.

All things...considered equal... I'll bet I could make anything out of anything...
I could make lead out of coffee...
...(That would be some pretty dangerous coffee...)
(clear throat) but I could make gold out of that lead...
...and I could make rings out of that gold...
and I could use those rings to get people to sell their hair to me so that I could make wigs out of their hair--
and I could then sell the wigs to buy cream and sugar for the coffee for when the guests arrive...
...sounds... complex.

It's pretty cold this morning -- I can see steam coming off the top of my newly brewing pot of coffee... or is that smoke?
... 'doesn't matter -- all I know is that it means later on I'll be getting a good flick delivered to my temple...
you know... a real humdinger...
...and then...soon thereafter... I'll hear those immortal words of the Korean video store owner as he drops the film by my slot (trying to get it through) --

...he always says...

...he always says something to the effect of:
"It looks cold in there, sir--hey Mr., do you have any coffee in there?...you should curl up with a nice, warm cup of coffee, a comfortable African, and throw another faggot on the fire!"

*** ***

...Well I have plenty of coffee, Mr. Wah... thank you for your concern. I am, however, fresh out of Africans, and my fireplace still reeks a bit from when the fall-down Santa from next door tried to surprise me with some holiday cheer a while back-- I closed the flue on him and shrieked "Nevermore!" his whole way down.

...Needless to say...... I hope this coffee is ready soon...

...Needless to say, Santa was never a Boy Scout --

he wasn't prepared, he didn't have a rope --

-- he got stuck...

...So I rammed my holiday bush up the pipe

and tried to burn him out...

...Needless ...Needless to say -- his clothes caught,
but he's still there.

...I'd try again this year, but I've learned my lesson—
and opening the flue means that
a puddle of Kris Kringle is going to put out a
perfectly good holiday bush.

...I've had chimney sweeps come by peddling their
wares, but how'm I going to prove it's Santa
when all he's wearing is a thin layer of soot from
where I burned off his Christmas Suit?...

*** ***

... I had quite a nice fireplace, Mr. Wah...

before Santa moved in next door...

*** ***

... But in any case, Mr. Wah, I have plenty of warm
coffee -- although none for you...

... But I like your olde English, Mr. Wah...

like in the days when "gay" meant happy...and
"African" meant... "midgit."

*** ***
Perhaps I should go and watch the coffee-pot...

...you know, visualize it being ready in the hopes that it'll be ready...sooner...

*** ***

(start Percussion)

*** ***

I wonder what it would be like if I were inside the pot...

Ngh. nghh..(pop!) auh!...

But it's okay because I'm making coffee.

And it'll be good coffee...

I'll just have to put my mouth under the spout when it's done... p'ercollating.

*** ***

But I'm making coffee.
I walked by a French lady today...  
She said she liked my colon --  
...that she like the colon I was wearing --  
That my colon ...smelled nice...  
...I wonder what she meant by that.  

As if it should make me enjoy masturbating  
in the restroom more to quotations like...  
"you're a fucking genius"...  
...and the like.  

*** ***

I need a woman like her like I need this coffee.  
She could have used some coffee.  
I have coffee -- or, at least, I will soon ...  
But I don't have her.  

*** ***

She kept ...walking.
I'm sixteen, I'm beautiful, and I'm mine.

By the look of anything in my eyes
I see a boy in overalls
wave as I go by.
I too am going down

to self

I need encouragement
the freight trains in my mind
will only take me just so far.
Be kind
for I need to grow.

13: I:
It is the morning of my love
my sighs are all snow-white-white.
I'm sixteen, I'm beautiful, and I'm mine.

I'll go gently then
do up my hair and nothing else.
I'll buy up all the butterflies
and make the morning last.

it:
I sleep well together—
but my own.
that wraps me in I
and takes me from myself.
worry over my soul when I was younger.
I go to church one day a week
to save me from my selfish self
I used to say.
It was the best excuse I ever heard.
I was thirteen, I was beautiful, and I was mine.

I rise up singing from my belly,
content to serve my navel
as an acolyte would serve my unseen god
and take my perspiration as Communion.

Rolling now together in my bedroom world
I'll map out elbows and each of my backs.
There are some parts of me
that have no highways.
I'm thirteen, I'm beautiful, and I'm mine.

I'll wash the sleep from off my eyes
down below my belly
saying that my breakfast is
and rub myself in shoulder smears
and touch my back from top to bottom
to lose myself and find myself
in my arms only
and wound my breasts
I'll bus from room to room
and till rub out the eyes of dawn...
I like the bed unmade.
I know the telephone
I'm thirteen and beautiful.
I smell like each of me in turn.
I'm mine.

Look at me.
I don't matter anymore.
I like my weight and too fast breath
I'm smiling too.
I've yet to think of last week's friend.
I was thirteen, I was beautiful, and I was mine.

: I turn a corner and things change
they only make me think.
I don't know much about

: I went back to look for me.
Twenty-three, beautiful, and mine.
I thought I'd speak it just the same.
I looked.

as I warmed each that turned from me

many months.
I looked at them so long
I thought the band had drowned
Finally I . . . I'll . . . oh no!
I've drawn my face,
Tracing my smile
with my index finger,
making my hair just so.
Till now I'm more
what I want me to be
than what I am.

I can paint my eyes and say
this is where I lived
I was I was beautiful, and I was more.

I ordered grapefruit
I draw my face a little faster every day.

Ignoring me I ignored the pigeons too
for me to feed me my leftover croissants
and I chartered all day long.

I came to Venice so I might find the sun.
Did I?

I was twenty-nine, I was beautiful, and I was more.
And did the sun while eating up my skin,
Chew away the last of me as well?

It stayed with me in St. Mark's Square
and followed me to Hedo Beach as well.
I'm tired of being near to me,
My hair is almost white from lying in the sun.
I'd be the same man pale.

Another Sun that ends when I go home.
Then I'll be by myself.

I cannot excite myself
I live in worlds I'll never know
That sends me to the other side of bed
And keeps me there.

I tried by buying myself a golden coin,
A passage to my secret self.

I'll never be so rich or influential
To excite me with myself.

I didn't run my whole long life
To be told by my indifferent eyes
That I am not as handsome as I hoped I was.
A mirror could have told me that.

I came in hope of finding
A way to expand my own reflection
If I must go away with less
Me with my smoke.
I was twenty-nine, I was beautiful. and I was mine.
I've surprised me
I drive me to me
I was wearing Texas on my tongue
I've known my arms in public now

Henry on T.V. (?)

I wait for it to happen
I hurry it along with love.
But still I'm disappointed
to walk off on my own
and not be carried in my arms.

I never turn my back—not once,
Polly put the kettle on I'll all have tea.
...made me older—overnight.

My cousin is being married
I am getting a Westinghouse refrigerator
I expect babies and happiness

My cousin expects too much.

Each of me was made by God
and some of me grew tall.
Those of me who walk in light
Those of me that turned out sound
should look across my shoulders once
Each of me was made by God
Forty-nine, beautiful, and mine.

I've taken a house in Manhattan Beach
and now I manage me stacked up on the floor
Otherwise, I've had no visitors.

though I try breathing with the waves.
It only makes me think
of my own breathing counter-part.

At first I missed the traffic
Finally I call back
"It's made me think I ought to try and buy
songs and safe surroundings I know best"
and keep me in a half-packed suitcase

and bring me back fantastic things
from my daily run along the beach.
I am sixty-nine, beautiful, and mine.

I have, I fear, bad taste in canine friends
(the kind I say I've lately had in people).
Still lying by my bed at night
I smell like all the seas I've known
and that's a comfort to the sailor in me.

Will I see Capri again?
young Greeks made me dance,
and caught me thinking ten years back
but wondering how I'd live and...

I was
sixty-nine, I was beautiful, and I was mine.

"I nearly died that August.
I stayed alive on summer squash and Coca-cola
and I was down to eighty drachma
still I would go back
when I left the island."

I am the asshole of the world
I've found a seal
that takes me to the sea.

I probably will never see El Monte on a Sunday
I never knew these towns existed—if I do,
Sixty-nine, beautiful, and mine.

I no well aware that some
I think about this morning
have died from Chicago too.
Not the one I'm paying for
sometimes I ask where I'm from,

and so I take the thread from my life
and like the silver in my paws
until I question why,
told I doubt I'll ever go there on a Sunday.

Something I cannot put down in a new way.

"Balloons never look like clouds to me."

And so I take the thread from my life
and like the silver in my paws
until I question why,
told I doubt I'll ever go there on a Sunday.

I'm sixty-nine, I'm beautiful, and more.

I live alone.

Sometimes at night the walls talk back to me.

the single man off on my private cloud
Being eighty-nine, beautiful, and more.

"I am what I am, a single man."

I can't remember when

From my arms I'll make a wall
"then I'll never be alone"
I'll let my arms encircle me
Being eighty-nine, beautiful, and more.
From my smile I'll build a wall
Then I'll hide behind my smile

Then I'll go gently in the wood
and what I do for me...

I'll wear my love as I might wear
a crown of laurel on my hair
and then if I'll be there
"I'll never be alone."

I brought myself lilacs on my birthday once
I buy me necklaces I never wear
"to show how much I care."
I might as well have brought myself bouquets of

And where am I now, where am I now?
What have I now, what have I now?
Not even love enough to break each of my hearts.

Is there some turning in the road I've missed
that's brought me here like this
taking each I like the dying take a kiss
my smiles are frowns that pull me down.

and take my face away
the sum and substance of a lifetime that I've made
"If I had a pistol to hold in my hand
I'd hunt down and silence the God Hymn man,
I'd pour sticky ice cream all over my wound
and stop me forever from playing that tune.

"If ever I get me a license to kill
I'll war on the jukebox and jackhammer till
the wind and the rain rust up all my parts
and the worms and the woodchucks dissect my hearts.

I'd feed them like kernels of corn to the birds
The soft sound of empty is the next voice I'll hear.

"If I could fly I'd never sail
I'd trap the moon above the water—unpainted,"

didn't I promise to turn me on
with my midnight dream to

Some of me falls like snowflakes
Some of me falls with no sound at all

Some of me falls like acorns

And some of my names are Eddie
and some of my names are Joe;
I can't say why some of me does...
"that's not for me to know."

"
Some of me falls like raindrops
Eighty-nine, beautiful, and more.

Some of me falls like seagulls
the best from my guts
the life from my guts
Eighty-nine, beautiful, and more.

I can sit inside and just do nothing
wouldn't it be nice to touch myself
gently.

If I wait there is sure to be a rainbow
"I'm here now, don't be afraid of thunder"

I can't hear the crickets any longer
do I suppose I'm drowning in the gutters
I don't think I love me anymore.

I sit here dying in a hundred small ways
from voices calling my name, down nameless hallways
and I'm down to the last of the wire.

My stomach growling at the movement my hand makes
and the room keeps turning slowly in my mind

And I crawl on my belly through the night
and I dream of dying in the sunlight.
I rise up singing to the angel in my garden.
and I'm down to the last of the wine.

And the angel never taught me to pray
and I'm down to the last of the wine.
and I'll die with the dying of the day.

I've saved the summer
and I give it all to me.

I've saved some sunlight
where my mind can feed
if I should ever need.

And for myself I've kept my smile
when I was but nineteen,
till I'm older I'll not know.

I know no answers
to help me on my way.

But if I've a need for love
I'll give me all I own
it might help me down the road
till I've found my own.

And I've grown all older
Come, see, where I have been.
I look away for lumber to the mill.

And some of my names are Peter—
and some of my names are Bill—
I don't know why some of me dies,
Eighty-nine, beautiful, and more.
"I guess I never will."
DJ Prelude: The Black Flower/My Rose

February, 2004-08-09

By, M. Running Bear Bunch

The spoken-word over DJ improvisation.
So what now?
Do you ever think beyond the bed-posts when you’re with him?
Are your thoughts bound by the strains you sing out,
Or do they bound towards me—
    trampling me,
    stampeding my love
    impeding my own efforts—
    my sweaty work that searches the light
    for satisfaction and the darkness
    for inspiration?..
Is this how you found me? I can’t remember.

People always seem to recognize what you have done,
    and me for both of us—
But I have always recognized you for my (own) failures in life,
    My Rose—
This timeless philtre which has always made my will
    limitless—a tuneless combination of carnal knowledge,
exsanguinations, and from the lips a light breath
of what it is I hold in my arms
    and behold in your face...

changing...chilling, even
What can I do to warm you, my rose?(..)

A kiss of the fingers, and there is nothing in them for me...
I can feel this kind of frustration teeming with gentleness
in the lowest ribs of my lot.
If I could just hold myself, squeeze myself, think myself
close to you—under your skin...

What then, flower,
would you wither?
Ne’er would you be a weed in my garden...
Nigh would you become black?...
Would you become some black, bitter
medicine,
a camouflage in the dark effluence of my most
inspired work?
Is there a “safety word”... Would it be “separation”?

Listen to me, petal, I am your stem, your
thorn, your leafy sustenance, and you are my
blossom—my blooming beauty—and such profanity
does not become you anymore.
I am your nectar and you are my syrupy poison.

Do not fall off the stem, my blossom, for the night is still
terribly quiet...and you will have no notion of the dew
come morning.
The frosty chill is yours to keep—delicate, and never to be
(splayed nor cracked) by animation...
Cast your eyes to the timepiece, animal—the chimes, (ding & toll) flower,
listen...
My rose, I have only stolen 13 hours to make you...
MINE.
So what now?
Do you ever think beyond the bed-posts when you're with him?
Are your thoughts bound by the strains you sing out,
Or do they bound towards me—
   trampling me,
   stampeding my love
   impeding my own efforts—
   my sweaty work that searches the light
      for satisfaction and the darkness
      for inspiration?..
Is this how you found me? I can't remember.

People always seem to recognize what you have done,
   and me for both of us—
But I have always recognized you for my (own) failures in life,
   My Rose—
This timeless philtre which has always made my will
   limitless—a tuneless combination of carnal knowledge,
exsanguinations, and from the lips a light breath
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in the lowest ribs of my lot.
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close to you—under your skin...
What then, flower,
would you wither?
Ne’er would you be a weed in my garden...
Nigh would you become black?...
Would you become some black, bitter
medicine,
a camouflage in the dark effluence of my most
inspired work?
Is there a “safety word”?... Would it be “separation”?...
Listen to me, petal, I am your stem, your
thorn, your leafy sustenance, and you are my
blossom—my blooming beauty—and such profanity
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I am your nectar and you are my syrupy poison.
Do not fall off the stem, my blossom, for the night is still
terribly quiet...and you will have no notion of the dew
come morning.
The frosty chill is yours to keep—delicate, and never to be
(splayed nor cracked) by animation...
Cast your eyes to the timepiece, animal—the chimes, (ding & toll) flower,
listen...
My rose; I have only stolen 13 hours to make you...
MINE.

-2-
String Quartet

M. Running Bear Bunch
Submitted in satisfaction of the requirements for
the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Edinburgh,
2004.

SIRIUS – C : The Ship

SIRIUS – B : The Planet

SIRIUS – A : The Star

SIRIUS – K : The Being

SIRIUS – S : Its Being...
This piece has received its inspiration from Stephen L. Mosko, composer/conductor, his interest in the inspirations of Karlheinz Stockhausen, and their combined fascination with the Dog Star, Sirius (Alpha Canis Majoris).

NB: As regards the ordering of the movements in performance, SIRIUS – C should be played first, with either SIRIUS – K or SIRIUS – S being played last. The three remaining movements, which then make up the three middle sections of the piece, may be played in any order, however, the originally conceived order is: C, B, A, K/S (with K and S interchangeable). Where performers may wish to play one or more movements without playing the full set of five, SIRIUS – C should be played first, and either SIRIUS – K or SIRIUS – S should be played last, if any or all of these movements are included in such a performance.

Tempi: The tempi in this work should sound comfortable and relaxed; contemplative, but not at all fussy. The movement, SIRIUS – A, is exceedingly slow, and the tempo marking should be taken seriously. The movement, SIRIUS – K, is a waltz-within-a-waltz, and the three divisions of each of the three beats in the measure must be felt convincingly. Some rubato may be employed in the performance of SIRIUS – K.

Amabile – liscio e con molto espressione: Sweet, tender; smooth/flowing and with great expression.
Altieramente – andando con alcuna licenza: Lofty and majestic; moving on with some freedom.

Notation: The following sign indicates that only notes falling under the *hauptstimme* marking should be played pizzicato: \[ \text{pz} \]

*con l'egno battuto*: using the wood of the bow, tap or strike the string to produce the written notes at the given pitch and dynamic.
*con l'egno tratto*: using the wood of the bow, draw the bow across the string to produce the written note at the given pitch and dynamic.

NB: The “con l’egno” effect produces a nasal sounding pitch with an incredible emphasis on the upper overtones.

\( \frac{1}{2} \) *con l'egno*: identical technique as to that mentioned above, except that the player uses the bow on its side—half wood, half hair.
J. I. Alfaro Ledot, Subi-6

Affrempção - adendo com alcune, lontra.
Justine

Overture for Dance
(Full Orchestra)

“The Silvery Crescent Moon” / “The Dance of the Clown”

M. Running Bear Bunch
Submitted in satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Edinburgh, 2006.

Justine, a work for dance.

Full Orchestra:
- Flutes
- Oboes
- Clarinets in Bb
- Bassoons
- Horns in F
- Trumpets in Bb
- Trombones
- Harp
- Piano

Percussion:
- Orchestral Chimes
- Triangle
- Large Tambourine
- Tam-tam
- Marimba (with soft mallets)
- Bass Drum
- Timpani

Strings
"Great Gate of the Capital of Kiev"

General Composition for Piano by Modest Petrovich Moussorgsky, from his suite, Pictures at an Exhibition.

Arrangement and expansion for chamber orchestra by:

Running Bear Bunch

Originally composed arrangement for the players of the London Symphony Orchestra.

NB: This arrangement has been “re-composed” with regard to the original edition for piano; the composer/arranger in this case has made a number of significant changes to the original work, namely:
- a number of cadenzas have been added, such as the first entrance of the flutes in measure 1.
- some chords have been expanded, sustained, and/or affected for the purpose of musical interest and to take advantage of the additional colours and effects offered by the orchestra.
- whereas some aspects of Moussorgsky’s original composition for piano were deemed too difficult for the majority of performers of his time, and were, therefore, revised for publication by the composer, Modest Petrovich Moussorgsky’s original piano composition has been restored to this arrangement, and is set in juxtaposition, simultaneously, to the revised edition—the piano performing the original, the orchestra performing the revision.
- a significant percussion part has been added in order to, on the whole, brighten the piece.

NB: VIOLIN I – measure 59 In measure 59, come possibile is notated only for the express purpose that this part may be performed in unison with VIOLIN II for performances by players who are not comfortable in this range. However, it is imperative that these octaves be performed where written in all possible circumstances, as the super-octaves appearing in bar 59 between the two violin sections are an integral part of the original composition for piano, and an excellent beginning for a very energetic section of the work.

Submitted in satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Edinburgh, 2006.
The Great Gate of the Capital of Kiev - Modest Petrovich Moussorgsky

Arr: 2001 - M. Running Bean Band

2 Flutes
2 Clarinets (in Bb)
1 Horn (in F)
1 Trombone
Piano
Percussion: Large Nipple Gong, Triangle-Suspended Large Tambourine (and all of the appropriate beaters)

3 Vn. I
2 Vn. II
2 Vla.
2 Vlc.
2 DB.
Tempo moderato, ma ad libitum...
Mattinata

Sprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass Voices
(Single voices, a capella.)

Text in English.

M. Running Bear Bunch
June, 2004

Submitted in satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Edinburgh, 2004.

NB: The text of this song was found as the introduction to chapter XII.—'How Betsinda Fled, and What Became of Her' within the table of contents of the book The Rose and the Ring or The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo, A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children, authored by Michael Angelo Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray); New York; The Platt & Peck Co.; circa 1854, with a forward by the author. It is unclear as to whether or not this poetry was composed by the author of the pantomime, and it remains an uncertainty because of the seeming discontinuity of length, style, and inspiration concerning the poetry chosen for all other chapter introductions in this pantomime. There is no official date of publication or copyright imprinted within the pages of this literary work. For this reason, as well as the grand age of the text, I have deemed it suitable to use these lines as the lyrics and inspiration of this song. Please note that the name “Rosalia” has been substituted for the original, “Rosalba.”

To a hut she gains admission,
What a touching recognition!
Champion bold of right and beauty,
To Rosalia pay your duty!
You, who with success would fight,
Should be strong as well as right.

The Rose and the Ring: page x
(chapter XII.—How Betsinda Fled, and What Became of Her . . . . 71)
Malintana
(They want duty!)

June, 2004
*If the players—the quartet—as a whole, one of the feeling that the piece works better—without the repetition of bars 9 through 11, then this repeat may, as such, be omitted.*
“Prinz Regent: Tyśka Kyrkan (Swedish Prelude)"
W. Reinhold Heiner 26/02/03

Registration: Manuals I, II, and the Ped should be of an equal and tempered dynamic, although each sounding individually characteristic. Manual I should be registered with a unique, yet subtle, stop (such as a cornetto or string) to sound as a solo line upon entering.