N° 1129

Eve Beglarian

The Flood

for flexible instrumentation and spoken voice

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The Flood is a setting of a poem Robert Frost wrote in 1928 in response to the devastating flood of the Mississippi River that took place the previous year. My land in Vermont is just a few miles from where Frost lived for many years, and I felt what I imagine to be a parallel rage and impotence in response to Katrina.

To the performers:

I have written the piece with the idea that it can be performed with live piano, bass, and drums or with electronic playback of some or all of these players; and with three or four singer/musicians on the rising line, or with forty. The more people performing the rising line, the better: you can feel free to spread your rise, stopping and holding before the top note, or continuing beyond it. The important thing is to continue pushing the intensity with each phrase of the rise, in whatever way works for the forces you have at hand.

The drum line notates the attack rhythm ONLY: it is up to you to work out the most effective orchestration of the hits. The idea is to stutter out the rhythm until eventually, at m. 37, you have built the whole pattern. Once you have established it, you can of course feel free to intensify and vary it.

If you need a particular mix of the backing tracks for your performance, please feel free to contact me at eve@evbvd.com.

The Flood

eve beglarian, music
robert frost, words

♩= 85

text
rise
bass
dr
pf

Blood has been harder to dam back than water.

swung 16ths

7

Just when we think we have it impounded–safe–Behind new barrier walls (and let it chafe!), It breaks away–in some new kind of

12

slaughter. We choose to say it is let loose by the devil; But power of blood itself releases blood. It

16

goes by might of being such a flood Held high at so unnatural a level. It

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21

will have outlet, brave and not so brave. Weapons of war and implements of

25

peace Are but the points at which it finds release. And now it is once more the tidal

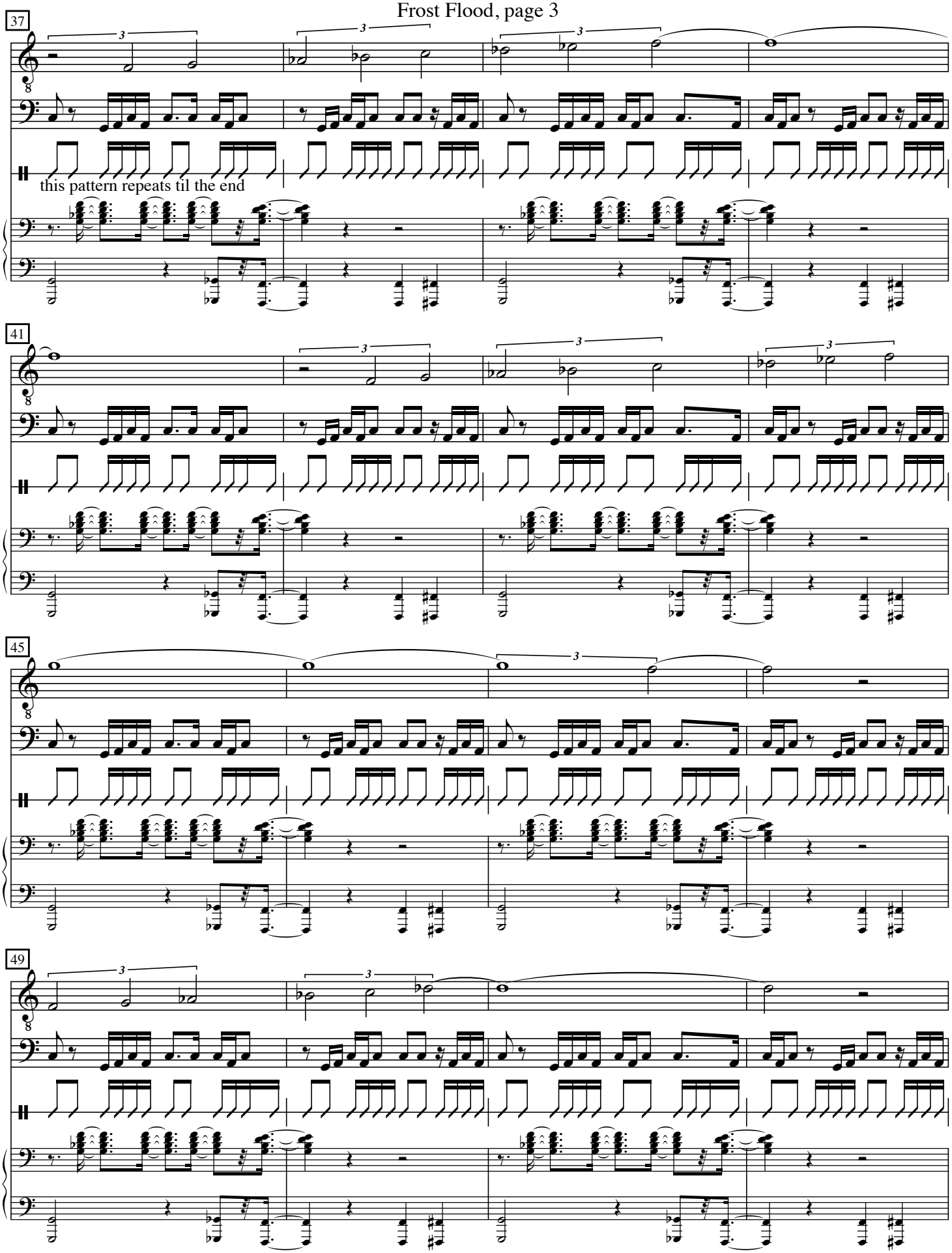
29

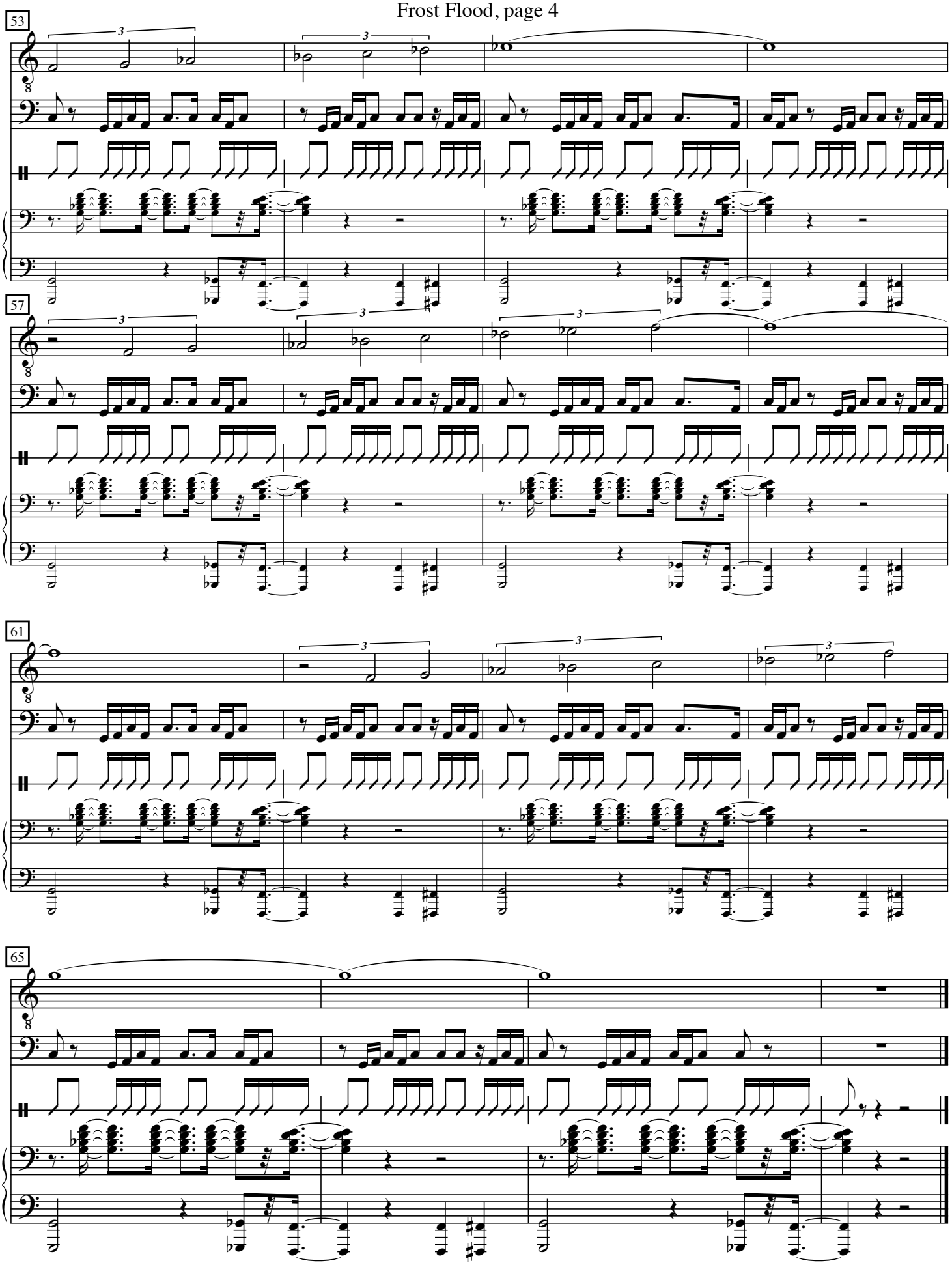
wave That when it has swept by leaves summits stained. Oh, blood will out.

33

It cannot be contained.

swung 16ths


37
this pattern repeats til the end
41
45
49


53
57
61
65