

FOR THE FUTURE

For mixed chorus and orchestra

Music by

ROGER BRIGGS

Poetry by WENDELL BERRY

*Published by Roger Briggs
RogerBriggs.com*

Commissioned by and dedicated to

Leslie Guelker-Cone

*for the 20th anniversary of her tenure
as director of choirs
at Western Washington University*

INSTRUMENTATION

1 flute
1 oboe
1 clarinet in B-flat
1 bassoon
3 trumpets in C
2 trombones
1 bass trombone
timpani
4 percussionist*
celesta
piano
harp
strings

*Bass drum, Tam-tam, Cymbals, Snare Drum,
Glockenspiel, Xylophone, Vibraphone

Duration: ca. 16:15

- I. The Real Work - ca. 3:30
- II. For the Future - ca. 4:15
- III. Watching the Mid-Autumn Moon - ca. 5:30
- IV. The Hidden Singer - ca. 3:00

Movements may be performed separately.

Performance Materials are available from Roger Briggs
RogerBriggs.com
rogerbriggs1@comcast.net
360-961-7158

All Poetry by Wendell Berry

I.
THE REAL WORK

*"It may be that when we no longer know what to do,
we have come to our real work
and when we no longer know which way to go,
we have begun our real journey.*

*The mind that is not baffled is not employed.
The impeded stream is the one that sings."*

from **Standing by Words**
1983

II.
FOR THE FUTURE

*Planting trees early in spring,
we make a place for birds to sing
in time to come. How do we know?
They are singing here now.
There is no other guarantee
that singing will ever be.*

from **New Collected Poems**
2012

III.
WATCHING THE MID-AUTUMN MOON

*Young, we had not enough
respect for the changing moon
Then the days seem to pass
only to return again.
Now, having learned by loss
that men's days part from them
forever, we eat and drink together
beneath the full moon,
acknowledging and celebrating
the power that has bereft us
and yet sheds over the earth
a light that is beautiful.*

from **Sayings & Doings and An Eastward Look**
1990

IV.
THE HIDDEN SINGER

*The gods are less for their love of praise.
Above and below them all is a spirit that needs nothing
but its own wholeness, its health and ours.
It has made all things by dividing itself.
It will be whole again.
To its joy we come together--
the seer and the seen, the eater and the eaten,
the lover and the loved.
In our joining it knows itself. It is with us then,
not as the gods whose names crest in unearthly fire,
but as a little bird hidden in the leaves
who sings quietly and waits, and sings. s*

from **New Collected Poems**
2012

SCORE IN C

I. The Real Work

Wendell Berry  = 76

Roger Briggs

[illegible]

[illegible]

7

Fl. 1

Ob. 1

Bb Cl. 1

Bsn. 1

C Tpt. 1&2

C Tpt. 3

2 Tbn.

Bass Tbn.

Timp.

Pc. 1: B.D.
Tam-tam

Pc. 2: Cym.

Pc. 3: S.D.,
Glock.

Pc. 4: Xylo.

Pno.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vcl.

Cb.

7

[illegible]