For Mezzo-soprano and Piano

Music and Poem by David Karapetyan

Performance Notes

1. A set number of fermatas are used, primarily to communicate rubato, in a clean manner that does not fundamentally obscure the underlying dominant meters within the piece. The fermata have the following multiplicative durations:

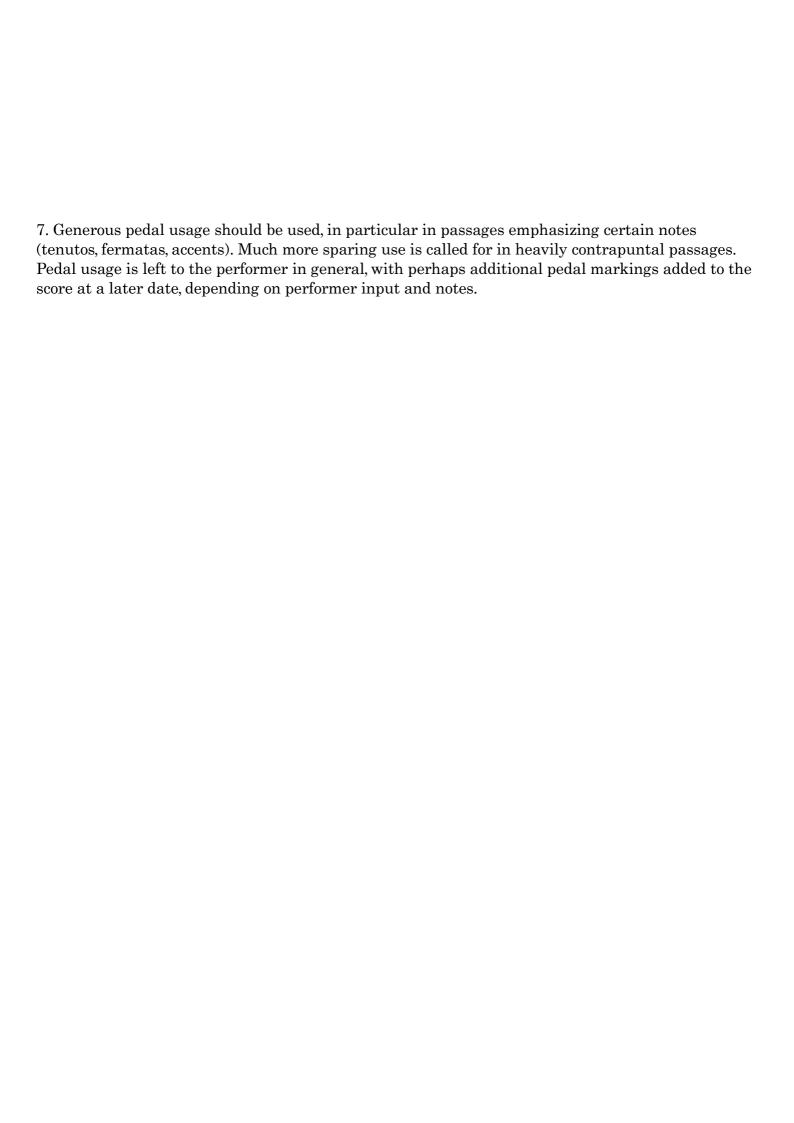
 \vee = 0.75 times duration

= 1.25 times duration

↑ = 1.5 times duration

 \bigcirc = 2.0 times duration

- 2. Metronome markings are in the ball-park range of tempo, +/- 10%. Some lee-way within this ballpark is permitted, depending especially in how rallentando, ritardando, and accerlerando markings are interpreted. These passages and heeding the tempo markings in both an intelligent manner and heeding the ballpark bounds above are critical to the overall structure of the piece. They occur either after tempo markings (ritardando, accelerando, ritenuto, etc.) or in between logical sections of the pieces (i.e. climactic, dramatic passages, or a transitional passage from one section to another, etc.). The analog for understanding these variances in rhythm and how they bind the piece together would be the fugues of J.S. Bach; though time signatures in them often do not change at least visually, they certainly change implicitly. Indeed, to play these fugues properly and musically, one must often adhere to slight, rubato variations in rhythm in transitional sections and elsewhere that are not notated explicitly, but which are implied logically by the structure of the piece.
- 3. Atributions of syllable-to-note are almost always explicit. In cases where not, this has been done to ease readability of the score and highlight its overall structure. In the cases of non-explicit text-to-note demarcations, the singer is to sing each syllable within that note with an equal duration.
- 4. Tuplets are to be interpreted in a dance-like manner. Slurs have been added in many cases within the tuplets to ease interpretation.
- 5. Slurs in both the vocal and bass line are to be interpreted primarily as rhymical dividers, used to communicate dance-like rhythms and divisions, except in obvious cases where a legato or actual slurring of notes are called for.
- 6. Arpeggiated notes are to be played at different speeds, depending on the tempo of immediately preceding passages and notes, as well as the importance of the arpeggio as discerned by a performer within a passage. A precise arpeggio-to-note-duration mapping will be provided later.



Text

The poem at the center of the piece is an original composition. It is has been slightly edited for the music composed for it. We present the poem in its entirety below:

Central Park

There isn't a day I don't think about you. Or seemingly a day. Almost a day. Over the years, the mind becomes clouded By shade, and remembrances so intense They cloud each other, like pastel pinks and greens, red, and orange parades and vermillions infused with bright lights Or the leaves of Central Park, prefaced, obscured, illuminated by children's balloons, like floating pastel Thiebaud cakes or rain, a light mist, obscuring even the clouds the sky, the wonderful sights, even the carriages ambling by slowly, deliberately, always, without fail, carrying with them a message from God, God himself: this is for you, do not be afraid. And now wandering, aimlessly, with no direction only knowing that I am west. Oh west Central Park, Central Park West where I am never lost, where the exits are near Or rather, entrances, to the city, to Broadway, where I can walk up and down getting a sandwich at Zabar's, thinking of you or, using the skyscrapers, walk east, down Madison, get offered skin creme, walk into cocktail piano bars I can never go with you to To Grand Central, to search for you.

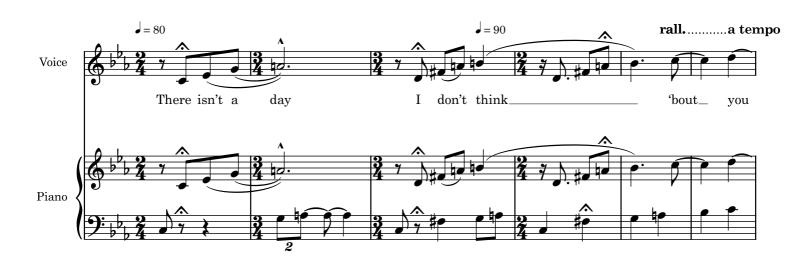
I saw you there once, among the throng. I was sure it was you
And saw the back of your head pass through the Great Concourse
during rush hour, at the break of winter dusk.
I searched for you, to come and touch you once again.
For 15 minutes, amongst the magic of that place
my loneliness complete: if there was any place I would see you again
it would be there, would be here, in New York
Where myriad peoples are coming and going, where everything that could happen
would, only to realize
That it was not you, it could not be, because you are dead.

I now talk to your soul in Central Park.

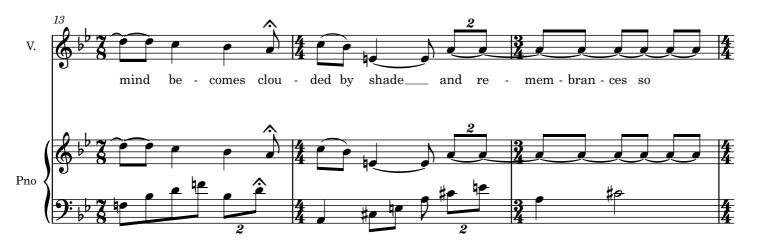
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David Karapetyan (b. 1982)







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