Toward a Time of Renewal
for chorus, solo voices and chamber orchestra

by
Joelle Wallach

based on texts by
Denise Levertov
Toward a Time of Renewal

Music by Joelle Wallach based on poems of Denise Levertov

**Duration:**  21 minutes

**Instrumentation:**

flute/piccolo
oboef
clarinet in B-flat
bassoon

French horn in F

2 Percussion:

unpitched:

- snare drum
- suspended cymbal
- tam-tam
- triangle

pitched:

- celesta
crotales
glockenspiel
timpani
tubular bells
xylophone

SATB chorus

SATB solo voices

piano

sectional strings
Chorus

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each sum-mer the last

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,

Red sa-la man-der so

green it seems each last

it seems each sum-mer the last,
Piano

Chorus

cold so easy to catch, dream illy moves his delicate feet and long tail. I hold my hand

cold so easy to catch, dream illy moves his delicate feet and long tail. I hold my hand

cold so easy to catch, dream illy moves his delicate feet and long tail. I hold my hand

easy to catch, dream illy moves his delicate feet and long, long tail. I hold

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.
Chorus

leaf and grass, so green it seems. The wind blowing the leaves, shivering in the sun; each summer the last.

leaf and grass, so green it seems. The wind blowing the leaves, shivering in the sun; each summer the last.
Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in

Each day the last day.
The fire in
Each summer the last; each moment - the last.
leaf and grass, each day the last day; last.

ritardando
Nostalgic
Rhapsodico sospirando

\( \text{\textcopyright} \)
Fl.

Ob.

Cl. in B♭

Bsn.

Hn. in F

I

Perc.

II

Piano

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.

molto

con sordino

ben cantabile e molto lontano

(timp.)

molto

appassionato

appassionato

divisi con sordini

appassionato

unis.
all'argando

solo (col fag.)

solo (col fl.)

solo (col ob.)

solo (col clar.)

alla piano

solo (col clar.)

solo (col clar.)

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

lontano semplice e molto dolce

 senza sordino
poco ritard.  

no pause
Confided with quiet joy

The pleat, of lampshade, slightly as kew, dust a sil’verish muting the lamp’s fake brass. My

soprano solo and chorus
...
The day's crowding arrived at this abundant stillness.
There is no water at my lips.

Each thing given to the eye before sleep, and water at my lips.

There is no water.

poco più animato
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water the dryness of our hearts. Don’t say, don’t say there is no water the dryness of our hearts.

Chorus
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water the dryness of our hearts. Don’t say, don’t say there is no water the dryness of our hearts.

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.

Ob.

Cl. in B♭

Bsn.

Hn. in F

Perc.

Hn. in B♭

Piano
tail and limbs a sprawl. Gleams of water patiently waiting to be consumed.

Chorus

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Don't say, don't say there is no water.
Chorus

Don’t say, don’t say there is no water,
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water,
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water,
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water,
Don’t say, don’t say there is no water,

to so-ace the dry-ness of our hearts.

leggèro
Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Chorus

I have seen the fountain
I've seen the fountain

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Chorus

I have seen the fountain
I've seen the fountain

Don't say, don't say there is no water.

Chorus

I have seen the fountain
I've seen the fountain

Don't say, don't say there is no water.
Chorus

Don’t say, don’t say there’s no water.
Oh springing out of the rock wall and you drinking there. There is no water, oh.

Don’t say, don’t say there’s no water.
Oh springing out of the rock wall and you drinking there. There is no water.

Oh, be sure your eyes I too found
Foot holds, climbed to drink the cool water, water. Oh.

Chorus

Foot holds, climbed to drink the cool water, water. Oh.

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.
That fountain is there among its scalloped stones.
There is no water to spring in us, up
and out, through the semplice.

Don't say, don't say there is no water to spring in us, up
and out, through the semplice.

use both una corda and sostenuto pedals
Don't say, don't say there's no water to so-lace the dry-ness of our hearts. I have seen the foun-tain spring-rock.

Chorus

rock. Don't say, don't say there's no water to so-lace the dry-ness of our hearts. I have seen the foun-tain spring-rock. Don't say, don't say there's no water, there is no water to so-lace the dry-ness of our hearts. I have seen the foun-tain spring-rock. Don't say, don't say there's no water, there is no water to so-lace the dry-ness of our hearts. I have seen the foun-tain spring-rock. Don't say, don't say there's no water, there is no water, there is no water for our hearts. I have seen the foun-tain spring-rock.
ing out of the rock wall. Before your eyes I too found foot holds, climbed to drink the cool water.

Chorus

ing out of the rock wall. Before your eyes I too found foot holds, climbed to drink the cool water.

ing out of the rock wall. Drink the cool water, the cool water, the cool water.
Oh, that cool fountain is there among its scalloped stones. Always there with its quiet song, its quiet song, its quiet song.

Chorus: Cool water, it's always, always there, its always, always there with its quiet song, its quiet song.

Piano: dolce

Vn. I: non-div.

Vn. II: divisi

Va.: dolce

Vc.: dolce

Cb.: dolce

Cl. in Bb: dolce

Bsn.: dolce

Fl.: dolce

Ob.: dolce

Cl. in Bb: dolce

Hn. in F: dolce

Perc.: glockenspiel or crotales

Hn. in F: dolce

Piano: dolce

Vn. I: non-div.

Vn. II: divisi

Va.: dolce

Vc.: dolce

Cb.: dolce
Poch. ritenuto
più lirico

Espr. e subito lontano
Cantabile

Più lirico
Espr. e cantabile

Poch. ritenuto
Più lirico

Espr. e cantabile

Con sordino

Poch. ritenuto
Più lirico

Espr. e cantabile

Dolce

E cantabile

Flauto

Oboe

Clarinette in B♭

Basso

Horn in F

Percussioni

Violino I

Violino II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Clarinette in B♭

Basso

Horn in F

Percussioni

Violino I

Violino II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Flauto
tenor solo, then chorus (with small soprano solo)

A man sits by the bed of a woman he’s broken, dresses her wounds, gingerly
Piano

dans at bruises. Her blood pools about her, dark. As...
can we not love you unless we believe the end is near? Believe in your life unless we think you’re dying?

Poch. ritenuto

 TAKE PICCOLO
Children begin at green dawn, nimblly to build

Heavy altars o'er weighted with prayers, thronged each instant

Piano

Sempre legato
The text content of the image is not visible. Please refer to the extracted text content for the natural representation of the document.
Children, juts with crutches the holy base.

Children: begin at green dawn

Poco a poco to build

top-heavy altars

with prayers.

Children, juts with crutches the holy base.
Chorus
Thronged more densely each instant. Where tanks have cracked the road way, frail altars shake.

Thronged more densely each instant. Where tanks have cracked the road way, frail altars shake.

Thronged more densely each instant. Where tanks were, frail altars shake.

Begin at green dawn, nimbly to build top-heavy altars. Where tanks were, frail children begin.
to build dolce heavy altars. "thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway. Fragile altars, thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway."

"top heavy altars, thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway. Fragile altars, thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway."

"to build heavy altars, thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway. Fragile altars, thronged more densely each in this place, where tanks have cracked the roadway."

Pianissimo molto (xylophone)

Percussion

Tubular bells

Horn in F

Piano

**Chorus**

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.

Vc.

Va.

Vn. II

Bsn.

Ob.

Cl. in B♭
Children begin at green dawn nimbly to build, build top-heavy altars overweighed with prayers.

Piano

Chorus
The vast silence of Buddha overrules the coming roar. Children begin their tragic life in alleys, and a
vast silence of Buddha overrules the coming roar. Children begin their tragic life filling alleys, and a
vast silence of Buddha overrules the coming roar. Children begin their tragic life filling alleys, and a

Chorus

poch. accel. ma ben  p

TAKE FLUTE

Vn. I
Vn. II
Va.
Vc.
Cb.

xylophone

MA PIANO

ORCHESTRA
Ah, Children begin at dawns of
(like car-horns)
cabs, police, convoys.
It blocks the way of
(like car-horns)
cabs, police, convoys.
It blocks the way of
(like car-horns)
cabs, police, convoys.
Hale and maimed to hurry to construct Buddha's dwellings at each section.
poch. rit. a tempo

all its shed blood.

Chorus

poch. rit. a tempo
Cb.

molto

Vc.

tamburo

molto

Va.

molto

Vn. II

molto

Vn. I

92

molto

ritenuto

solo

espressivo

cantabile

Chorus

The whole city's become a temple

subito sotto voce

molto

The whole city's become a temple

subito sotto voce

molto

The whole city's become a temple

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:

soprano solo:
molto ritenuto

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. in Bb

Bsn.

Hn. in F

Perc.

I

II

Piano

Va.

Vc.

Cb.

molto lontano

dolce cantabile

solo: lontano e dolce cantabile

triangle

glockenspiel

lontano e dolce cantabile

lontano

musica instrumental

molto ritenuto

divisi al fine

divisi al fine

(uni s.)
IV

for chorus and soloists

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Percussion

Baritone Solo

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass viol
Chorus in stagewhisper:

Baritone solo: pots, the gleam of a distant spire after a downpour. To look out, look out and say to oneself: to-day...
The fire in leaf and grass, so green it seems,

day... each among the last.

The wind blowing the leaves shivering in the

day... each among the last.

The wind blowing the leaves shivering in the

Each...
I hold out my hand. Each minute the last, each last.

Soloists long, long tail. I hold my hand, each minute the last, each last.

Chorus I hold my hand, each minute the last. Each, muse, she the last, each last.

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.

Vc.
poco più mosso

\( \text{Fl.} \)  \( \frac{5}{8} \)

\( \text{Ob.} \)

\( \text{Cl. in B} \)

\( \text{Bsn.} \)

\( \text{Hn. in F} \)

\( \text{I} \)

\( \text{II} \)

\( \text{Timp.} \)

\( \text{Perc.} \)

\( \text{Fl.} \)

\( \text{Vn. I} \)

\( \text{Vn. II} \)

\( \text{Va.} \)

\( \text{Vc.} \)

\( \text{Cb.} \)
But we have only begun to love the earth.
But we have only begun to imagine the fullness of the earth. We have only begun to love the earth, the fullness of the earth.
Soloists

Chorus

Piano

Each dolce seems the last, not yet, not yet, there is too much broken. The Chorus seems the last, not yet, there’s too much broken. Can not yet be forgiven.
Chorus for we've only begun to know that pow'r, But we've only begun to know that pow'r,

Before we have only begun to know pow'r, But we have begun to

Piano poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

flacchissimo piano wind blowing the leaves,

sotto voce wind blowing the leaves,

sotto voce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,

poco lontano e dolce wind blowing the leaves,
Oh, but we have so much, so much is in bud; we've begun.

So much is unfold, but we have so much, so much is in bud; we've begun.

Love the earth, but we have only, on ly begun.

Soloists

Chorus
Vn. II

Perc.

Hn. in F

Piano

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. in Bb

Bsn.

Cl. in Bb

Ob.

Fl.

Hn. in F

Perc.

Vn. I

Vn. II

Va.

Vc.

Cb.
Toward a Time of Renewal

Music by Joelle Wallach based on poems by Denise Levertov

I

Living

The fire in leaf and grass
so green it seems
each summer the last summer.

The wind blowing, the leaves
shivering in the sun,
each day the last day.

A red salamander
so cold and so
easy to catch, dreamily
moves his delicate feet
and long tail. I hold
my hand open for him to go.
Each minute the last minute.

II

Midnight Gladness

The pleated lampshade, slightly askew,
dust a silverish muting of the lamp's fake brass.
My sock-monkey on the pillow, tail and limbs
asprawl
...Gleams of water in my bedside glass,
miraculous water so peacefully
waiting to be consumed.

The day's crowding arrived
at this abundant stillness. Each thing
given to the eye before sleep, and water
at my lips....

The Fountain

Don't say, don't say there is no water
to solace the dryness at our hearts.
I have seen
the fountain springing out of the rock wall
and you drinking there. And I too
before your eyes

found footholds and climbed
to drink the cool water...

Don't say, don't say there is no water.
That fountain is there among its scalloped
...stones,

it is still there and always there
with its quiet song and strange power
to spring in us,
up and out through the rock.

III

The Batterers

A man sits by the bed
of a woman he has beaten,
dresses her wounds,
gingerly dabs at bruises.
Her blood pools about her,
darkens.

Astonished, he finds he's begun
to cherish her. He is terrified.
Why had he never
seen, before, what she was?
What if she stops breathing?

Earth, can we not love you
unless we believe the end is near?
Believe in you life
unless we think you are dying?

The Altars in the Street

that, as part of the Buddhist campaign of non-violent
resistance, Vietnamese children were building altars in the
streets of Saigon and Hoi, effectively jamming traffic.

Children begin at green dawn nimbly to build
topheavy altars, overweighted with prayers,
thronged each instant more densely....

Where tanks have cracked the roadway
the frail altars shake; here a boy

with red stumps for hands steadies a corner,
here one adjusts with his crutch the holy base.
The vast silence of Buddha overrules

and overrules the oncoming roar...
it blocks the way of pedicabs, police, convoys.
The hale and maimed together
hurry to construct for the Buddha
a dwelling at each intersection. Each altar

made from whatever stones, sticks dreams are
at hand,
is a facet of one altar; by noon
the whole city in all its corruption,

all its shed blood...
has become a temple,
fragile, insolent, absolute.

IV

The Open Sentence

To look out over roofs
of a different city —
steaming tiles, chimney pots, mansards,
the gleam on distant spires
after a downpour —

To look out...
and say to oneself,

Beginners

But we have only begun
to love the earth.

We have only begun
to imagine the fulness of life.

How could we tire of hope?
— so much is in bud.

How can desire fail?
— we have only begun

...to envision
how it might be...

Surely our river
cannot already be hastening
into the sea of nonbeing?

Surely it cannot
drag in the silt,
all that is innocent?

Not yet, not yet —
there is too much broken
that must be mended,
too much...
that cannot yet be forgiven.

We have only begun to know
the power that is in us if we would join
our solitudes in the communion of struggle.

So much is beginning,
so much is in bud.