Commissioned by ISGM New Music Commissioning Fund
and dedicated to Makoto Nakura

THE TREES WHERE I WAS BORN

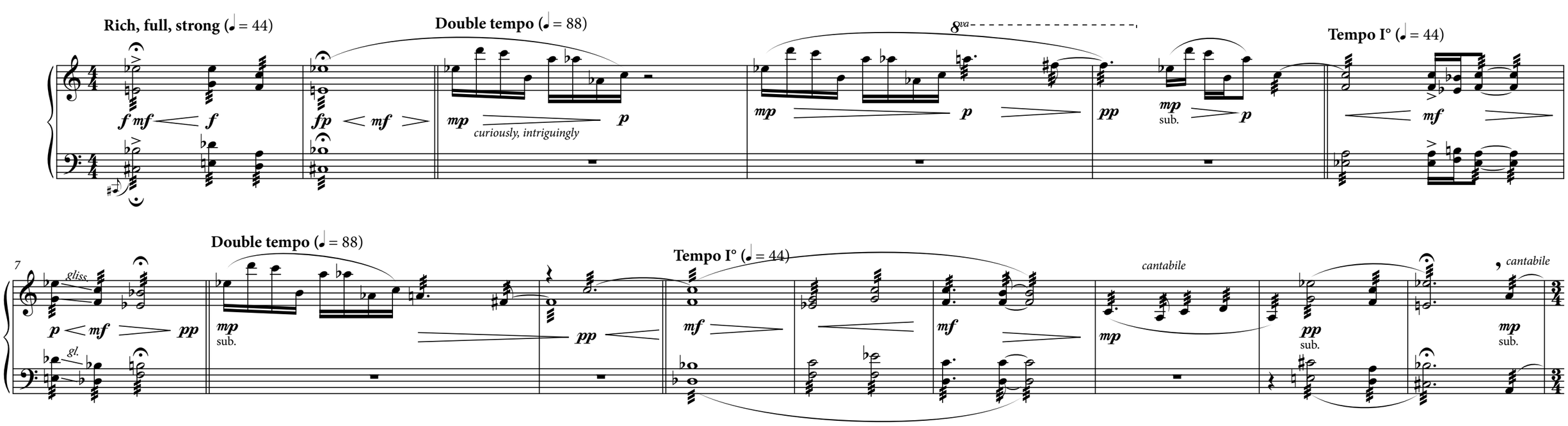
Two pieces for Marimba after Walt Whitman

1. "O glistening, perfumed South..."

Jacob Bancks (2011)
Edited by Makoto Nakura
Text by Walt Whitman

The following text may be read before the first piece.

O MAGNET-SOUTH! O glistening perfumed South! my South!
O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse and love! good and evil! O all dear to me!
O dear to me my birth-things--all moving things and the trees where
I was born--the grains, plants, rivers,
Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they flow, distant, over flats of slivery sands or through swamps...
O pensive, far away wandering, I return with my soul to haunt their banks again...



Copyright © 2011 by Jacob Bancks
All Rights Reserved

Double tempo, moving forward, with energy (♩ = 88)

16

ppp *mp* *confidently* *mf* *f* sub. *mp* *mf* sub. *mp* *mf* *mp* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *p* sub. *mf*

27

mp *f* sub. *mp* sub. *sfz* *pp* sub. *mp* 8va *mf* *mp*

34

fp *mf* *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp* *f* *f*

42

mf *mp* *f* *mp* *f* *f*

49

p sub. *mf* *p* *mf* sub. *f* *p* sub. *mp* *p* molto *mf*

56

64

71

79

89

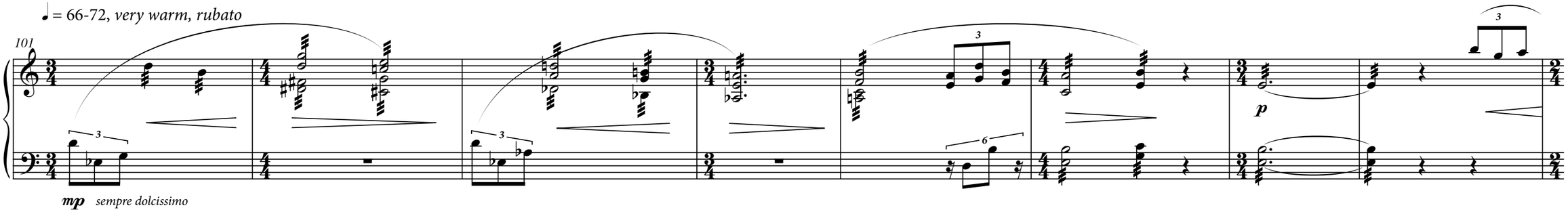
TAMBOURINE

intense; driving and building to end

INTERLUDE
("... the awful natural stillness...")

The following text may be read aloud before the interlude.

O the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar, hemp!
The cactus guarded with thorns, the laurel-tree with large white flowers,
The range afar, the richness and barrenness, the old woods charged with mistletoe and trailing moss,
The piney odor and the gloom, the awful natural stillness...



The following text may be read aloud before the second piece.

O the strange fascination of these half-known half-impassable swamps,
infested by reptiles, resounding with the bellow of the alligator,
the sad noises of the night-owl and the wild-cat...
The mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing all the forenoon, singing through the moon-lit night,
The humming-bird, the wild turkey, the raccoon, the opossum...
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs, I can stand them not, I will depart;
O to be a Virginian where I grew up! O to be a Carolinian!
O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old Tennessee and never wander more.

2. "O to be a Virginian, where I grew up..."

121 **Moving forward, mysterious** (♩ = 63)

130 poco accel. **Growing warmer, more animated** (♩ = 72)

poco accel.

139 *sempre legato* **Brightening** (♩ = 80)

146 poco accel. **Broadly** (♩ = 88)

155

Sailing forward (♩ = 92)

f *p* *mf*

164

poco accel.

f *ff*

Intense, driving to the end (♩ = 100)

p sub. *f*

171

ff

molto

p *fff*