

Letters

Mixed Chorus and String Quartet

1. *Verba das Ventis*
2. *Intima Verba*
3. *Ex Verbis*

For Volti and the Left Coast Chamber Ensemble

Traditional accidental usage: accidentals carry through the bar; a barline cancels non-tied accidentals.

Latin and English words are written in the **Gill Sans** font. IPA symbols are written in a **phonetic font**.

Notes without noteheads are unvoiced.

Verba das Ventis [Ovid, Amores 1.6.42]

Nunc novus est annus, novus est amor incipiendus. . .
Non amor ulterius ullis ledendus amaris

from Letter 87 (Abelard)

Nosti o maxima pars anime mee multos multis se ex causis
diligere, sed nullam eorum tam firmam fore amicitiam quam
que ex probitate atque virtute, et ex intima dilectione
proveniat.

from Letter 49 (Héloïse)

Est igitur amor, vis quedam anime non per se existens nec
seipsa contenta, sed semper cum quodam appetitu et
desiderio, se in alterum transfundens, et cum altero idem
effici volens ut de duabus diversis voluntatibus unum quid
indifferentur efficiatur.

from Letter 24 (Abelard)

Corpus sic tenerum, nichil ultra ledat amarum
Carminibus duris, nec locus ullus erit.

from Letter 87 (Abelard)

Now it is a new year, now begins a new love. . .
No more should bitterness wound this love;

You know, greatest part of my soul, that countless people love
each other for many reasons, but no friendship of theirs will
be strong save that from integrity and virtue, and from deep
love.

Love is therefore a force of the soul, neither existing for itself
nor content by itself, but always transfusing itself into another
with a certain hunger and desire, so that two become one will
without difference.

May no more bitterness wound a body so tender,
May there be no cause for any more harsh poems.

Johannes de Vepria (1471), Municipal Library of Troyes, MS 1452, fols. 159R – 167v.; translation / paraphrase by Mark Winges

Intima Verba

Now it will be different. Now I've begun to write something nice. Our life will be in it. It will be called 'Love Letters' I think it will sound delightful. There are already been so many of those dear adventures of ours, haven't there? They'll be little fires in my soul and they'll set it ablaze with the most beautiful melodies.

Janáček – 29 January 1928

I am going to be x-rayed now. What if your picture were suddenly to be found in my heart and were to leap out?! That would be fun!

Janáček – 6 February 1928

Don't stop the fish in the stream just let them go on swimming, don't look out for roe deer, let everything live joyfully as we do ourselves. Why should everything stop swimming and running because of me?

Stösslová – after 16 June 1926

I am writing 'Love Letters'. . . [it will] dissolve into a vision which would resemble your image, transparent, as if in the mist.

Janáček – 8 February 1928

Otherwise I feel a bit like pickled herrings in a barrel. How can they dream of the distant sea when they're crammed together? But I want to dream and I want to be in the waves of the sea! I want this, even if it's only the silver waves of the Otava! You know them? But I think you don't. For you're always saying: 'but they're nothing!' But you're wrong. And it was like plunging into a submissive little wave. What if it were the sea of all your charms!

Janáček – 17 May 1928

They played me the first and the third movement! And Kamila, it will be beautiful, strange, unrestrained, inspired, a composition beyond all the usual conventions! Together I think that we'll triumph! It's my first composition which sprang from directly experienced feeling. Before then I composed only from things remembered, this piece, Intimate Letters, was written in fire. Earlier pieces only in hot ash.

Janáček – 18-19 May 1928

After lunch I went to the rocks but such sadness came over me that I ran home . . . I still can't get used to the idea that one day I may be alone.

Stösslová – 11 June 1928

I listen to their playing today. I listen. Did I write that? Those cries of joy, but what a strange thing, also cries of terror after a lullaby. Exaltation, a warm declaration of love, imploring; untamed longing. Resolution, relentlessly to fight with the world over you. Moaning, confiding and fearing. Crushing everything beneath me if it resisted. Standing in wonder before you at our first meeting. Amazement at your appearance; as if it had fallen to the bottom of a well and from that very moment I drank the water of that well. Confusion and high-pitched song of victory: 'You've found a woman who was destined for you.' Just my speech and just your amazed silence. It's a work as if carved out of living flesh. I think that I won't write a more profound and a truer one. So I end.

Janáček – 27 June 1928

You are sitting beside me and I am happy and at peace. In such a way do the days pass for the angels.

Last entry in Janáček's "Stösslová Album" (his record of all their meetings)

Intimate Letters, Leoš Janáček to Kamila Stösslová, edited and translated by John Tyrrell; reprinted by the kind permission of John Tyrrell

Ex Verbis

. . . masks irk me; I want, in my old age, to have done with all superfluties, and form words precisely on top of the waves of my mind . . .
. . . problems of the writer's too, who are trying to catch and consolidate and consummate . . .

Virginia Woolf to Jaques Raverat October 3rd 1924

Do we then know nobody? - only our own versions of them, which, as likely as not, are emanations from ourselves.

Virginia Woolf to V. Sackville-West March 1st 1926

I like cool Greek Gods, amber skies, shadow like running water, and all his great palpable words – symbols for immaterial things. . . I do think all good and evil comes from words. I have to tune myself into a good temper with something musical, and I run to a book as a child to its mother.

Virginia Woolf to Violet Dickinson, December 30th 1906

Virginia Woolf – Correspondence; reprinted by the kind permission of The Society of Authors, administrators for the estate of Virginia Woolf

Duration: 18 – 19 minutes

Letters

1. Verba das Ventis

Mark Wings

veiled, spacious, ♩ = 56 - 63

p

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

nunc no-vus est an - nus

nunc no-vus est an - nus

nunc no-vus est an - nus

nunc no-vus est an - nus

veiled, spacious, ♩ = 56 - 63

con sord.

p

nunc no-vus est an - nus

Violin 1
Violin 2
Viola
Violoncello

pp
pp
p
pp

con sord.
[senza sord.]
pizz.
arco



11

S.
A.
T.
B.

no-vus est a - mor in-ci-pi - en - dus s n n

no-vus est a - mor in-ci-pi - en - dus s n

no-vus est a - mor in-ci-pi - en - dus s n

no-vus est a - mor in-ci-pi - en - dus s n

Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.

mf
p
mf
p
mf
p
mf
p

pizz.
arco
con sord.
pizz.
arco

Winges - Letters

4

20

S. *mf* **A** *p*
n non a mor ul - ter³i-us ul-lis le - den-dus a-ma- ris s

A. *mf* *p*
n non a mor ul - ter-i-us ul-lis le - den-dus a-ma- ris s

T. *mf* *p*
n non a mor ul - ter-i-us ul-lis le - den-dus a-ma- ris s

B. *mf* *p*
n non a mor ul - ter-i-us ul-lis le - den-dus a-ma- ris s

Vln. 1 *mp* *mf* *p*

Vln. 2 *mp* *mf* *p*

Vla. *mp* *mf* *p*

Vc. *mp* *p* *p*

28

S. *p*
tn

A. *p* *pp*
n sn

T. *p*
tn

B. *p*
tn

Vln. 1 *mf* *p* *p*

Vln. 2 *mf* *p* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p* *p*

Winges - Letters

37 **B** *mp* 3 3 3 3

S. nos-ti o max-i-ma pars a-ni-me me - e mul - tos mul-tis se³ ex cau - sis di - li - ge-

A. nos-ti o max-i-ma pars a-ni-me me - e mul - tos mul-tis se ex cau - sis di - li - ge-

T. 8

B.

Vln. 1 **B** *mp* 3

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

45 *p* *pp* *mp* 3 3 3 3

S. re sed nul - lam e - o - rum tam fir-man fo-re am

A. re sed nul - lam e - o - rum tam fir-man fo-re am

T. 8

B.

Vln. 1 *p* 3 *mp* *f* *pp* *mp*

Vln. 2 *p* *mp* *f* *pp* *mp*

Vla. *p* 3 non vib. vib. ord. *mp* *f* *pp* *mp*

Vc. *p* 3 *mp* *f* *pp* *mp*