J. GILL

ELIOT FRAGMENTS (FOR CARTER)

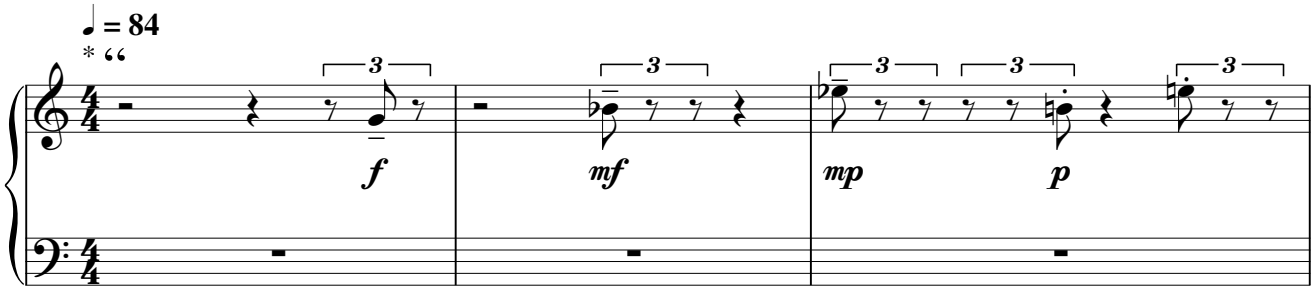
for solo piano

Commissioned by Network for New Music for Elliott Carter's 100th Year

ELIOT FRAGMENTS
(FOR CARTER)

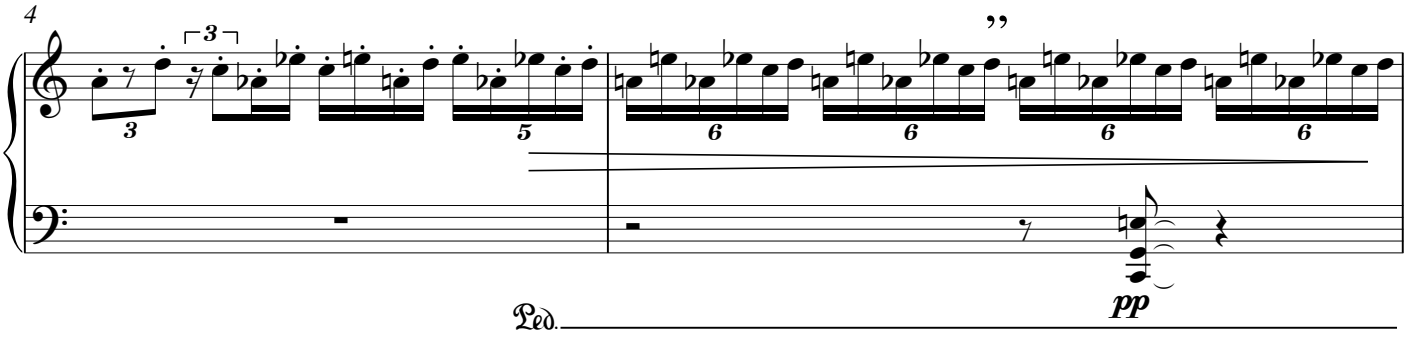
J. Gill
(2007)

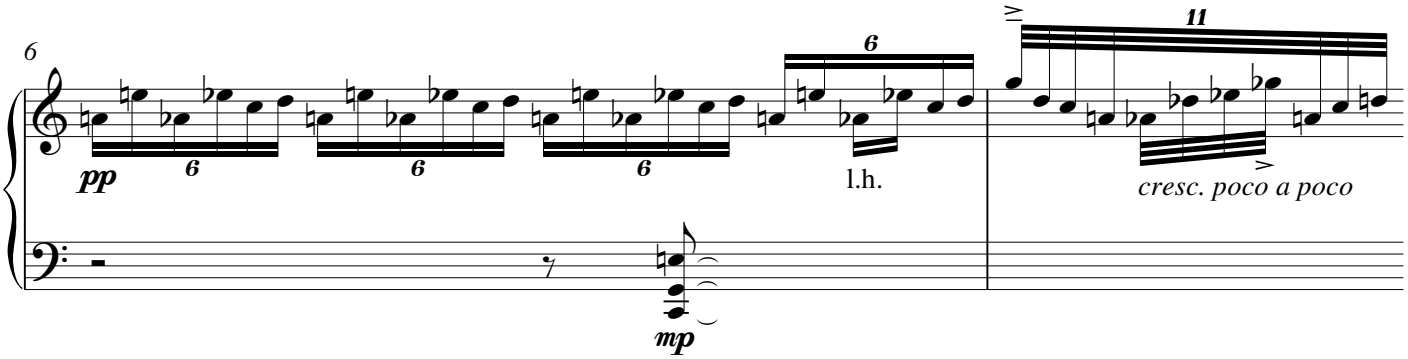
In my end is my beginning

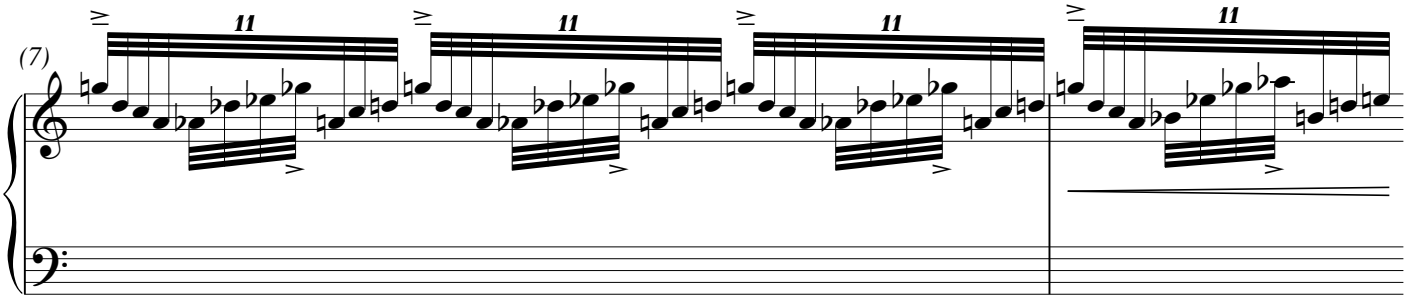


senza pedale

* last five measures of *90+* by Elliott Carter (1994), published by Hendon Music (Boosey & Hawkes)







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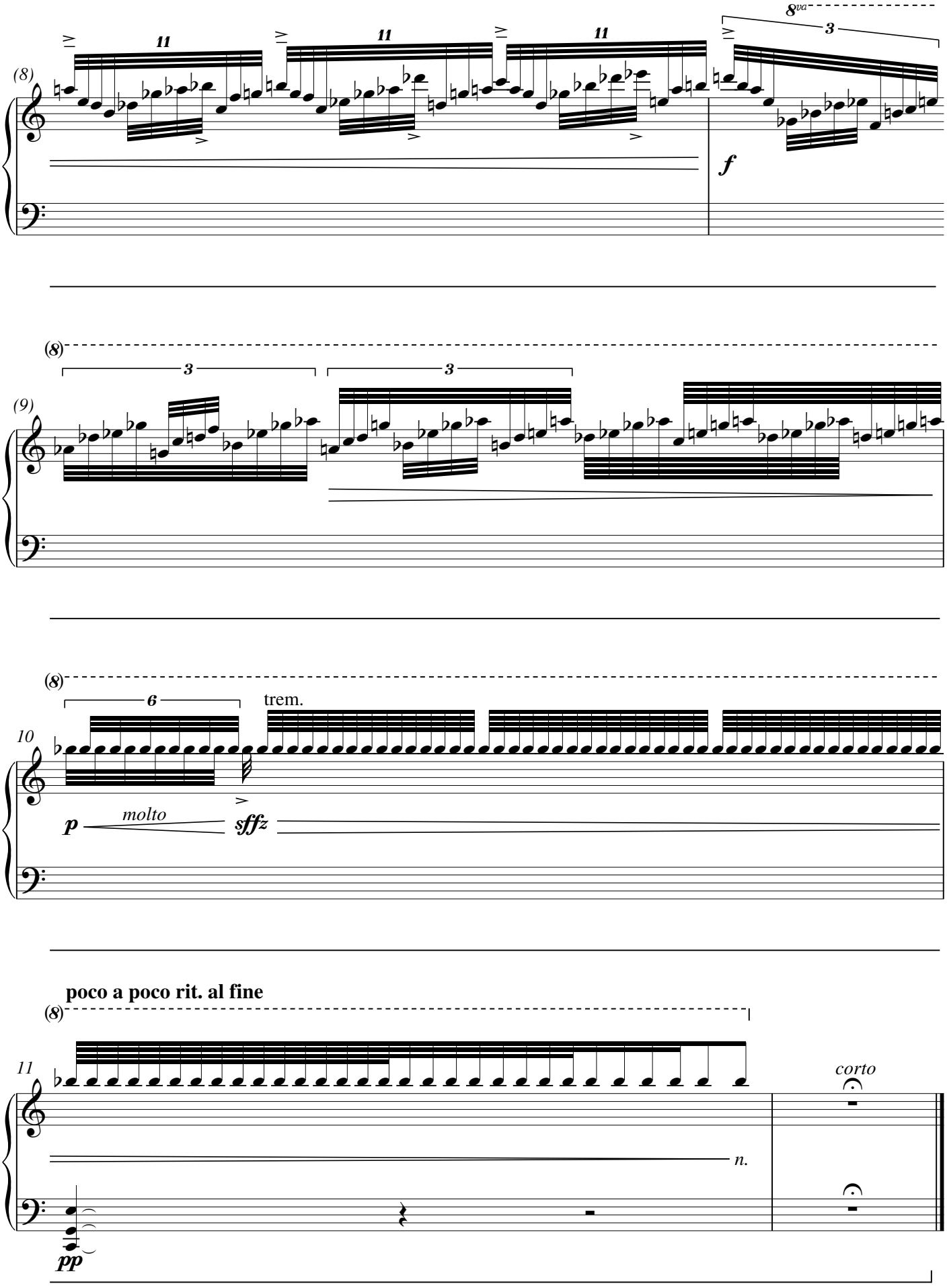

8va
(8)
11
11
11
3
f
(8)
3
3
(9)
(8)
6
trem.
10
p
molto
sffz
poco a poco rit. al fine
(8)
11
n.
corto
pp

Because I do not hope to turn again

♩ = 48 **poco rit.** - - - - - - - **tempo**

Because I do not hope

poco rit. - - -

pp

Ped. Ped.

Although I do not hope to turn

- - - - - **tempo** **rit. al fine**

4

Ped.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each

♩ = 42

legatissimo

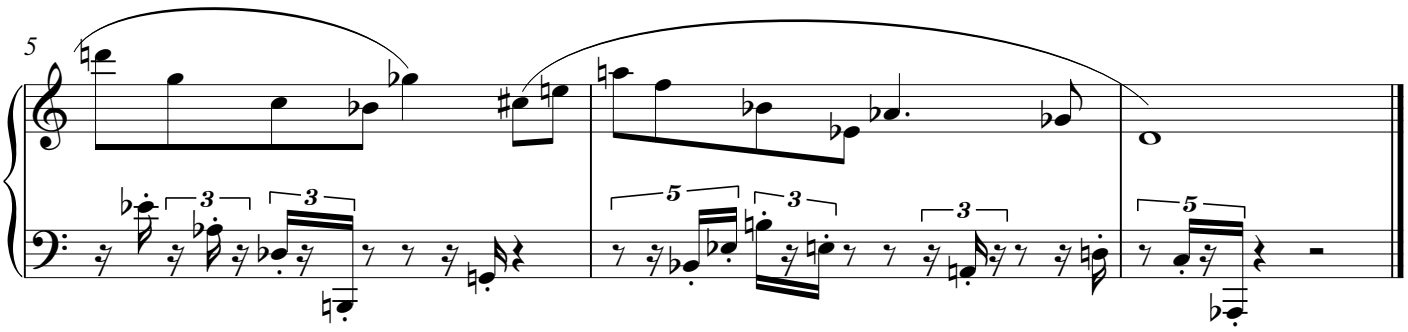
p *ma molto cantando*

staccatissimo

6 3 5

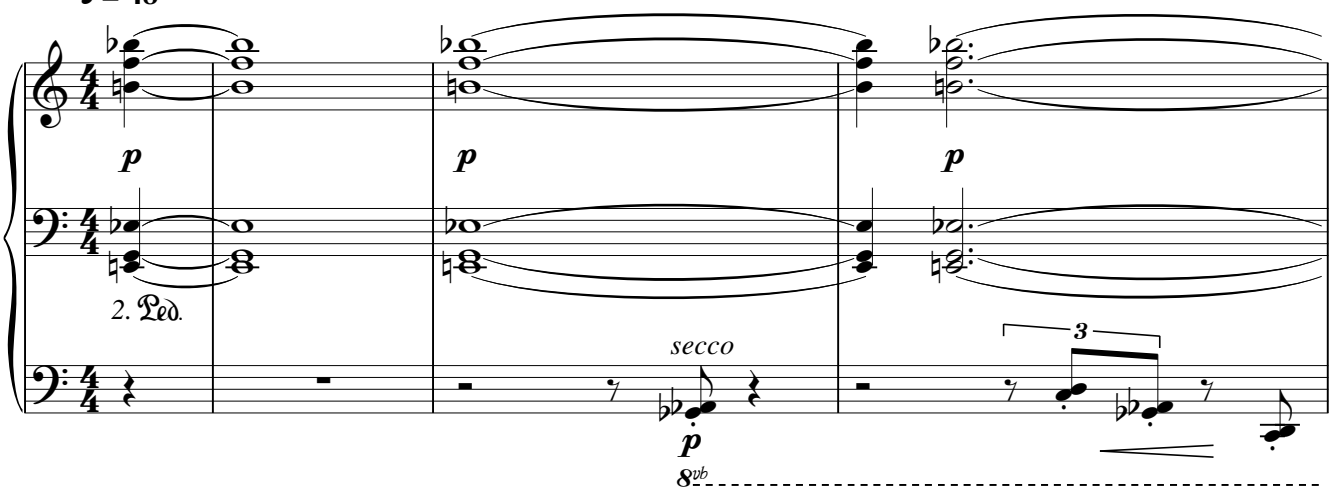
3

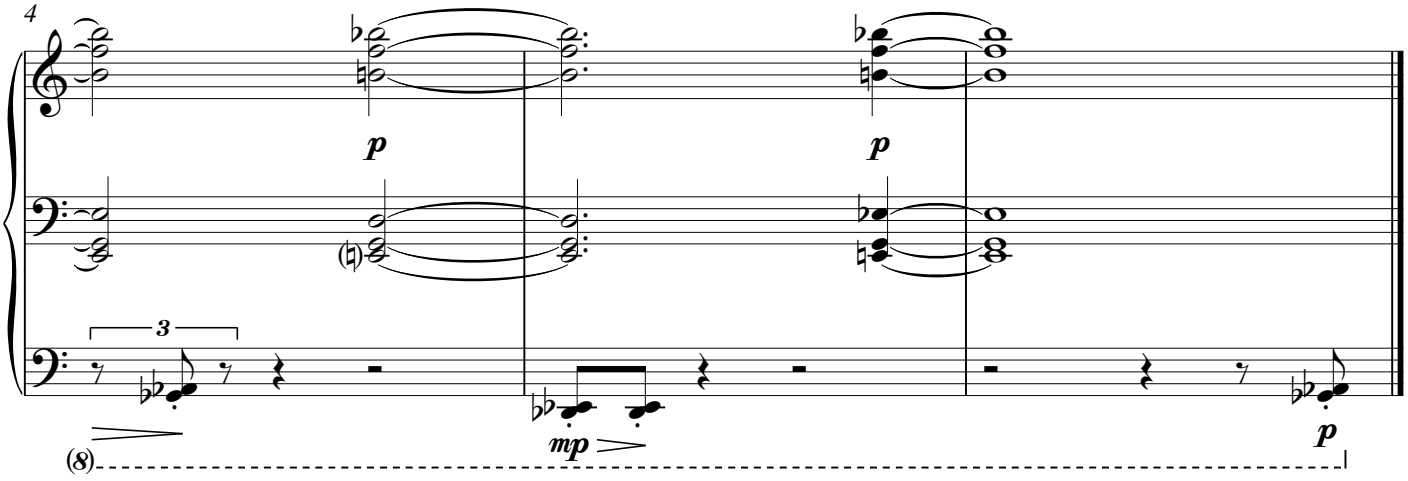
5 6 3 6



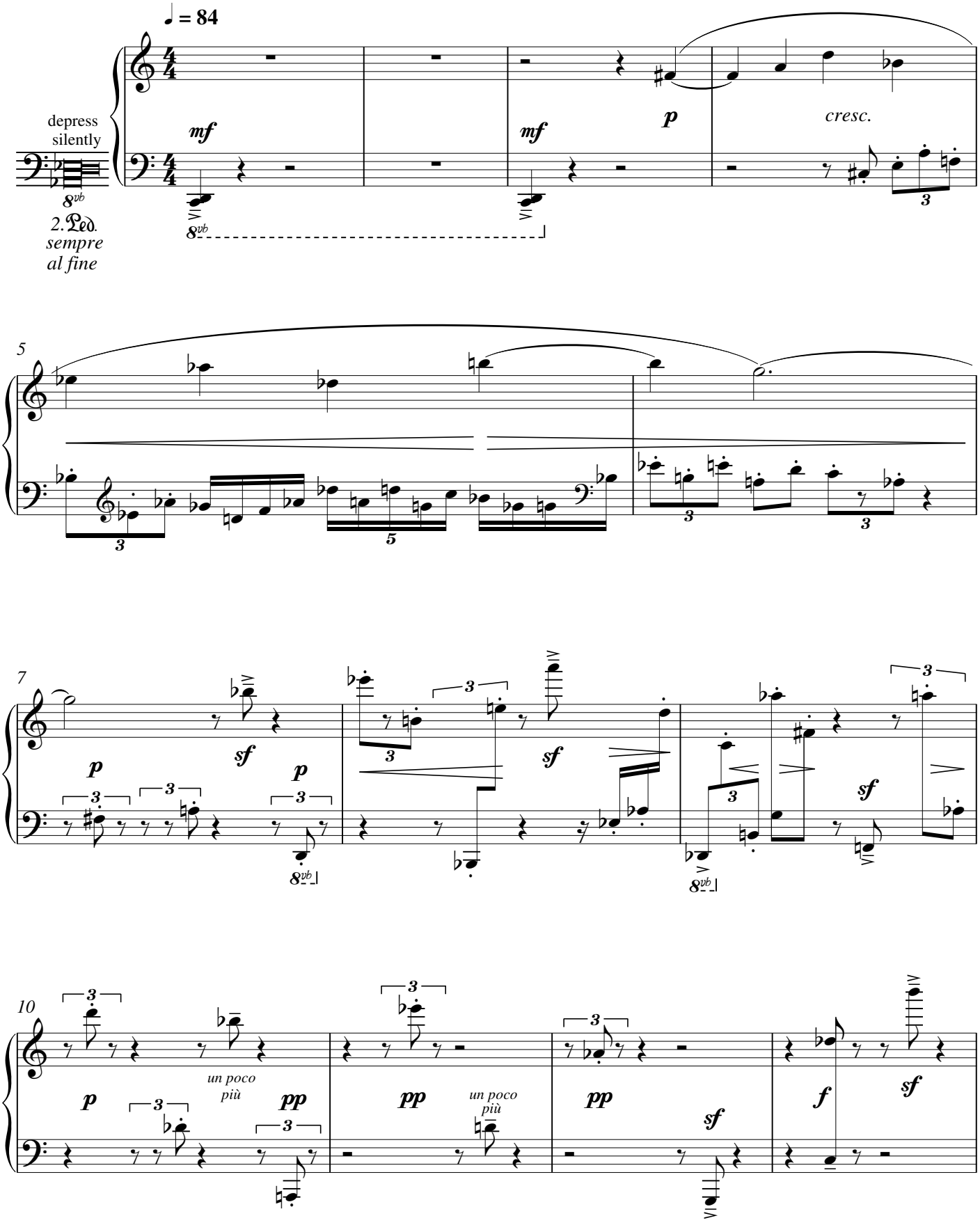
Life is very long

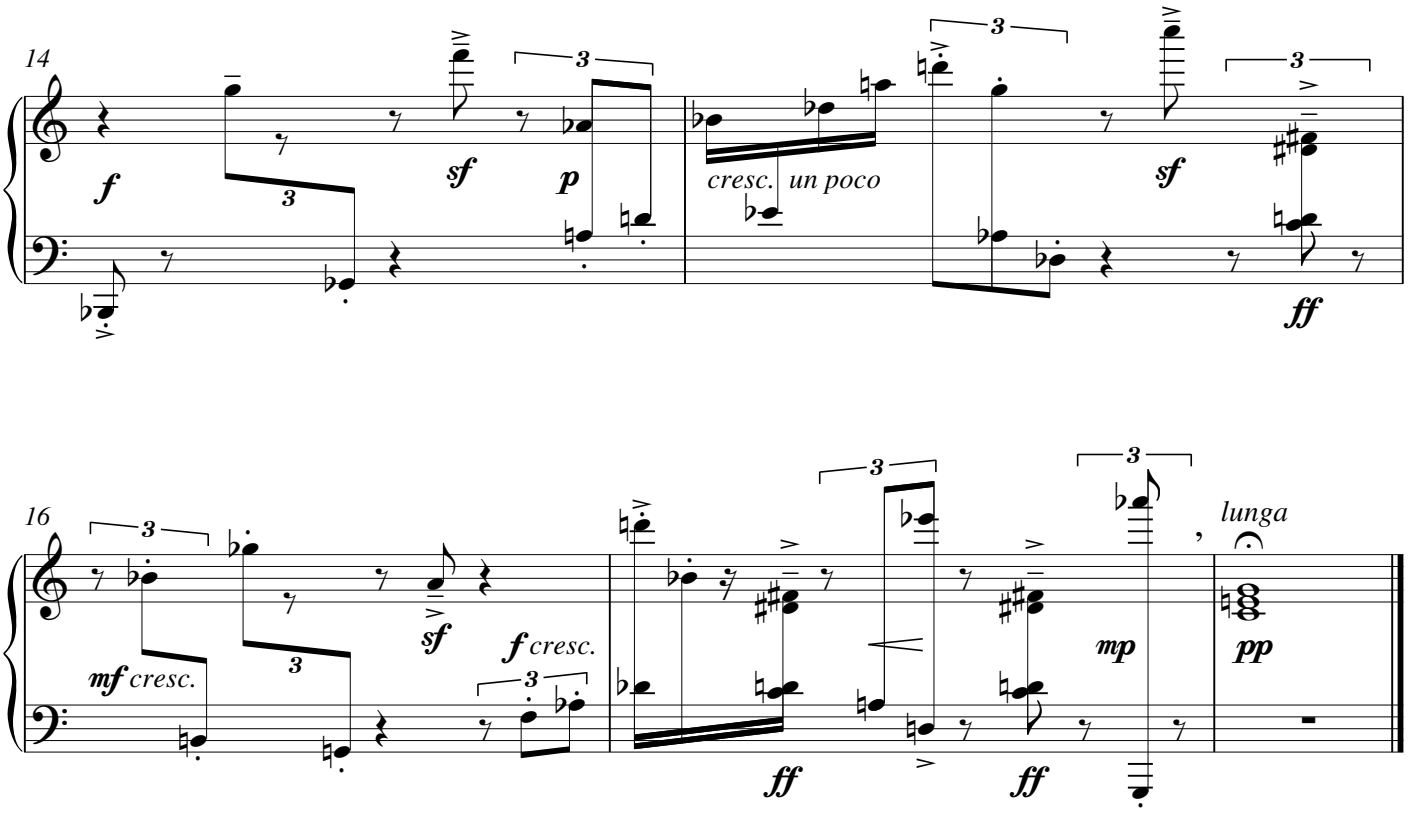
♩ = 48





Time and the bell have buried the day
(But our beginnings never know our ends!)




14
f
sf
p
cresc. un poco
sf
ff
16
mf cresc.
sf
f cresc.
ff
ff
mp
lunga
pp

Eliot Fragments (for Carter)
composed November 2007

Eliot Fragments is a collection of meditations on excerpted lines from T.S. Eliot's poetry as well as a set of tiny fantasies on *90+*, a work by Elliott Carter celebrating the 90th birthday of his long-time friend Goffredo Petrassi. The last five measures of *90+*, which are quoted at the beginning of *Eliot Fragments*, are a particularly poetic bit of music, and I have taken Carter's invitation to rhapsodize (*ripetere a piacere*) quite literally, spinning out my own music from his.

Eliot Fragments is in five extremely short movements, each headed by a line or two of Eliot's poetry and each developed from a musical idea present in *90+*:

"In my end is my beginning" ("East Coker", V) is the end of *90+* as theme-become-rhapsody.

"Because I do not hope to turn again" ("Ash-Wednesday", I) is a fantasy on a tonality.

"I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each" ("The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") is a fantasy on a texture.

"Life is very long" ("The Hollow Men", V) is a fantasy on a sonority.

"Time and the bell have buried the day" ("Burnt Norton", IV)/"(But our beginnings never know our ends!)" ("Portrait of a Lady", III) is a fantasy on an accented beat.

-JG