

Childhood memories are evoked in this setting of a poem written by my son, Michael, and adapted by John Jenney. Such nostalgic recollections are common to us all, I think, especially those of us who grew up in small towns. I chose a harmonic setting, which harkens back to the familiar songs of my own youth.

DAVE BRUBECK

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ONCE WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG

for Mixed Voices, S.A.T.B., a cappella

**MICHAEL BRUBECK
JOHN JENNEY**

DAVE BRUBECK

JOHN JENNEY

Soprano
Alto

Slowly

mp |

Tenor
Bass

Once when I was ver - y young,with a twin-kling in my eye, I

5

mp

looked at life with a curious view as the days rolled slowly by.

9

And

lis - tened with the ear of a child to the sounds of birds in flight.

13

shiv - ered 'neath my cov - ers when the dark snuffed out the light. But in the

17

la - zy days of sum - mer when the day - light lin - gered on, We

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21

played our game of hide-and-go-seek and day-dreamed on the lawn. The

25

To sum-mer nights were spent with friends when we tried with all our might

29

fight a-way the webs of sleep, and wait for dawn's first light.

These gold-en

33

*div.**

Oo

days are long past now,— I've grown in-to a man, but the mem-o-ries of

37

I've giv-en

child-hood, my child-hood, I still hold in my hand. I've giv-en

41

div.

child-hood, my child-hood, I still hold in my hand. I've giv-en

up the things of youth, giv-en up my youth like like toys and dolls and

toys, like toys,

*Divide voices to achieve desired balance.

44 *div.*

trains, and trad - ed them for oth - ers, (oth - ers) oth - ers, like work and aches and
trains, oth - ers, oth - ers like work, aches,

48 *div.*

pains, But in my mind I won - der if I could go back

52 , And re -

still live those days of mis - spent youth, (On) sum - mer's peace - ful

56 *mf*

hills Oh, once when I was so ver - y young, with a twin-kling in my eye, I

61 *mf* // rit.

looked at life with a cu - ri - ous view, — As the days rolled slow - ly by.
by, rolled slow - ly — by.
by.

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