

# Wild Musick

Alexander Pope (1688–1744)

Roxanna Panufnik

**With excited anticipation** ♩ - 96

*mf*

Soprano 1  
De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ De - scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend

*mf*

Alto 1  
De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ De - scend and\_ sing;\_\_

Tenor 1

Bass 1

TWO CHOIRS FACING EACH OTHER – CALLING AND ANSWERING

*mf*

Soprano 2  
De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_

*mf*

Alto 2  
De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de -

Tenor 2

Bass 2

Chamber Organ or Piano (optional)  
*mp*

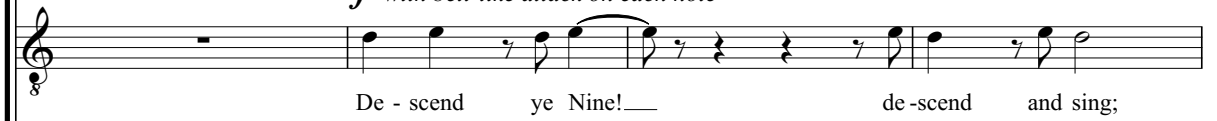


ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_



De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de -

*f* with bell-like attack on each note



De - scend ye Nine!\_\_ de - scend and sing;




sing;\_\_ De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_

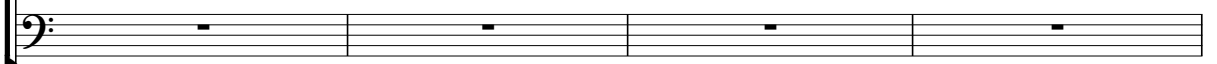
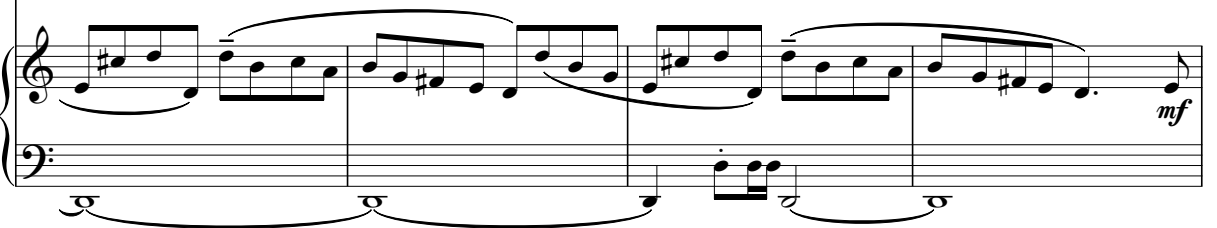


- scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend ye\_\_ Nine!\_\_ de - scend and\_ sing;\_\_ De - scend

*f* with bell-like attack on each note



De - scend ye Nine!\_\_ de -

*mf*

## Wild Musick

Descend ye Nine! descend and sing;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre!  
In a sadly-pleasing strain,  
Let the warbling lute complain;  
    Let the loud trumpet sound,  
    'Till the roofs all around  
    The shrill echos rebound:  
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,  
The deep, majestick, solemn organs blow.  
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
Exulting in triumph, now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild musick floats;  
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
    The strains decay,  
    And melt away  
In a dying, dying fall.

Alexander Pope

When Twickenham Choral commissioned this work for their centenary celebrations it made sense to choose a local poet. Alexander Pope (1688–1744) is regarded as one of the UK's finest, and with the money he had made from his translation of Homer, he was able to purchase a magnificent villa in Twickenham's Cross Deep, of which his famous grotto still survives, underneath St Catherine's and Radnor House Schools. He was 22 when he penned his epic *Ode for Musick, on St Cecilia's Day* although it wasn't published for another 13 years. I've used just the exuberant first verse here, and have relished word-painting his musical depictions, using the first two lines, which imitate celebratory church bells, as a refrain.

I am hugely grateful to Twickenham Choral and their conductor Christopher Herrick for commissioning this work – it has been a huge joy to write, during this riotously sunny and colourful spring.

Roxanna Panufnik  
23rd April, 2020

*Commissioned by Twickenham Choral*