

# Moonset

for high voice and piano

from *Songs of Trees*

Commissioned by Jason Klippenstein

Duration ca. 4'

MUSIC BY

*Katerina Gimon*

WORDS BY

*Emily Pauline Johnson*



## Moonset

Poem: *Moonset* by Emily Pauline Johnson

Idles the night wind through the dreaming firs,  
That waking murmur low,  
As some lost melody returning stirs  
The love of long ago;  
And through the far, cool distance, zephyr fanned.  
The moon is sinking into shadow-land.

The troubled night-bird, calling plaintively,  
Wanders on restless wing;  
The cedars, chanting vespers to the sea,  
Await its answering,  
That comes in wash of waves along the strand,  
The while the moon slips into shadow-land.

O! soft responsive voices of the night  
I join your minstrelsy,  
And call across the fading silver light  
As something calls to me;  
I may not all your meaning understand,  
But I have touched your soul in shadow-land.

# Moonset

from *Songs of Trees*:  
Three songs on poems  
by Emily Pauline Johnson

Pauline Johnson  
(1861 - 1913)

Katerina Gimon  
(b. 1993)

**Dreamy, Meditative** ♩ = 58 *p*

*Like gentle, rocking waves* I - dles the night

*p*

*And. ad lib*

4

wind through the dream - ing firs, that wak - ing mur - mur low, As some lost

7 *mf*

mel - o - dy re - turn - ing stirs The love of long a - go;

*mf*

11 *p mp*

And through the far cool dis - tance, zeph - yr fanned. The

14 *p*

moon is sink - ing in - to shad - ow - land.

18 *Restless, articulated mf*

The trou - bled night - bird, call - ing plain - tive - ly,

\*

**Broadly, passionate**

21 *legato*

wan - ders on rest-less wing; The ce - dars, chant-ing ves-pers to the sea, A - wait its

*Ped. ad lib*

24 *f*

an - swer-ing, That comes in wash of waves a-long the

27 *ff* **Mysterious** *mf* *rit.*

strand, The while the moon slips in - to shad-ow-land.

31 *accel.* *pp* **Passionate** *f* *a tempo* *mf*

O! soft re-spon-sive voic-es of the

*accel.* *f* *a tempo*

35 *f* *mp*

night I join your min-strel-sy, And

*f* *mp*

39 **Dreamy, hypnotic**

call a-cross the fad-ing sil-ver light

This section has been intentionally omitted for PDF security. The score will continue below.

45

all your mean-ing un-der-stand, But I have touched your soul \_\_\_\_\_ in shad-ow-  
rit. -----

*mp* (let all ring out) *p*

*rit.*

*Leg.*

50

land.

*p*

*rit.*

\* *Leg. ad lib*