

Where Beauty Comes From  
GP - T012  
high voice, piano

Timothy C. Takach

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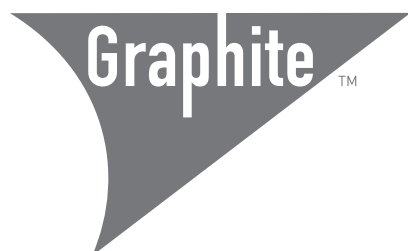
# Timothy C. Takach



## Where Beauty Comes From

for high voice and piano

Paper Cranes  
Twenty Questions  
Before We Get Dusty  
Where Beauty Comes From



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“In 2010, poet Julia Klatt Singer and I were offered the opportunity to visit with the patients of Children’s Hospital of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Our task was to listen to their stories and turn them into music. As one reads the poems, the line between Julia’s poetic voice and the actual words and ideas of the children is wonderfully blurred. The poems are artfully cohesive, yet as I read them I can identify many different patients found hidden in the words.

“Originally, the pieces were written for the Minnesota Boychoir, but I thought they would make a great art song cycle. I contacted Courtney about singing the premiere, because I knew she would bring the right amount of character and emotional investment needed to perform these songs well.

“In ‘Paper Cranes’ we hear the repeating, incessant octaves in the piano, marking time. This motive appears throughout the cycle, reminding us that these patients are always waiting. In the hospital, we talked a lot about time – when a patient checked in, when they thought they’d leave, how much of their real life they were missing. There were also aspects of time throughout the environment – the measured noises of the machines, doctor visits every hour, the drip of an IV. One can feel the contrast between the intangible and the tangible: dreams and machines, ‘wishes made of air’ and ‘the world out there, made of steel, made of cranes.’ The word ‘cranes’ has a dual meaning, and bridges the gap between the hospital and the outside world. It represents construction cranes outside the patients’ windows and also paper cranes hanging from the ceiling.

“The text of ‘Twenty Questions’ came mostly from two patients. One 10 yr. old girl was finding as many ways to pass the time as she could. As she’d go to sleep at night, she would think of questions. They were often silly, but sometimes poignant. She had memorized her ID band. She’d figure out where each cord and tube started and ended. Another young boy had the electronic game ‘20 Questions’ and was trying to trick it. Musically, the difference between the silly and the poignant is marked by time signature and melodic character. The opening is in 5/4 and has the singer navigating a disjunct melody. Reality sets in with the text ‘don’t want to think about all the things I’m missing.’ The meter changes to less quirky 4/4 and the melody becomes more fluid, more plaintive.

“‘Before We Get Dusty’ delves into the silly, capturing all the energy of one of the hospital’s activity rooms. Here, the children really get a chance to stretch their imaginations and bodies, and leave their room for a little while. Again, the sense of time is invoked, with a patient wanting to ‘leave before we get dusty.’ Almost every thought in this poem embodies action and strives to throw off the confines of the hospital. At the close of the piece, the opening octave strike motive comes back in the piano, reminding us that time is still passing, moving the patient closer to answers and possibly home.

“The final song, ‘Where Beauty Comes From’ is an anthem to the individuality of each patient in the hospital. ‘One day I’ll make all the difference in the world, you will see.’ Each of these children is beautiful. They are able to find hope in the most unusual places. They find healing in their families, in their friends, and in the music and dreams inside of them.”

- Timothy C. Takach (*May*, 2012)

## Paper Cranes

Wings made of paper,  
wishes made of air  
One sits by the window, so quiet  
The world out there  
Made of buses, made of clouds  
Made of steel, made of cranes.

One sits by the window  
Listens to the dreams  
we dream, hears the hum  
of each machine,  
knows that  
If you could see  
the way my mind moves  
You’d hear the music in me.

In my head, an endless number,  
A bear with no name.  
Some things will always be here  
Do not need a name or end  
Some things we’ll never  
Ever understand.

Blue’s my favorite color  
Ruby and Rose, my favorite names  
The day after we’re born  
Is when our real life begins.

How does the crane carry  
my wish on its wings?  
How does the star rising,  
hold my handprint  
In its blaze?

A thousand cranes tied together,  
left hanging cloud to cloud,  
until tattered by the breeze,  
and when they are broken  
our wish begins.

## Twenty Questions

When you're in a hospital bed  
There's not much to do  
So you study the numbers,  
follows the tubes,  
ask yourself questions, like

Do elephants have belly buttons?  
Do pandas like peanuts?  
Do you think I'll lose my smile,  
when I'm a grown up?

The nurses keep going  
home every day.  
Just stay for one,  
then a new one comes.

Twenty questions, it's just a game  
It says it can read my mind  
But it doesn't even know  
what I'm talking about.

Don't want to think about  
all the things I'm missing,  
all the time I'm spending here.  
Don't want to think, so instead

How many flavors of ice cream  
Are there in the world?  
What would a red whale look like,  
in a red sea?

When you're in a hospital bed  
There's not much to do  
So you memorize your arm band,  
the tune the I.V. sings.

Daddy ate a birthday candle  
Just for fun.  
Mom tells me she's seen me  
do the bravest things.

You ask me if it's hard  
to be here in this bed. I tell you  
life is hard, no matter  
where you're living it.

I do know this  
No game can prove me wrong  
There is so much happy  
and sad, so all of a sudden  
& there isn't anything  
we wouldn't do  
for each other.

## Before We Get Dusty

I wish I had some bubble wrap  
To pop with my feet  
Want to jump, poke holes in paper  
When it's you, visiting me.

Feeling shy and thank you  
Did you know my insides glow?  
I swim like a fish,  
I dance like the wind  
In the banana tree leaves.

I like pushing things  
I like fighting and watching tv  
I wish right now I was a bug  
Climbing up your knee.

We'll leave before we get dusty  
We'll run and climb every tree  
Maybe tomorrow we'll find some  
answers  
Maybe we'll all turn into bees.

I like to laugh and play with  
my grandpa,  
I like ants in my p.j.s.  
Do you wish you were a ball,  
could roll and bounce off the  
walls with me?

I wish I was a builder  
I'd build a house we'd decorate  
With books and tickets,  
with money and dogs.  
With stickers and popsicle sticks.

On the ceiling we'll find thoughts  
Drifting and changing like the day,  
We'll lie on our backs and  
watch them  
gather and carry our fears away.

We'll leave before we get dusty  
We'll run and climb every tree  
Maybe tomorrow we'll find some  
answers  
Maybe tomorrow we'll leave.  
Maybe tomorrow.  
Maybe.

## Where Beauty Comes From

Lying on our backs, somewhere  
a guitar plays  
we sing along, no words,  
just a song all our own.

Sometimes the only thing moving  
are your eyes,  
blinking  
to the beat of a drum.  
What song do you see?  
A darting bird? The sun's hello?  
Where beauty comes from?

We flicker like fireflies, we shine  
Stars to guide us above,  
we all want to matter, just want  
To be loved.

Breathe in and hold it  
breathe out and let it go  
Sometimes we've got to improvise,  
just sing a song all our own.

sometimes I've got to back away  
sometimes I need to hear you say  
this with me

sometimes my life's  
an uncertainty  
but one day I'll make all  
the difference, you will see  
in the world  
you will see

close your eyes now, imagine  
how this world could spin  
open them and tell me  
where beauty comes from

breathe in  
and hold it  
breathe out...

*- All poems by Julia Klatt Singer*

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"Paper Cranes" for TTB voicing was originally commissioned for Healing and Hope Through Song, a program of the American Composers Forum, with partial funding provided by Saint Paul Cultural STAR. This adaptation was written for and premiered by Courtney Huffman, soprano.

# Paper Cranes

for high voice and piano

Julia Klatt Singer (2010)

Timothy C. Takach (2011)

*♩* = 80

Piano

*mf*

*f*

7 *mf*

Wings made of pa-per, — wish-es made of air One sits by the

7 *mp*



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For questions about this piece and to report performances, contact  
Timothy C. Takach at [tim@timothyctakach.com](mailto:tim@timothyctakach.com).

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12 *subito p* *mf*

win - dow, — so qui - et — The world out there Made of

12 *pp* *mp* *mp*

17 *mf* *f*

bus - es, — made of clouds Made of steel, made of cranes. —

17 *mf*

22 *f* *mf*

22 *f* *mf*

27 *p*

One sits by the win-dow Lis-tens to the dreams we dream, hears the hum of

32 *mp*

each ma-chine, knows that— If you could see the

37 *mf*

way my mind moves— You'd hear the mu-sic in me. The mu-sic in

42 *f*

me. In my head, an end-less num-ber, — A bear with no name. Some

47

things will al - ways be — here Do not need a name or end — Some

51 *mp*

things we'll nev - er Ev - er un-der-stand. Blue's my fav' - rite

56

col-or Ru-by and Rose, my fav'-rite names

56

*mf*

61

The day af-ter we're born

61

*mp*

66

Is when our real life be-gins.

66

*mf*



71 *mp* *p*

How does the crane car - ry my wish on its wings? How does the

75 *mf* *f*

star ris - ing, hold my hand - print In its blaze? — A thou - sand cranes tied to -

80 *mf*

geth - er, — Ah! — left hang - ing cloud to cloud, — un - til

85 *p* *mp*

tat-tered by the breeze, — and when they are bro - ken and

89 *mf* *f*

when they are bro - ken and when they are bro - - -

89 *8va* *mf*

93 *mf*

- - - ken our wish be - gins. —

93 *8va* *ff* *mp*

"Twenty Questions" for 2-part treble voicing was originally commissioned for Healing and Hope Through Song, a program of the American Composers Forum, with partial funding provided by Saint Paul Cultural STAR. This adaptation was written for and premiered by Courtney Huffman, soprano.

# Twenty Questions

for high voice and piano

Julia Klatt Singer

Timothy C. Takach (2011)

*Having fun* ♩ = 112

Piano

*f*

*mf*

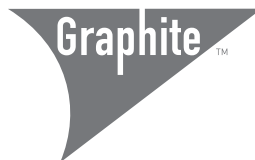
5

When you're in a hos-pi-tal bed There's

*sffz* *f* *mp*

9

not much to do So you stud-y the num-bers, fol-low the tubes, ask your-self



notable. elevated.

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12

ques - tions, like Do el - e-phants have bel - ly but-tons? Do

*f* *mf* *legato* 3

15

pan-das like pea-nuts? Do you think I'll lose my smile, \_\_\_\_\_

*f*

18

when I'm a grown up? The nurs-es keep go-ing home eve-ry

*mp* ♩ = 104 *p* 3

21

day. Just stay for one, then a new one comes.

*slight rit.* ♩ = 84 *f*

24 *mf*

Twen - ty ques - tions, — it's just a game It says it can read my

28 mind But it does-n't ev - en know what I'm talk-ing a - bout.

31 Don't want to think a-bout all the things I'm mis-sing, — all the time I'm spend-ing

34 *More fun!* ♩ = 112

here. Don't want to think, so in - stead

38 *mp*

How ma-ny fla-vors of ice cream — Are there in the world? What

41

would a red whale look like, in a red sea?

45 *mf*

When you're in a hos-pi-tal bed There's not much to do So you mem-o-rize your arm band, the

48

tune the I. V. sings. — Dad-dy ate a birth-day candle Just for fun. Mom

52 *legato* -----

tells me she's seen me do the brav - est things. You

56 ♩ = 104

ask me if it's hard to be here in this bed. I tell you life is

60 *ritard* ----- ♩ = 84

hard, no matter where you're liv-ing it.

63 *mf*

I do know this No game can prove me

67

wrong                      There is so much hap - py and

70

sad, so all of a sud - den —                      and there is - n't an - y - thing

74

we would - n't do                      for each oth - er.

*mf*                      ♩ = 80

78

For each oth - er.                      For each oth - er. \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*                      *slight rit.* .....



"Before We Get Dusty:" for treble voicing was originally commissioned for Healing and Hope Through Song, a program of the American Composers Forum, with partial funding provided by Saint Paul Cultural STAR. This adaptation was written for and premiered by Courtney Huffman, soprano.

# Before We Get Dusty

for high voice and piano

Julia Klatt Singer (2010)

Timothy C. Takach (2011)

*With energy* ♩ = 84

Piano *mp*

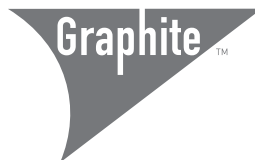
8 *mf* *mf*

I wish I had some bub - ble wrap — To pop with my

8 *mf* *sp* *mf*

12 feet Want to jump, poke holes in pa - per — When it's you, vis - it - ing

12 *f*



notable. elevated.

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*poco rit.* ----- *a tempo*

16 *p* *mf*

me. (8va) Feel - ing shy and thank you — Did you know my in - sides glow? I

21 *mp*

swimlike a fish, I dance like the wind In the ba - na - na tree leaves.

25 *f* *sfz* *f*

I like pushing things I like

31 *p*

fight - ing and watch - ing T. V. I wish right now I was a

35 *f* *mf* *Hopeful* ♩ = 124

bug Climb - ing up your knee. We'll leave be - fore we get

40 *f*

dust - y We'll run and climb eve - ry tree May - be to -

47 *p*

mor - row we'll find some an - swers \_\_\_\_\_ May - be we'll all

*With energy* ♩. = 84

53 *f* *mf*

turn in - to bees. \_\_\_\_\_ I like to

60

laugh and play with my grand - pa, — I like an-(n)ts in my p. j's. — Do you

64

wish you were a ball, could roll and bounce off the walls with me? I

64

8<sup>va</sup>

68

wish I was a build - er — I'd build a house we'd de-cor-ate With books and tick-ets, with

68

*mf* *mp*

73

mon-ey and dogs With stick-ers and pop-si - cle sticks.

73

*sfz* *p*

*Thoughtful* ♩ = 80

78

*mf* On the ceil-ing we'll find thoughts Drift-ing and chang - ing

78

*f* *mf*

83 *f* *mf*

like the day, We'll lie on our backs and watch them

88 *mp* *f*

gath - er and car - ry our fears a - way.

*ritard* *mf* *Determined* ♩ = 112

93

We'll leave before we get dust - y We'll

98

run and climb eve - ry tree May - be to - mor - row we'll

104

find May - be to - mor - row we'll find some an - swers

110

May - be to - mor - row we'll leave May

116

be to - mor - row... May - be...

"Where Beauty Comes From" for mixed choir was originally commissioned for Healing and Hope Through Song, a program of the American Composers Forum, with partial funding provided by Saint Paul Cultural STAR. This adaptation was written for and premiered by Courtney Huffman, soprano.

# Where Beauty Comes From

for high voice and piano

Julia Klatt Singer (2010)

Timothy C. Takach (2011)

*Easily* ♩ = 52

*mf*

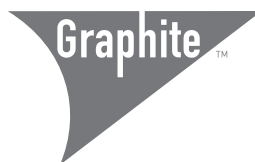
Ly-ing on our backs, some-where a gui-tar

Piano

5

5

plays we sing a-long, no words, just a song all our



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$\text{♩} = 88$   
*mf*

9

own. Some-times the on-ly thing

12

mov-ing are your eyes, blink-ing to the beat of a drum.

17

*ritard* ----- *mp*  $\text{♩} = 74$

What song do you see? A dart-ing bird? The sun's hel-

20 *p* *f accel.* -----

lo? Where beau - ty comes from? We

23  $\text{♩} = 80$  *mp* *f*

flick - er like fire - flies, we shine

26 *mf*

Stars to guide us a - bove, we all want to mat - ter, just

29 *mf* *ritard*  $\text{♩} = 74$  *mf*

want To be loved. Breathe in and

33

hold it breathe out and let it go Some - times we've got to

37 *mp*

im - pro - vise, just\_ sing a song all our own. Breathe in and

41 *p*

some - times I've got to back a - way some -

44 *mp*

times I need to hear you say this with me —

47 *molto rit.*  $\text{♩} = 88$  *mf*

some-times my life's an un - cer - tain -

51 *ritard* ----- *mp* ♩ = 74

ty but one day I'll make all the

*f* *p*

55 *mf* ----- *f*

diff-erence, all the diff-erence, in the world you will

*mf* *f*

58 ♩ = 80 *mf*

see close your eyes now, imagine how this

*mf*

$\text{♩} = 74$   
*f*

61

world could spin\_\_\_\_\_ o - pen them and

61

*f*

*ff* *ritard* .....  $\text{♩} = 64$   
*p*

64

tell me where beau-ty\_\_\_ comes from\_\_\_ breathe in\_\_\_

64

*ff* *ff*<sup>3</sup> *f* *sp*

*molto rit.* .....  $\text{♩} = 52$

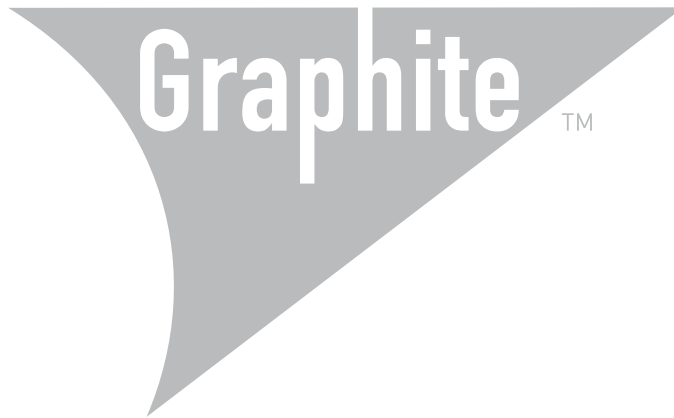
68

*mp* *p*  
— and hold it\_\_\_\_\_ breathe out...

(inhale on an open "f" sound) (exhale on a dark "ha")

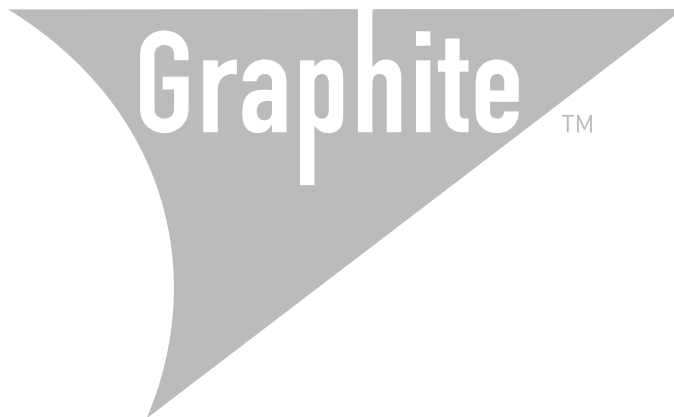
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# Timothy C. Takach

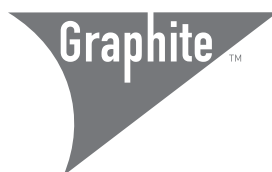


Inspired by captivating narrative, speculative fiction and making better humans through art, the music of Timothy C. Takach is a mainstay in the concert world. Applauded for his melodic lines, thoughtful text choices and rich, intriguing harmonies, Takach has received commissions and performances from GRAMMY Award-winning ensembles Roomful of Teeth and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Santa Fe Desert Chorale, the St. Olaf Band, Cantus, U.S. Army Field Band and Soldiers' Chorus, Lorelei Ensemble, VocalEssence, the DeBartolo Performing Arts Center, The Rose Ensemble, and numerous other organizations. His compositions have been performed on A Prairie Home Companion, The Boston Pops holiday tour, PBS, many All-State and festival programs and at venues such as the Library of Congress, Kennedy Center and Royal Opera House Muscat. He is a co-creator of the theatrical production of *All is Calm: the Christmas Truce of 1914*, by Peter Rothstein. Takach has been Composer in Residence for the Texas Boys Choir, The Singers – Minnesota Choral Artists, and True Concord Voices and Orchestra.

Takach's a cappella choral symphony Helios is "larger than life, as if the piece were accompanied by an orchestra" and is "complemented with brilliant visuals created by CandyStations" (Tucson.com). In 2023 his ballet *Unfashioned Creature* was premiered in St. Paul, MN by the James Sewell Ballet. Takach was a co-founder, singer and Artistic Co-Director of the vocal ensemble Cantus and has frequent national work as a composer-in-residence, presenter, clinician and lecturer. He lives in Minneapolis with his wife and two sons.

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Timothy C. Takach	GP-T008	Departure	high voice, piano
Timothy C. Takach	GP-T012	Where Beauty Comes From	high voice, piano
Timothy C. Takach	GP-T017	How to Triumph Like a Girl	low voice, piano



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