

Crossroads
SATB, piano

Timothy C. Takach

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Crossroads

for SATB choir and piano

Commissioned by Big Lake Schools, Big Lake, MN, in 2017, to celebrate the 100th graduating class.



Text:

The second half of my life will be black
to the white rind of the old and fading moon.
The second half of my life will be water
over the cracked floor of these desert years.
I will land on my feet this time,
knowing at least two languages and who
my friends are. I will dress for the
occasion, and my hair shall be
whatever color I please.
Everyone will go on celebrating the old
birthday, counting the years as usual,
but I will count myself new from this
inception, this imprint of my own desire.

The second half of my life will be swift,
past leaning fenceposts, a gravel shoulder,
asphalt tickets, the beckon of open road.
The second half of my life will be wide-eyed,
fingers sifting through fine sands,
arms loose at my sides, wandering feet.
There will be new dreams every night,
and the drapes will never be closed.
I will toss my string of keys into a deep
well and old letters into the grate.

The second half of my life will be ice
breaking up on the river, rain
soaking the fields, a hand
held out, a fire
and smoke going
upward, always up.

- Joyce Kilmer

*From Straight Out of View by Joyce Kilmer. Copyright © 1995,
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Notes from the composer:

Sometimes we look back on events in our lives and recognize them as pivotal moments - an occasion where something significant changes. And then there are moments in life of which we're aware at the time, they feel like a milestone as they happen. Graduation, a career shift, the start of a family. Joyce's poem captures this so well, and she uses such vivid metaphors for what we leave behind as well as what's ahead. I like thinking that we could call one of these moments as a birthday, a rebirth that no one else celebrates but ourselves. Recognizing a moment like this takes being self-aware, an admission of our past (good and bad) and a strong vision for the future, even (and especially) if we don't yet know what it holds.

- Timothy C. Takach (2017)

Crossroads

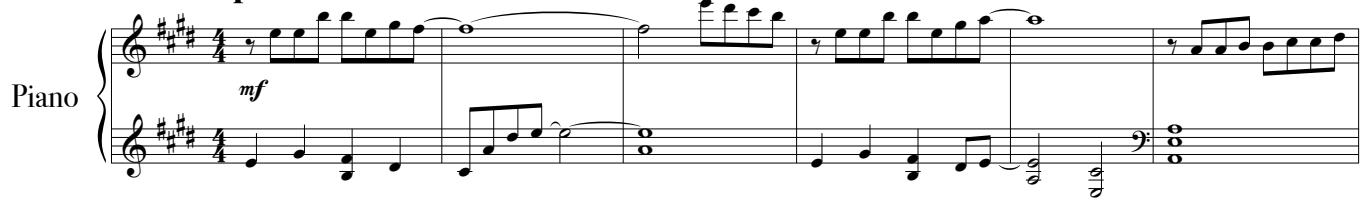
Joyce Sutphen

SATB choir and piano

Timothy C. Takach

Spirited ♩ = 112

Piano



mf

7

S *mf*
The sec-ond half of my life will be black to the white rind of the old and fad-ing moon.

A *mf*
The sec-ond half of my life will be black to the white rind of the old and fad-ing moon.

T *mf*
The sec-ond half of my life will be black to the white rind of the old and fad-ing moon.

B *mf*
The sec-ond half of my life will be black to the white rind of the old and fad-ing moon.



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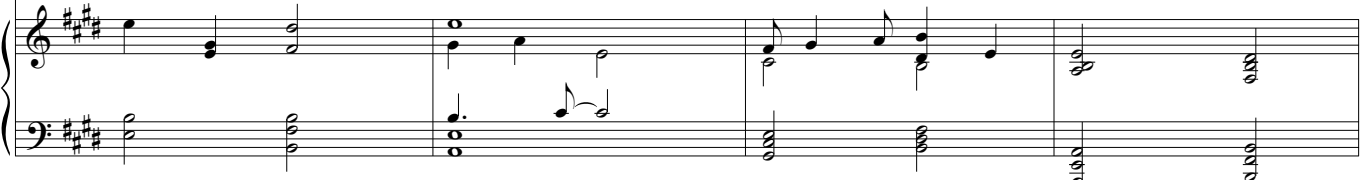
11

S
The sec-ond half of my life will be wa-ter o-ver the cracked floor of these de-sert years.

A
The sec-ond half of my life will be wa-ter o-ver the cracked floor of these de-sert years.

T
The sec-ond half of my life will be wa-ter o-ver the cracked floor of these de-sert years.

B
The sec-ond half of my life will be wa-ter o-ver the cracked floor of these de-sert years.



15

S *f* I will land on my feet this time, know-ing at least two lan-guag-es and who my friends are.

A *f* I will land on my feet this time, know-ing at least two lan-guag-es and who my friends are.

T *f* I will land on my feet this time, know-ing at least two lan-guag-es and who my friends are.

B *f* I will land on my feet this time, know-ing at least two lan-guag-es and who my friends are.

19

S *mp* I will dress for the oc - ca - sion, and my hair shall be what-ev - er col - or I please. *f*

A *mp* I will dress for the oc - ca - sion, and my hair shall be what-ev - er col - or I please. *f*

T *mp* I will dress for the oc - ca - sion, and my hair shall be what-ev - er col - or I please. *f*

B *mp* I will dress for the oc - ca - sion, and my hair shall be what-ev - er col - or I please. *f*

23

S Eve - ry - one _____ will go on cel - e - brat - ing _____ the old birth - day,

A Eve - ry - one _____ will go on cel - e - brat - ing _____ the old birth - day,

T Eve - ry - one _____ will go on _____ the old birth - day,

B Eve - ry - one _____ will go on _____ the old birth - day,

27

Slower ♩ = 104 **mp** Timothy C Takach.com **mp** ♩ = 96

S count-ing the years as u - su - al, but I will count my - self

A count-ing the years as u - su - al, but I will count my - self

T count-ing the years as u - su - al, but I will count my - self

B count-ing the years as u - su - al, but I will count my - self

Slower ♩ = 104 **mp** ♩ = 96 **p**

32

S new from this in - cep - tion, this im - print of my own de - sire.

A new from this in - cep - tion, this im - print of my own de - sire.

T new from this in - cep - tion, this im - print of my own de - sire.

B new from this in - cep - tion, this im - print of my own de - sire.

p

p

p

p

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37

Tempo I

p *mf*

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43

S The sec-ond half of my life will be swift, a grav-el shoul-der, of o-pen road.

A The sec-ond half of my life will be swift, past lean-ing fence - posts, the beck-on of o-pen road.

T The sec-ond half of my life past lean-ing fence - posts, the beck-on of o-pen road.

B The sec-ond half of my life as - phalt tick - ets, of o-pen road.

mf *p* *mf*

mf *p* *mf*

mf *p* *mf*

mf *p* *mf*

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47

S The sec-ond half of my life will be wide-eyed, *f*

A The sec-ond half of my life will be wide-eyed, *f*

T The sec-ond half of my life will be wide-eyed, *f*

B The sec-ond half of my life will be wide-eyed, *f*

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51

S fin-gers sift-ing through fine sands, arms loose at my sides, wan-der-ing feet. *mf* *f* There will be new

A fin-gers sift-ing through fine sands, arms loose at my sides, wan-der-ing feet. *mf* *f*

T fin-gers sift-ing through fine sands, arms loose at my sides, wan-der-ing feet. *mf* *f*

B fin-gers sift-ing through fine sands, arms loose at my sides, wan-der-ing feet. *mf* *f*

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56

S dreams eve - ry night, — *mp* and the drapes will nev - er be *mf*

A The sec - ond half of my life... will nev - er be *mf*

T The sec - ond half of my life... will nev - er be *mf*

B dreams eve - ry night, — *mp* and the drapes will nev - er be *mf*

61

S closed. *mp* I will toss my string of keys — in - to a deep well — *f*

A closed. *mp* I will toss my string of keys — in... The sec - ond half of my *mf*

T closed. *mp* I will toss my string of keys — in... The sec - ond half of my *mf*

B closed. *mp* I will toss my string of keys — in - to a deep well — *f*

66 *mf*

S — and old let - ters in - to the grate. *mp*

A life... old let - ters in - to the grate. The sec-ond half of my

T life... old let - ters in - to the grate. *mp*

B — and old let - ters in - to the grate. The sec-ond half of my

mf *mp*

72 *mp* *mf*

S The sec-ond half of my life... *mf* The sec-ond half of my life...

A life... *mf* The sec-ond half of my life... of my life...

T *mp* The sec-ond half of my life... *mf* The sec-ond half of my life...

B life... *mf* The sec-ond half of my life... of my life...

mf

76

S The sec-ond half of my life will be ice rain soak-ing the fields,

A The sec-ond half of my life will be ice rain soak-ing the fields,

T break-ing up on the riv-er, soak-ing the fields,

B break-ing up on the riv-er, soak-ing the fields,

80

S The sec-ond half of my life a hand held out, *f*

A The sec-ond half of my life will be a hand held out, *f*

T The sec-ond half of my life will be a hand held out, *f*

B The sec-ond half of my life will be a hand held out, *f*

84 *mf* *mp*

S a fire and smoke go - ing up - ward,

A a fire and smoke go - ing up - ward,

T a fire and smoke go - ing up - ward,

B a fire and smoke go - ing up - ward,

88 *mf* *mf* *f* *ff*

S up - ward, up - ward, al - ways up.

A up - ward, al - ways up.

T up - ward, al - ways up.

B up - ward, al - ways up.



Reviewed as “gorgeous” (Washington Post) and “stunning” (Lawrence Journal-World), the music of Timothy C. Takach has risen fast in the concert world. Applauded for his melodic lines and rich, intriguing harmonies, Takach has received commissions from the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, St. Olaf Band, Cantus, Pavia Winds, 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, multiple 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 studied music composition at St. Olaf College, Northfield, MN, and has frequent national work as a composer-in-residence, presenter, clinician and lecturer. He is a full-time composer and lives in Minneapolis with his wife and two sons.

Selected vocal works by Timothy C. Takach:

Mixed Voices

A Depth We Cannot Sound		SATB, vibraphone, marimba, large tom
A Worshipper and a Man		SATB a cappella
And I Saw		SATB div. a cappella
As the Sunflower Turns on Her God		SSAATBB div, Sop. solo, SSATB soli, a cappella
The Darkling Thrush	(earthsongs)	SATB, SAT soli, a cappella
Fragile		SATB, hand drum
Listen to the Apples		SATB div. a cappella
Neither Angels, Nor Demons, Nor Powers	(Graphite Publishing)	SSATBB a cappella
Nubes Oriebatur: the eruption of Vesuvius		SSATBB a cappella
One Boy Told Me		SATB, piano
Su Rahva Koda (The House of Your Kindred)		SSAATTBB a cappella
This Alien Landscape		SATB, crotales, suspended cymbal, bass drum
This Amazing Life		SA(T)B, piano
We Are Lost, We Are Lucky		SATB, piano

Treble Voices

And I Saw		SSAA div. a cappella
Bahihii Waaliidkay Dhaqay		2-part, piano
Cassiopeia		SSA a cappella
Home on the Range (arr. American Folk Song)	(Graphite Publishing)	2-part treble, piano
Queen of the Range	(Graphite Publishing)	SA, piano
Serenade	(Graphite Publishing)	SSAA a cappella
She Moved Through the Fair (arr. Irish Ballad)		SSAA a cappella
The Streets of Laredo (arr. American Folk Song)	(Graphite Publishing)	Unison, TTB, piano
There is No Rose	(Lorelei Ensemble)	SSAA, SS soli, a cappella
Torn Map	(Graphite Publishing)	SA, piano
Twenty Questions		2-part treble, piano

Men's Voices

All Natures, Even Mine		TTTTBB a cappella
Empty		TB (opt. div), piano, opt. djembe
Goodbye, Then		TBB choir, Bb clarinet, piano
I Will Howl		TBB choir, piano or cello
Kin		TB, piano
Luceat Eis		TTTTBB a cappella
Mad		TB, piano
Original Harmony	(Colla Voce)	TTTTBB a cappella
Rough Beast	(Jeremy D. Jones Male Choral Series)	TTTTBB, percussion
Salve Regina	(Graphite Publishing)	TBB semi-chorus, TTTBB a cappella
Things I Didn't Know I Loved	(Graphite Publishing)	TTTTBB a cappella

Large Works

The Longest Nights (ca. 21')		SATB, piano or string quartet
True North (ca. 16')		SATB, chamber orchestra
We Made a Grave For Him, And Her Smoke Rose Up Forever (ca. 10')		TTTTBB a cappella
Where Beauty Comes From (ca. 16')		TBB, 2-part, SSAA, SATB; piano