

Legend of the Bird

Timing: 4:10

text and music
Stephanie Martin

Moderato

A

mp

S
Ro - bin, why do you lin-ger here when all your friends have flown? en-chant-ment

mp

A
Ro - bin, why do you lin-ger here when all your friends have flo hat cold en-chant-ment

mp

T
Ro - bin, why do you lin-ger here when all your friends b What cold en-chant-ment

mp

B
Ro - bin, why do you lin-ger here when all you e flown? What cold en-chant-ment

Moderato

A

for rehearsal only

B *mf*

holds you fast, and turns to stone? Who made your rock-y nest a - mid the

mf

holds you fast, and ar wings to stone? Who made your rock-y nest a - mid the

mf

holds you fast turns your wings to stone? Who made your rock-y nest a - mid the

mf

holds and turns your wings to stone? Who made your rock-y nest a - mid the

B

11

pil - lars tall and grey? The win - ter wind is blow - ing now;
 pil - lars tall and grey? The win - ter wind is blow - ing now; should be
 pil - lars tall and grey? The win - ter wind is blow - ing now; should be far a -
 pil - lars tall and grey? The win - ter wind is blow - ing You should be far a -

||

16

What cle - ver sculp - tor fash - ioned you and set you near the
 far a - way! What cle - ver sculp - tor set you near the
 way! What cle - ver sculp - tor fash - ioned you and set you near the
 way! What cle - ver sculp - tor fash - ioned you and set

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

20

ritardando.....

sky, So chil-dren point_ as they pass by?_

sky, So twist-ing chil - dren, whis-per - ing, point up as th

sky, So that twist ing chil-dren whis-per ing point up as 's_ by?

_ you near_ the_ sky, So chil - dren whis-per-ing poir ey pass by?

ardando.....



25

D Children's choi

My Mast - car - pen - ter. He built a church so great_ It stretch-es all a -

He built a church so great_ It stretch-es all a -

D

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

30

round the world, Yet dwells with - in a heart. His hands are hard-ened

round the world, Yet dwells with - in a heart. His hands are hard-ened

34

by his work; They show the marks of love. His earl - ed co - ro - net wears; His

by his work; They show the marks of love. head a gnarl - ed co - ro - net wears; His

38

spi - rit is a dove My Mast - er, born in po - ver - ty, knew

spi - rit is My Mast - er, born in po - ver - ty, knew

My Mast - er, born in po - ver - ty, knew

My Mast - er, born in po - ver - ty, knew

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

42

mf sor - row, grief and loss. He healed the sick with self-less love, But died up - on a cross. *p*

mf sor - row, grief and loss. He healed the sick with self-less love, But di a cross. *p*

mf sor - row, grief and loss. He healed the sick with self-less love, up - on a cross. *p*

mf sor - row, grief and loss. He healed the sick with self-less But died up - on a cross. *p*

46

Nobilmente

F

mf When all ci - ty streets are free from hung - er, fear and pain. *f*

mf Wher the ci - ty streets are free from hung - er, fear and pain. *f*

mf all the ci - ty streets are free from hung - er, fear and pain. *f*

mf When all the ci - ty streets are free from hung - er, fear and pain. *f*

ente **F**

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

molto ritardando e diminuendo

50

ff

My Mas - ter will re - turn

p

My Mas - ter will re - turn with joy, And I shall fly a - gain.

ff

ff

p

p

My Mas - ter will re - turn with joy, And I shall fly a - gain.

My Mas - ter will re - turn with joy, And I shall fly a - gain.

ff

p

My Mas - ter will re - turn with joy, and I a - gain.

molte diminuendo

54

Tempo primo

p

Here, then, I will stay and sing my si - lent song of love, un - til my Mas - ter comes a -

p

Here, then, I will sing my si - lent song of love, un - til my Mas - ter comes a -

p

Here, then, I will stay and sing my si - lent song of love, un - til my Mas - ter comes a -

p

Here, then, I will stay and sing my si - lent song of love, un - til my Mas - ter comes a -

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

Adagio

turns this stone

59 *f* gain, and turns this stone, *mp* this stone to blood.

gain, and turns, turns this stone, *mp* *p* turns this stone blood.

gain, and turns this stone, *mp* *p* turns this stone to blood.

gain, and turns this *mp* *p* stone to blood.

Adagio

The Legend

On the far west coast of Canada there is an island where a carpenter carved a stone bird on a hill in the middle of a beautiful city. In that church there is a stone bird set high on a pillar in the south aisle; a simple monument to a man who once lived there.

Legend has it that when there is no more want or hunger in the streets of that city, the stone bird will come back to life.

In this poem, a passerby on a winter evening notices the stone bird and wonders why the bird is there, who made the carving, and why children are fascinated by it. Surprisingly, the stone bird is mentioned only in riddles. It becomes apparent that it is not the spirit of the living bird, but of a human artisan, who has turned his life to stone.

Composer, conductor and musician Stephanie Martin has contributed to Toronto's colourful music scene for over 20 years. Since 1996, Martin has led Pax Christi Chorale and conducted memorable performances of the oratorio repertoire. Martin is the Music Director of the Church of Saint Mary Magdalene in Toronto for over 10 years, where she recorded several of Healey Willan's "The Four Seasons" CDs featuring the Gallery Choir and the women's choir. She has a Master's degree for medieval music, Schola Magdalena. Associate professor of Music at York University, Martin holds degrees from the University of Toronto and Wilfrid Laurier University, and is an Associate Organist at the University of Toronto and Canadian College of Organists.

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Robin, why do you linger here when all your friends have flown?
What cold enchantment holds you fast
and turns your wings to stone?

Who made your rocky nest amid the pillars tall and grey?
The winter wind is blowing now - you should be far away!

What clever sculptor fashioned you and set you near the sky,
So twisting children, whispering, point up as they pass by?

(the bird replies)
My master was a carpenter; He built a church so great
It stretches all around the world, yet dwells within a heart.

His hands are hardened by His work: they show the marks of love.
His head a gnarled coronet wears; his spirit is a dove.

My Master, born in poverty, knew sorrow, grief and loss.
He healed the sick with selfless love, but died upon a cross.

When all the city streets are free of hunger, fear and pain
my Master shall return with joy, and I shall fly again.

Here, then, I will stay, and sing my silent song of love
until my Master comes again and turns this stone to blood.

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