Kees Schoonenbeek was born in Arnhem, the Netherlands, on October 1st 1947. He studied the piano at the Conservatory in Arnhem and completed his studies in music theory and composition at the Conservatory of Brabant in Tilburg. Schoonenbeek taught at the latter institute from 1975 till 1977, where he also won the Composition award in 1978. Before he returned to Tilburg in 1980 he taught at the university of Amsterdam at the music faculty. As a composer Schoonenbeek makes use of sound idioms which are accessible to a large audience. His compositions are very diverse and include, besides chamber music, works for choir, orchestra and wind ensembles. He became interested in wind music in 1980, the year in which he received a commission to compose for brass band, which resulted in his work "Symfonietta". Much more music for wind band followed. Kees Schoonenbeek’s interests cover a wide range of music, with a preference for English composers such as Benjamin Britten and Ralph ... (more online)

**Qualification:** Master  
**Associate:** BUMA - IPI code of the artist : I-001156705-6  
**Artist page:** https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-canzona.htm

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**About the piece**

**Title:** Eight English Poems  
**Composer:** Schoonenbeek, Kees  
**Copyright:** Copyright © Kees Schoonenbeek  
**Instrumentation:** Voice Soprano and piano  
**Style:** Modern classical  
**Comment:** 8 songs by English poets. Margo van Laak soprano, Adriaan de Wit piano

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**Kees Schoonenbeek on free-scores.com**

- listen to the audio  
- share your interpretation  
- comment  
- contact the artist

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First added the : 2019-10-03  
Last update : 2019-10-03 01:06:24
Eight English Poems

I 'Consolation'

Kees Schoonenbeek

Poem by WB Yeats

Donemus Amsterdam
head

Till I have told the sages Where

man is confor ted.

How could passion run so deep Had I never thought

Eight English Poems
Eight English Poems

32  Poco allargando

A tempo

That the crime of being born

36  Blackens all our lot?

But where the crime's committed

The crime can be forgot.

The crime can be forgot.

44  Allargando
Eight English Poems

II 'Days'

Poem by Philip Larkin

Allegro corrente

\[
\text{What are days for?}
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Days are where we live.

They come, they go.

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\text{What are days for?}
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Days are where we live.

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Days are where we live.

They come, they go.
Ah, solving that question__Brings the priest and the doctor__In their long coats__

Running over the fields._
III 'Nightclub'

Allegretto 'swing'

Poem by Louis Macneice

After the leg-show and the brandies

And all the pick-ups for tired

Men there is a feeling
Men there is a feeling

Something more is required.
down and eyes look across the room:

Sa-lo-me comes in.

bearing The head of God knows whom.

Ritenuto
IV 'A Winter Night'

Poem by William Barnes

It was a chil-ly win-ter's night And frost was glit-tering on the ground

And e-vening stars were twinkle-bright And from the gloo-my

plain a-round came no sound But where with-in the wood-girt to _ wer

Dolendo $j = 40$
the church-bell slowly struck the hour

As if that all of human birth has risen to the final day and soarking

from the worn-out earth Were called in hurry and dismay far away

And I alone of all mankind Were left in loneliness behind
Eight English Poems

V 'In her Only Way'

Poem by R Graves

Andante

When her need for you dies

And she wanders a-part

Never the to-ri-cize

On the faith-less heart,
Eight English Poems

But with man-lier virtue be content to say She both loved you and hurt you

In her only way.
Eight English Poems

VI 'Water'
Poem by Philip Larkin

Andantino

If I were called in
To

construct a religion
I should make use of water.

Going to church
would entail a

Free-scores.com
for- ding to dry, different clothes;

My li - ta - ny would em - ploy im - ages of sou - sing A

fi - rious de - vout drench,

And I should raise in the east A glass of wa - ter

Where
Any angled light

Where any angled

light

Would congregate

endlessly.
At the Party

Poem by WH Auden

Un-rhymed, un-rhyth-mi-cal, the chat-ter goes; Yet no one hears his own re-marks as prose.

Be-neath each to-pic tune-less-ly dis-cussed The ground-bass is re-ci-pro-cal mis-trust.

The names in fa-shion shut-tling to and fro Yield, when de-ciphered, mes-sa-ges of
Glissando

Misterioso

You cannot read me like an open book.

I'm more myself than you will ever look.

listen to my little song?

Perhaps I shan't be with you very long.
A howl for re-cog-ni-tion, shrill with fear,

Shakes the jam packed a-part-ment, but each ear
Is listen-ing to its hear-ing, so none hear.

Is listen-ing to its hear-ing, so none hear.
What's the best thing in the world?

June rose, by may-dew im-pear'd;
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
Truth, not cru-el to a friend

Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beau-ty, not self deck'd and curl'd
Till its pride is o-ver
Eight English Poems

13
plain:

15

Light, that ne - ver makes you wink; Memory, that gives no pain;

17

Love, when, so, you're loved a - gain What's the best thing in the world?

20

Some-thing out of it, I think.