Whispers on the Hedgerow

Alexandra N Botham
Whispers on the Hedgerow
A selection of countryside stories

Preface
All of the poems used in this work were kindly written or donated for this project. Please be sure to contact the poets before reproducing their work for any other purpose.

After comments on general style, there are two versions of the narration – one that is for adults and another for children. The Children’s Trail omits Jam and the Adult Trail omits The bawkie burd. The pieces in this booklet are numbered in order of the original performances. Please feel free to re-order the pieces and to edit the narration, adding location-specific directions for your audience.

The CD provided is an example of the work presented at Bewdley Museum gardens in 2015. Please use this as a guide, particularly for performers to refer to the atmosphere that should be created for each piece. Some of the sound effects on the recording were sourced via FreeSFX.

Programme notes
Any of the text featured in this booklet may be used in programme notes to help to explain the pieces.

General style
For performers and musical directors

Expressive markings
For the vocal parts, dynamics and other directions are always written above the line. For instrumental parts, the dynamics will be written below the line, but other directions will be above the line.

Maintain the dynamic or expression until otherwise directed.

Expressive words and phrases at the top of the stave in bold, such as ‘Bird-like’ in bar 1 of Jam, are directions for the whole group. Boxed text, such as ‘Precisely enunciated’ above the voice part in bar 50 of Jam, is directed only at the line that it is written above.

Solo voice parts
During the pieces Jam and Elderflower Cordial, the singer can be more flexible with her timing when the other instruments are not playing, as in bars 19-22 of Jam.

Noteheads
The crossed noteheads in Our Walk in Kintyre and Jam indicate a more percussive sound than a traditionally sung pitch. Please refer to the piece-specific sections for further information about this technique.
**Soundscapes**
All of the pieces can be performed or recorded with or without a soundscape. If you choose to create a soundscape for your own recording, it may help to listen to the examples on the CD. The soundscapes can be made up of sound effects, field recordings or by the performers themselves.

**Additional information about the pieces**

*The croodlin’ doo*
The soundscape should follow the text and can be made up of sound effects, field recordings or by the performers themselves.

*Elderflower Cordial*
This piece is relatively easy to follow, but it is full of emotion. Be sure to carefully note the directions for players so that the soft vocal line is not overpowered. A field recording of local birds would work very well as a soundscape for this piece.

*Nesh*
This piece is to be spoken with a Yorkshire accent. If you wish to add a soundscape to this piece, try to use the sounds that the choir make in bars 1-12 of *Our Walk in Kintyre* as a starting point.

*Jam*
The crossed noteheads in the score (as in bars 31-33) indicate an approximate pitch that is to sound almost spoken. Aim for a more percussive and harsh sound at these points.

*The bawkie burd*
The Doric text in this piece is to be spoken with a North Eastern Scottish accent – listen to examples of ‘Doric’ that are available on YouTube. If you are creating a soundscape for this piece, imagine the hunting bat’s cave and the other animals that might be out at night. On the CD recording, the choir made all of the water noises and other sound effects.

*Our Walk in Kintyre*
(o)ch = Make an ‘o’ shape with your mouth, then make a long, breathy ‘ch’ sound, as in ‘Loch’. This is to sound like waves crashing far out at sea.
(o)ch^ = Try making a steeple with your hands. Breathe in on '(o)ch' and bring your palms up to cup your mouth and nose.
(o)ch/ = With your hands steeped, breathe out on '(o)ch' and slowly open them and bring them away at a 90° angle.
(wh)s = Blow through an 'oo' shape, as in 'loop', as though you are trying to blow out candles. Whilst doing this, bring your tongue up to the roof of your mouth to make an 's' sound, drawing your tongue back to make a soft whistling sound. This is to sound like a gust of wind whipping around hilltops.

The crossed notes in bars 1-12 indicate an approximate pitch which will appear almost like a whistling sound – this should not sound like a sung ‘oo’ or ‘ah’ or even a humming sound.
**Adult Trail**

**Track 1 START**
You are now listening to the first release of the Whispers on the Hedgerow Musical Trail! The music that you will hear is based on poems about countryside memories. It’s a collection of new pieces composed by **.

At the beginning of each track, you will hear a number and the name of the piece. If you are using this trail at an event, use the map to help you find some Secret Places to stop and listen. Alternatively you can make up your own trail wherever you are! Pause your audio player and move to your first Secret Stopping Place, then press ‘play’ again when you are ready to start the trail.

**Track 2 - The croodlin' doo**
This piece is called The croodlin' doo. Michael Hamish Glen wrote the words in Doric which is a Scottish dialect. It’s all about the busy life of a woodpigeon.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

**Track 3 – Elderflower Cordial**
Elderflower Cordial is a piece about a late summer memory. The words were written by Eliza Botham.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

**Track 4 - Nesh**
Now you’ll hear about the harsh beauty of the Yorkshire landscape. This piece is called Nesh, which is northern slang meaning ‘you’re a bit delicate.’ The words were written by Char March.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

**Track 5 – Jam**
This is another piece with words by Char March, called Jam.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

**Track 6 – Our walk in Kintyre**
This is the last track on the Whispers on the Hedgerow Trail. It’s called Our Walk in Kintyre, with words by Michael Hamish Glen.
(Music)
Thank you for listening to the Whispers on the Hedgerow Trail. We hope you’ve enjoyed it.

Do tell us what you think, either by talking to us at the event or using the hashtag #Whispersonthehedgerow on Social Media.

**name removed for exam copy**
Children's Trail

Track 1 START
You are now listening to the Whispers on the Hedgerow Musical Trail! The music that you will hear is based on poems about countryside memories. It’s a collection of new pieces written by **.

At the beginning of each track, you will hear a number and the name of the piece. If you are using this trail at an event, use the map to help you find some Secret Places to stop and listen. Or you can make up your own trail wherever you are! Pause your audio player and move to your first Secret Stopping Place, then press ‘play’ again when you are ready to start the trail.

Track 2 - The croodlin' doo
This piece is called The croodlin' doo. Michael Hamish Glen wrote the words in Doric which is the way people in the North East of Scotland speak. It’s all about the busy life of a woodpigeon.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

Track 3 – Elderflower Cordial
Elderflower Cordial is a piece about two friends collecting flowers to make a summer drink. The words were written by Eliza Botham.
(Music)
Pause your device now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

Track 4 - Nesh
Now you’ll hear about what it’s like when it rains in Yorkshire! This piece is called Nesh, which is northern slang for saying ‘you’re not very tough!’ The words were written by Char March.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

Track 5 – The bawkie burd
The bawkie burd is about a bat hunting at night. The words were written by Michael Hamish Glen. Listen out for words in Doric, which you may already know is the way that people in the North East of Scotland speak. There will also be words in English.
(Music)
Pause your audio player now if you want to move to a new Secret Stopping Place.

Track 6 – Our walk in Kintyre
This is the last track on the Whispers on the Hedgerow Trail. It’s called Our Walk in Kintyre, with words by Michael Hamish Glen.
(Music)
Thank you for listening to the Whispers on the Hedgerow Trail. Do come and tell us what you thought about it.

**name removed for exam copy
The croodlin' doo
(The wood pigeon)

Words by Michael Hamish Glenn

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Sing-song and light, like a small bird} \\
P&= 80
\end{align*}
\]

\[\text{Cloudy tone, like a wood pigeon's call}\]

\[\text{Bouncy}\]

\[\text{Rhythmic and light}\]

\[\text{Fit a bo-nnie wee qui-nie, the}\]

\[\text{Rhythmic and light}\]

\[\text{pizz.}\]

\[\text{pizz.}\]
Cloudy tone, like a wood pigeon's call

Rhythmic call of a wood pigeon
the croo-dli-n' doo,

Fit a bo-nnie wee qui-nie,

scran tae stap bairn-ies' kytes.

bo-nnie wee qui-nie, the croo-dli-n'

Bo-nnie wee qui-nie, Tak

the croo-dli-n' doo, the croo-dli-n' doo,

doo, Tak heed o her sou-ghin
Distant bird calls

Repeated bird call

Cloudy tone

Shrill as a small bird

A bouncing rhythm

Tiny shrill birds

Lyrical and bouncy

Distant call

22

26
Fl.
\[ \text{coo, coo coo, coo coo.} \]
S.
\[ \text{coo, coo, coo, coo coo.} \]
A.
\[ \text{coo, coo coo, coo coo, coo, coo coo. Fo rby the fell ske lpin o wings fan she} \]

Fl.
\[ \text{mp} \]
S.
\[ \text{Tak heed o her sou ghin coo, coo, coo coo, coo coo, coo, coo coo.} \]
S.
\[ \text{Tak heed o her sou ghin coo, coo, coo coo, coo coo, coo, coo coo.} \]
A.
\[ \text{skites Fo rby the} \]
fell ske-lpin o wings fan she skites A-waa tae reive scran tae stap bairn-ies' kytes.

coo, coo, coo-coo, the croo-dli-n' doo, coo coo, coo, coo-coo.

coo, coo, coo-coo, the croo-dli-n' doo, coo coo, coo, coo-coo.

Emphatic
Elderflower Cordial

Words by Eliza Botham

We walked to the park
And sat under the elder tree
The perfume of its blossoms floating
On the summer breeze
And that's when you told me
We walked a-long the hedge-rows and picked the e-lder flow-ers
A de-li-cate ye-low haze
Specks of pollen
Glowing

On the summer breeze du-sted i-cing su-gar on our fi-ngers
We
looked for the best the most beautiful Pale green and cream

In the summer sun and we hugged each other

In the warmth of the after noon I never knew u-

Specks of pollen.

Glowing.

Sunlight

Simply

Tender, gentle vibrato

Tender, gentle vibrato
until to-day what it meant to feel sad
On a sunny day

We walked back arm in arm the dogs at our heels
In the

summer sun and I would give a-ny-thing To make this mo-ment
Fl.

S. Solo

A. Gtr.

Vln.

Vc.

\[ \text{Sunlight}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]

\[ \text{Match vocal line}\]

\[ \text{Powerful}\]

\[ \text{Awakened}\]

\[ \text{Separated}\]
Tenderly

Piercing

Fl. Solo

A. Gtr.

Vln.

Vc.

Laid them on the elder flowers

An ice-berg of sugar dissolved by

Steaming water from the kettle

You unfolded

Kettle whistle

Unfolding

Plainly

Fluid

2342
the sharp tea-cloth and laid it a cross the bowl. And the sunlight

played a-cross the kitchen. I ne-ver knew u-ntil to-day what it
meant to feel sad on a sunny day

Flowers swayed by a breeze

Later in the evening I sat with you Amongst whispering flowers
Fl.  S. Solo  Vln.  Vc.

107

in your garden Fee-ling the warmth of the se-tting sun We sa-voured the

Fl.  S. Solo  Vln.  Vc.

q = 60

co- rdial

Next year

Fl.  S. Solo  Vln.  Vc.

j = 60

Softly

Fl.  S. Solo  Vln.  Vc.

pp

I'll make it on my own

Fl.  S. Solo  Vln.  Vc.

ppp

Gentle vibrato
Last week, they said it was cold in London. A thin bit of mizzle brought them out in a rash of umbrellas, much buttoning.

Up here, cold is the landscape; rain the absolute norm. And no pissing about with mizzle, drizzle, mist – we shove through solid water that holds us lurching at gravestone angles across bucketclanking farmyards and out onto the moor.

Our air is luscious, alive, viscous, slapping us awake like a wet cod across our chops.
Words by Char March

**Jam**

Bird-like and agitated

\[ \dot{\text{J}} = 180 \]

You can store summer in jam jars the

Advertising, big
Voice

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

sun the smell the co-lour of long days and

**Lethargic**

then, in the cra-pness of Ja-nu-a-ry, you can o пен the cu-board and

**Mysterious**

Thin sound, no vibrato] Steadily revealing

**Harshly subito f**

see all those jars of jam that ne-ver set, stank the place out, are a

**Tension**

Sharply pizz.

bird call.

f

f

j = 60

mf

mf
lready choked with mould and tell you no-thing about seasons, but loads about how you've

Breathy, sympathetic

Heavier pressure gradually

Heavier pressure

Mocking, lazy

Mocking, spat

Mocking, lazy
Voice

me-ber to wipe the wa-shing line be-fore pe-gging out his white shirts,

Fl.

Vibrato

Vln.

Heavy-handed

Lighter pressure

Vc.

Self-consciously

As before

Separately bowed

Precisely

Continue separate bowing

Voice

read the le-cy me-ter dials wi-thout wee-ing he-rself, make a sho-ping list and stick to it,

Vc.

Voice

make the house-kee-ping last a month, pick all the le-nils from the fi-re's a-shes wi-thout

Fl.

A frantic bird

Vln.

Vc.
Theatrical

Mocking

Voice

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

52

ting her fingers dirty, weave nettles into swans. She

57

stirs the slurring strawberries that look like cervical cysts. She's a

60

edy thrown up in the sink twice this morning has missed her

Growing tension

Growing tension
"Can't you get yourself looking nice for once? Has forgotten to take her hair appointment"

"pills has spotted moths in the jumper drawer and that everything generally and specially"

"ci-fi-cally is un-ra-ve-lling at a rather faster rate than usual this week.\(\text{(Hh!)}\)\(\text{(audible inbreath)}\)\(\text{(*) = Do not stop to breathe}\)
The bawkie burd

Words by Michael Hamish Glen

The bawkie burd aye hings aboot
Til gloamin faa, fan he gangs oot
Tae fork fur midgecks, mochs, a flee;
His lug dargs mair nor dees his ee.

The hunting bat just hangs about
Till dusk comes down, when he goes out
In search of migdes, moths and flies;
His ears work harder than his eyes.

The bawkie burd aye hings aboot
Til gloamin faa, fan he gangs oot
Tae fork fur midgecks, mochs, a flee;
His lug dargs mair nor dees his ee.
Our walk in Kintyre

Words by Michael Hamish Glen

Expressively, with freedom

Breathily, as though carried by a sea breeze

Col legno tratto

Like sea wind

Words by Michael Hamish Glen

NB: the crossed notes are approximate pitches
Powerful

\( \sum_{\sigma} \sigma \approx b \)

\( \sigma \sum_{\sigma} \sigma \approx b \)
Continue with bowing as previously.

Broadly, with vibrato
Let the grey gulls cry in the troubled sky

Let the grey gulls cry in the troubled sky

Let the black shags screech above sea spray's reach

Let the black shags
Fl.

S.

A.

B.

Vln.

Vc.

where fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks sweep

where fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks sweep

where the fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks

sweep where the fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks

sweep where the fish swim deep

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sweep where the fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks

sweep where the fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks

sweep where the fish swim deep

Let the wrecked rocks
crush

Let the torn weed dry
Let the pe- bbles rest

Ah!
Yet what I_re-call is not wi- nter at all,
Let the sand dunes fend

best, u-ntil wi- nter's end.

best,

Ah

Ah

Distant and breathy
Relaxed and lyrical
Relaxed and lyrical

mf

pp
When a moment in spring when my spirit took wing,

But in spring my spirit took wing,

Ah, lark's spiritual cry sang to waken the sky, and the season's own lyre played the hymn of Kintyre.

Ah,