



LOW TIDE
for unaccompanied mezzo soprano

Kurt Erickson

ERUSAL USE ONLY

2020

Kurt Erickson is currently serving as Composer-in-Residence with San Francisco performing arts organization LIEDER ALIVE!, writing and premiering new commissioned works for renowned singers on their subscription concert series. His Here, Bullet song set received First Prize in the 2020 NATS Art Song competition and has been premiered by some 25 + singers across the globe. An entrepreneurial artist, he has served over ten years in multi-year composer residencies with cathedrals, dance companies, performing arts organizations, and national shrines. Noteworthy premieres and commissions include: choral works premiered by the San Francisco Girls Chorus at Davies Symphony Hall, performances of this song set Chicago Songs performed across the US, premiere performances and radio interviews at the American Guild of Organists National Convention, and a commissioned work for soprano and orchestra to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Berkeley Community Chorus & Orchestra. He is a frequent performer with his wife, acclaimed soprano Heidi Moss Erickson.

kurterickson.com

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Printed in the United States of America

Low Tide



*Premiered January 18, 2019 by soprano Carrie Hennessey
and pianist Jennifer Reason in Sacramento, California.
Benefit concert for the Sacramento Children's Chorus*

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Low Tide

Anthony Jesse

Kurt Erickson

Slow and spacious throughout ♩ = 55

Mezzo-Soprano

The tide is so low now — All the mus-sels are ex -

4

- posed. Crabs scut - tle. Sea slugs slip

7

through the mud be - tween the lit - tle pools —

9

— It had seemed to crawl — out so slow - ly —

12

while I was wat - ching. — At five she

14

wan - ted to snug - - - gle. At

15

 six - teen e - ven a hug is awk - ward. And she

16

 still has things to learn, so ma - ny things to learn. —

18

 — But not for me — For

20

 me the gulls have come — to

22

 crack me on the wea - - - thered rocks

24

 And now she must dodge — them

26

 on her own. — The tide — is so — low now.

Low Tide

by Anthony Jesse

The tide is so low now
All the mussels are exposed.

Crabs scuttle.
Sea slugs slip
through the mud
between the little pools.

It had seemed to crawl
out so slowly
while I was watching.

At five she wanted
to snuggle.
At sixteen even a hug
is awkward.

And she still has things
to learn,
so many things
to learn.

But not from me.

For me the gulls
have come
to crack me
on the weathered rocks.

And now she must dodge
them on her own.

This setting has special meaning for me, both as a father and as a personal friend of the poet. Anthony Jesse and I share many fond memories from our bohemian 20's living in San Francisco. He studied guitar at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, I was a pianist taking a gap year before graduate school. We shared a love of art, music, poetry, and

literature together in that magical time in one's life when anything and everything seemed possible. Now that I have my own family with teenage children, there is an added poignancy in setting this wonderful text written by a dear friend on a subject I know all too well.

—K.E.

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