

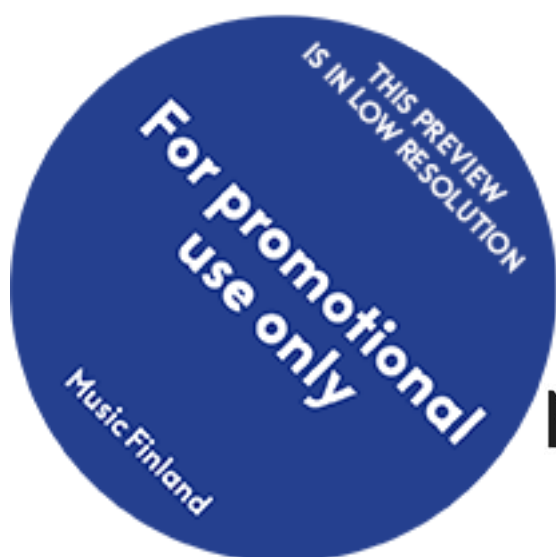
Mioko Yokoyama

Song of the Shirt

for soprano and guitar

(Thomas Hood)

2021



Music Finland

Copyright © by the Composer

All Rights Reserved

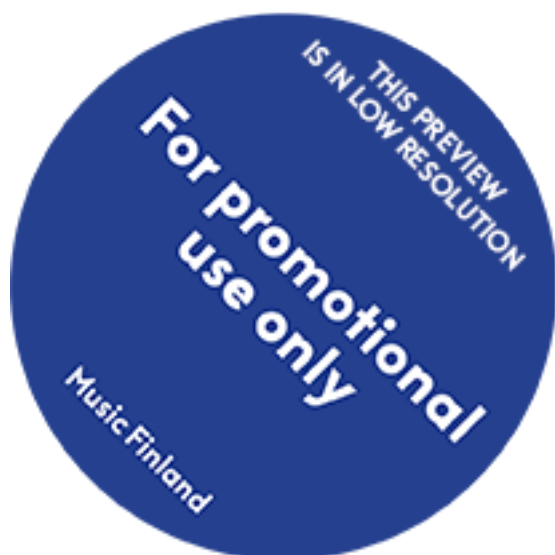
This information may be copied
in any form or by any means
without the permission of the composer



Song of the Shirt

for soprano and guitar

Mioko Yokoyama (2021)



Instrumentation

Soprano

Guitar with a slide and a short sewing thread



Song of the Shirt (1843)

Thomas Hood

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch,
In dirt,
With a needle and thread,



"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear.
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

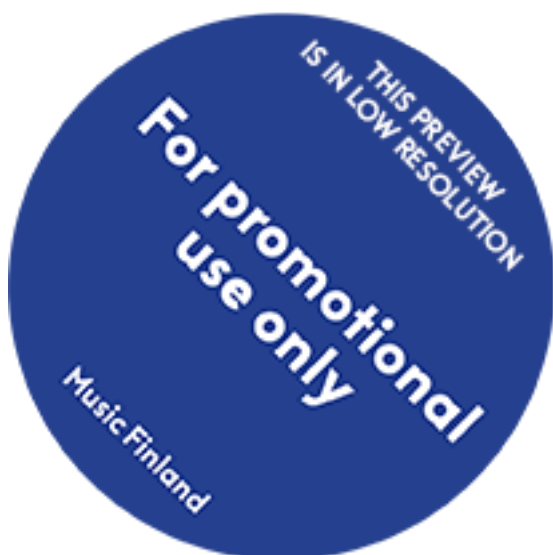
"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.



"O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"



Symbols

For soprano



Half-pitched, half-air sound



Sprechstimme

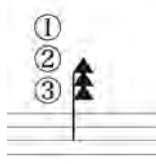


Whispering

For guitar



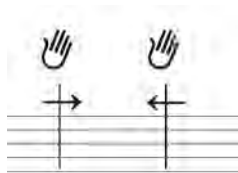
Hammering



Highest pitches of the strings,
on soundhole



Rasgueado
upwards / downwards



Rub the strings by palm
from left to right,
right to left



Half harmonics



play by nail



Dump the strings strongly by the side of the palm
and slide it from XII to X.

Map of the body of the instrument



b. 119 with a sewing thread



This piece was commissioned by Tuuli Lindberg and Petri Kumela, with support of Sibelius-Foundation of Society of Finnish Composers and Finnish cultural foundation.



Song of the Shirt

Mioko Yokoyama (2021)

Moderato (♩ = 84)

Soprano

Guitar

p

Melody from "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"

5

mp

9

p *pp* *p* *mp*

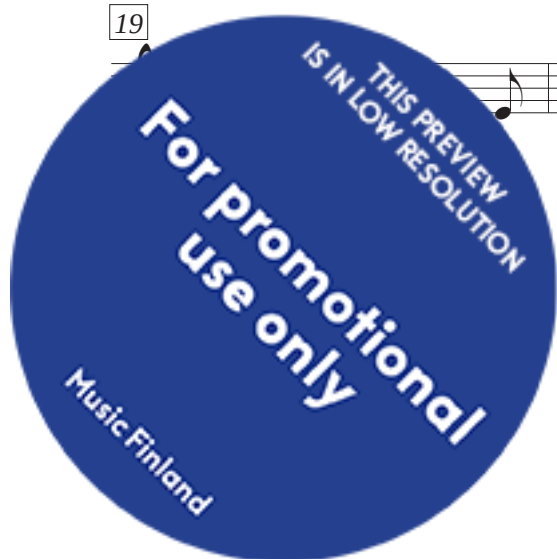
15

p *mp*

19

+ Slide to L.H.

pp



23

p *f* *f* *p*
tired

[r] [ha]

Tap the body of the instrument

R.H.

L.H.

p ⑥ Hammering

mp

27

p *mp*

[r]

30

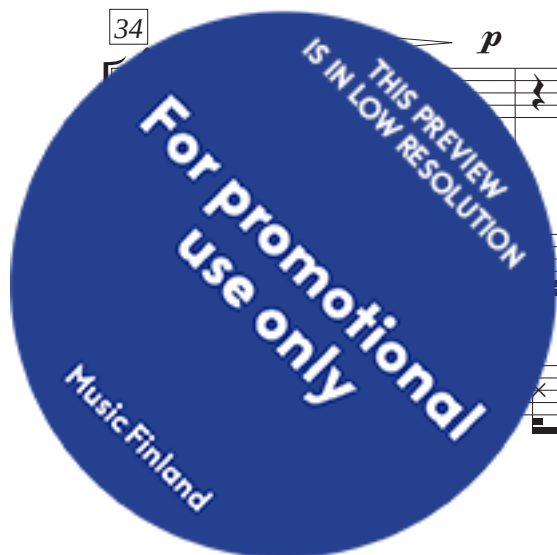
p *mf* *f* *p*

[r] [ha]

34

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

[r] [r]



38 *f* *p*

[ha]

mp

⑥ *mf*

41 *p*

With fin-gers

p

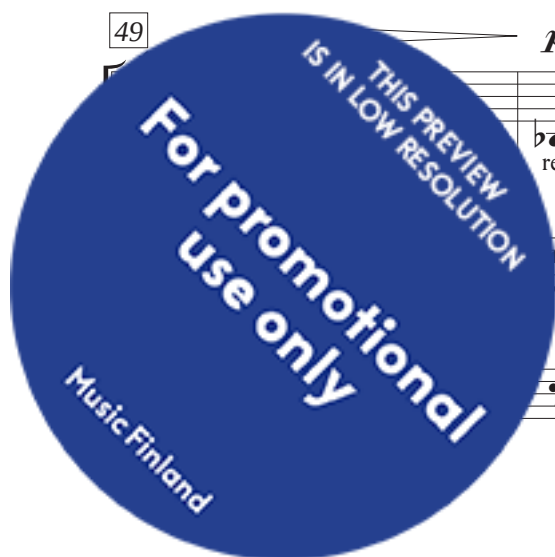
① ② ③

45 *mp* *p* *p*

weary and worn, With eye-lids

49 *p* *p*

red, A wo - man



53 *mf*

sat in un - wo - man - ly rags, —

mf *p*

IX XII *p*

Slide

58 *p* *mp*

Ply - ing her nee - dle and thread Stitch! stitch! stitch!

cresc. *mf*

Slide VIII XII VI

62 *p* *mp* *p*

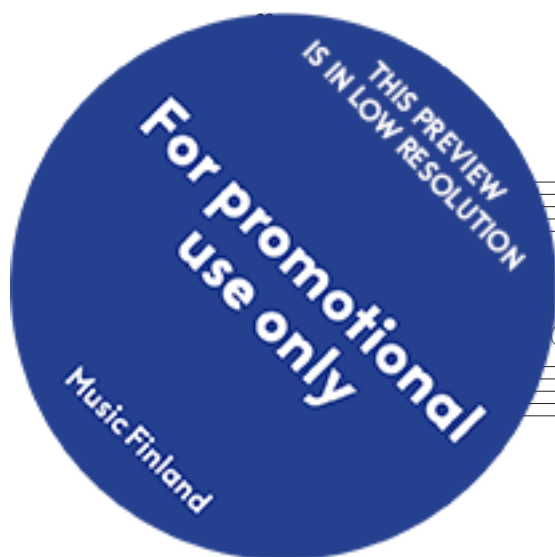
In po - ver - ty, hun - ger, and dirt, And still with a voice of do - lo - rous pitch

④ ③ ⑥ ⑤ ④ ⑥ ⑤ ④

"Song of the Shirt."

⑤ ④

p



72 *f* *mf* *f*

"Work! work! work! While the cock is crow - ing aloof! And work work work,

R.H. *f* *mf* *f*

L.H. Slide XII → X → XII → X → XII → X → XII Hammering ⑥ XII → X → XII → X → XII → X → XII

75 *mf* *mp*

Till the stars shine through the roof! It's O! to be a slave A - long with the barba-rous-Turk,

mf *mp*

78 *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

Where — wo - man has ne - ver a Rub strings by a palm

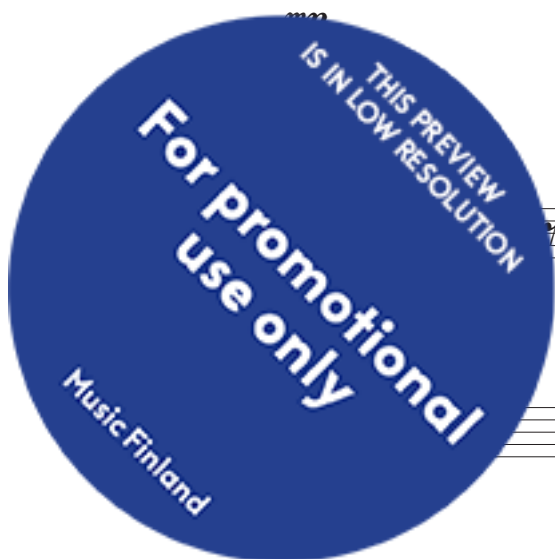
p *mp*

Whispering *pp*

If this is Chris - tian work!

Slide VII →

mp



84 *f* *mf* *f*

'Work work work Till the brain be-gins to swim; Work work work,

XII → X → XII → X → XII → X → XII

Slide XII → X → XII → X → XII → X → XII

f *mf* *f*

87 *mf* *f* *subito p*

Till the eyes are heavy and dim! Seam, and gus - set, and band, and gus - set,

mf *f* *mp*

89 *mp* *f*

and seam, and gus - set, and band, and gus - set, and seam, and gus - set,

Body of the instrument

f

92 *mp*

Till o - ver the but - tons I fall a - sleep

Slide XII → VI

Hammering ⑥

f

dolce *p* *p*

on in a dream!

p *p*



99

104 *pp dolce* *mp*

"O, men, with sis - ters dear! O, men, with

p

108 *p* *mp*

mo - ther and wives! It is not li - nen you're wear - ing out,

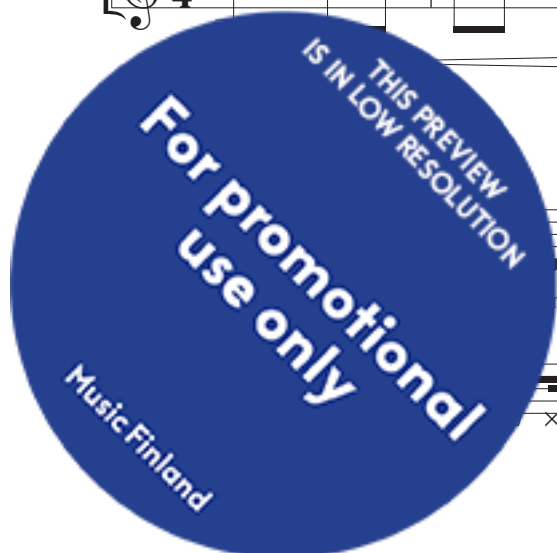
mp

110 *f* *mf tired*

But hu - man crea - tures' lives! Sti - tch sti - tch sti -

f *mf* *mp* *p*

po - ver - ty, hun - ger and dirt,



116 *mf* *p*

Sew - ing at once, with a dou - ble th - read, A Shroud as well as a

mf *p*

simile

VII

⑥ ⑤ ④

118 *mf* *rit.* *Lento* $\text{♩} = 42$ *pp* *pp*

Shirt + Thread But why

Scratching the string with a thread

p

⑥

123

do I talk of death? _

128 *p* *dolce* *mf*

That phan - tom of g - ris - ly bone, I hard - ly fear his terri - ble shape,

3 3

131 *pp*

It seems so like my own _ It seems so like my own _ Without a thread, + Slide

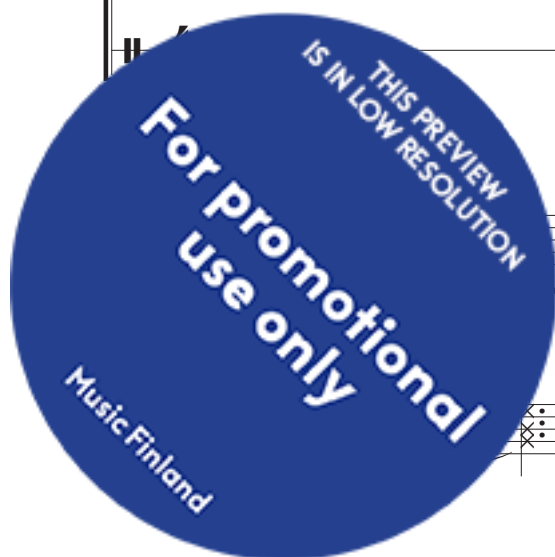
3 3

④ IX ③ IX ⑤ XI

I keep; Oh God! that bread should be so dear.

mf

④ IX ③ IX ⑤ XI



137 *riten. pp* *accel.* -----

And fleash and blood so cheap!

mp *cresc.* -----

⑥

140 (*accel.*) ----- **Tempo I** $\text{♩} = 84$

R.H. *(cresc.)* ----- *mf*

L.H.

143 *p*

Work

f Slide

IX → IV → IX → IV → IX → V → IV → V →

mp

146 *mp > p* *mf > p*

work

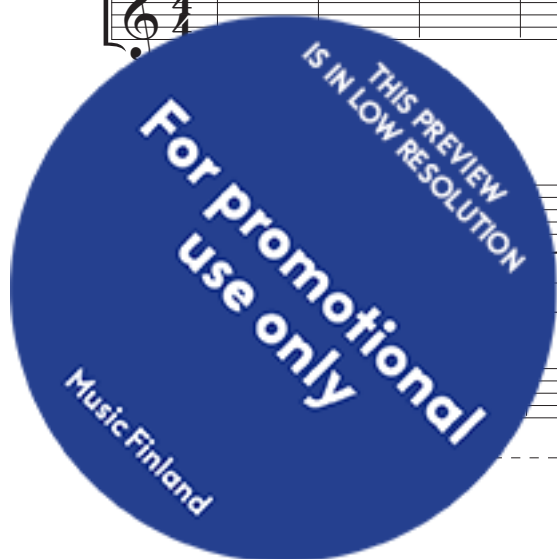
IX → IV → IX → IV → X → XI → XII → XIII → IX → IV → IX → IV →

cresc. -----

f

IX → IV → IX → IV → X → XI → XII → XIII →

f



152

mf *f*

[wo] [a]

IX → IV → IX → IV → IX → IV → IX → IV → IX → IV → IX → IV →

155

f *mp dolce*

My la - bour ne - ver flags; And what are its wa - ges A

R.H.

L.H.

IX → IV → IX → X → XI

⑥ Hammering

158

cresc. *f* *mf*

bed of straw, A crust of bread and rags. That

VII finger

mp cresc.

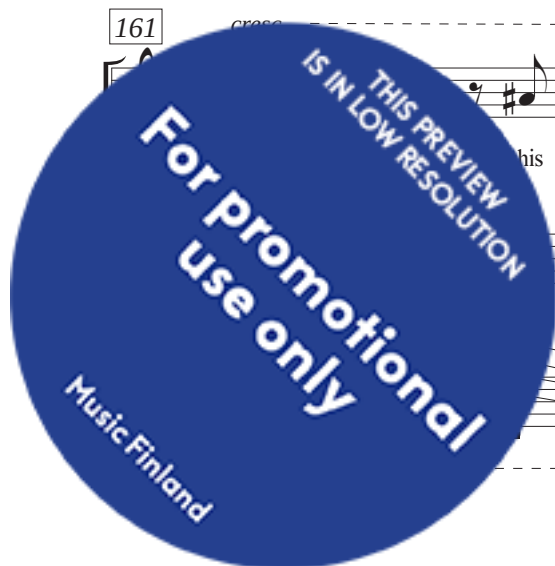
161

cresc. *f*

this na - ked floor A table a bro - ken chair

VII XI VII

4



165 *f*

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

mp

mf

167 *mf*

For so - me - ti - mes fall - ing there!

Without a slide

170 *f* *mf* *f*

"Work work work! From wea - ry chime to chime, Work work work,

R.H.

L.H. *f* *mf* *f*

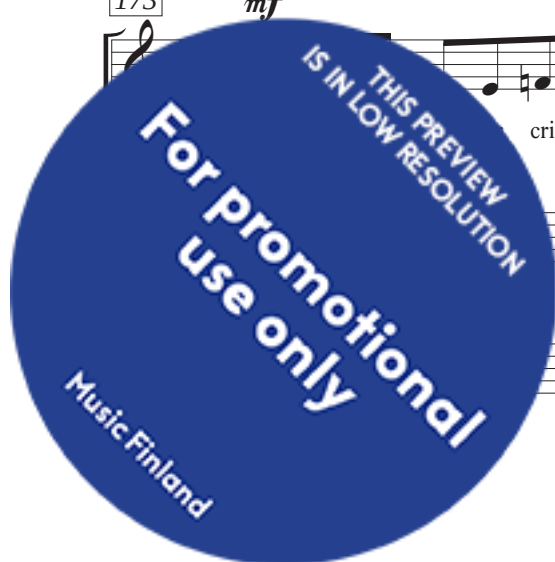
XII → X XII → X XII → X XII → X

simile

173 *mf* *f*

cri - me! Band, and gus - set, and seam, Seam, and gus - set, and band,

f



176 *sempre f*

Band, and gus - set, and seam, Seam, and gus - set, and band, Till the heart is sick,

XII → X

f

179 *ff*

and the brain be - numbed, Band, and gusset, and seam, Seam, and gusset, and band,

ff

IV V XIX

IV V XVII

182

Band, and gusset, and seam, Seam, and gusset, and band, As well as the

IV V XVI

IV V XIV

XIII

185

mp

f

hand.

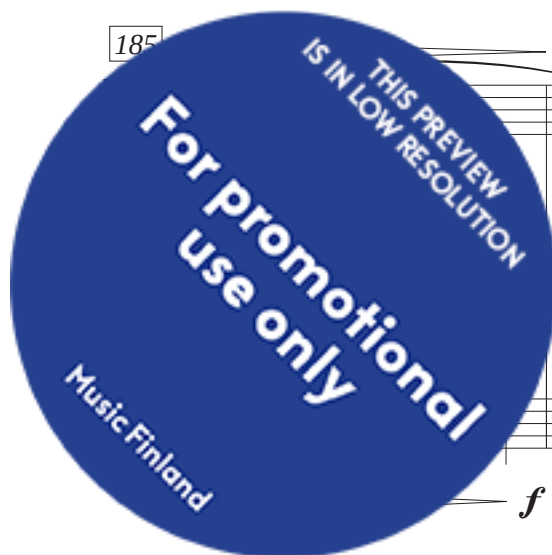
"Work

work

work,

f XII → X

f



188 *p* *f*

In the dull De - cem - ber light, And work work work,

p *f* XII → X XII → X X XII → X

191 *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

When the wea - ther is warm and bright While un - der - neath the eaves

XV V XIII V

f *mp* *f* *mp*

193 *mf* *mp*

The brood - ing swa - llows cling As if to show me their sun - ny backs

X IV

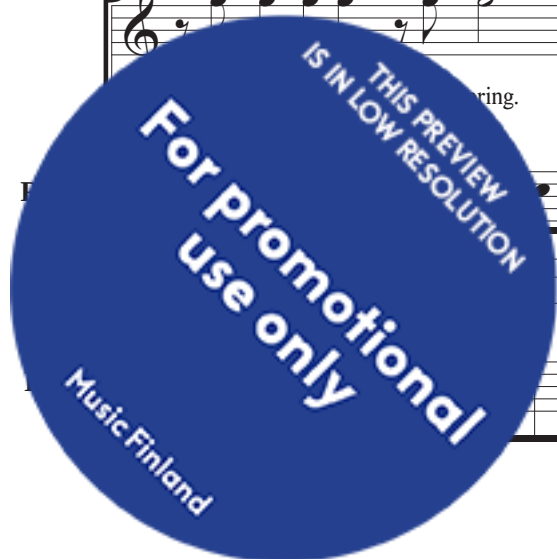
mf *mp* *p*

195 *f* *p* *p*

ring. "O! but to

ff *mf* *mp* *p*

XIX



200

breathe the breath

203

p

Of the cow - slip and prim - rose

p

206

mp dolce

sweet With the sky

mp

209

p

Whispering *pp*

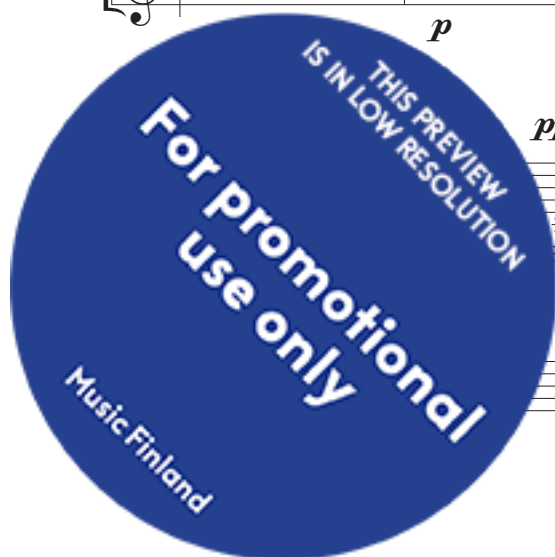
above my head, No blessed leisure for Love or hope, —

p

pp

But on ly time for grief!

pp



217

A lit - tle weep - ing would ease my heart, But in their

pp

221

bri - ny bed My tears must stop, for

mp *p* *mp* *p dolce*

226

e - very drop Hin - ders nec - dle and thread!"

mp *p* *pp*

gliss.

3

3

+ Thread

229 Lento ♩ = 42

[wo]

pp

Scratching the string with a thread

6

ppp

[wo] [wo] [wo] [wo]

ppp



Tempo I (♩ = 84)

236 *p*

With fin - gers wea - ry and worn,

240

With eye - lids hea - vy and red,

244 *mp*

A wo-man sat in un - wo-man - ly rags, Ply - ing her nee - dle and thread

247 *p*

Stitch! stitch! stitch! In po - ver - ty, hun - ger, and dirt, And

251

still with a voice of do - lo - rous pitch, Would that its tone could

Whispering
pp

She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

pp

