JOAN SZYMKO

LOOK OUT

a setting of poetry by
Wendell Berry
for
SATB CHORUS
&
piano

JOAN SZYMKO

Joan Szymko (b.1957) is widely regarded as an outstanding choral composer in North America today. Her works consistently display a discerning, stirring marriage of words and music. The American Choral Directors Association recognized Szymko's lasting impact on the choral arts in North



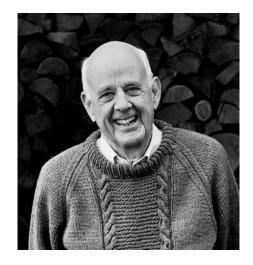
America by selecting her as a recipient of the prestigious Raymond W. Brock Memorial Commission (2010) Notably, her music has been sung on stage or in sessions at every national ACDA conference since 2003. A dynamic conductor, Joan has led choirs in the Pacific Northwest for over forty years. As a visiting artist, Szymko has workshopped her compositions with choirs in academic and festival setting in the US and abroad. As a resident composer and performer with Portland's *Do Jump! Movement Theater*, she created underscoring for major touring productions, earning praise from the New York Times for her "ethereal vocal music." Szymko's catalog of over 150 choral works can be explored on her website: www.joanszymko.com

WENDELL BERRY (b.1934)

"Poet, novelist, and environmentalist Wendell Berry lives in Port Royal, Kentucky near his birthplace, where he has maintained a farm for over 40 years. Mistrustful of technology, he holds deep reverence for the land and is a staunch defender of agrarian values. He is the author of over 50 books of poetry, fiction, and essays. His poetry celebrates the holiness of life and everyday miracles often taken for granted. In 2016, Berry was awarded the Ivan Sandrof Lifetime Achievement Award by the National Books Critics Circle. In 2010, Barack Obama awarded him with the National Humanities Medal." —"Wendell Berry" / www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/wendell-berry

NOTES from the COMPOSER

Wendell Berry penned "Look Out" as a response to the US invasion of Iraq in 2003, which has been perceived by many as a "war for oil." (Numerous investigations since have confirmed that there was indeed no factual basis to any of the Bush administration's justifications for the incursion.) I have set several poems by Berry; I admire his eloquent and economical use of language. "Look Out" really hit viscerally. It became a potent vessel in which to pour my grief over the seemingly bottomless, soulless greed of those who wield power over land, people, governments, information – over the very future of our children. But Berry's poem, and this choral setting have an arc where the conclusion of the work is really a beginning; a gathering of energy, courage and heart. This is a work of dramatic intensity. Lean in. Focus on tone color and articulation to express the shifting timbre of the narrative: pastoral, foreboding, forewarning and finally, an affirmative call to action.



"Over the years, he has called himself an agrarian, a pacifist, and a Christian—albeit of an eccentric kind. He has written against all forms of violence and destruction—of land, communities, and human beings—and argued that the modern American way of life is a skein of violence. He is an anti-capitalist moralist and a writer of praise for what he admires: the quiet, mostly uncelebrated labor and affection that keep the world whole and might still redeem it."—"Wendell Berry's Lifelong Dissent". / Britton-Purdy, Jedediah (September 9, 2019) *The Nation*.

Look Out

by Wendell Berry

Come to the window, look out, and see the valley turning green in remembrance of all springs past and to come, the woods perfecting with immortal patience the leaves that are the work of all of time, the sycamore whose white limbs shed the history of a man's life with their old bark, the river quivering under the morning's breath like the touched skin of a horse, and you will see also the shadow cast upon it by fire, the war that lights its way by burning the earth. Come to your windows, people of the world, look out at whatever you see wherever you are, and you will see dancing upon it that shadow. You will see that your place, wherever it is, your house, your garden, your shop, your forest, your farm, bears the shadow of its destruction by war which is the economy of greed which is plunder which is the economy of wrath which is fire. The Lords of War sell the earth to buy fire, they sell the water and air of life to buy fire. They are little men grown great by willingness to drive whatever exists into its perfect absence. Their intention to destroy any place is solidly founded upon their willingness to destroy every place.

Every household of the world is at their mercy, the households of the farmer and the otter and the owl are at their mercy. They have no mercy. Having hate, they can have no mercy. Their greed is the hatred of mercy. Their pockets jingle with the small change of the poor. Their power is the willingness to destroy everything for knowledge which is money which is power which is victory which is ashes sown by the wind.

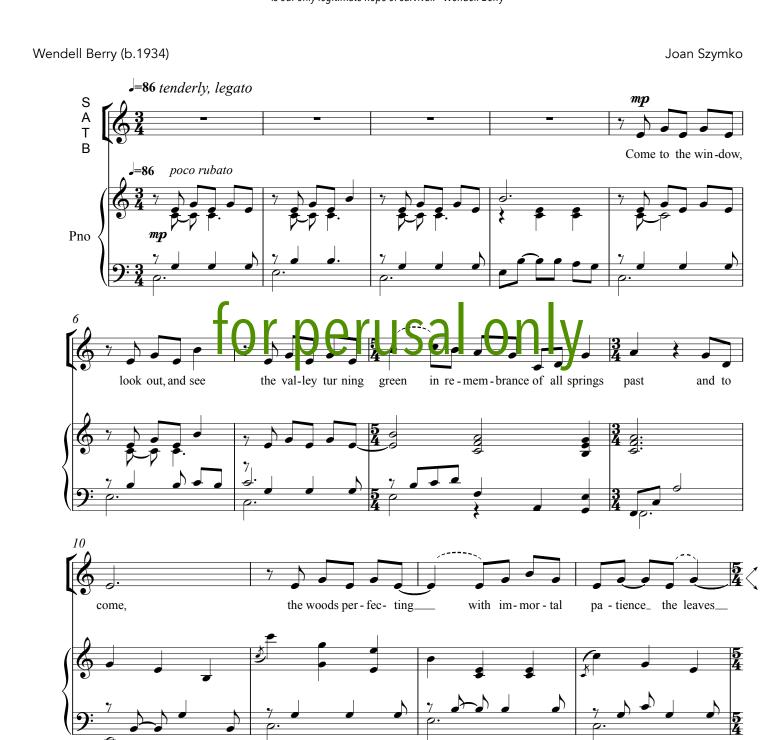
Leave your windows and go out, people of the world, go into the streets, go into the fields, go into the woods and along the streams. Go together, go alone. Say no to the Lords of War which is Money which is Fire. Say no by saying yes to the air, to the earth, to the trees, yes to the grasses, to the rivers, to the birds and the animals and every living thing, yes to the small houses, yes to the children. Yes.

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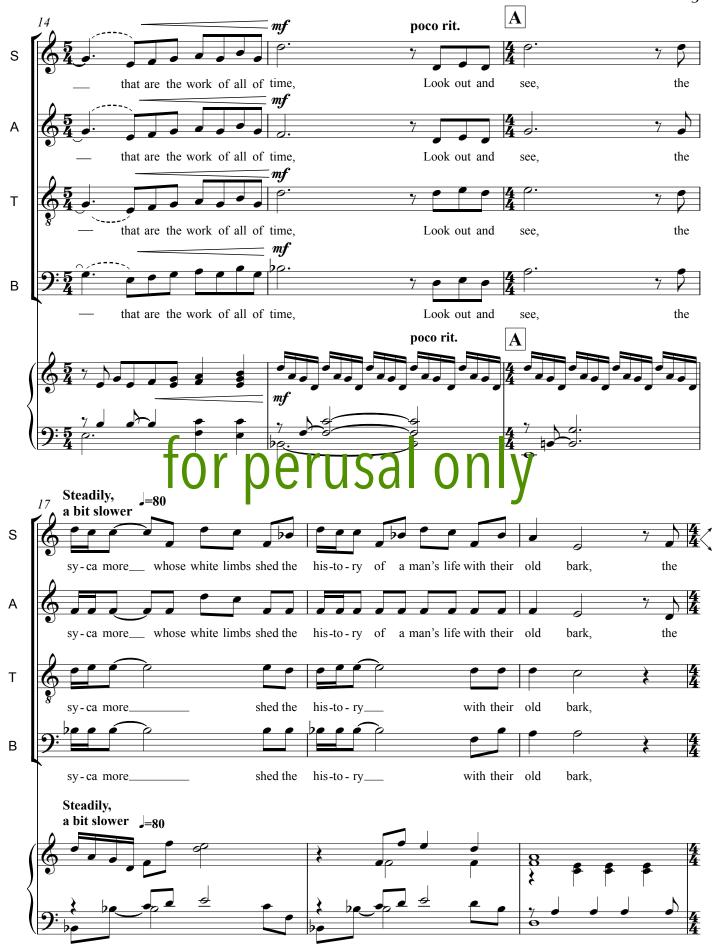
Commissioned by Women in Harmony of Portland, Maine, Catherine Beller-McKenna, Director

Look Out

To cherish what remains of the Earth and to foster its renewal is our only legitimate hope of survival.— Wendell Berry







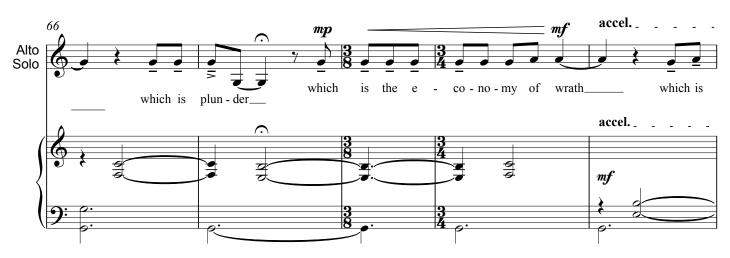




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