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# Living with Squirrels

for SATB chorus and piano

Jonathan Santore

Notes:

- 1) Unless otherwise indicated, single notes on a vocal line should be sung in unison by both parts notated on that line.
- 2) Unless otherwise indicated, eighth-note values remain constant across meter changes throughout the piece.

The poems "The Mushroom Poem," "Peepers," and "Living with Squirrels" are all Copyright ©2008 by Elizabeth Ahl, and set here by permission of the author. These poems were first published in her book *A Thirst That's Partly Mine* (Sleepy Hollow, NY: Slapering Hol Press, 2008)

Commissioned by the New Hampshire Master Chorale  
Dan Perkins, Music Director

To Liz, Dan, and all of us who are "creating our own culture in the woods of New Hampshire"

# Living with Squirrels

Liz Ahl

Jonathan Santore

## I. The Mushroom Poem

Apprehensively (♩ = 60)

Soprano Alto  
Tenor Bass  
Piano

*mp*  
Each day the white mush-room grows.

*mp*  
Apprehensively (♩ = 60)

*sfz*  
*mf*

Con ped.

Nervously (♩ = 72)

S  
A  
T  
B

*mf*  
At first, I thought it was a dog's lost ball

*mf*  
Nervously (♩ = 72)  
(non staccato)

*f*  
*mf*

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6

S  
A

nes-tled in a man-gy patch of lawn. For days, the crows won't ap-proach it;

T  
B

short

short

short

short

With foreboding (♩ = 48)

8

S  
A

when they fi-nal-ly dare, they cir-cle it war-i-ly - it is so white and for-eign in the

T  
B

mp

mp

3 3

With foreboding (♩ = 48)

mp

11

S  
A

grass. Each morn-ing I look out the

T  
B

pp

mf

mf

3

poco rall. ----- Come prima

mf

mp

mf

3

3

Warmly; wonderingly (♩ = 60)

194

S  
A

them. The trap has been i - dle and emp - ty for days, the poi - sons used —

T  
B

Warmly; wonderingly (♩ = 60)

*mp*

Con ped.

199

S  
A

— or tossed, the sealed holes — un-plugged Bring your bour-bon — and crack-ers to the deck at

T  
B

*cresc.* *poco rall.*

*cresc.* *poco rall.*

204

S  
A

dusk. — Feel the reds peer-ing at you from their holes. — Tilt your head back and watch the

T  
B

*a tempo* *mf*

*a tempo* *mf*

210

S  
A

T  
B

grays glide from the peak of the roof. Lis-ten for the scritch of a bat or two un-der the eaves.

*mp*

216

S  
A

T  
B

Drink your bour - bon and head in for the night. Leave the

Altos *p*

Basses *p*

*mp*

*p*

221

S  
A

T  
B

crack - ers.

*pp*

*pp*

rall.-----

rall.-----

*pp*

*pp*