

Bass Clarinet

Shooting Darts in London

Poetry - Jacob Miller (1977)

Music - Peter Jarvis (2015)

Shooting Darts in London
Music - Peter Jarvis, Opus 36 (2015)
Poem – Jacob Miller (1977)

Instrumentation

- Bass Clarinet
- Horn in F
- Trumpet in B flat
- Bass Trombone
- Narrator
- Drum Set
- Electric Guitar

Performance Notes

- Accidentals apply only to the register in which they appear and are cancelled at the bar line in the traditional manner.
- There is no drum set part; therefore the drummer and narrator read from score. There are parts for all of the other players.
- The Narrator must be amplified.
- Solo durations do not need to be exact, i.e. if a solo says 5 bars; it can be a bit shorter or longer at the discretion of the player.
- The drumset has no notated music; therefore it can consist of any number of drums and cymbals. However, the drum set should be traditional and consist of only drums and cymbals.
- The electric guitar should be heard with effects throughout.
- Mute substitutions may be made at the discretion of the players.

Program Note

Agreeing to my request, Jacob Miller sent me several of his poems for consideration, for this project. I admire Jacob's work very much and I was taken by each poem he sent. Having too much material to work with, which is a nice "problem" to have, I immediately chose ***Shooting Darts in London***. I instantly connected with the poetry as such, and I have been a league dart player for many years.

The piece is divided into sections of poetry with drumset and sections where the ensemble plays without percussion or words. So, the piece is ever shifting from duo to quintet and never employs the entire ensemble at any one time.

- Peter Jarvis

Shooting Darts in London, 1977

Beside the old oak bar
in the Chelsea Pub,
we were the young Yanks,
with our most precious asset,
our inexperience,
leading us by our longings.

Waiting to shoot darts,
engine already revving,
you were the girl
rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

“Can we go?”

“No, let’s have another pint.”

And we did stay,
drank too much,
even eventually
shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing
in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half-out of your mind.

Then you fell into my arms,
your eyes blinking hope,
lashes fluttering promise—
“I’ll always love you,” you said,
“and I’ll never leave you.”

And even today,
I can hear your words,
like distant music
fading down a hall.

Of course, I knew it was all
nonsense,
even then, even when
I saw nothing ahead
but our end.

It was just two years later,
you left over coffee—

“Oh, this coffee’s good,”
you politely remarked,
“Can I have another cup
and a divorce?”

“Why?”

“Because I’m thirsty.”

“No, not the coffee—
the divorce?”

You squinted at that—
perhaps saw again
the cork bulls-eye—
then let the feathered dart fly.

--Jacob Miller

Bass Clarinet in B \flat

To Jacob Miller

Shooting Darts in London

Poem by Jacob Miller

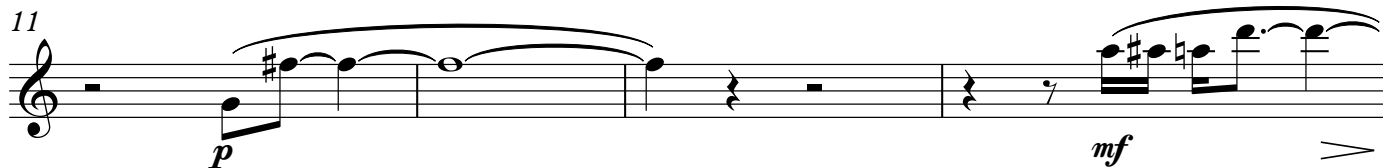
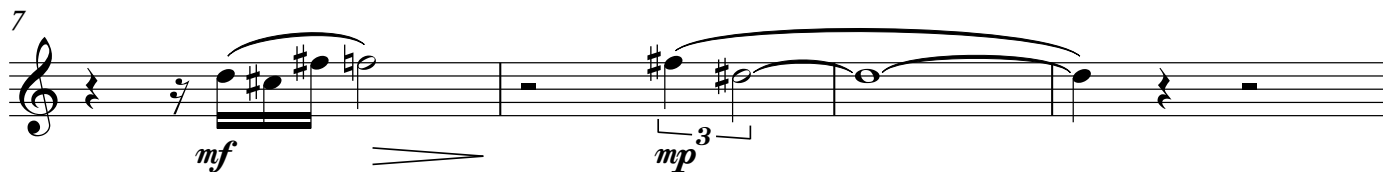
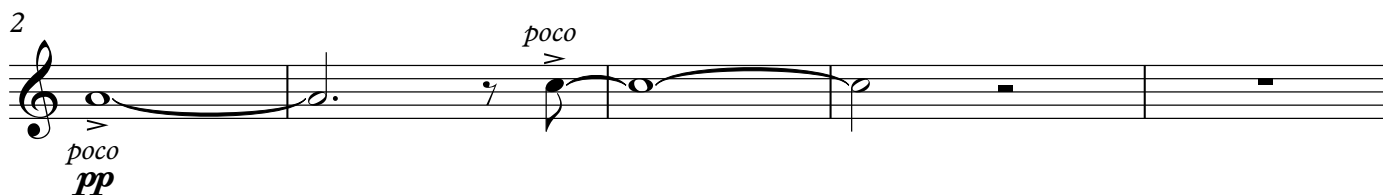
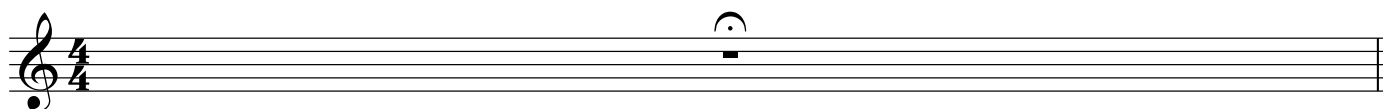
Peter Jarvis (2014)

Opus 36

Besides the old oak bar
in the great Chelsea Pub,
we were young Yanks,
with our most precious asset,
our experience,
leading us by our longings.

$\text{♩} = 76$

60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



Shooting Darts in London - Bass Clarinet

Waiting to shoot darts, engine already revving,
you were the girl rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

"Can we go?"

"No Let's have another pint."

And we did stay, drank too much,
even eventually shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half out of your mind.

60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

19

20

$\text{♩} = 84$
unis. hn.

f

22

f

25

unis. gtr.

mf
poco

28

unis. tpt.

ff

30

3

solo

f

Then you fell into my arms,
 your eyes blinking hope,
 lashes fluttering promise -
 "I'll always love you," you said,
 "and I'll never leave you."

Of course, I knew it was
 all nonsense,
 even then, even when
 I saw nothing ahead
 but our end.

40 60 - 90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

41 **10**

Improvise through measure 51 (9 bars)

52 end improvisation

It was just two years later,
 you left over coffee-

"Oh, this coffee's good,"
 you politely remarked,
 "Can I have another cup
 and a divorce."

54 60 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

Shooting Darts in London - Bass Clarinet

55 $\text{♩} = 76$

mf 3 *p* *poco*

59

mf 3 *poco* *p*

62

mp 3

65

mf

67

2

70

mf 3

You squinted at that-
perhaps saw again
ther cork bulls-eye-
then let the feathered dart fly.

20 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

73

Horn in F

Shooting Darts in London

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leading us by our longings.

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engine already revving,
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rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

“Can we go?”

“No, let’s have another pint.”

And we did stay,
drank too much,
even eventually
shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
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despite throwing
in the blind,
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half-out of your mind.

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lashes fluttering promise—
“I’ll always love you,” you said,
“and I’ll never leave you.”

And even today,
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“Why?”

“Because I’m thirsty.”

“No, not the coffee—
the divorce?”

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perhaps saw again
the cork bulls-eye—
then let the feathered dart fly.

--Jacob Miller

Horn in F

To Jacob Miller

Shooting Darts in London

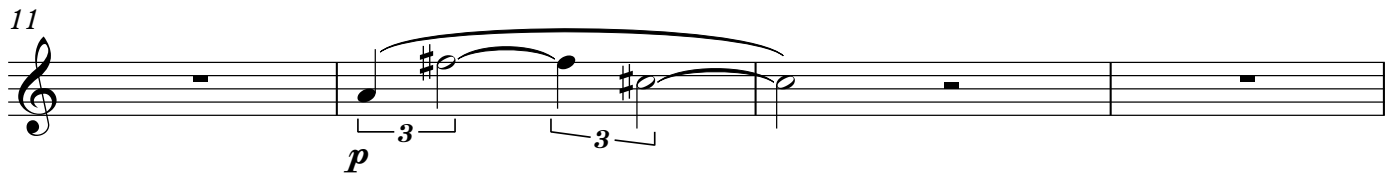
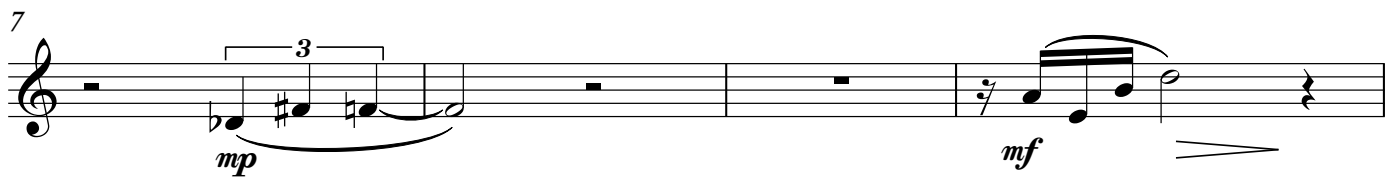
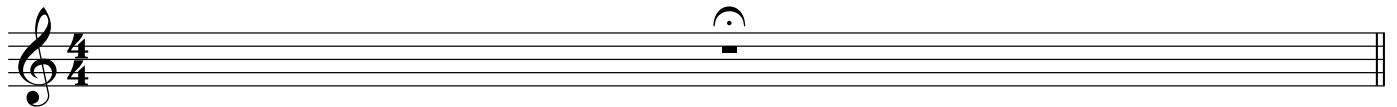
Poem by Jacob Miller

Peter Jarvis (2014)

Opus 36

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in the great Chelsea Pub,
we were young Yanks,
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♩ = 76 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



Shooting Darts in London - Horn in F

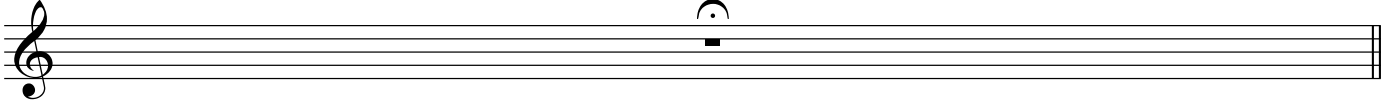
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despite throwing in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half out of your mind.

19 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



$\text{♩} = 84$

20 unis. b. cl.



f

24



mf

*poco
mf*

28



poco

*poco
mf*

poco

31



f

33



38 B. Tbn. 3 unis.

Then you fell into my arms,
 your eyes blinking hope,
 lashes fluttering promise -
 "I'll always love you," you said,
 "and I'll never leave you."

Of course, I knew it was
 all nonsense,
 even then, even when
 I saw nothing ahead
 but our end.

40 60 - 90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

41 **7** Improvise through measure 47 (7 bars)

48 **5** end improvisation

It was just two years later,
 you left over coffee-
 "Oh, this coffee's good,"
 you politrly remarked,
 "Can I have have another cup
 and a divorce."

And even today,
 I can hear your words,
 like distant music
 fading down the hall

54 60 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

Shooting Darts in London - Horn in F

55 $\text{♩} = 76$

mf

59 unis. b. tbn. unis. tpt.

62

mp

65

mf

68

mf

71

You squinted at that-
perhaps saw again
ther cork bulls-eye-
then let the feathered dart fly.

73 20 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

Trumpet in B flat

Shooting Darts in London

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with our most precious asset,
our inexperience,
leading us by our longings.

Waiting to shoot darts,
engine already revving,
you were the girl
rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

“Can we go?”

“No, let’s have another pint.”

And we did stay,
drank too much,
even eventually
shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing
in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half-out of your mind.

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lashes fluttering promise—
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perhaps saw again
the cork bulls-eye—
then let the feathered dart fly.

--Jacob Miller

Trumpet in B \flat

To Jacob Miller

Shooting Darts in London

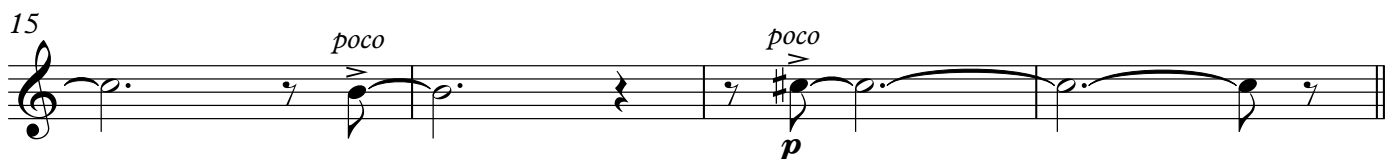
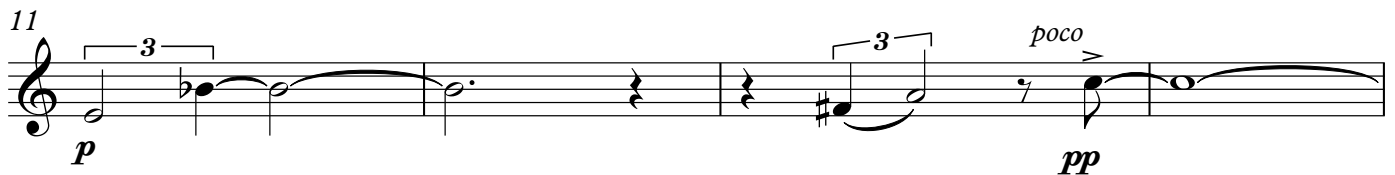
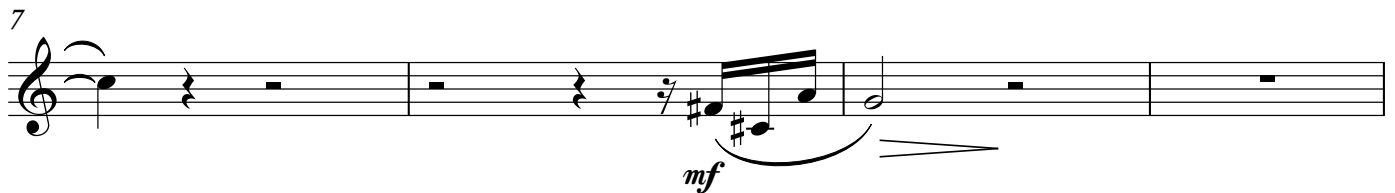
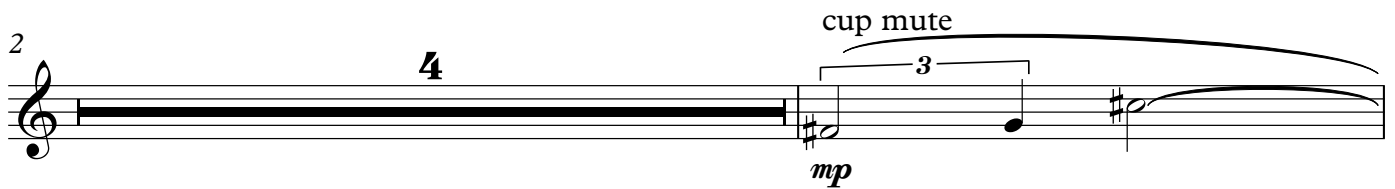
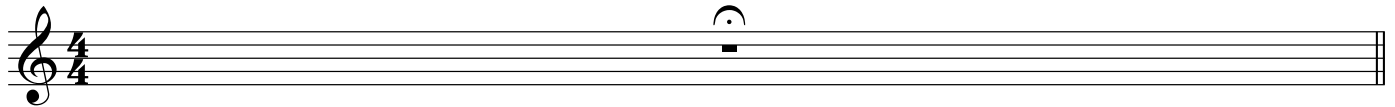
Poem by Jacob Miller

Peter Jarvis (2014)

Opus 36

Besides the old oak bar
in the great Chelsea Pub,
we were young Yanks,
with our most precious asset,
our experience,
leading us by our longings.

$\text{♩} = 76$ 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



Shooting Darts in London - Trumpet in B \flat

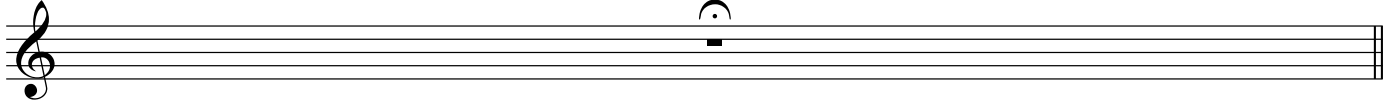
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you were the girl rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

"Can we go?"

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And we did stay, drank too much,
even eventually shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half out of your mind.

19 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



20 $\text{♩} = 84$ *senza mute*
unis. b. tbn.
solo

ff

22

24

mf *poco mf*

28 *solo* *unis. b. cl.*

ff

30

7

38 B. Tbn. 3 unis.

Then you fell into my arms,
 your eyes blinking hope,
 lashes fluttering promise -
 "I'll always love you," you said,
 "and I'll never leave you."

Of course, I knew it was
 all nonsense,
 even then, even when
 I saw nothing ahead
 but our end.

40 60 - 90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

41 **4** **8** **8**
 Improvise through measure 52 (8 bars)

It was just two years later,
 you left over coffee-

 "Oh, this coffee's good,"
 you politely remarked,
 "Can I have have another cup
 and a divorce."

And even today,
 I can hear your words,
 like distant music
 fading down the hall

54 60 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

55 *cup mute* *poco* $\text{♩} = 76$ *poco* *p*

4

Shooting Darts in London - Trumpet in B \flat

59 **2** **3** **3** **3**

unis. hn.

65 *poco*

p *mf*

68

70

72 **3**

You squinted at that-
perhaps saw again
ther cork bulls-eye-
then let the feathered dart fly.

20 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

73

Bass Trombone

Shooting Darts in London

Poetry - Jacob Miller (1977)

Music - Peter Jarvis (2015)

Shooting Darts in London
Music - Peter Jarvis, Opus 36 (2015)
Poem – Jacob Miller (1977)

Instrumentation

- Bass Clarinet
- Horn in F
- Trumpet in B flat
- Bass Trombone
- Narrator
- Drum Set
- Electric Guitar

Performance Notes

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in the Chelsea Pub,
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Waiting to shoot darts,
engine already revving,
you were the girl
rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

“Can we go?”

“No, let’s have another pint.”

And we did stay,
drank too much,
even eventually
shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing
in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half-out of your mind.

Then you fell into my arms,
your eyes blinking hope,
lashes fluttering promise—
“I’ll always love you,” you said,
“and I’ll never leave you.”

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I can hear your words,
like distant music
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nonsense,
even then, even when
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and a divorce?”

“Why?”

“Because I’m thirsty.”

“No, not the coffee—
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Bass Trombone

To Jacob Miller

Shooting Darts in London

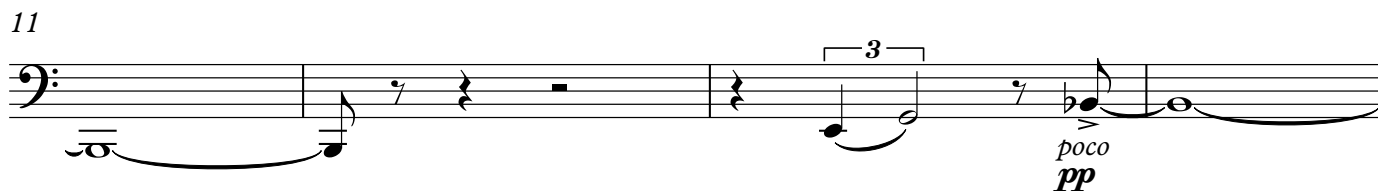
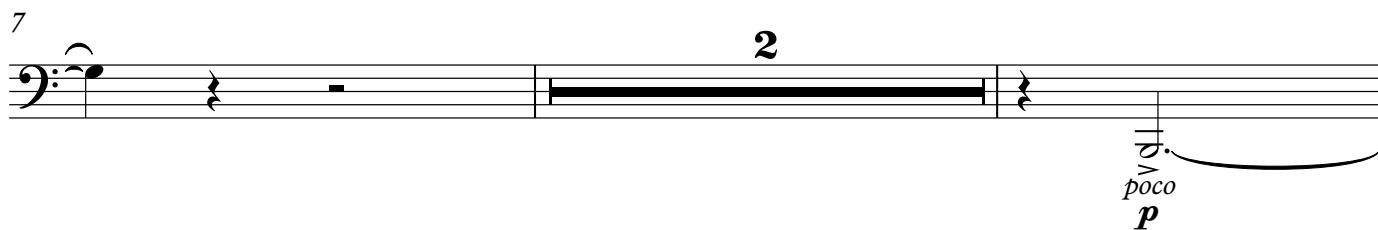
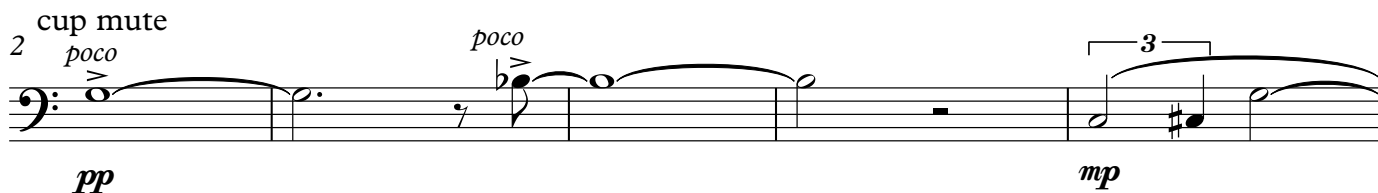
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♩ = 76 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



Shooting Darts in London - Bass Trombone

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19 ♩ = 84 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

20 senza mute solo

ff

22 unis. tpt.

f

24

poco
mf

28

poco *sim.*
mf

30 solo

ff

32

34 B. Cl. ft. ord.

36

38 unis.

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40 60 - 90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

41 **2** **10** Improve through measure 48 (5 bars)

It was just two years later,
 you left over coffee-

"Oh, this coffee's good,"
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 "Can I have have another cup
 and a divorce."

54 60 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

Shooting Darts in London - Bass Trombone

55 $\text{♩} = 76$ cup mute

59 unis. hn.

62

65

67

69

71

You squinted at that-
 perhaps saw again
 ther cork bulls-eye-
 then let the feathered dart fly.

73 20 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

Electric Guitar

Shooting Darts in London

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Shooting Darts in London
Music - Peter Jarvis, Opus 36 (2015)
Poem – Jacob Miller (1977)

Instrumentation

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I saw nothing ahead
but our end.

It was just two years later,
you left over coffee—

“Oh, this coffee’s good,”
you politely remarked,
“Can I have another cup
and a divorce?”

“Why?”

“Because I’m thirsty.”

“No, not the coffee—
the divorce?”

You squinted at that—
perhaps saw again
the cork bulls-eye—
then let the feathered dart fly.

--Jacob Miller

Electric Guitar

To Jacob Miller

Shooting Darts in London

Poem by Jacob Miller

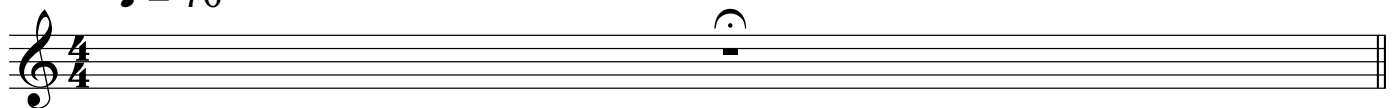
Peter Jarvis (2014)

Opus 36

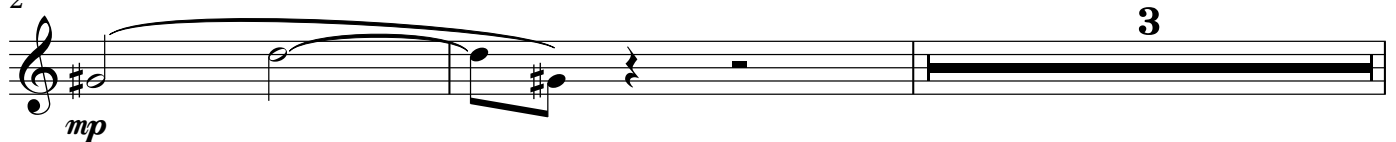
Besides the old oak bar
in the great Chelsea Pub,
we were young Yanks,
with our most precious asset,
our experience,
leading us by our longings.

60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

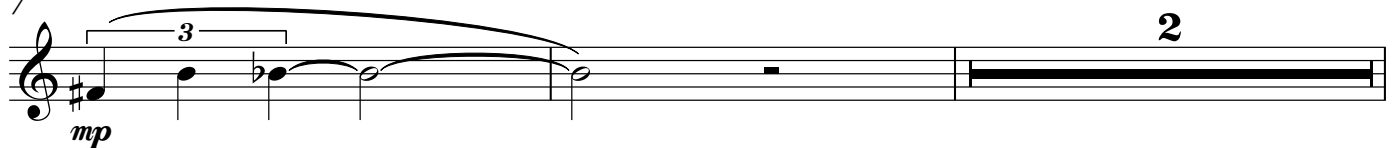
$\text{♩} = 76$



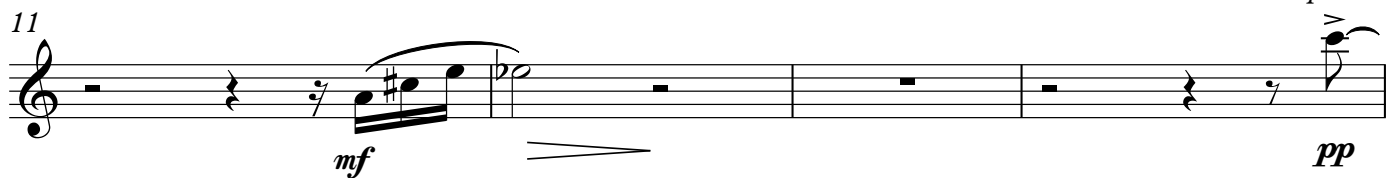
2 clean sound (no effects)



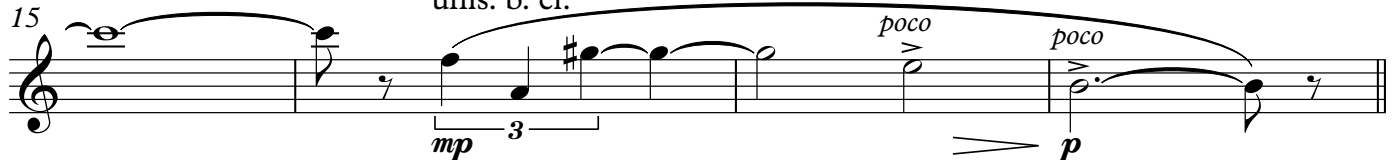
7



11



15 unis. b. cl.



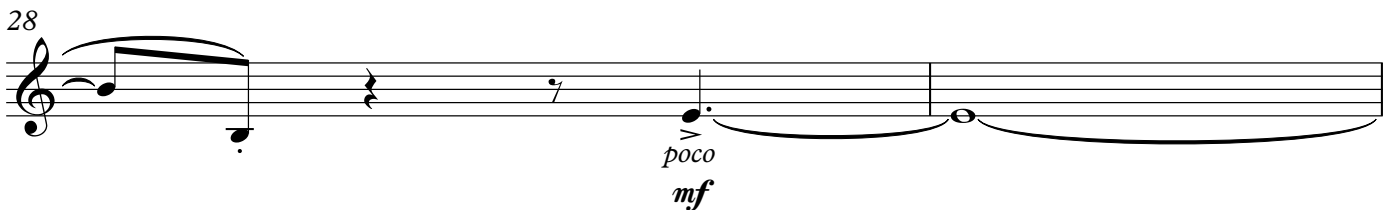
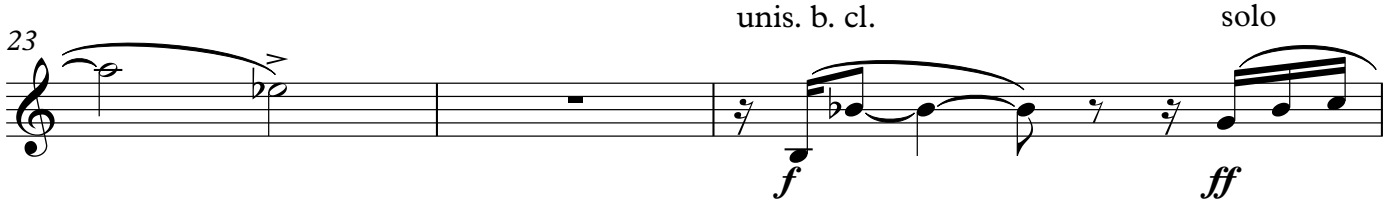
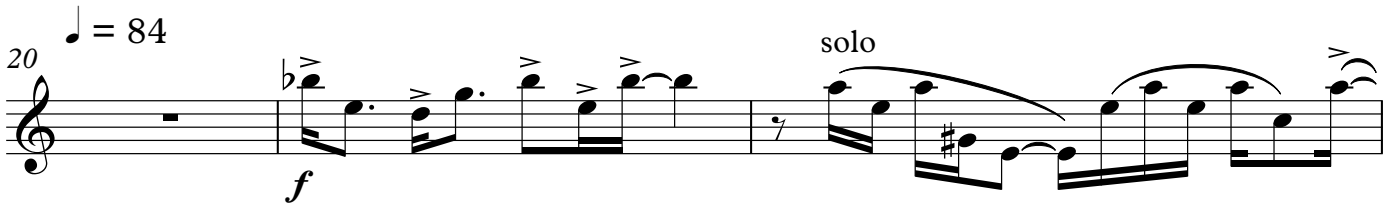
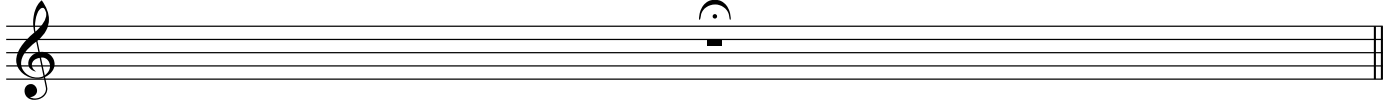
Waiting to shoot darts, engine already revving,
you were the girl rubbing her cheek against
the shoulder of my leather jacket.

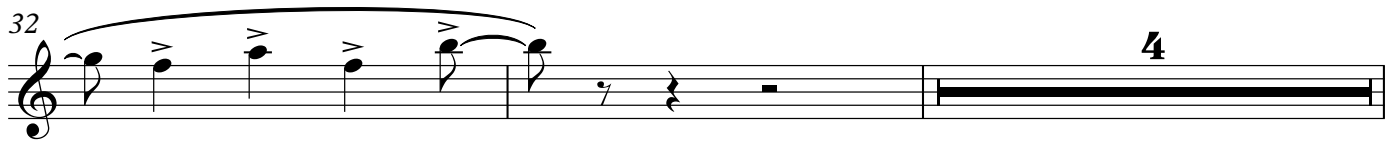
"Can we go?"

"No Let's have another pint."

And we did stay, drank too much,
even eventually shot darts
surprisingly half-decently,
you better than me,
despite throwing in the blind,
half-dancing, half-spinning,
half out of your mind.

19 60-90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.



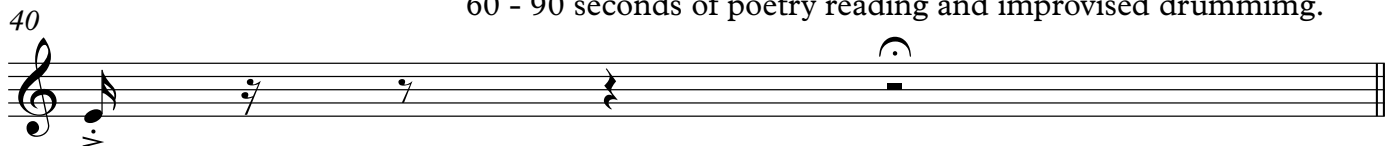
32 

38 B. Tbn.  unis.

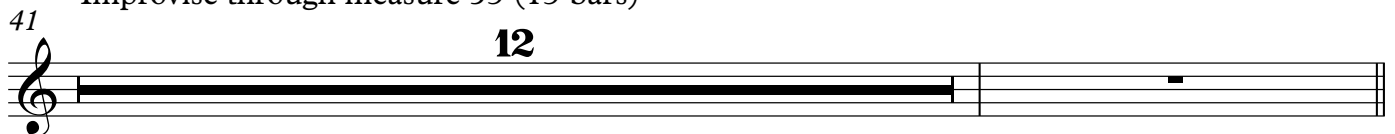
Then you fell into my arms,
 your eyes blinking hope,
 lashes fluttering promise -
 "I'll always love you," you said,
 "and I'll never leave you."

Of course, I knew it was
 all nonsense,
 even then, even when
 I saw nothing ahead
 but our end.

60 - 90 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

40 

Improvise through measure 53 (13 bars)

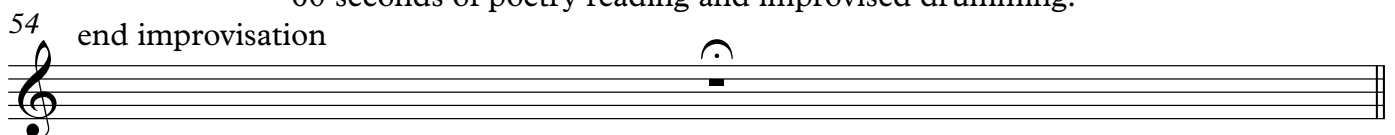
41  12

It was just two years later,
 you left over coffee-

 "Oh, this coffee's good,"
 you politely remarked,
 "Can I have another cup
 and a divorce."

And even today,
 I can hear your words,
 like distant music
 fading down the hall

60 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

54 end improvisation 

Shooting Darts in London - Electric Guitar

55 $\text{♩} = 76$

p *mf* 3

59

p 3 3 3 *poco* *p*

62

mp 3

65

mf

67

mf

70

mf 3

You squinted at that-
perhaps saw again
ther cork bulls-eye-
then let the feathered dart fly.

20 seconds of poetry reading and improvised drumming.

73