



Text by

John Drinkwater

Music by Luke Flynn



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About the composer

Luke Flynn (b. 1988) is a composer, arranger, and conductor with a highly active career in film, television, and the concert hall.

In the media industry, Flynn's Hollywood music department credits include over 100 of the biggest movies and television series of his lifetime, including Avatar 2: The Way of Water, Star Wars: The Last Jedi, Frozen II, and many others.



As a concert composer, his works are performed regularly throughout the world, including commissions and performances by major symphony orchestras, choirs, and ensembles in over 20 different countries as well as throughout the U.S. He is also an active guest lecturer and conductor, visiting professional ensembles, universities, and high schools around the globe.

Flynn is a graduate of Butler University, Clarke University, and The International University of Kagoshima 鹿児島国際大学 in Japan. His primary composition mentors include Michael Schelle, Amy Dunker, and Tadashi Kubo. He resides in Iowa with his wife and daughter, where he conducts all of his work from his studio.

More at: LukeFlynnCompositions.com

About the Piece

Moonlit Apples ambiguously flows between being centered in a Mixolydian mode and its relative major key. Coupled with a subdued and nostalgic melody which closely follows the poem's unique off-kilter rhyming pattern, it creates a sense of mystery, wonder, and a feeling of floating to personify the moonlit imagery in Drinkwater's beautiful text.

Ranges





recording and rehearsal tracks available at sbmp.com

For the Tallgrass Chamber Choir, Jacob Narverud, conductor

Moonlit Apples

Text by John Drinkwater (1882-1937) Music by Luke Flynn





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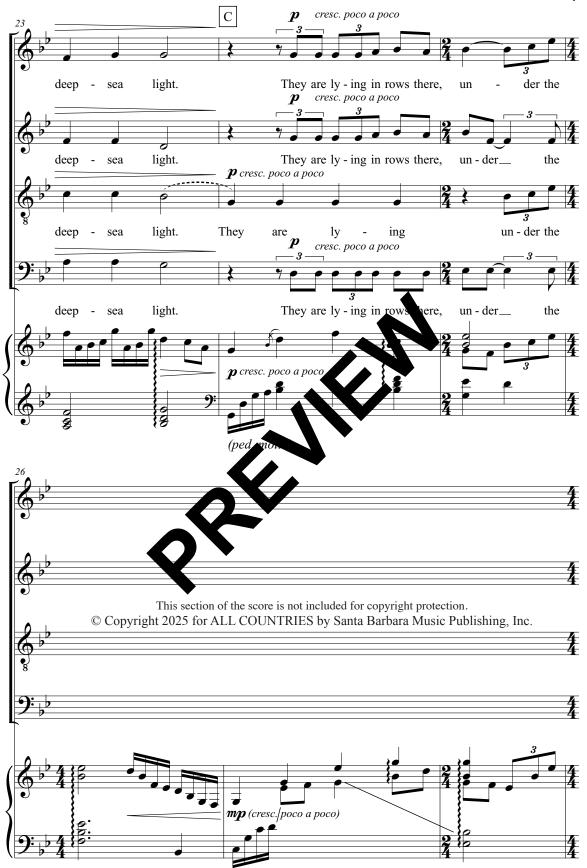
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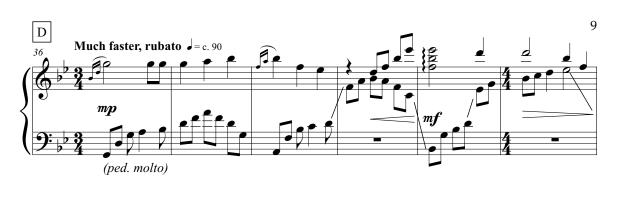






















Moonlit Apples

John Drinkwater (1882 - 1937)

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows, And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and then There is no sound at the top of the house of men Or mice; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams; On the sagging floor; they gather the silver streams Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams, And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep. And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep On moon-washed apples of wonder.