Welcome to the 2011 Festival of the American Liszt Society
The University of Georgia

Thomas Mastroianni, President ALS

The Twilight of Liszt

The twilight of Liszt, draped in grey clouds,
Contains a ciborium of transcendence.

Souls depressed,
Bereft of peace,
Motionless cypress wrapped in minor modes,
Mourning,
Pleading for miracles
Will only sink deeper into the grey absence of love –
An imploding abyss -
A setting sun in a flat, unrevolving world
Devoid of sunrise.

Morning is not a miracle, but a transcendence
Which alters depression’s dark inward pulsations and turns outward

The imploding notes of mourning:
These self-same notes in a new trajectory,
A new key,
Inverted,
Augmented,
Reconceived,
Exploding with love.
Engender a new day –
A ciborium of gleaming grace –
A morning of selfless dedication to higher purpose –
A gleaming sunrise.

The twilight of Liszt contains
The splendorous color of a transcendent rising sun –
A future.
Liszt  
and the  
Future  
A FESTIVAL OF FIRSTS  

The American Liszt Society  

February 17-19, 2011  

Hugh Hodgson School of Music  
University of Georgia Performing Arts Center  
The University of Georgia
CONCERT
FRIDAY, 8:00 pm
Hodgson Hall

Thomas Hampson, baritone
Craig Rutenberg, piano

Lieder
Im Rhein im Heiligen Strome (H. Heine), LW N3
Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen (H. Heine), LW N48
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder (H. Heine), LW N29
Ihr Auge (L. Rellstab), LW N20
Es rauschen die Winde (L. Rellstab)m LW N33
Drei Zigeuner (N. Lenau), LW N62

Franz Liszt

Laura Sonnets (Petrarch) First performance
I. Sonetto 5
II. Sonetto 90
III. Sonetto 267
IV. Sonetto 286
V. Sonetto 292

William Bolcom

— Intermission —

Songs of America

My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free (Thomas Parnell) Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791)

Open Thy Lattice, Love (Stephen Foster) Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

Circus Band (Charles Ives) Charles Ives (1874-1954)

In Flanders Fields (Col. McCrae) Charles Ives

Letter to Mrs. Bixby (Abraham Lincoln) Michael Daugherty (b. 1955)

Blue Mountain Ballads (Tennessee Williams)
1. Heavenly Grass
2. Lonesome Man
3. Cabin
4. Sugar in the Cane

Paul Bowles (1910-2002)

Charlie Rutlage (Charles Ives) Charles Ives

General William Booth (Vachel Lindsay) Sidney Homer (1864-1953)

Shenandoah (trad.) Stephen White (b. 1943)
LISZT

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome
Im Rhein, im schönen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäsche,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream
In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves -
With its great cathedral -
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--
They match my beloved's exactly.

Translation by Paul Hindemith

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüge's nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen -
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

At first I almost despaired
At first I almost wanted to despair,
and I believed I would never bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it -
but do not ask me, how?

Translation by Richard Zimdars

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -
Wie könnt es anders sein?
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen
Ins blühende Leben hinein.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder -
Wie könnt es anders sein?
Ich trug im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein!

Poisoned are my songs
Poisoned are my songs -
how could it be otherwise?
You have poured poison
into my blossoming life.

Poisoned are my songs -
how could it be otherwise?
I bear in my heart many snakes,
and you, my beloved!

Translation by Emily Ezzy-

Ihr Auge
Nimm einen Strahl der Sonne,
vom Abendstern das Licht,
Die Feuerglut des Aetna,
die aus der Lava bricht -
Du hast, was mich erhellt
und mich erwärmt und mich verkärt -
Und was mein innres Leben
bis in den Tod verzehrt!

Her Eye
Take a ray of sunshine,
the light of the evening star,
the fiery glow from Aetna
that breaks forth from its lava —
you have what brightens me
and brings me warmth and transfigures me —
and consumes my inner life
till death.

Translation by Richard Zimdars-
Es rauschen die Winde
Gusting are the winds
So herbstlich und kalt;
So autumnal and cold;
Verödet die Fluren,
Barren are the fields,
Entblättert der Wald.
Leafless the woods.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
You flowery meadows!
Du sonniges Grün!
You sunlit green!
So welken die Blüten
Thus wither away
Des Lebens dahin.
The blossoms of life.

Es ziehen die Wolken
Drifting are the clouds
So finster und grau;
So gloomy and grey;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
From the heavenly blue!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Ah, as the stars
Am Himmel entflihn',
Escape from the sky.
So sinket die Hoffnung
Thus fades away
Des Lebens dahin!
The hope of life!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
You days of spring
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
With roses adorned,
Wo ich den Geliebten
When my beloved
Ans Herze gedrückt!
I pressed to my heart!
Kalt über den Hügel
Cold over the hill
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
Rush, winds, there!
So sterben die Rosen
Thus pass away
Der Liebe dahin.
The roses of love!

Translation by Michael Lee

Die Drei Zigeuner
Three Gypsies I found once
Drei Zigeuner fand ich einmal
lying by a willow,
Lieg an einer Weide,
as my cart with weary torture
Als mein Fuhrwerk mit müder Qual
crawled over the sandy heath.
Schlich durch sandige Heide.

Hiel der eine für sich allein
Hielt der eine für sich allein
In den Händen die Fiedel,
In den Händen die Fiedel,
Spielte, umglüht vom Abendschein,
Sich ein lustiges Liedel.
Sich ein lustiges Liedel.

Hiel der zweite die Pfeif' im Mund,
Hiel der zweite die Pfeif' im Mund,
Blickte nach seinem Rauche,
Blickte nach seinem Rauche,
Froh, als ob er vom Erdenrund
Froh, als ob er vom Erdenrund
Nichts zum Glücke mehr brauchte.
Nichts zum Glücke mehr brauchte.

Und der dritte behaglich schlief,
Und der dritte behaglich schlief,
Und sein Zymbal am Baum hing;
Und sein Zymbal am Baum hing;
Über die Seiten der Windhauch lief,
Über die Seiten der Windhauch lief,
Über sein Herz ein Traum ging.
Über sein Herz ein Traum ging.

An die Kleidern trugen die drei
An die Kleidern trugen die drei
Löcher und bunte Flicken;
Löcher und bunte Flicken;
Aber sie boten trotzig frei
Aber sie boten trotzig frei
Spott den Erdengeschichten.
Spott den Erdengeschichten.

Dreifach haben sie mir gezeigt,
Dreifach haben sie mir gezeigt,
Wenn das Leben uns nachtet,
Wenn das Leben uns nachtet,
Wie man's verschläft, verraucht, vergeigt,
Wie man's verschläft, verraucht, vergeigt,
Und es dreifach verachtet.
Und es dreifach verachtet.

Nach den Zigeunern lange noch
Nach den Zigeunern lange noch
Muß ich schaun im Weiterfahren,
Muß ich schaun im Weiterfahren,
Nach den Gesichtern dunkelbraun,
Nach den Gesichtern dunkelbraun,
nach den schwarzlockigen Haaren.
nach den schwarzlockigen Haaren.

Translation by Emily Ezust
LAURA SONNETS

Francesco Petrarca, born at Arezzo (1304-1374), and known to us as Petrarch, is with Dante on the ground floor of written vernacular Italian. Petit Larousse mentions much else in its thumbnail biography: "historien, archéologue, chercheur de manuscrits anciens," and goes on to list him as a premier member of the Renaissance humanist movement before mentioning what Petrarch is remembered for. (The Italian sonnet, which he perfected, differs in rhyme scheme from the Shakespearean sonnet.)

There was a real Beatrice in Dante’s life, but no one seems to know for sure whether the beautiful, possibly incorporeal Laura, who haunts and infuses Petrarch’s sonnets and canzoni in often intricate ways, actually existed. Larousse proposes one of two possible family names (de Noves or de Sade), which only deepens the mystery. The possibility exists that Petrarch’s Laura is a counterpart of Julia and Silvia and the whole sisterhood of imaginary ladies poets have sung to since the days of Éléanor d’Aquitaine. It’s certain that Petrarch has a lot of sober verbal fun with her name, not indulged in to elicit laughs (witness Sonetto 5, which puns on a Latinized form of it in the text: Laureta), which makes me suspect her existence as what is known in poetic parlance as a conceit. One begins to wonder if the word games here and elsewhere all over these sonnets aren’t closer to their central meaning than what we usually focus on, the dramatic emotionalism of the language; if that is what we are meant to admire most in these sonnets.

But this would be to deny the profound feeling and wealth of nuance in these beautiful poems. What I’ve tried to find is a spare musical style to mirror, as best I could, their exquisite balance between emotion and elegant construction. In this context it doesn’t matter whether Laura actually existed. She exists now as indubitably as Bernini’s Daphne at the Villa Borghese in Rome, caught in stone as she turns into a laurel tree.

- William Bolcom

5
Quando io movo I sospiro a chiamar voi
e ’l nome che nel cor mi sciuse Amore
LAU-dando s’incomincia udir di fare
il suon de’ primi dolci accenti suoi;
vostro stato RE-al che ’ncontro poi
raddoppia a l’alba impresa il mio valore;
ma “TA-ci,” grida il fin, “ché farle onore
è d’altri omeri soma che da tuoi.”

Così LAU-dare et RE-verire insegna
la voce stessa, pur ch’altri vi chiami,
o d’ogni reverenza et d’onor degna;
se non che forse Apollo si disdegna
ch’a parlare de’ suoi sempre verdi rami
lingua mor-TA –l presuntuosa vegna.

This poem plays on the syllables of Laura’s name, in a Latinized version, Laureta, of the French Laurette.

5
When I move my sighs to call you
and the name that Love wrote on my heart,
the sound of its first sweet accents
is heard without in LAU-ds.

Your RE-gal state, which I meet next,
redoubles my strength for the high enterprise;
but “TA-lk no more!” cries the ending, “for to do
her honor is a burden for other shoulders than yours.”

Thus the word itself teaches LAU-d and RE-verence.
whenever anyone calls you, O Lady
worthy of all reverence and honor;

except perhaps Apollo is incensed that any
mor-TA-l tongue should come presumptuous
to speak of his eternally green boughs.

90
Erano I capei d’oro a l’aura sparsi
che ’n mille dolci nodi gli avolgea,
e l’vago lume oltra misura ardea
di quei begli occhi, ch’or ne son si scarsi;
e ’l viso si pietosi color farsi
(non so se vero o falso) mi parea:
i che l’esca amorosa al petto avea,
qual meraviglia se di subito arsi?

Non era l’andar suo cosa mortale
ma d’angelica forma, e le parole
sonavan altro che pur voce umana:
uno spirito celeste, un vivo sole
fu quel ch’i vidi, et se non fosse o tale,
piaga per allentar d’arco non sana.

This poem draws on the description of Venus in Virgil’s Aeneid.

90
Her golden hair was loosed to the breeze,
which turned it in a thousand sweet knots,
and the lovely light burned without measure
in her eyes, which are now so stingy of it:

and it seemed to me (I know not whether
truly or falsely) her face took on the color of pity:
I, who had the tinder of love in my breast,
what wonder is it if I suddenly caught fire?

Her walk was not that of a mortal thing
but of some angelic form, and her word sounded
different from a merely human voice:

A celestial spirit, a living sun was what I saw,
and if she were not such now, a wound
is not healed by the loosening of the bow.
Oimè il bel viso, oimè il soave sguardo, 
oimè il leggiadro portamento altero!
Oimè il parlar ch’ogni aspro ingegno et fero 
facevi umile ed agni tuom vil, gagliardo!

Et oimè il dolce riso onde uscìo ’l dardo 
di che morte, altro bene omai non spero!
Alma real dignissima d’impero
se non fossi fra noi scesa si tardo:

per voi conven ch’io arda e ’n voi respiro,
ch’i pur fui vostro; et se di voi son privo
via men d’ogni sventura altra mi dolo;
di speranza m’empieste et di desir
quand’io parti’ dal sommo piacer vivo,
ma ’l vento ne portava le parole.

According to Petrarch, Laura died in Avignon in 1348.

Se quell’a’ura soave de’sospiri
ch’l’odo dicolei che qui fu mia
donna (or è in Cielo et ancor par qui sia
e viva et senta et vada et ami et spiri)

ritrar potessi, or che caldi desiri
movrei parlando, si gelosa et pia
torna ov’io son, temendo non fra via
mi stanchi o ’ndietro a do man manca giri.

Ir dritto alto m’insegna, et io, che ’ntendo
le sue caste lusinghe e i giusti preghi
col dolce mormorar pietoso et basso,
secondo lei conven mi regga et pieghi,
per la dolcezza che del suo dir prendo,
ch’avria vertì di far piangere un sasso.

If I could portray the gentle breath of the sighs
that I hear from her who here was my lady
(now she is in Heaven but seems to be here
and to live and feel and walk and love and breathe),
oh what hot desires would I move by speaking!
So assiduous and kind she returns where I am,
fearing lest I become weary along
the way or turn back or to the left.

She teaches me to go straight up, and I, who understand
her chaste allurements and her just prayers
with their sweet, low, pitying murmur,
I must rule and bend myself according to her
because of the sweetness I take from her word,
which would have the power to make a stone weep.

Gli occhi di ch’io parlai si caldamente,
et le braccia et i piedi et ’l viso
che m’avean si da me stesso diviso
et fatto singolar da l’altra gente,
le crespe chioene d’or puro lucente
et ’l lampeggiar de l’angelico riso
che solean fare in terra un paradiso,
poca polvere son che nulla sente.

Et io pur vivo, onde mi doglio et sdegno,
rimaso senza ’l lume ch’ami tanto
in gran fortuna e ’n disarmato legno.

Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto;
secca è la vena de l’usato ingegno,
et la cetera mia rivolta in pianto.
“America” has always meant different things to different people. The American poetic tradition is a particularly rich narration of our people and of becoming a culture – a culture chiseled with a fierce independence of mind and heart and soul unmistakably grounded in the very myriad of racial heritages from which it was born. So many poems and pieces of music have been inspired as our poets and composers struggled to create a narrative of an emerging nation founded on the promise of “...Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.” The exploration of poetry and song in America invites one into the psyche of the New World as do few other disciplines. In this sense “Song of America” becomes a diary of the American experience.

This “pursuit” began with Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who is credited with composing the first American art song, “My days have been so wondrous free,” dated 1759. Hopkinson recognized his unique place in American music when in a volume of keyboard works and songs, he wrote in his dedication to General George Washington: “However small the Reputation may be that I shall derive from this Work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the Credit of being the first Native of the United States who has produced a Musical Composition.” He continues, prophetically: “If this attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture in a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us.”

Between the War of 1812 and the start of the Civil War, American song began to shed its English pretensions and to assimilate genres and indigenous influences that evolved into a recognizably “American” style. Stephen Foster, born on the Fourth of July in 1826, stands out as the most remarkable composer of this era. By 1855 Foster’s songs were on the lips of virtually every American. The seeds of American popular song, jazz, and the roots of the American sentimental ballad that became a staple in American home life are evident in his catalog of over 200 works.

The crosscurrent of European and American exchange reached its watershed between 1830 and 1860, a tremendously fertile period for poetry, literature, painting, philosophy, and social experimentation. This is the “Birth of the Modern,” as the historian Paul Johnson so aptly describes the age ushered in by Beaumarchais, Wordsworth, Byron, Heine, and Baudelaire that found a resonance of personal determination in the distant American voices of William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allen Poe, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Emily Dickinson, Henry David Thoreau, and Herman Melville.

It was the great philosopher, poet, and orator Emerson, challenging our poets to imagine the body as the “circumference of the soul,” who inspired Walt Whitman to burst forth in a new and vibrant and fiercely egalitarian voice as never heard before. “The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem,” he wrote, echoing Emerson. “...Presidents shall not be their common referees so much as poets.” For Whitman, it is the poets who will absorb the traditions of the past (of all the pasts of all the peoples) and turn them into something new and distinctly native. This period of American Renaissance represented the nation’s coming of age in terms of its cultural identity. At last American artists felt self-reliant enough to accept what they pleased from their European forebears and reject – or rather reshape – what they wished. After a century of cultural insecurity, Americans began to enjoy the fusion of so-called “high art” and “folk art” that inevitably shaped American thought and musical style.

With the increased influence of German culture in the middle of the 19th century, American composers became more ambitious in song composition and went to Europe to study. They returned with new ideas gleaned from the German Lied and the French mélodie that produced the first indications of a separation between what was “popular song” and “art song.” Thus the late 19th century spawned unique American composers such as Edward MacDowell, George W. Chadwick, Amy Beach, Arthur Foote, James H. Rogers, Ethelbert Nevin, Sidney Homer, Arthur Farwell, and Henry F. Gilbert. Whether schooled at home or abroad, notable in this group is the high level of personality and workmanship starting to differentiate American and European song models...With the end of World War I, America freed itself from the bonds of European musical culture and took on the challenge of Dvořák to “go after our folk music.” The works of Harry T. Burleigh, some of them arrangements of spirituals he himself performed for Dvořák, received international attention. Arthur Farwell, who founded the Wa-Wan Press in 1902 to publish music of Americans, began with the serious study of music of the American Indian as well as ragtime and “Negro” music. His far-reaching interests also encompassed songs of France, Germany, and Russia. Charles Wakefield Cadman wrote over 300 songs, several of which, derived from Indian tribal melodies, were sung extensively and recorded. Influences from abroad did not disappear; French Impressionism was felt during the first two decades of the 20th century in the work of many Americans, including John Alden Carpenter, Charles Loeffler, and Charles Tomlinson Griffes.

What no one – and certainly not Dvořák – could have anticipated was Charles Ives. The first American “original” in music, Ives was the first American composer to enjoy international attention. His music is so singular that it cannot be forced into the boundaries implied by the word “style.” His was a completely autonomous musical world, but rooted in his New England origins.
During the period between the World Wars, American music firmly established its own identity as a vital cultural force. Development of the phonograph and radio after 1920 brought performances of serious music by the greatest singers of the day into millions of American households, and earned American music significant exposure abroad. Americans who composed notable art songs during this time include the masters Aaron Copland and Samuel Barber, as well as Richard Hageman, Henry Hadley, Louis Campbell-Tipton, John Alden Carpenter, Elinor Remick Warren, and William Grant Still.

William Treat Upton writes in his seminal book, Art Song in America, of a significant evolution in development of the American art song at this period in its history: “...it is coming to be more and more recognized that modern song can no longer be regarded as merely text plus music or music plus text; it is rather text multiplied by music, music multiplied by text, text so reacting upon music, music so reacting upon text, that the two elements become indissolubly merged into one another, the one really incomplete without the other. In fact, it seems to me that this might well be our test of the modern song.”

Here we also find the American composer relying less on European texts in favor of native voices. There is a fascination with the spiritual idealism of the Transcendentalist poets, with the raw emotion of the “Harlem Renaissance,” and with the American bard, Walt Whitman, whose dynamic and bold democratic speech and innate musical rhythms translated readily into song, both here and abroad.

Following World War II, new directions in American poetry that had been established earlier by such poets as E. E. Cummings and Gertrude Stein further solidified the concept of the poet as equal partner with the composer in the creative process. Composers such as Virgil Thomson, John Duke, Marc Blitzstein, Ernst Bacon, Theodore Chanler, and Celsus Dougherty benefited from this unique flowering of “new” poetry. Directions emerged in the world of music that deeply affected the American art song: some composers continued within the realm of tonality, and others concerned themselves with a new world of exploratory tonality based on serial techniques developed by Schoenberg and Webern. Postwar composers in the tonal tradition such as Samuel Barber, Ned Rorem, Paul Bowles, and Leonard Bernstein wrote works that ranged over a spectrum of subjects, rivaling Ives. Composers who chose to follow the virginal paths of the avant-garde include John Cage, Ruth Crawford Seeger, Milton Babbitt, Wallingford Riegger, and George Rochberg.

The contemporary diary of our now maturing American experiment embraces and emboldens our eclecticism and individuality in the musical dialogues of Michael Tilson Thomas, Richard Danielpour, William Bolcom, John Musto, Stephen Paulus, John Corigliano, Libby Larsen, and Jake Heggie with poets like Theodore Roethke, Emily Dickinson, Vachel Lindsay, Ted Kooser, and Toni Morrison.

And these are only a very few of our bards who, at the outset of the 21st century, provide America’s art song literature the means of communicating, through the fusion of word and music, the truths of a nation born of an ideology whose language celebrates the individual. In our songs, the language of heart and mind, freedom and purpose, resonates from and reflects the culture that created it.

— Thomas Hampson

**My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free**

My days have been so wondrous free,
the little birds that fly
with careless ease from tree
to tree were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear
of mine increased their stream.
And ask the breathing gales if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

**Open Thy Lattice, Love**

Open thy lattice, love listen to me!
The cool balmy breeze is abroad on the sea!
The moon like a queen, roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils in heaven for you
Ere morning's gushing light tips the bills with its ray,
Away o'er the waters away and away!
Then open thy lattice, love listen to me!
While the moon's in the sky and the breeze on the sea!

**The Circus Band**

All summer long, we boys
dreamed 'bout big circus joys!
Down Main street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing, knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.
In Flanders Field

In Flanders fields the poppies blow;
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby

Dear Madam,—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,
A. Lincoln

Heavenly Grass

by Tennessee Williams

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass.
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass,
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past.
Then my feet come down to walk on earth,
And my mother cried when she give me birth.
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

Cabin

by Tennessee Williams

The cabin was cozy
And hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door
Till his whisper crept through.

The sun on the sill
Was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch
For a man or a storm.

Now the cabin falls
To the winter wind
And the walls cave in
Where they kissed and sinned.

And the long white rain
Sweeps clean the room
Like a white-haired witch
With a long straw broom!

Lonesome Man

by Tennessee Williams

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops my way,
Nobody ever stops by my way.
My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone an'
I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.

My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor 'cause
I won't buy love at the hardware store,
I don't want love from the mercantile store.
Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed while
the moon looks down on my sleepless head,
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head.

Sugar in the Cane

by Tennessee Williams

I'm red pepper in a shaker,
Bread that's waitin' for the baker.
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,
Never touched except by rain.
If you touched me God save you,
These summer days are hot and blue.
I'm potatoes not yet mashed,
I'm a check that ain't been cashed.
I'm a window with a blind,
Can't see what goes on behind.
If you did, God save your soul!
These winter nights are blue and cold!
Charlie Rutlage

Another good cowpuncher has gone to meet his fate, 
I hope he'll find a resting place, within the golden gate. 
Another place is vacant on the ranch of the X I T,  
'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well as he. 
The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave, 
While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent to his grave, 
Caused by a cowhorse falling, while running after stock; 
'Twas on the spring round up, a place where death men mock, 
He went forward one morning on a circle through the hills, 
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills; 
But when it came to finish up the work on which he went, 
Nothing came back from him; his time on earth was spent. 
'Twas as he rode the round up, a XIT turned back to the herd; 
Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse he spurred; 
Another turned; at that moment his horse the creature spied 
And turned and fell with him, beneath poor Charlie died, 
His relations in Texas his face never more will see, 
But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in eternity, 
I hope he'll meet his parents, will meet them face to face, 
And that they'll grasp him by the right hand at the shining throne of grace.

General William Booth

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum 
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 
The Saints smiled gravely and they said, 
"He's come," 
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 
Walking lepers followed rank on rank, 
Lurching braves from the ditches dank 
Drabs the alleyways and drug fiends pale 
Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers frail 
Vermin eat saints with moldy breath, 
Unwashed legion with the ways of Death 
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 
Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score 
The world round over. (Booth had groaned for more). 
Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies 
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes, 
Big voiced lassies made their banjoes bang, 
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang 
"Are you? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelulah! It was queer to see 
Bull necked convicts with that land made free. 
Loons with trumpets a blare, blare, blare, 
On, on, upward thro' the golden air! 
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 
Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod, 
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God! 
Booth led boldly and he look'd the chief 
Eagle countenance in sharp relief, 
Beard a-flying, air of high command 
Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from the court house door, 
Stretched his hands above the passing poor. 
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones 
Round and round the mighty courthouse square. 
Yet! in an instant all that blare review 
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new. 
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled, 
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world. 
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole! 
Gone was the weasel head, the snout, the jowel 
Sages and sibyls now; and athletes clean, 
Rulers of empires and of forests green! 
The hosts were sandall'd and their wings were fire! 
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the angel choir, 
(And are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?) 
Oh shout Salvation! 
It was good to see Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free. 
The banjos rattled and the tambourines 
Jingling jingl'd in the hands of Queens. 
And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer 
He saw his Master thro' the flag fill'd air. 
Christ came gently with a robe and crown 
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down. 
He said King Jesus; they were face to face, 
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place. 
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you, 
Away, you rolling river 
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you, 
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri. 
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter 
Away, you rolling river 
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter 
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.