

2/18/11

A profile portrait of an elderly man with long, straight white hair. He is looking towards the right. He is wearing a dark, high-collared coat. The background is a dark, textured brown. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of his hair and the contours of his face.

1811-2011...

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



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The University of Georgia

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≡ **CONCERT** ≡

FRIDAY, 8:00 pm  
Hodgson Hall

**Thomas Hampson, baritone**

**Craig Rutenberg, piano**

**Lieder**

**Franz Liszt**

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

**Laura Sonnets (Petrarch) First performance**

**William Bolcom**

- I. Sonetto 5
- II. Sonetto 90
- III. Sonetto 267
- IV. Sonetto 286
- V. Sonetto 292

— 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)** **Paul Bowles**  
(1910-2002)

1. Heavenly Grass
2. Lonesome Man
3. Cabin
4. Sugar in the Cane

**Charlie Rutlage (Charles Ives)** **Charles Ives**

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

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



## PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS

### 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 Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

#### **Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen**

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

#### **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 trag' im Herzen viel Schlangen,  
Und dich, Geliebte mein!

#### **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 verklärt, -  
Und was mein innres Leben  
bis in den Tod verzehrt!

#### **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

#### **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

#### **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 Ezust

#### **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

Es rauschen die Winde  
So herbstlich und kalt;  
Verödet die Fluren,  
Entblättert der Wald.  
Ihr blumigen Auen!  
Du sonniges Grün!  
So welken die Blüten  
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken  
So finster und grau;  
Verschwunden die Sterne  
Am himmlischen Blau!  
Ach, wie die Gestirne  
Am Himmel entflieh'n,  
So sinket die Hoffnung  
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes  
Mit Rosen geschmückt,  
Wo ich den Geliebten  
Ans Herze gedrückt!  
Kalt über den Hügel  
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!  
So sterben die Rosen  
Der Liebe dahin.

Gusting are the winds  
So autumnal and cold;  
Barren are the fields,  
Leafless the woods.  
You flowery meadows!  
You sunlit green!  
Thus wither away  
The blossoms of life.

Drifting are the clouds  
So gloomy and grey;  
Vanished are the stars  
From the heavenly blue!  
Ah, as the stars  
Escape from the sky.  
Thus fades away  
The hope of life!

You days of spring  
With roses adorned,  
When my beloved  
I pressed to my heart!  
Cold over the hill  
Rush, winds, there!  
Thus pass away  
The roses of love!

Translation by Michael Lee

## Die Drei Zigeuner

Drei Zigeuner fand ich einmal  
Liegen an einer Weide,  
Als mein Fuhrwerk mit müder Qual  
Schlich durch sandige Heide.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Three Gypsies I found once  
lying by a willow,  
as my cart with weary torture  
crawled over the sandy heath.

One, for himself alone, was holding  
his fiddle in his hands,  
playing, as the sunset glow surrounded him,  
a merry little tune.

The second held a pipe in his mouth  
and watched his smoke  
with cheer, as if from the world  
he required nothing more for his happiness.

And the third slept comfortably:  
from the tree hung his cymbalom;  
over its strings the wind's breath ran;  
in his heart a dream was playing.

On the clothing those three wore  
were holes and colorful patches;  
but, defiantly free, they made  
a mockery of earthly fate.

Treble they showed me  
how, when life grows dark for us,  
one can smoke, sleep or play it away,  
and thus treble to scorn it.

At the Gypsies, longer yet  
I had to gaze in passing,  
at their dark brown faces,  
at their black-locked hair.

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 Eleanor 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 sospiri a chiamar voi  
e 'l nome che nel cor mi scisse Amore  
LAU-dando s'incomincia udir di fore  
il suon de' primi dolci accenti suoi;

vostro stato RE-al che 'ncontro poi  
raddoppia a l'alta impresa il mio valore;  
ma "TA-ci," grida il fin, "ché farle onore  
è d'alti 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 parlar 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.

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 sì scarsi;

e 'l viso sì pietosi color farsi  
(non so se vero o falso) mi pareo:  
i' che l'esca amorsa al petto avea,  
qual meraviglia se di subito arsi?

Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale  
ma d'angelica forma, et le parole  
sonavan altro che pur voce umana:

uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole  
fu quel ch' i' vidi, et se non fosse or tale,  
piaga per allentar d'arco non sana.

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

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

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.

267

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 uom 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 sì 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 dole;

di speranza m'empie et di desire  
quand' io parti' dal sommo piacer vivo,  
ma 'l vento ne portava le parole.

According to Petrarch, Laura died in Avignon in 1348.

286

Se quell'aura soave de'sospiri  
ch' i' odo di colei che qui fu mia  
donna (or è in Cielo et ancor par qui sia  
et viva et senta et vada et amì et spiri)

ritrar potessi, or che caldi desiri  
movrei parlando, sì 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 virtù di far piangere un sasso.

292

Gli occhi di ch'io parlai sì caldamente,  
et le braccia et le mani e i piedi e 'l viso  
che m'avean sì da me stesso diviso  
et fatto singular da l'altra gente,

le cresse chiome d'or puro lucente  
e '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' amai 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.

267

Alas the lovely face, alas the gentle glance,  
alas the proud, carefree bearing!  
Alas the speech that made every harsh or  
savage mind humble and every base man valiant!

And alas the sweet smile whence came forth the dart  
from which now I expect death, no other good!  
Regal soul, worthy of empire  
if you had not come down among us so late:

for you I must burn, in you breathe,  
for I have been only yours; and if I am deprived of you,  
it pains me more than any other misfortune;

with hope you filled me and with desire,  
when I left still alive that highest pleasure,  
but the wind carried off the words.

286

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.

292

Those eyes of which I spoke so warmly,  
and the arms and the hands and the feet and the face  
that had so estranged me from myself  
and isolated me from other people,

The curling locks of pure shining gold,  
and the lightning of the angelic smile  
that used to make a paradise on earth,  
all are a bit of dust that feels nothing.

And I still live, at which I am sorrowful and angry,  
left without the light I loved so,  
in a great tempest and a dismayed ship.

Now here let there be an end to my song of love;  
dry is the vein of my accustomed wit,  
and my lyre is turned to weeping.



## SONG OF AMERICA – DIARY OF A NATION

"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 Celius 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! "Aint 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.

### **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.

### **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.

### **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

### **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!

### **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 bravos from the ditches dank  
Drabs the alleyways and drug fiends pale  
Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers frail:  
Vermin eaten saints with moldy breath,  
Unwashed legions 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 bleat 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,  
(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 saw 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.  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.