

Song of America: Music from the Library of Congress
EMI Classics, 2005

Thomas Hampson, baritone
Craig Rutenberg, David Alpher, & Armen Guzelimian, piano
Jay Ungar, violins & mandolin
Molly Mason, guitar, bass, & vocal
Michael Parloff, flute
Mark Rust & Garrison Keillor, vocal
Tony Trischka, banjo
Evan Stover, violin

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Whitman

1. As Adam Early in the Morning
Music: Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

As Adam, early in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower, refresh'd with sleep;
Behold me where I pass – hear my voice pass – approach,
Touch me pass – touch the palm of your hand to my Body as I pass;
Be not afraid of my Body.

German Translation by A. Honecker und S. Viebahn

*Wenn Adam früh am Morgen
Fortgeht von seiner Laube, vom Schlaf erfrischt,
So sieh mich, wie ich vorbeigeh, hör meine Stimme, komm heran,
Berühr mich, berühr mit der Fläche der Hand meinen Leib, wenn ich vorbeigeh,
Fürchte nicht meinen Körper.*

2. Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway! (1850)
Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful ever die?

Lending a charm to ev'ry ray
That falls on her cheeks of light.
Giving the zephyr kiss for kiss,
And nursing the dewdrop bright

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful every weep?
Why should the beautiful ever die?

Long may the daisies dance the field,
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?

Spreading their petals in mute delight
When morn in its radiance breaks,
Keeping a floral festival
'Till the night-loving primrose wakes

Long may the daisies dance the field,
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?

Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bough,
That tells of departed flowers!
Ah! that the butterfly's gilded wing
Fluttered in evergreen bowers!

Sad is my heart for the blighted plants
Its pleasures are aye as brief;
They bloom at the young year's joyful call,
And fade the autumn leaf:

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful die?

3. Shenandoah

Traditional

Arranged by Roger Ames

O, Shenandoah, it's far I wander,

Away, you rolling river.

O, Shenandoah, it's far I wander,

Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

O, Shenandoah, I love your daughters,

Away, you rolling river.

O, Shenandoah, I love your daughters,

Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

O, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, you rolling river.

O, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

4. Beautiful Dreamer (1864)

Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!

Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chaunting the wild lorelie;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

5. Danny Deever

Music: Walter Damrosch (1862-1950)

Text: Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

"What are the bugles blowin' for? " said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white? " said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play
The regiment's in 'ollow square - they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard? " said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down? " said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

" 'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
" 'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
" 'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' - you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the Regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun? " said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead? " said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

German Translation by Astrid Schramek

«Was blasen denn die Hörner so?», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«Damit ihr antrete, habt acht», antwortet' der Fahnen-Sergeant.
«Was seid Ihr denn so bleich, so bleich?», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«Es graut mich, was ich sehen muß,» sagte der Fahnen-Sergeant.

Sie hängen Danny Deever auf, man hört ja schon den Trauermarsch,
Das Regiment steht im Karree – heut' hängen sie ihn auf;
Sie nahmen ihm die Knöpfe weg und schnitten ab die Tressen,
Sie hängen Danny Deever früh am Morgen.

«Was stöhnt das Glied so laut», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«Es ist so kalt, es ist so kalt», antwortet' der Fahnen-Sergeant.
«Was fällt im ersten Glied einer um», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«Das macht die Sonn'», antwortet' der Fahnen-Sergeant.

Sie hängen Danny Deever auf, sie marshier'n mit ihm rund'rum,
Sie binden Danny Deever fest an seinem eig'nen Sarg;
Und gleich wird er baumeln, für 'nen meisen schießenden Kerl—
Ach, sie hängen Danny Deever früh am Morgen!

«Seine Hütte stand rechts neben meiner», sagt' der Paradedführer.
«Heut' nacht schläft er weit weg von hier», sagte der Fahnen-Sergeant.
«X-mal hab' ich sein Bier getrunken», sagt' der Paradedführer.
«Den bitt'ren Kelch trinkt er allein», sagte der Fahnen-Sergeant.

Sie hängen Danny Deever auf, man muß ihn festnageln an seinem Platz,
Denn er schoß auf 'nen schlafenden Kamerad – man muß ihm ins Gesicht seh'n;
Verachtung von neunhundert aus seinem Kreis und vom ganzen Regiment,
Wenn sie Danny Deever hängen früh am Morgen.

«Was sieht man da schwarz gegen die Sonn'?», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«'S ist Dannys Seele, der um sein Leben kämpft», antwortet' der Fahnen-Sergeant.
«Was hört man für ein Wimmern da oben?», fragt' der Paradedführer.
«'S ist Dannys Seele, die ihn grad' verläßt», antwortet' der Fahnen-Sergeant.

Denn sie haben mit ihm abgerechnet, man hört, wie sie Marschmusik spielen,
Das Regiment in Reih' und Glied, wie es abmarschiert von dort;
Ho! die Rekruten zittern, sie wollen jetzt ihr Bier,
Nachdem sie Danny Deever hängten früh am Morgen.

6. Roses of Picardy

Music: Haydn Wood (1882-1959)

Text: Frederick E. Weatherley (1848-1929)

She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,
She is watching and longing, and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies,
And a song stirs in the silence,
As the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles,
'Tis the first little song of love.

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart

And the years fly on forever,
Till the shadows veil their skies,
But he loves to hold her little hands,
And look into her sea-blue eyes,
And she sees the road by the poplars,
Where they met in the bygone years,
For the first little song of the roses,
Is the last little song she hears:

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart.

7. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair (1854)
Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor, on the summer air:
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
Oh! I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find here where the bright waters flow.

8. Hard Times Come Again No More (1854)
Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door:
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say -
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day -
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave, -
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:
Many days have lingered around my cab in door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

9. Molly, Do You Love Me (1850)
Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Molly do you love me?
Can the morning beam
Love a lowly flowret
Living in its gleam?
Let one gentle whisper
All my doubts destroy --
Let my dreamy rapture
Turn to waking joy.

Refrain:

**Molly do you love me?
Tell me, tell me true!
Molly do you love me,
Love as I love you?**

Tell me, by these ringlets,
By those eyes of blue,
Molly! do you love me,
Love as I love you?
Can that voice's music
Flow from heartless glee?
Must I read no feeling
In that melody?

Refrain

Ah! my heart has yielded
To those smiles that play
With the merry dimples
All the live-long day.
Though the tender blossoms
Need the summer light,
Let our hearts, united,
Brave affliction's blight.

10. An Old Song Resung

Music: Charles T. Griffes (1884-1920)

Text: John Masefield (1878-1967)

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing
With emerald and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
Piping thro silver call that had a chain of gold;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.
I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
With roses in red thread worked upon the sails;
With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering,
Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.
I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking,
With glittering sea water splashing on her decks,
With seamen in her spirit room singing songs and drinking,
Pulling clear claret bottles down, and knocking off the necks;
The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the wrecks.

German Translation by Susan Perkins

*Ich sah ein Schiff, es segelte, es segelte, es segelte
mit Smaragden und Rubinen und Saphiren voll beladen;
und einen Bootsmann im blauen Mantel, der an der Reling brüllte
und in ein silbernes Horn blies, das an einer goldenen Kette hing;
der Sommerwind ließ nach und das hohe Schiff schwankte.
Ich sah ein Schiff, es steuert', es steuert', es steuert' übers Meer,
die Segel mit roten Rosen bestickt;
mit Säcken voll purpurnen Amethysten, die Beute der Seeräuberei,
mit Schläuchen voll moschusgelbem Wein und Seidenballen,
die fröhlichen Männer riefen heiter und zogen am Tau.
Ich sah ein Schiff, es sank, es sank, es sank,
glitzerndes Meerwasser spritzte aufs Deck,
Matrosen sangen und tranken im Rumpf,
zogen Rotweinflaschen zu sich hinab und schlugen die Hälse ab;
das zerbrochene Glas klirrte, als das Wrack versank.*

11. Tomorrow (When You Are Gone)
Music: Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
Text: Margaret Kennedy

When you are gone,
the birds will stop their singing;
When you are dead,
no sun will ever rise.

No more, no more
the joyful upspringing
shall bless these eyes,
shall bless these eyes.

When you are in your grave,
the flowers blowing
shall hang their heads
and sicken in their grove.

Beauty will fade
and wither at your going,
oh my own love,
oh my own love.

Say not so!
Another love will cheer you.
The sun will rise
as bright tomorrow morn.

The birds will sing,
though I no longer near you
must lie forlorn,
lie forlorn.

When I am in my grave,
the flowers blowing
shall make you garlands
twenty times as sweet.

Beauty will live
Ah though I must sleep
unknowing beneath your feet,
though I must sleep beneath your feet.

12. The Erie Canal
Traditional
Arranged by Roger Ames

We were forty miles from Albany
Forget it I never shall.
What a terrible storm we had one night
On the E-ri-e Canal.

We were loaded down with barley
We were all of us full of rye.
And the captain he looked down on me
With a dog-gone wicked eye.

Chorus:
O the E-ri-e's a-rising
And the whiskey's gettin' low.
And I hardly think we'll get a drink
Till we get to Buff-a-lo-o-o
Till we get to Buffalo.

The cook, she was a kind old soul.
She had a ragged dress;
So we h'isted her upon a pole
As a signal of distress.

The wind begins to whistle
The waves begin to roll
We had to reef our royals
On that ragin' canal.

Chorus

When we got to Syracuse
Off-mule, he was dead;
The high mule got blind staggers and
We cracked him on the head.

The girls are in the Police Gazette
The crew are all in jail;
And I'm the only sea cook's son
That's lived to tell the tale.

Chorus

13. We Two

Music: Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Shine! Shine! Shine!

Pour down your warmth, great sun!

While we bask, we two together.

Winds blow South or winds blow North,

Day come white, or night come black,

Home or rivers and mountains from home,

Singing all the time,

Minding no time,

While we two keep together.

14. The Nightingale

Traditional (East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballad)

Adapted and arranged by Clifford Shaw

One mornin', one mornin', one mornin' in May,
I saw a fair couple amakin' their way;
And one was a lady, a lady so fair,
The other a soldier, a brave volunteer.

"Good mornin', good mornin', good mornin' to thee,
O where are you goin' my pretty lady?"
"O I am a goin' to the banks of the sea,
To see waters glidin', hear the nightingale sing."

They hadn't been standin' a minute or two,
When out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew;
And the tune that he played made the valleys all ring,
Made the waters go glidin', made the nightingale sing!

"Brave soldier, kind soldier will you marry me?"
"Oh, no pretty lady, that never could be.
I've a true love in London who's waitin' for me,
Two loves in the army's too many for me."

"I'll go back to London and stay there a year,
And often I'll dream of you, my little dear;
And if e'er I return 'twill be in the Spring,
To see waters glidin', hear the nightingale sing."

Anonymous German Translation

*Eines Morgens, eines Morgens im Mai,
Sah ich ein hübsches Paar unterwegs;
Und eine war eine Dame, eine Dame so schön,
Der andere ein Soldat, ein tapferer Freiwilliger.*

*"Guten Morgen, guten Morgen, guten Morgen dir,
Oh, wohin gehst du, meine hübsche Dame?"
"Oh, ich gehe zu den Ufern des Meers,
Zu sehen, wie die Wasser dahingleiten,
Zu hören, wie die Nachtigall singt."*

*Sie stand keine Minute und auch nicht zwei,
Als er aus seinem Tornister eine Fidel zog,
Und das Lied, das er spielte, schallte durch die Täler,
Liess die Wasser dahingleiten, die Nachtigall singen!*

(La di da da dala da da di da la da di da la da da di da da)

“Tapferer Soldat, guter Soldat, wirst du mich heiraten?”

“Ach nein, hübsche Dame, das könnte nie sein.

Ich hab’ eine Liebste in London, die wartet auf mich,

Zwei Lieben in der Armee sind zu viel für mich.

Ich gehe nach London zurück für ein Jahr,

Und träume oft von dir, mein liebes Kleines;

Und sollt ich je zurückkehren, dann wär es im Frühling,

Zu sehen, wie die Wasser gahingleiten, zu hören, wie die Nachtigall singt.”

15. Comrades, Fill No Glass For Me (1855)
Music and Text: Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me
To drown my soul in liquid flame
For if I drank, the toast should be
To blighted fortune health and fame.
Yet, though I long to quell the strife
That passion holds against my life,
Still, boon companions may ye be,
But comrades, fill no glass for me.
Still, boon companions may ye be,
But comrades, fill no glass for me.

I know a breast that once was light
Whose patient sufferings need my care
I know a hearth that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have nestled there.
Then while the tear drops nightly steal
From wounded hearts that I should heal
Though boon companions may ye be,
But comrades, fill no glass for me.
Though boon companions may ye be,
But comrades, fill no glass for me.

When I was young I felt the tide
Of aspirations undefiled,
But manhood's years have wronged the pride
My parents centered in their child.
Then, by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions may ye be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.
Though boon companions may ye be,
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

16. Luke Havergal

Music: John Duke (1899-1984)

Text: Edwin Arlington Robinson (1865-1935)

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you listen she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal –
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies –
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this –
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away, –
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
(Nor any more to feel them as they fall;) [line omitted by Duke]
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal –
Luke Havergal.

17. To What You Said

Music: Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

To what you said, passionately clasping my hand, this is my answer:
Though you have strayed hither, for my sake, you can never belong to me,
Nor I to you,
Behold the customary loves and friendships the cold guards
I am that rough and simple person
I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips at parting,
And I am one who is kissed in return,
I introduce that new American salute
Behold love choked, correct, polite, always suspicious
Behold the received models of the parlors –
What are they to me?
What to these young men that travel with me?

German Translation by Werner Richter

*Auf was du sagtest, als so stürmisch meine Hand du nahmst, ist dies die Antwort:
Auch wenn ich mich freu, daß du zu mir kamst, verstohlen, kannst du mir nie gehören,
noch ich dir,
Sieh die gewohnten Freundschaften und Lieben, – die kalten Wächter,
Ich bin ein einfacher und rauher Mensch,
Bin der, der seinen Kameraden leicht auf den Mund küßt
Zum Abschied, einer, der erwidern auch geküßt wird,
Und führe diesen neuen Gruß in den Staaten ein.
Seht her, die gezwungene, mustergültige, artige Liebe, die immer mißtrauisch ist.
Seht, was man gutheißt in der guten Stube – Doch was bedeutet's mit?
Was diesen jungen Männern, die mit mir reisen?*

18. Look Down, Fair Moon

Music: Charles Naginski (1909-1940)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces
ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs,
with their arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

German translation by A. Honecker und S. Viebahn

*Schau herab, heller Mond, und bade diese Szene,
Gieß zährtlich den flutenden Schein der Nacht auf Gesichter,
grausig purpurn und geschwollen,
Auf tote, denen, rücklings getragen,
die Arme baumeln, weitgespreizt,
Gieß deinen grenzenlosen Schein herab, heiliger Mond.*

19. Dirge For Two Veterans
Music: Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they are flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

And nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful cast phantom moves illumin'd,
('Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain!
O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

German Translation by Werner Richter

*Der letzte Sonnenstrahl
Des ausklingenden Ruhetages
Fällt sanft auf das Pflaster hier; und dort drüben schaut er
Hinab in ein frisches Doppelgrab.*

*Seht, der Mond geht auf,
Hinauf von Osten, der silbernrunde Mond,
Schön über den Hausdächern, geisterhaft, Trugbild Mond,
Unermeßlicher und stiller Mond.*

*Ich sehe eine Trauerprozession
Und hör' den Klang volltöniger Hörner,
Alle Kanäle – die Straßen der Stadt – quellen über
Von stimmern wie von Tränen.*

*Ich hör' die großen Trommeln schlagen,
Die kleinen Trommeln kraftvoll wirbeln,
Und jeder Schlag der großen, erschütternden Trommeln,
Trifft mich durch und durch.*

*Denn der Sohn wird gebracht mit dem Vater,
In den ersten Reihen des wilden Angriffs fielen sie,
Zwei Veteranen, Sohn und Vater, fielen zusammen,
Und das Doppelgrab erwartet sie.*

*Näher nun klingen die Hörner,
Und die Trommeln schlagen noch durchdringender,
Und über dem Pflaster schwindet nun das Tageslicht,
Und der stolze Todesmarsch umfängt mich.*

*Am östlichen Himmel wandert
Sich aufhellend das sorgenvolle weite trugbild.
'S ist einer Mutter breites, durchscheinendes Gesicht,
Im Himmel heller werdend.*

*O stolzer Todesmarsch, du erfreust mich!
O gewaltiger Mond, dein silbernes Antlitz tröstet mich!
O mein Soldatenpaar, O meine Veteranen, geleitet zum Begräbnis,
Was mein ist, will ich Euch schenken.*

*Der Mond schenkt Euch Licht,
Und die Hörner und Trommeln schenken Euch Musik,
Und mein Herz, O meine Soldaten, meine Veteranen,
Mein Herz schenkt euch Liebe.*

20. Ethiopia Saluting the Colors

Music: Henry Thacker Burleigh (1866-1949)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Who are you, dusky woman, so ancient, hardly human,
With your woolly white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
Why, rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet?

(Tis while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,
Forth from thy hovel door, thou Ethiopia, com'st to me,
As, under doughty Sherman, I march toward the sea.)

Me, master, years a hundred, since from my parents sunder'd,
A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
Then hither me, across the sea, the cruel slaver brought.

No further does she say, but lingering all the day,
Her high borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
And courtseys to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

What is it, fateful woman ? so blear, hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound ? yellow, red and green?
Are the things so strange and marvelous, you see or have seen?

German Translation by A. Honecker und S. Viebahn

*Wer bist du dunkles Weib, so alt, fast nicht mehr menschlich,
Mit deinem Turban, weißem Haupt, und nackten hagren Füßen?
Was stellst du an die Straße dich, die Fahnen zu begrüßen?*

*(Es zieht sich unserer Linien durch Carolinas Strand und Pinien
Aus deiner Hüttentür heraus, kommst du, Äthiopien, zu mir,
Der mit dem tapfren Sherman ich bis hin zum Meer marschier'.)*

*Vor über hundert Jahren die Eltern ich verlor,
Als kleines Kind fing man mich ein so wie ein wildes Tier,
Dann brachte mich das Sklavenschiff über das Meer nach hier.*

*Die Frau, sie sagt nichts weiter, verweilt den ganzen Tag,
Sie wiegt ihr edles hohes Haupt und rollt die dunklen Augen,
Sie nickt den Regimentern zu, den Fahnen und den Pauken.*

*Warum, du schicksalhafte Frau, so trüb, fast übermenschlich,
Wiegst du den Turban, rot, gelb, grün, auf deinem weißen haar?
Das, was du siehst und was du sahst, war's seltsam sonderbar?*