The Blackbird

In the far corner
Close by the swings,
Every morning
A blackbird sings
His bill's so yellow
His coat so black
That he makes a fellow
Whistle back
Ann my daughter
Thinks that he sings
For us two especially

Humbert Wolfe (1885-1940)

The Blackbird

Words by Humbert Wolfe

Tenderly ♩ = 70 ca.

VOICE

PIANO

p In the cor - ner

f Close by the

con Ped.

mp swings, E - ve - ry mor - ning

mp A black - bird

f sings

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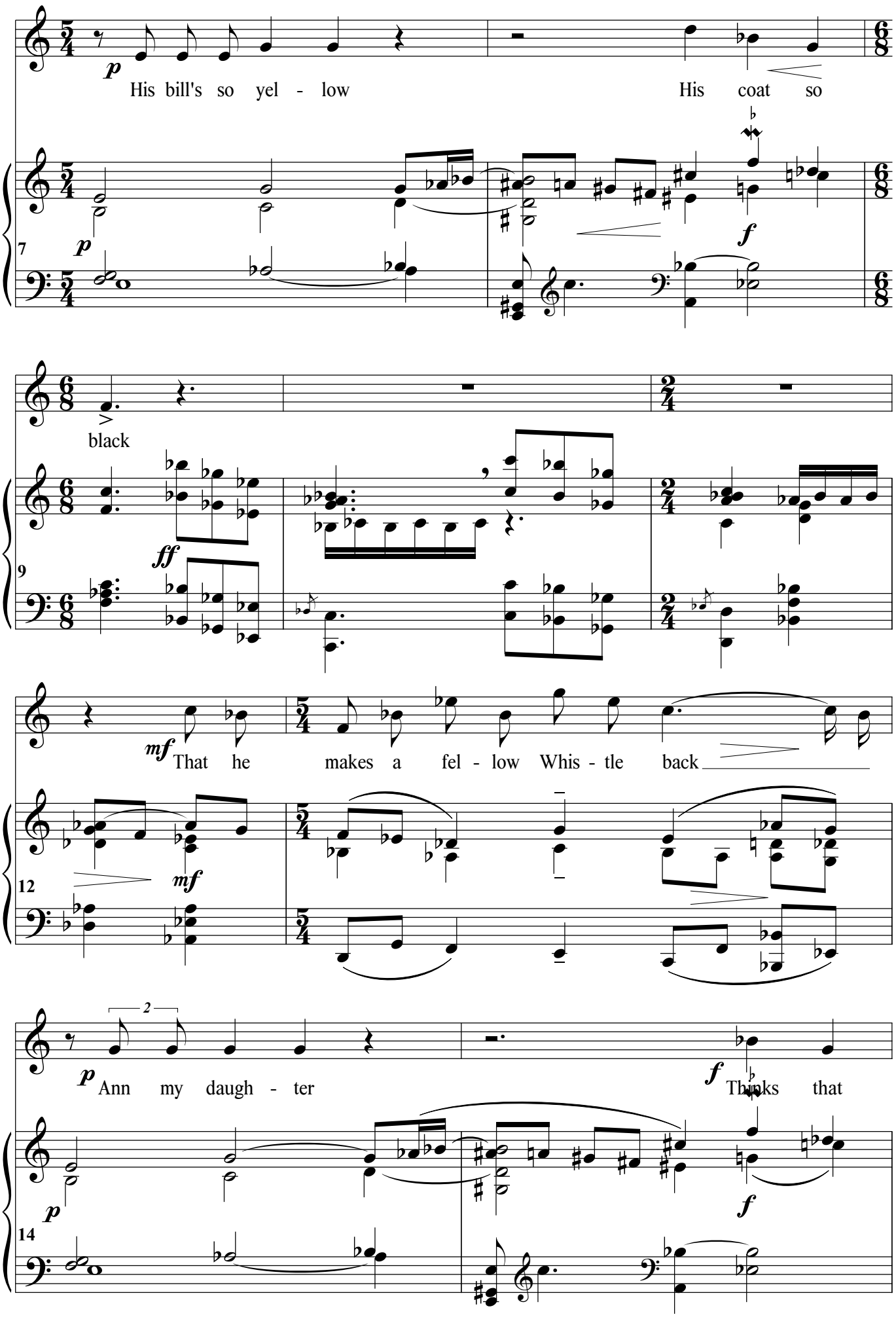

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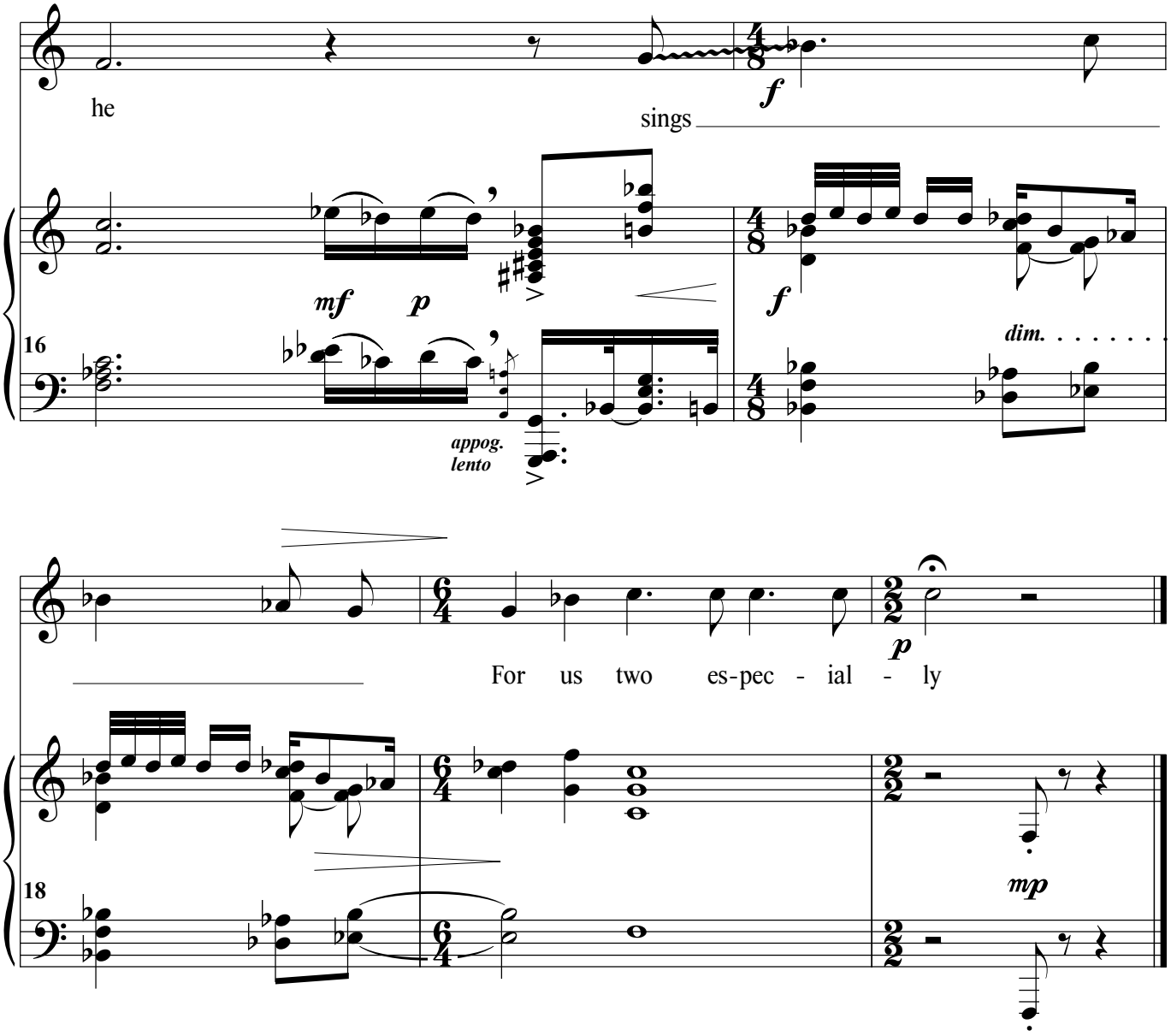

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Wander Thirst

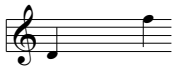
Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are;
But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the rivers call, and the roads call, and oh! the call of the bird!

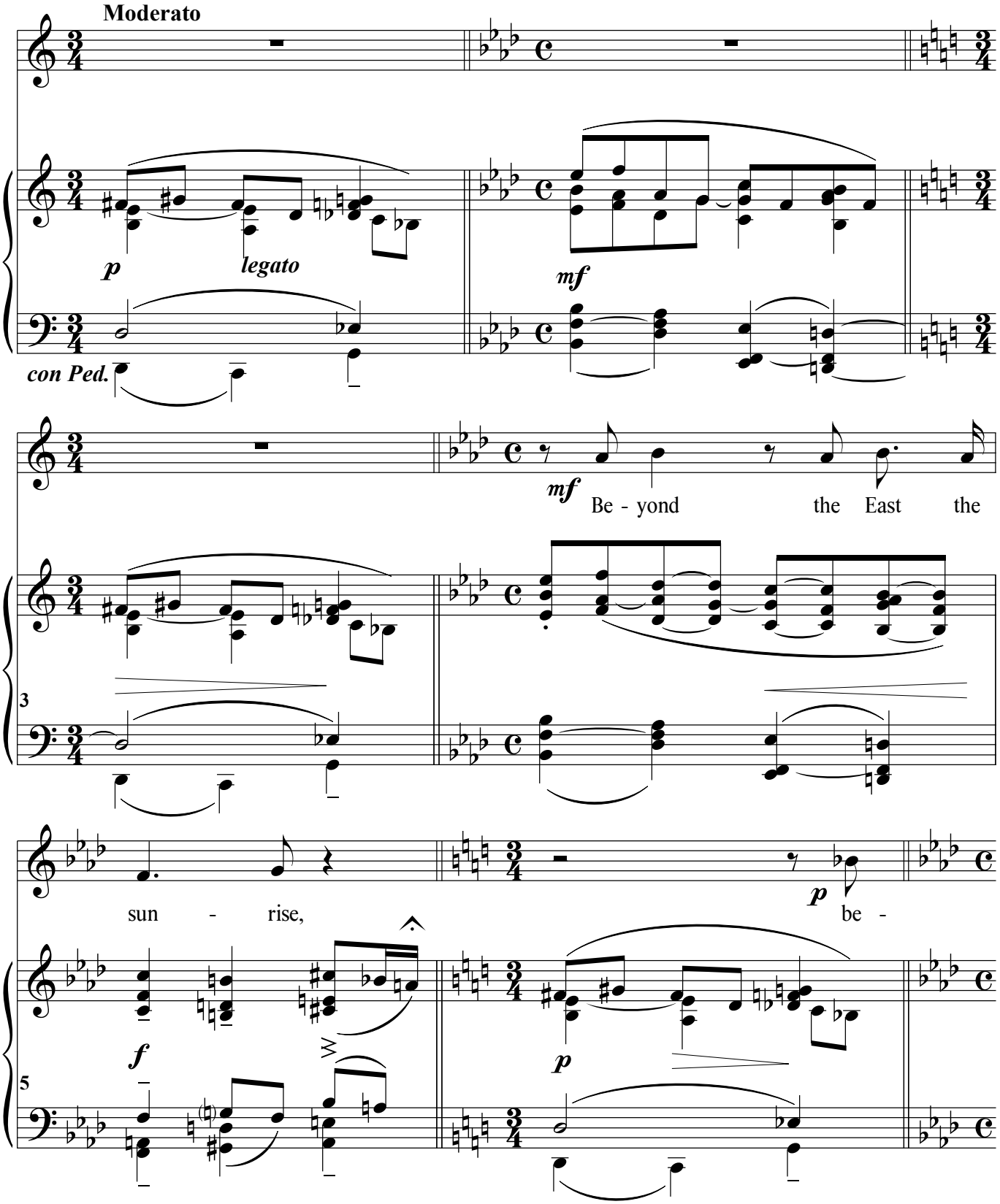
Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and, if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky.

Gerald Gould (1885–1936)

Wander-Thirst



Words by Gerald Gould



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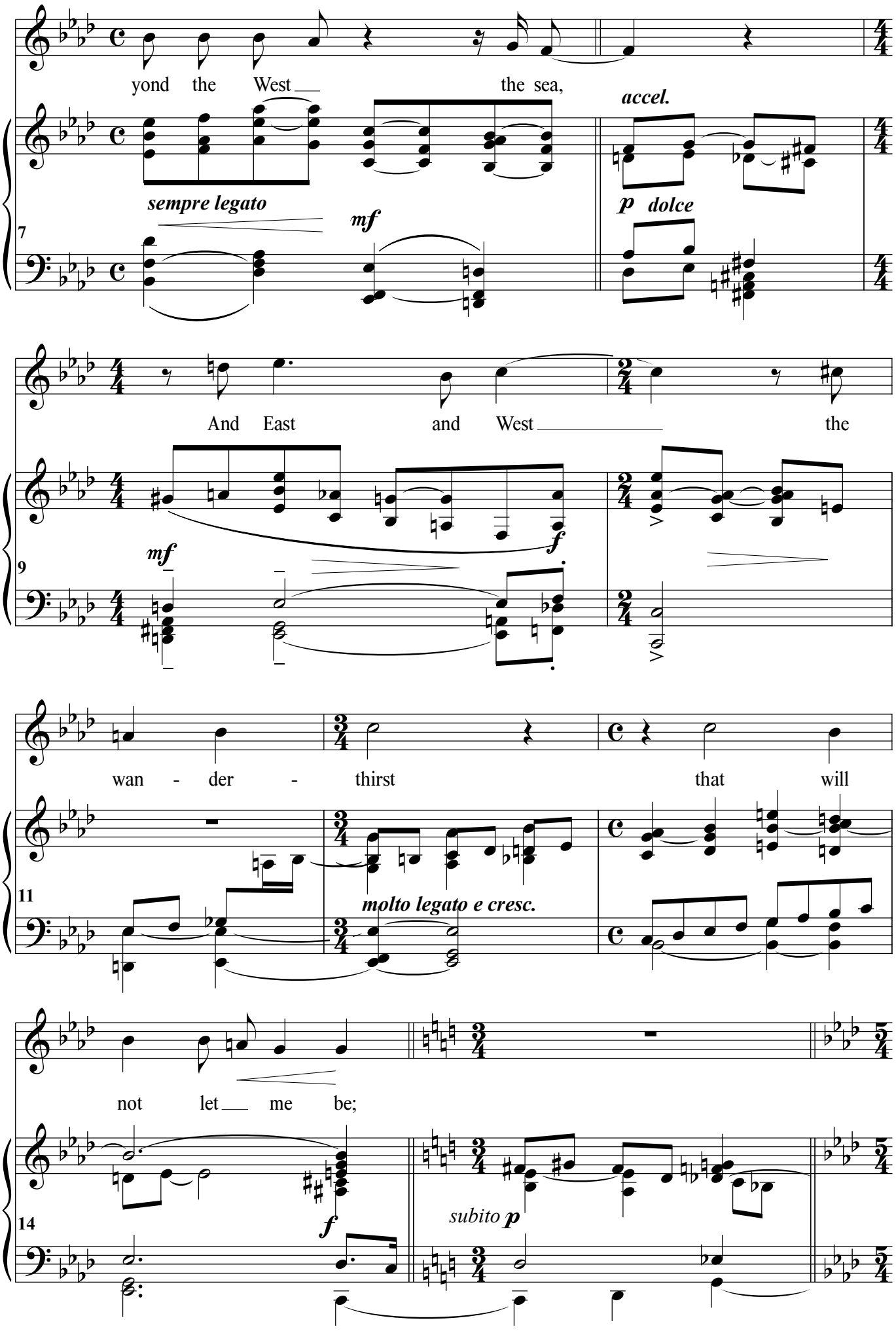

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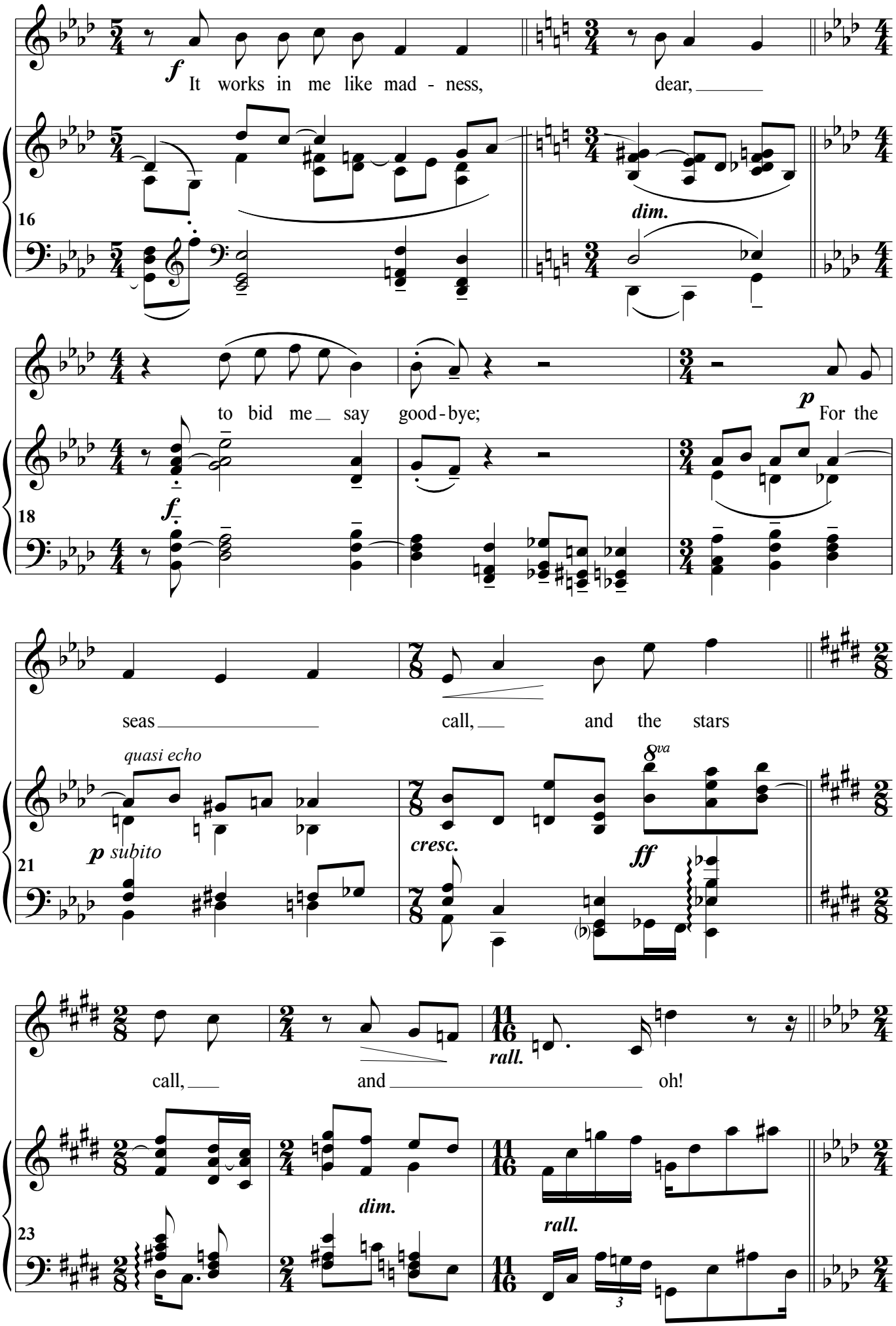

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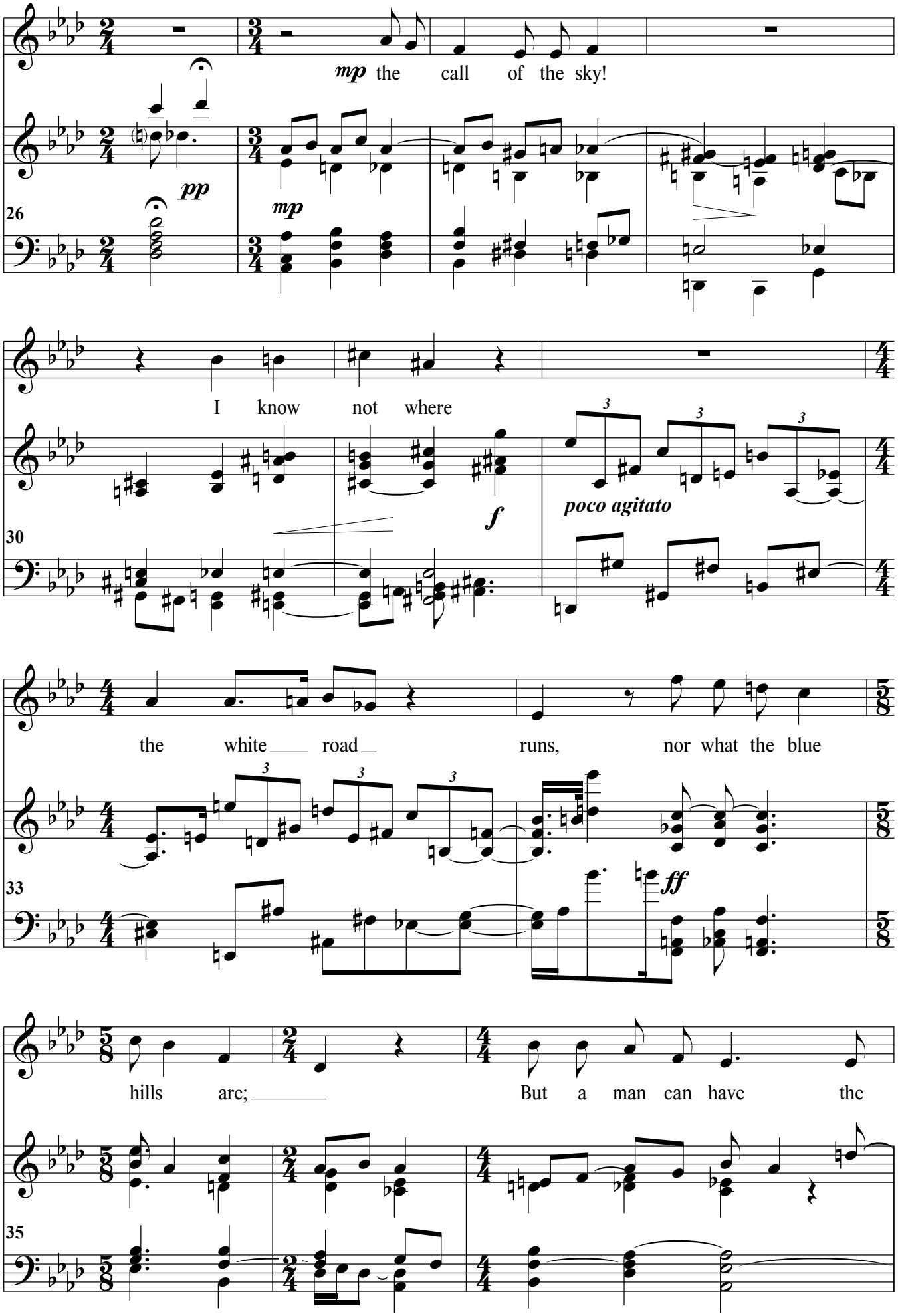

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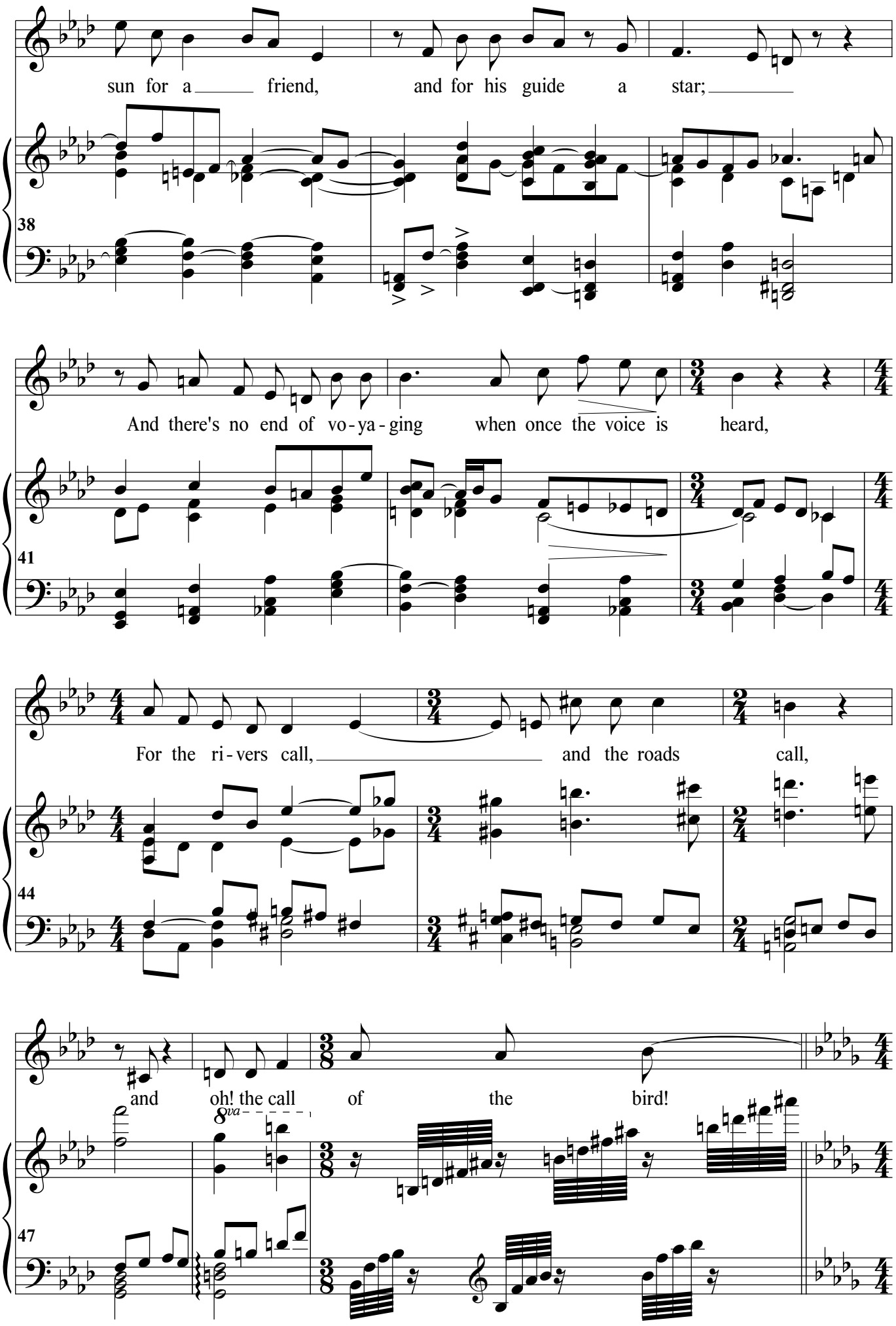

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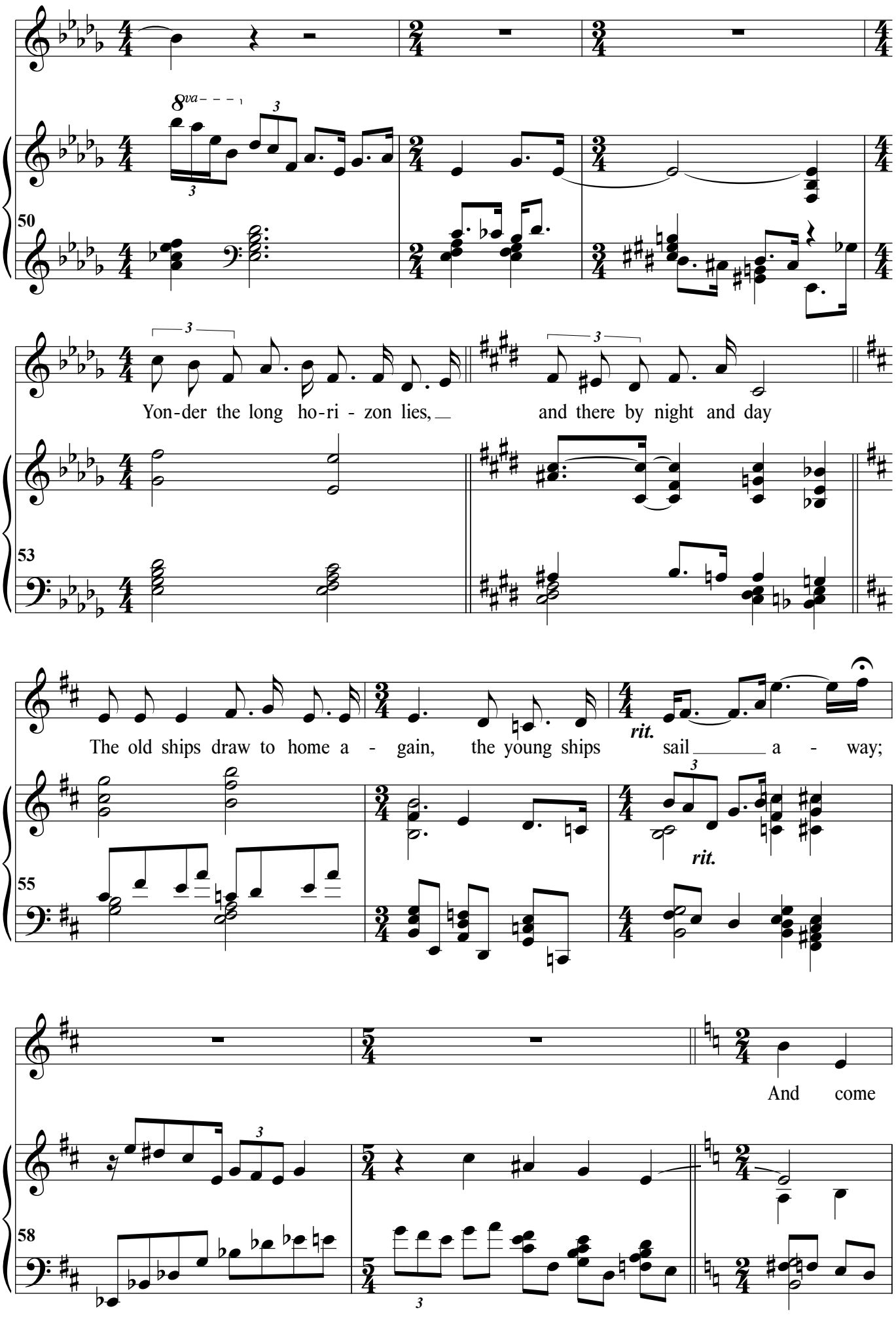

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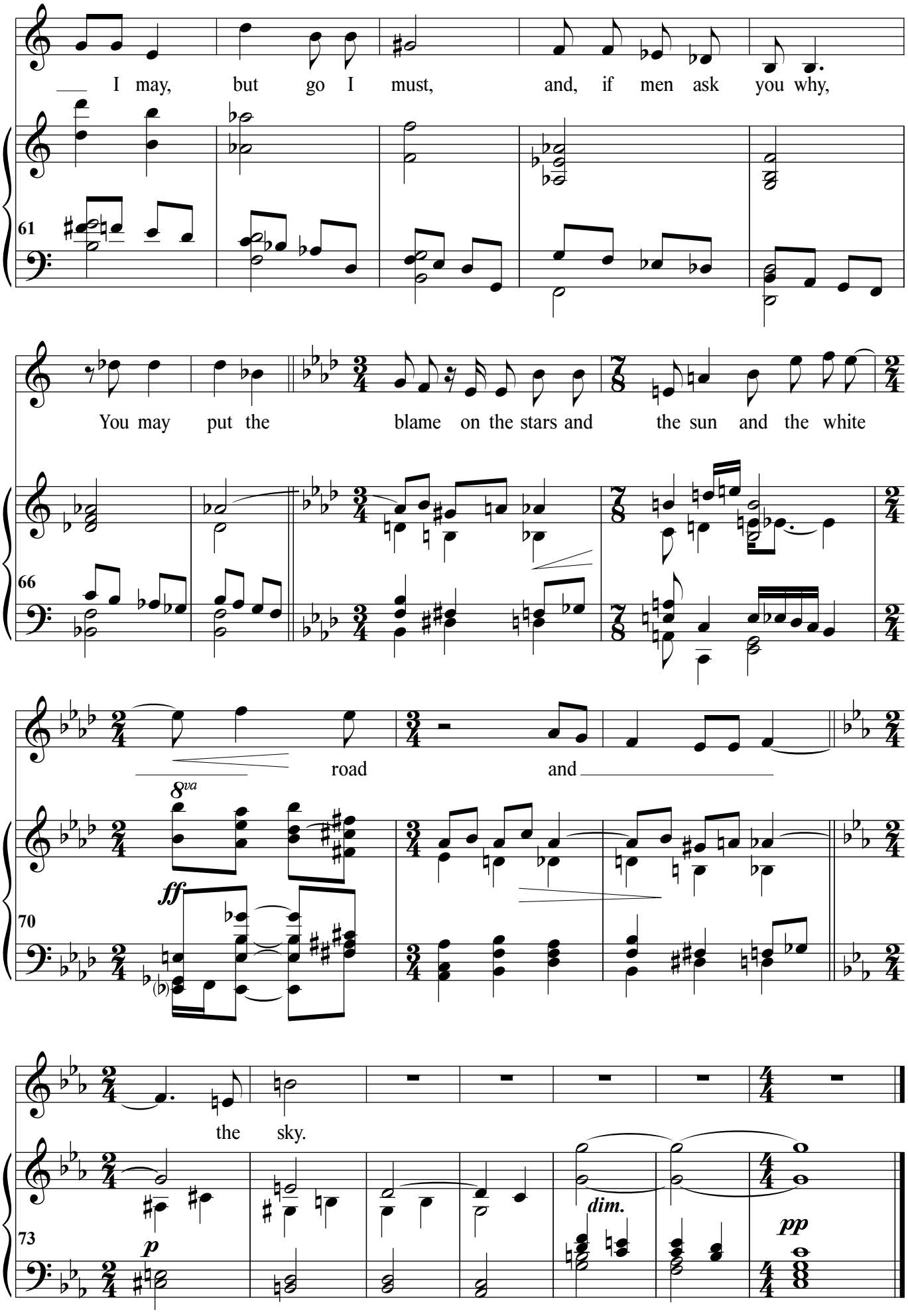

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Sleep not so Soundly

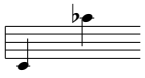
Sleep not so soundly, remember, in times past,
God tarried not when at Work, though He could Rest:
Eked a one day Re-pose, His everlasting Week,
So delay no longer, 'tis too late to oversleep, dream not of dreams now gone by.

Sleep not so soundly, for Eos is already up,
She's painting the sky with anointed fingers,
Wake! and cast off the night, leave your troubles far behind,
Sleep no longer for 'tis time to pick up your crutches and rise.

So you must stir and sip the cup of dawn from the table of the sky,
Join the milling throng devoutly drinking the hight priest's potion,
Wrestle yourself from the bonds of slumber and join the circle of Friends
Of the Earth parlaying for signs of a better world

Rise and join the multitude in the long banquet hall
Raise your cup with theirs, to celebrate your rebirth,
Now that you have risen at last from your soft couch
The Ambrosian Vessel can circulate around - It visits all of Us!

Sleep not so Soundly



Words by the composer*

In Modo Semplice

mp

Sleep not so sound-ly, re-mem-ber, in times past, God tar-ried not

Nobly ♩ = 80 ca.

mp

con Ped.

when at Work, though He could Rest: Eked a one day

Re - pose, His e - ver-las-ting Week, So de - lay no lon-ger,

*originally cast for John Masefield's *Laugh and Be Merry*

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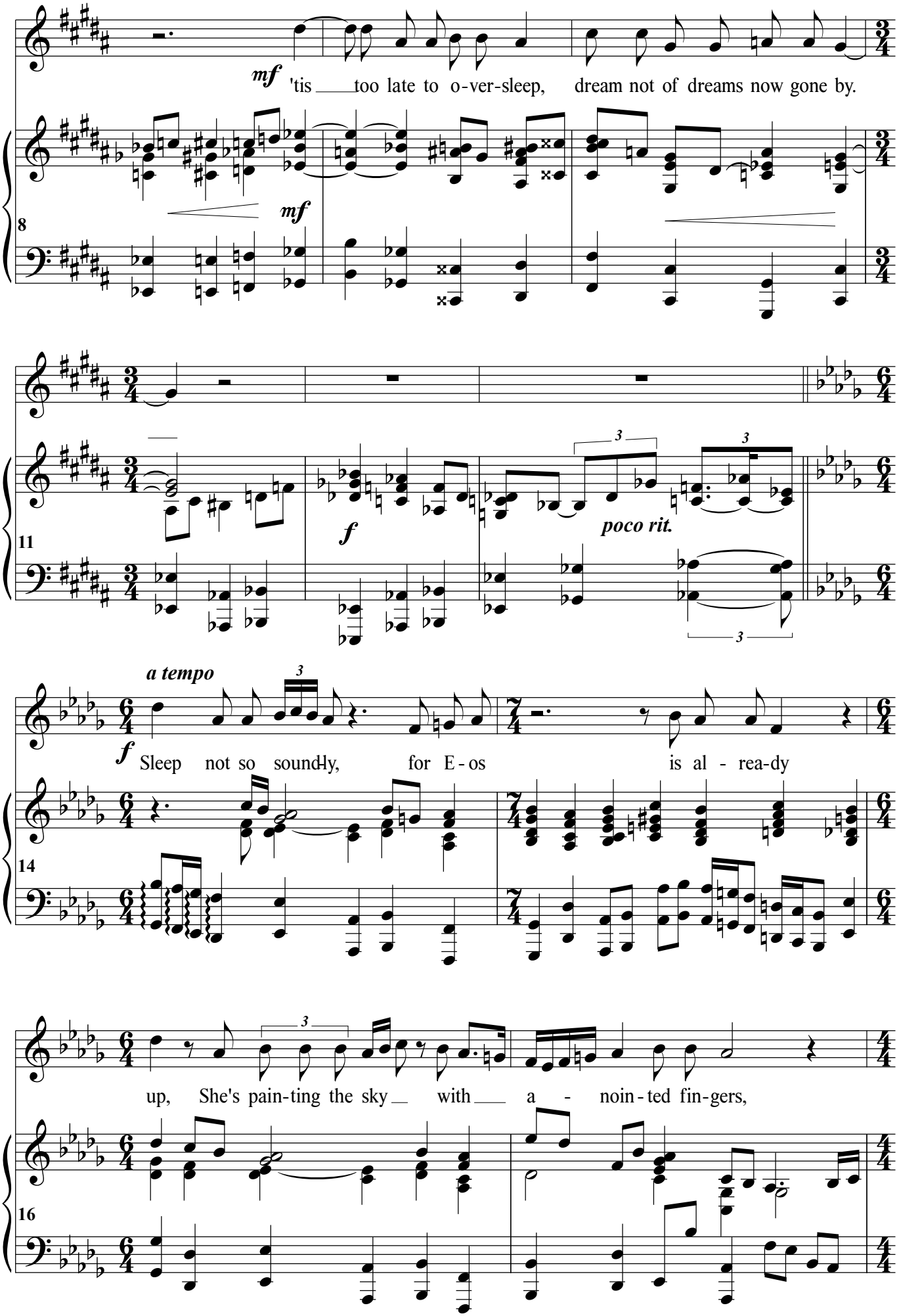

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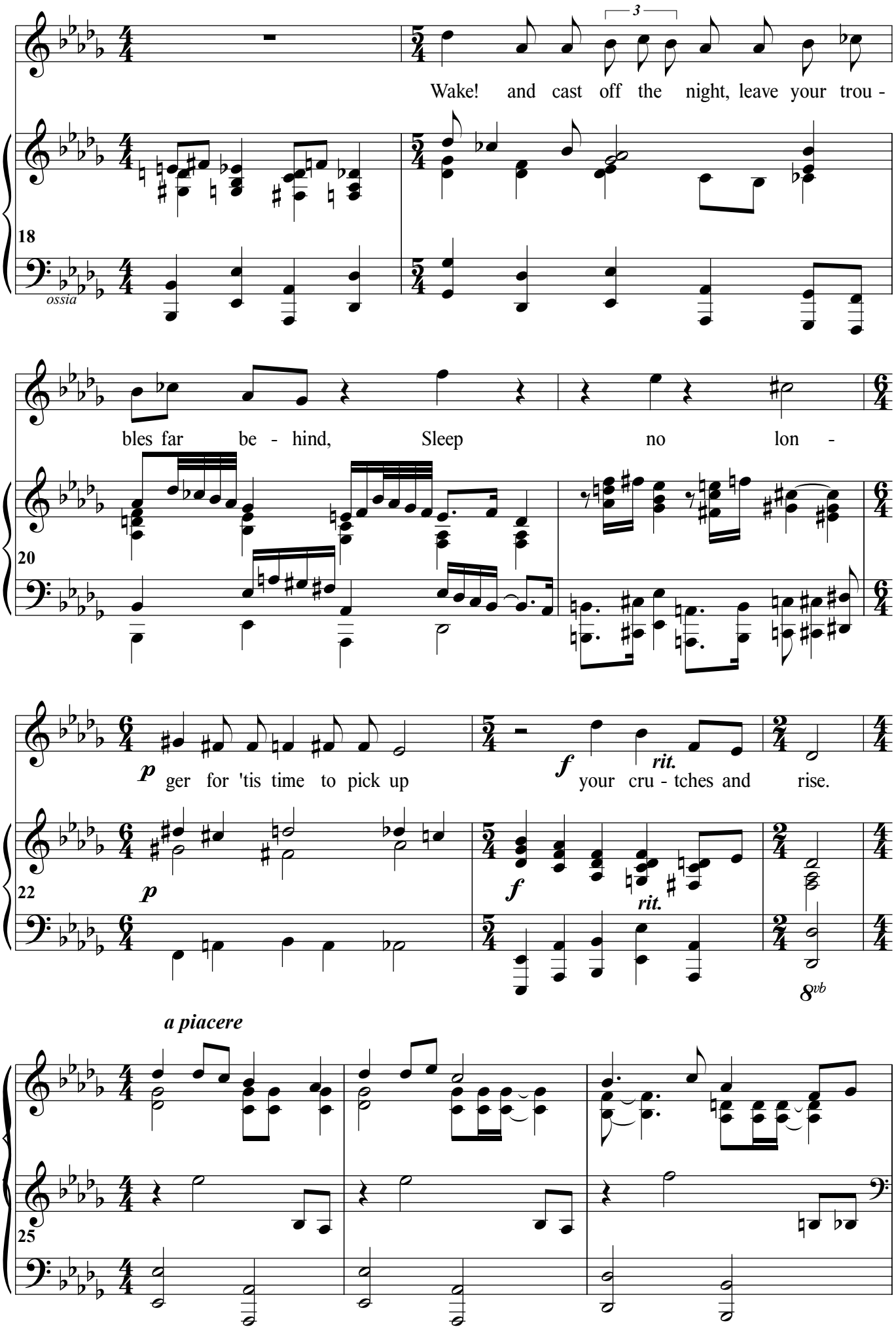

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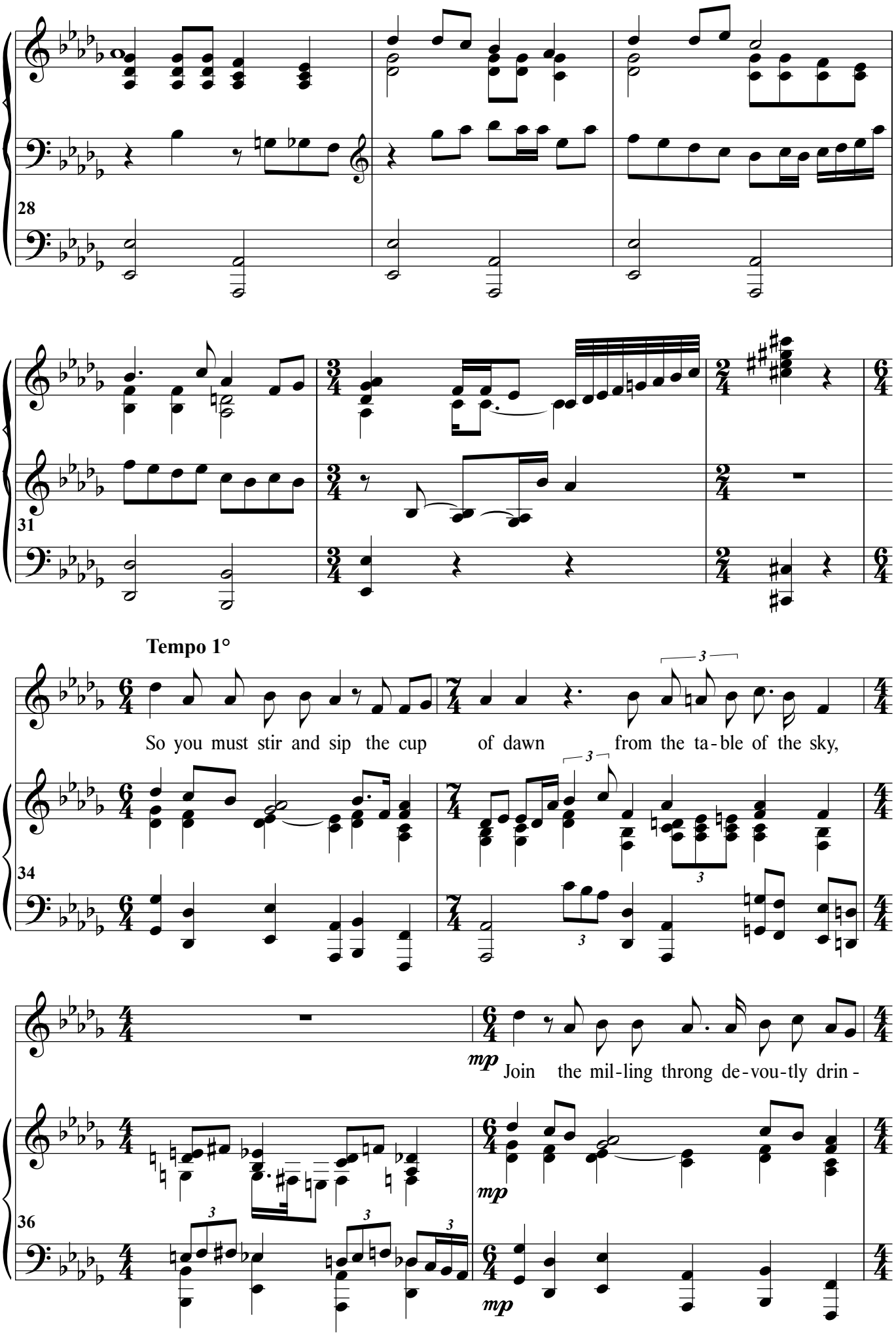

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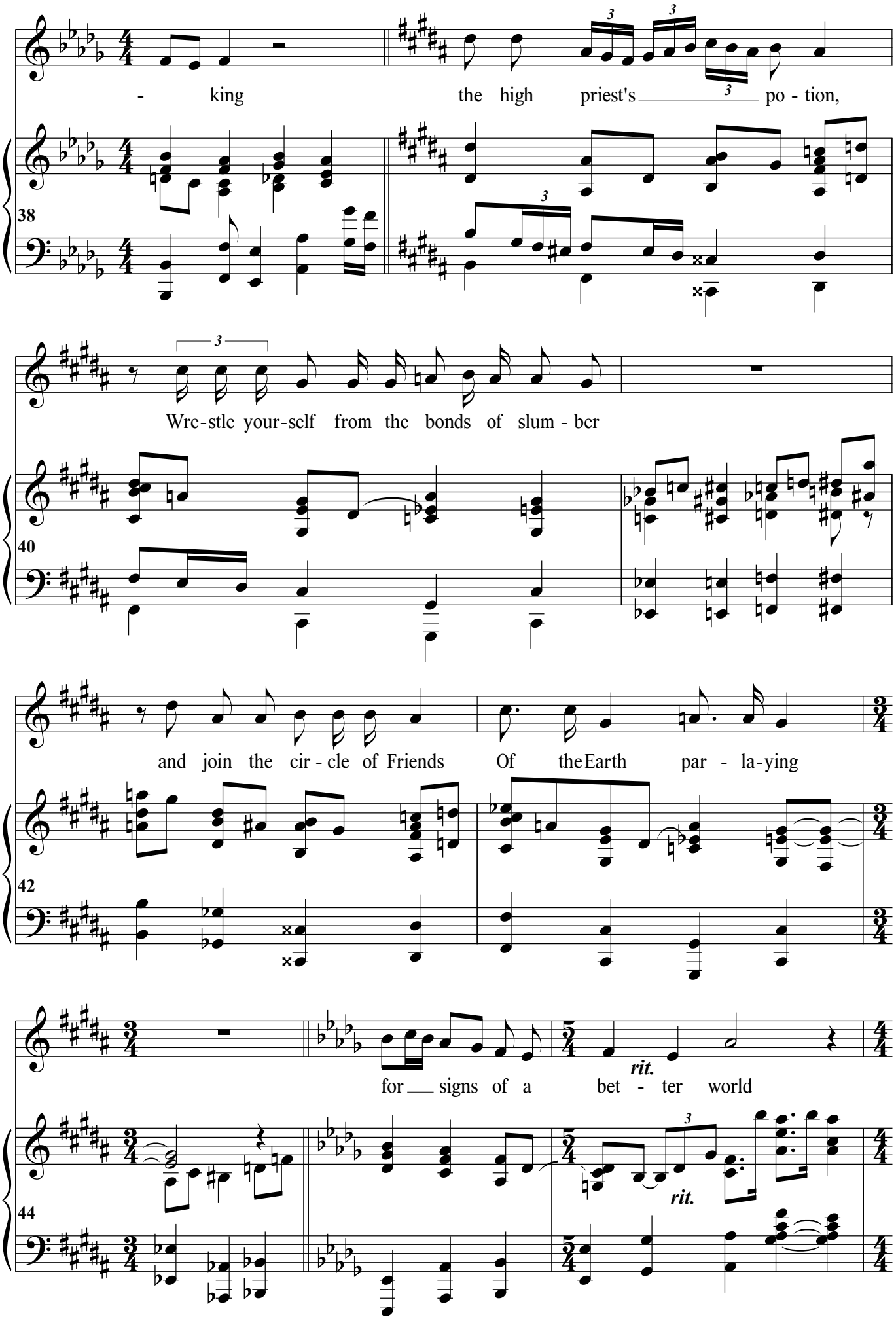

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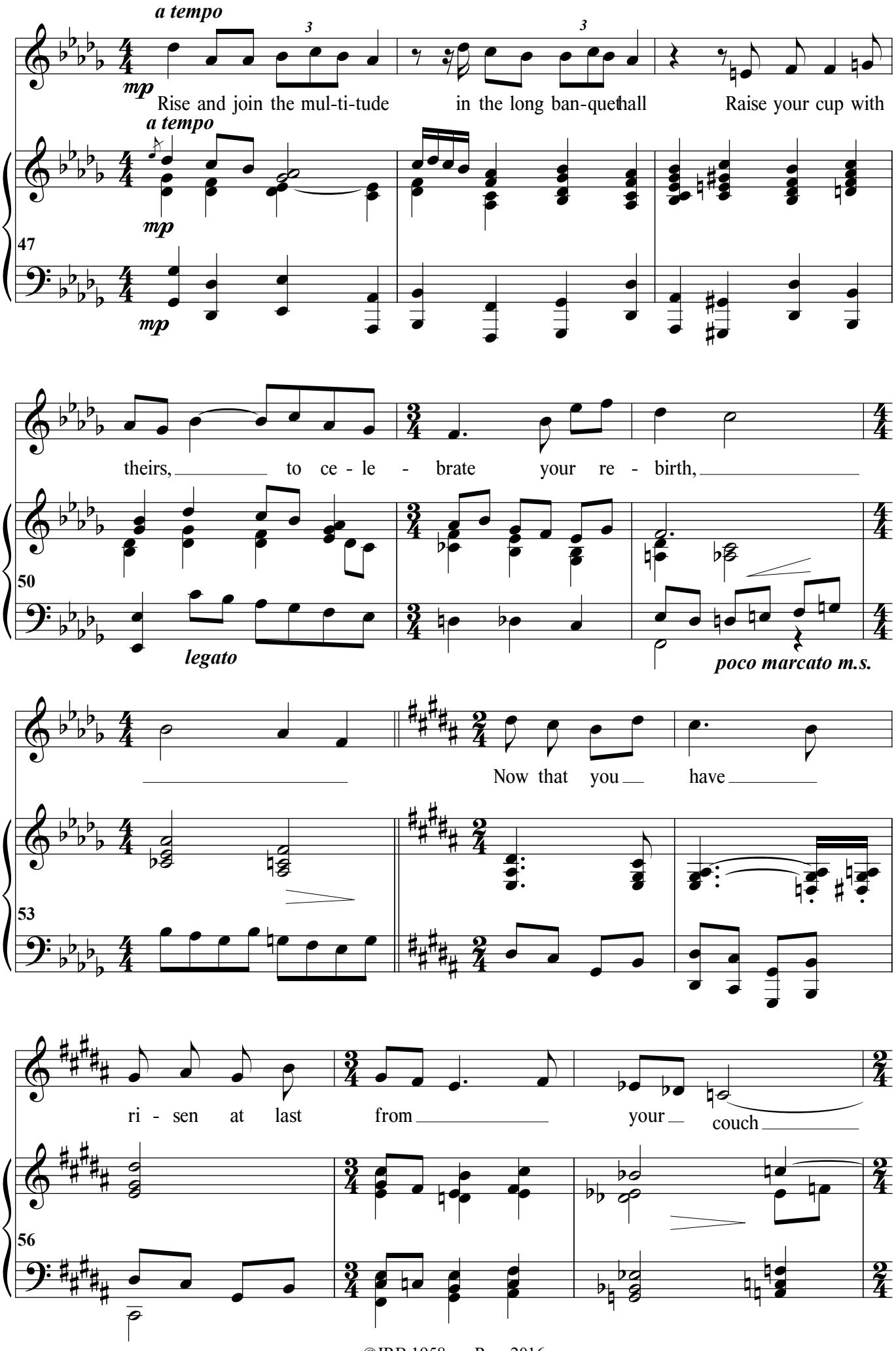

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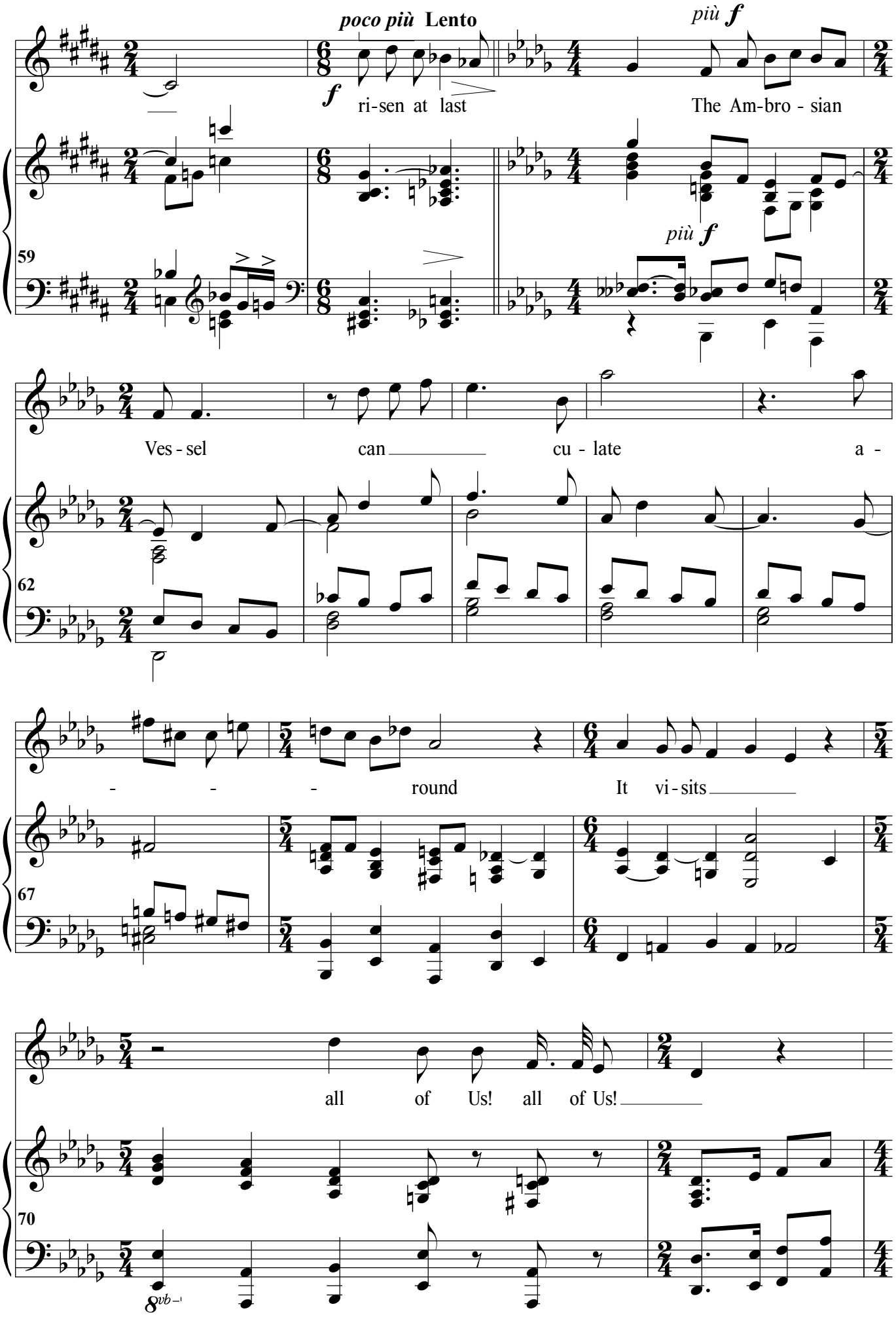

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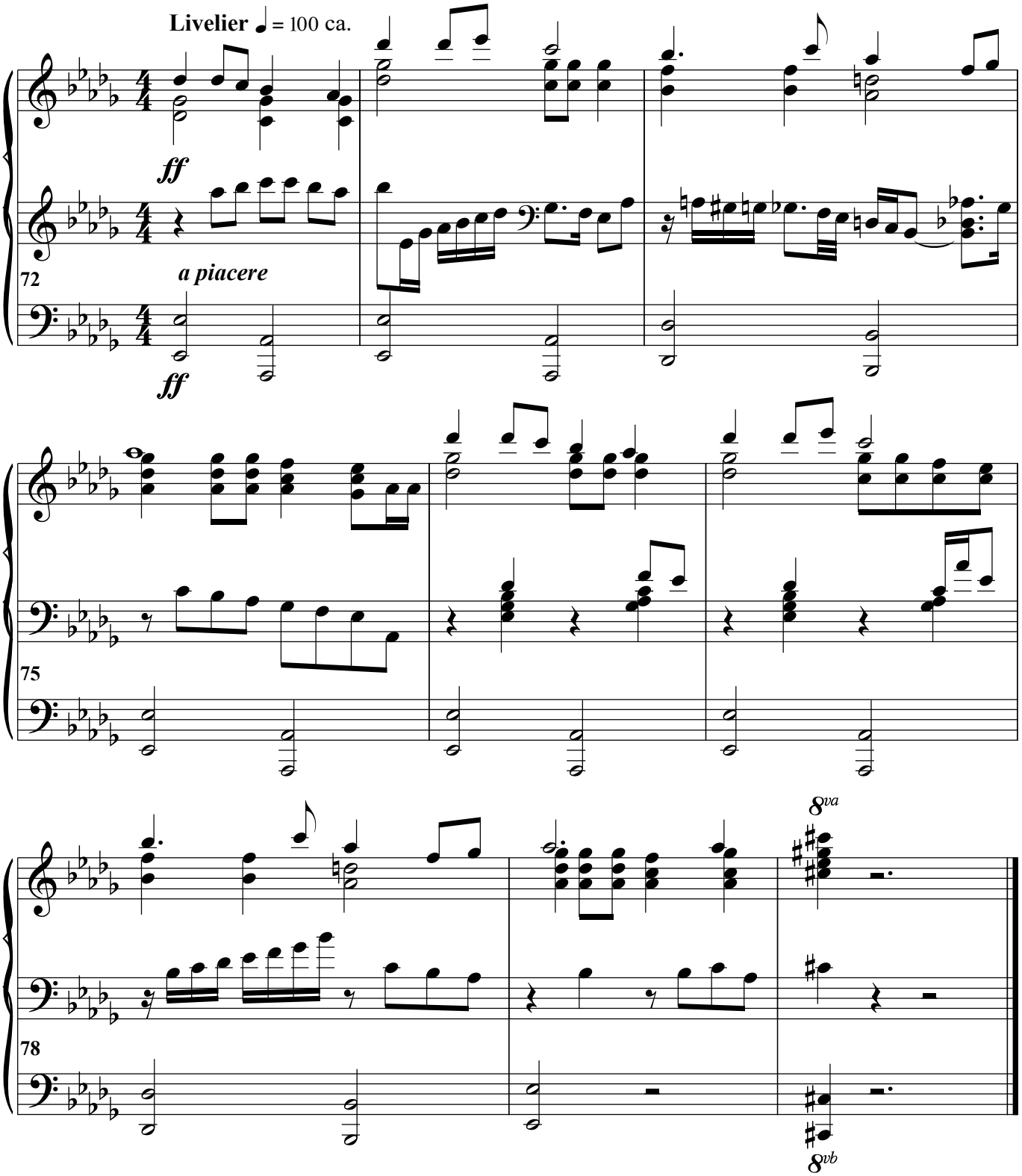

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I am a Parcel

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

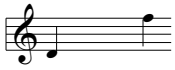
Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know,
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

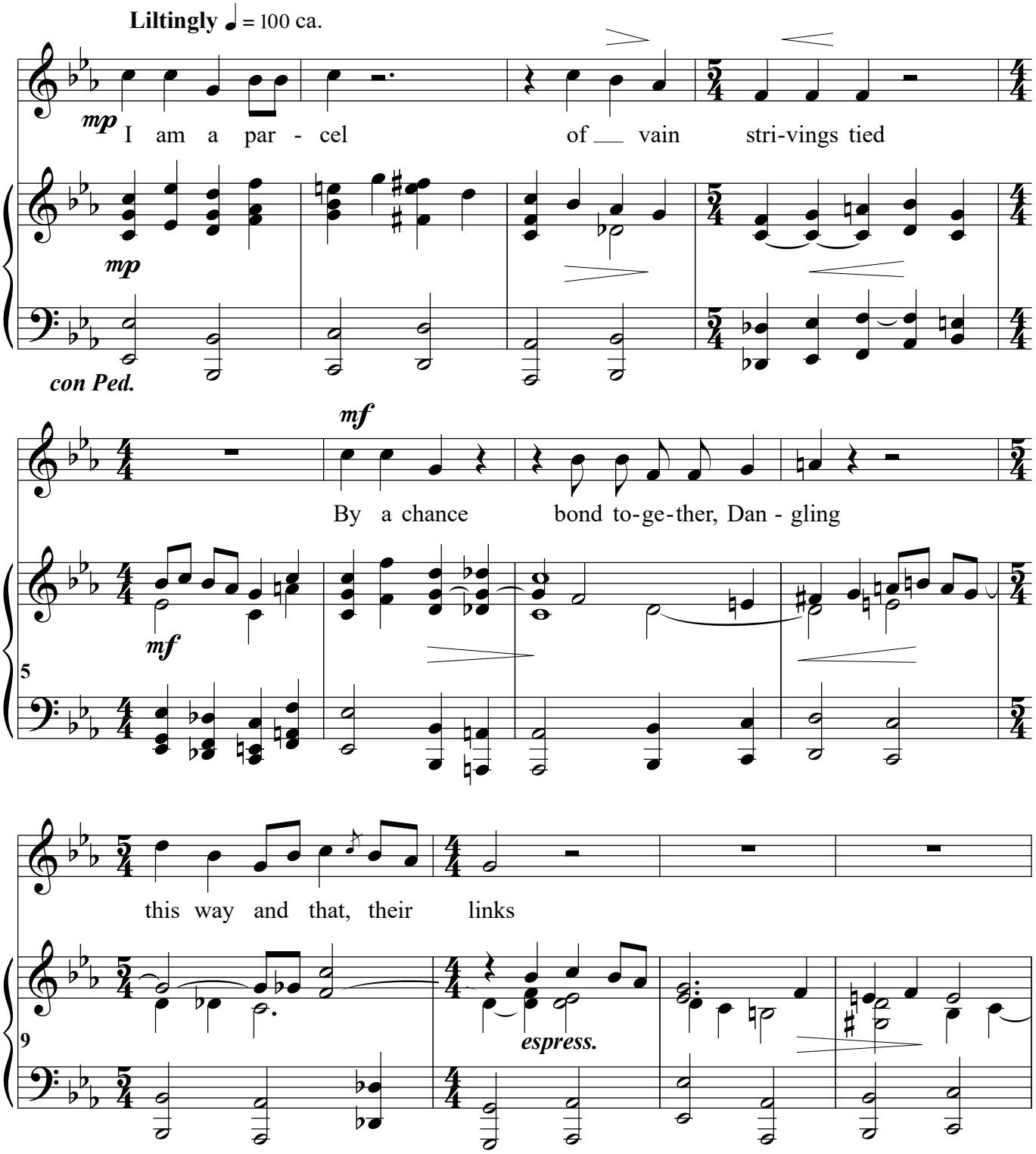
That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

Henry David Thoreau (1817 - 1862)

I Am A Parcel



Words by H.D.Thoreau*



*originally cast for John Masefield's *The Seekers*

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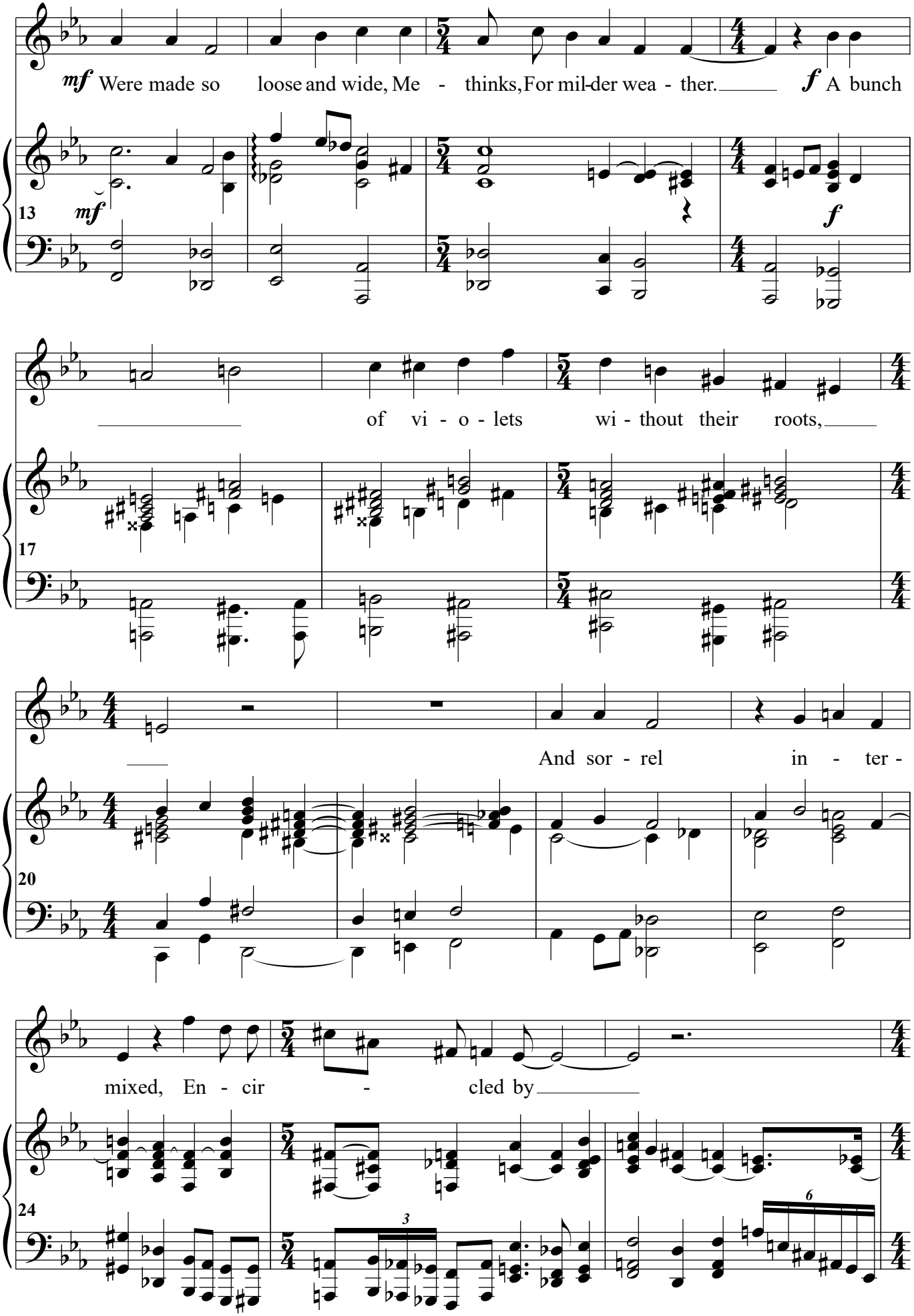

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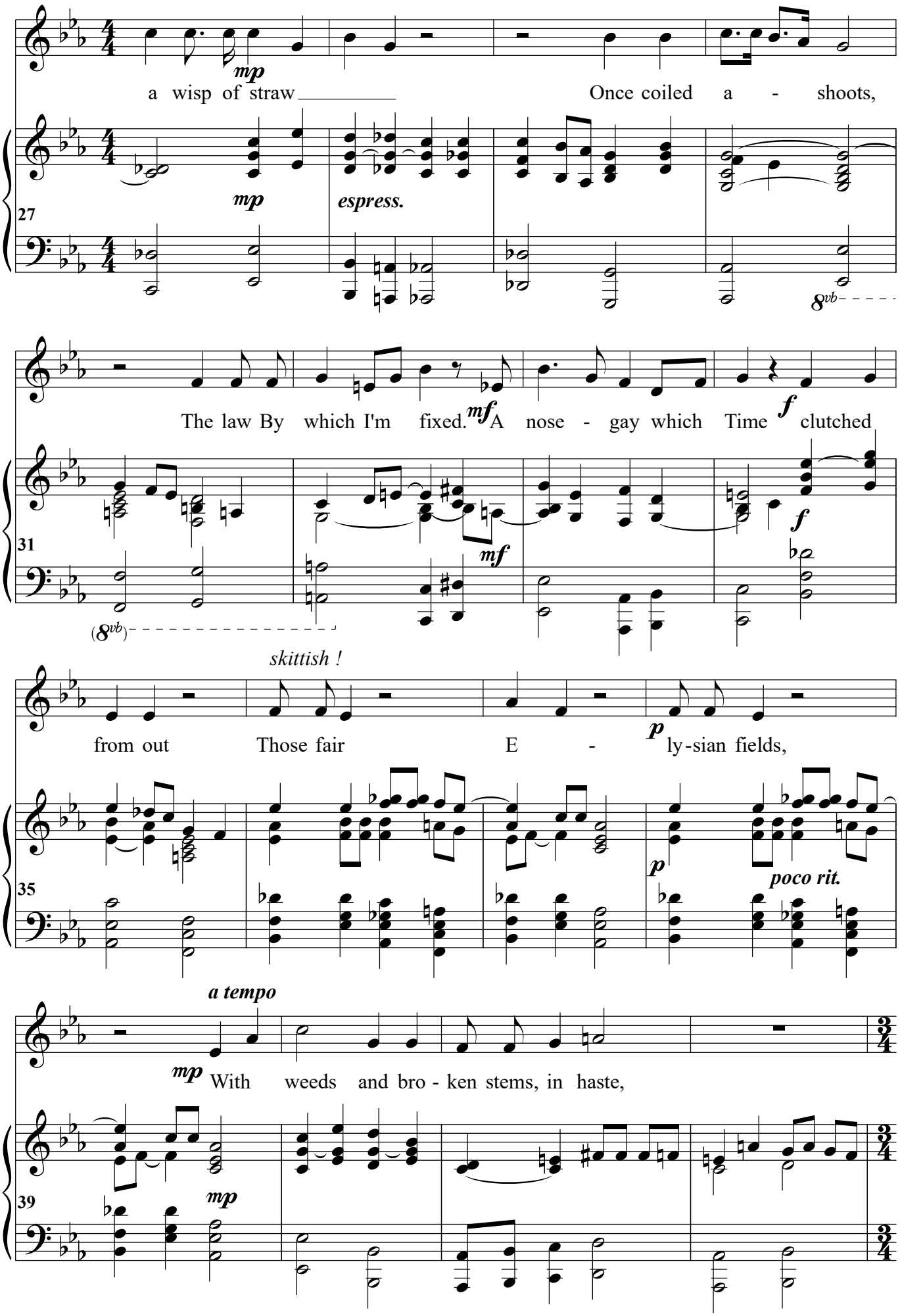

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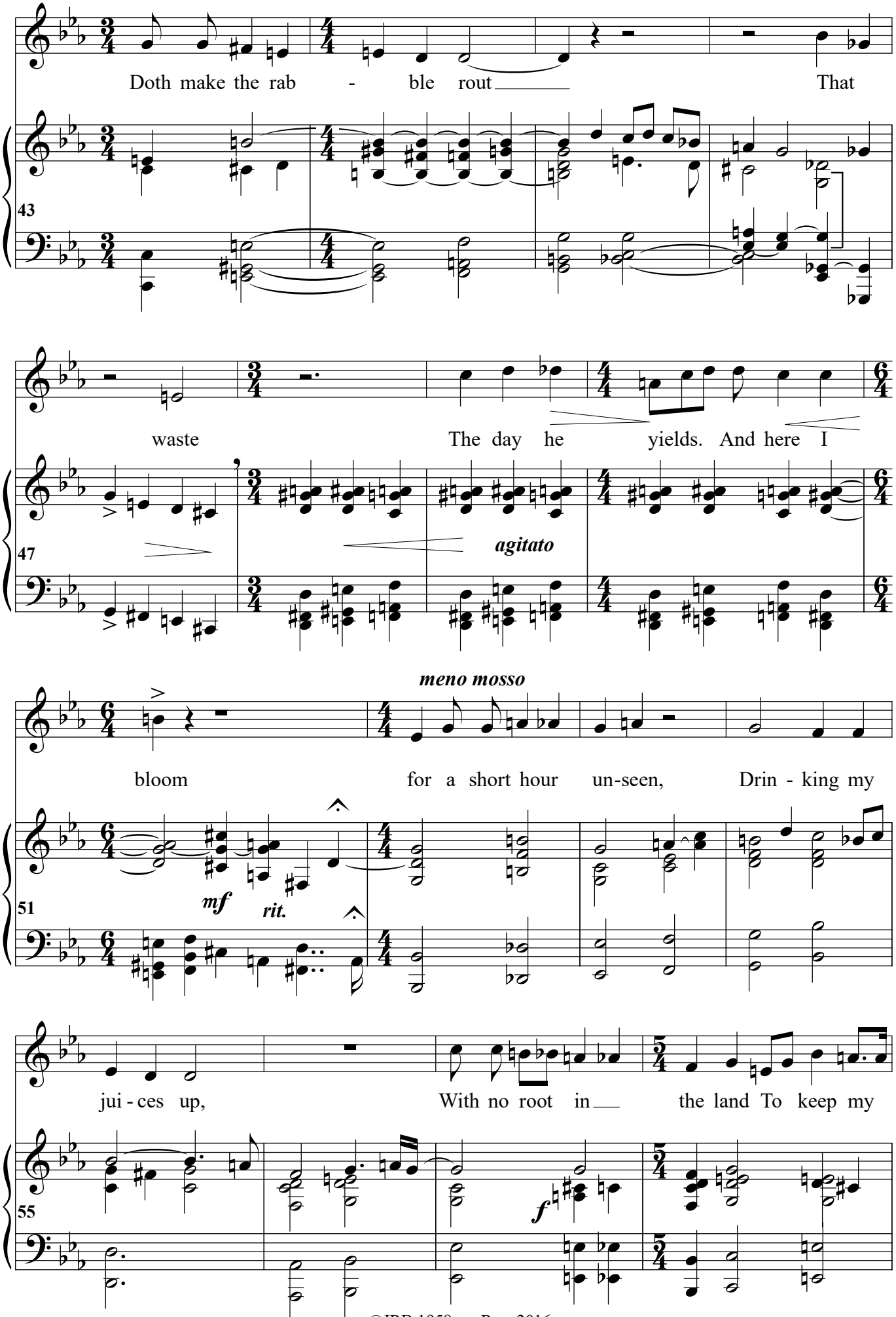

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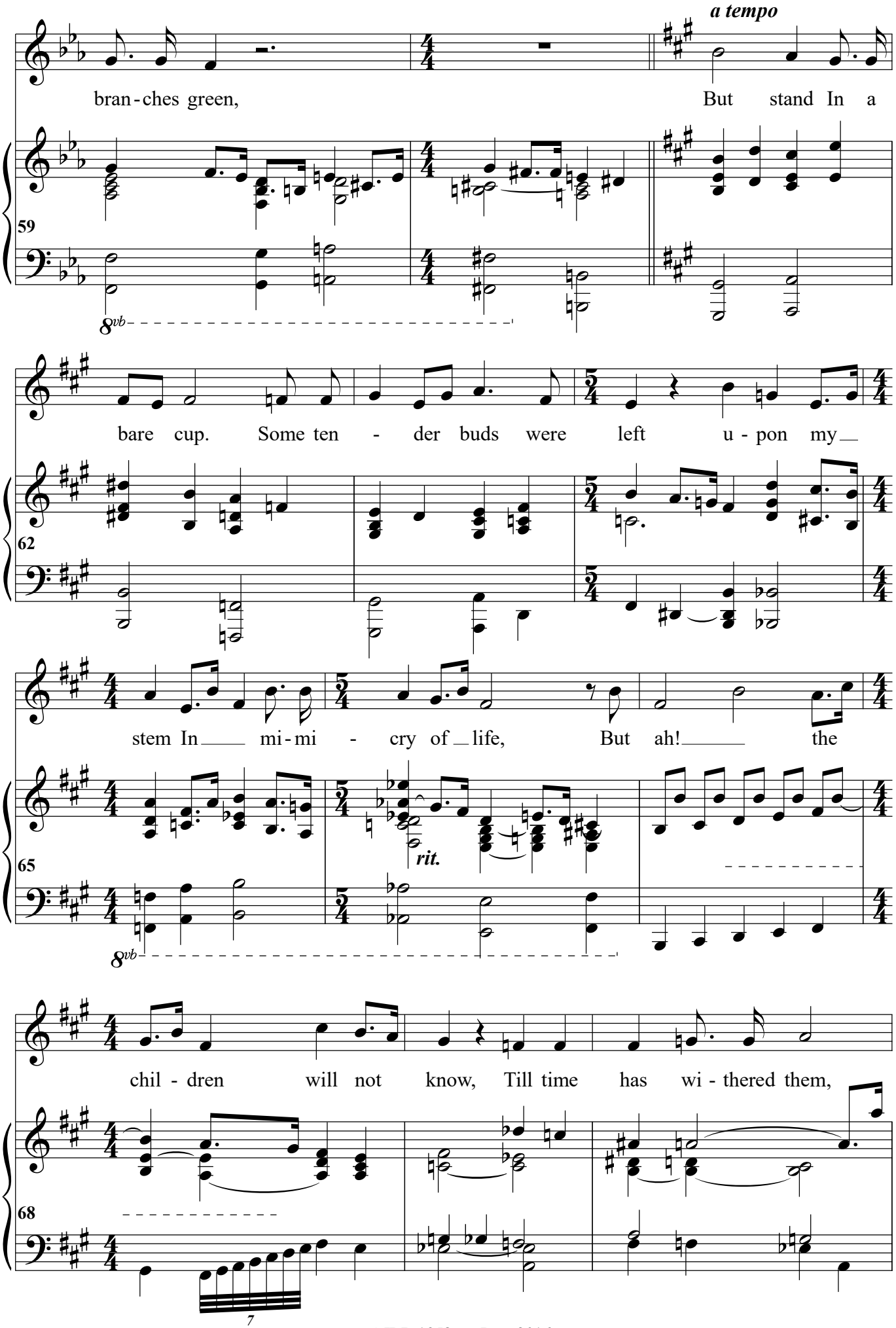

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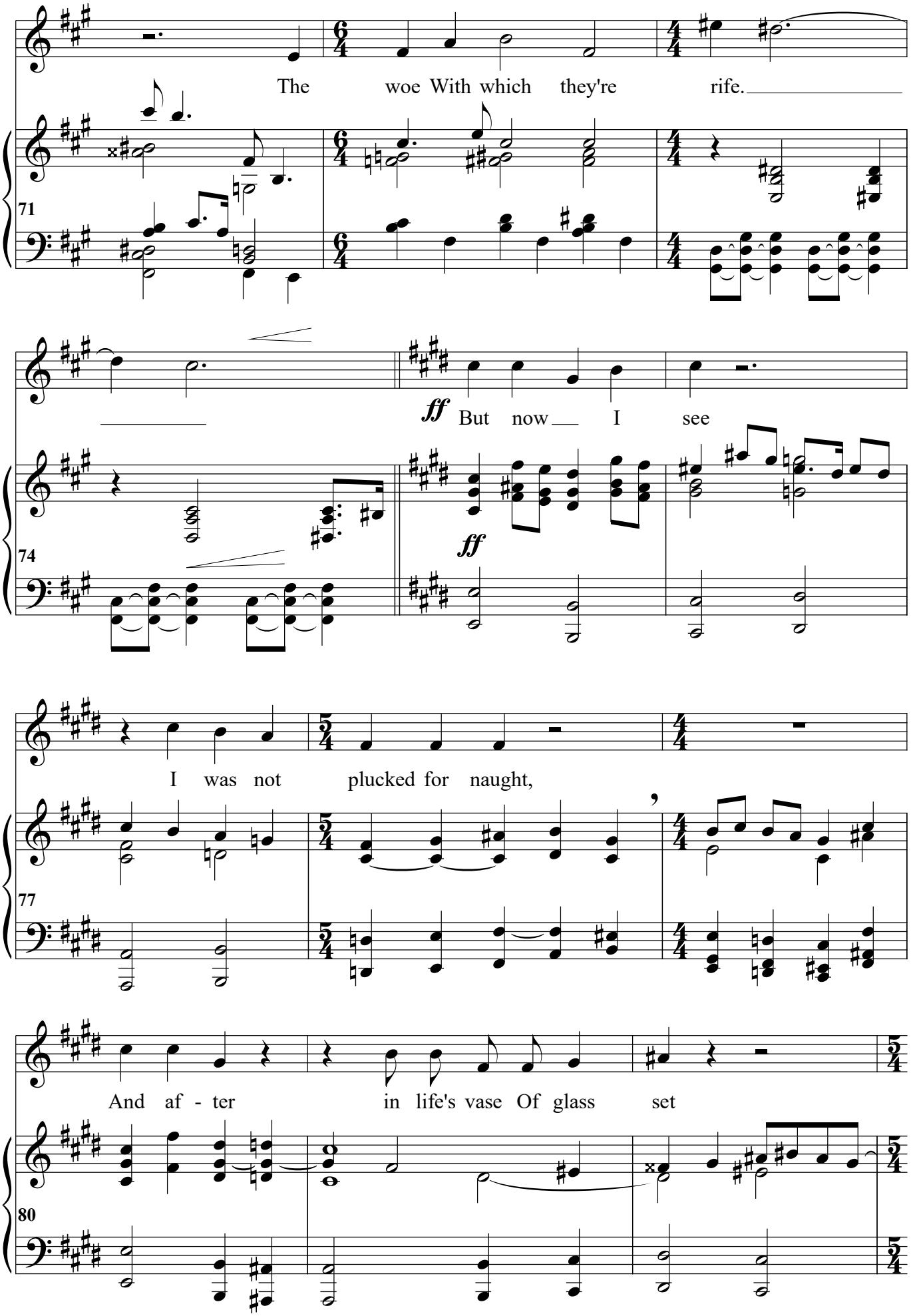

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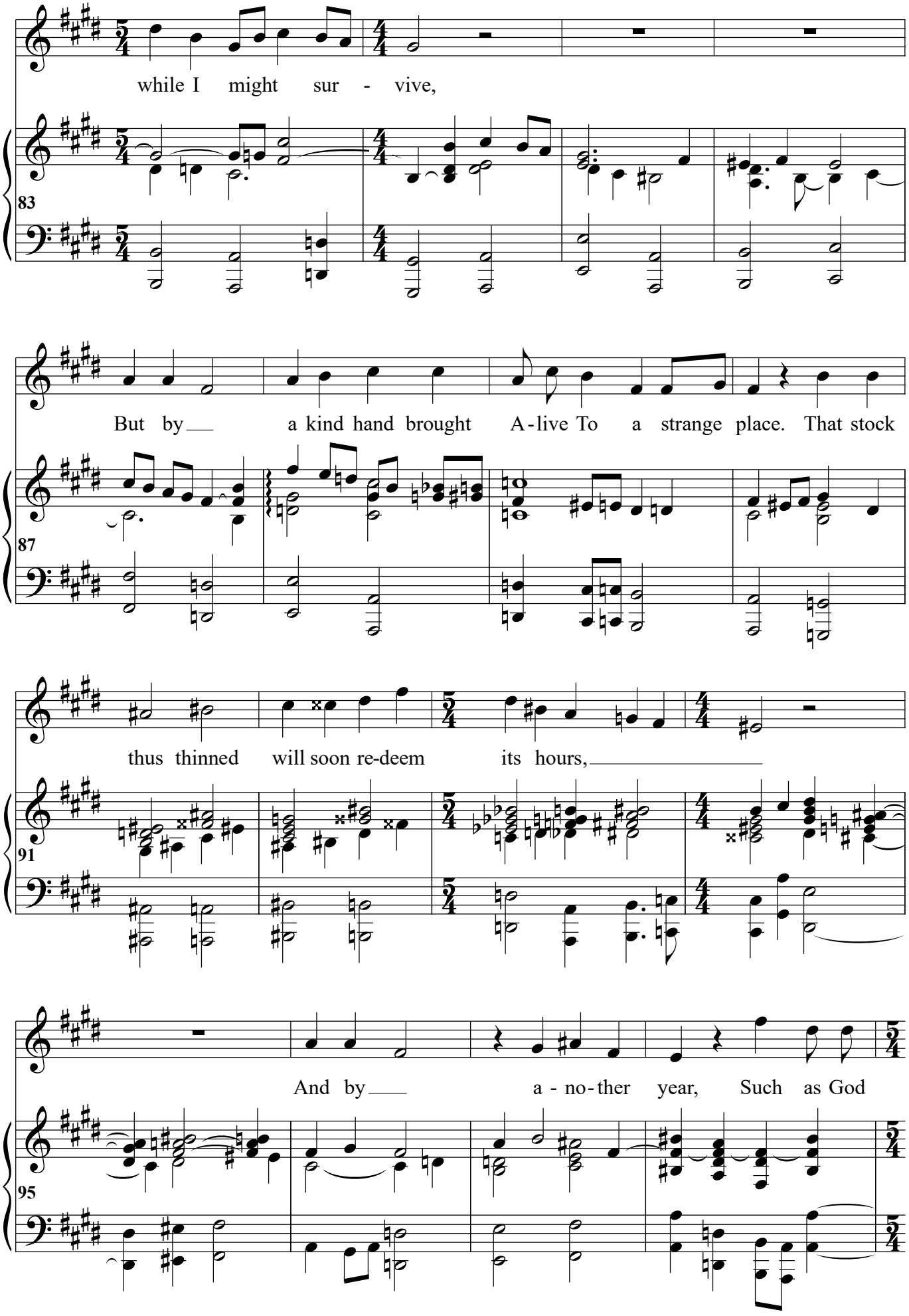

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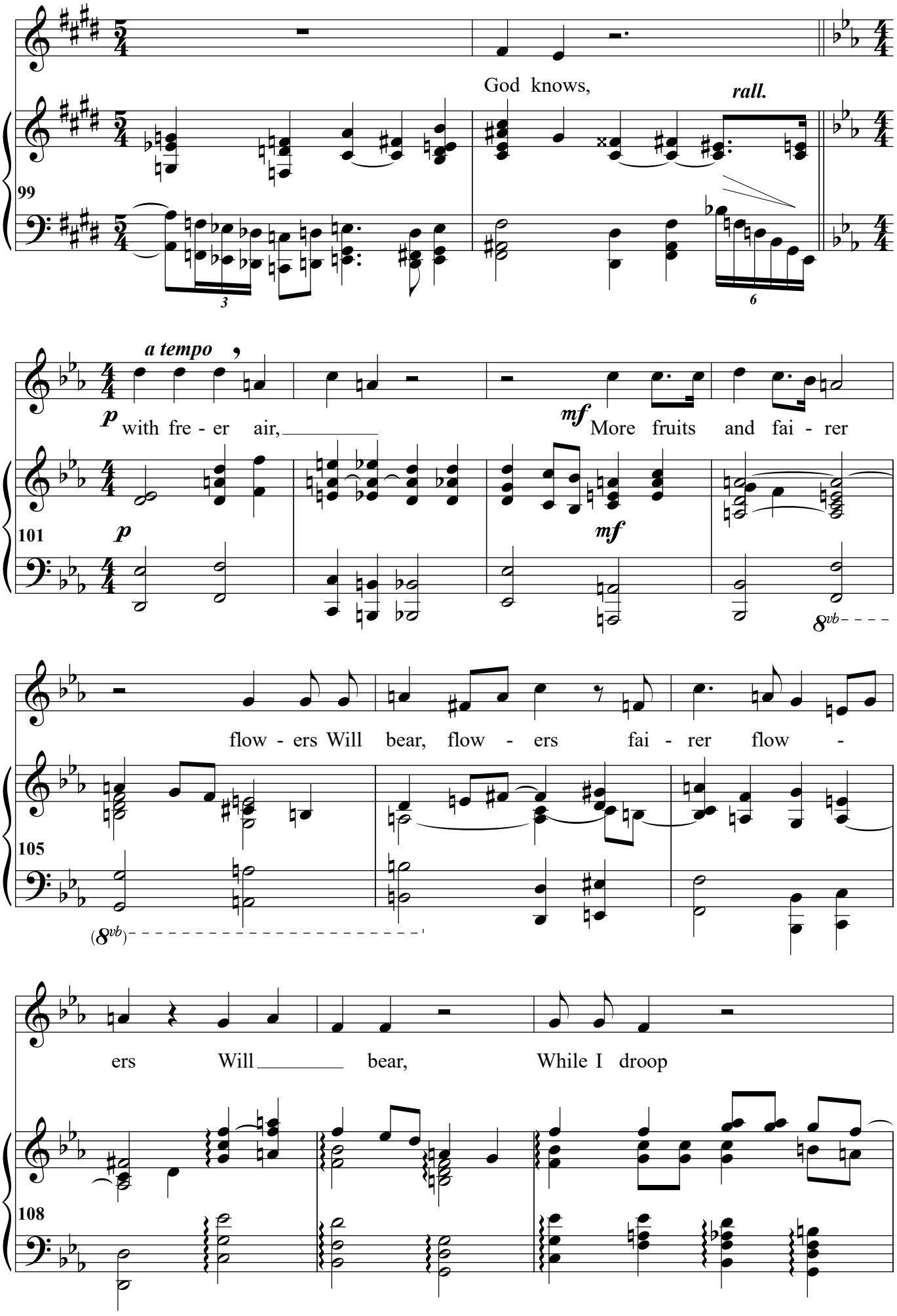

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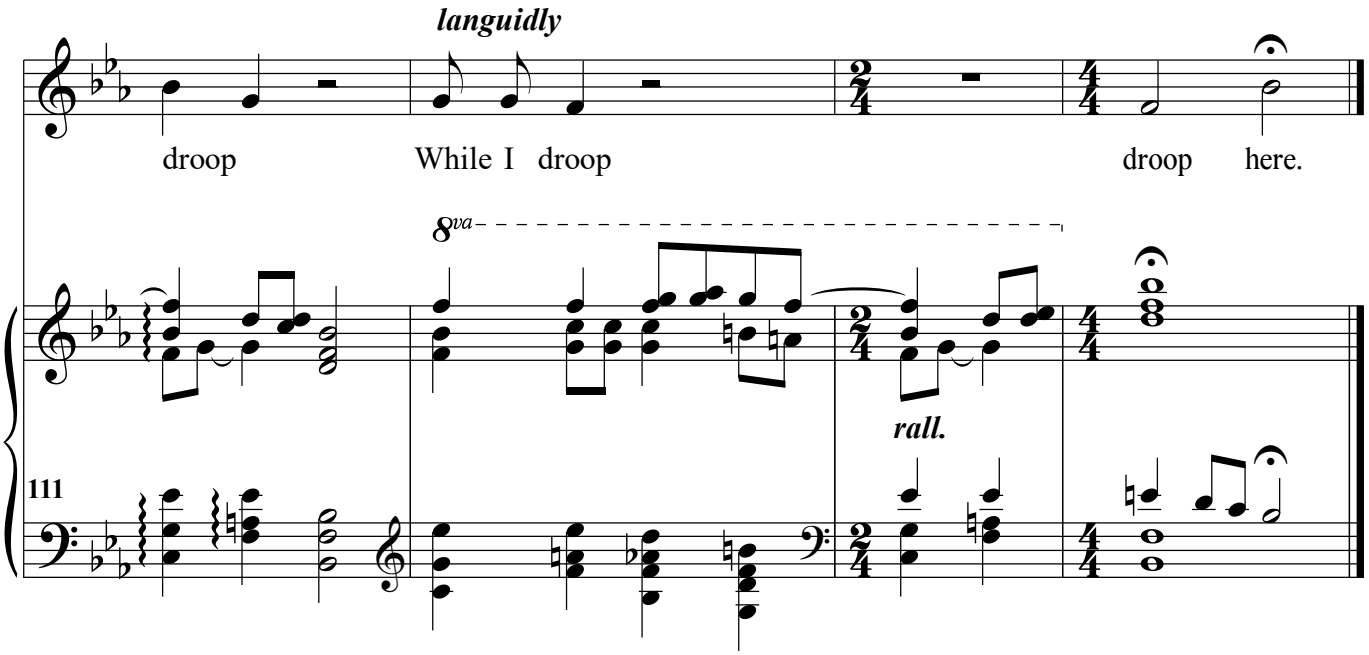

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