

1 A POCKET OF TIME

We lived in a pocket of Time.
 It was close, it was warm.
 Along the dark seam of the river
 the houses, the barns, the two churches,
 hid like white crumbs
 in a fluff of gray willows and elms,
 till Time made one of his gestures;
 his nails scratched the shingled roof.
 Roughly his hand reached in,
 and tumbled us out.
 - Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979)

2 PIERROT

Pierrot is dying;
 Tiptoe in,
 Finger touched to lip,
 Harlequin,
 Columbine and Clown.

Hush! How still he lies
 In his bed,
 White slipped hand and white
 Sunken head.
 Oh, poor Pierrot.

Here's his dressing-gown
 Across the chair,
 Slippers on the floor. . .
 Can he hear
 Us who tiptoe in?

Pillowed high he lies
 In his bed;
 Listen, Columbine.
 "He is dead."
 Oh, poor Pierrot.
 - Adelaide Crapsey (1878-1914)

4 LADY OF THE HARBOR

"Give me your tired, your poor,
 Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"
 - Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

5 THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
 By the stream & o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing woolly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice.
 Making all the vales rejoice:
 Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb:

He is meek & he is mild,
 He became a little child
 I a child & thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name,
 Little Lamb God bless thee.
 - William Blake (1757-1827)

6 WHERE THE MUSIC COMES FROM

I want to be where the music comes from
 Where the clock stops where it's now.
 I want to be with the friends around me,
 Who have found me, who show me how.
 I want to sing to the early morning
 See the sunlight melt the snow.
 And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit
 Here inside me where it lies.
 I want to listen till I can hear it.
 Let it guide me and realize
 That I can go with the flow unending
 That is blending that is real
 And oh, I want to feel.

I want to walk in the earthly garden
 Far from cities, far from fear.
 I want to talk to the growing garden
 To the devas, to the deer.
 And to be one with the river flowing
 Breezes blowing sky above.
 And oh, I want to love.

- Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)

9 JABBERWOCKY

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
 The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
 Long time the manxome foe he sought --
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
 And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
 Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

ˆTwas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outrabe.

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

10 LIED DER LIEBE

Engelfreuden ahndend, wallen
Wir hinaus auf Gottes Flur,
Daß von Jubel wiederhallen
Höh'n und Tiefen der Natur.
Heute soll kein Auge trübe,
Sorge nicht hienieden seyn,
Jedes Wesen soll der Liebe
Frei und froh, wie wir, sich weih'n!

Singt den Jubel, Schwestern, Brüder,
Fest geschlungen, Hand in Hand!
Hand in Hand das Lied der Lieder,
Seelig an der Liebe Band!
Steigt hinauf am Rebenhügel,
Blickt hinab ins Schattenthal!
Überall der Liebe Flügel,
Hold und herrlich überall!

- Friederich Hölderlin (1770-1843)

I WAS THERE: FIVE SONGS ON POEMS OF WALT WHITMAN

12 BEGINNING MY STUDIES

Beginning my studies the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact consciousness, these forms, the power of
motion,
The least insect or animal, the senses, eyesight, love,
The first step I say awed me and pleas'd me so much,
I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther,
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs.

13 I WAS THERE

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times,
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the
steamship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was
faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters on a board, Be of good cheer, we
will
not desert you;
How he follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and
would not give it up,
How he saved the drifting company at last,
How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when boated from
the
side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the
sharp-lipp'd unshaved men;

All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.
(*Song of Myself*, 33)

14 A CLEAR MIDNIGHT

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson
done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes
thou lovest best.
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

15 O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-
crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

16 JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, Joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

- Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

17 AUTUMN

The leaves are falling, falling down
As far as though from gardens deep in heaven fading.
They fall with gestures of complete negation.

And in the night the heavy earth is falling
From all the stars into its loneliness.

And we are falling, even this hand must fall,
And see, the other, too. All falling, all.

And yet, one holds all falling everywhere
Endlessly, gently, in his hand's caress.

- *Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926),
translated by Harry Duncan*

19 THE DARKLING THRUSH

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffed plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through

His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

- *Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)*

22 THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK

I can never remember all the words of our song. Help me out,
come on.

Said the nightingale to the meadowlark, "Be still, mmm. . . "

"Be still, you'll..."

"...you'll wake my friend who sleeps by day"

Said the meadowlark to the nightingale, "I sing..."

"I sing..."

"I sing to wake my friend who sleeps by night.

What shall we do?

What shall we do?"

You sing to me and I'll sing to you."

Said the meadowlark to the nightingale . . .

Said the nightingale to the meadowlark . . .

"I'll teach you a song I learned from a swan."

"I'll teach you a magic spell I learned from an owl."

So he taught his magic spell to the meadowlark in the night.

And she sang the song of the swan to the nightingale in
the day.

In the night, in the night, in the night.

In the day, in the day, in the day.

- *Ivan Turgenev (1820-1910),
translation by W. Ball*