

[1] Appalachia

Text: Traditional

Chorus

After night has gone comes the day,
The dark shadows will fade away;
T'ords the morning lift a voice,
Let the scented woods rejoice
And echoes swell across the mighty stream.

Baritone

Aye! Honey, I am going down the river in the morning.

Chorus

Heigh ho, heigh ho, down the mighty river,
Aye! Honey. I'll be gone when next the whippoorwill's a-
calling;

Baritone

And don't you be too lonesome, love,
And don't you fret and cry.

Chorus

For the dawn will soon be breaking
The radiant morn is nigh,
And you'll find me ever waiting,
My own sweet Nelly Gray!
T'ords the morning lift a voice,
Let the scented woods rejoice
And echoes swell across the mighty stream.

[2] Sea Drift

Text by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Chorus

Once Paumanok,
when the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass
was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest and four light green eggs spotted with brown,

Baritone

And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with
bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never
disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Chorus

Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together...
Two together!
Winds blow south or winds blow north,
Day come white or night come black.

Baritone

Home, or rivers and mountains from home,

Chorus

Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Baritone

Till of a sudden,
Maybe kill'd, unknown to her mate,

One fore-noon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.
And thence forward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Chorus

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Baritone

Yes, when the stars glisten'd
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.
He call'd on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.
Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the
shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds
and sights after their sorts.
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long,
Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Chorus

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one
close,

Baritone

But my love soothes not me, not me.

Chorus

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging – O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

Baritone

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.
O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the
breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?
Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love!

Chorus

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some
of you.
O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Baritone

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols.
But soft! sink low!
Soft! Let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky voic'd sea.
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.
Hither my love!
Here I am! here
With this just sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Chorus

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.
O darkness! O in vain!

Baritone

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.
O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.