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Songs on American Poems

Alan Stringer

Henry W. Longfellow

Emily Dickinson

Robert Frost

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

© Alan Stringer

#22
7
10.24

Violin A
Key III
no. 24

d = 58

1. The tide ris- es, the tide falls, The
 2. Dark-ness set- tles on roofs and walls, But the
 3. The morn- ing breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Piano

twi- light dark-ens the cur-lew calls; A- long the sea- sands
 sea, the sea in the dark-ness calls; The lit- tle waves with
 Stamp and neigh as the host-ler calls; The day re- turns, but

damp and brown The traveller hast-ens toward the town, And
 soft, white hands, face the foot-prints in the sands, And
 nev- er- more Re- turns the travel-ler to the shore, And

the tide ri- ses, the tide falls.

Reluctance

Robert Frost

© Alan Stringer

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Out through the fields and the woods And over the
 2. The leaves are all dead on the ground, Save those that the
 3. And the dead leaves lie huddled and still, No longer blown
 4. Ah, when to the heart of a man was it ever

walls I have wended; I have climbed the
 oak is keeping To harvest them
 hither and thither; The last lone
 less than a tree-son To go with the

hills of view And looked at the world, and des-
 one by one And let them go scrap- ing and
 as-ter is gone; The flowers of the witch- ha- zel
 drift of things, To yield with a grace to

words from Modern Library's The Poems of Robert Frost ©

1930-46
Henry Holt, Inc.; Robert Frost; Random House, Inc.

cen- ded; I have come by the high-way home, And
 creep- ing Out over the crus- ted snow, when
 wi- ther; The heart is still ach- ing to seek, But the
 rea- son, And bow and ac- cept the end of a

slow
last time

lo, it is en- ded. oth- ers are sleep- ing.
 feet ques- tion 'whi- their?
 love or a sea- son?

and in A

subject: passages, aging, dying, loss

Emily Dickinson

© Alan Stringer

408
Stringer
Box 1
1924

$\text{♩} = 66$

p Af-ter great pain a form-al feel-ing comes - The

nerves sit cer-e-mon-i-ous like tombs; The

stiff heart quest-ions - was it He that bore? And

yes-ter-day - or cen-tur-ies be-fore?

The feet me-chan-i-cal go a wood-en way of

ground, or air, or ought re-gard-less grown, of

words copyright © 1929 by Mertha Dickinson Bianchi

(Little Brown Co.)

ground, or air or ought, re-gard-less grown, A

quartz content-ment, like a stone.

Af-ter great pain a form-al feel-ing comes.

This is the hour of lead, re-mem-bered if out-lived As

free-zing per-sons re-col-lect the snow, first

chill then stu-por, then the let-ting go.

subject: suffering, brokenness, letting go

728
Stringer, A.
BASS
No. 24

Brahma

Ralph Waldo Emerson

© Alan Stringer

d = 76

1. If the red slay-er thinks he slays,
 2. Far or far-got to me is near;
 3. They reckon ill who leave me out;
 4. The strong gods pine for my a-bode,

Or if the slain think he is slain,
 Shadow and sun-light are the same;
 When me they fly, I am the wings;
 And pine in vain the sacred seven;

They know not well the sub-tle ways
 The van-ished gods to me ap-pear;
 I am the doub-ter and the doubt,
 But thou, meek lov-er of the good!

I keep, and pass, and turn a-gain.
 and one to me are shame and fame.
 And I the hymn the Brah-min sings,
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

subject: connections, ecology, inter-relatedness



Robert Frost Acquainted with the Night © A. Stringer

922

Stringer, A.I.

I have been one acquainted with the night. I

d=63

Be III
1904

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet when

I have walked out in rain and back in rain. I
far a-way an in-ter-rup-ted cry came

I have out-walked the furthest city-light. I
over houses from another street, But

I have looked down the saddest city lane. I
not to call me back or say good-bye; And

I have passed by the watch-man on his beat. And
further still at an unearthly height, One

I dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain. I
lu-min-ar-y clock against the sky Pro-

claimed that time was neither wrong or right, I

have been one acquainted with the night

words from Modern Library's The Poems of Robert Frost © 1930 - 46 Henry Holt, Inc.; Robert Frost; Random House, Inc.

subject: suffering, confusion, loneliness