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Songs on American Poems

Alan Stringer

Henry W. Longfellow

Emily Dickinson

Robert Frost

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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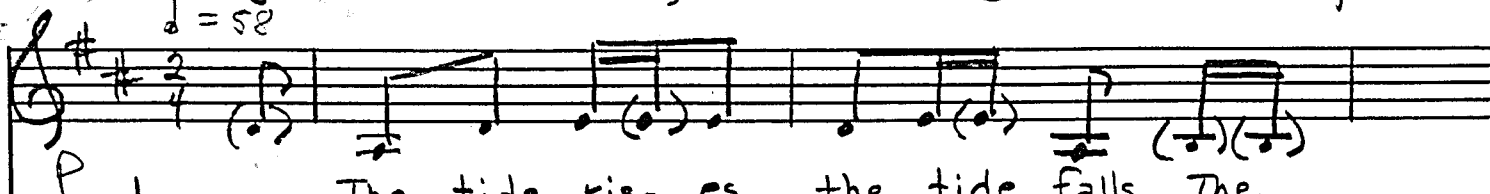
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The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

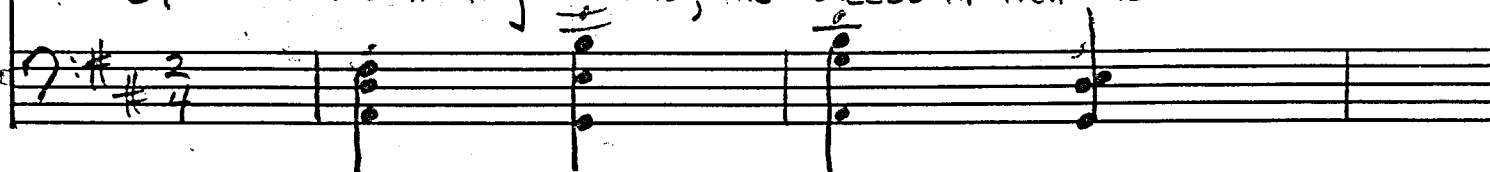
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

© Alan Stringer

$\text{♩} = 58$



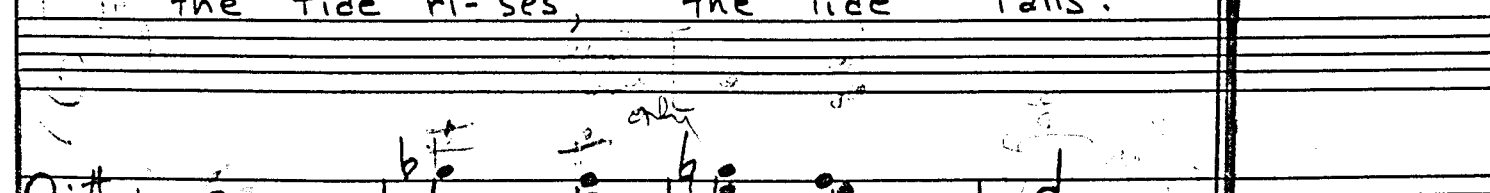
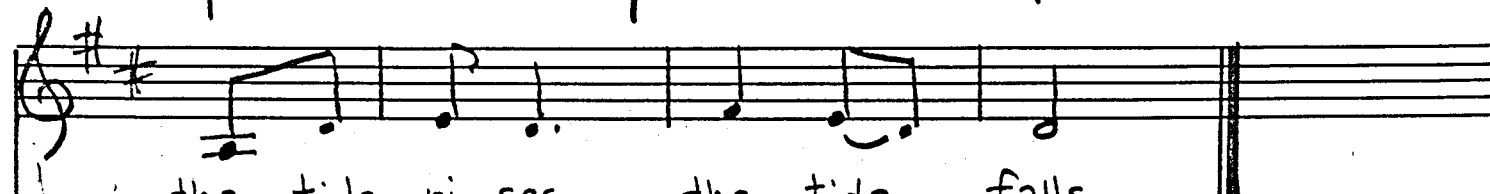
1. The tide rises, the tide falls, The
2. Dark-ness settles on roofs and walls, But the
3. The morn-ing breaks; the steeds in their stalls



two-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-tur-ns, 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-tur-ns the travel-ler to the shore, And



Subject: ... renewal

Rebirth

PRO ART

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

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

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

J. = 66

Box 11
1/24

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, or

words copyright © 1929 by Martha Dickinson Bianchi

(Little Brown Co.)

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

quartz con-tent-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.
BAXII
No. 24

Brahma

Ralph Waldo Emerson

© Alan Stringer

$\text{♩} = 76$

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 sa-cred Ser-en;

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 ac-quaint-ed with the night. I

$\text{♩} = 63$

Be III
1904

have stood still and stopped the sound of feet when

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

have out-walked the fur-thest city-light. I
ov-er hous-es from an-oth-er street, But

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

have passed by the watch-man on his beat And
fur-ther still at an un-earth-ly height, One

dropped my eyes, un-will-ing to ex-plain. 2. I
lu-min-ar-y clock a-gainst the sky Pro-

claimed that time was nei-ther wrong or right, I
have been one ac-quaint-ed 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