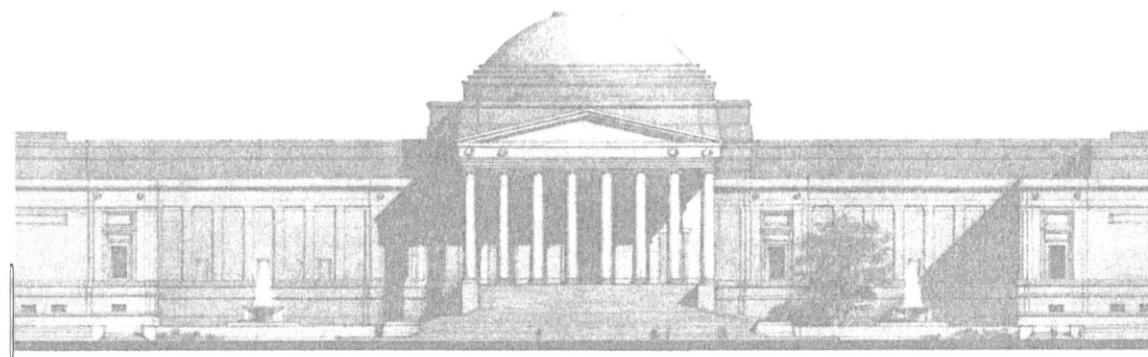


John Musto's training as a jazz and classical pianist has allowed a healthy duality to grow throughout his compositional career. *Recuerdo* (*Memory*), a cycle of four songs written for William Sharp and Steven Blier in 1987, includes the elegiac "A Last Song," which the composer dedicated to the memory of his friend Jeffery French, as well as "Recuerdo," an impression of Edna Saint Vincent Millay's jazz-age New York. "Nothing Gold Can Stay" and "The Rose Family" comprise Musto's 1986 mini-cycle *Two by Frost*. As the title implies, it consists of brief settings of short Robert Frost poems.

Born in 1954 in Brooklyn, Musto studied at the Manhattan School of Music. In 2007 the National Gallery of Art and the Opera Studio at the University of Maryland commissioned Musto to write an opera in honor of the exhibition *Edward Hopper*. The result was *Later the Same Evening, an Opera Inspired by Five Paintings of Edward Hopper*, which received its world premiere performances at the university and the National Gallery in December 2007.

An author and composer with a unique and powerful voice, Paul Bowles left the University of Virginia after one semester for Paris, where he took up study with Nadia Boulanger and her pupils Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson. In the early 1930s he befriended Gertrude Stein, who preferred Bowles' middle name to his first, calling him "Freddy." Two of her letters to Bowles bookend the final set on tonight's program. The straightforward "Letter to Freddy" sharply contrasts Stein's typically eccentric writing style as revealed in "April Fool Baby." "Secret Words" and "Sleeping Song" are more personal texts, written by Bowles himself and set as stand-alone art songs. "A Little Closer, Please" sends a simple message accompanied by a lively march. The two songs from Tennessee Williams' *In the Winter of Cities* evoke particular images with simple musical devices—a fellow in a rocking chair with a country drawl accompanied by ragtime music in "Lonesome Man," and a taciturn reflection on three past loves accompanied by childishly simple music in "Three."

*Program notes by Michael Jacko, concert aide, National Gallery of Art*



The Seventieth Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin  
Concerts

National Gallery of Art  
2,896th Concert

**Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano**  
**William Sharp, baritone**  
**Maribeth Gowen, pianist**

June 10, 2012  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

*Admission free*

Program

“Barber and Friends”

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

*Hermit Songs*, op. 29 (1953)

At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory

Church Bell at Night

Saint Ita’s Vision

The Heavenly Banquet

The Crucifixion

Sea Snatch

Promiscuity

The Monk and His Cat

The Praises of God

The Desire for Hermitage

Virgil Thomson (1896–1989)

*Two by Marianne Moore*

English Usage

My Crow Pluto

From Five Songs from *William Blake*

The Little Black Boy

Tiger Tiger

From *Mostly about Love*

Love Song

A Prayer to Saint Catherine

**INTERMISSION**

Barber

*Three Songs*, op. 45 (1972)

Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose

A Green Lowland of Pianos

O Boundless, Boundless Evening

John Musto (b. 1954)

A Last Song

Nothing Gold Can Stay

The Rose Family

Recuerdo

Paul Bowles (1910–1999)

Letter to Freddy

Secret Words

A Little Closer, Please

Lonesome Man

Sleeping Song

Three

April Fool Baby

## The Musicians

### ROSA LAMOREAUX

Acclaimed for her “scrupulous musicianship...gorgeous sound and stylistic acuity” (*Washington Post*), Rosa Lamoreaux maintains an international career of broad scope, including solo recitals, chamber music, opera, and orchestral performances at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, Royal Albert Hall, Strathmore Hall, and the Washington National Cathedral, among other major concert venues. Highlights of the current season include Debussy’s *La Damoiselle élue* at the National Gallery of Art; Bach Cantatas and the B Minor Mass at the Phillips Collection, Bethlehem Bach Festival, and Washington National Cathedral; and American musical revues for the Dumbarton Concert Series. Her concert tours abroad have included performances in Italy, Germany, the United Kingdom, Brazil, Peru, and Japan. Highly praised as a Bach soloist, Lamoreaux is featured regularly at the Bethlehem and Carmel Bach Festivals, and she is a frequent soloist with the Cathedral Choral Society, Choral Arts of Washington, the National Philharmonic Chorale, and the Washington Bach Consort. Her orchestral credits include the Atlanta, Cincinnati, and Dallas Symphony Orchestras. Greatly in demand as a chamber music performer, she sings with ArcoVoce, Chatham Baroque, the Folger Consort, Four Nations Ensemble, Hesperus, Musica Aperta, and Opera Lafayette.

Now in her eighth season as artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble, Rosa Lamoreaux’s museum performance venues also include the Cloisters, the Corcoran Gallery, the Louvre, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Phillips Collection, and the Smithsonian Institution. She recently received her seventh Washington Area Music Association WAMMIE award as Best Classical Vocalist. With numerous recordings of music from Hildegard von Bingen to Stephen Paulus to her credit as well as broadcast concerts on PBS, BBC, and CBC, she maintains a website at [www.rosasings.com](http://www.rosasings.com).

### WILLIAM SHARP

Much in demand as an opera soloist, recitalist, and recording artist, baritone William Sharp has enjoyed an extremely busy 2011–2012 season, which included major roles in two operatic premieres—*The Inspector* by John Musto and *Le Roi et le Fermier* by Pierre-Alexandre Monsigny. Sharp also sang the world premiere of David Froom’s *Amichai Songs* in their orchestral version at River Concerts in Saint Mary’s City, Maryland; Charles Villiers Stanford’s orchestral song cycle *The Songs of the Fleet* with the Chorus of Westerly and the Boston Festival Orchestra; six performances of Mahler’s *Kindertotenlieder*; and four performances of Copland’s *Old American Songs* with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra under Marin Alsop. Locally, he sang music of Charles Ives with the Post Classical Ensemble and portrayed Ebenezer Scrooge in Jon Deak’s *The Passion of Scrooge* with the 21st-Century Consort at the Smithsonian American Art Museum. Also active in the recording studio, he completed his second recordings of both Johann Sebastian Bach’s Passions according to Saint Matthew and Saint John as well as Schumann’s *Dichterliebe* and *Liederkreis*, op. 39.

William Sharp made his song recital debut in New York in 1983 at the 92nd Street Y and sang to a standing-room-only audience in Carnegie Hall later that year. Winner of the 1987 Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition, he was nominated for the 1989 Grammy award for Best Classical Vocal Performance for his recording of songs by American composers. He is featured on the 1990 Grammy award-winning world premiere recording of Leonard Bernstein’s *Arias and Barcarolles*.

## MARIBETH GOWEN

A prize-winning soloist and chamber musician who frequently collaborates with vocalists, Maribeth Gowen has made concerto appearances with the Alabama, Baltimore, Chattanooga, and Tucson Symphony Orchestras as well as the National Chamber Orchestra and the National Gallery of Art Orchestra. She has performed in many of the nation's premiere concert venues, including the National Gallery, the Phillips Collection, and Weill Hall at Carnegie Hall in New York. Outside the United States, she has been heard in Meunster, Germany and Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey as well as at the International Bellapais Music Festival in North Cyprus. Ms. Gowen's teachers and coaches have included Nelita True, Menahem Pressler, and the members of the Guarneri Quartet.

## Program Notes

Aided by his early childhood vocal studies, Samuel Barber grew into a versatile composer gifted in writing for the voice. His relationship with his aunt and uncle, Louise and Sidney Homer, a contralto at the Metropolitan Opera and an art song composer respectively, contributed to his constant contact with and enjoyment of the art song genre.

The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation commissioned *Hermit Songs*, and engaged Leontyne Price to sing the premiere at the Library of Congress on October 30, 1953, with Barber as her accompanist. The song texts originate from anonymous writings by Irish monks between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, embodying a wide array of characters from pious to obscene and frivolous to deeply philosophical.

Barber completed *Three Songs*, op. 45, in 1972 during a period of personal upheaval. His third opera, *Antony and Cleopatra*, had failed at the Metropolitan Opera in 1966; he and his partner, Gian Carlo Menotti, had sold their beloved Westchester home; and he had been suffering from alcoholism and depression throughout the 1960s. Gottfried Keller's poem "Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose" is part of a cycle concerning a man who has been buried alive. Though the theme is disturbing, terror is absent from James Joyce's translated excerpt and Barber's setting, which depicts a character with no place to go. "A Green Lowland of Pianos" is gentle and filled with quirky surprises, and "O Boundless, Boundless Evening" is a nostalgic tune saturated with a sense of desolation.

While a student at Harvard, Kansas City native Virgil Thomson visited Paris while on tour with the Harvard Glee Club. Upon finishing his Harvard degree in 1924, he applied for and received a fellowship for study in Paris. His love for the city led him to take up residence there, where he stayed until 1940. He became a fixture of Paris in the 1920s and 1930s, studying composition with Nadia Boulanger and developing relationships with Aaron Copland, Ernest Hemingway, Pablo Picasso, Gertrude Stein, and Igor Stravinsky, among other artists and musicians. A devotee of the music of Satie, Thomson imbued his own music with simplicity and charm, and developed considerable facility in writing for the voice.

## SONG TEXTS

## SONGS OF SAMUEL BARBER

## THE HERMIT SONGS

**I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
 O King of the churches and the bells  
 bewailing your sores and your wounds,  
 But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
 Not moisten an eye after so much sin!  
 Pity me, O King!  
 What shall I do with a heart that seeks  
 only its own ease?  
 O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,  
 who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
 pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
 and I with a heart not softer than a stone!  
 Anonymous Irish text, 13<sup>th</sup> century

**II. Church Bell at Night**

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
 I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
 Than be  
 With a light and foolish woman.  
 Anonymous Irish text, 12<sup>th</sup> century

**III. St. Ita's Vision**

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,  
 "unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
 In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."  
 So that Christ came down to her  
 in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
 "Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
 Nothing in this world is true  
 Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
 Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
 By my heart every night,  
 You I nurse are not  
 A churl but were begot  
 On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light,  
 Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
 what King is there but You who could  
 Give everlasting Good?  
 wherefor I give my food.  
 Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
 There is none that has such right  
 To your song as Heaven's King  
 Who every night  
 Is Infant Jesus at my breast."  
 Attributed to St. Ita, 8<sup>th</sup> century

**IV. The Heavenly Banquet**

I would like to have the men of Heaven  
 in my own house;  
 with vats of good cheer laid out for them.  
 I would like to have the three Marys,  
 their fame is so great.  
 I would like people from every corner of Heaven.  
 I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.  
 I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.  
 I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.  
 I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
 Drinking it through all eternity.  
 Attributed to St. Brigid, 10<sup>th</sup> century

**V. The Crucifixion**

At the cry of the first bird  
 They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
 Never shall lament cease because of that.  
 It was like the parting of day from night.  
 Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
 By the body of Mary's Son,  
 But sorer still to Him was the grief  
 Which for His sake  
 Came upon His Mother.  
 From *The Speckled Book*, 12<sup>th</sup> century

**VI. Sea-Snatch**

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
 O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;  
 the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
 as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.  
 It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
 O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!  
 Anonymous Irish text, 8<sup>th</sup>-9<sup>th</sup> century

**VII. Promiscuity**

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

Anonymous Irish text, 9<sup>th</sup> century

**VIII. The Monk and His Cat**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws  
Entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind  
Fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art,  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.

Anonymous Irish text, 8<sup>th</sup> or 9<sup>th</sup> century

**IX. The Praises of God**

How foolish the man  
Who does not raise  
His voice and praise  
With joyful words,  
As he alone can,  
Heaven's High King.  
To Whom the light birds  
With no soul but air,  
All day, everywhere  
Laudation sing.

Anonymous Irish text, 11<sup>th</sup> century

**X. The Desire for Hermitage**

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody  
near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage  
to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the  
cold spring.

That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
alone I shall go from it.

Anonymous Irish text, 8<sup>th</sup>-9<sup>th</sup> century

**SONGS OF VIRGIL  
THOMSON****TWO by MARIANNE MOORE****English Usage**

Make a fuss  
and be tedious.

I'm annoyed?  
Yes; am.

I avoid "adore"  
and "bore";

am, I  
say, by

the word  
(bore), bored;

I refuse  
to use

"divine"  
to mean

something  
pleasing:

"terrific color"  
for some horror.

Though flat  
myself, I'd say that

"Atlas"  
(pressed glass)

looks best  
embossed.

I refuse  
to use

"enchant",  
"dement";

even "fright-  
ful plight"  
(however justified)

or "frivol-  
ous fool"  
(however suitable).

I've escaped, eh?  
am still trapped

by these  
word diseases.

No pauses,  
the phrases

lack lyric  
force;  
sound caprick-like

Attic Afric  
Alcaic

or freak  
calico Greek.

(Not verse  
of course)

I'm sure of this:

Nothing mundane is divine;  
Nothing divine is mundane.  
From "Avec Ardeur"

**My Crow Pluto**

Of:

my crow  
Pluto,

the true  
Plato,

azzurro-  
negro

green-blue  
rainbow,

Victor Hugo,  
it is true

we know  
that the crow

"has wings" how-  
ever pigeon-toed

inturned on grass. We do  
(adagio)

Vivo-  
rosso

"corvo";  
although

con dizio-  
nario

io parlo  
Italiano-

this pseudo  
Esperanto

which, savio  
ucello,

you speak too-  
my vow and motto

(botto e tutto)  
io giuro

e questo  
credo:

lucro  
e peso morto.

And so  
dear crow-

gioiello  
mio-

I have to  
let you go;

a bel bosco  
generoso,

tuttuto  
vagabondo,

serafino  
uvacceo.

Sunto,  
oltremarino

verecondo  
Plato, addio.

From *Tell Me, Tell Me*

**From FIVE SONGS FROM WILLIAM  
BLAKE**

**The Little Black Boy**

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but O, my soul is white!  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,  
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look at the rising sun: there God does live,  
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,  
And thus I say to little English boy:  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

*From Songs of Innocence*

**Tiger, Tiger**

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?  
*From Songs of Experience*

**From MOSTLY ABOUT LOVE**

**Love Song**

I love you as a sheriff searches for a walnut  
That will solve a murder case unsolved for years  
Because the murderer left it in the snow  
beside a window  
Through which he saw her head, connecting with  
Her shoulders by a neck, and laid a red  
Roof in her heart. For this we live a thousand years;  
For this we love, and we live because we love,  
we are not  
Inside a bottle, thank goodness! I love you as a  
Kid searches for a goat; I am crazier than shirttails  
In the wind, when you're near, a wind that blows from  
The big blue sea, so shiny, so deep and so unlike us;  
I think I am bicycling across an Africa  
of green and white fields  
Always, to be near you, even in my heart  
When I'm awake, which swims, and also  
I believe that you  
Are trustworthy as the sidewalk which leads me to  
The place where I again think of you, a new  
Harmony of thoughts! I love you as the sunlight  
leads the prow  
Of a ship which sails  
From Hartford to Miami, and I love you  
Best at dawn, when even before I am awake the sun  
Receives me in the questions which you always pose.  
Kenneth Koch

**A Prayer to Saint Catherine**

If I am to be preserved from heartache and shyness  
By Saint Catherine of Siena,  
I am praying to her that she will hear my prayer  
And treat me in every way with kindness.

I went to Siena to Saint Catherine's own church  
(It is impossible to deny this)  
To pray to her to cure me of my heartache  
and shyness.  
Which she can do, because she is a great saint.

Other saints would regard my prayer as foolish.  
Saint Nicolas, for example.  
He would chuckle, "God helps those who  
help themselves,  
Rouse yourself! Get out there and do something  
about it!"

Or Saint Joanna. She would say, "It is  
not shyness  
That bothers you. It is sin.  
Pray to Catherine of Siena." But that is  
what I have done.  
And that is why I have come here to cure  
my heartache.

Saint Catherine of Siena,  
If this song pleases you, then be good enough  
to answer the prayer it contains.  
Make the person that sings this song less shy  
than that person is,  
And give that person some joy in that  
person's heart.

Kenneth Koch

**SONGS OF SAMUEL BARBER**

**THREE SONGS, OP. 45**

**Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose**

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose  
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.  
That I should ever feed upon a rose  
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red  
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.  
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

James Joyce, from the German of  
Gottfried Keller

**A Green Lowland of Pianos**

in the evening  
as far as the eye can see  
herds  
of black pianos

up to their knees  
in the mire  
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water  
with chords of rapture

they are entranced  
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation  
they cause scandals  
in a concert hall  
during the artistic milking  
suddenly they lie down  
like cows

looking with indifference  
at the white flowers  
of the audience

at the gesticulating  
of the ushers

Czeslaw Milosz, from the Polish of  
Jerzy Harasymowicz

**O Boundless, Boundless Evening**

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow  
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.  
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,  
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand  
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond  
Between the hills already nests the night.

Christopher Middleton, from the German  
of Georg Heym

## SONGS OF JOHN MUSTO

### Last Song

Goodbye, goodbye!  
There was so much to love, I could not love it all;  
I could not love it enough.  
Some things I overlooked, and some I could not find.  
Let the crystal clasp them  
When you drink your wine, in autumn.

Louise Bogan, from *After the Persian*  
*In memoriam Jeffery French*

### Two By Frost

#### 1. Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay.

Robert Frost, from *New Hampshire*

#### 2. The Rose Family

The rose is a rose,  
And was always a rose.  
But the theory now goes  
That the apple's a rose,  
And the pear is, and so's  
The plum, I suppose.  
The dear only knows  
What will next prove a rose.  
You, of course, are a rose -  
But were always a rose.

Robert Frost, from *West-Running Brook*

### Recuerdo

We were very tired, we were very merry --  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.  
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable --  
But we looked into the fire, we leaned across a table,  
We lay on a hilltop underneath the moon;  
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn  
came soon.

6

We were very tired, we were very merry --  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;  
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,  
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;  
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,  
And the sun rose dripping a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.  
We hailed "Good morrow, mother!" to a shawl-  
covered head,  
And bought a morning paper, which neither of  
us read;  
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and  
the pears,  
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

## SONGS OF PAUL BOWLES

### Letter to Freddy

My dear Freddy,  
I did not answer sooner because being a little  
troubled about you I wanted to see Harry first.  
Now I have and as it seems that you are really  
not well don't you think it would be best to  
come to Paris where you can be looked after,  
and then we all can decide what you ought to do.  
You poor boy, it's bad to be all alone and I do  
think that you had better come here, don't you?  
Always, Gertrude Stein.

### Secret Words

Far within your face I saw the night  
And in the night I saw the stars  
And then the stars became your eyes  
Awaiting secret words from me  
But that can never, never be  
Because I know the night has sealed your heart.

Oh, sing a song of lands where we might  
have wandered, long, long ago.  
Sing a song of days when the earth was younger  
Days we'll never know.

Far within the night I heard the sea,  
And on the sea I heard the wind  
And then the wind became your voice  
Entreating secret words from me  
But this shall never, never be.  
The dark has sealed your heart

Paul Bowles

### A Little Closer, Please (The Pitchman's Song)

It's a small world if you are near.  
But if you're far, it's large --  
very large --  
too large for me, and dark,  
and lonely, and full of barking dogs;  
great, great distances and brooding trees.  
Step up just a little closer, please.  
A little closer, please!  
Don't stand so far away.  
A deck of cards, a few poetic words  
and love is all that I have brought with me.  
A little closer, please!  
Don't leave me here alone.  
The nine of clubs,  
a few romantic songs and faith  
is all that I have brought with me.  
Step up!  
Step up!  
Just a little closer, a little closer, please!

William Saroyan, from *Love's Old Sweet Song*

### Lonesome Man

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day  
But nobody ever stops my way,  
Nobody ever stops by my way.  
My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone an'  
I do the dishes all alone,  
I do the dishes all by my lone.  
My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor 'cause  
I won't buy love at the hardware store,  
I don't want love from the mercantile store.  
Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed while  
the moon looks down at my sleepless head,  
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head.

Tennessee Williams, from *In the Winter of Cities*

7

### Sleeping Song

Baby, baby, who's my love?  
Who's gonna shut those eyes?  
Who's the one that's always good?  
Who never cries?

Baby, baby, don't wake up.  
It's lovely where you are.  
Mother'd/Daddy'd like to go with you  
Ever so far.

Baby, baby, lying there,  
You look mighty small.  
Wonder if the Lord looked down,  
He'd see you at all.

Paul Bowles

### Three

One I kept  
Two I lost  
Three is shelter'd  
under frost.  
One I tired of  
Two still wanted.  
Three the starry  
meadows haunted.  
One was faithful  
Two was clever  
Three stayed in  
my heart forever.

Tennessee Williams, from *In the Winter of Cities*

### April Fool Baby

It seems to be a note to she the sweet sweetie  
But actually it's April Fool to tender she  
My sweetie  
She is all me my sweetie  
April full of fool which is me for my sweetie

Dear April which made she to be  
All to he  
April Fool to his sweetie which is she  
Tenderly excessively sweetly  
My April Fool baby

Gertrude Stein