

SONGS

The levels of difficulty are from 1 (easy) to 5 (difficult). Each piece bears a number. A title bearing an asterisk indicates that a recording is available upon request. Items marked "WD" refer to my poetry.

Songs for Children

A Real Turkey (This piece is a little operetta for children to stage.) voice and piano grades 3-4

Once there was a turkey, "very proud," they say.
He strutted 'round the barnyard, in such a "smarty" way,
until he saw the farmer lift an axe, both sharp and strong.
He hid himself in a corner and sang this frantic song: "Oh, my gobble!" said the turkey,
"I'm as scared as I can be! "Oh, my gobble!" said the turkey,
"Will you please not look at me!"
"Come," said the farmer, "you're a fine one, I must say.
You're invited to our dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

O the duck said, "Quack, quack, quack,"
and the chicken said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck,"
And the turkey said, "Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, I think that I'm in luck!
"Quack, quack?" said the duck.
"Cluck, cluck?" said the chicken. "Why do you think it's you they're a-pickin'?"
Then the duck said, "Quack, quack, quack?"
Then the chicken said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck?"
"Well, maybe you've heard, I'm the Thanksgiving Bird; of all other fowls, I'm the winner!
On Thanksgiving Day, the farmers say they're having me in for dinner. Gobble, gobble!"

Then the duck said, "Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!"
Then the chicken said, "Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"
"You Quack!" said the duck.
"Dumb Cluck!" said the chicken, "When you get there, you will take a lickin'! ...*Shurp!*"
Then the duck said, "Quack. Quack. Quack."
Then the chicken said, "Cluck. Cluck. Cluck."
"So dinner: "*Gobble, gobble*" down?
"That's right!"

Maybe we've heard you're the Thanksgiving Bird, 'cause all other flowls are thinner.
On Thanksgiving Day, the farmer may be having you in for dinner, *gobble, gobble*. (3:17) #2
WD

If I Were a Witch (voice and piano) Halloween, grades 3-4

If I were a witch, I'd laugh: (hee, hee, hee).
If I were a cat, I'd meow: (meow).
If I were a ghost, I'd be an awful host and scare everybody NOW!
Hee, hee, hee! Meow, meow! Jackolantern, take a bow!
Hee, hee, hee; meow, meow! I'd scare everybody.
If I were a bat, I'd fly: (flap flap flap) If I were an elf, I'd cry: (boohoo).
If I were a pumpkin, I wouldn't be a bumpkin, I'd make me a pumpkin pie.
Jackolantern, take a bow!

If I were like Frankenstein, (clomp! clomp!) I'd make little children whine: (Help! Help!)
If I were the Mummy, I'd be so mean and crummy, I'd send shivers up your spine!
Hee, hee, hee! Meow, meow, I'd scare everybody NOW! (1:43) #2 **WD**

Kelsey's Canon (Thanksgiving or any feast day) is for three treble voices – grades 2-3

Thank you, Lord, in heaven above, for your all embracing love.
Lord, we are here today, praying you will light our way,
so when we return to you, we have been true.

Thank you for our bread today; thanks for listening while we pray,
and Thank you for our bread today.

Thank you, Lord, in every way, for all of those we love. (3:30) #1 **WD**

Let's Build A Snowman! (winter snow song for treble voice and piano) grades 1-2

In two rows, the children march side-by-side as they sing. On the word "pat," children in row 1, "freeze," while those in row 2 pretend to pat snow into place on the whole snowman. On the following verses, they pat snow on the legs, shoulders and head. Roles are reversed on each stanza. Antiphonal singing should be explained, and precise rhythm should be encouraged.

Let's build a snowman! Let's build a snowman! Let's build a snowman: pat, pat, pat.
Let's call him "Happy"! Let's call him "Newt"! Call him "Happy Newt Year," and that will be cute.
Happy Newt Year!

Let's build his snow legs! Let's build his snow legs! Let's build his snow legs: pat, pat, pat.
Let's build his shoulders! Let's build his shoulders! Let's build his shoulders: pat, pat, pat.
Let's put his head on! Let's put his head on! Let's put his head on: pat, pat, pat. (3:00) #1 **WD**

Martin Luther King, Jr. (MLK Day for treble voice and piano) – grades 3-4

Martin Luther Junior went up on a mountain in a dream that he had one night.
Up, on the mountain, he could see forever, and he knew what he saw was right.
Black men and white men were living together in a land that was kind and free.
Martin Luther King was a brother to all and a brother to you and me.

Martin Luther King is alive in heaven and is watching his dream come true.
His dream of a nation that is free for everyone depends on me and you, or you and me!
Martin Luther King, Junior, saw us all as brothers and like brothers we should be,
so let's join hands and remember his model of peace and humility.
Martin Luther King, Hooray! (1:45) #2 **WD**

Presidents, The (for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays – 1 or 2 treble voices) - grades 5-6

When America was but still a dream, her people had no self-esteem
when an English king army put a tax on tea and took away their liberty.

When a man named George came on the scene, he said the king was much to mean,
so he raised an army out of just plain folk and vowed to break the tyrant's yolk.
He was bold, sir; we're told, sir, just like a knight of old, sir.
His name was General **George Washington**.

The soldiers learned that fighting was no fun, but still they followed Washington.
He taught them how to fight and how to win so our great nation could begin.
He was bold, sir, we're told, sir, just like a knight of old, sir.
His name was General George Washington, the bold, sir; the bold, sir;
the bold Sir George.

Marching to glory, **Abe Lincoln** once said: "This land will be free before I am dead,
and be a nation with liberty and justice for all, that, under God, will never fall."
We're marching to glory, America! We're marching to glory, America!
We're marching to glory, America! We're marching to glory with God on our side.
We're marching to glory with God on our side. (4:30) #3 **WD**

Martin Luther King, Jr. (MLK Day for treble voice and piano) grades 3-4

Martin Luther Junior went up on a mountain in a dream that he had one night.
Up, on the mountain, he could see forever and he knew what he saw was right.
Black men and white men were living together in a land that was kind and free.
Martin Luther King was a brother to all and a brother to you and me.

Martin Luther King is alive in heaven and is watching his dream come true,
His dream of a nation that is free for everyone depends on me and you, or you and me!
Martin Luther King, Junior, saw us all as brothers and like brothers we should be,
so let's join hands and remember his model of peace and humility.
Martin Luther King, Hooray! (1:45) #3- **WD**

SONGS for ADULTS

A THOUGHT (soprano/piano or string quartet) by Emily Dickenson (1830-1886), poetess, is a lovely way to start or end a voice recital.

A thought went up my mind today that I have had before,
but did not finish, some way back, I could not fix the year

Not where it went, nor why it came a second time to me,
or definitely what it was, have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul I know I've met that thing before.
It just reminded me, 'twas all, and came my way no more. (2:12) #2

BILLY GRUFF'S APPLES (baritone/piano) is a funny song about a man having marital problems. Finally, he gives his wife an ultimatum.

Billy Gruff had had enough of his woman.

She had nothing good to say about his friends.
She had nothing good to say about his mother,
and said his father was "non Homo Sapiens,"
(That means no brains).

She complained about his manners and complained about his clothes.
She complained about the way he combed his hair.
If he gave her a gardenia, she would rather have a rose,
so their romance was not going anywhere.

Billy tried to hold his temper and forgive her, so he took her to a movie matinee'.
When she refused to order butter on their popcorn, Billy murmured low,
"Here's all I have to say. Babe, if you don't like my apples, stay a-way from my tree!
When you bite into my apples, then you're biting into me.
There are lots of fellers out there who would love to see your face,
but as for me, I think I need a bit more space and a change of pace."

To Bill's surprise, the woman never got the message!
She said he could not keep on whispering in the show.
She simply couldn't understand his talk of apples,
and why he hoarded them, she really didn't know. Don't apples grow?

On their way home, she criticized him for the way he drove his car,
so Billy tried to make it up and cooked a meal. She criticized his brand of hotdogs,
then she criticized his buns, as if she didn't care a bit how he would feel.
Billy tried to hold his temper and forgive her, but he had heard enough to last him all his days.
He felt his boiling point arising to it's limit, and yelled out loud these words with gusto,
phrase-by-phrase.

"Well, Babe, if you don't like my apples, stay away from my tree!
When you bite into my apples, then you're biting into me.
What you're after is perfection and there won't be any here,
so I hope to see you later, maybe sometime late next year.

Billy Gruff had had enough of his aggravatin', timidatin' always-squalkin' ever-talkin' woman!
(3:30) #2 **WD**

BLACK BEARS AND GRIZZLIES (baritone voice and piano) is a fun song that can be a marvelous ending for a serious voice recital. The singer must be a good actor.

The California Office of Fish and Game is advising everyone that the bears ain't tame,
specifically black and grizzly bears in Yosemite and Mammoth squares.
They advise that you should wear some little bells on your clothes to not startle a bear,
where he dwells.
They don't want a person feeding the bears, 'cause the critters often travel in pairs.
You should never trust a black bear! You may think he is your friend.
But when your bag of snacks is empty, he will make your friendship end!
If you dare to feed a grizzly, put your will in order, first!
You may disappear completely, and your friends should fear the worst!
The California Office of Fish and Game says you also should carry some pepper spray;

it stops a grizzly bear cold, they say.
Just look for his droppings and sense the smells of pepper spray and little bells.

The California Office of Fish and Game says if you go out fishing, it's still the same:
Your partners will be black and brown; so if you catch a fish, you'll probably drown!
You'll never be found!

So, while you're on the beach, just test the air.

If the smell of pepper spray is everywhere, and you think you see a little shiny bell, then
you better turn around and run like hell! (3:07) #3 - **DON JONES**
(based upon an Internet joke)

BLUE COWBOY, THE (baritone voice and piano – also arranged for tenor and guitar) is the story of a cowboy who has been jilted by the woman of his dreams.

Three little words I just couldn't say have ruined my peace of mind, forever.
If I had said those three little words, I know you would be with me today.
Because I was stupid, through and through,
I thought that you loved me so much you would follow.
I drove away like a fool, like an idiot driving to hard time school.

When I am lonely, I think of you only and wonder if you think of me.
When my letter gets to you,
I hope you will read it when you see whose name is on the envelope.
If my wishes come true, and you answer my letter, my heart and mind will be full of hope.
At the end of my message are three little words that I pray you'll read over-and-over again.
What I never could say, I can write. Now I will close with three little words:
I love you, my darling, good night. (3:09) #2 **WD**

***BURNING BUSH, THE** (baritone voice and piano) is an art song, based on Exodus chapters four and five, from the *Holy Bible*. The performer must play the role of God *and* the role of Moses. The duration of the song can be used as a contemporary offering on a vocal recital. The work that must go into the preparation of this composition will be worthwhile; audiences have found this piece to be fascinating. (10:30) #5 - Appropriated by **WD**

God: Don't come any closer! Take off your shoes, for you are standing on holy ground!
I am the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Moses: I am terrified!

God: The wail of the people of Israel hath cried out to me in heaven, and I have seen the heavy task the Egyptians have oppressed them with. Now I am going to send you to Pharaoh to demand that he let you lead my people out of Egypt.

Moses: But I am not the person for a job like that!

God: I will certainly be with you.

Moses: If I go to the people of Israel and tell them God has sent me, they will ask, "Which God are you talking about?" What shall I tell them? What shall I tell *them*?

God: The Sovereign God! Just say: "I AM" has sent you.

Moses: Me? They won't believe *me*! They won't do what I tell them to.
They'll say, "Jehovah never appeared to you!"

God: What is that you have in your hand?

Moses: A shepherd's rod.

God: Throw it down on the ground!

Moses: It has become...a serpent!

God: Grab it by the tail!

Moses: I shall obey. It has become a rod again!

God: Do that, and they will believe you. Then they will realize that Jehovah, God of their ancestors, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, has really appeared to you. Now, reach your hand inside your robe, next to your chest!

Moses: I shall obey. It is white with leprosy!

God: Now, put it in again!

Moses: It is normal, as before!

God: If they won't believe the first miracle, they will the second!

And if they don't accept you after these two signs, then take water...

Then take water from the Nile River and pour it upon the dry land. Watch as it turns to blood!

Moses: Oh, Lord, I'm just not a good speaker. I never have been, and I'm not now, even after you have spoken to me; for I have a speech impediment.

God: Who makes mouths? Is it not I, the Lord? Who makes a man so that he can speak or not speak, see or not see, hear or not hear? Now go ahead and do as I tell you, for I will help you to speak well, and I will tell you what to say.

Moses: Lord, please! Send someone else.

God: Tell them: "Jehovah, the God of their ancestors, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, hath sent me to you."

Moses: Lord, please!

God: *Shush!*

BYRON'S SONG (George Gordon Lord Byron (1788-1824) is for a baritone singer and a pianist.

She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies;
and all that's best of dark and bright meet in her aspect and her eyes;
thus mellowed to that tender light which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, had half impaired the nameless grace
which waves in every raven's tress or softly lightens o'er her face;
where thoughts serenely sweet express how pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, so soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
the smiles that win, the tints that glow, but tell of days in goodness spent,
a mind at peace with all below, a heart whose love is innocent. (3:00) #2

CHOICE FOR LEGRAND, A (baritone voice and piano) is a song about a businessman trying to control his attraction to his secretary that will bring lots of laughter.

LeGrande was the owner of a fine golf course.
He was doing well, but was facing a divorce.
He was probably the only man in the entire universe who could
offer up a steady and extended curse!
His problem was the wife of more than forty years.
And, of course, he didn't feel a bit like giving cheers.
There is nothing to lose but the wife you met while drinking at a bar;

but there's everything to lose when your behavior gets bizarre.
When you're poor, poor, poor, and your marriage is no more,
you may wish that you had never opened the door for mean old Nick.
He will treat you like a pig; then he'll break you like a twi(G).
When his job is done, you will not feel so big.

LeGrande was quite contented when he sat in his Porsche.
He was listening to an opera while he ate a bowl of borscht.
When his lawyer sent an invoice for arranging a divorce,
LeGrand felt tension like he never felt, of course!

LeGrande asked if his secretary would bring him *hors d'oeuvres*.
As she went on her way, he was distracted by her curves.
Then, in his office the very next day, he looked at her and felt compelled to say:
If I gave to you a solid gold dollar, then kicked off my shoes and loosened my collar,
What would YOU take off?
She said, "Everything but my earrings, I would doff!"

There is nothing wrong when old men dare to wish upon a lovely star.
There is nothing wrong with earrings and perfume when they cost less than a car.
But LeGrand should look behind him.
There is Satan behind the door!
LeGrand should change his mind, right now, before he winds up poor.

When you're poor, poor, poor, you must sleep upon the floor.
You will wish you'd never opened up the door for mean old Nick.
He will ride you like a horse, 'til you wallow in remorse.
Then he'll stomp upon your soul, like its a tic(K).

LeGrande still owns his fine golf course.
He is doing well, and not facing a divorce.
He is probably the only man in the entire universe who chose to stay with his wife, for
fearing something far worse.
LeGrand found he could stand temptation! (5:44) #2 - **DON JONES**
(based upon an Internet joke)

***DEDICATION** (bass-baritone & organ) is an art song that is quite versatile. The text is from the Song of Ruth in the *Holy Bible*. The vocalist sings within a meter of 5/4 while the organist plays within a meter of 10/8. The cross rhythms provide a spell binding effect upon the listener. This work is from the wedding scene of Wallace De Pue's opera, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee.
For whither thou goest, I will go.
And whither thou lodgest, I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.
Where thou diest, will I die and there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me and more, also, if ought but death part thee and me..
Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee. (2:48) #5

DON'T CRY! is an arrangement of a "chart" written by Herbert Kallman, a musically gifted but uneducated musician. His words and music express his feelings about being in his mid-eighties, legally blind, losing his wife and being kept out of her will. The text is a reflection of his Christian faith and his melody is simple, straightforward and beautiful. The arrangement by Wallace De Pue is for treble voice and piano. It is appropriate for use in any Christian service of worship.

Don't cry!
God doesn't like to see you cry.
Don't cry!
God likes to see you work and try.
Don't cry!
There is no need for you to cry, for Jesus always watches over you,
so there's no need to cry.
Just wipe your tears away and throw out all your fears;
then follow Jesus all the "Good way. bye."

Goodbye!
Nobody likes to say, "Goodbye!"
Goodbye! "Hello" is better than "Goodbye."
Goodbye!
God never likes to say, "Goodbye,"
for Jesus died, so everyone could live, and never say "Goodbye!"
Just pray and talk to God, then take a walk with God
and never have to say Good

Just smile and smile.
God helps you when He sees you smile.
Just smile a while.
God wants to walk with you each mile.
Just smile and smile. (3:47) #1 **HERB KALLMAN**

***EIGHT TEXTURES OF LOVE** consists of eight award winnings poems about love that are set to Twenty-first Century compositional techniques to create an art song for voice and piano. There are two versions of the piece, one for soprano and one for baritone. This work was premiered at the Bowling Green State University 1994 New Music Festival by Dr. Deborah Kavasch, soprano, and Dr. Mark Munson, pianist. It was heard on international radio stations.

One (monophonic) <anticipating love> (2:00)

What is this number, "one"? Without one, can there be any others?
In one, there is unity. But can there not be two with one accord?
When I think of one, there's a wonderful person on my mind.
Will s/he ever come into my life?
If so, what shall I do if the one I desire comes into my life, one-by-one?

People and Flowers (heterophonic) <the hopeful return of a lost love> (1:49)

Are people not like flowers? Do they not follow the sun?
Do they not eat honey and drink rain? Do they not vary in size and raiment?
Are there not some, perfect, some costly, some dangerous and some, even ugly?

If flowers are like people, do they watch and listen, and perhaps, converse?
Then after death do they not return?

The Lowly Dandelion (polythematic) <unrequited love> (3:19)

I am the lowly dandelion. Because of the way that nature made me,
I always stand two inches taller than what ever surrounds me
trying to steal the light of my life.

My leaves can be food for the hungry. My flowers adorn the necks of children.
My hue is the very essence of yellow, the color of joy!

I am strong! I am hardy!
I am the first to proclaim Spring, the very first to proclaim Spring!

Can the orchid or the rose say that? Can the violet or the daffodil?
If not, then why am I the "lowly" dandelion? Why am I so difficult to love?

The Lost Sunbeam (onomatopoeic) <love at first sight> (2:30)

There were loud drums! There were fanfares blaring!
There were soldiers marching on parade.
There were church bells ringing when I first saw you.
These torrents of excitement filled my soul!

The street between us was like a river of roaring water.
The brightness of your lovely face made me frantic to cross.
A miracle! A MIRACLE!
Thunder rumbled and the music stopped.
Lightning and ominous clouds scattered the frightened people.

When, at last, I could dare to cross the street, my eyes were fixed
upon you as I hurried.
Alas, the milling crowds erased you from my sight, just as the clouds
engulfed the last sunbeam.
Horror struck me! How could I ever find you again?

I Think of You (polyphonic) <idealistic love> (1:35)

I think of you, as bells toll a lullaby to the murmuring night.
There is mist. There is mist, but through the mist, their melody brings a golden dawn.
Clear through the mist, their melody brings a luminous kind of golden dawn.
I think of you.
Hush!
Chimes ring!

The Rebel (homophonic) <forbidden love> (3:33)

It is, for me, impossible to determine right from wrong
when the love of my life is concerned.
Reason and Experience attest to the futility of struggling with
Heart, the center of Love's awesome pow'r.

Fearful threats by Ruin, Disgrace and Ridicule do their
utmost to contain me.
But the mere thought of her illuminates my spirit.
The mere thought of her illuminates my spirit with
such fire that all such foes wither in its presence.

Our Creator made us to set one another aflame with desire.
But yet, proclaims it sinful that we should even touch!
Although He may loose Thompson's Hound of Heaven
to seek me out if I should transgress.
I shall run, fearlessly, to the arms of my beloved, just to
give the beast a mission.

If I must suffer condemnation to see my love, there will be no contest.
One touch from her fingertips is worth a thousand horrid bites.
One kiss, from her sensuous lips, is worth the ravaging canine jaws.

Although the hound, as the law's avenger, may shake me by the neck
until my spirit fades away, he will realize his failure to punish
when he withdraws his ugly teeth.
He will observe the contented smile upon my poor, dead face.

When You're Away... (polychordal, block harmony) <longing for love> (2:00)

When you're away, I imagine what the soul of night would say.
"In dark despair, I wait for dawn. My light is gone."
I wait for you to come again, as the night must wait for rays of light
to give it love and save it from gloom and make it warm.

You Have a Rhythm (polyrhythmic) <sensuous love> (3:00)

You have a rhythm that flows like a river in constant motion with a grace
unexplainable.
You have a unique feeling for rhythm. It is your mystique.
Call it a rhythm within you. I see it! Maybe, some day, we can free it.
I'm in love with it. Rhythm makes me survive. Rhythm keeps me alive!

Never stop the rhythm! Let your beat confuse me, utterly!
Passion is a raw, vibrating rhythm moving forward with steps the same as yours.
Touch me! Let me feel it. If you reveal it, I may steal it.

Your rhythm taunts me with sight and sound and flow.
Such movement haunts me in ways too deep to know.
My dearest pleasure is watching you in slow motion, subtly dancing.
You're so entrancing, your rhythm makes me want to move.
You have a rhythm that flows like a river in constant motion.
(19:04) #4 **WD**

***EL DORADO** (Edgar Allan Poe) is a dramatic realization of the man searching, on a big horse for a place of gold. This song, the the opera, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, is for an "artist tenor" and a fine pianist.

Gayly bedight, a gallant knight in sunshine and in shadow,
had journeyed long singing a song in search of Eldorado.
But he grew old, this knight so bold, and oe'r his heart a shadow fell
as he found no spot of ground that looked like Eldorado.
And as strength failed him at length, he met a pilgrim shadow.
"Shadow," said he, "Where can it be, this place called Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains of the moon, down the valley of the shadow.
Ride, boldly ride," the shade replied, "if you seek for Eldorado!" (1:13) #4

FORBEARANCE (Ralph Waldo Emerson) is for mezzo soprano and piano. This is a fine song to include in a voice recital.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun,
loved the wood rose, but left it on its stalk,
at a rich man's table eaten bread and pulse,
unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust,
and loved so well a high behavior in man or
maid that thou from speech refrained, nobility
more noble to repay?
O be my friend and teach me to be thine. (2:00) #3

FOUR PRESENTS: is a "pop music" wedding song about something borrowed, something blue, etc., that is for a bass baritone voice, accompanied by a pianist, to sing to his bride.

I want to tell you what you mean to me this day.
You mean companionship as time goes on its way.
You mean that loneliness will seldom touch my heart.
You mean my lonely life will have a brand new start.

Something borrowed, something blue, something old and something new;
these are four presents that I want to give to you.
All are ready on the day you say, "I do."
"Something borrowed," is the wisdom from my past.
"Something blue," is the light your ring will cast.
"Something old," is my prayer our lives will last.
"Something new," is a love that is steadfast.

And when the autumn of our lives is drawing nigh,
the reasons we were drawn together will be clear:
We'll have the joys of being one, though we are two.
I'll know that you loved me, and I adored just you. (3:38) #1 **WD**

HOW CAN YOU SAY YOU ARE ALONE? (baritone voice/piano OR tenor/baritone/bass trio) - There has been a romantic breakup, because the woman enjoyed spending her time alone, rather than with her disgusted boyfriend.

How can you say you are alone?
Have you no fax machine or telephone?
Have you no T.V. set or radio?
How can you say you are alone?

You never talked to someone when you were in love.
You spent your time too much with friends.
You seldom said the words a lover likes to hear;
and that is how a romance ends.

Go pet your dog and feed your cat.
They'll never worry you with chat.
If peace and quiet turn you on,
 maybe you're glad your love is gone.
If that's not so, then mend your ways.
You'll love again one of these days.

There are second chances for us all.
If you don't stand you cannot fall.
From here on in, you're on your own.
You can't afford to be alone. (2:40) #2 **WD**

HOW I LOVE YOU... (tenor voice - optional soprano for a duet - and piano) is for a daring couple to consider for their wedding and depart from music that is done in anyone else's wedding.

How I love you is more than I know.
I have loved you since winter had snow.
I have loved you since moonlight could shine.
Because I loved you, the Lord made you mine.

How I love you, I hardly can say.
I have waited so long for this day.
I will love you for time without end.
I'll be your counsel, supporter, and friend.

I remember when I found you; choirs of angels sang above!
Then the Lord said, "Let there be light!" while He swept a-way the night;
then He added: "Now, let there be love!"

How I love you can't really be said.
I have loved you since roses were red.
I have loved you since robins could fly.
I will love you long after I die. (3:00) #2 **WD**

I HAVE A LOVE is for either a man or a woman to sing with organ or piano accompaniment. This is not an ordinary wedding song, inasmuch as it is not written for first time weddings

I had a love who lived in my imagination, and she was warm,
 so gentle and so kind.
We spoke of things, so many that I can't remember;
 because of him/her I lived with peace of mind.

And then came you, more lovely than imagination!
And then came you, more gentle than my fondest dream.
You speak my name in ways that are so tender.
And then came you, more lofty than supreme.

Gone is the one who lived in my imagination.
I never thought I'd leave my love behind.

There were no words between us that I can remember.
Now, she is gone and never on my mind.

You are the one who lived in my imagination.
Yours is the love that made my dream come true.
You are the one who speaks to me with adoration.
You are my love; my heart belongs to you.

I have a love who's not in my imagination.
And she is warm, so gentle and so kind.
S/he shares my life and lingers like an ember
within my being, body, soul, and mind. . (3:51) #3+ **WD**

JENNY KISSED ME (tenor voice/oboe/Bb clarinet/bassoon) - This brief song setting of a poem by Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), makes a stunning encore after a long, serious program.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me. (0:55) #4

LAKE MADE OF MIRROR, THE OR BIRDWATCHER, THE (mezzo soprano, harpsichord or piano and violin OR violin and Bb clarinet and flute) is a pensive song about Heaven and Earth. It is also arranged for soprano, flute, piano and Bb clarinet. **The Birdwatcher** has the same music with a different text.

When I glide in my canoe on the lake made of mirror,
I listen to the calm, sweet silence, broken occasionally, by the sound of a wild bird.
I think, as I watch the yellow, pink and orange sunset, 'Will I be up there someday?
Will I be part of that glory that has been marveled at since the beginning of time;
or will I be lost somewhere?'
Alas, who knows? Not I. Not you.

Then a bird breaks the silence, ending my train of thought as gently as a zephyr.
Although I stare at the shimmering mirror of water below,
I cannot see the bottom of this clear, blue place. It seem to have no bottom!
Maybe it goes on to the utmost regions of the Earth.

Yet, I know it has to have a bottom, somewhere.
Everything does, or does everything? After all, space has no end.
Even if I find a star that seems the farthest, I can still find one farther away.
Now I wonder as I glide on the lake made of mirror. (5:05) #3 **JULIE DYBDAHL**

LA LA SONG, THE (tenor/soprano OR soprano/piano) is very short on words, but long on philosophy. At one point in the song, the audience may be invited to sing along with the soloist.

When I'm feeling angry, when I'm feeling blue,
when my luck turns awful, this is what I do I sing la la la la la la la
When you get angry, what will you do stomp around like a kangaroo?
Being blue makes you lie in bed, Being blue is bad luck, it's said.
Just sing la la.
I sing la la la la, standing tall.
It's a wonderful life, after all. (2:09) #1 **WD**

LITTLE LAMB (Wm. Blake) is a musical portrait of the poet's feeling toward nature. It is for a treble voice and piano. For a quiet encore, it is spell binding.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
gave thee life and bid thee feed
by the stream and o'er the mead,
gave thee clothing of delight,
softest clothing, woolly, bright,
gave thee such a tender voice
making all the vales rejoice?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little lamb, whence came thee? (2:00) #1

LOST (Stacey Mathey) is a modern song about how it may feel to be a senior citizen in today's world. It is for treble voice and piano.

Lost in a confusing world, fearful of its change,
they stand on the edge of time, forgotten.
Youth is a dream, time, a carpet under which
the old are swept by the hands of the brave new world.
Hidden, hidden, they fight a losing battle,
unwillingly yielding to the creeping vine wrinkled age, smothered!
Will the children enjoy their vast knowledge, their vast knowledge?
They refuse the past, in fear of the future,
leaving the old unused, wasted, wasted!
The old and the young will never unite, until the day
when youth learns courage and understanding
in time to save them from social decadence, death!
Death! (4:00) #4

NEVER HAVE I FELT LONELY (soprano and string quartet) is from the opera, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. A lady is singing about being alone on a lovely evening.

Never have I felt lonely, so lonely, as I feel this evening.
Never has time gone slowly, so slowly from seven to eleven.
Here is lovely October, with sunshine and cloudless skies.
With the proper admirer, the nighttime is paradise!
Never have I seen starlight, such starlight as now is dancing with the fog.

Never have I felt lonely and melancholy as I feel tonight. (2:30) #3. WD

***NO LAMENT** is a song for piano and treble voice (tenor or soprano) that uses a beautiful anonymous poem concerning life after death. This poetry is inspiring and a balm to grief. This song is ideal for funeral and/or memorial services.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there,
I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken to the morning hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there.
I did not die. (2:12) #3

OLD FASHIONED WALTZ, AN (fl. – hammer dulcimer – violin – mezzo soprano - another arrangement for voice and piano is also available.)

A lady remembers the story that was told about the courtship of her parents as they waltzed through time.

I know of a waltz that my parents would dance;
the music they heard on the day that he met her.
Their lives spent together were full of romance and
were based on that old-fashioned waltz.
Dad said, "One, two and three, dancing with me, time will go by.
One, two and three, dancing with me, babies will cry.
One, two and three, dancing with me, soon they'll be grown,
and we'll be dancing our waltz all alone.

My parents were waltzing one night when she sighed,
"We're dancing much slower; I don't understand!"
He looked at her kindly, and then he replied,
"We are still keeping time with the band."
One, two and three, dancing with me, time has gone by.
One, two and three, dancing with me, grandchildren cry.
One, two and three, dancing with me, let us pretend
that our dancing the waltz cannot end.

My father passed on, after doing the dance with an angel
who came down from heav'n to caress him.
My mom heard the music and called to her man
who was dancing alone in the sky.

She said, "One, two and three, please wait for me, husband
and guide!
One, two and three, off she went to be by his side.

One, two and three, now, we can see life passes by
while we all dance and old-fashioned waltz. (3:35) #2 **WD**

PANIS ANGELICUS (soprano/3 violins) - Cesar Frank (1822-1890) composed this wonderful music, and Wallace De Pue, Sr., arranged it to be played by four violins OR soprano and three violins.

O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty,
O loving Father, Thee, would we be praising always.
Help us to know Thee, know Thee and love Thee,
Father, Father, grant us Thy truth and grace;
Father, Father, guide and defend us.
And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty power.

Rule Thou our willful hearts, Keep Thine our wandering thoughts;
In all our sorrows, let us find our rest in Thee;
And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty power,
Thine aid O send us; Hear us in mercy.
Show us Thy favor, So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.
(3:24) #2

POEM A OR DEVOTION – (soprano or tenor voice with one to three violins OR treble voice/piano) is a song of longing for a lover who has vanished. This is also arranged for voice and piano.
Poet, Conrad Potter Aiken (1889-1973) Public domain poem

Music I heard with you was more than music, and bread I broke with you was more than bread.
Now that I am without you, all is desolate; all that was so beautiful is dead.
Your hands once touched this table and this silver.
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
These things do not remember you, beloved, and yet your touch upon them will not pass.
For it was in my heart you moved among them, and blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.
And in my heart they will remember always, they knew you once,
O wonderful and wise. (2:25) #3

***POOLE'S LAMENT** is from the final act of Wallace De Pue's grand opera, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The Robert Louis Stevenson story ends with Poole, the butler, discovering the changing corpse of the hideous Mr. Hyde turning into Dr. Henry Jekyll shortly after Mr. Hyde has imbibed poison. This aria portrays the gentle Mr. Poole struggling to keep his sanity as he beholds something his eyes can hardly believe. He begs the awaiting servants not to set eyes on what is tugging at his soul. The music was originally set for orchestra. Now there is a version for tenor and piano.

Therein lies evil such as man has never known! These halls are cursed! Beware!
The devil's servants lurk behind the door.
O God, please hear my prayer and know that I would gladly die
if I could make the sight I saw to be a dream, or if mine eyes have told a lie.
My blood runs cold! My mind is haunted by the scene! I tell you fly;
I tell you, but you pay no heed to my command! You must see for yourselves
what Satan has planned.
O God, look down from heaven and know that Poole did surely try
to make them all depart with peace of mind; but they demand an answer "Why?"

My friends, prepare! Your wish is granted there within.
There is a man, or demon, who lies contorted on the floor; to see him is to know
the doctor lives no more! (1:30) #3 WD

RAYMOND'S PSALM is based on a text by Ray Cogan, a folk poet. When Wallace De Pue met the 85-year-old poet, Raymond was in the final three months of his life, living alone with terminal cancer. Because of the composer's admiration for the poet, this song was presented to Raymond as a gift meant to assure the poet that his work would find its way into people's hearts.

Jesus, shepherd and redeemer, move us onward, day-by-day.
Guide our steps and be our Savior. Lead us gently in your way.
Turn our darkness into daylight. Take away all deadly fear.
Lift our thoughts and make them stay right, for we know that you are near.
Blessed Christ of David's lineage, son of God and son of man;
son of Mary, dear Messiah, lead us through your sacred plan.

Hear us crying, Lord and Master!
Heed our prayers and lead us on 'til we find the heavenly pasture
that is near our Father's home.
Hear us crying, gentle shepherd!
Heed our prayers and lead us on 'til we find the heavenly pasture
that is near our Father's home. (2:17) #1

REJOICE in the LORD (Psalm 33 - soprano/piano) is a rousing song of faith that may be sung to a church congregation as an offertory.

Rejoice in the Lord, o ye righteous!
Praise the Lord with harp,
Praise ye the Lord!
O praise the Lord with harp, and sing unto Him a great new song!
For the word of the Lord is right, and all His wondrous works are done in truth.
Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous!
Sing unto God a great new song!
Rejoice and sing.
Rejoice in the Lord! (1:30) #2

SENSIBLE BIRD, THE (soprano soloist, full orchestra and SATB chorus) is about how a bird views mankind, from her position between heaven and earth.

Look up, Mankind! I am the brightly colored bird, soaring above you.
Not to make holes in the dense, white, forms protecting the firmament, do I fly so high.
I need to rise above those blinding obstacles while I search for heaven's gate.

As I disappear from your sight, I see faces. I see faces watching me from below.
They may be spirits, disguised as clouds, who have been seeking heaven's gate for ages.
You can fly much higher than I by using your mind.
At such altitude, I am too cold to continue my quest!
No mere bird can bridge the invisible wall that guards the dwelling place of souls.
You can sing great psalms. You can sing psalms of praise.

See how I flit in-and-out of the lacy clouds, leaving little trails of white mist!
Beautiful sights were created for your eyes; observe my striking colors! See waterfalls!
Because you may not see my brightly colored wings, I will descend to the top of that nearby tree.
Now, you can watch my colors flash, and know that I, too, am a gift for you to see.

The gift of song has been given to birds. Listen to me sing. Listen to me sing! God does!
His eye is on the sparrow, but He prefers to hear me sing.
Would you be more entertained by the voice of a crow?
Would the voices behind heaven's gate sing music such as yours?

Have you ever heard the soothing music of a harp play a song of peace?
If every morning, each man would greet his neighbor with a note for him to match, say a B-flat,
the world would be filled with such harmony as to make clouds seek heaven's gate on Earth.
Music has no purpose, except to make every day of your life more beautiful.
Without arms, one can still touch another's hand. Without music, how can one touch another's soul?
To practice singing, as I do, listen to the silence; then, respond with melody!

If I could be your friend, we could learn wonderful things together!
May I come and light on your shoulder? Would you harm such a fragile creature as I?
If I would dare to light on your shoulder, would you stroke my shining feathers gently;
or would you use them to decorate your hat?
You can move other beings with love; it is a blessed way to feel without touching.

Mankind, because of your sense of smell, does a hot apple pie, warming in an open windowsill,
speak to you? Of all of the features on your face, your nose speaks most loudly!
You rely on it for direction and discovery.
Or blind woman, if your sense of smell were lost, you could not taste an apple pie.
What a miracle taste is!

The air that you breathe comes from behind heaven's gate. And it belongs to you.
Without change, nothing can be new.
Behind heaven's gate, there is manna, the food of angels. And there we will learn.
Yes, there we will learn. much more. (16:00) #3

SHINE UP THE TRACTOR (voice/piano) is a song about the National Tractor Pull that takes place, annually, in Bowling Green, Ohio. It is a country song that is a lot of fun.

Shine up the tractor. Showtime is here. Rev up the engine. Drop it in gear.
There's a tractor pulling contest in Ohio's, Bowling Green. Let's make sure we're on the scene.
How does a tractor, hitched to a sled, carry a cargo heavier than lead?
When a driver makes it happen in a cloud of dust and smoke,
"Full pull!" yells the crowd; to them it is no joke.

Bring Allis Chalmers! John Deere's on board. Let's see a Chevy take on a Ford!
Pile up some points and try to be king. Only champions wear "the ring."
Bring Allis Chalmers! John Deere's on board. Let's see a Chevy take on a Ford!
Pile up some points and try to be king. Only champions wear "the ring."

I Talked to the fellows loading the sled. "We're gonna get ya!" is all that they said.
"Fire the fuel and feel the dirt!" "Full pull!" is the goal and drivers are alert.

Good for the winners! Give them a prize! They are the ones with tears in their eyes.
In the tractor pulling fam'ly is a host of dynamos.
When you come and see the tractor shows,
you'll see why everybody goes: "FULL PULL!" (3:00) #1 **WD**

***THREE DIABOLICAL SONGS** (tenor & piano) is based on three of the most pitiful characters found in the Holy Bible: Cain, Haman and Saul.

Cain the first murderer, is tormented by the Lord's question, "Cain, where is thy brother, Abel?" to the point that his mind is never at peace.

Do you hear it?
Do you hear it now?
Do you hear the voice of God, sending the question after me, like a hound released from heaven, driving me through the wilderness without mercy, without rest?
Even the ground throws up my seed granting no home nor harvest; I suffer!
Dreams offer up the bitter remembrance of blood, BLOOD,
from my mother's son, clinging to my hands!
I, the first born of my kind, a murderer...a MURDERER!
Am I my brother's keeper?

Haman is the cat who has trapped the helpless mouse. He is the essence of cruel confidence and hatred. Whereas, laughter can be music to one's soul, it can also be the cruelest weapon to use against one's adversary. Haman is a master of its use against Mordecai.

Old Mordecai, come to the window and see what I, Haman, have made for the Jews!
It is a tribute that was carefully fashioned for those who deny that Ahasuerus is the only true God.
Ahasuerus, the king, doesn't like the notion that he is less worthy of praise than thin air;
so, he said to me, "What can I do? Haman, won't you tell me how I can be loved, even by a Jew?"
Old Jew, he needs your affection!

'Build them a monument,' said I; 'build it some seventy-five feet high! Put it in the center of town!
Make it like a letter "L" that is upside down.'
So, he went about it, through me. Now, I have it ready for your opinion. Please! Guess! What can it be?
Come and let me show you! What can you lose?
This will make your people compelled to dance, 'cause it's only for Jews. Good news?

Old Mordecai, come to the window and see what I have made for your people.
Tell me whom do you think our Lord has selected to be the very first to demonstrate it?

Saul is being comforted by his subject, David as the latter plays the harp. As Saul listens, he imagines himself as his harpist, David. Saul's tremendous jealousy can hardly be contained within him.
These songs present a tour de force of drama.

Here comes Saul, shepherd of many flocks, killer of lions and bears and the beloved king of Israel.
Look at him walk, lean and strong, with sparkling eyes that reveal divine wisdom.
Surely, he is beloved of God, beloved of God, beloved, the...

Here comes Saul, singer of lovely psalms, a master of strings and a poet unsurpassed.
"Sing to us!" they have said unto Saul; and he has filled their hearts with love, as halls are filled by song until they resound.

He's beloved of God, beloved of God, beloved...

Here comes Saul, slayer of great Goliath, armor less warrior, courageously cunning.
He carries five small stones. He carries a sling. He carries the head of a giant!
The people attend him and call him their king. But SAUL is their king!!!
He is beloved of God, beloved of God, beloved of... (9:30) #5 Appropriated by **WD**

***THREE SONGS OF SEPARATION** (folk song arrangements for tenor voice/piano or baritone voice/piano) Each song is part of a trilogy portraying separation from either a lover, an acquaintance or a son.

Over Yondro is a song of separation between a man and his lover. In the song, he tells her about how things should be until he returns. The original folksong text is usually sung by a woman to her man and is part of the musical legacy from Civil War times. #2

Oh, I'm gone. I'm goin' away, for to stay a little while;
but I'm comin' back if I go ten thousand mile.
Look away over yondro.

Oh, who will tie your shoe, and who will glove your hand?
And who will kiss your ruby lips while I am gone?
Oh, when I am gone?

Pappy will tie your shoe, and Mammy will glove your hand.
And I will kiss your ruby lips when I come home.
Look away over yondro.

Mr. Rabbit is a song of separation between a man and his animal acquaintance. The man has never seen such a creature as a rabbit, so he engages it in conversation without being aware that rabbits do not talk. (The rabbit does not tell him otherwise!) The man is fascinated with the physical characteristics of the rabbit and comments on several of them, quite politely, of course, even though he, the man, feels somehow superior. The rabbit has encountered man before and offers a number of reasons why he, the rabbit, should be on his way without delay. This is a too seldom heard Negro folk song.

Mister Rabbit! Mister Rabbit, your tail is mighty white.
Bless my soul, better git it out of sight!
Every little eye is gonna shine, shine!
Every little eye is gonna shine along.

Mister Rabbit! Mister Rabbit, your coat is mighty grey.
Bless my soul, better git it on its way!
Every little eye is gonna shahhahhahhah, shine!
Every little eye is gonna shine along,

Mister Rabbit! Mister Rabbit, your ears are mighty long.
Bless my soul, better take 'em and be gone!
Every little eye is gonna shine, shine!
Every little eye is gonna shine along!
Bye, bye! #3

Johnny Has Gone for A Soldier is quite famous in folk literature stemming from the Revolutionary War. Wallace De Pue, Sr., imagines it as a song of separation between a father and his son. The father tells of his son's departure and how the boy was prepared to be sent to war. The father's anguish concerning his son's fate should be apparent at the end of the song. (9:00) #3+

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill. Who could blame me cry my fill? And every tear could turn a mill.
Johnny has gone for a soldier.
My! Oh my, I loved him so! Broke my heart to see him go; and only time will heal my woe.
Johnny has gone for a soldier.
Sell my clock! Sell my real! Buy my boy a sword and shield to use out on the battlefield!
Johnny has gone!
Johnny! John! Johnny has gone for a soldier.

WEDDING VOW, THE (is a heart-felt love song for a man's bride for tenor voice and piano) This piece is intended for a couple who will consider something that is new in wedding music literature. –

I give to you my wedding vow.
How can I love you more than now?
All our lives, our two souls will be one. so time can be undone by our love.

When I promise to honor and to cherish, come what may, as many years go by,
time and change will make you but more lovely; yours is beauty no one can deny.

No author's prose, nor poet's line, can tell the rapture that is mine;
God, alone, can make a love so strong, then let you hear it now, in this song. (2:30) #2 **WD**