EDMUND CIONEK

Text by WALT WHITMAN

Prelude and Five Dreams of Walt Whitman

from "The Sleepers" 1855

a Cantata

for SATB and Piano 2009

Duration: ca.20 min.

Prelude and Five Dreams of Walt Whitman

A Cantata for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Baritone & Piano
(adapted from "The Sleepers"-Leaves of Grass, 1855)

Prelude: I Wander All Night in my Vision-*Baritone solo*

I wander all night in my vision,
Stepping with light feet….swiftly and noiselessly stepping
and stopping,
Bending with open eyes over the shut eyes of sleepers;
Wandering and confused….lost to myself….ill assorted,
…contradictory
Pausing and gazing and bending and stopping.

The newborn emerging from gates and the dying
emerging from gates,
The night pervades them and enfolds them.

1. I See a Beautiful Gigantic Swimmer-*Tenor solo*

I see a beautiful gigantic swimmer swimming naked through
the eddies of the sea,
His brown hair lies close and even to his head….he
strikes out with courageous arms….he urges himself
with his legs.

I see his white body….I see his undaunted eyes;
I hate the swift-running eddies that would dash him
headforemost on the rocks.

What are you doing you ruffianly red-trickled waves?
Will you kill the courageous giant? Will you kill him
in the prime of his middle age?

Steady and long he struggles;
He is baffled and banged and bruised….he holds out
while his strength holds out,
The slapping eddies are spotted with his blood….they
bear him away….they roll him and swing him
and turn him:
His beautiful body is borne in the circling eddies….
it is continually bruised on the rocks,
Swiftly and out of sight is borne the brave corpse.

2. Now I Tell-*Soprano solo*

Now I tell what my mother told me today as we sat
at dinner together,
Of when she was a nearly grown girl living at home with her
Parents on the old homestead.

A red squaw came one breakfastime to the old homestead,
On her back she carried a bundle of rushes for
rushbottoming chairs;
Her hair straight black shiny coarse and profuse
halfenveloped her face,
Her step was free and elastic.…her voice sounded
exquisitely as she spoke.

My mother looked in delight and amazement at the stranger,
She looked at the beauty of her tallborne face and full
And pliant limbs,
The more she looked upon her the more she loved her,
Never before had she seen such wonderful beauty and
Purity;
She made her sit on a bench by the jamb of the fireplace
….she cooked food for her,
She had no work to give her but she gave her remembrance
and fondness.

The red squaw staid all the forenoon, and toward the
middle of the afternoon she went away;
O my mother was loth to have her go away,
All the week she thought of her….she watched for her
many a month,
But the red squaw never came nor was heard of there again.

3. The Beach-*Alto solo*

I turn but do not extricate myself;
Confused….a pastreading….another, but with darkness
yet.

The beach is cut by a razory ice-wind….The wreck guns
sounds,
The tempest lulls and the moon comes floundering
through the drifts.

I look where the ship helplessly heads end on…I hear
the burst as she strikes..I hear the howls of dismay
….they grow fainter and fainter.

I cannot aid with my wringing fingers;
I can but rush to the surf and let it drench me and freeze
upon me.

I search with the crowd…not one of the company is
washed to us alive;
In the morning I help pick up the dead and lay them in
rows in a barn.

4. Lucifer-*Baritone solo*

Now Lucifer was not dead….or if he was I am his
sorrowful, terrible heir;
I have been wronged….I am oppressed.
I will either destroy him,or he shall release me.

Damn him! how he does defile me,
How he informs against my brother and sister and takes
pay for their blood,
How he laughs when I look down the bend after the
steamboat that carries away my women.

Now the vast bulk that is the whale's bulk….it seems
mine,
Warily sportsman! though I lie so sleepy and sluggish,
my tap is death.

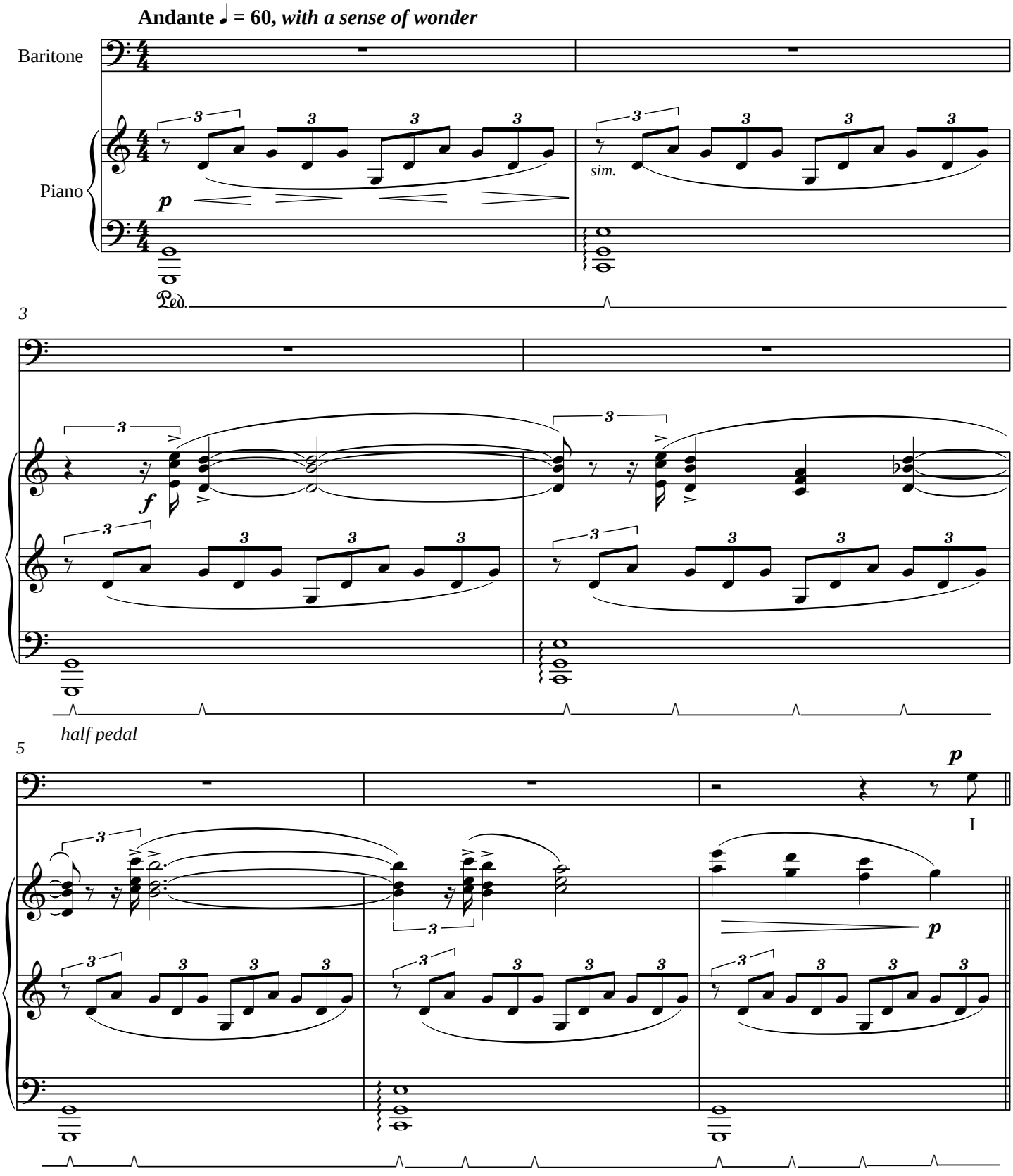
5. Peace is Always Beautiful-*Soprano, Alto, Tenor & Baritone*

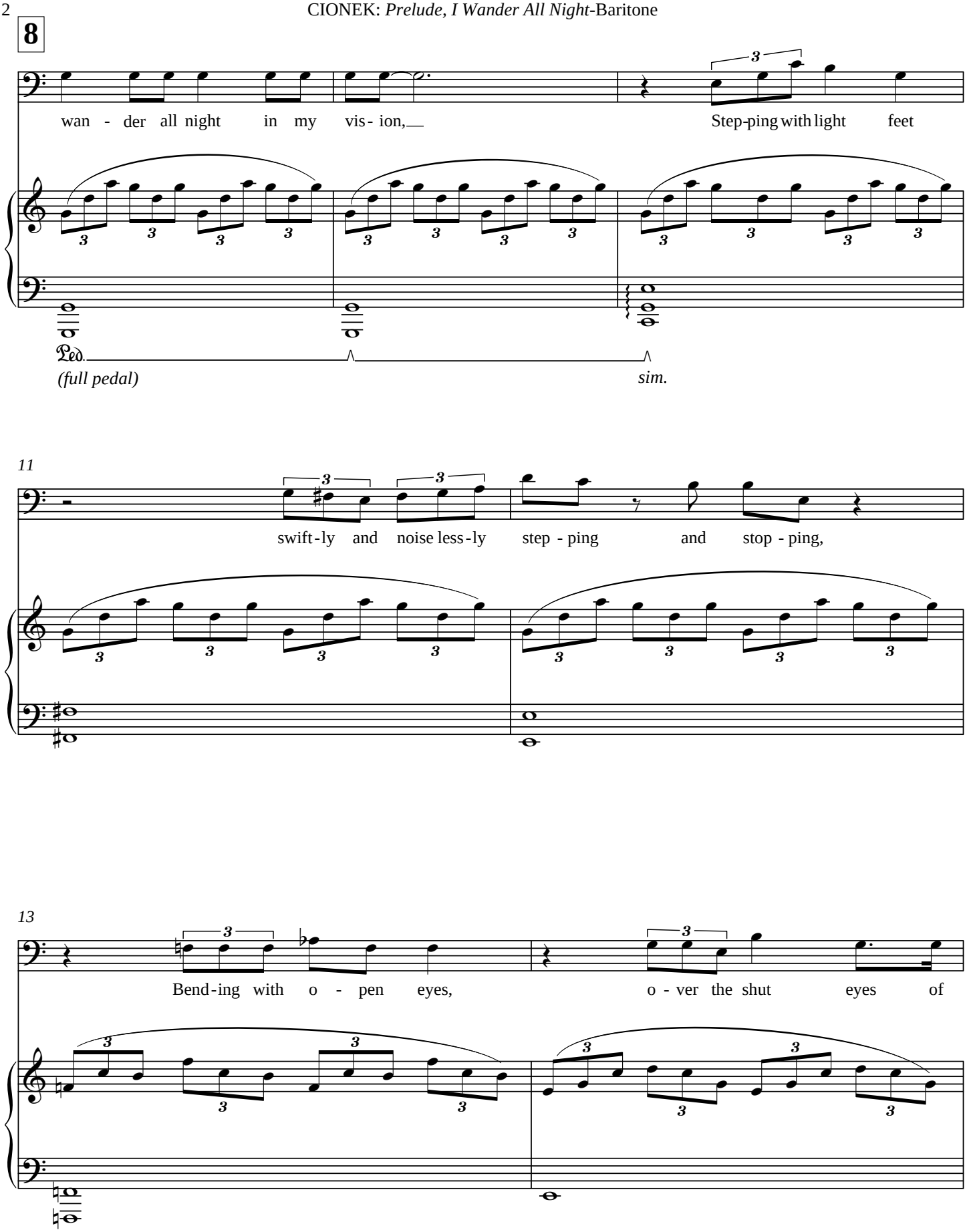
Peace is always beautiful.
The myth of heaven indicates peace and night.
The myth of heaven indicates the soul;
The soul is always beautiful….it appears more or it
appears less….it comes or lags behind,
It comes from its embowered garden and looks pleasantly
on itself and encloses the world;
Perfect and clean the genitals previously jetting, and perfect
and clean the womb cohering.
The head wellgrown and proportioned and plumb, and
the bowels and joints proportioned and plumb.
The soul is always beautiful.
The universe is duly in order…everything is in its place,
What is arrived is in its place, and what waits is in its place,
The soul is always beautiful,
The universe is duly in order.
Everything is in its place.
The soul is always beautiful.

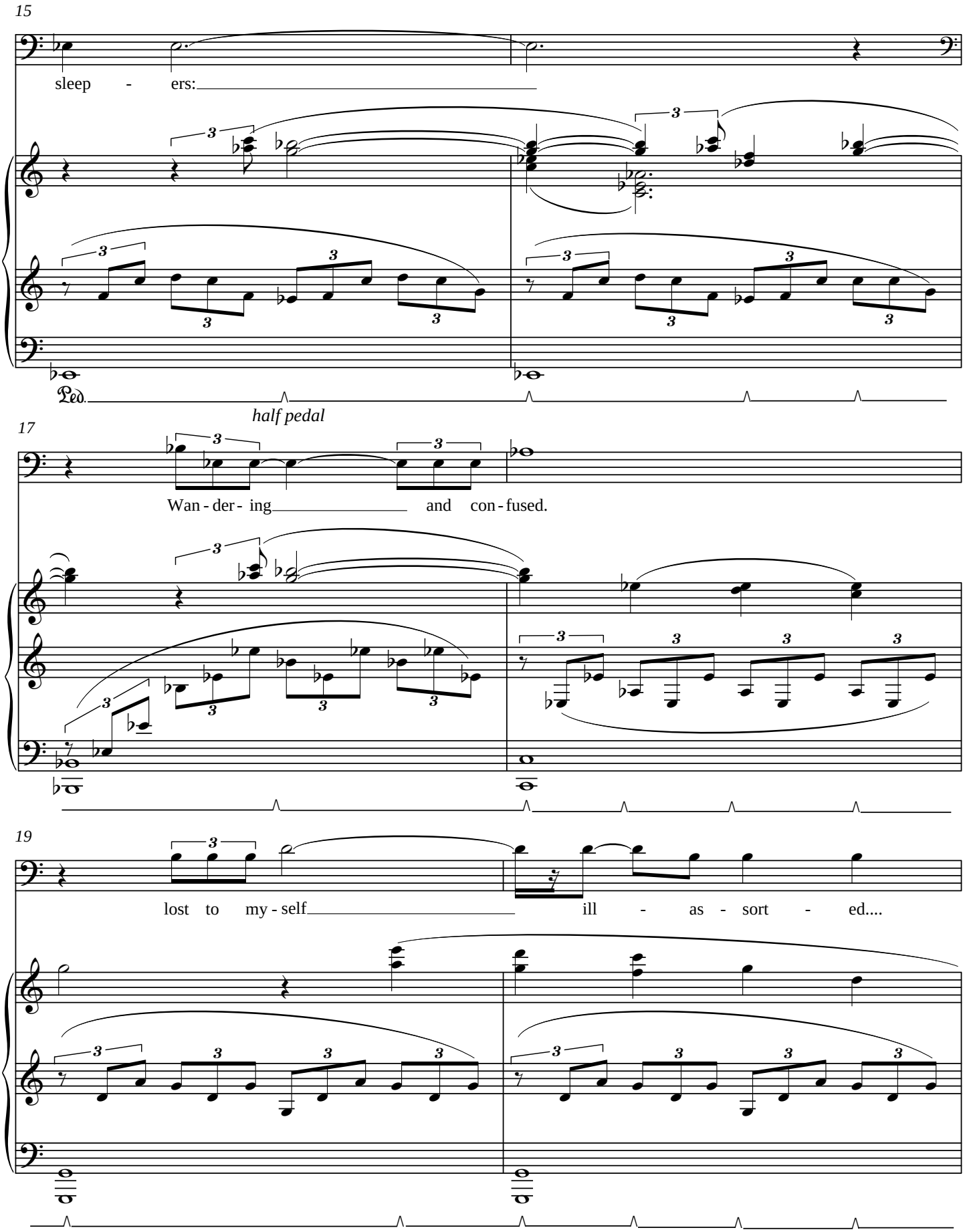
Baritone/ Piano

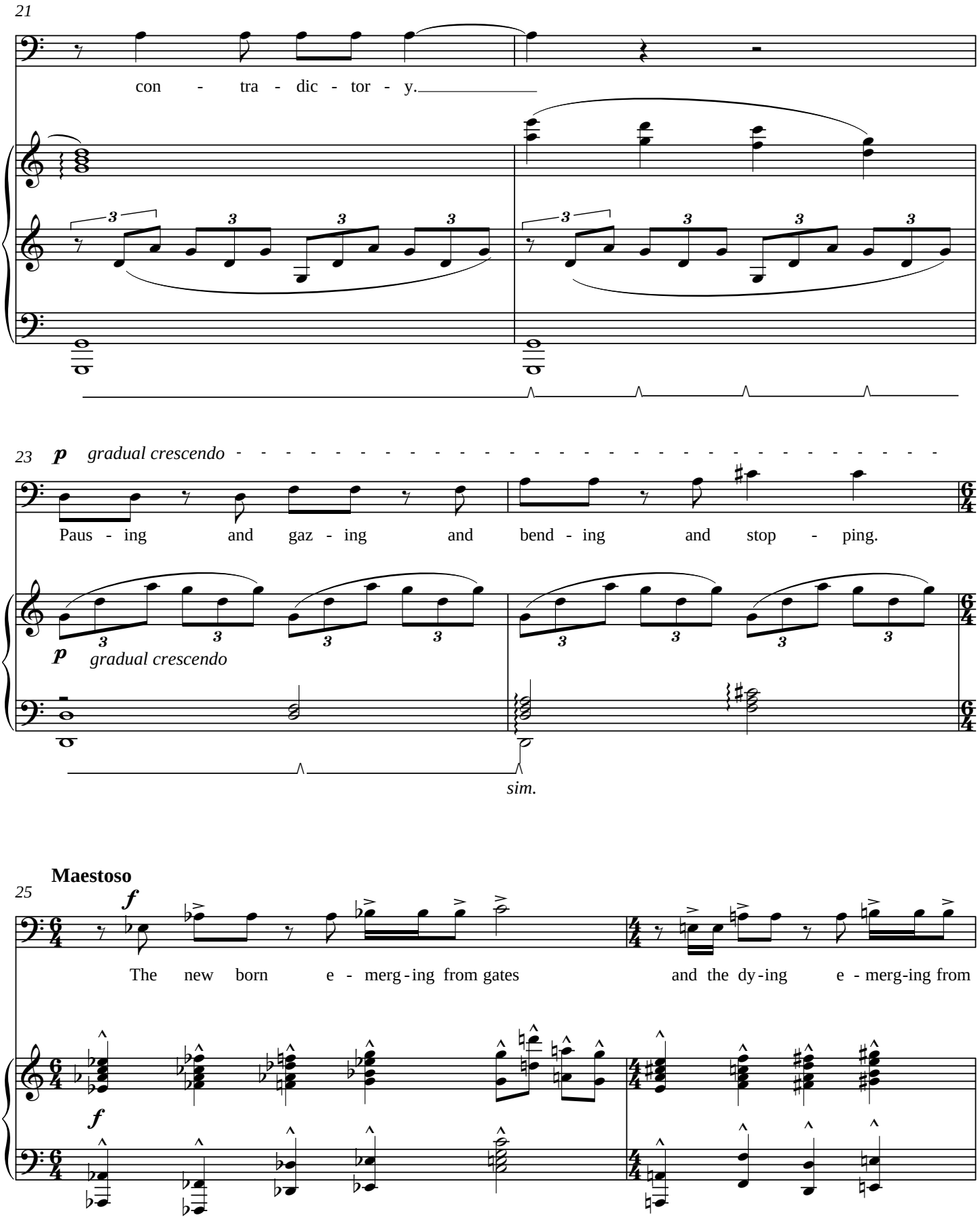
Prelude: I Wander All Night in My Vision

WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**




8
wan - der all night in my vis - ion,
Step-ping with light feet
Ped.
(full pedal)
sim.
11
swift-ly and noise less-ly step - ping and stop - ping,
13
Bend-ing with o - pen eyes,
o - ver the shut eyes of


15
sleep - ers:
Ped.
half pedal
17
Wan - der - ing and con - fused.
19
lost to my - self ill - as - sort - ed....


21
con - tra - dic - tor - y.
23
p
gradual crescendo
Paus - ing and gaz - ing and bend - ing and stop - ping.
p
gradual crescendo
sim.
Maestoso
25
f
The new born e - merg - ing from gates and the dy - ing e - merg - ing from
f

Andante ♩ = 60, *tenderly*

27

gates, The night per vades them and en - folds them.

p

pedal tonale

30

niente

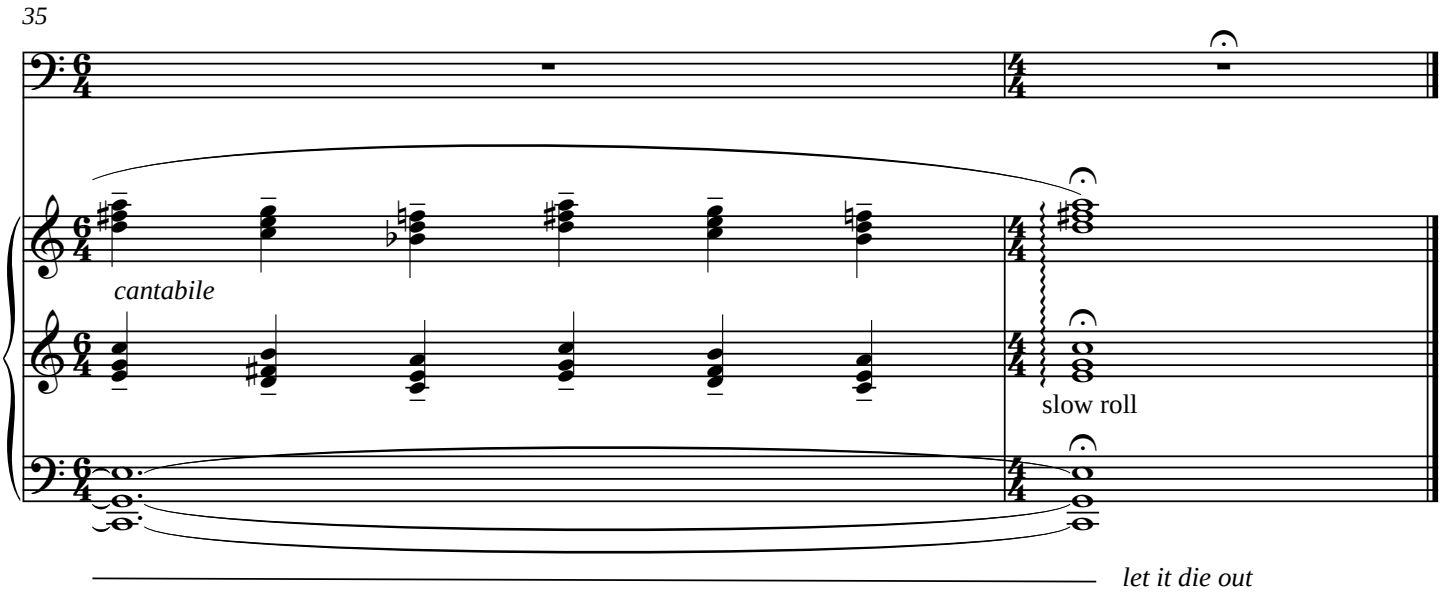
p *poco* *p*

sim.

Ped.

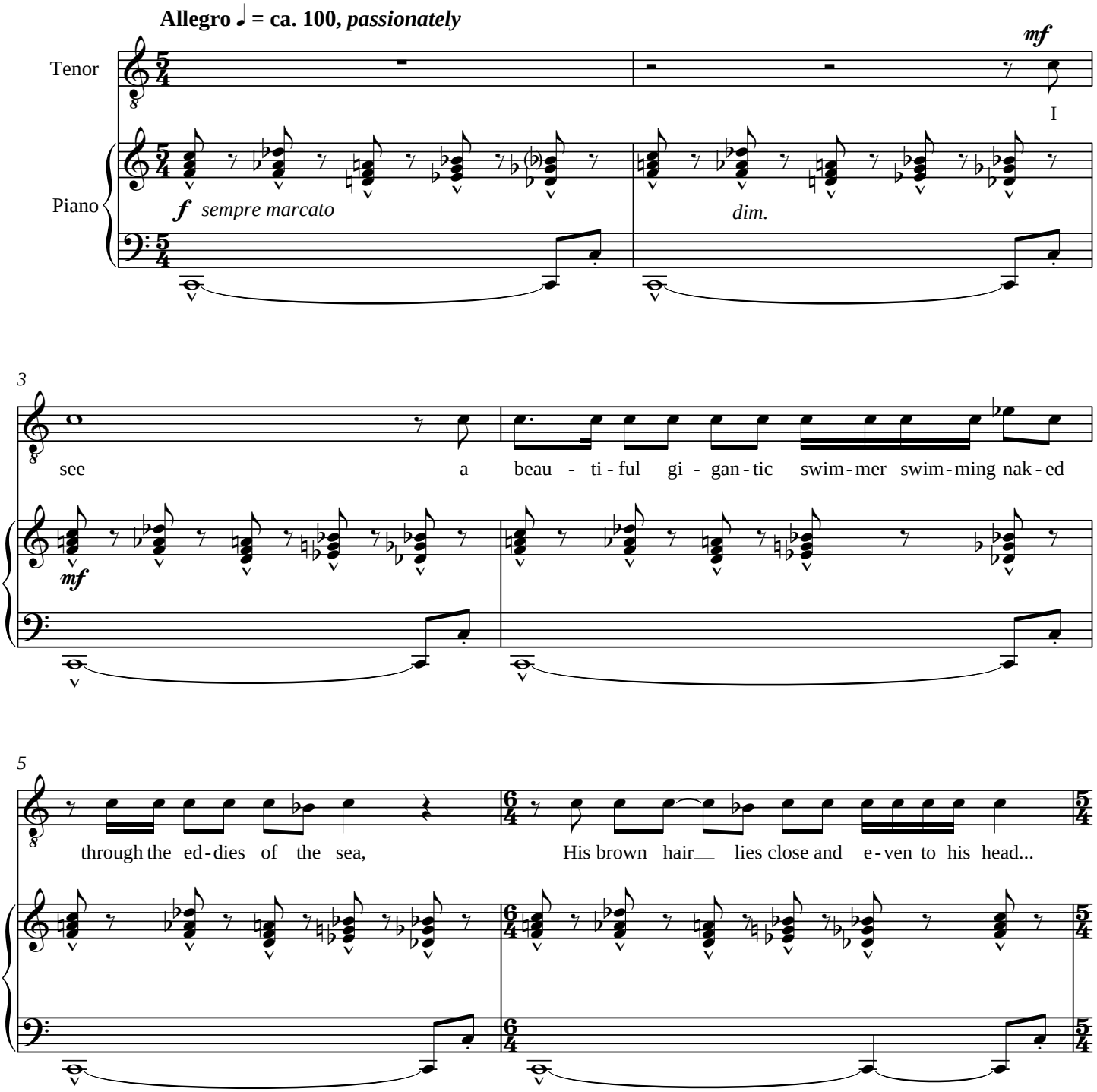
half pedal

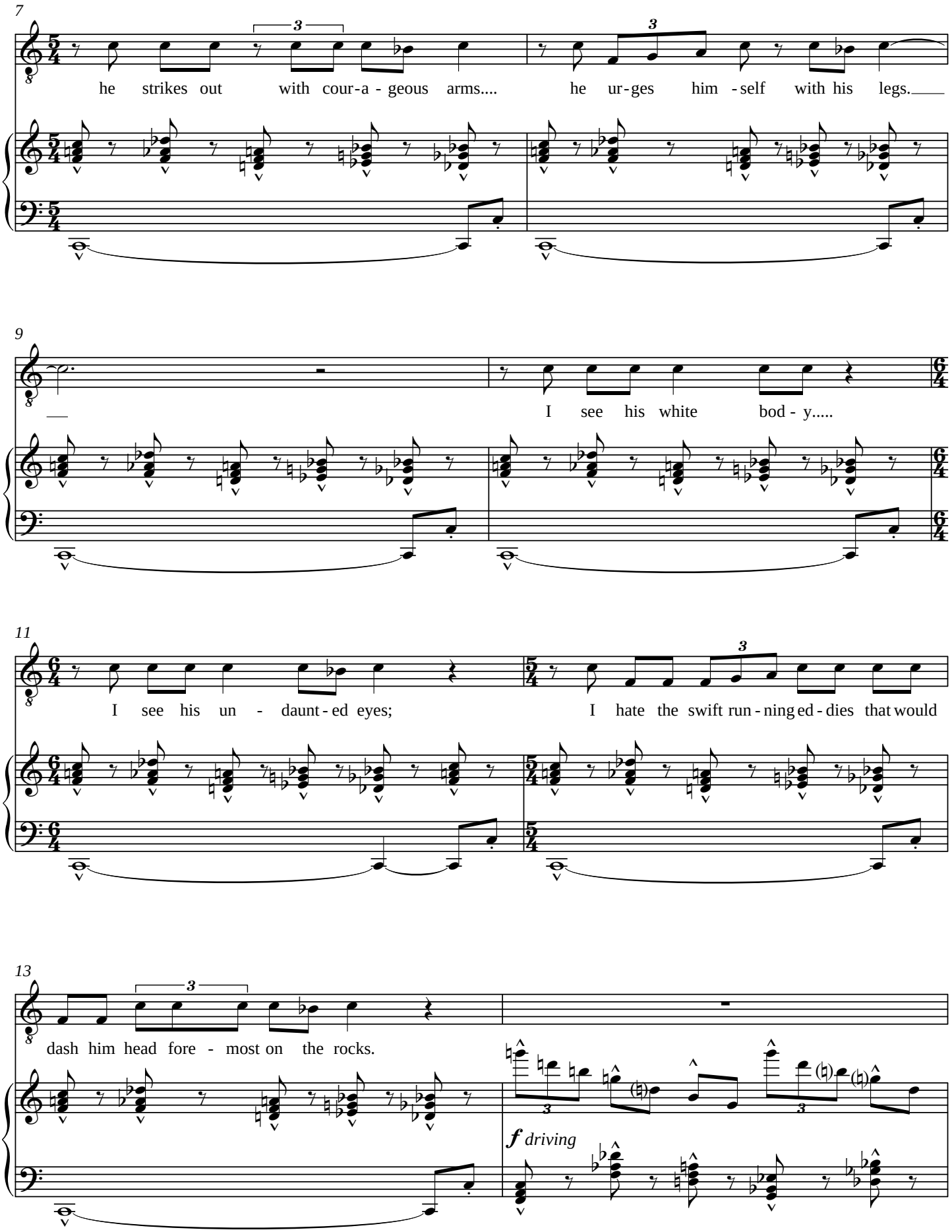
32

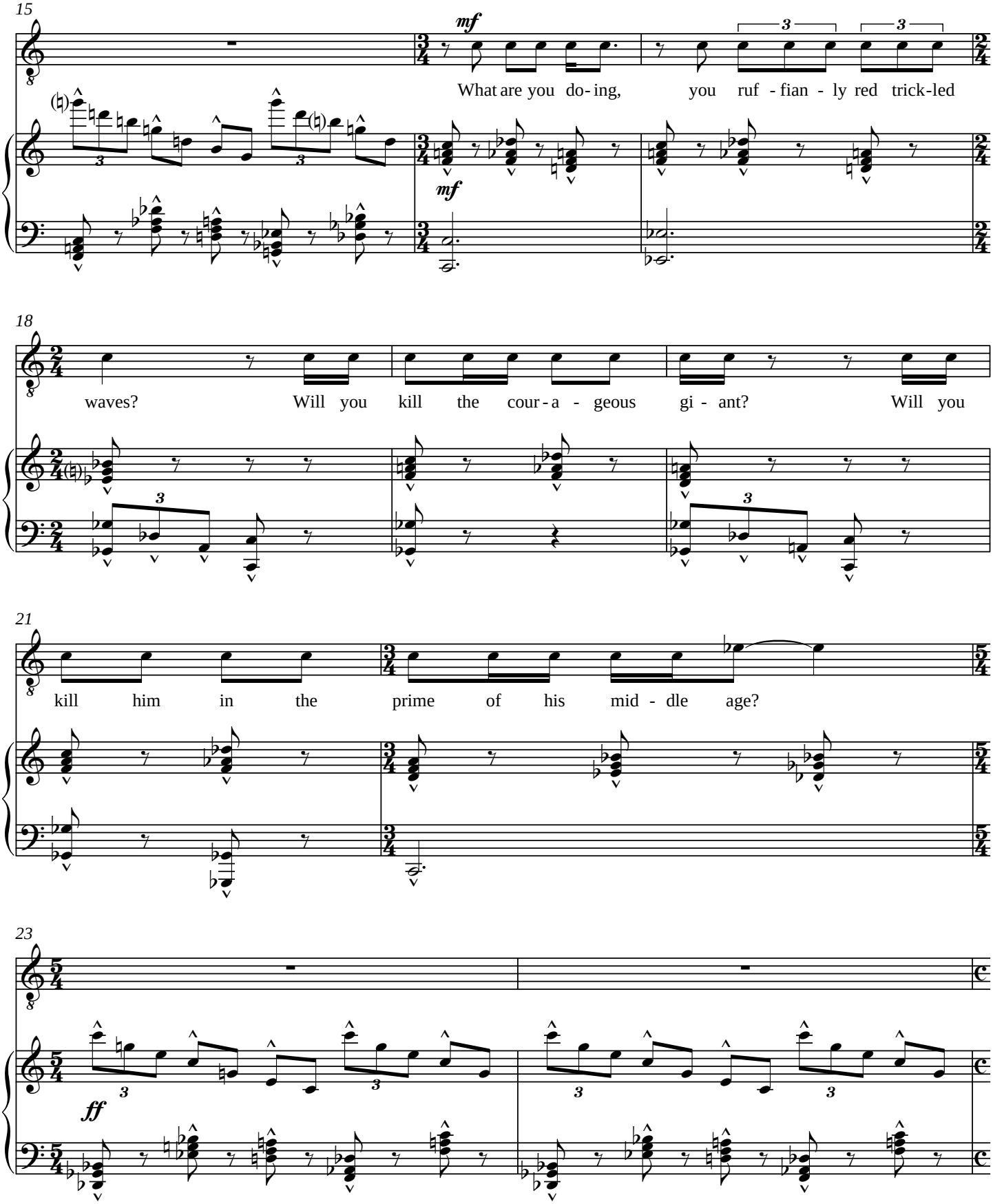

35
cantabile
slow roll
let it die out

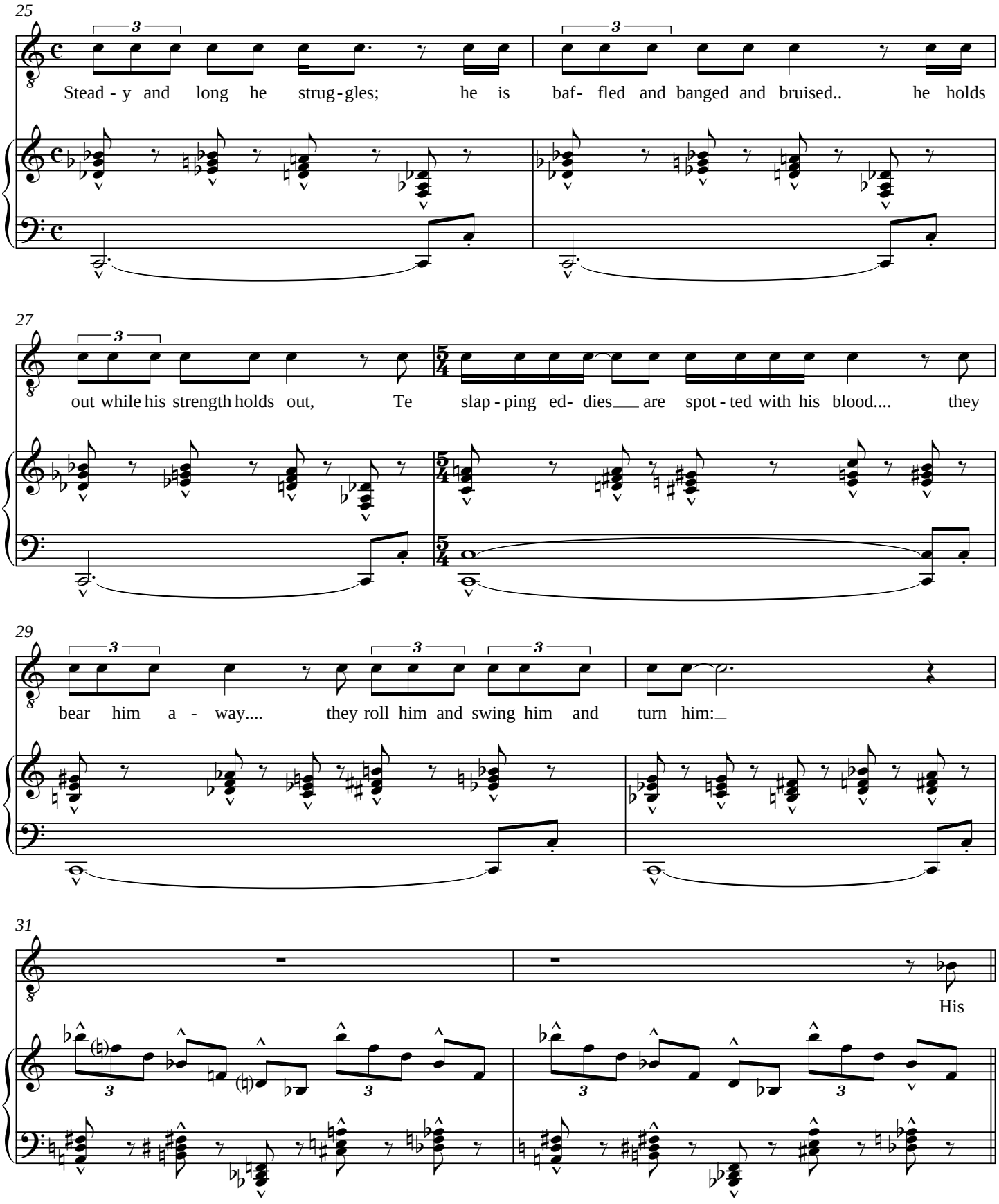
1. I See A Beautiful Gigantic Swimmer

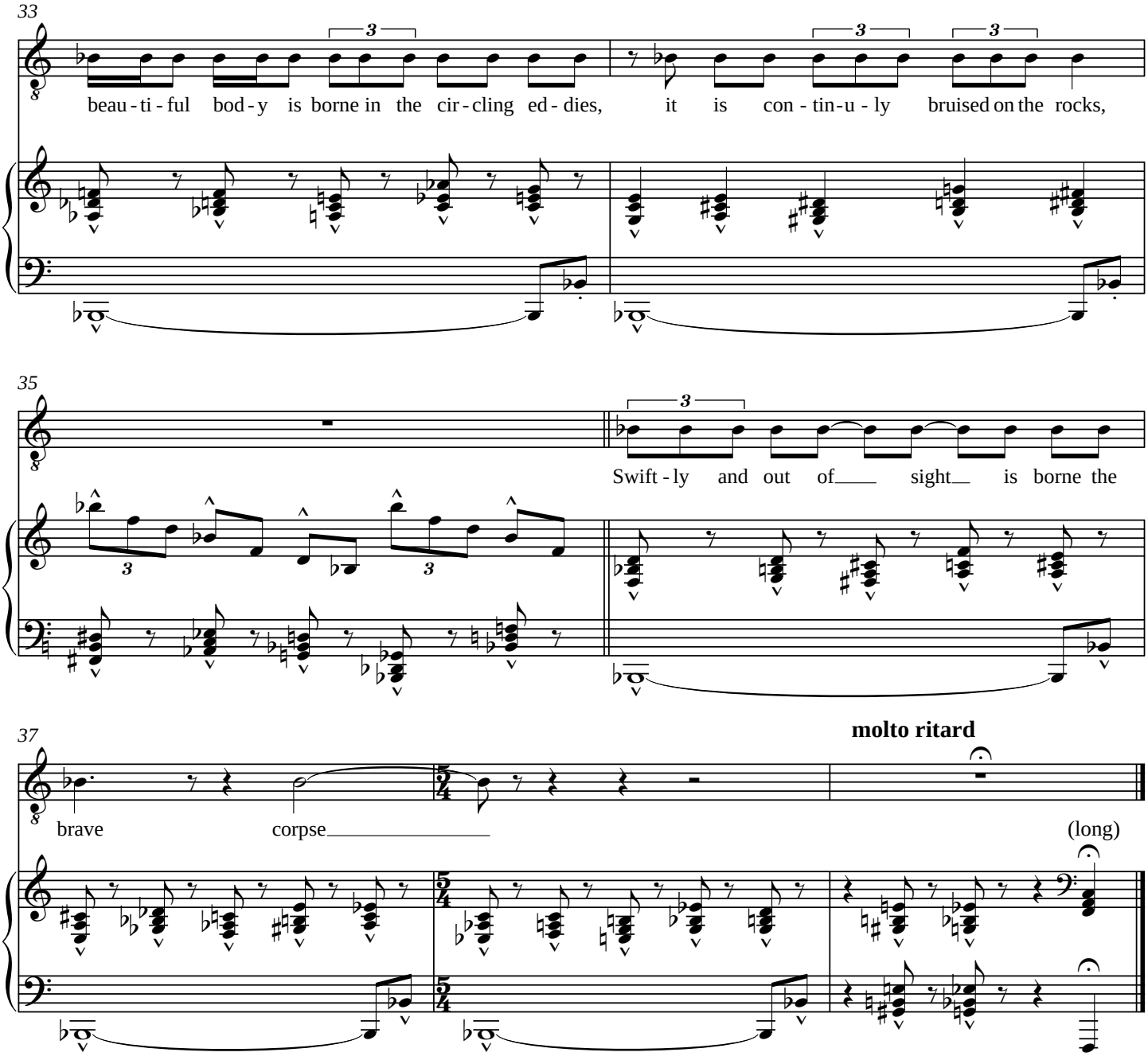
WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**




7
he strikes out with cour-a - geous arms.... he ur-ges him - self with his legs.
9
I see his white bod - y.....
11
I see his un - daunt - ed eyes; I hate the swift run - ning ed - dies that would
13
dash him head fore - most on the rocks.
f driving


15
mf
What are you do- ing, you ruf - fian - ly red trick-led
mf
18
waves? Will you kill the cour - a - geous gi - ant? Will you
21
kill him in the prime of his mid - dle age?
23
ff

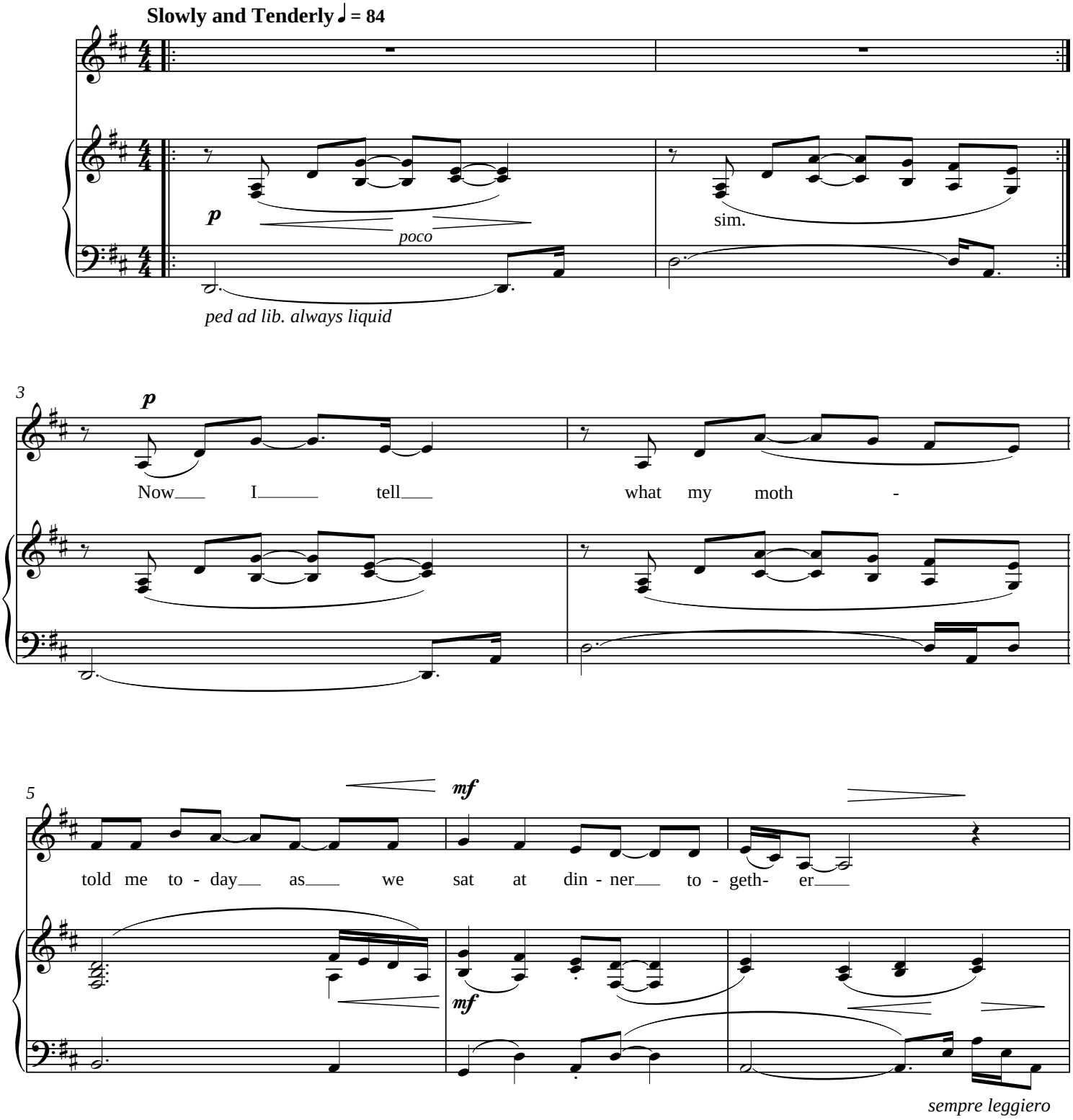

25
Stead - y and long he strug - gles; he is baf- fled and banged and bruised.. he holds
27
out while his strength holds out, Te slap - ping ed- dies are spot - ted with his blood.... they
29
bear him a - way.... they roll him and swing him and turn him:
31
His

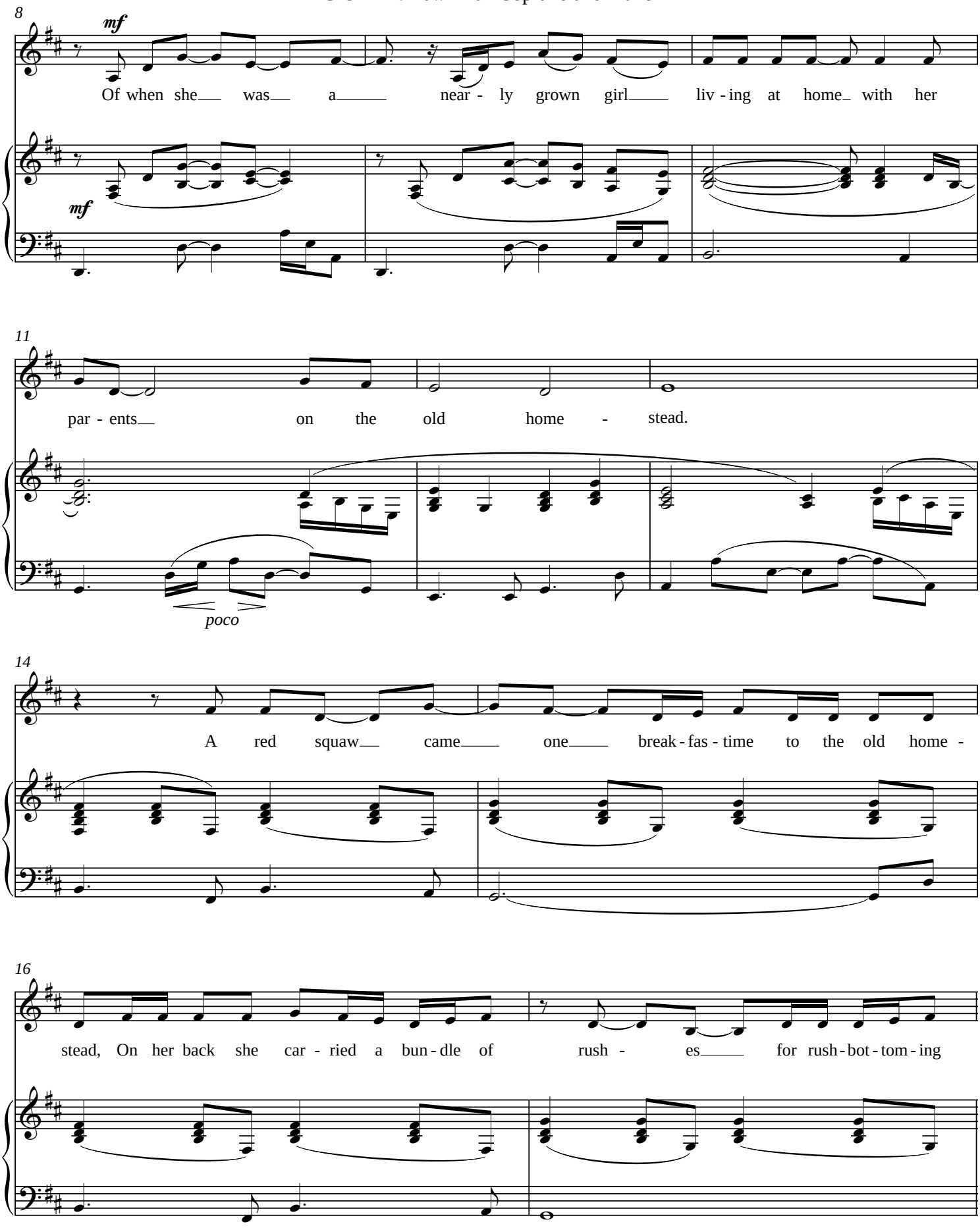

33
beau - ti - ful bod - y is borne in the cir - cling ed - dies, it is con - tin - u - ly bruised on the rocks,
35
Swift - ly and out of sight is borne the
37
molto ritard
brave corpse
(long)

Soprano/ Piano

2. Now I Tell

WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**




8
mf
Of when she was a near - ly grown girl liv - ing at home with her
mf
11
par - ents on the old home - stead.
poco
14
A red squaw came one break - fas - time to the old home -
16
stead, On her back she car - ried a bun - dle of rush - es for rush - bot - tom - ing

chairs; Her hair straight, black shin y

21

coarse black and pro - fuse half - en - vel - oped her face,

delicato

f

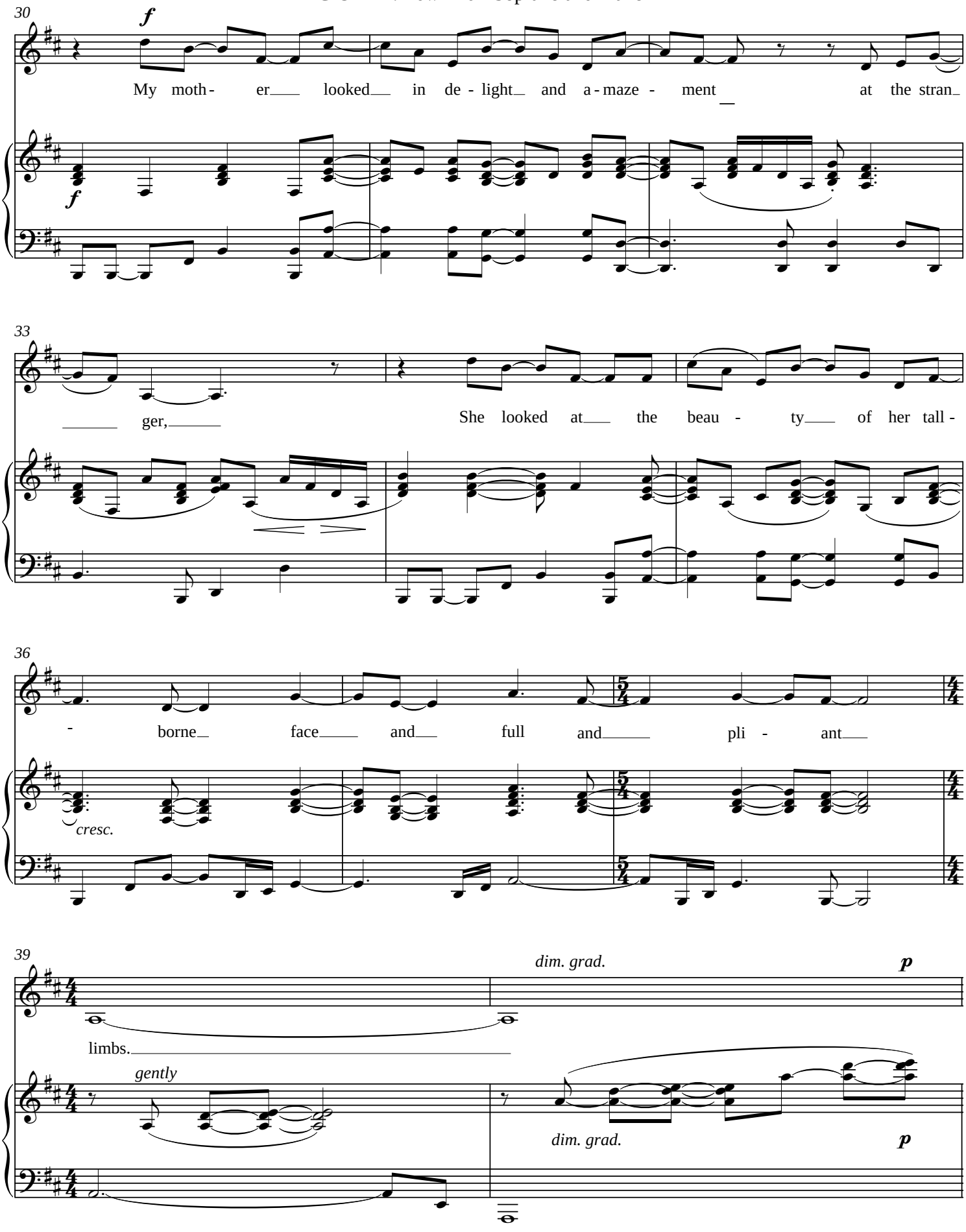
24

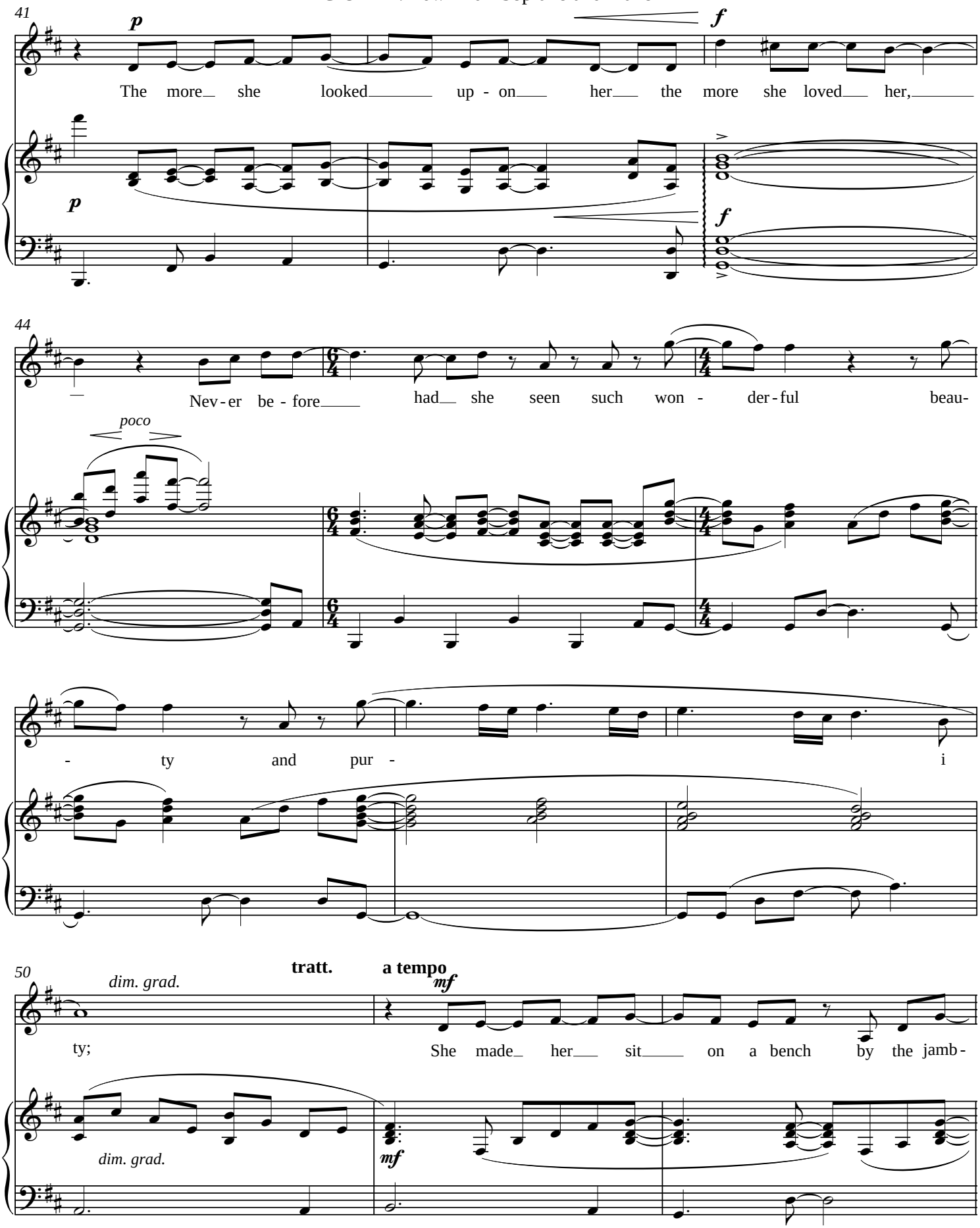
Her step was free and e - las - tic... her voice sound-

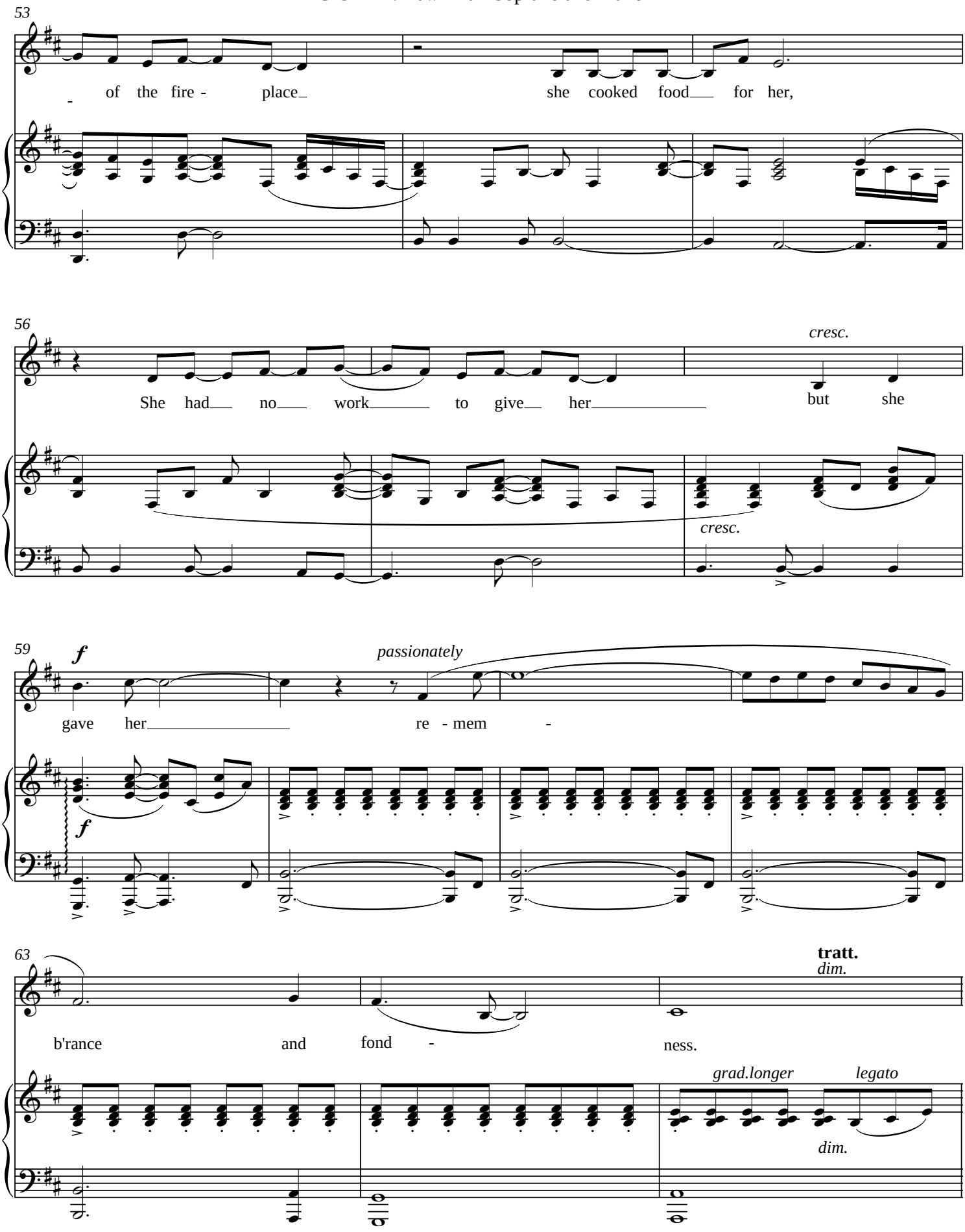
27

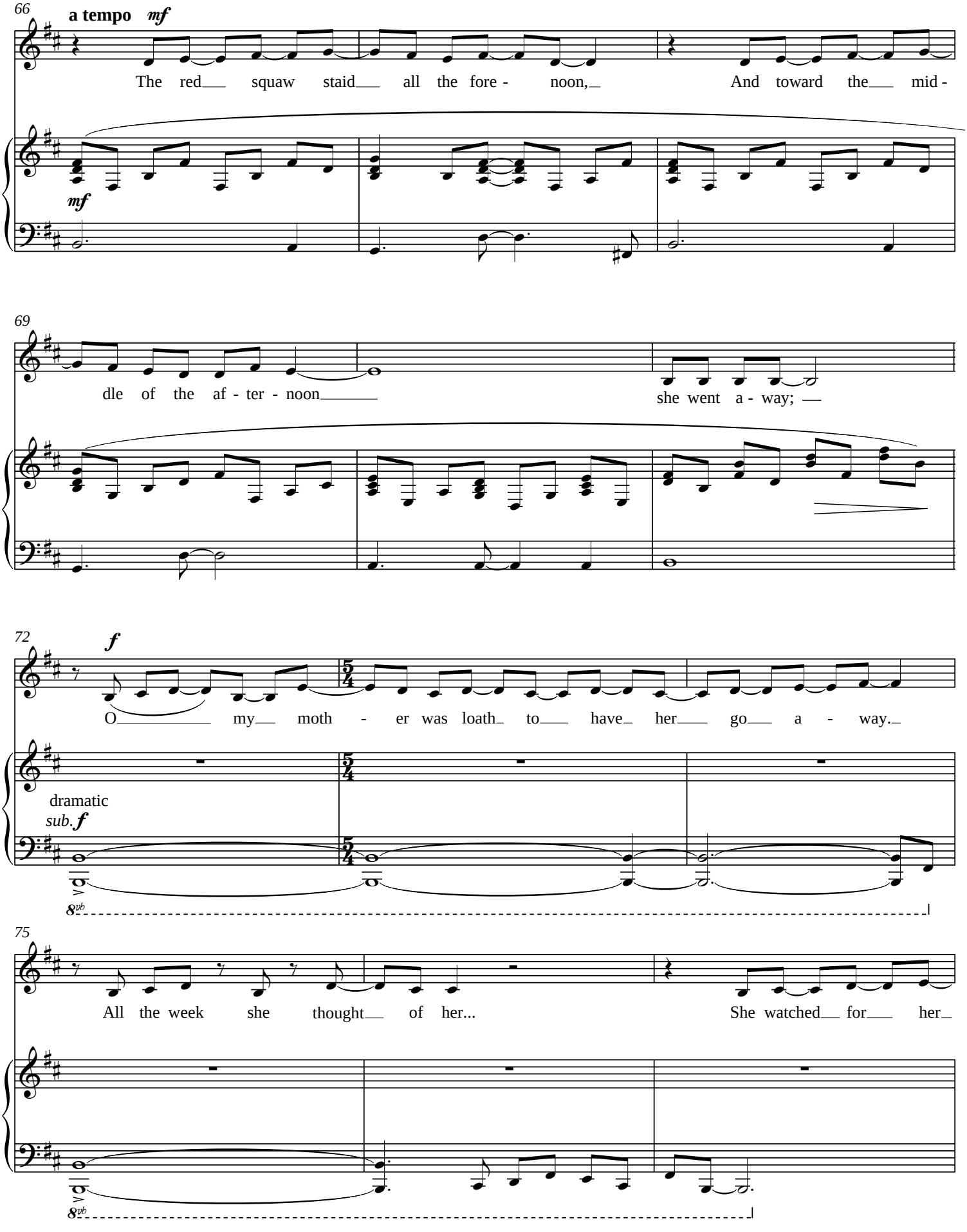
- ed ex - quis - ite - ly as she spoke.

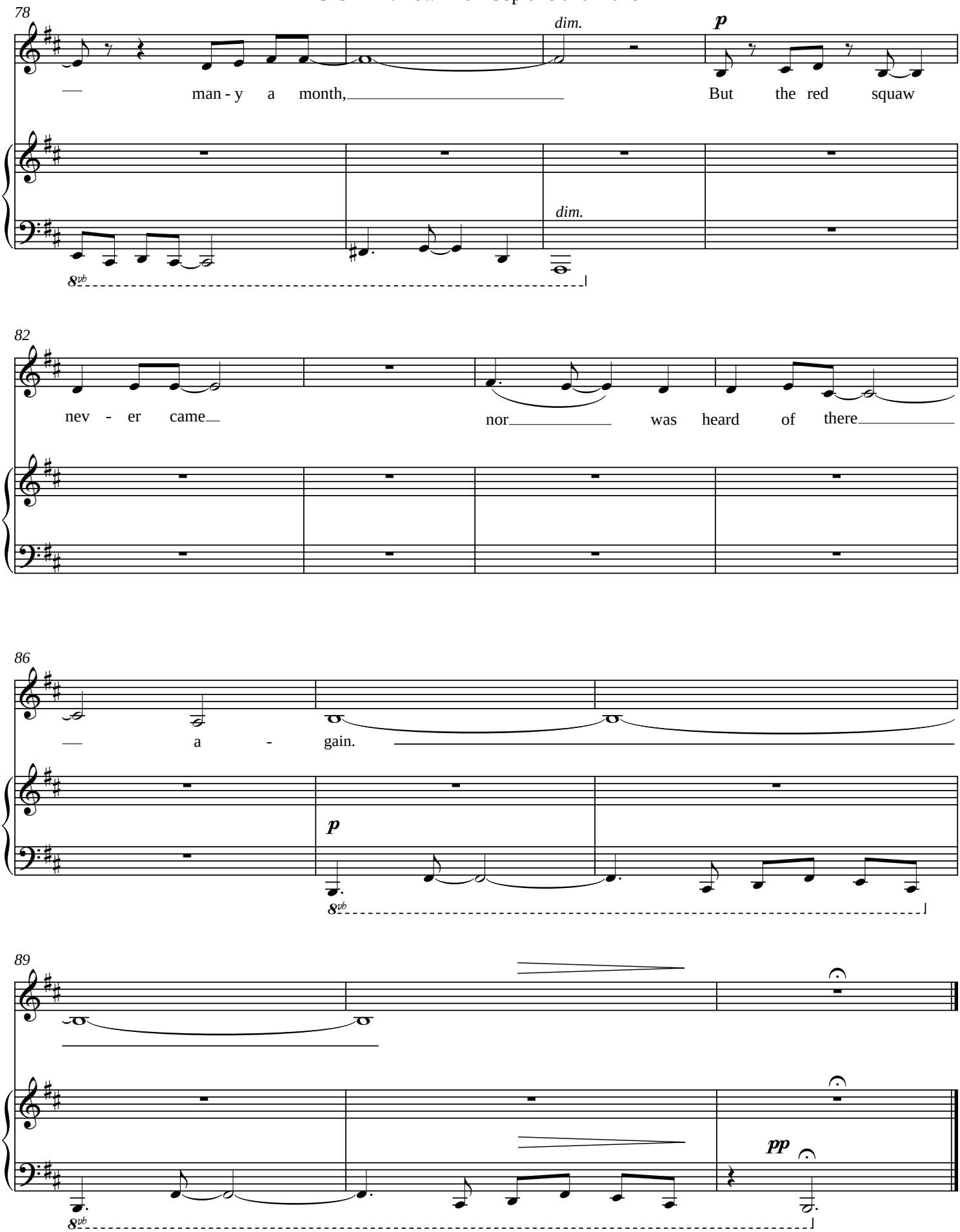
delicato


30
f
My moth - er looked in de - light and a - maze - ment at the stran -
f
33
ger,
She looked at the beau - ty of her tall -
36
- borne face and full and pli - ant
cresc.
39
dim. grad.
p
limbs.
gently
dim. grad.
p


41
p
f
The more she looked up - on her the more she loved her,
44
Nev - er be - fore had she seen such won - der - ful beau-
poco
- ty and pur - i
50
dim. grad.
tratt.
a tempo
mf
ty;
She made her sit on a bench by the jamb -
dim. grad.
mf


53
of the fire - place she cooked food for her,
56
cresc.
She had no work to give her but she
cresc.
59
f
passionately
gave her re - mem -
f
63
tratt.
dim.
b'rance and fond - ness.
grad.longer
legato
dim.


66
a tempo
mf
The red squaw staid all the fore - noon, And toward the mid -
mf
69
dle of the af - ter - noon she went a - way;
72
f
O my moth - er was loath to have her go a - way.
dramatic
sub. f
8vb
75
All the week she thought of her... She watched for her
8vb


78
dim.
p
man - y a month,
But the red squaw
dim.
8vb
82
nev - er came
nor
was heard of there
86
a - gain.
p
8vb
89
pp
8vb

3. The Beach

WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**

Spoken: I turn but do not extricate myself;
Confused....a pastreading....another, but with darkness yet.

A tempo, slowly ♩ = 60

Piano

p

Ped. *ped. sim.*

6 The beach is cut by the razory ice-wind... the wreck-gun sounds,

low cluster, ad lib., not in time

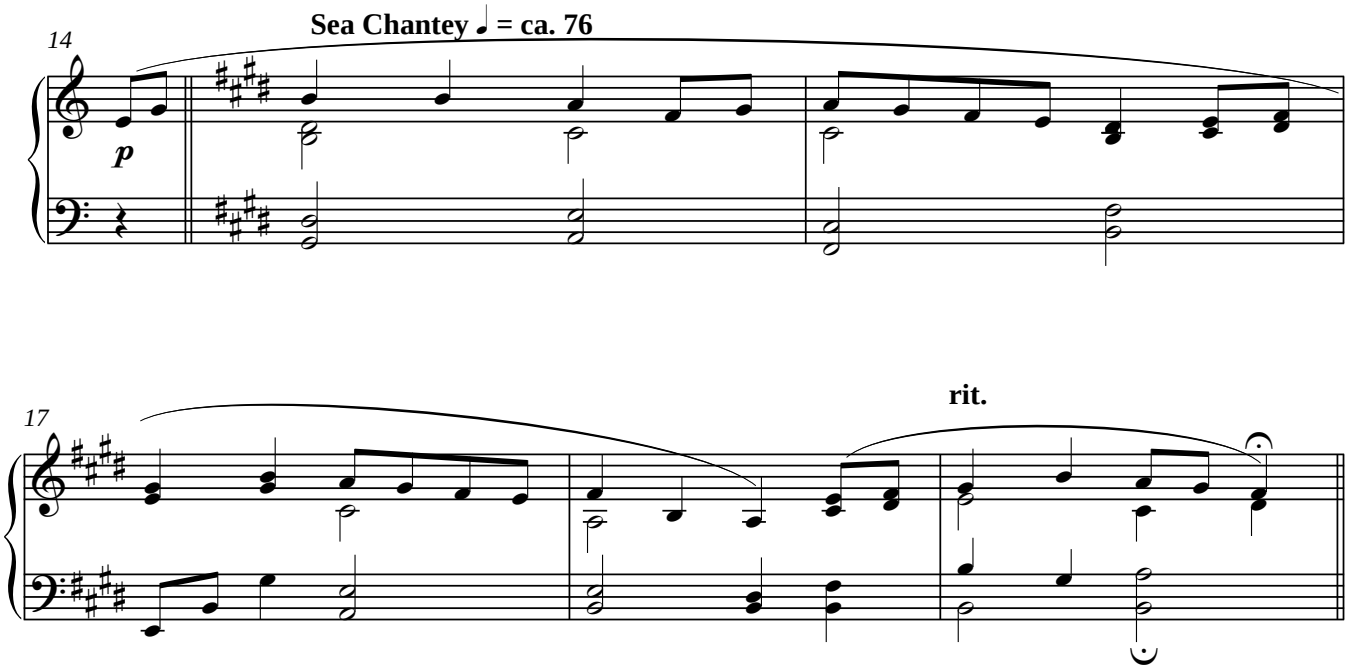
p

The tempest lulls and the moon comes floundering through the drifts.
I look where the ship helplessly heads end on...
I hear the burst as she strikes...
I hear the howls of dismay...
They grow fainter and fainter.
I cannot aid with my wringing fingers;
I can but rush to the surf and let it drench me and freeze upon me.

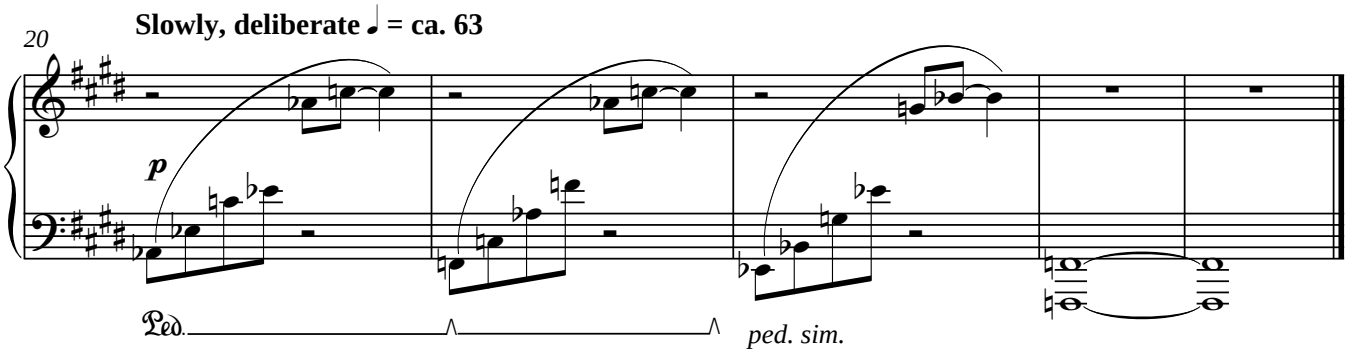
10

repeat as necessary

I search with the crowd....not one of the company is washed to us alive;

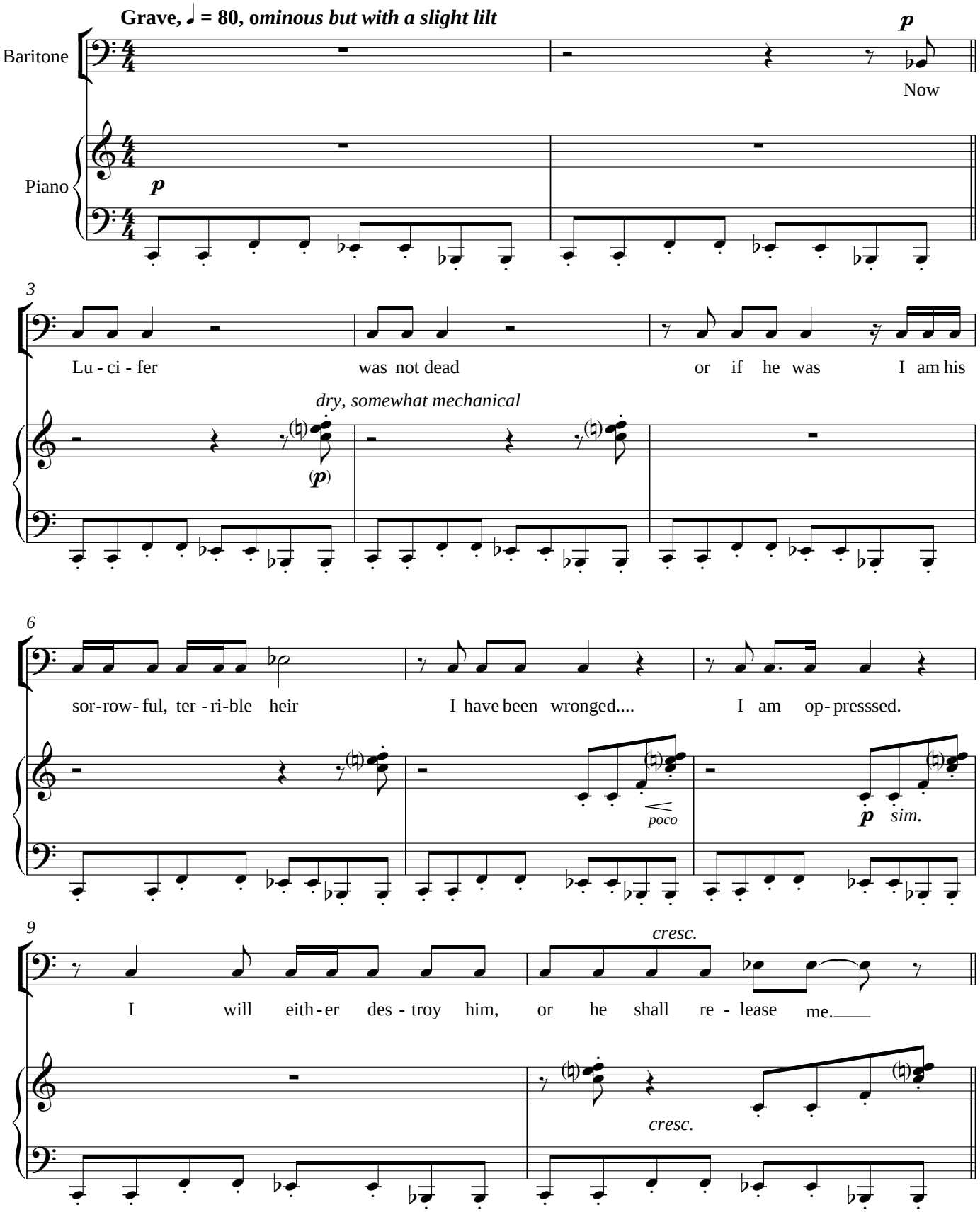


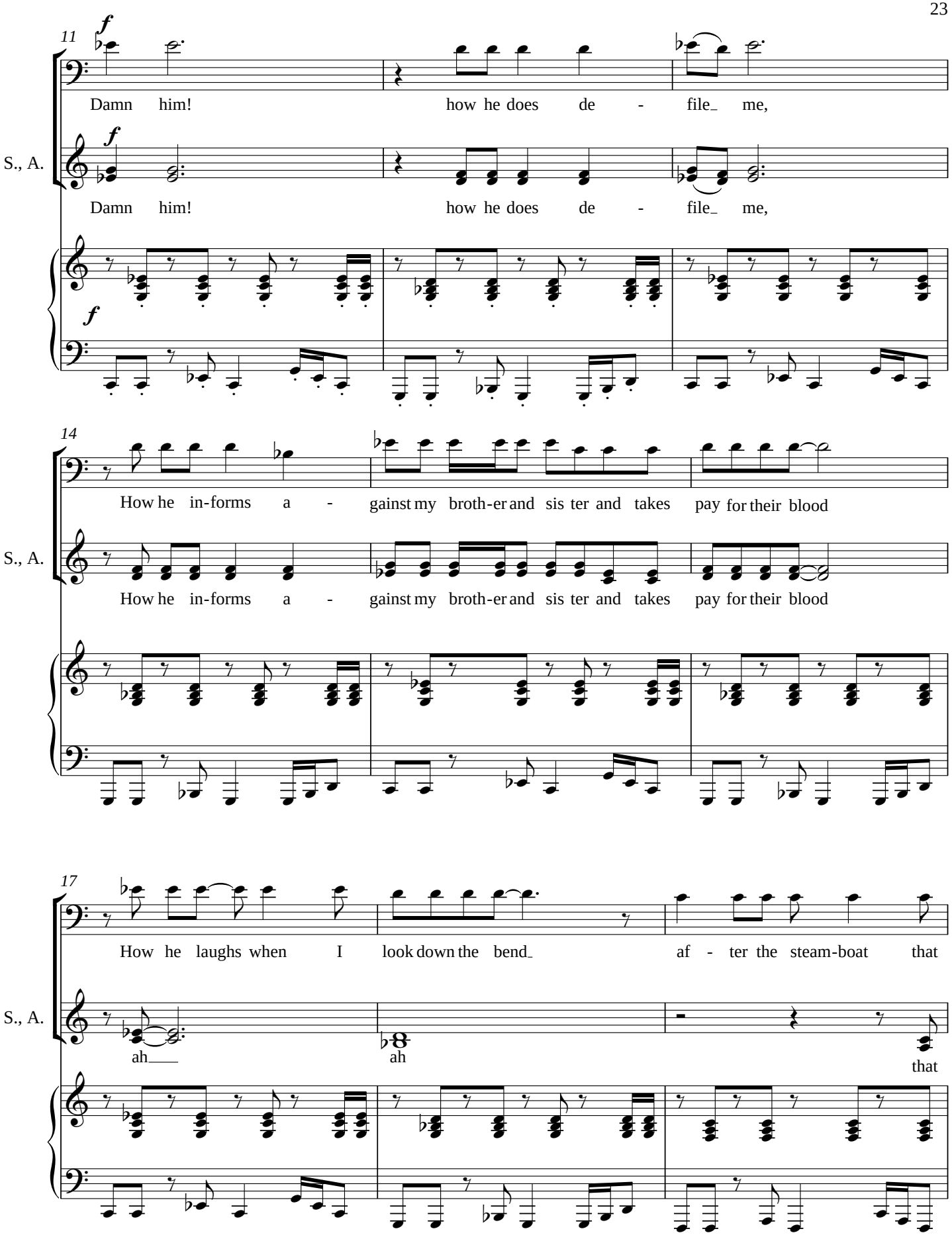
In the morning I help pick up the dead and lay them in rows in a barn.

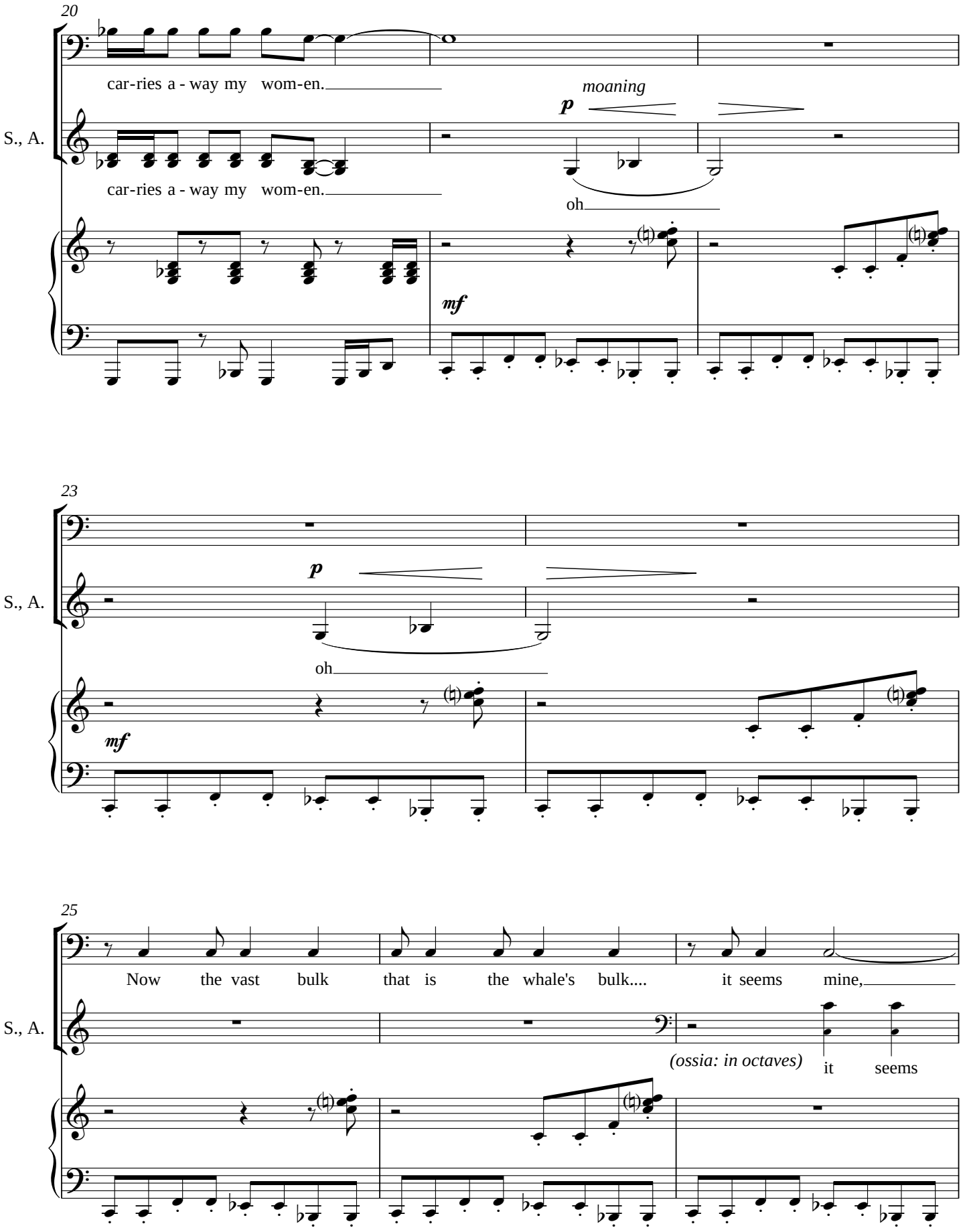


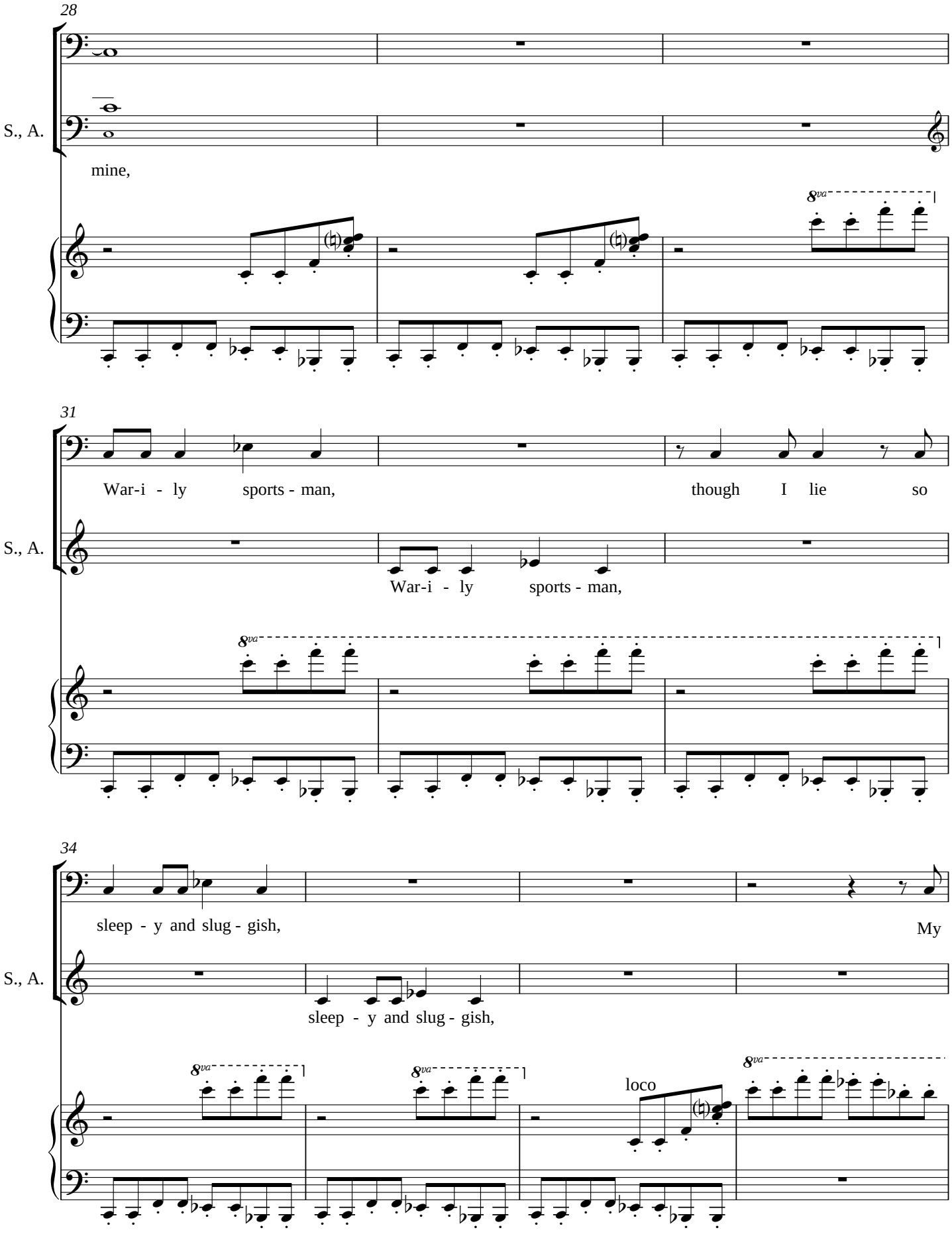
4. Lucifer

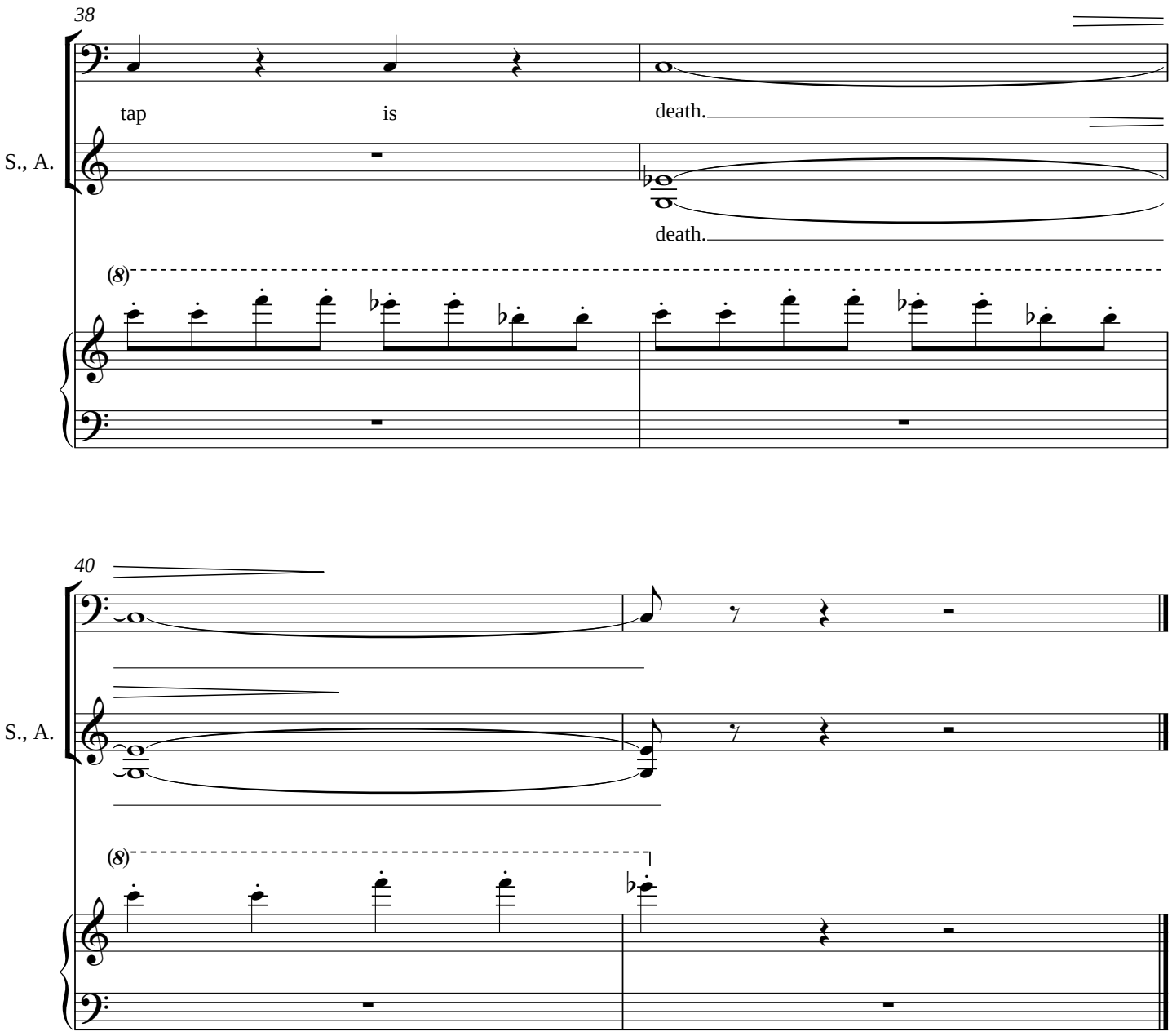
WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**




11
f
Damn him! how he does de - file_ me,
S., A.
f
Damn him! how he does de - file_ me,
f
14
How he in-forms a - gainst my broth-er and sis ter and takes pay for their blood
S., A.
How he in-forms a - gainst my broth-er and sis ter and takes pay for their blood
17
How he laughs when I look down the bend_ af - ter the steam-boat that
S., A.
ah___
ah
that


20
car-ries a - way my wom-en.
S., A.
car-ries a - way my wom-en.
moaning
p
oh
mf
23
S., A.
p
oh
mf
25
Now the vast bulk that is the whale's bulk.... it seems mine,
S., A.
(ossia: in octaves)
it seems

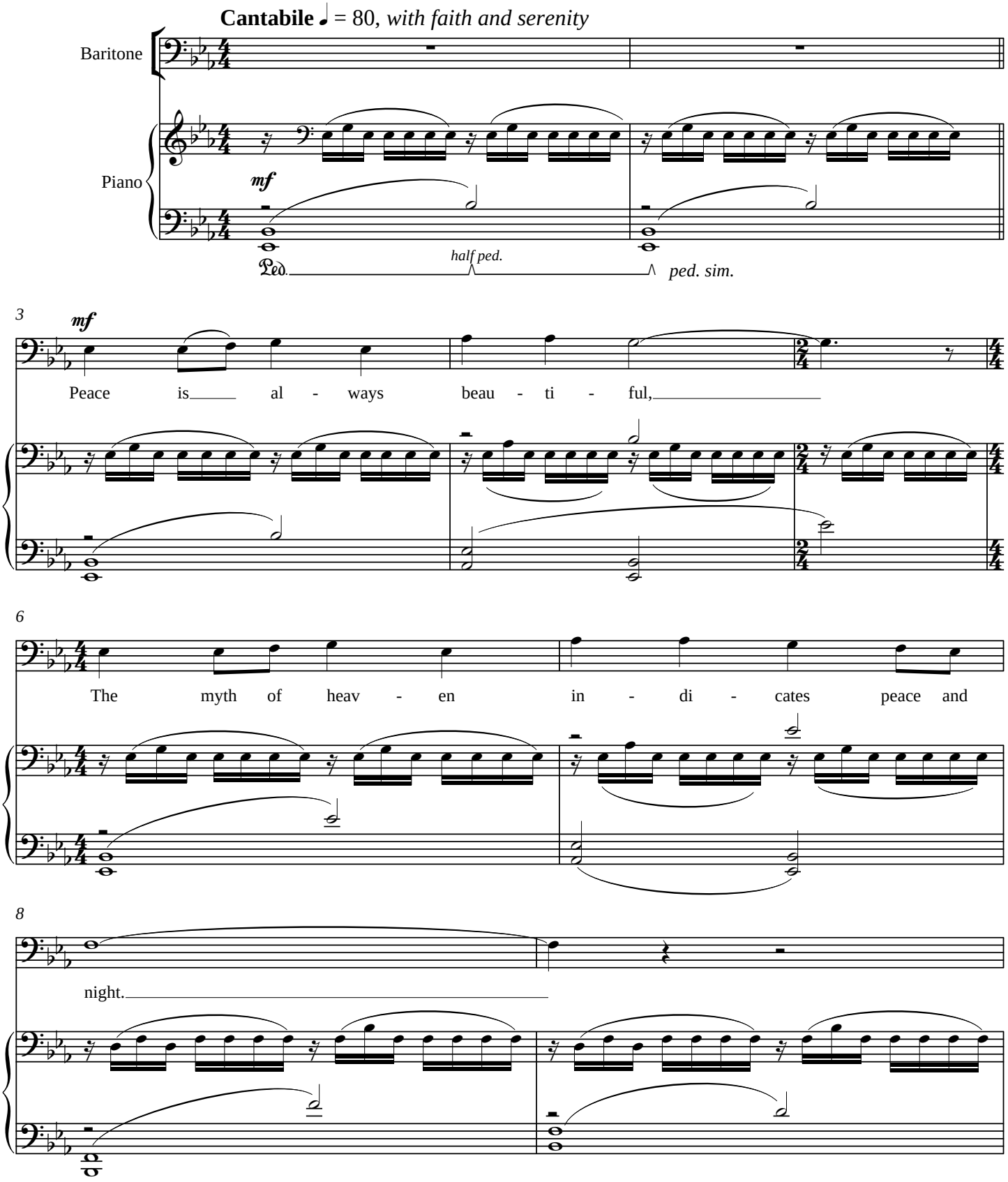

28
S., A.
mine,
8va
31
War-i - ly sports - man, though I lie so
S., A.
War-i - ly sports - man,
8va
34
sleep - y and slug - gish, My
S., A.
sleep - y and slug - gish,
8va
8va
loco
8va

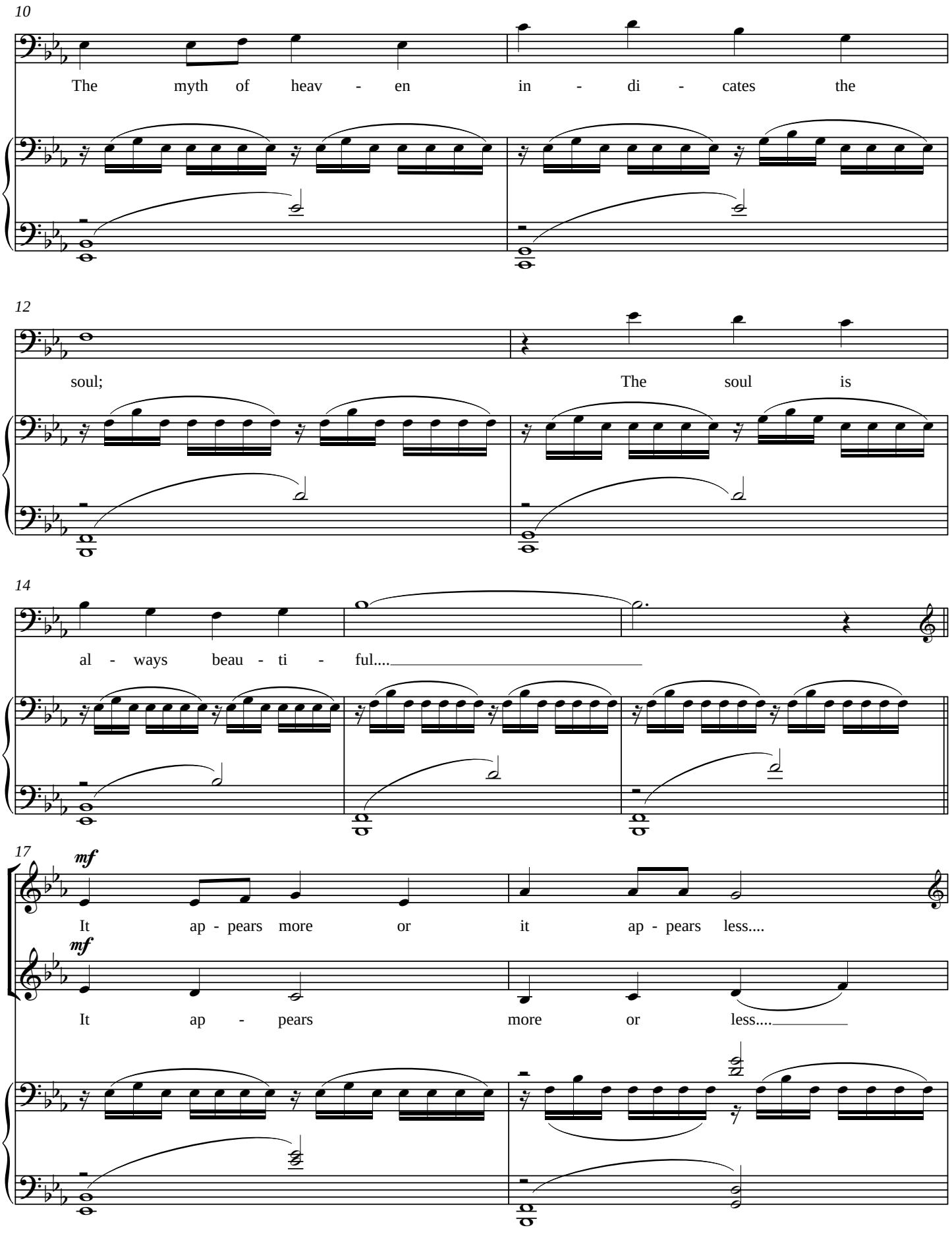

38
tap
is
death.
S., A.
death.
(8)
40
S., A.
(8)

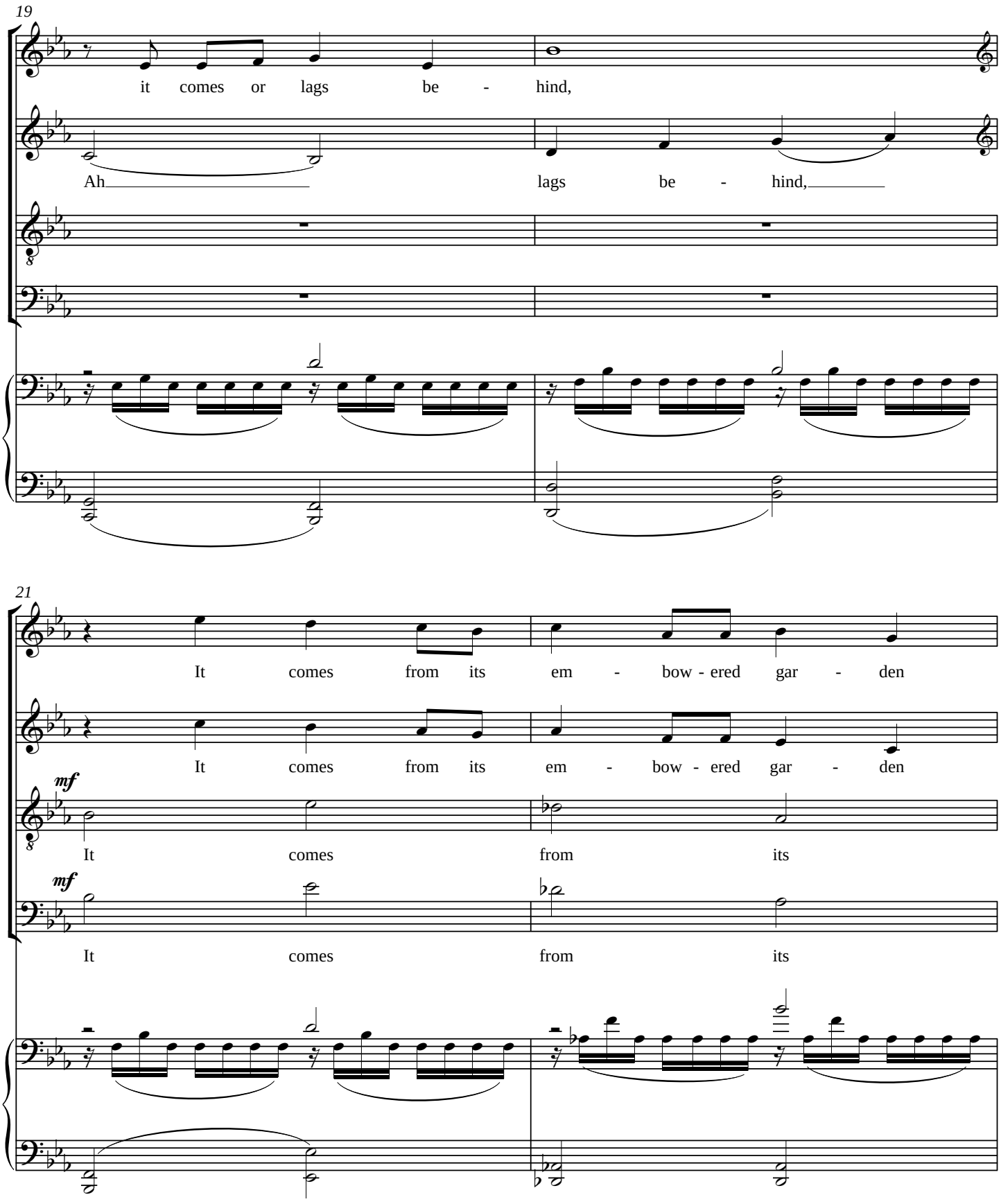
SATB/ Piano

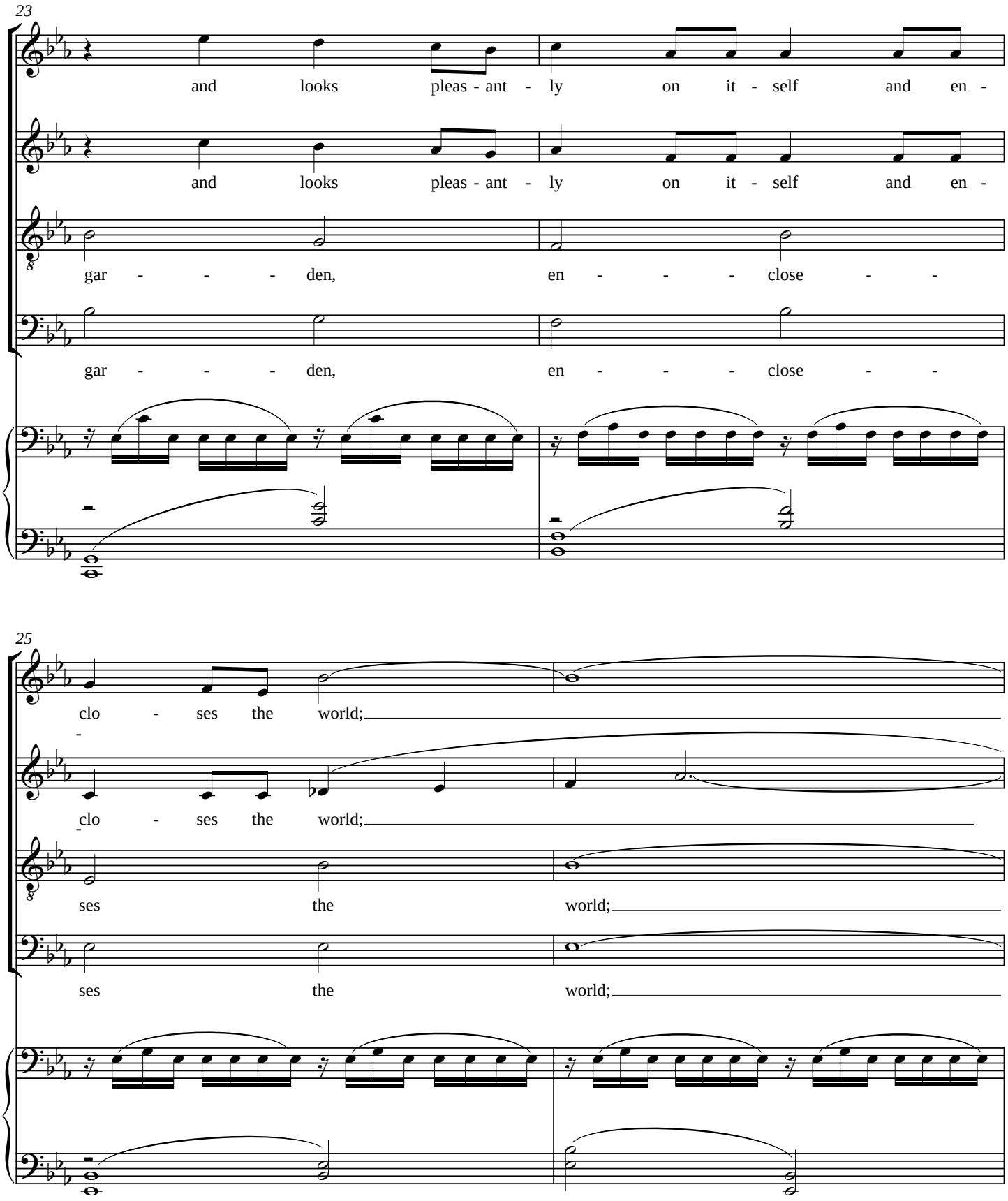
5. Peace Is Always Beautiful

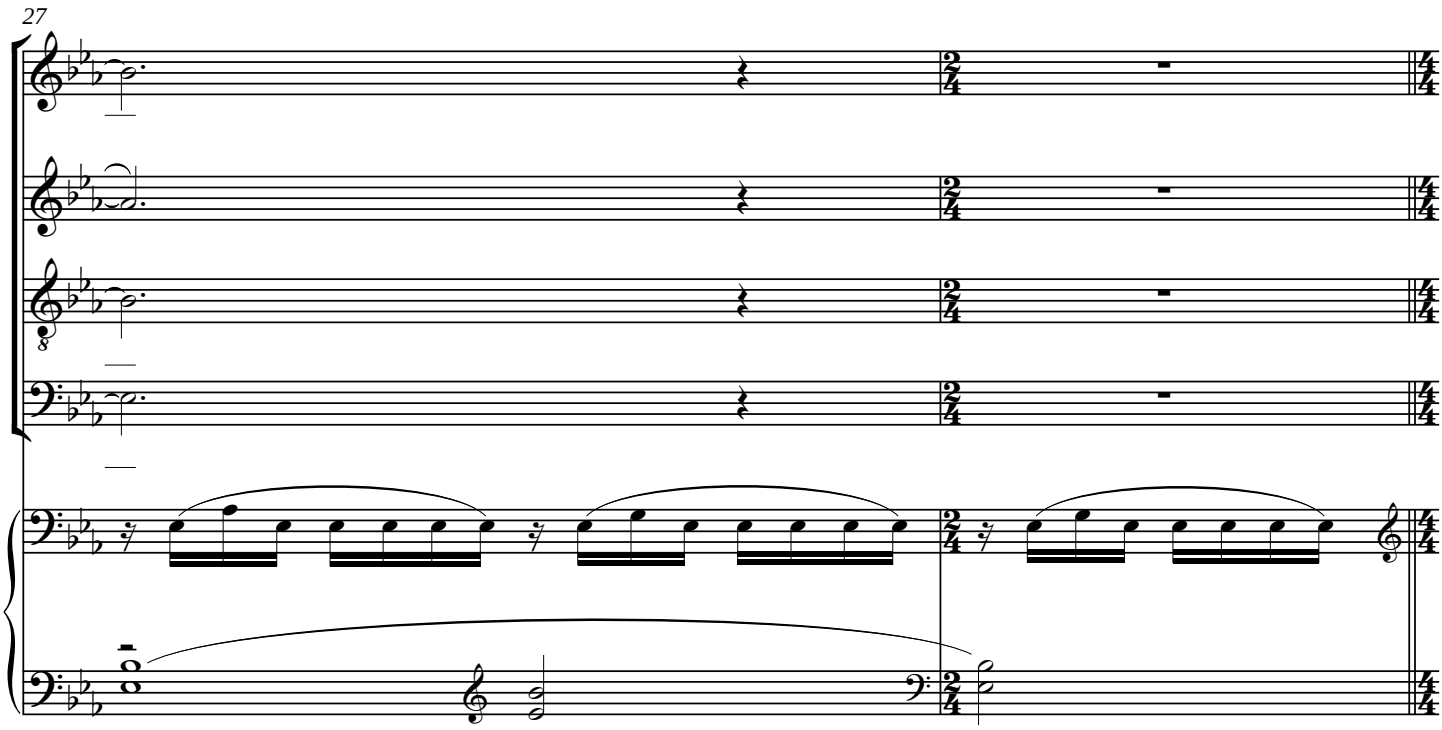
WALT WHITMAN **EDMUND CIONEK**

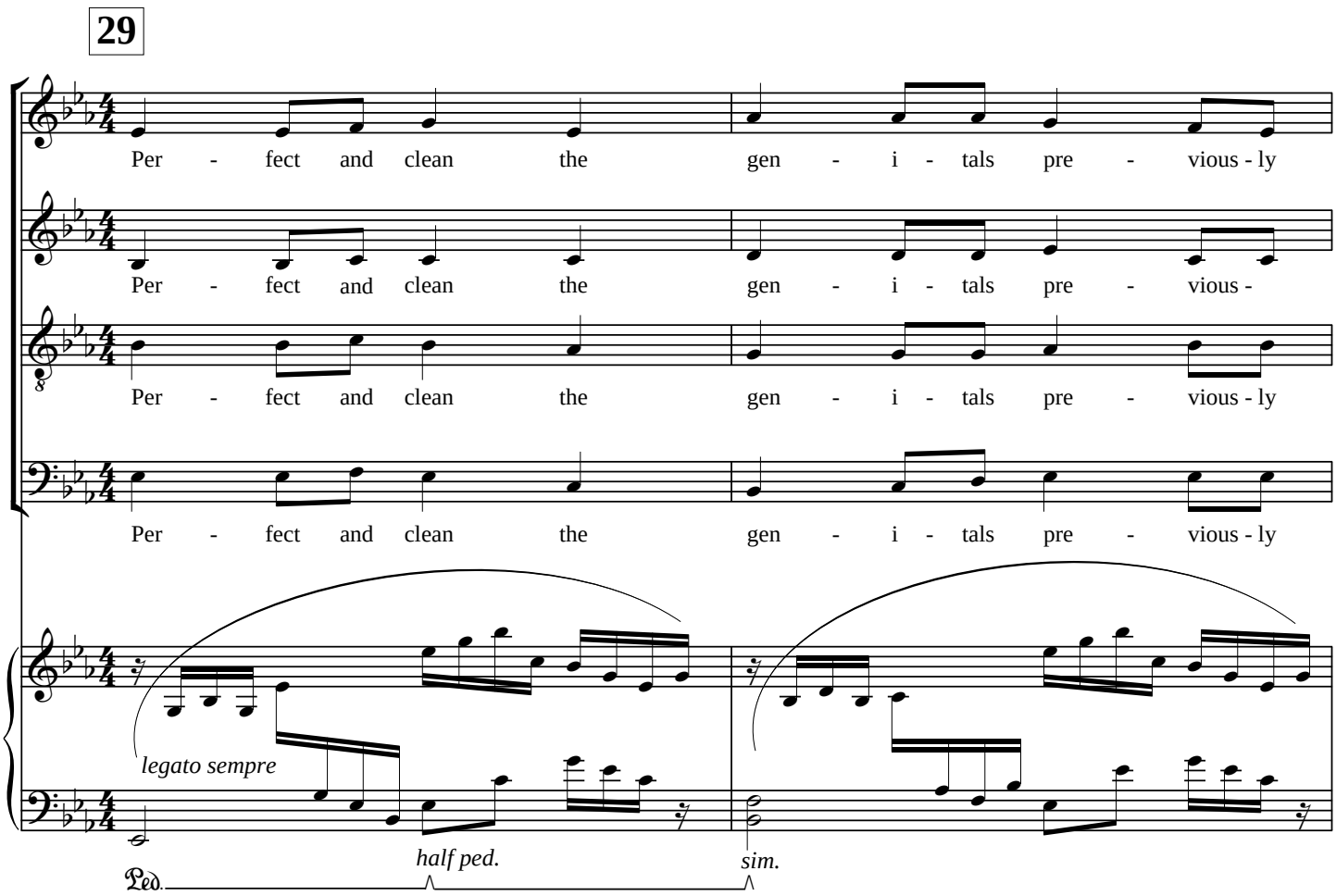


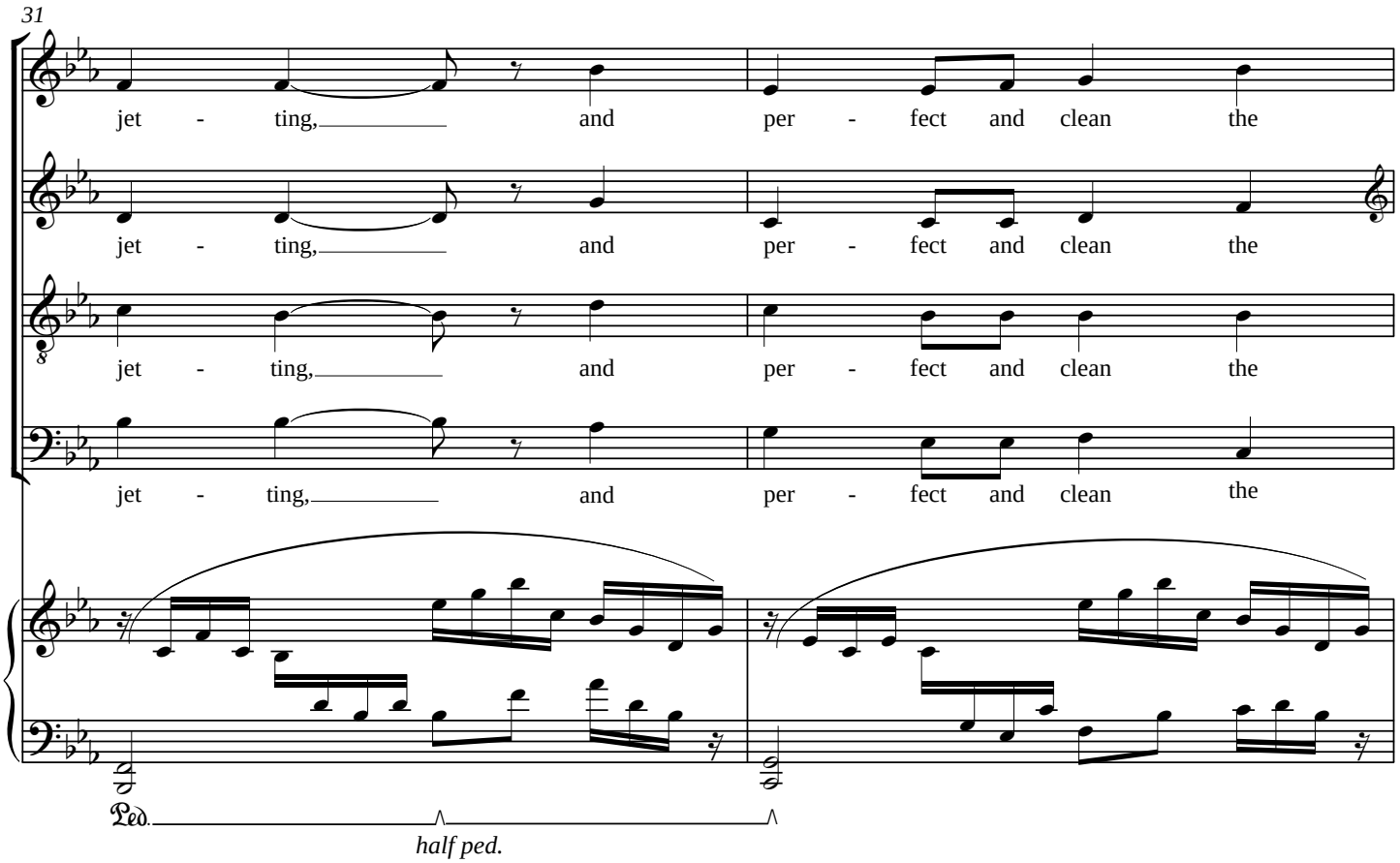

10
The myth of heav - en in - di - cates the
12
soul; The soul is
14
al - ways beau - ti - ful....
17
mf
It ap - pears more or it ap - pears less....
mf
It ap - pears more or less....

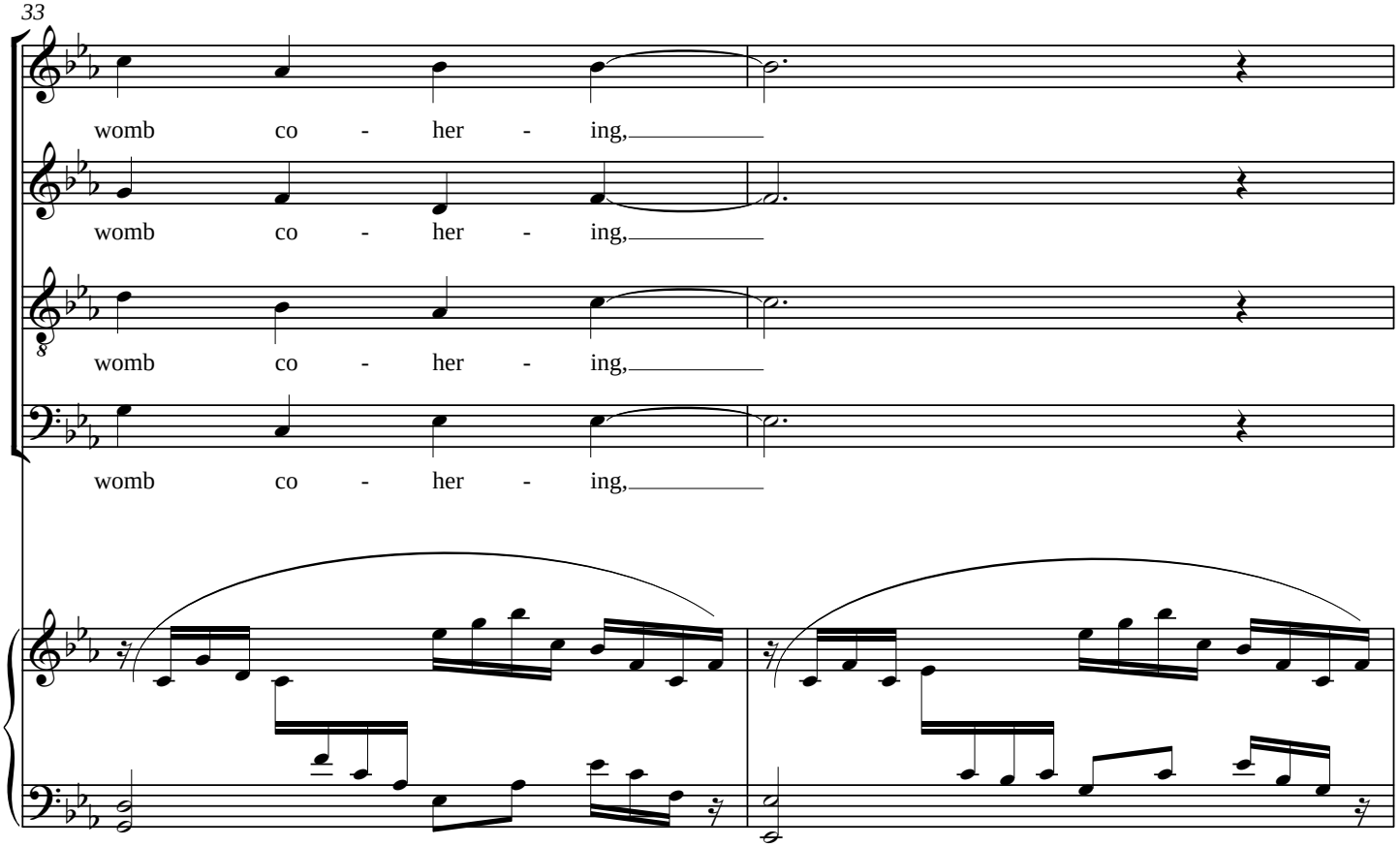

19
it comes or lags be - hind,
Ah lags be - hind,
21
It comes from its em - bow - ered gar - den
It comes from its em - bow - ered gar - den
mf
It comes from its
mf
It comes from its

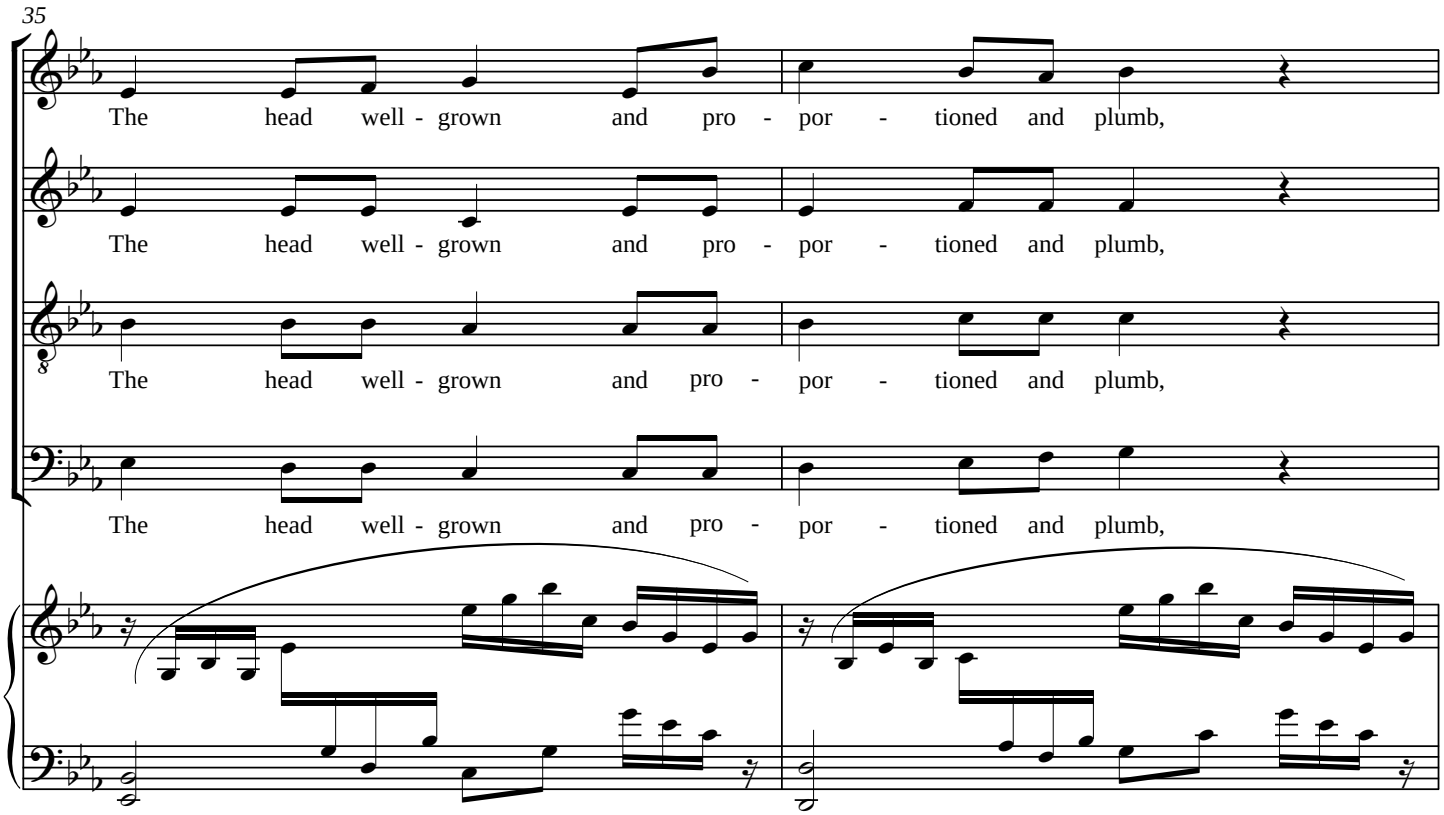

23
and looks pleas - ant - ly on it - self and en -
and looks pleas - ant - ly on it - self and en -
gar - - - - den, en - - - - close - -
gar - - - - den, en - - - - close - -
25
clo - ses the world;
clo - ses the world;
ses the world;
ses the world;

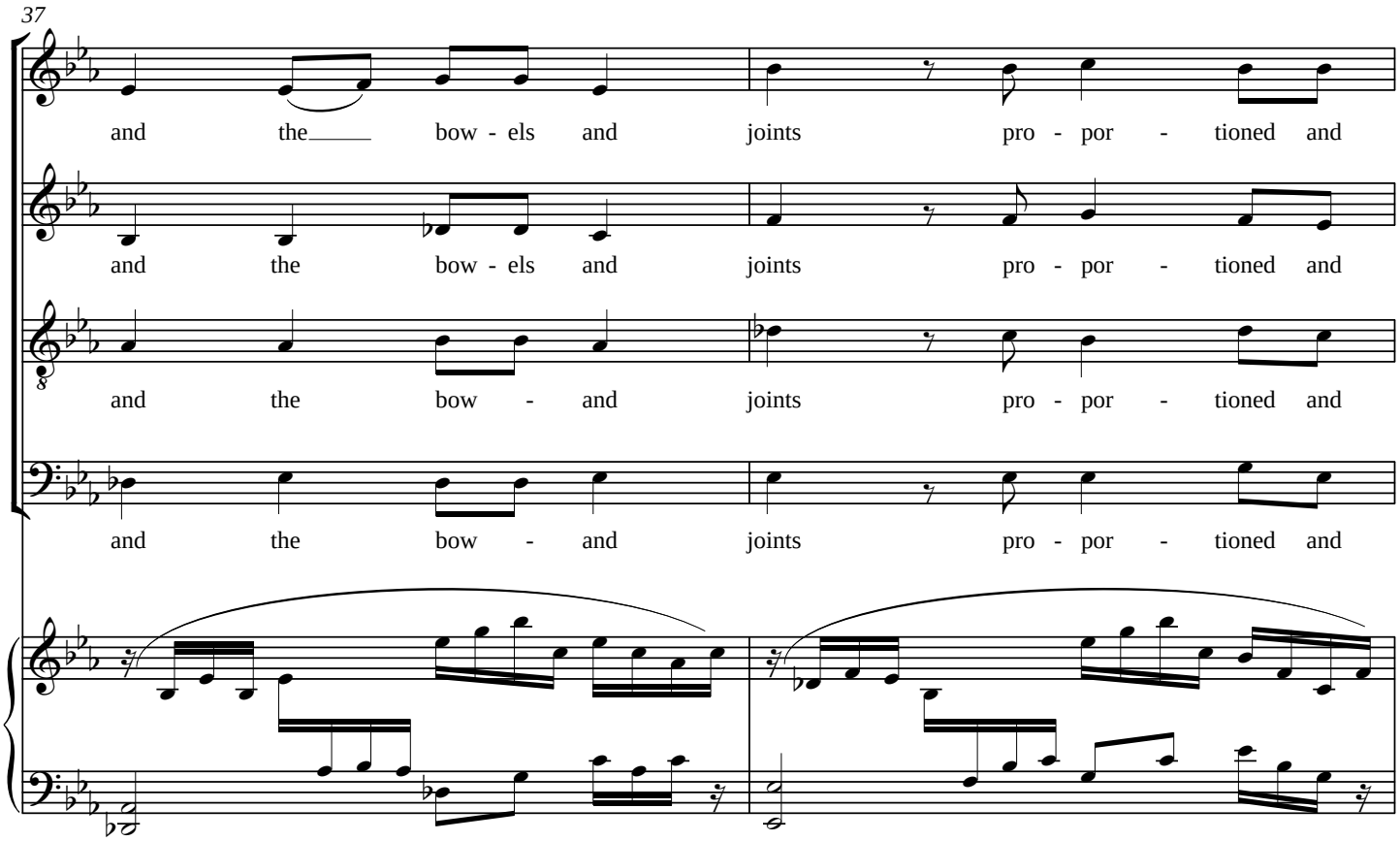

27

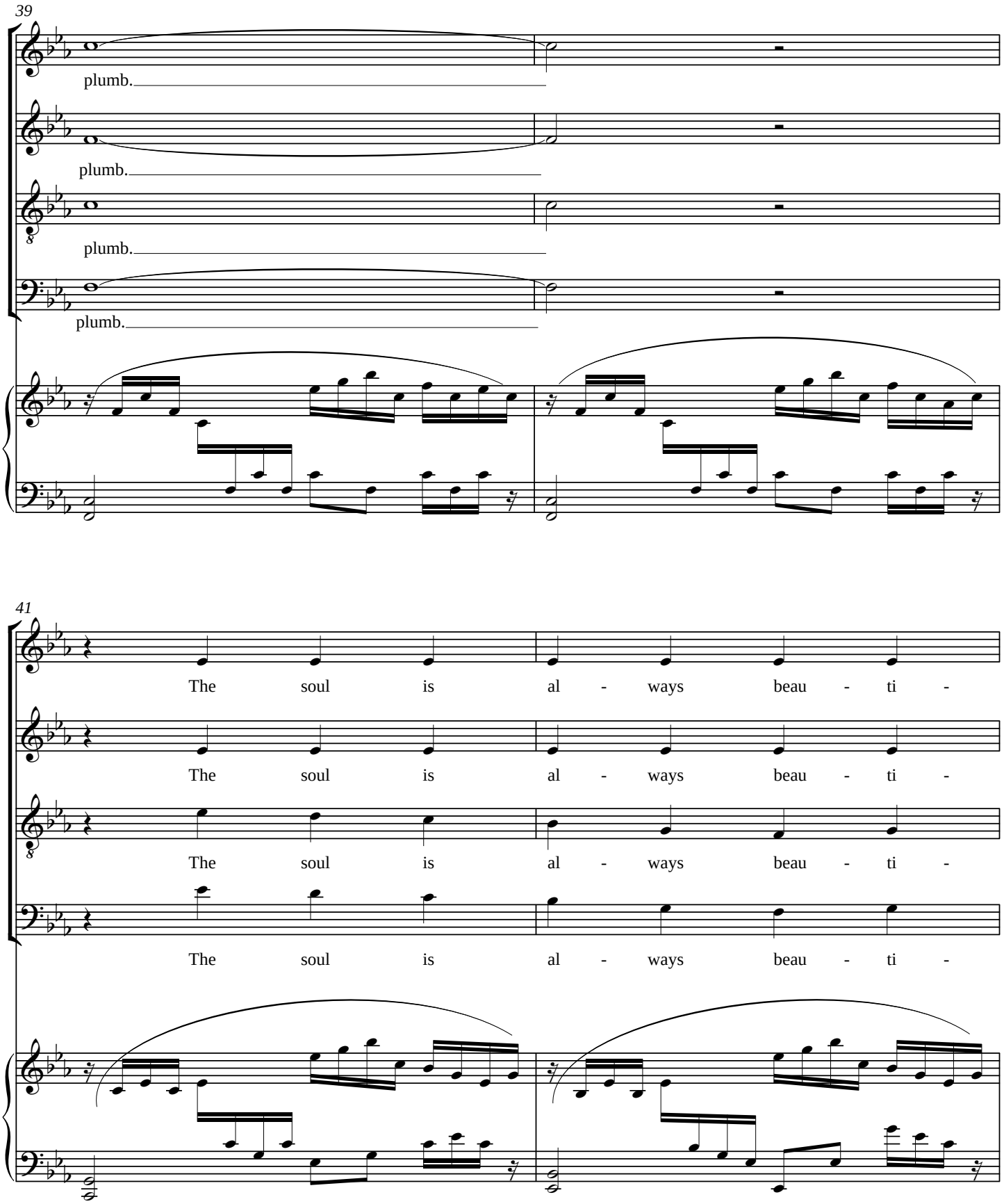

29
Per - fect and clean the gen - i - tals pre - vious - ly
Per - fect and clean the gen - i - tals pre - vious -
Per - fect and clean the gen - i - tals pre - vious - ly
Per - fect and clean the gen - i - tals pre - vious - ly
legato sempre
half ped.
sim.
Ped.

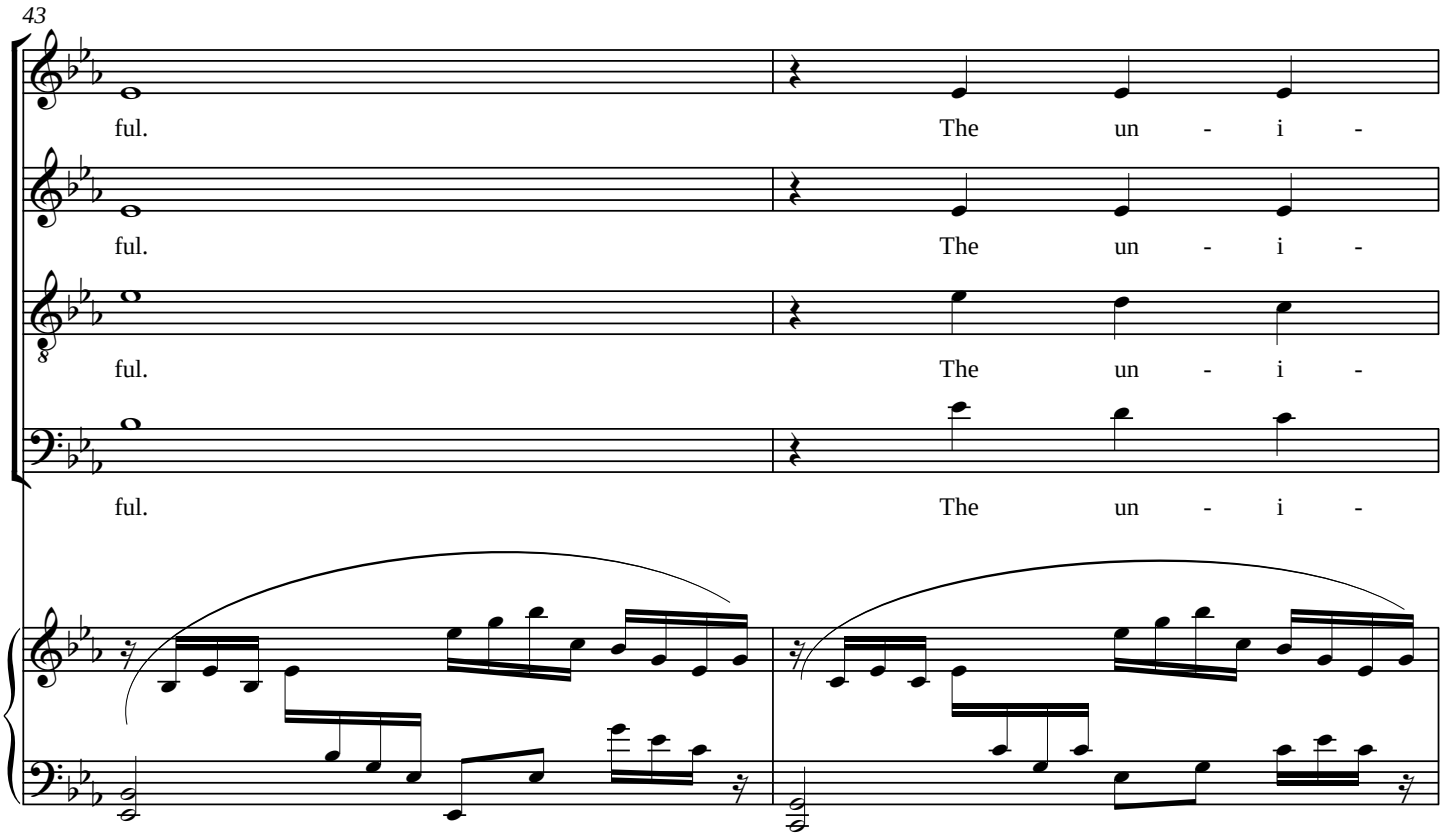

31
jet - ting, and per - fect and clean the
jet - ting, and per - fect and clean the
jet - ting, and per - fect and clean the
jet - ting, and per - fect and clean the
Ped.
half ped.

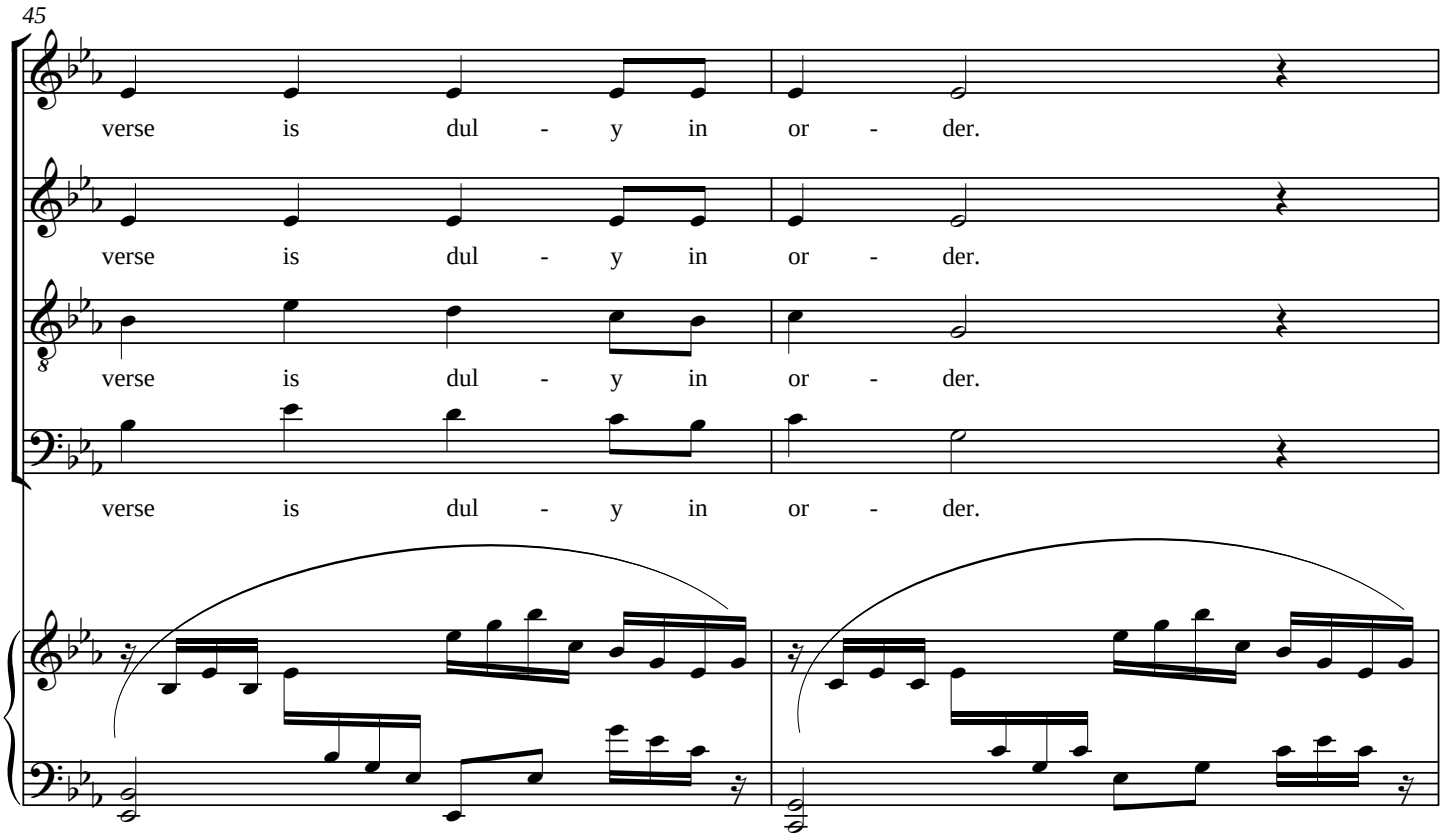

33
womb co - her - ing,
womb co - her - ing,
womb co - her - ing,
womb co - her - ing,

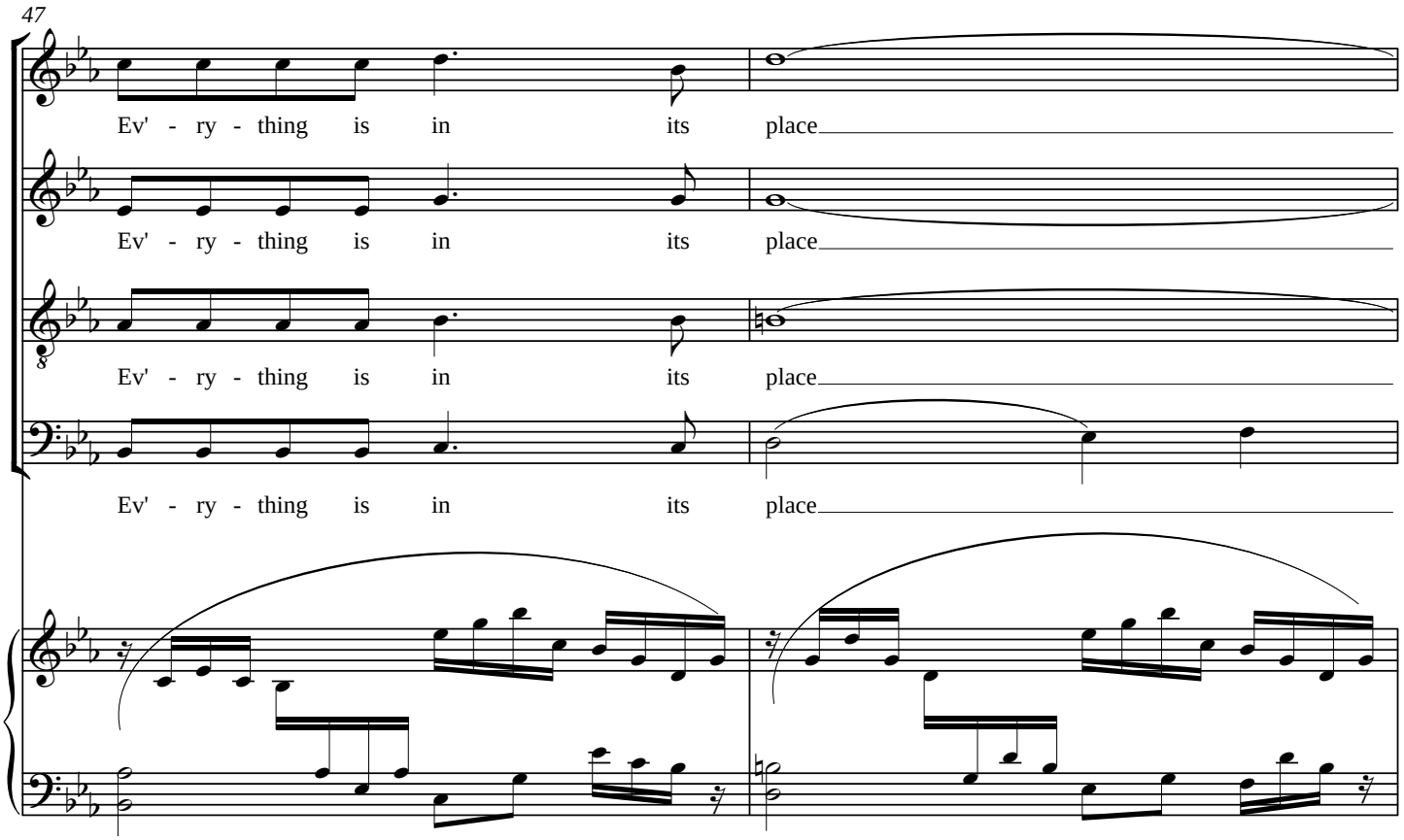

35
The head well - grown and pro - por - tioned and plumb,
The head well - grown and pro - por - tioned and plumb,
The head well - grown and pro - por - tioned and plumb,
The head well - grown and pro - por - tioned and plumb,

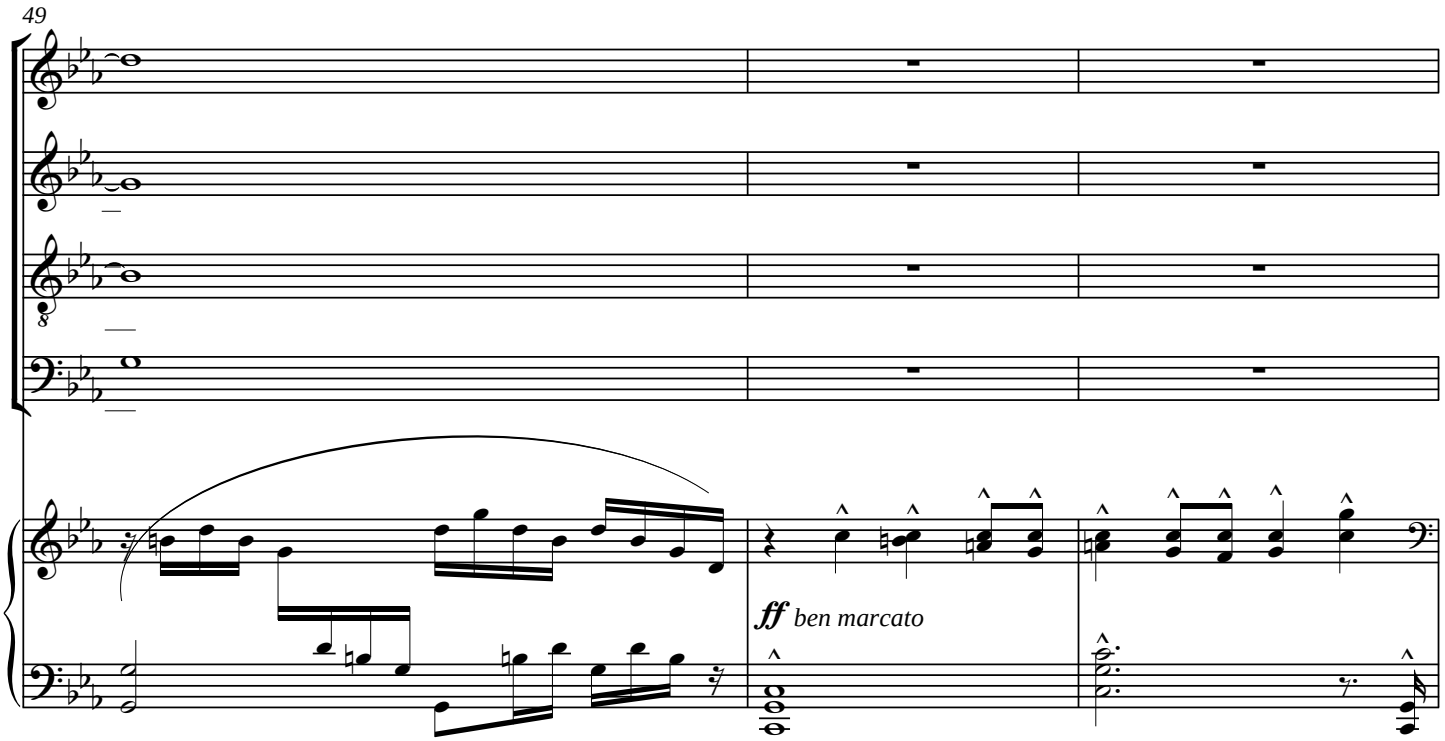

37
and the bow - els and joints pro - por - tioned and
and the bow - els and joints pro - por - tioned and
and the bow - and joints pro - por - tioned and
and the bow - and joints pro - por - tioned and

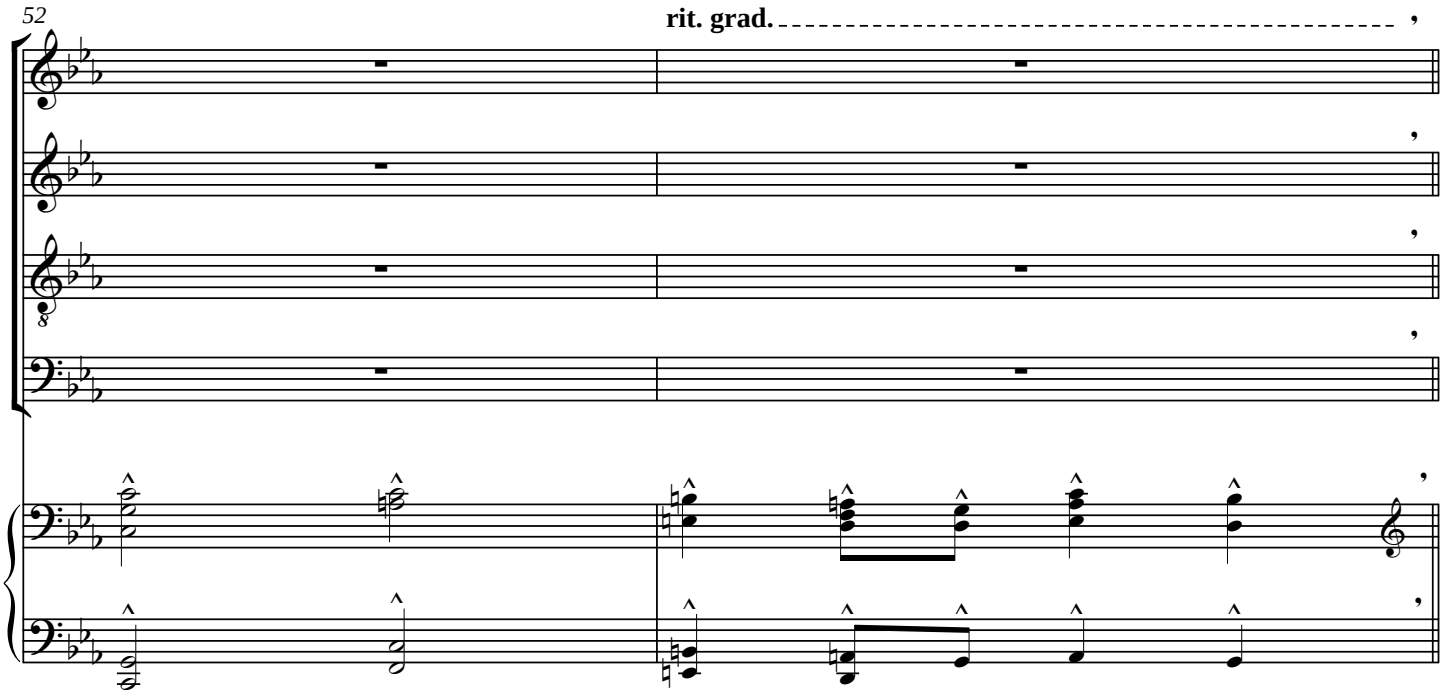

39
plumb.
plumb.
plumb.
plumb.
41
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -


43
ful. The un - i -
ful. The un - i -
ful. The un - i -
ful. The un - i -

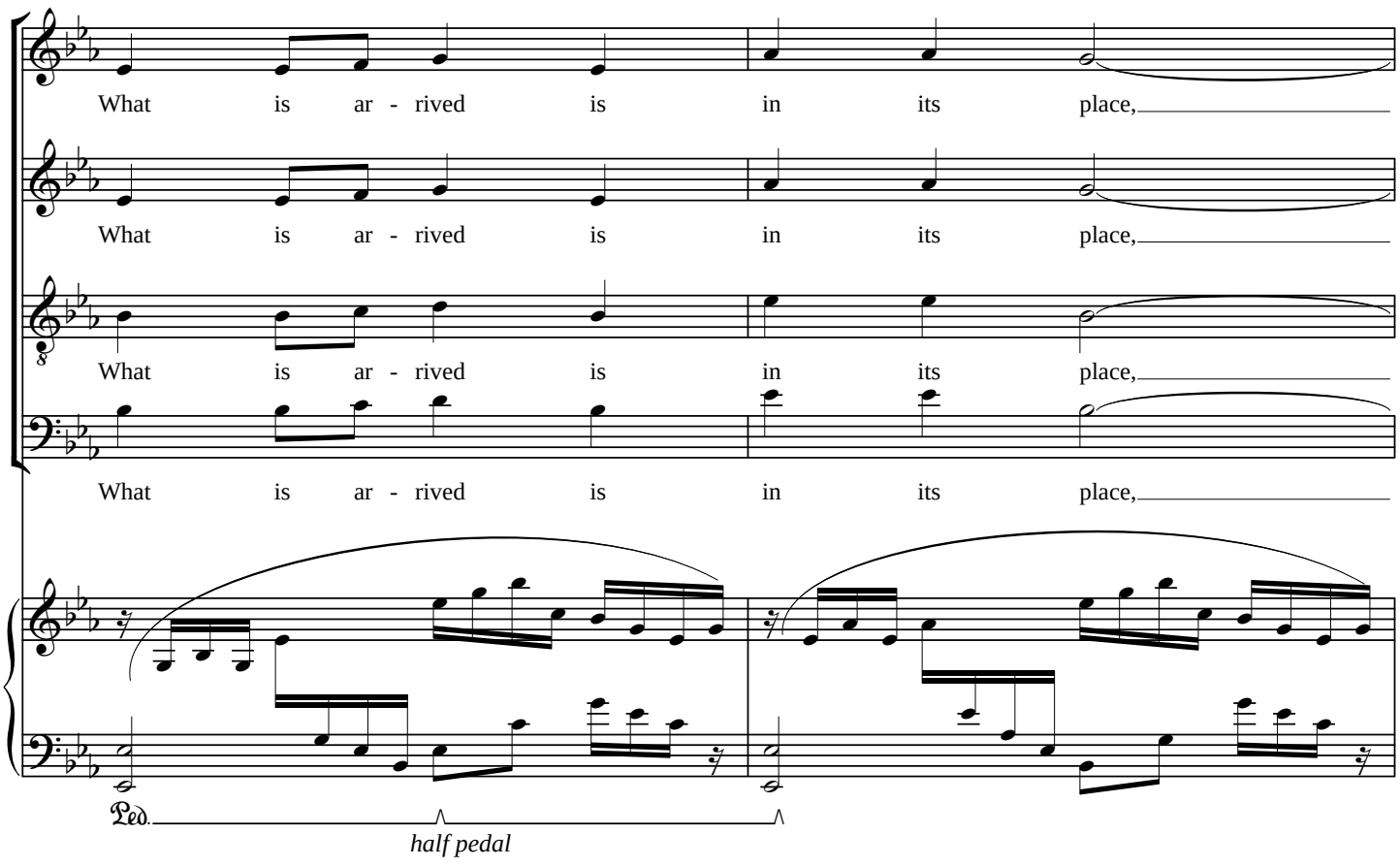

45
verse is dul - y in or - der.
verse is dul - y in or - der.
verse is dul - y in or - der.
verse is dul - y in or - der.

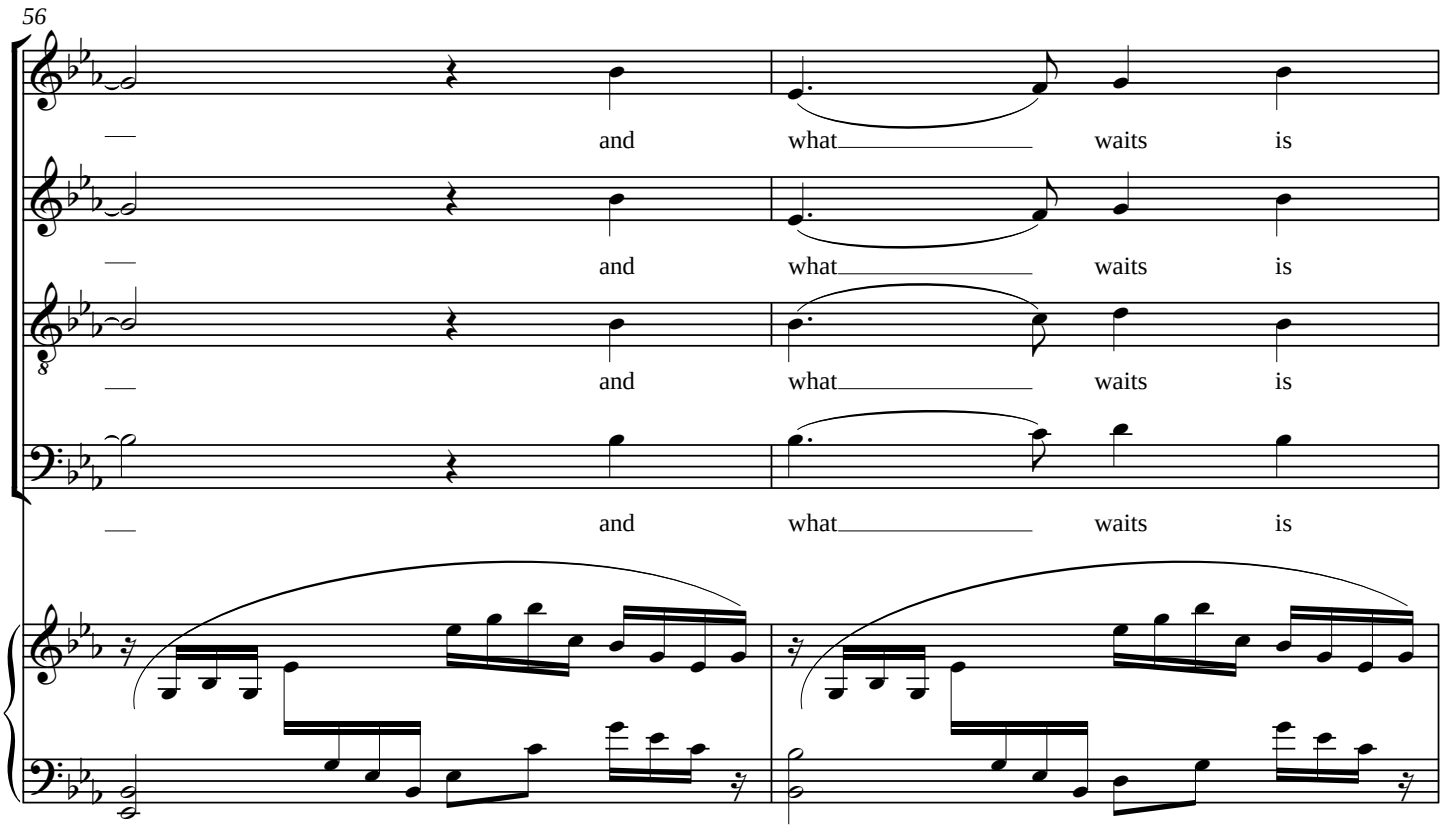

47
Ev' - ry - thing is in its place
Ev' - ry - thing is in its place
Ev' - ry - thing is in its place
Ev' - ry - thing is in its place

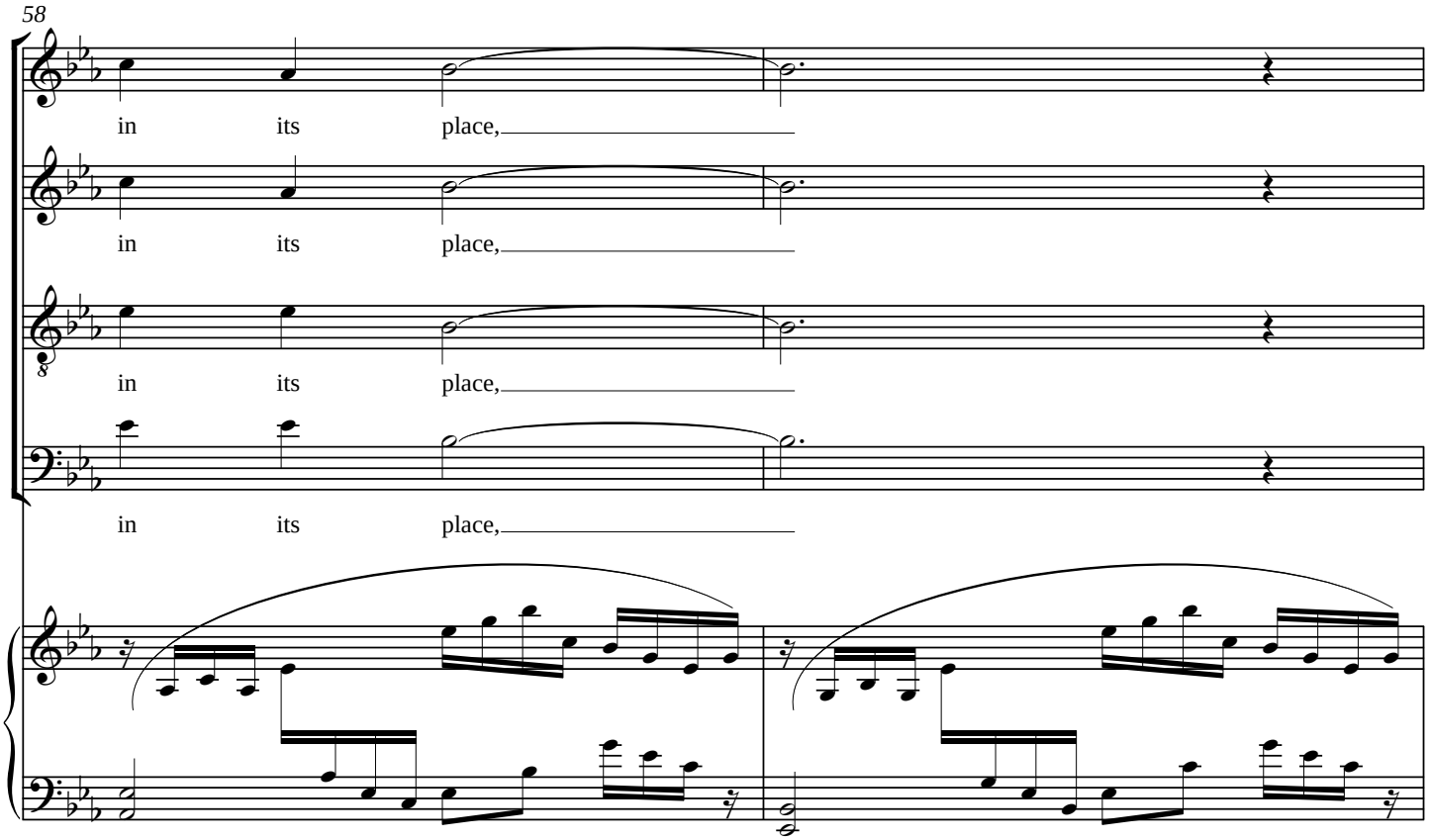

49
ff ben marcato

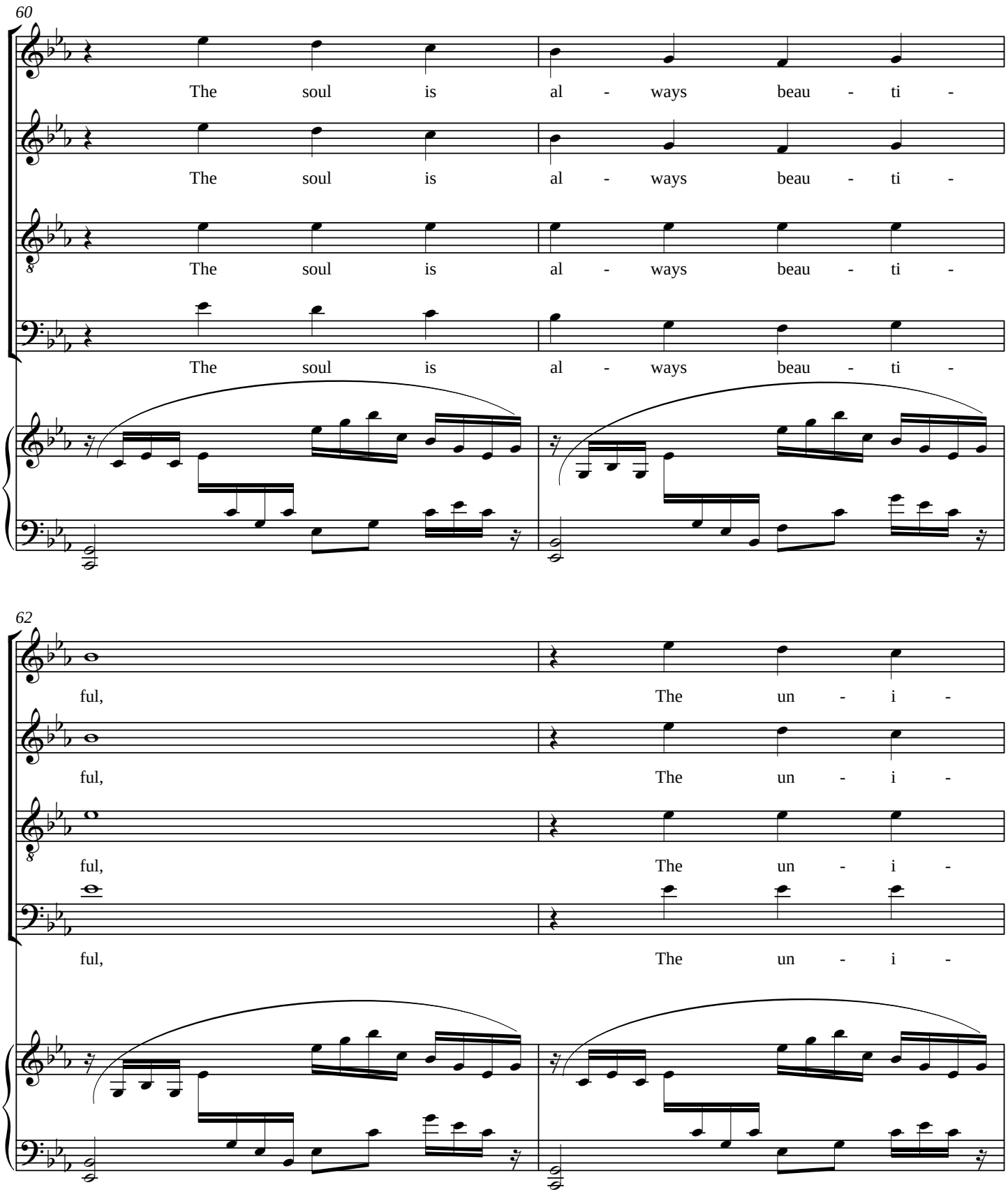

52
rit. grad.

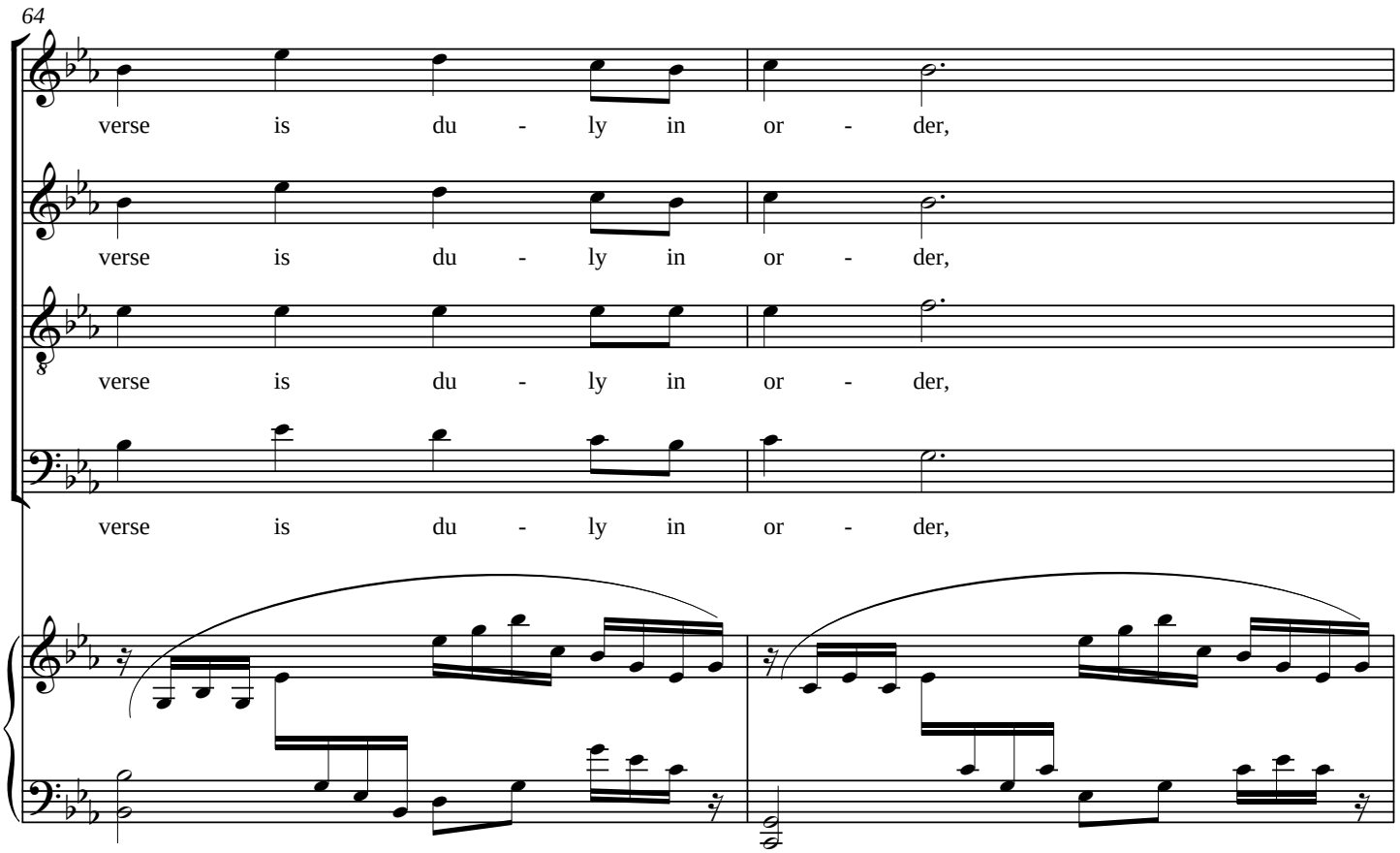
54

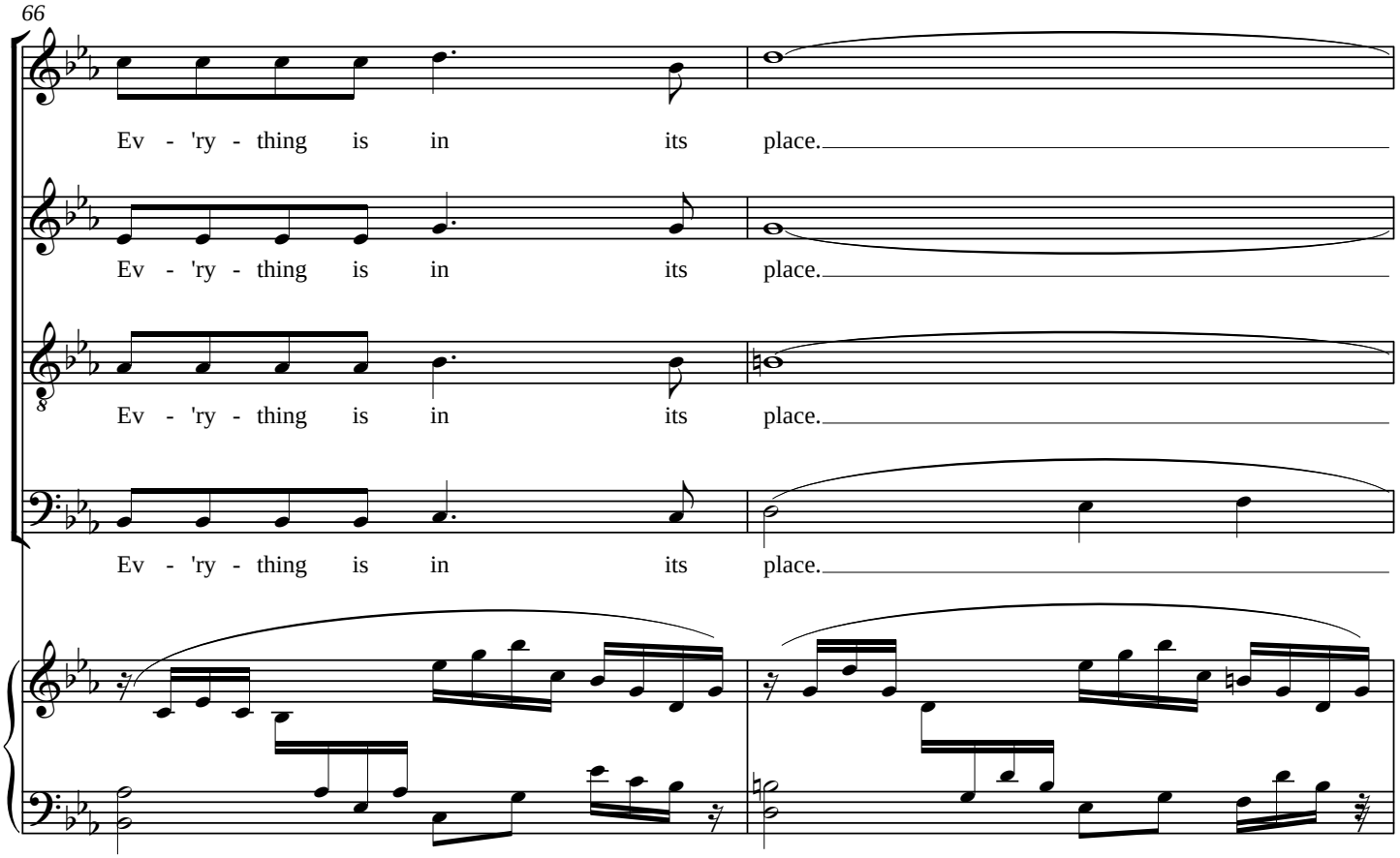

What is ar - rived is in its place,
What is ar - rived is in its place,
What is ar - rived is in its place,
What is ar - rived is in its place,
Ped.
half pedal

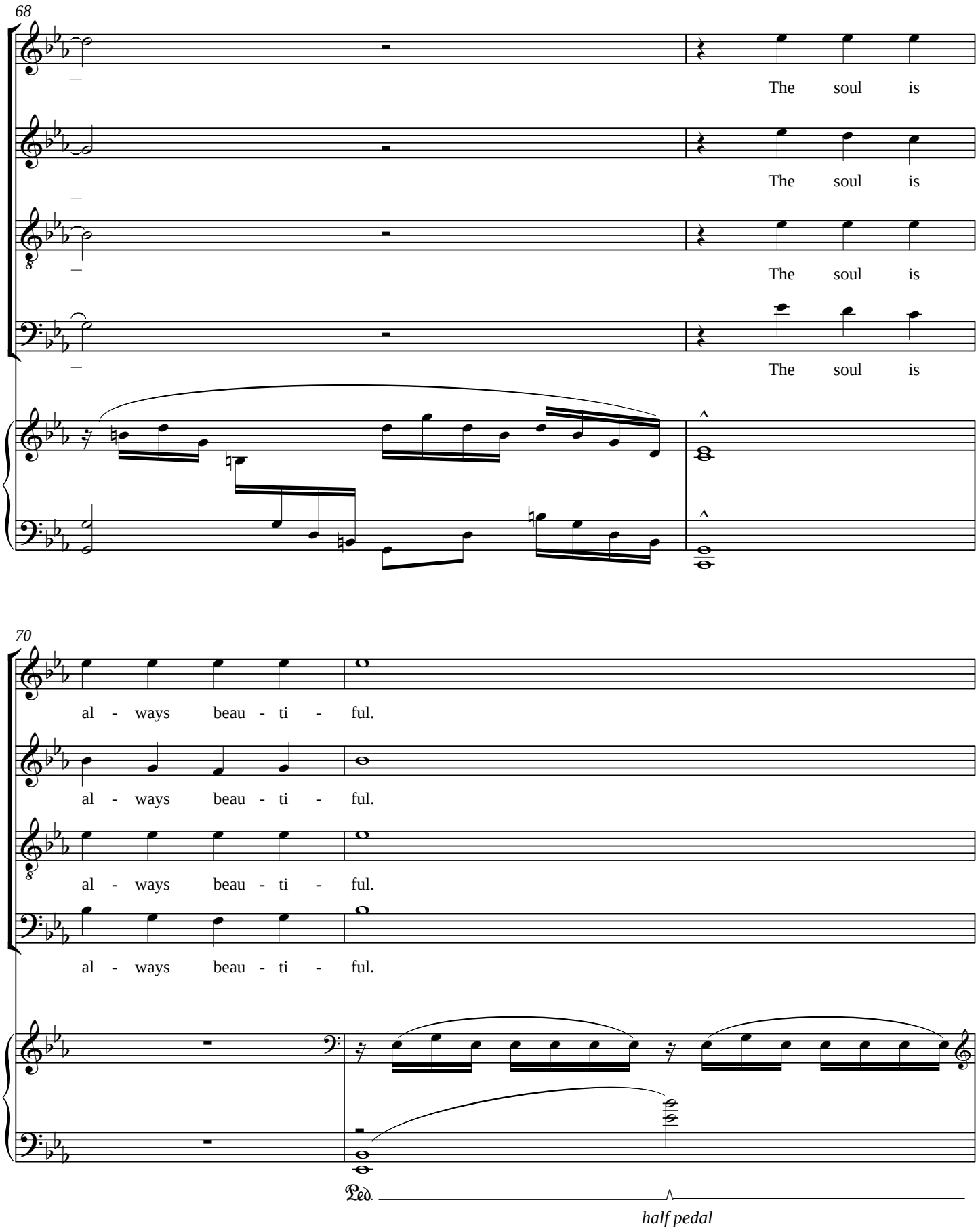

56
and what waits is
and what waits is
and what waits is
and what waits is

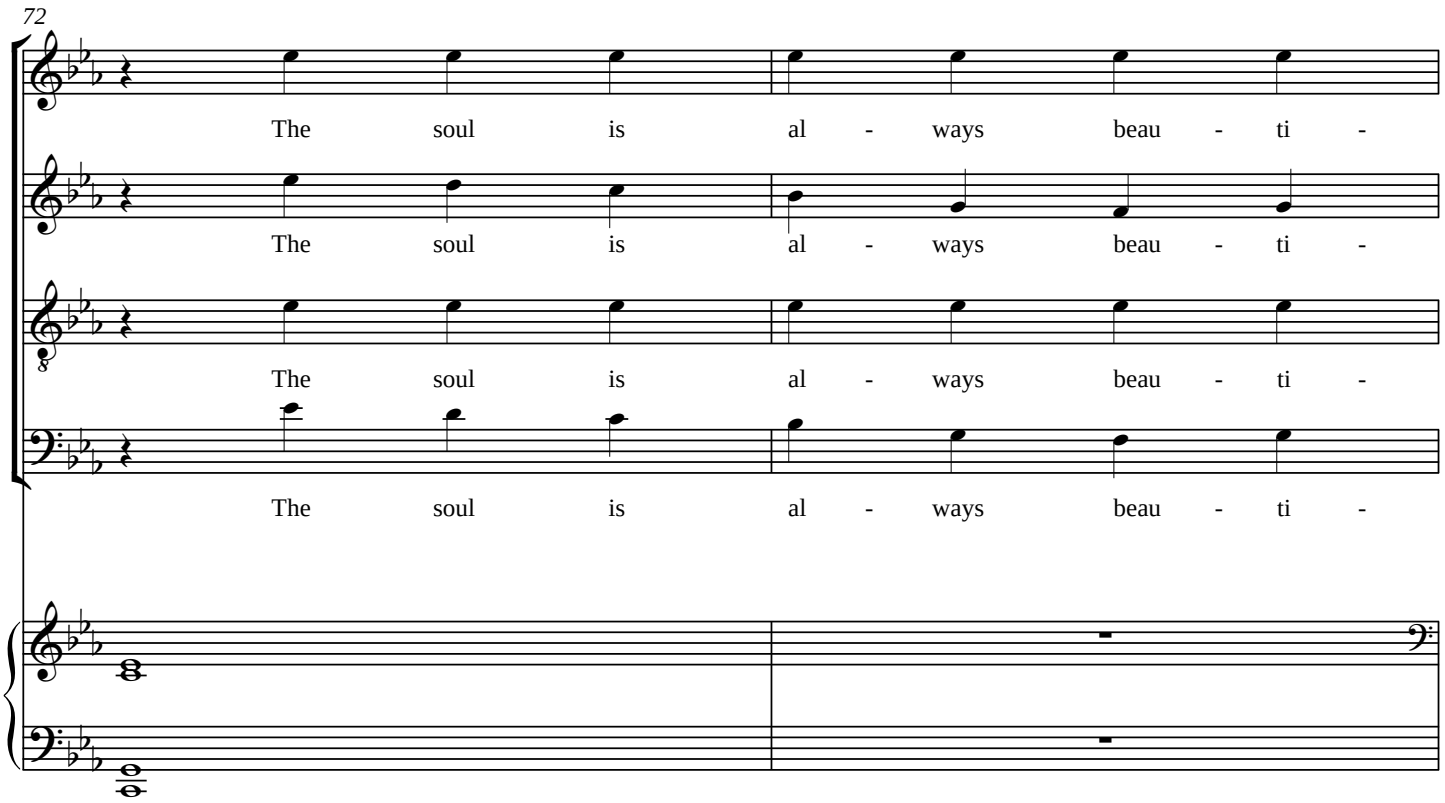

58
in its place,
in its place,
in its place,
in its place,

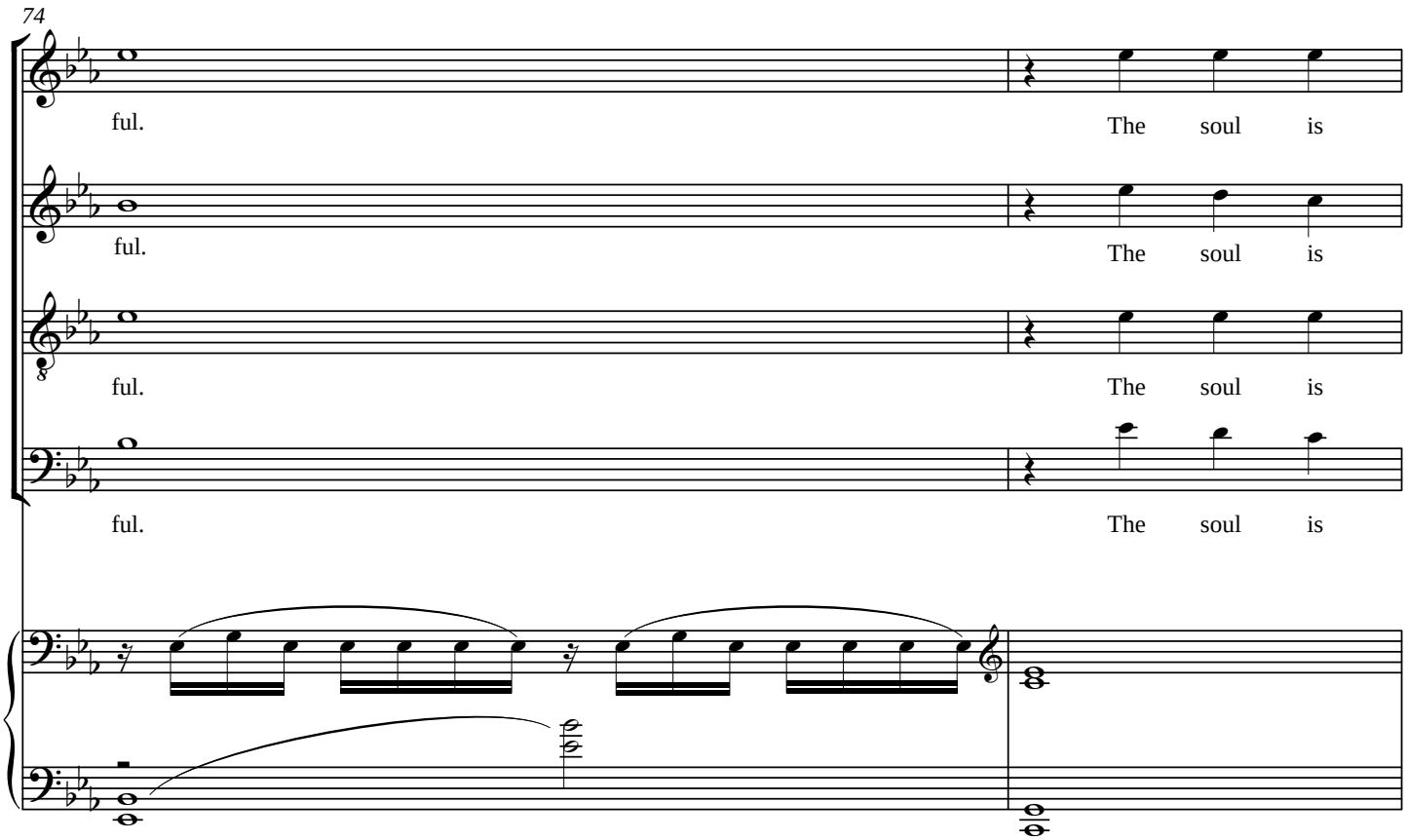

60
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
62
ful, The un - i -
ful, The un - i -
ful, The un - i -
ful, The un - i -

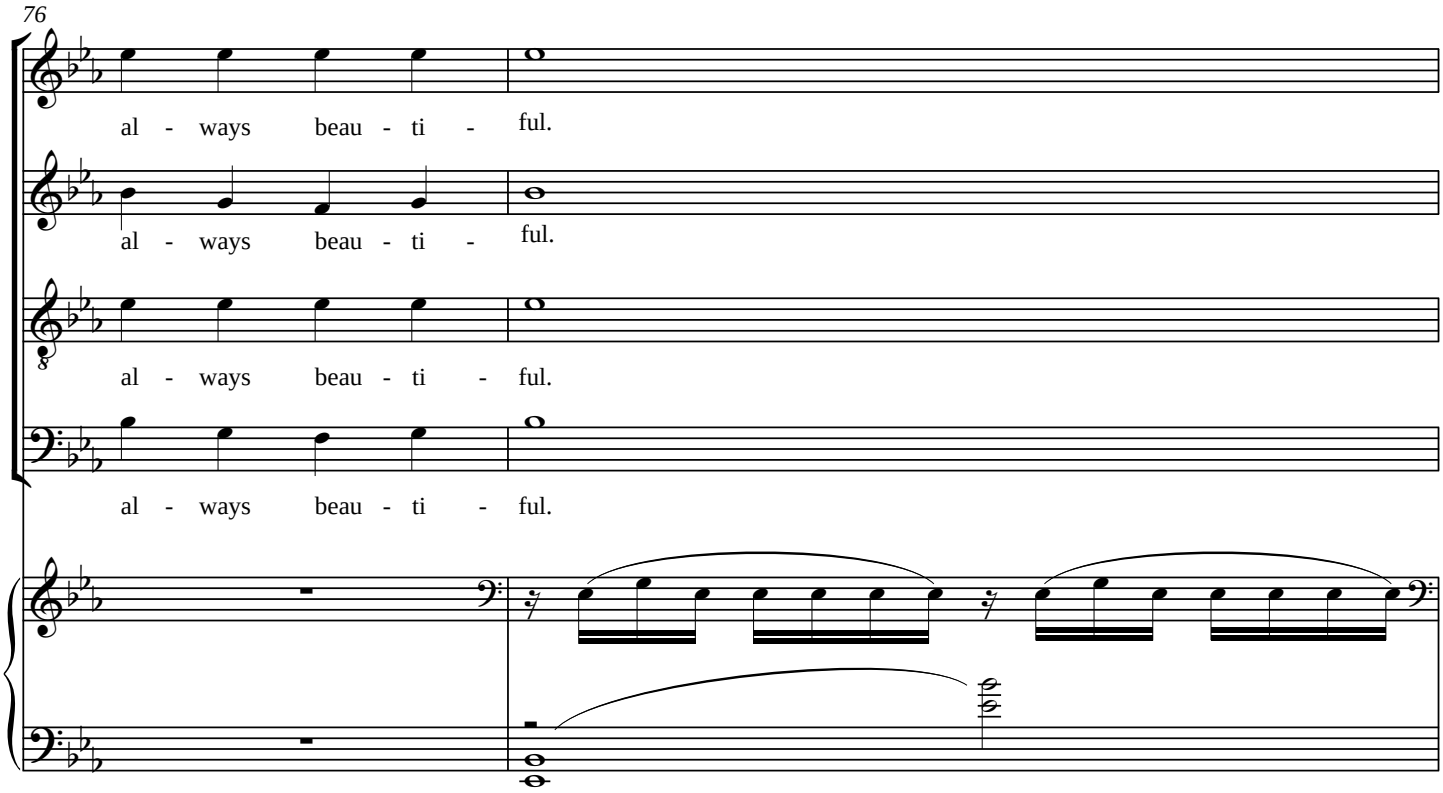

64
verse is du - ly in or - der,
verse is du - ly in or - der,
verse is du - ly in or - der,
verse is du - ly in or - der,

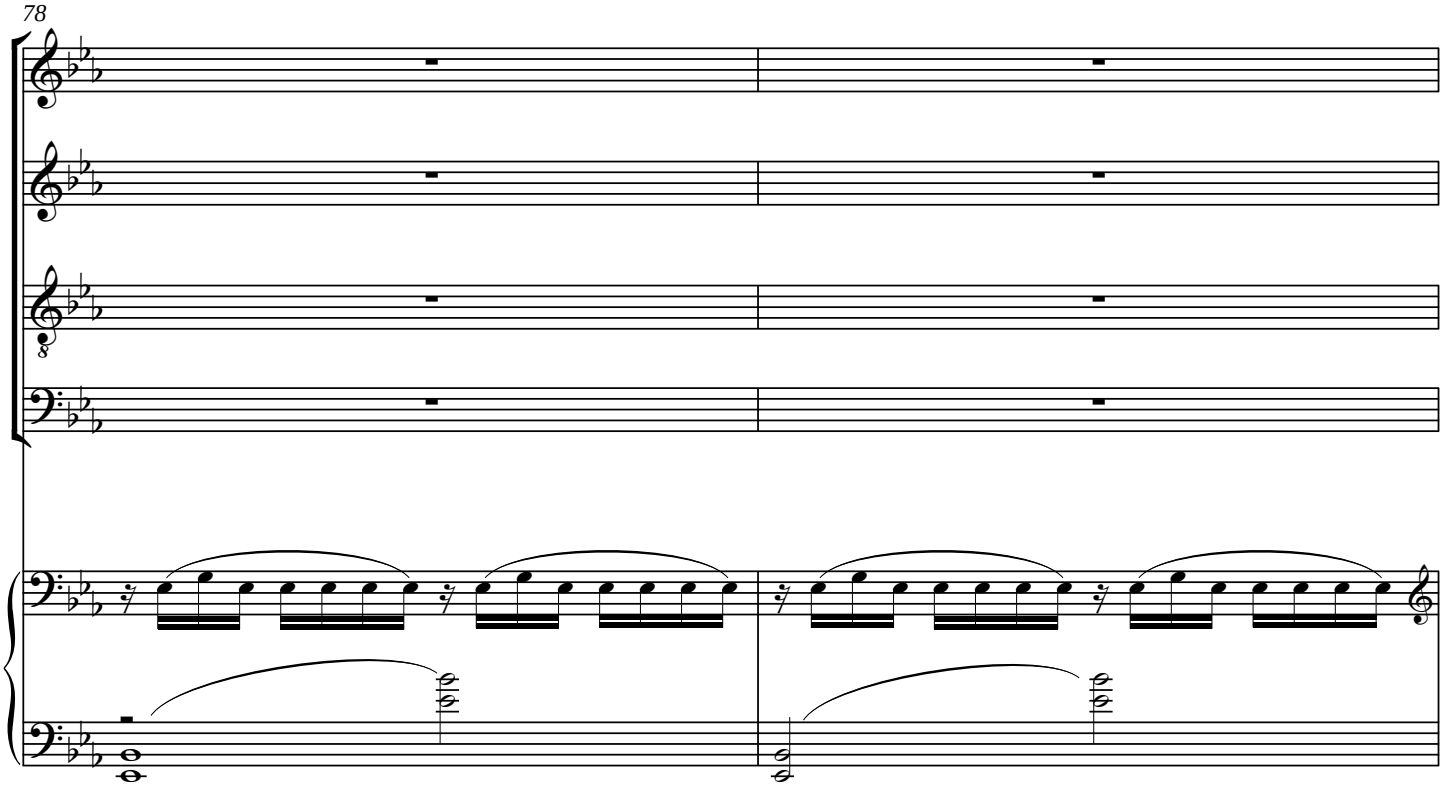

66
Ev - 'ry - thing is in its place.
Ev - 'ry - thing is in its place.
Ev - 'ry - thing is in its place.
Ev - 'ry - thing is in its place.

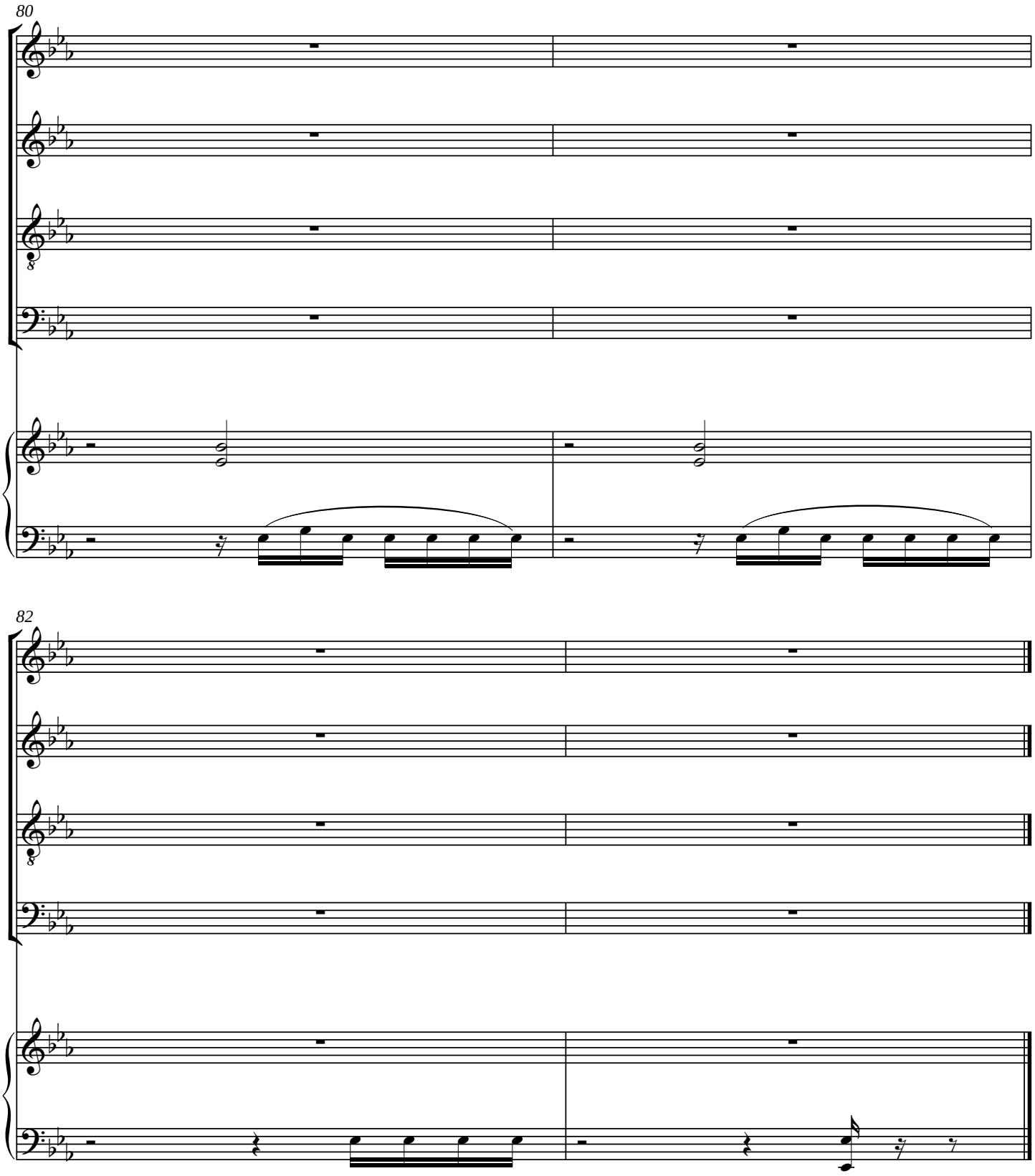

68
The soul is
The soul is
The soul is
The soul is
70
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
Ped.
half pedal


72
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -
The soul is al - ways beau - ti -


74
ful.
The soul is
ful.
The soul is
ful.
The soul is
ful.
The soul is


76
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.
al - ways beau - ti - ful.


78


80
82