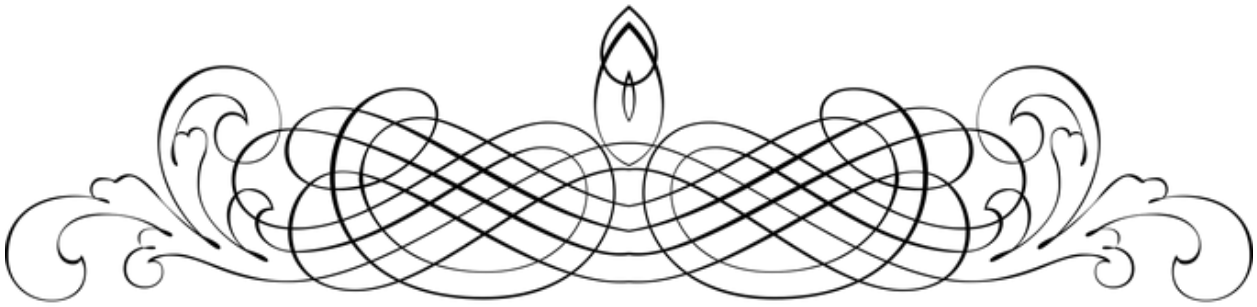
A Modern Songbook

Volume One

Twenty-Five Songs for Voice and Piano

Lawrence Kramer



Preface

A Modern Songbook is a collection fifty songs for voice and piano, two books of twenty-five each, composed between 2016 and 2022. Many of the songs appear in multiple versions to accommodate different voice types; some are particular to a single voice type; and some, designated for "voice," should be singable by any voice either as written or an octave lower.

Most of the poems set here date from the early twentieth century. In part this is because the years between 1900 and 1926 offer a rich trove of public domain texts, but in part it is because this was the time in which the English language assumed the modern idiom that we still use today a century later. The language of these poems has a distinct quality of freshness about it that has always attracted me. For that reason I felt no sense of discontinuity in translating several texts originally written in other languages, by Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Apollinaire, and Rilke, into the English idiom of the present.

The range of poets is broad. The big names are here, most of them represented by their earlier work, but so too are poets who have been neglected or forgotten. In a few cases the texts have been slightly altered; in others the texts are composites.

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High Voice

Medium Voice

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High Voice

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Mezzo Soprano

Baritone

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Medium Voice

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Mezzo Soprano

Baritone

The Wind Shifts (Wallace Stevens)

High Voice

Mezzo Soprano

Baritone

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A Modern Songbook, Volume I

Anecdote of the Prince of Peacocks

High Voice

In the moonlight
I met Berserk,
In the moonlight
On the bushy plain.
Oh, sharp he was
As the sleepless!

And, "Why are you red
In this milky blue?"
I said.

"Why sun-colored,
As if awake
In the midst of sleep?"

"You that wander,"
So he said,
"On the bushy plain,
Forget so soon.
But I set my traps
In the midst of dreams."

I knew from this
That the blue ground
Was full of blocks
And blocking steel.
I knew the dread
Of the bushy plain,

And the beauty
Of the moonlight
Falling there,
Falling
As sleep falls
In the innocent air.

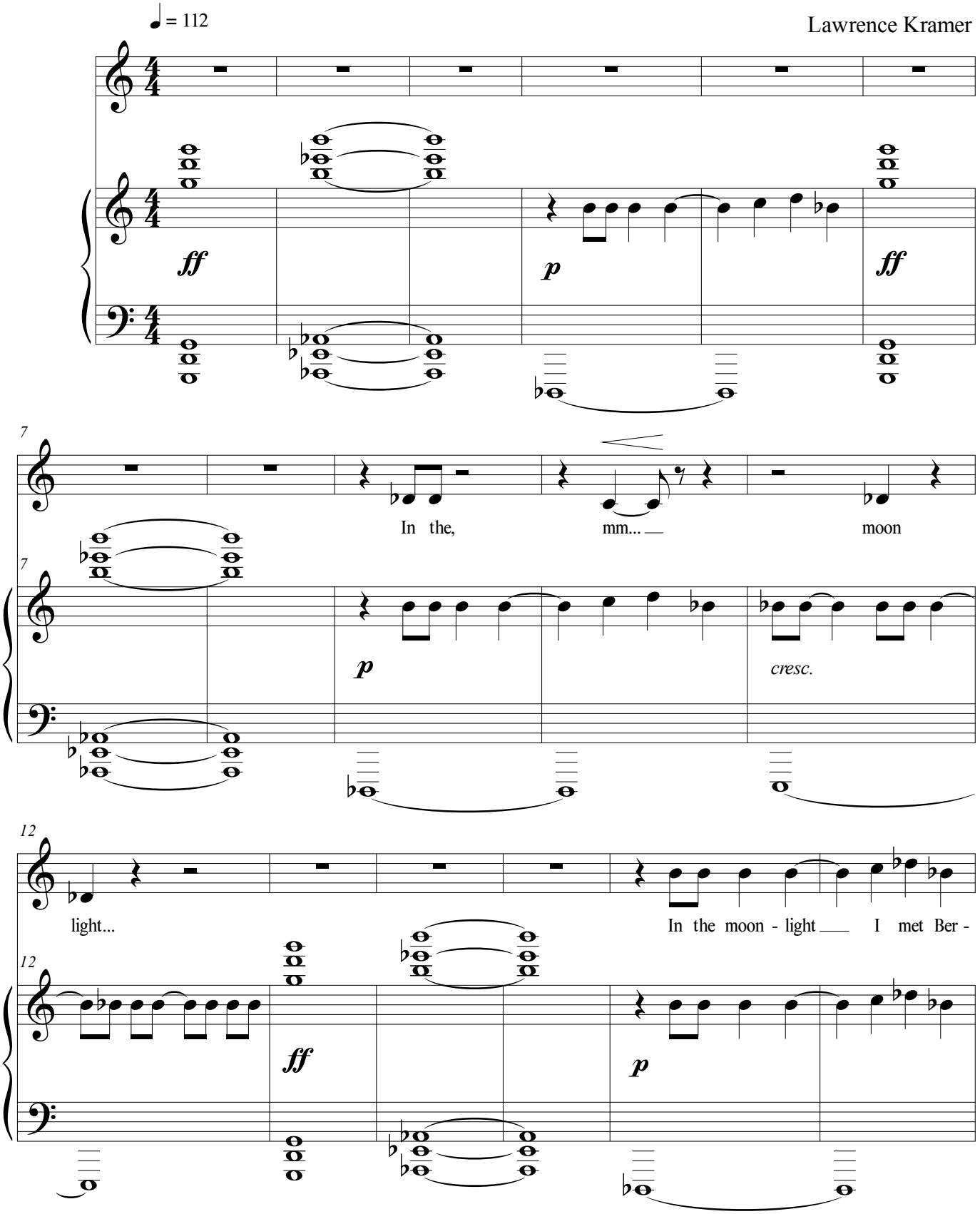
--Wallace Stevens

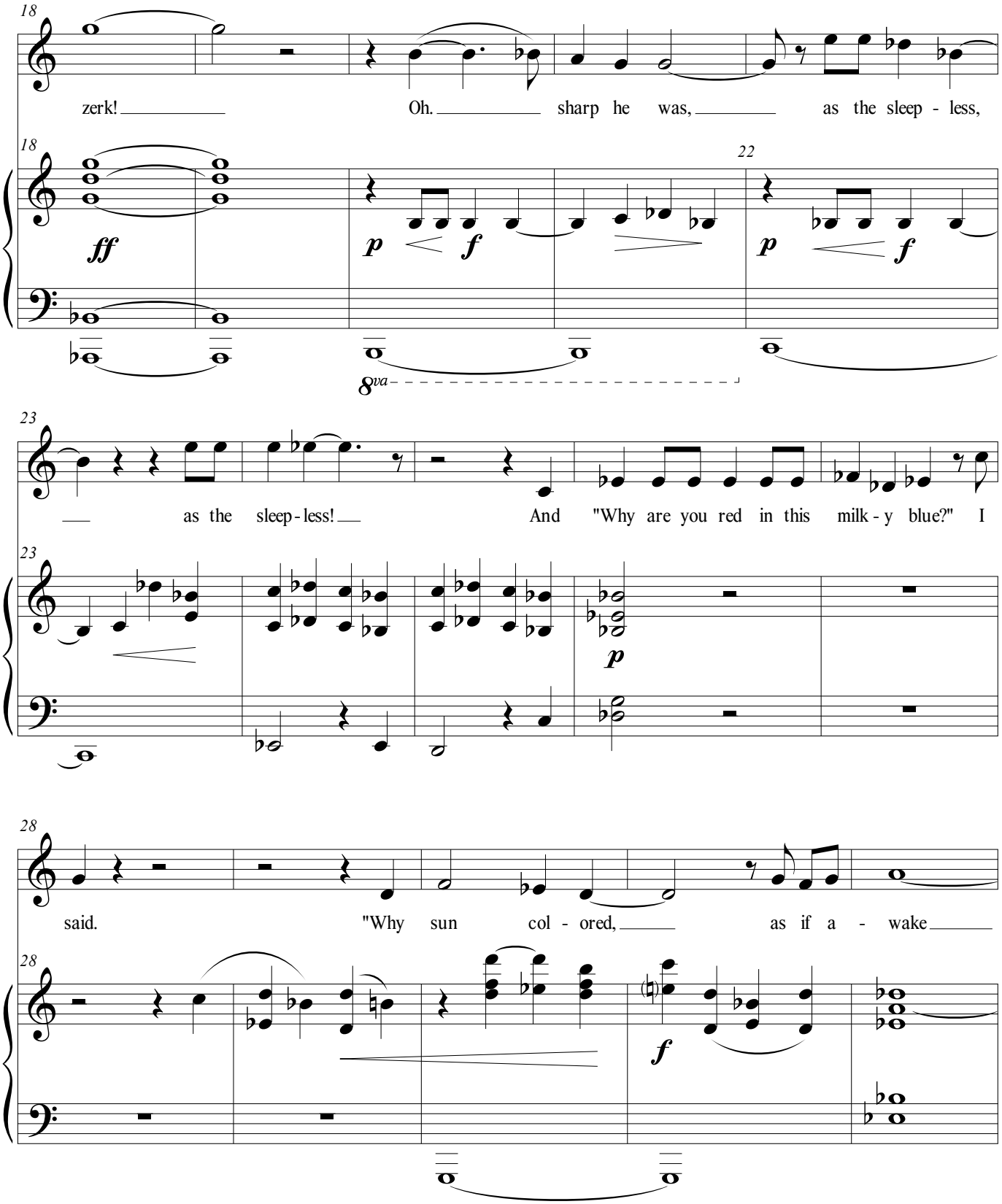
Written voice range: C4 - G5
Tessitura: D4 - E5
Duration 3:30

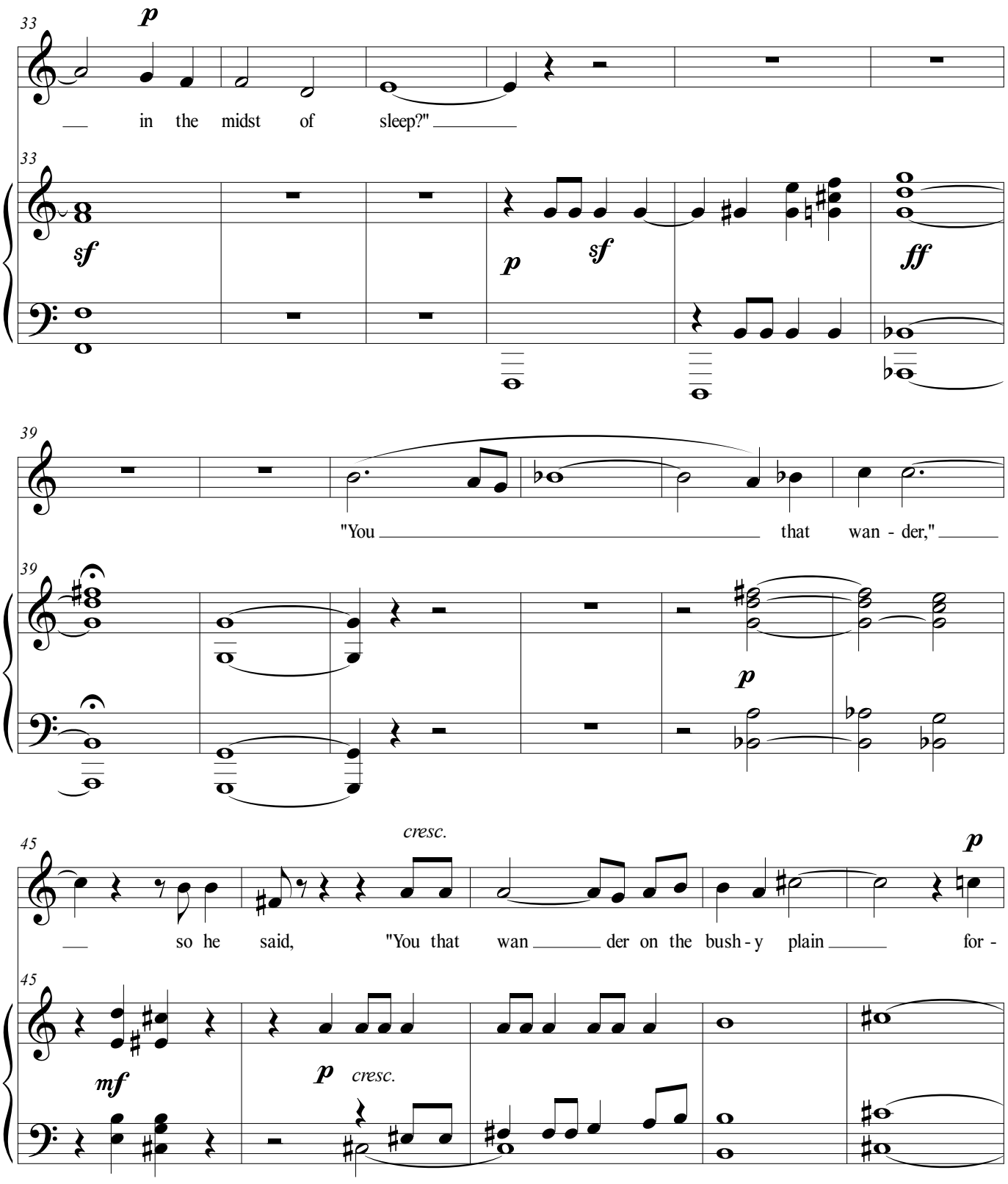
Composed 2019

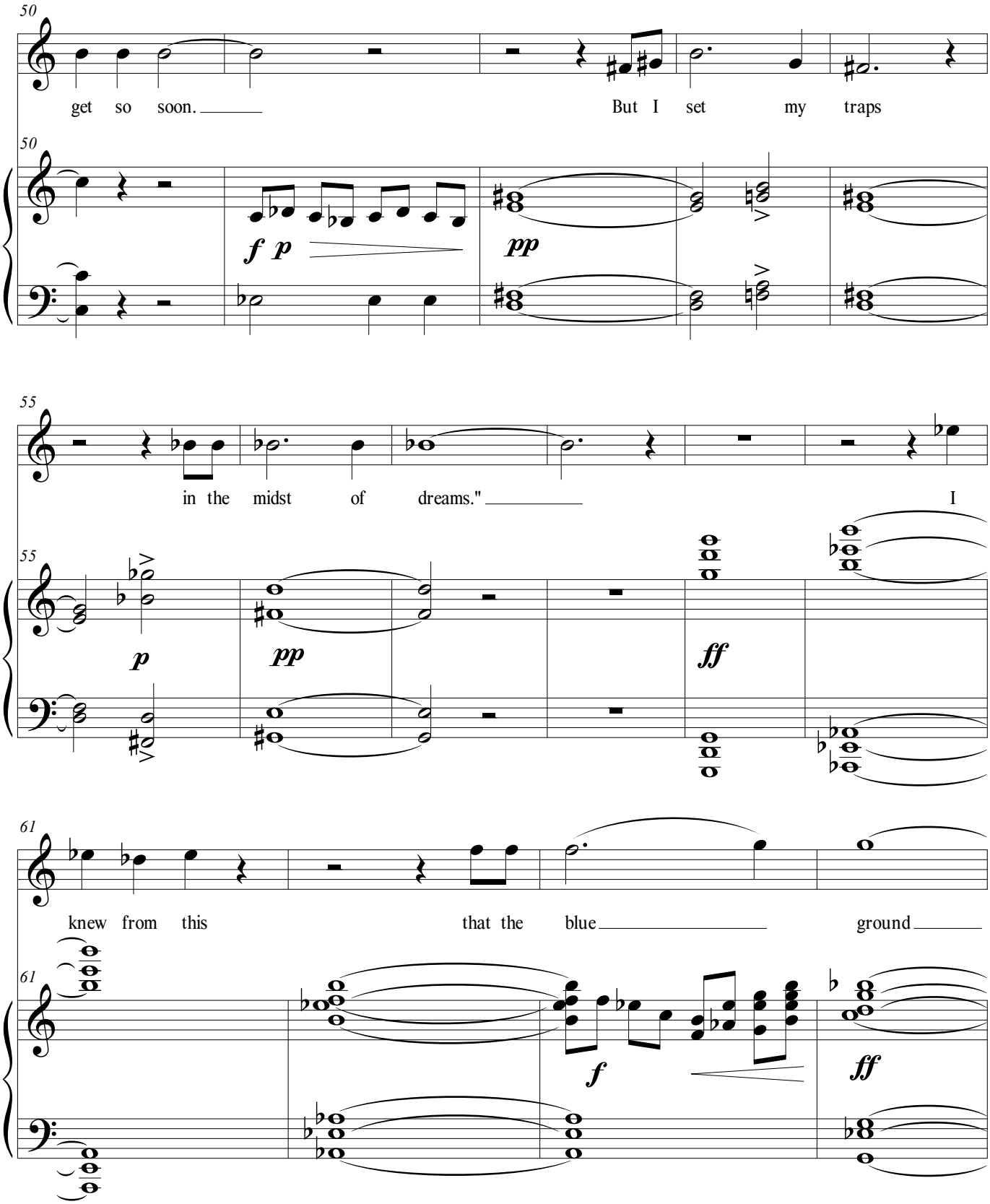
Anecdote of the Prince of Peacocks

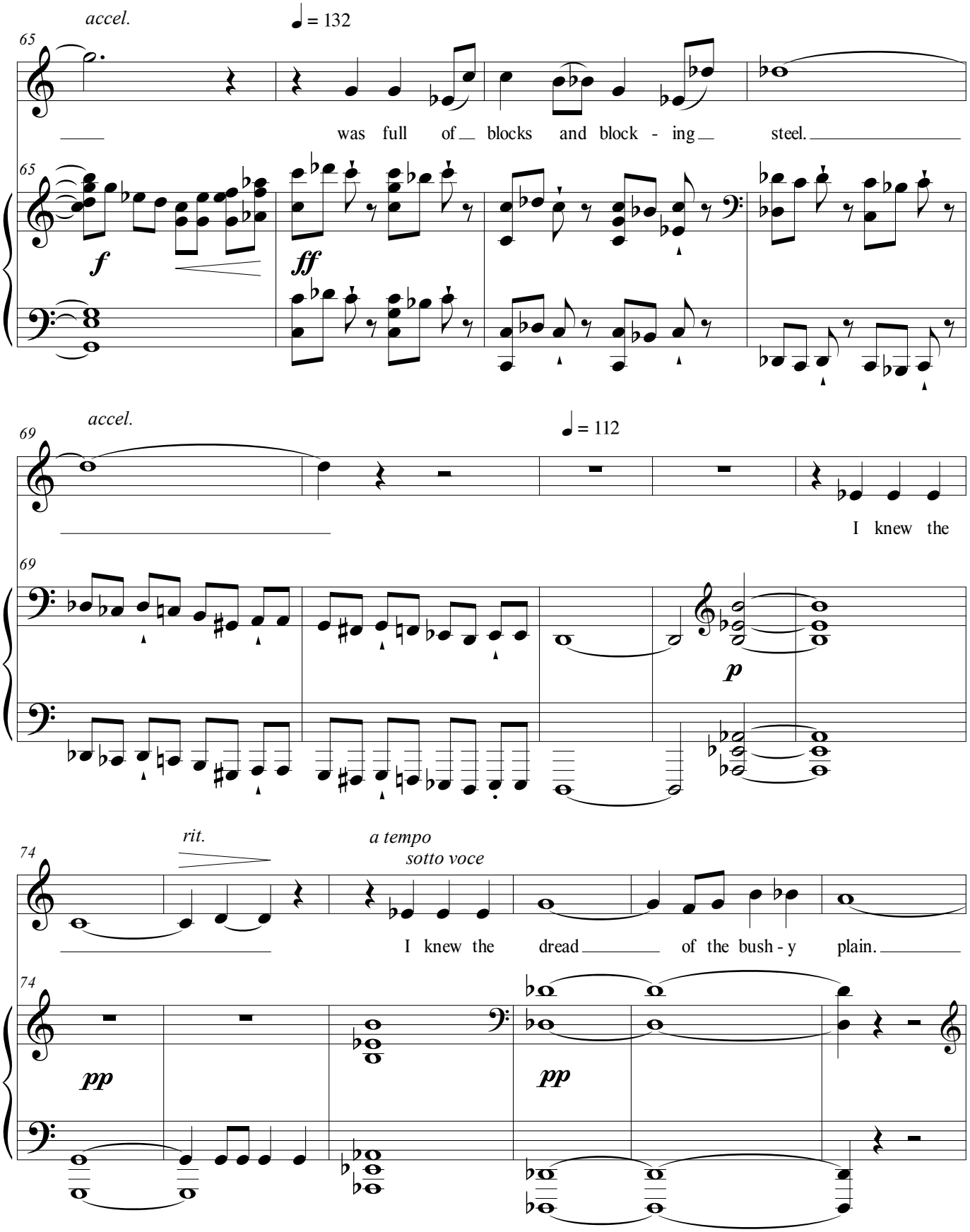
Lawrence Kramer

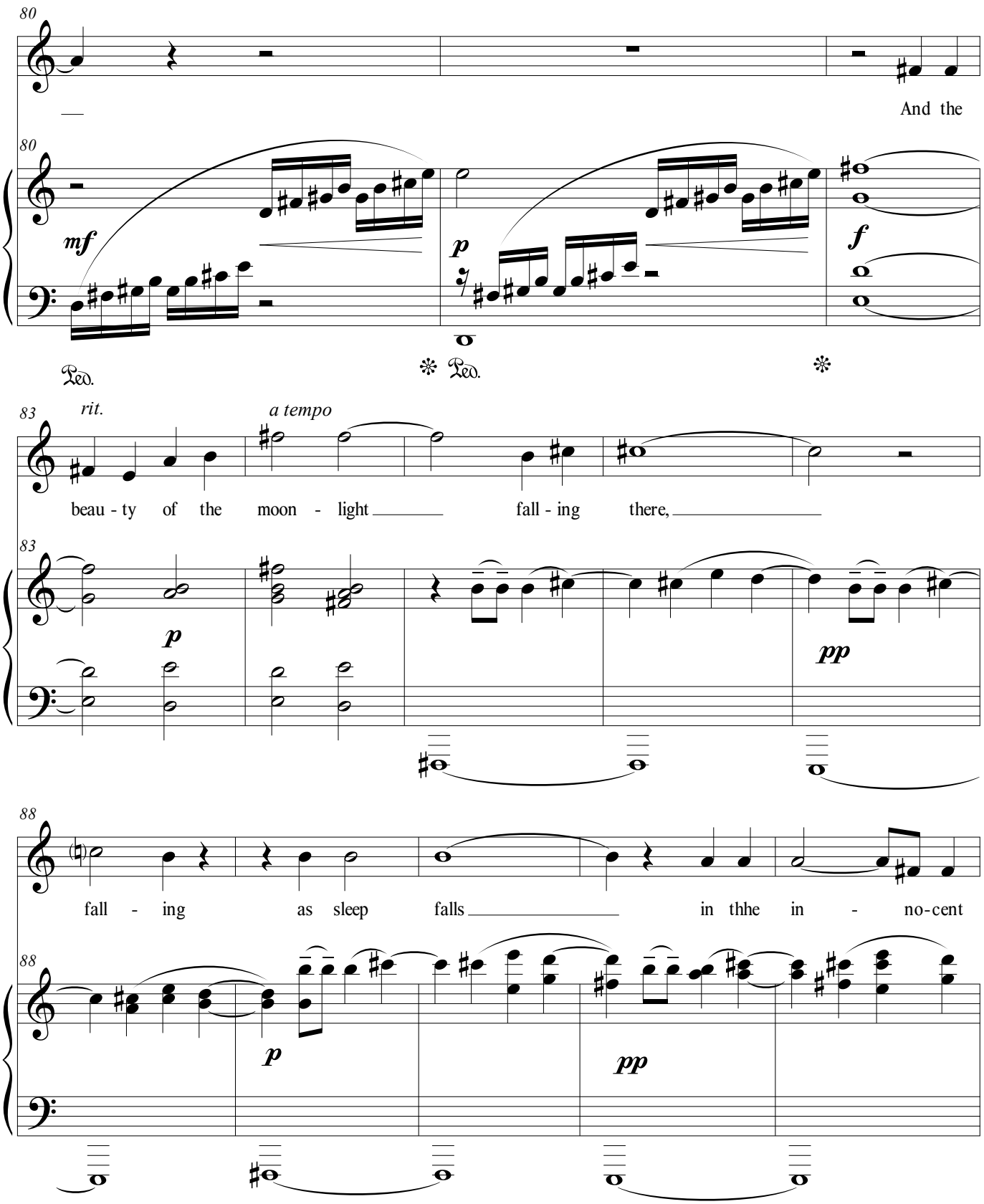


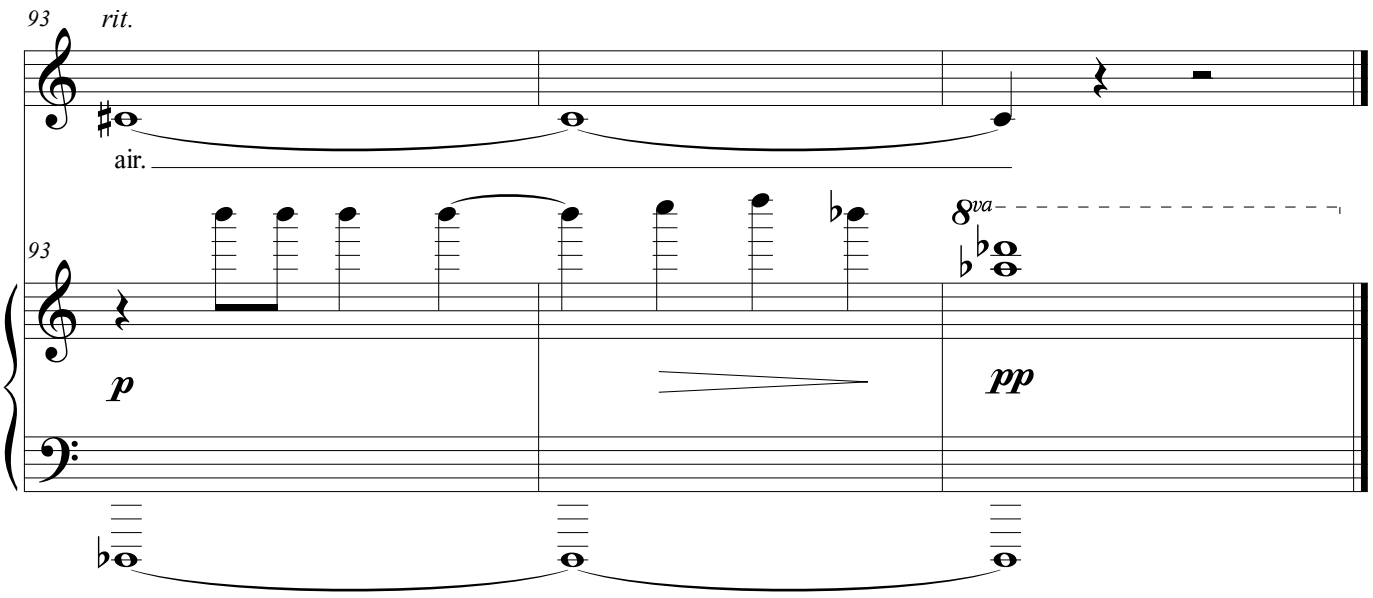

18
zerk! Oh. sharp he was, as the sleep - less,
18
22
ff
p
f
p
f
8va
23
as the sleep - less! And "Why are you red in this milk - y blue?" I
23
p
28
said. "Why sun col - ored, as if a - wake
28
f


33
p
in the midst of sleep?"
33
sf
p
sf
ff
39
"You that wan - der,"
39
p
45
cresc.
p
so he said, "You that wan der on the bush - y plain for -
45
mf
p
cresc.


50
get so soon.
But I set my traps
f p
pp
55
in the midst of dreams."
I
p
pp
ff
61
knew from this
that the blue
ground
f
ff


accel.
♩ = 132
65
was full of blocks and block - ing steel.
f
ff
accel.
♩ = 112
69
I knew the
p
rit.
a tempo
sotto voce
74
I knew the dread of the bush - y plain.
pp
pp


80
And the
mf
p
f
Ped.
Ped.
83
rit.
a tempo
beau - ty of the moon - light fall - ing there,
p
pp
88
fall - ing as sleep falls in thhe in - no-cent
p
pp


93
rit.
air.
93
8va
p
pp

Autumn Rain

Baritone

There trudges one to a merry-making
With a sturdy swing,
On whom the rain comes down.

To fetch the saving medicament
Is another bent,
On whom the rain comes down.

One slowly drives his herd to the stall
Ere ill befall,
On whom the rain comes down.

This bears his missives of life and death
With quickening breath,
On whom the rain comes down.

One watches for signals of wreck or war
From the hill afar,
On whom the rain comes down.

No care if he gain a shelter or none,
Unhired moves one,
On whom the rain comes down.

And another knows nought of its chilling fall
Upon him at all,
On whom the rain comes down.

--Thomas Hardy

Voice range: D3 - F4
Tessitura: F3 - D4
Duration 4:20

Composed 2020

Autumn Rain

Like an old ballad.

Lawrence Kramer

♩ = 88

There

mf

5

trud - ges one to a mer - ry mak - ing With a stur - dy swing,

5

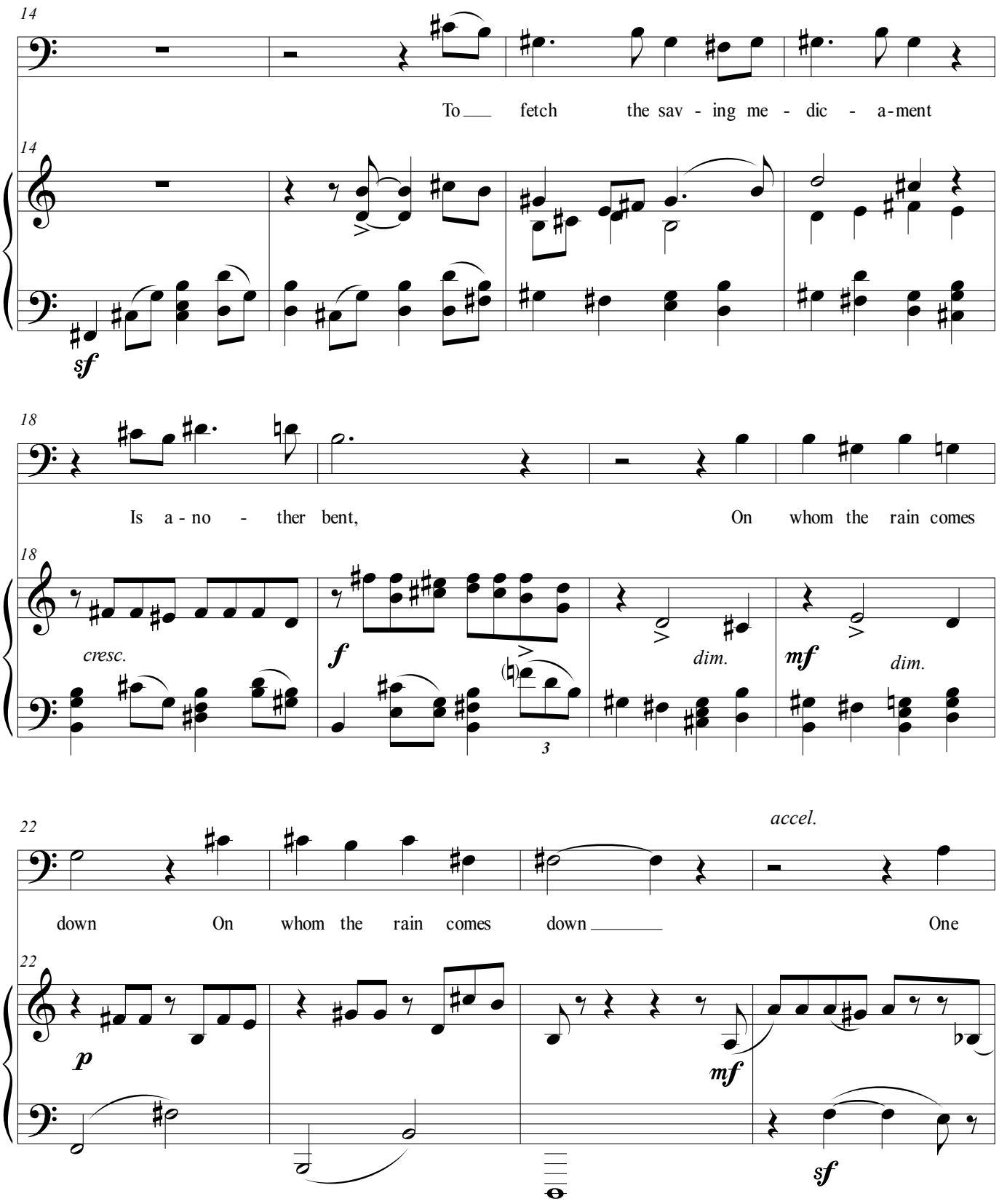
9

On whom the rain comes down On whom the rain comes down

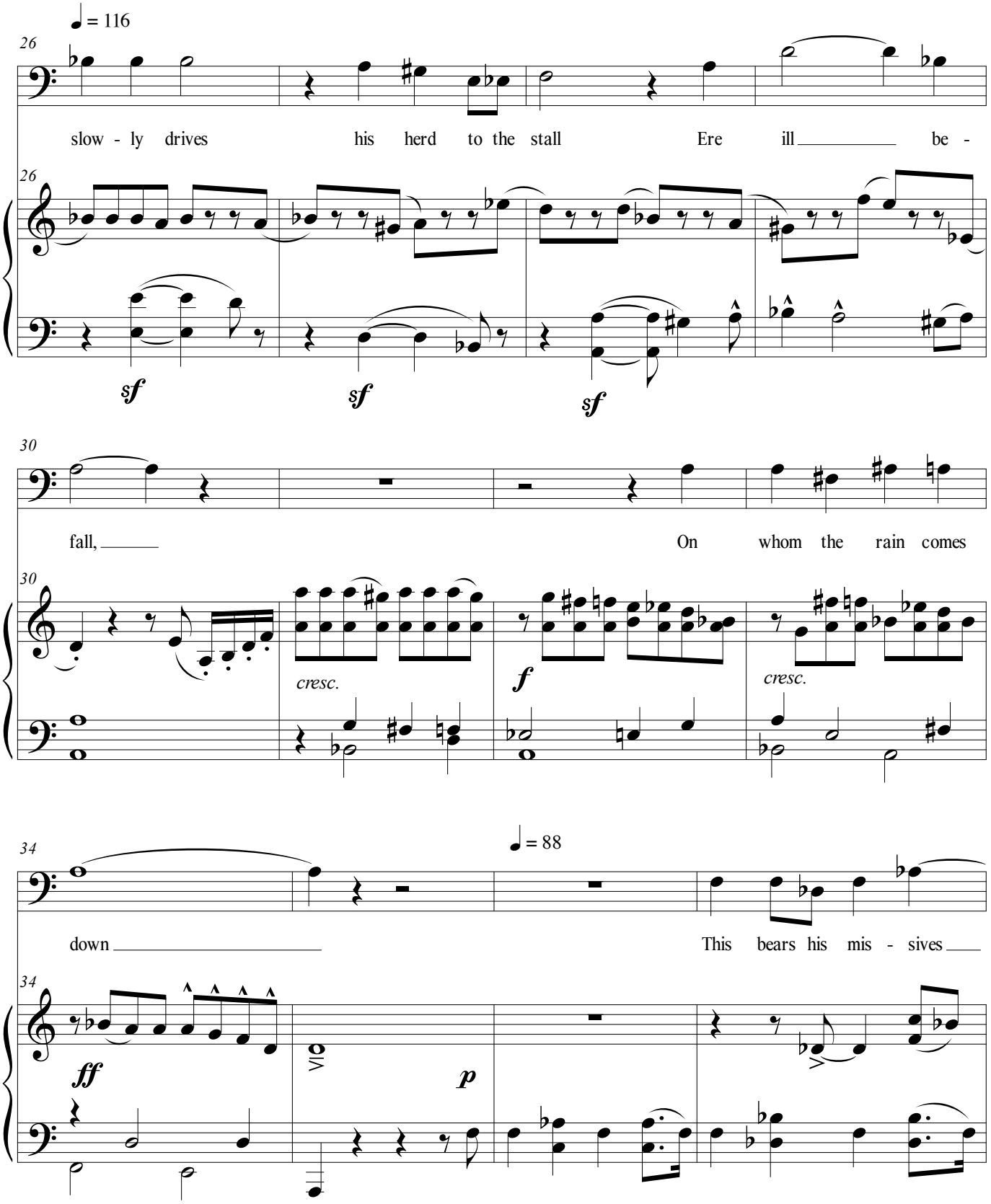
9

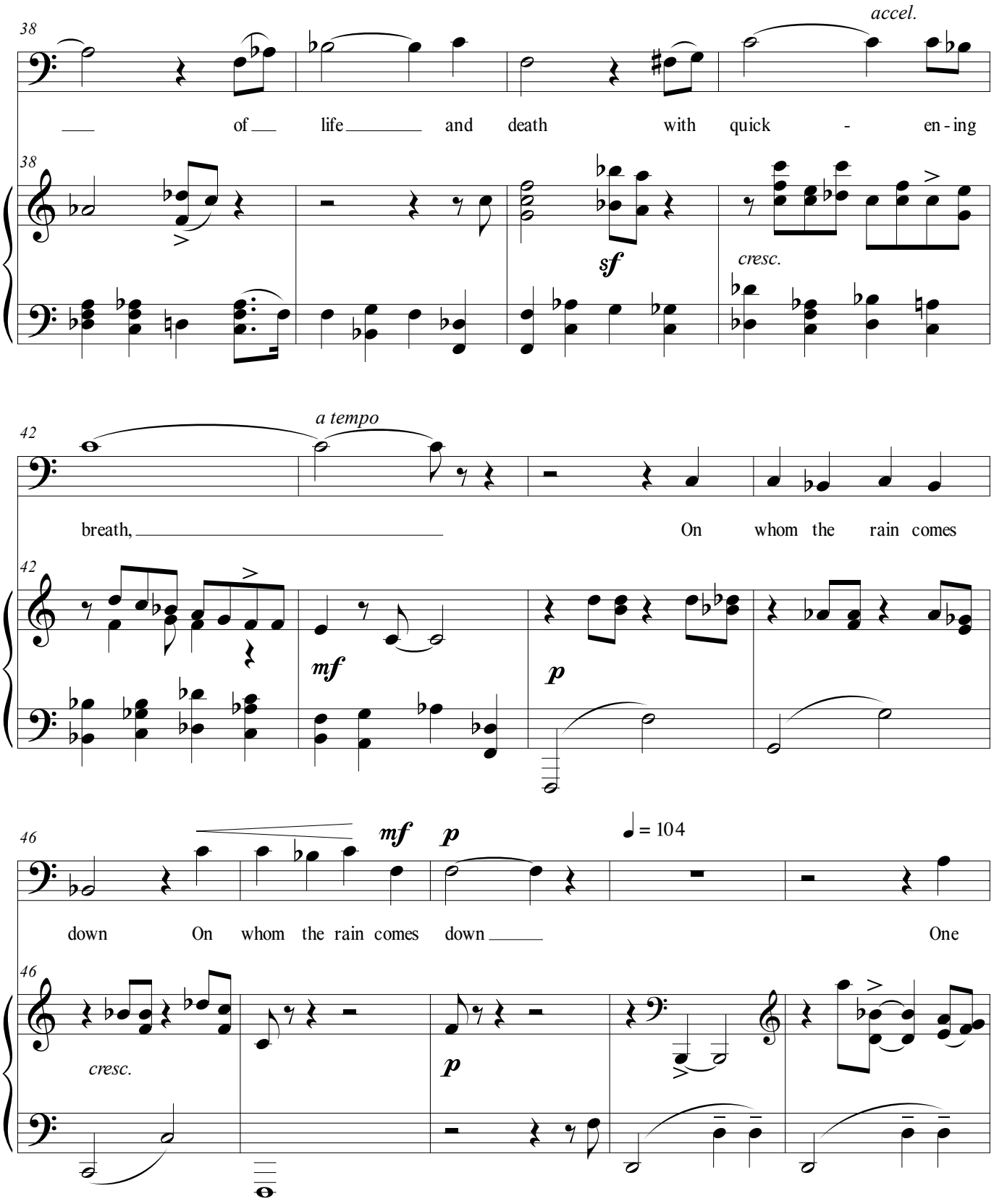
p

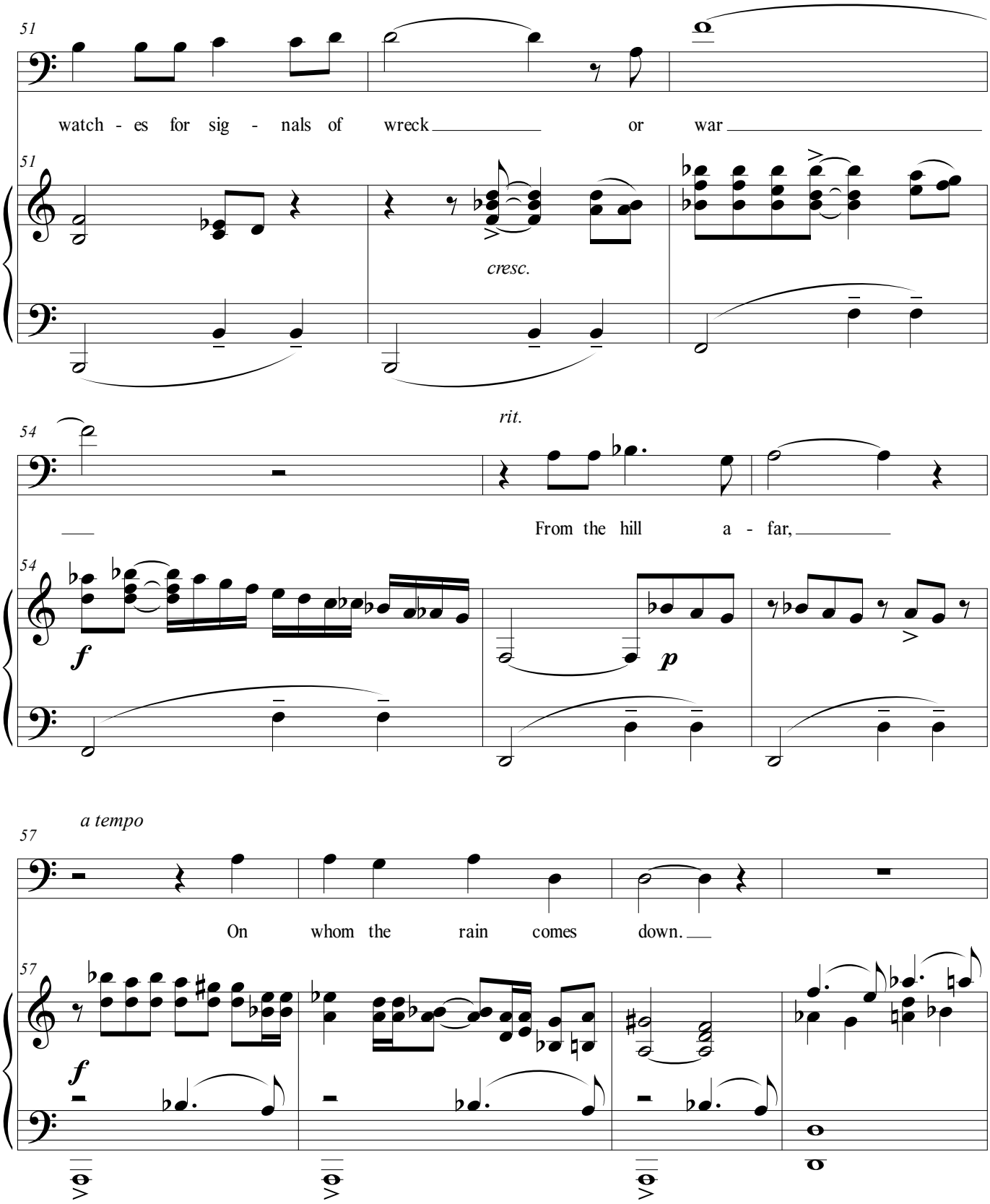
Autumn Rain


14
To fetch the sav - ing me - dic - a-ment
14
sf
18
Is a - no - ther bent, On whom the rain comes
18
cresc.
f
dim.
mf
dim.
3
22
accel.
down On whom the rain comes down One
22
p
mf
sf

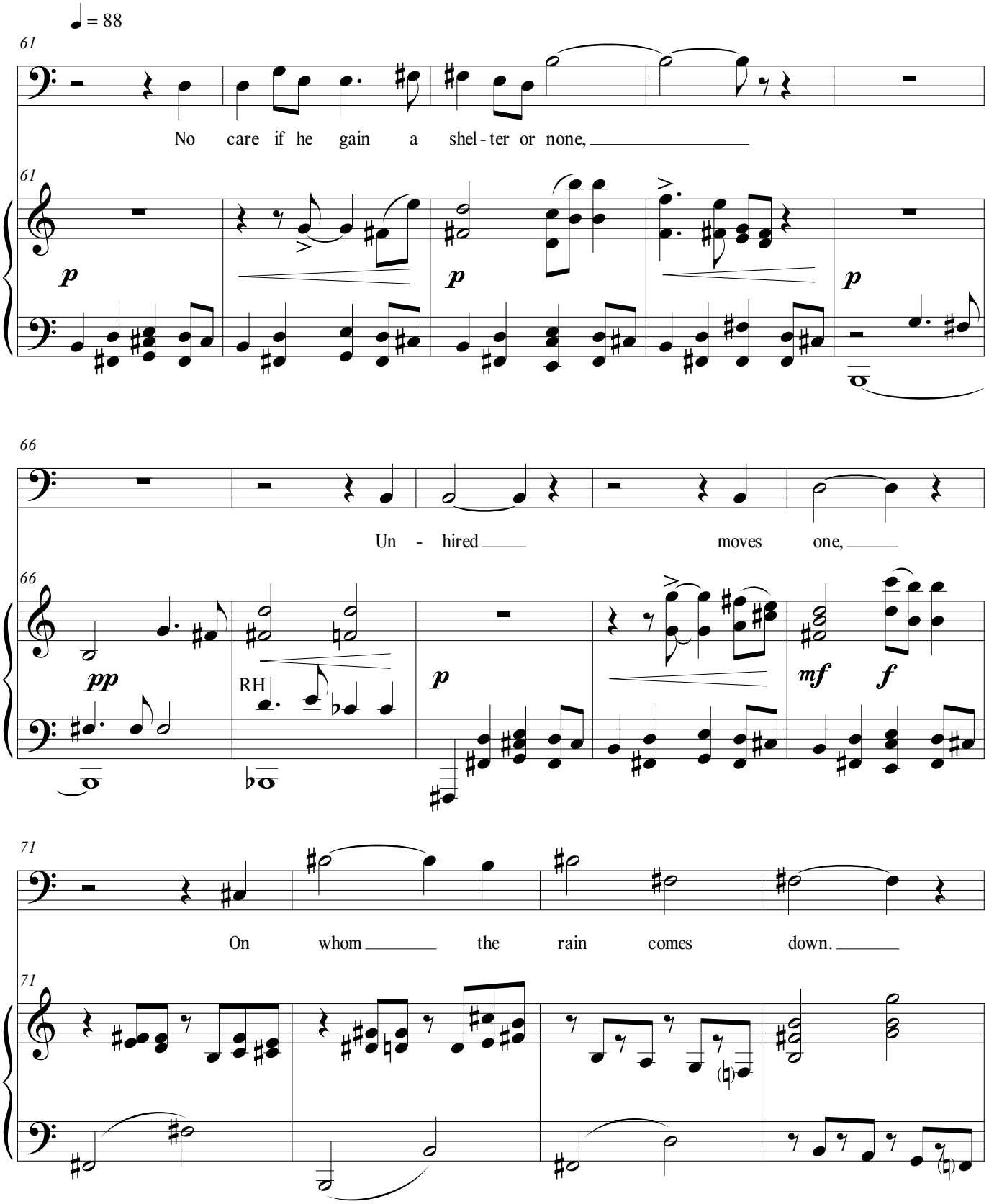
Autumn Rain


♩ = 116
26
slow - ly drives his herd to the stall Ere ill be -
sf
sf
sf
30
fall, On whom the rain comes
cresc.
f
cresc.
34
♩ = 88
down This bears his mis - sives
ff
p

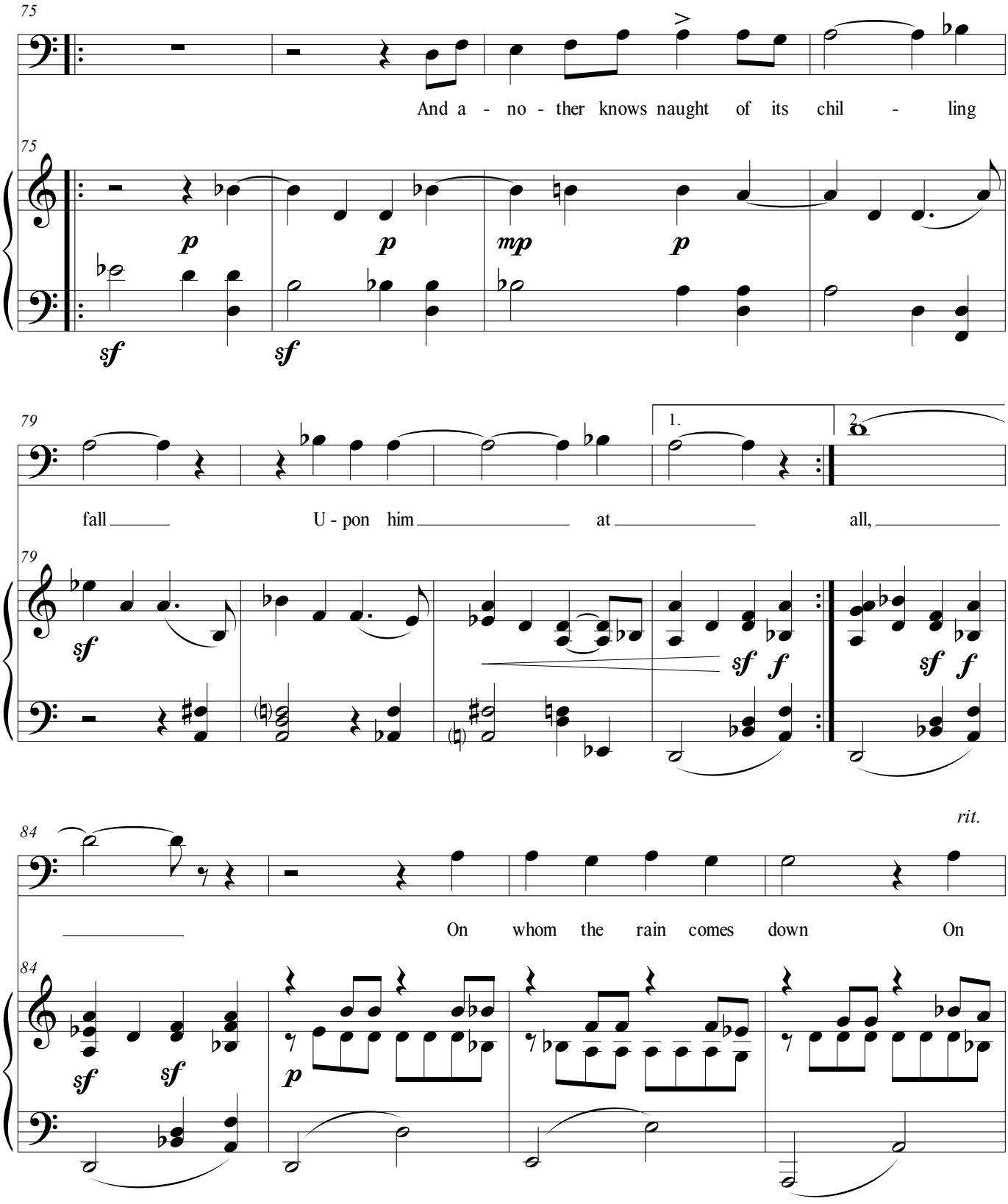

38
accel.
of life and death with quick - en - ing
38
sf
cresc.
42
a tempo
breath, On whom the rain comes
42
mf
p
46
mf
p
♩ = 104
down On whom the rain comes down One
46
cresc.
p


51
watch - es for sig - nals of wreck or war
51
cresc.
54
rit.
From the hill a - far,
54
f
p
57
a tempo
On whom the rain comes down.
57
f

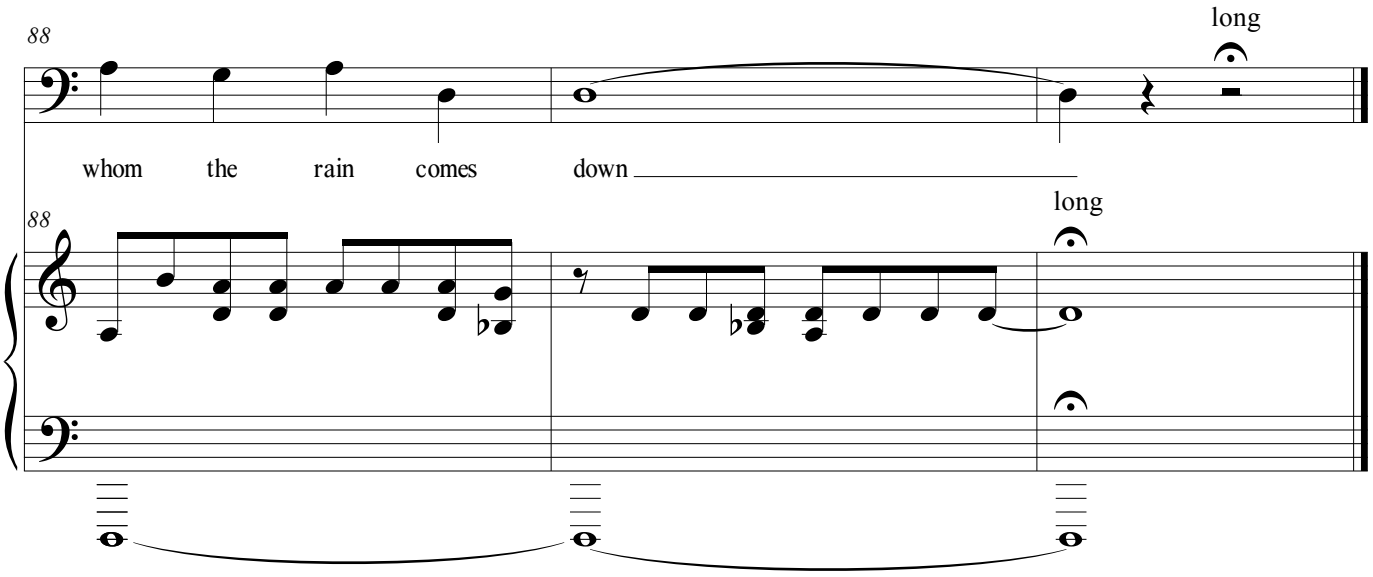
Autumn Rain


♩ = 88
61
No care if he gain a shel - ter or none,
61
p
p
p
66
Un - hired moves one,
66
pp
RH
p
mf
f
71
On whom the rain comes down.
71

Autumn Rain


75
And a - no - ther knows naught of its chil - ling
p
p
mp
p
sf
sf
79
fall
U - pon him
at
all,
1.
2.
sf
sf f
sf f
84
rit.
On whom the rain comes down On
sf
sf
p

Autumn Rain



Autumn Rain

High or Medium Voice

There trudges one to a merry-making
With a sturdy swing,
On whom the rain comes down.

To fetch the saving medicament
Is another bent,
On whom the rain comes down.

One slowly drives his herd to the stall
Ere ill befall,
On whom the rain comes down.

This bears his missives of life and death
With quickening breath,
On whom the rain comes down.

One watches for signals of wreck or war
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Unhired moves one,
On whom the rain comes down.

And another knows nought of its chilling fall
Upon him at all,
On whom the rain comes down.

--Thomas Hardy

Written voice range: D4 - F5
Tessitura: F4 - D5
Duration: 4 minutes.

Composed 2020

Autumn Rain

Like an old ballad.

Lawrence Kramer

♩ = 88

There

mf

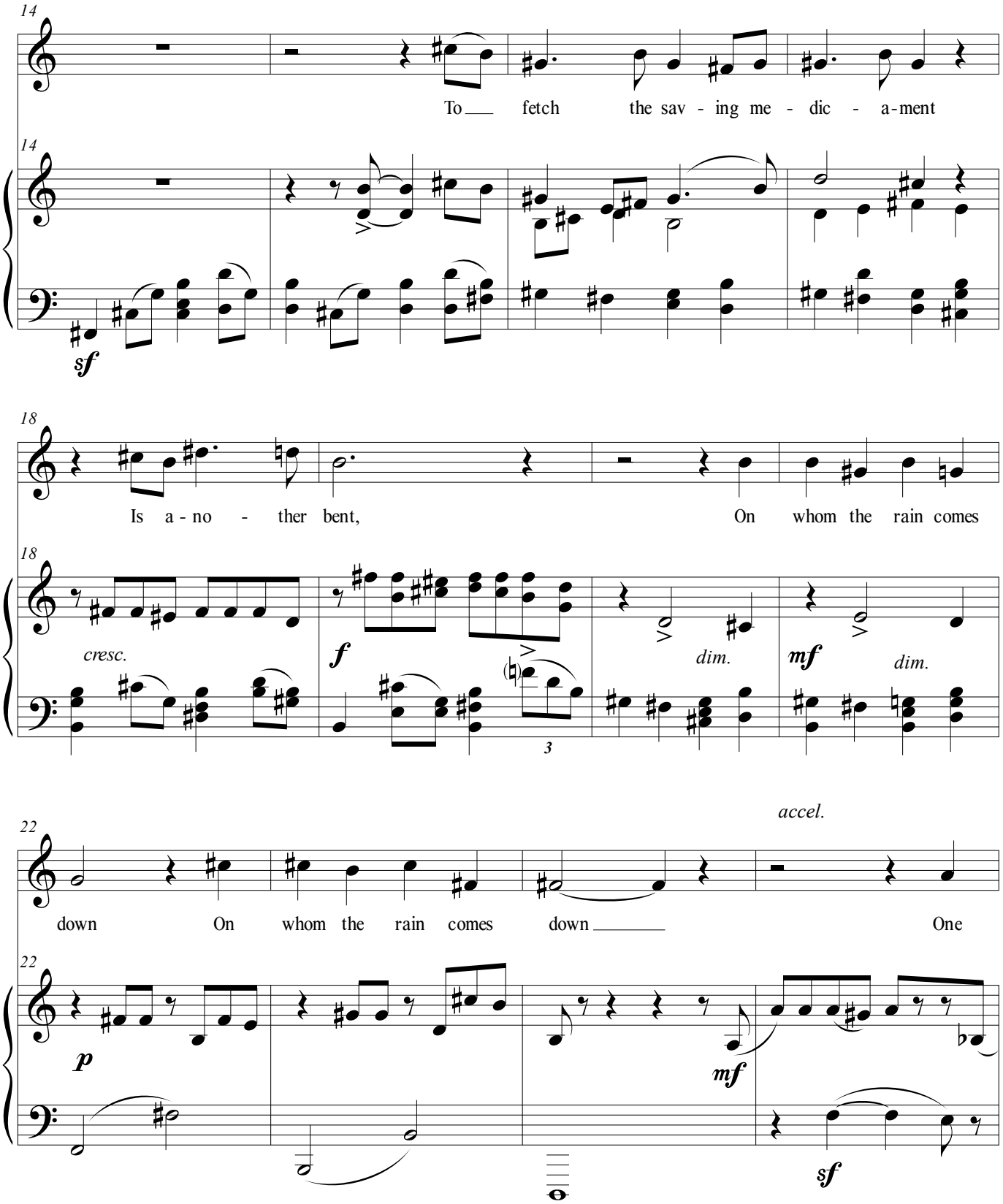
5

trud - ges one to a mer - ry mak - ing With a stur - dy swing,

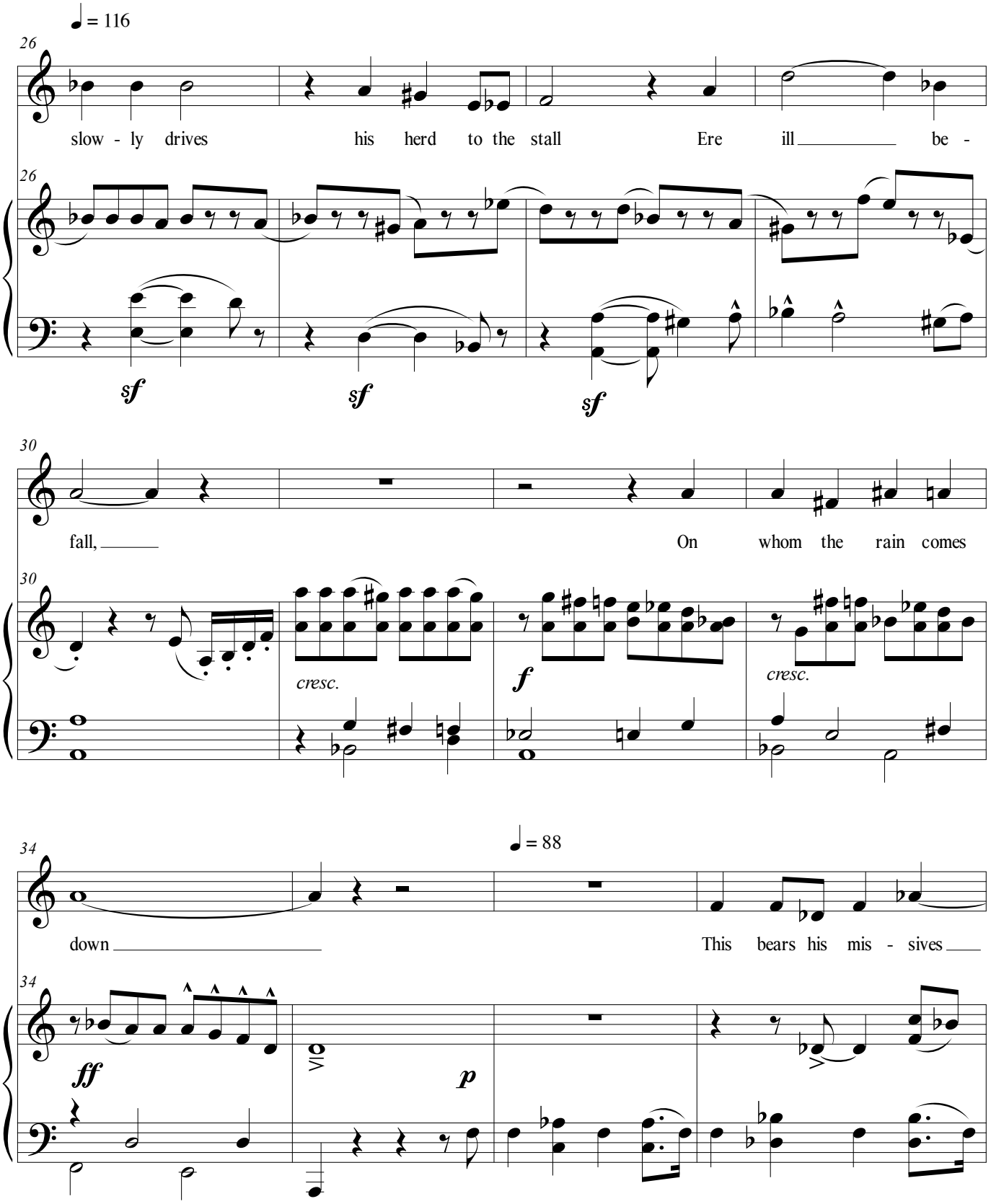
9

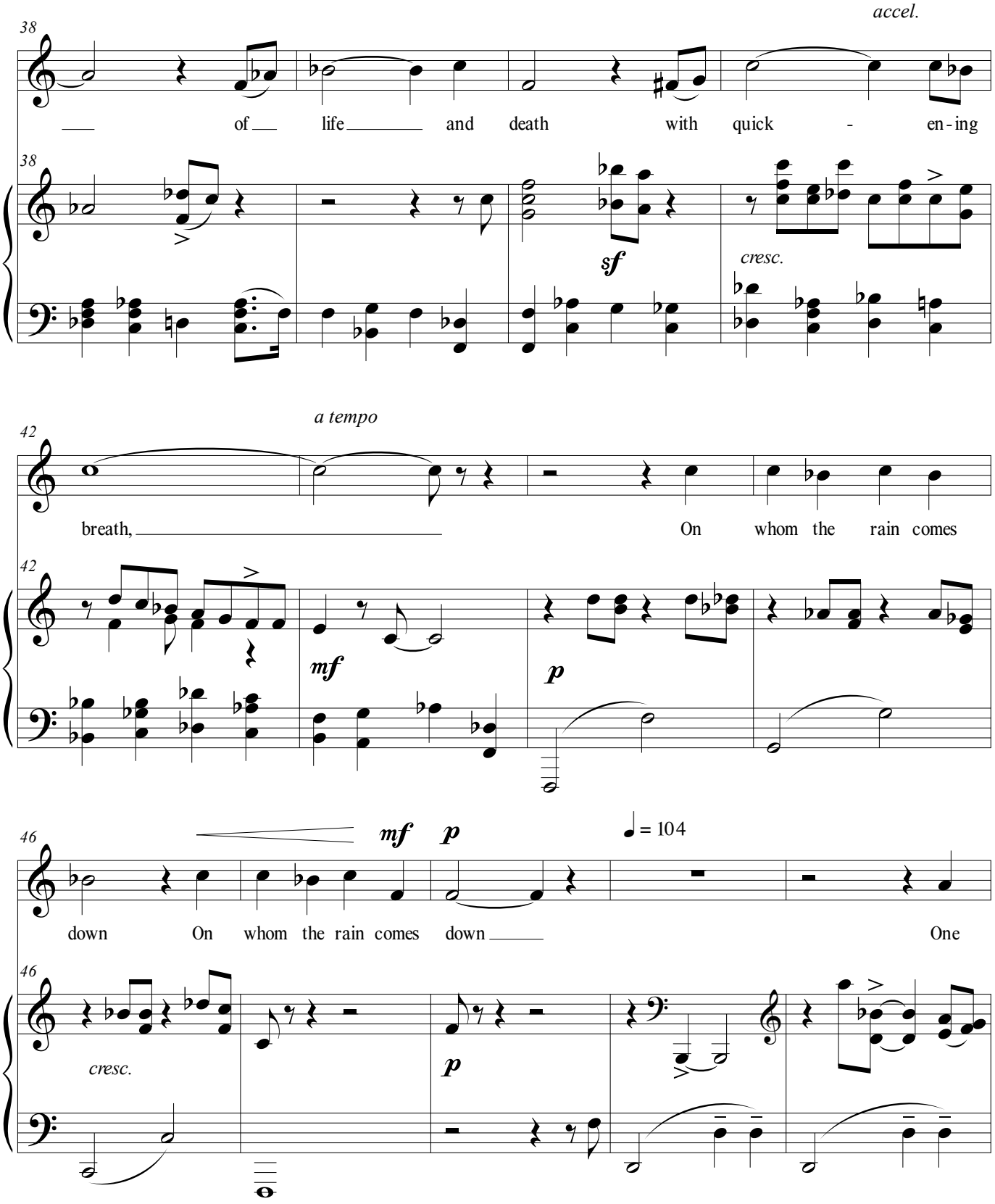
On whom the rain comes down On whom the rain comes down

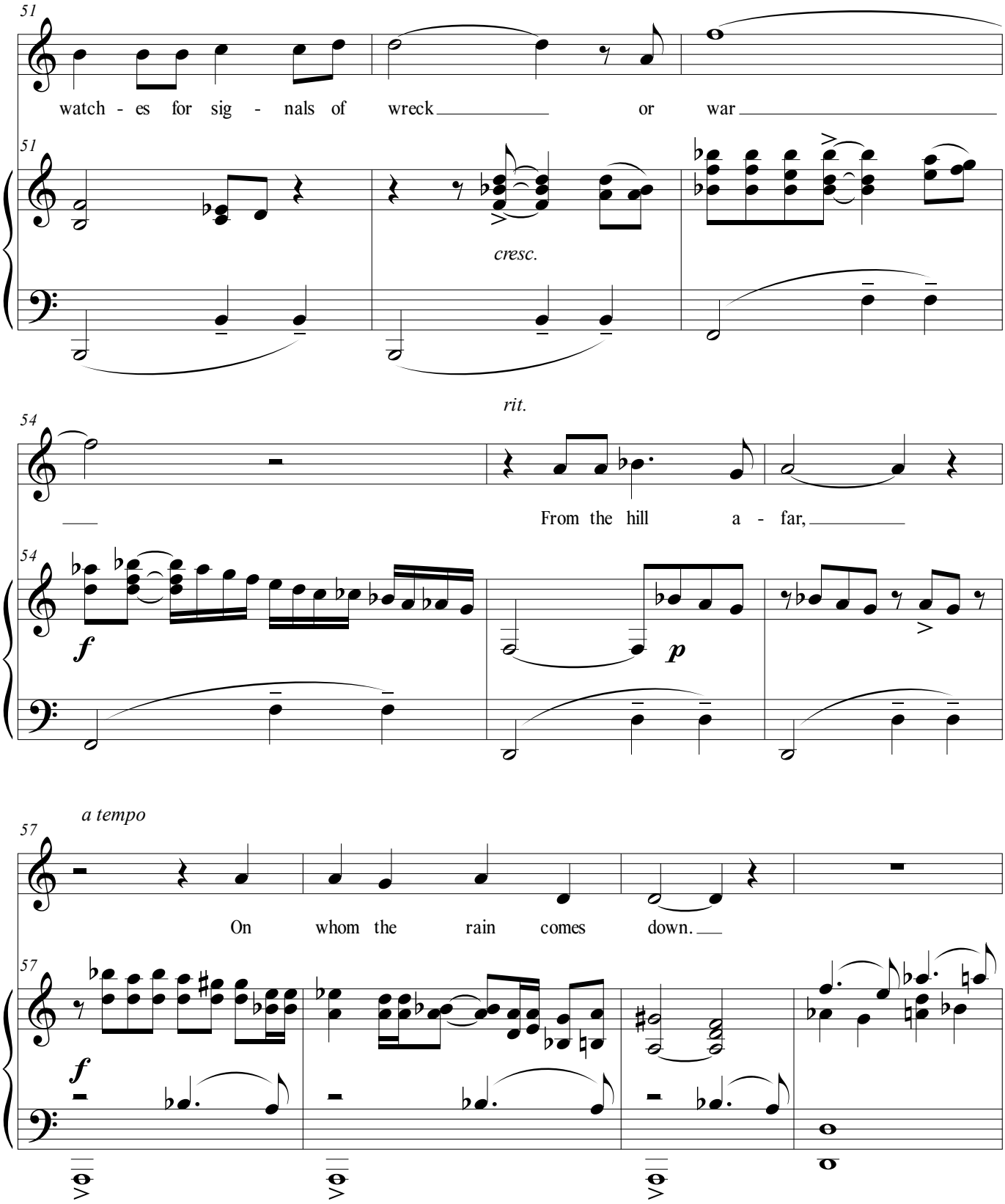
p


14
To fetch the sav - ing me - dic - a-ment
14
sf
18
Is a - no - ther bent, On whom the rain comes
18
cresc.
f
dim.
mf
dim.
3
accel.
22
down On whom the rain comes down One
22
p
mf
sf

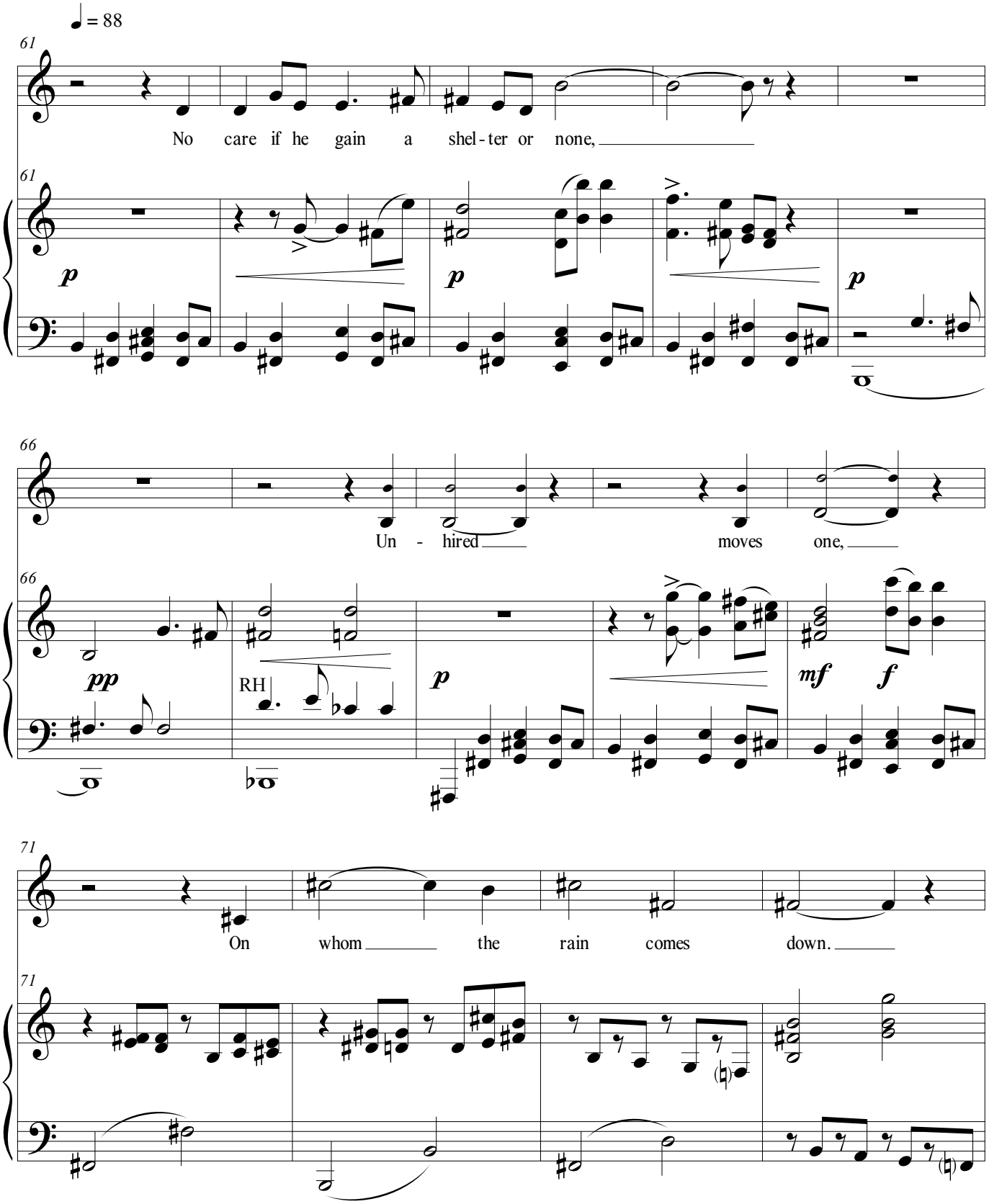
Autumn Rain

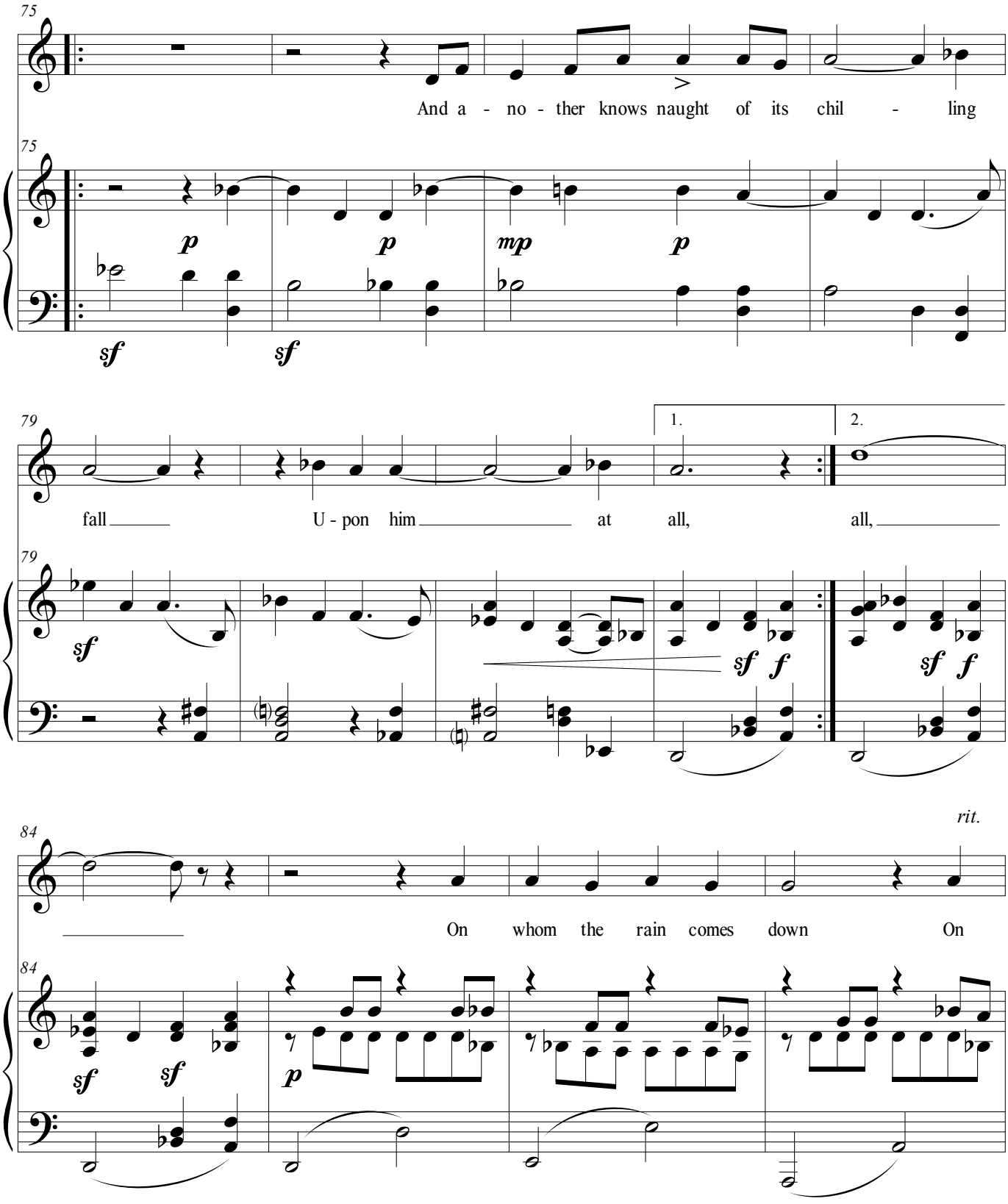

♩ = 116
26
slow - ly drives his herd to the stall Ere ill be -
sf
sf
sf
30
fall, On whom the rain comes
cresc.
f
cresc.
34
♩ = 88
down This bears his mis - sives
ff
p


accel.
38
of life and death with quick - en - ing
sf
cresc.
a tempo
42
breath, On whom the rain comes
mf
p
46
mf p
♩ = 104
down On whom the rain comes down One
cresc.
p

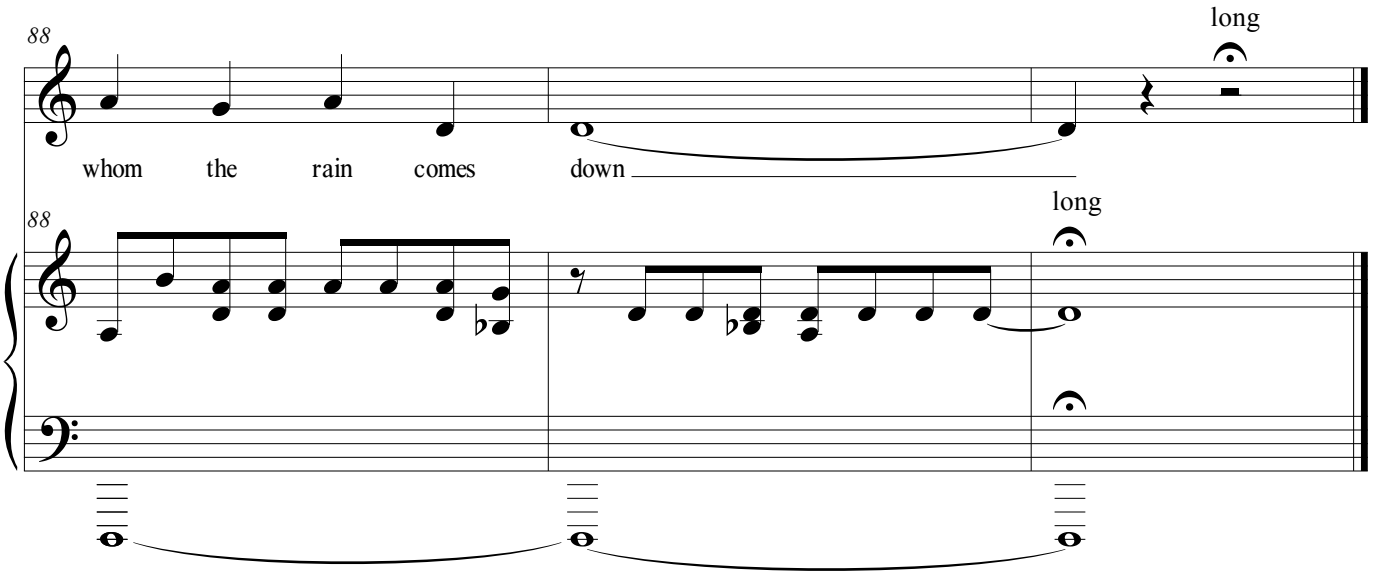

51
watch - es for sig - nals of wreck or war
51
cresc.
rit.
54
From the hill a - far,
54
f
p
a tempo
57
On whom the rain comes down.
57
f

Autumn Rain


♩ = 88
61
No care if he gain a shel - ter or none,
61
p
p
p
66
Un - hired moves one,
66
pp
RH
p
mf
f
71
On whom the rain comes down.
71


75
And a - no - ther knows naught of its chil - ling
p p mp p
sf sf
79
fall U - pon him at all, all,
1.
2.
sf
sf f
sf f
84
rit.
On whom the rain comes down On
sf sf
p

Autumn Rain



Candle and Thorn

High Voice

The Moods

Time drops in decay,
Like a candle burnt out,
And the mountains and woods
Have their day, have their day;
What one in the rout
Of the fire-born moods
Has fallen away?

The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

I heard the old, old men say,
"Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say,
"All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

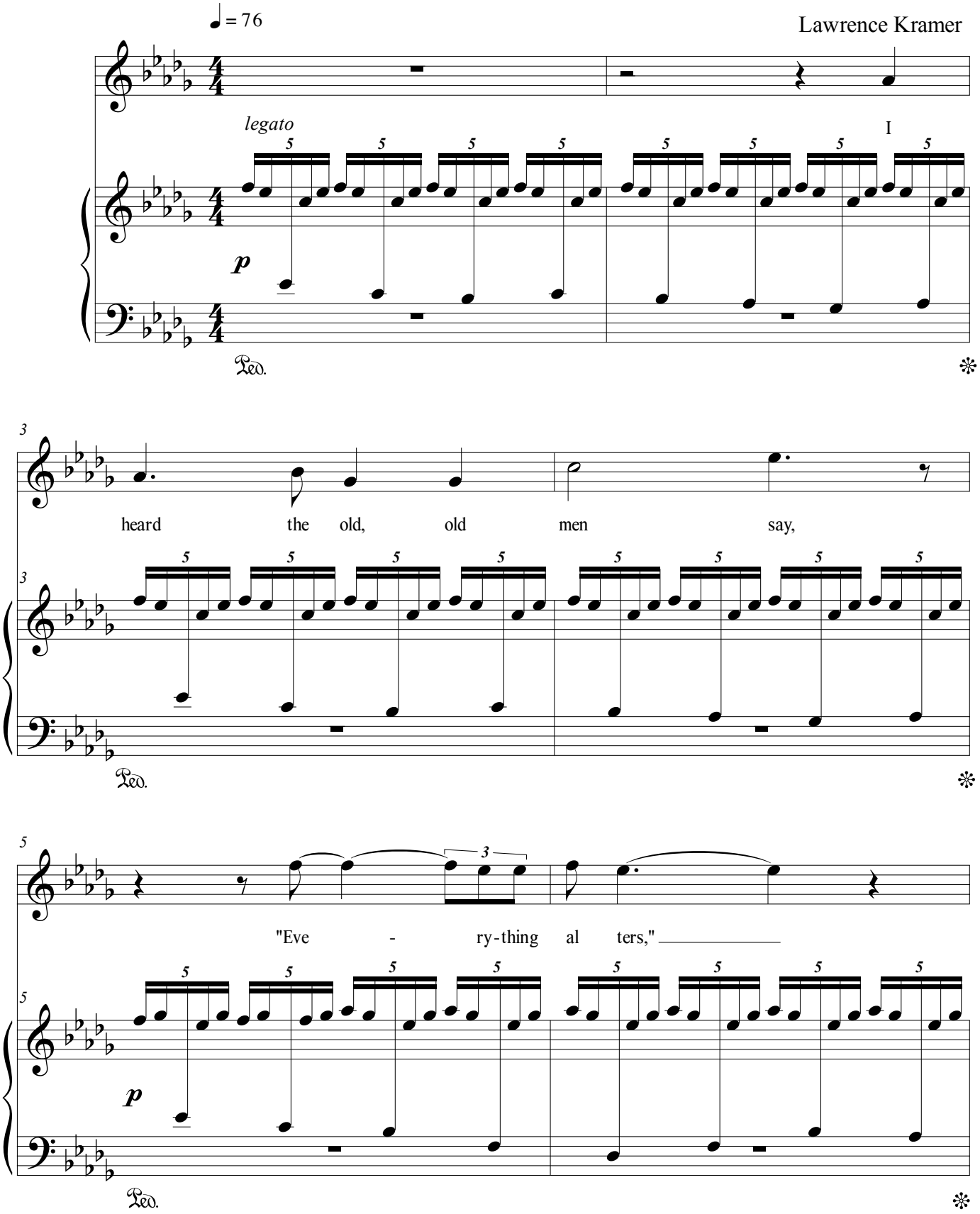
Candle and Thorn takes its title from key images in the two poems by W. B. Yeats that the composition sets to music in a single movement. The poems are reflections on lost time and old age, topics that famously preoccupied Yeats from his earliest youth. The setting interweaves and fragments the two texts so that they comment on each other and at the same time dissolve each other, thus enacting what the second of the poems describes: the utterances drift away--and, this being poetry and becoming music, they arrive and acquire form precisely by doing so.

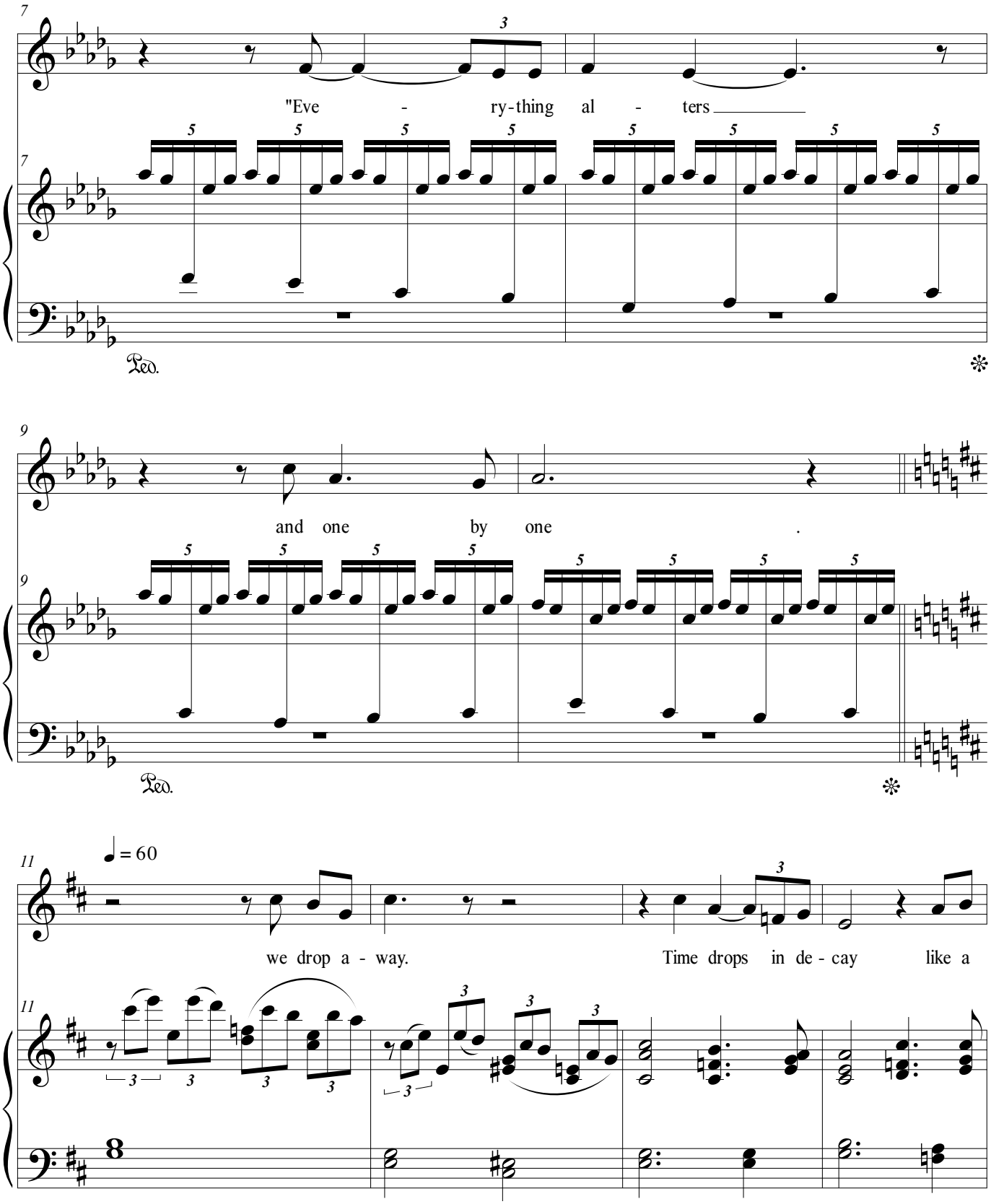
Written voice range: C4 - G♯5.
Tessitura: F4 - F5
Duration: 6.5 minutes.

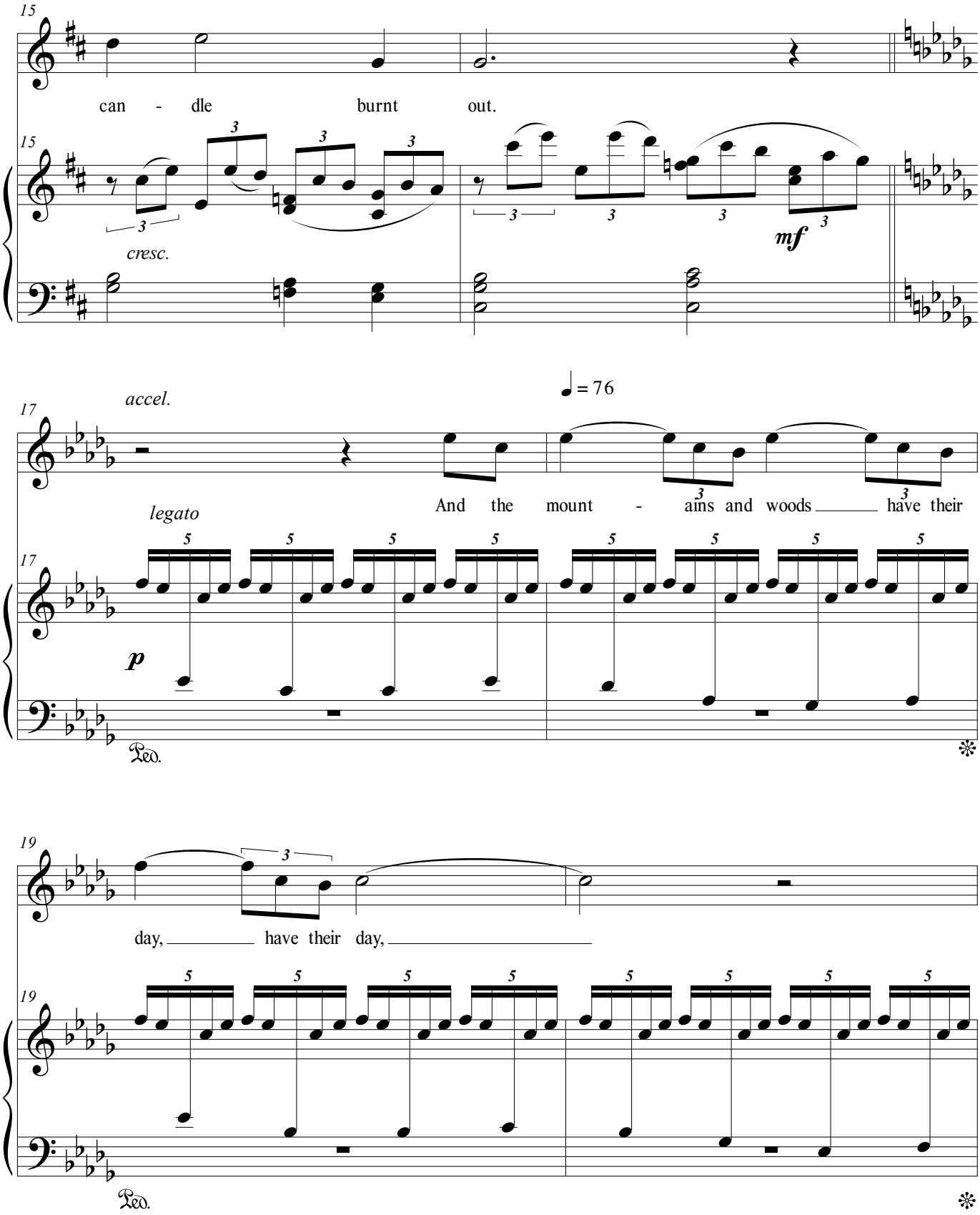
Composed 2016

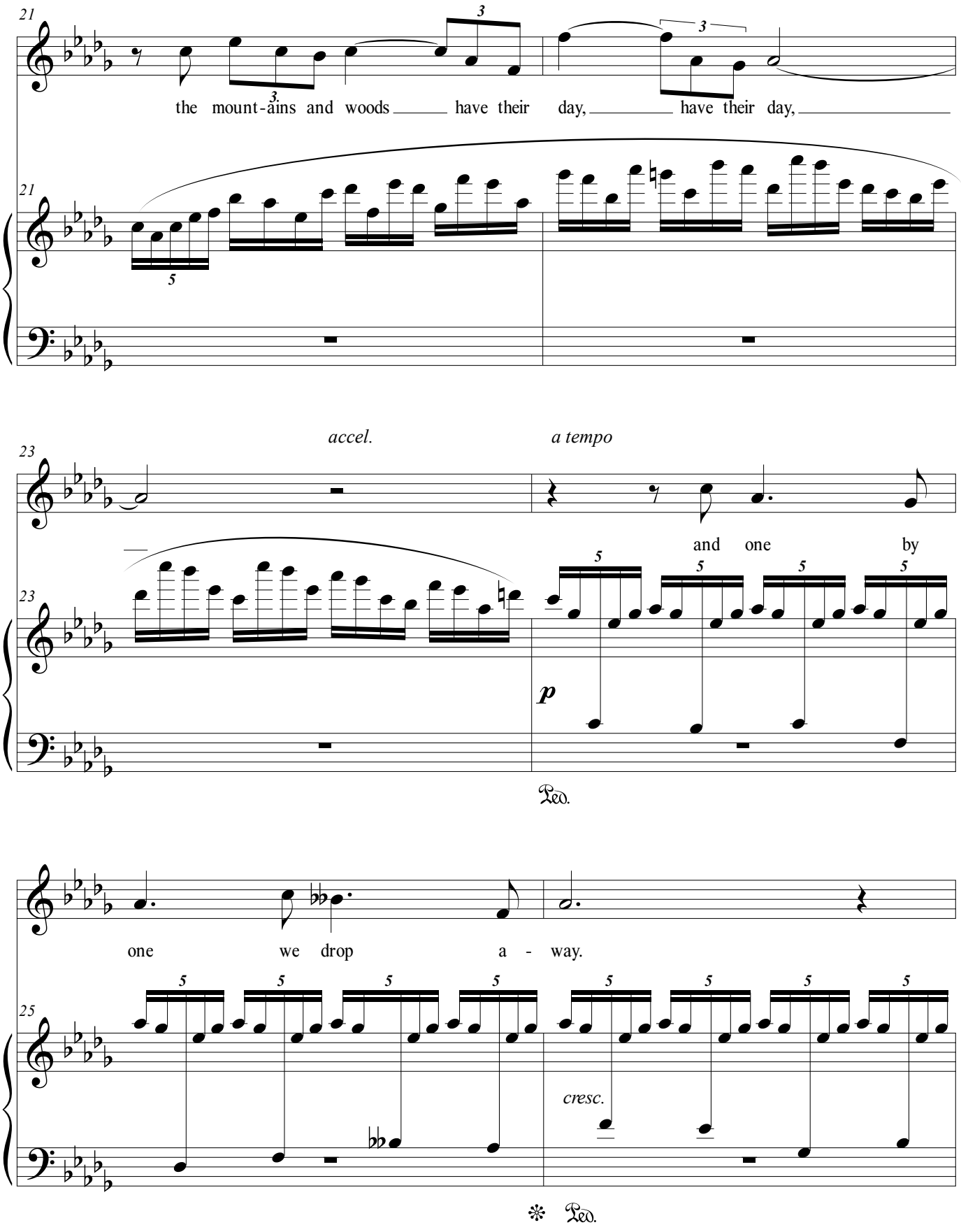
Candle and Thorn

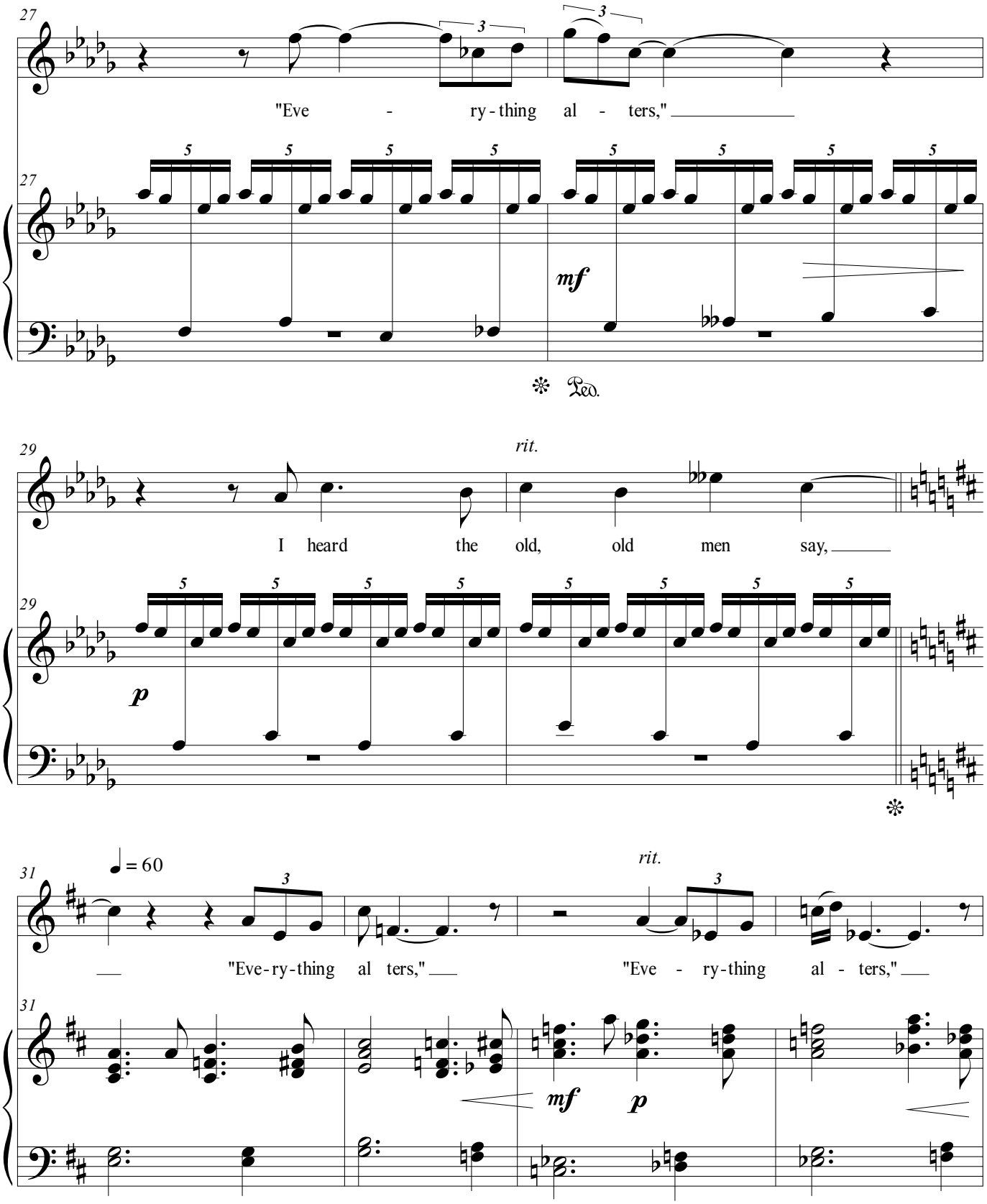
Lawrence Kramer

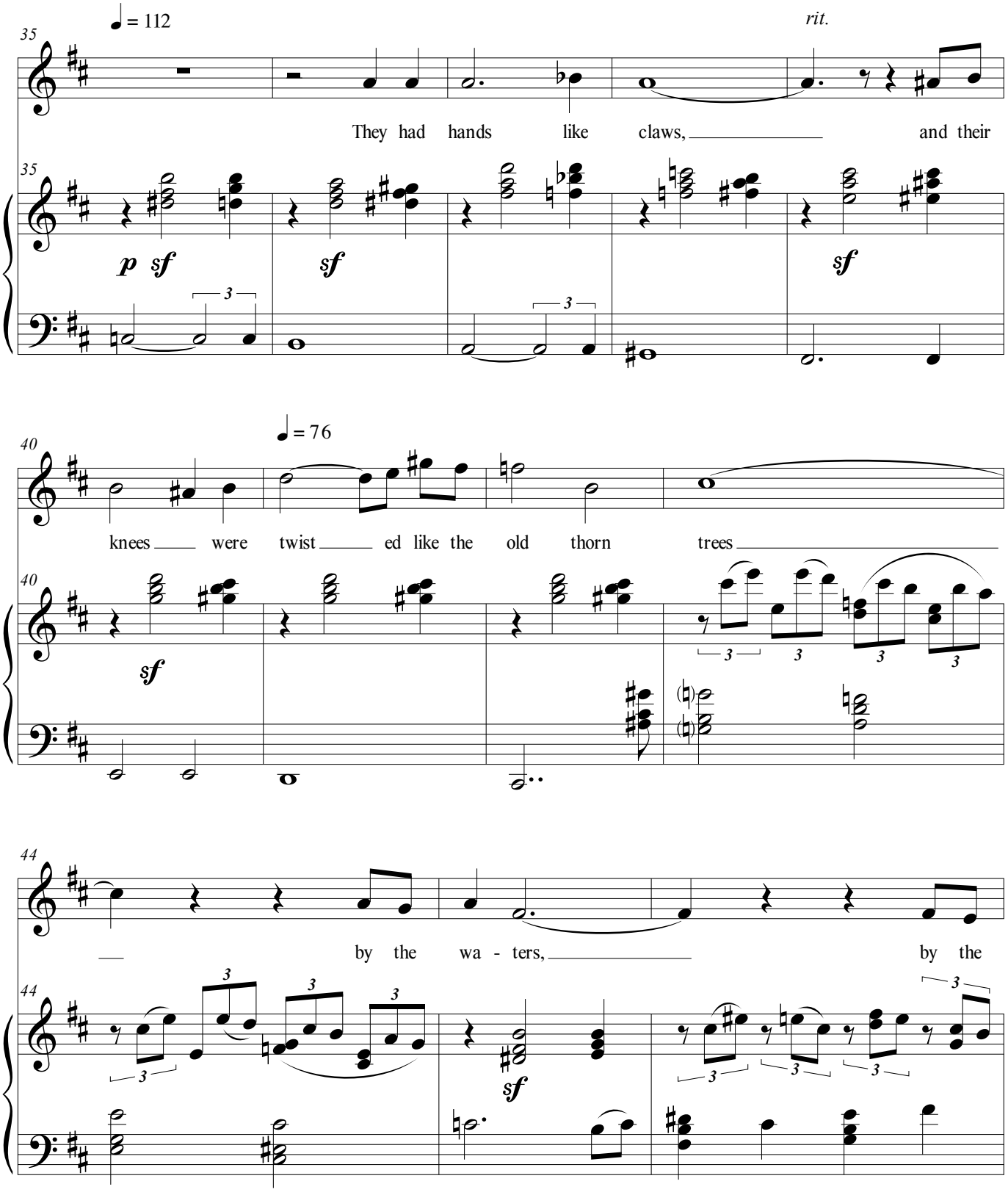


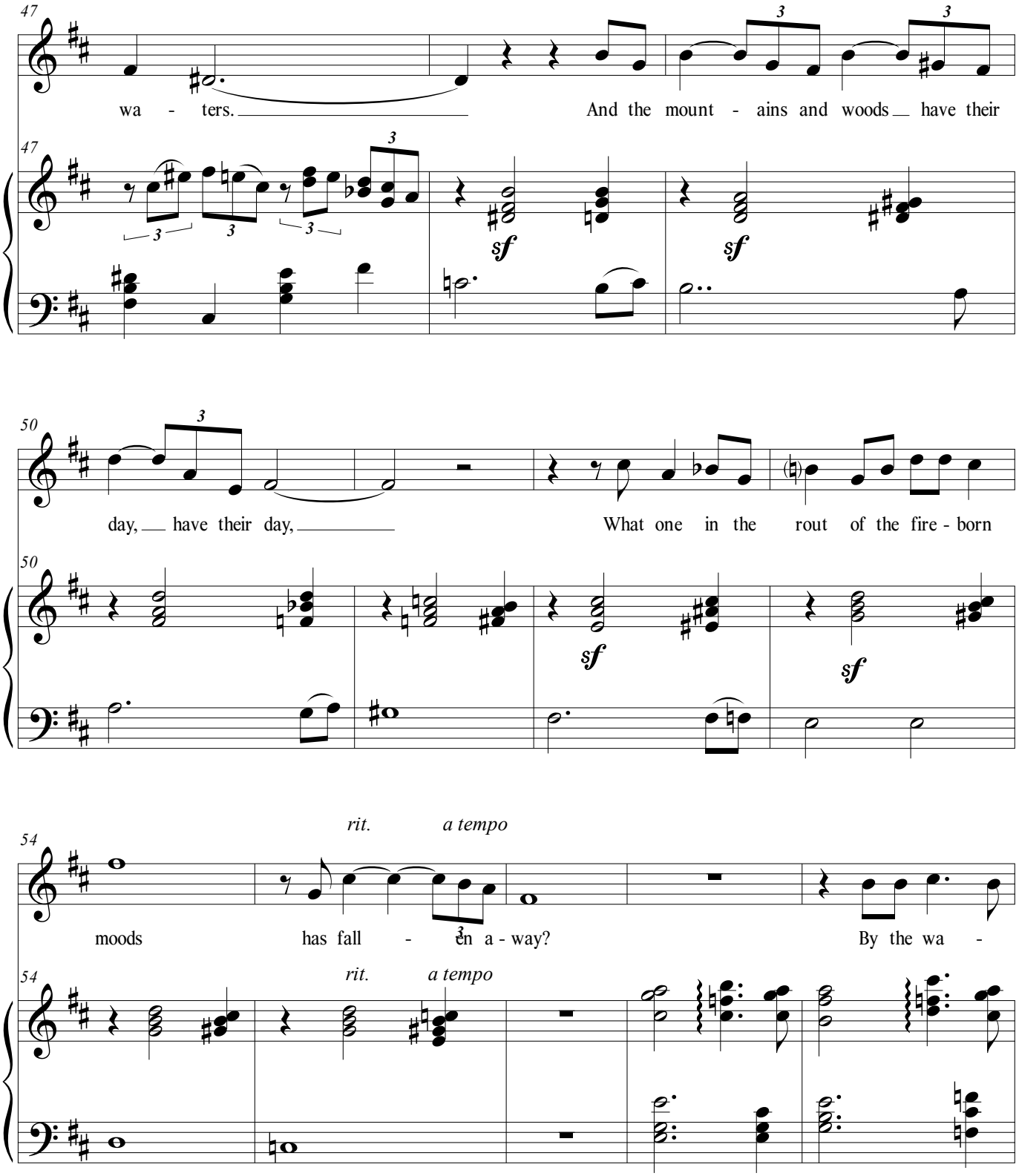

"Eve - ry-thing al - ters
and one by one .
we drop a - way. Time drops in de - cay like a
Ped.
= 60

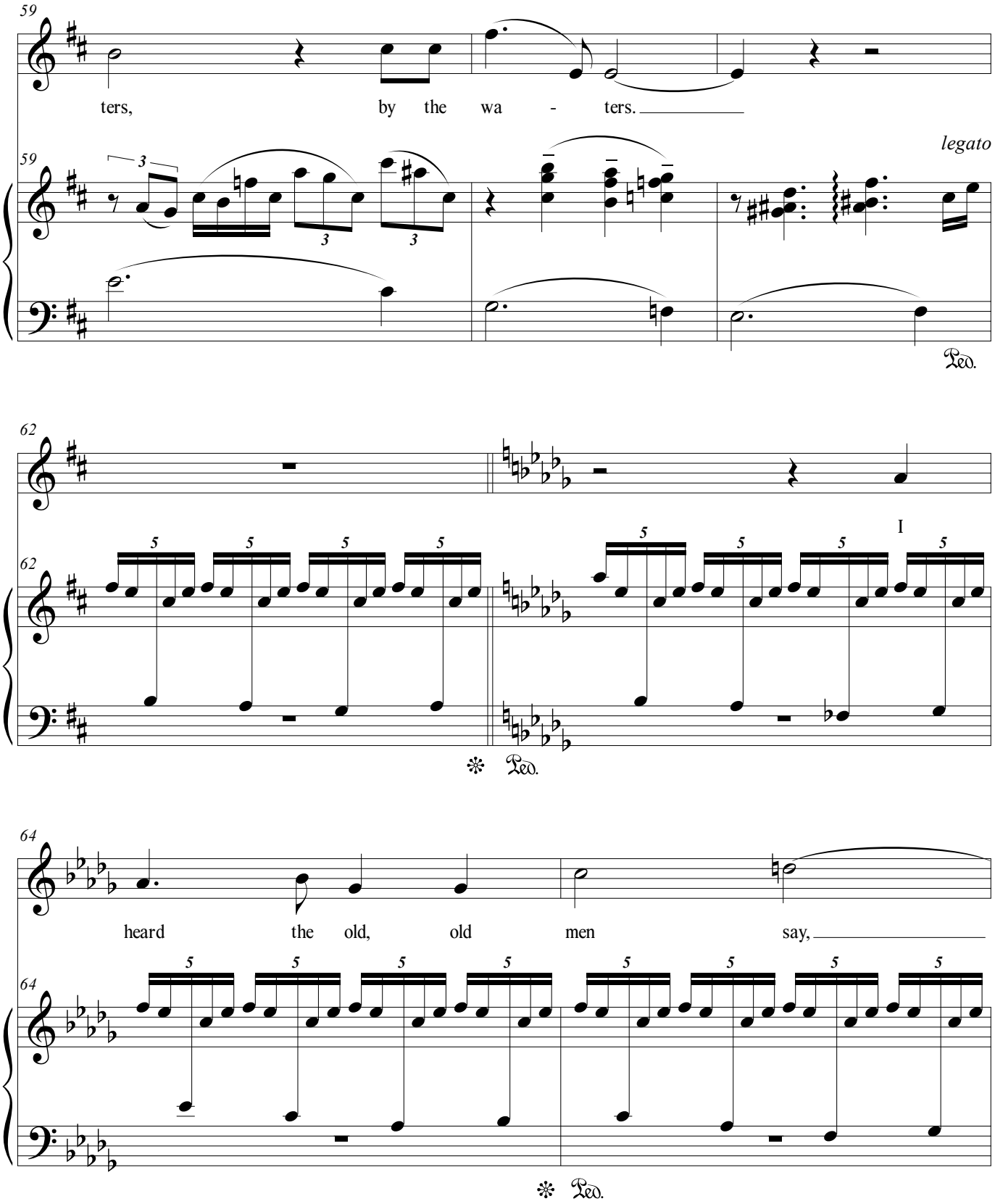

15
can - dle burnt out.
15
cresc.
mf
accel.
17
♩= 76
legato
And the mount - ains and woods have their
17
p
Ped.
19
day, have their day,
19
Ped.

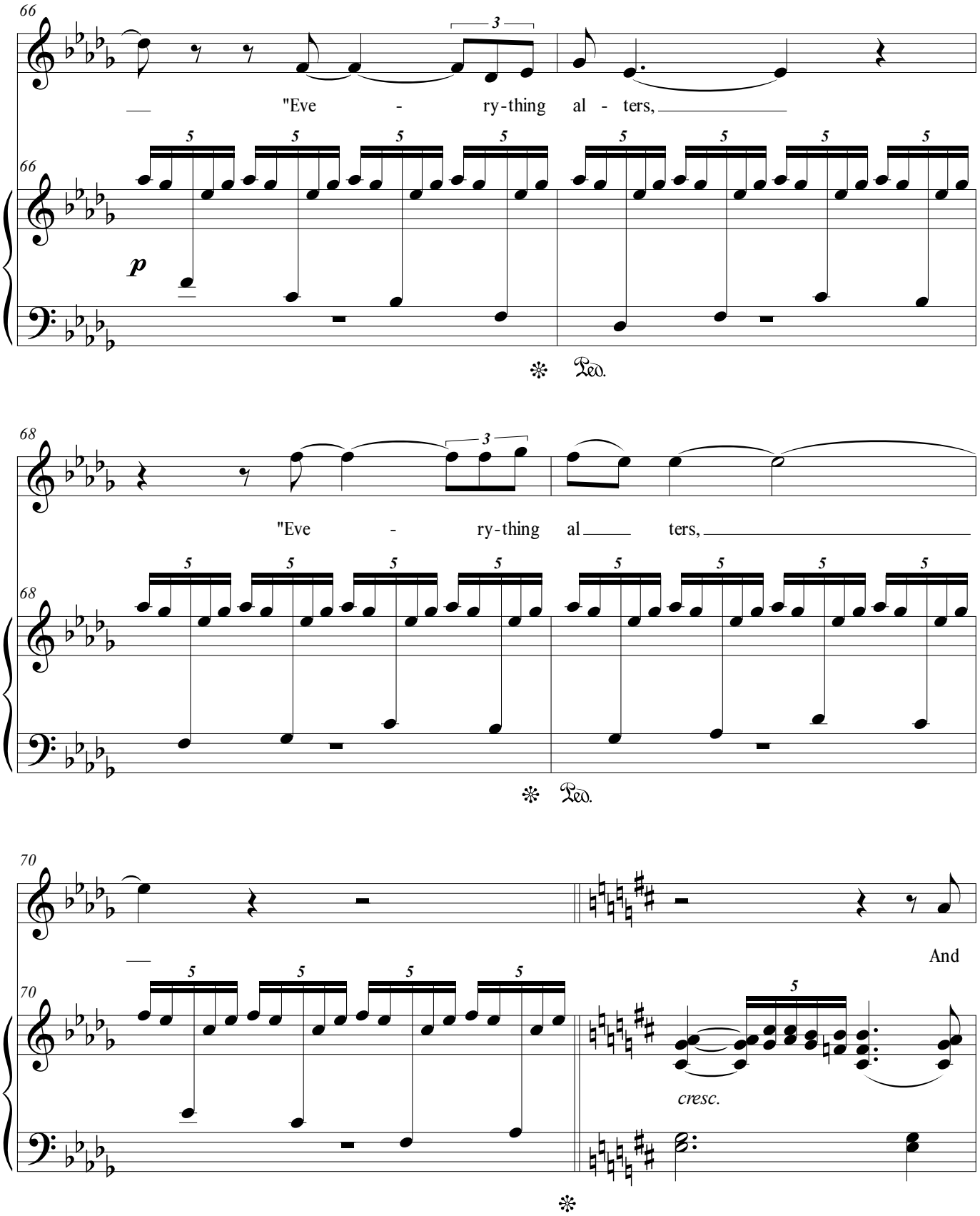

21
the mount-ains and woods have their day, have their day,
21
23
accel.
a tempo
and one by
23
p
Ped.
one we drop a - way.
25
cresc.
Ped.

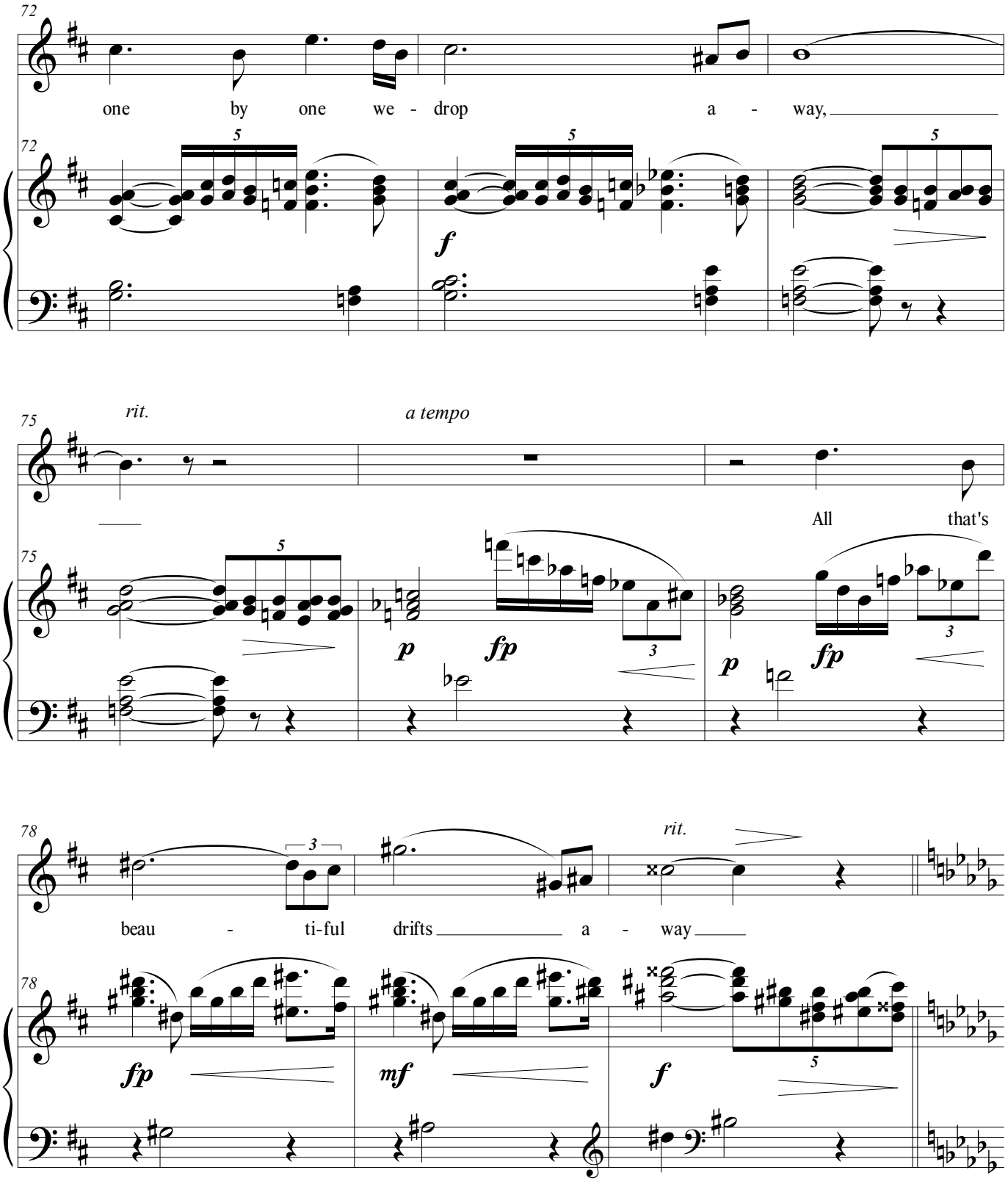

27
"Eve - ry - thing al - ters,"
mf
Ped.
29
rit.
I heard the old, old men say,
p
31
♩ = 60
"Eve-ry-thing al ters,"
rit.
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,"
mf
p

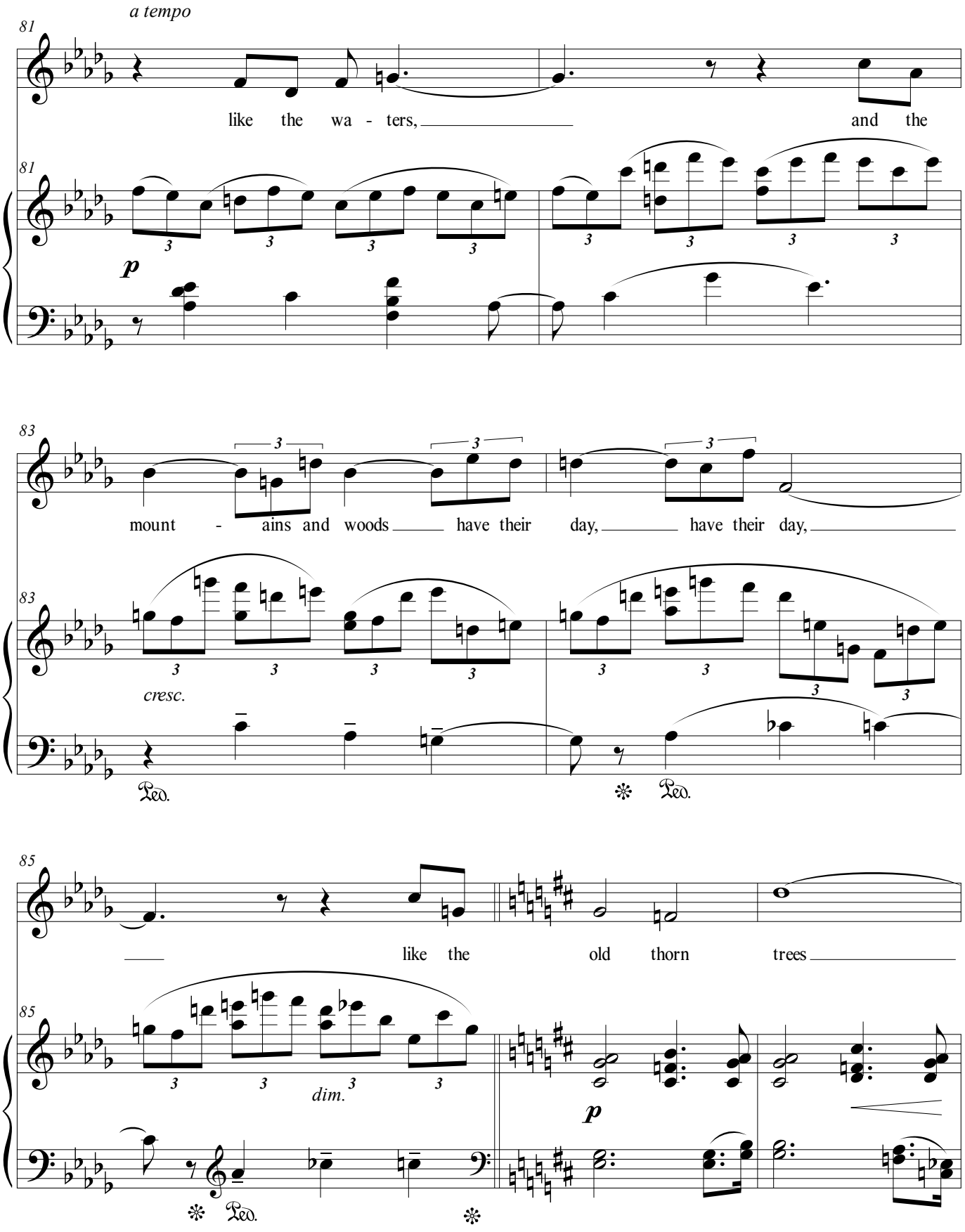

♩ = 112
rit.
They had hands like claws, and their
♩ = 76
knees were twist ed like the old thorn trees
by the wa - ters, by the

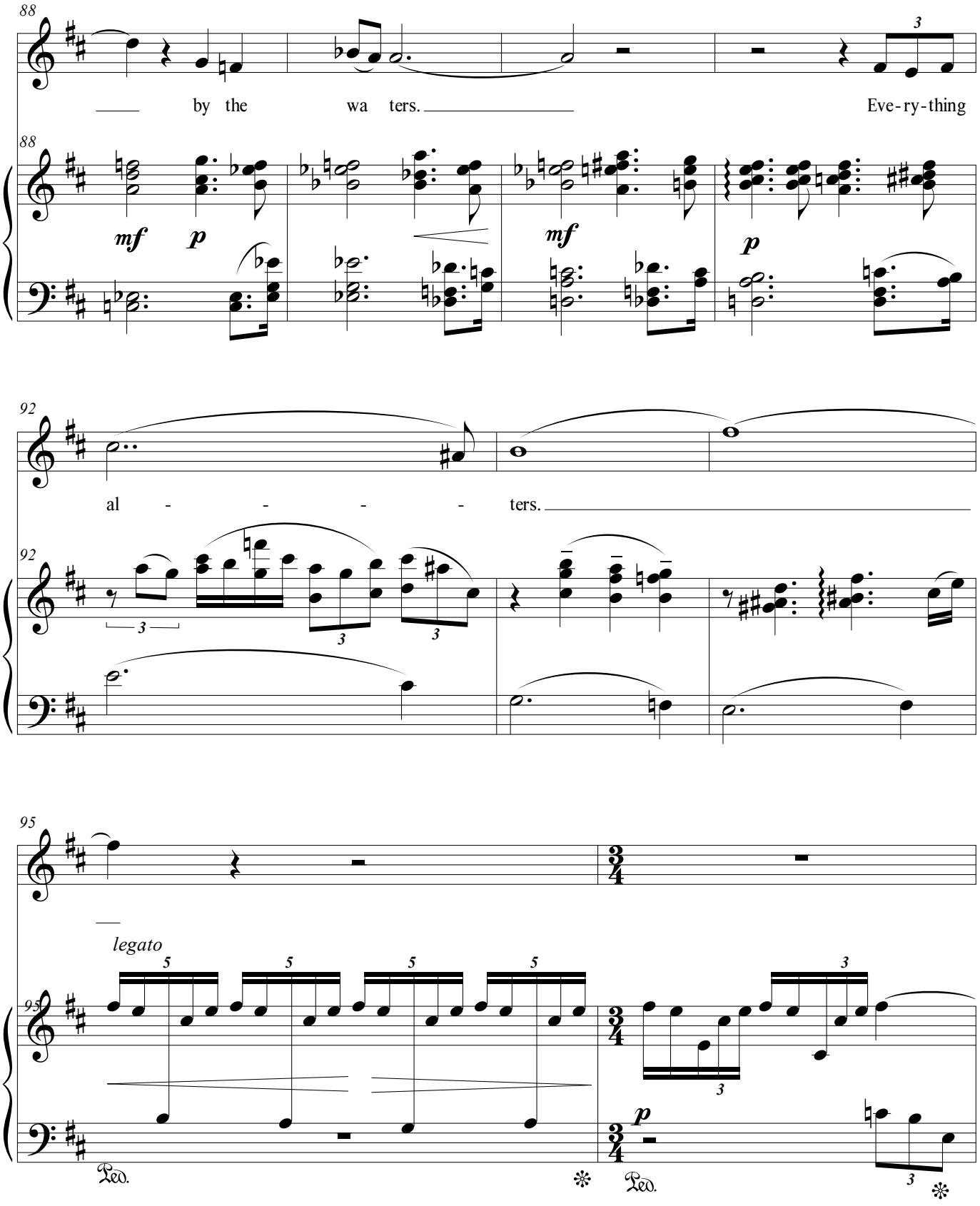

47
wa - ters.
And the mount - ains and woods have their
sf
sf
50
day, have their day,
What one in the rout of the fire - born
sf
sf
54
rit.
a tempo
moods
has fall - en a - way?
By the wa -
rit.
a tempo

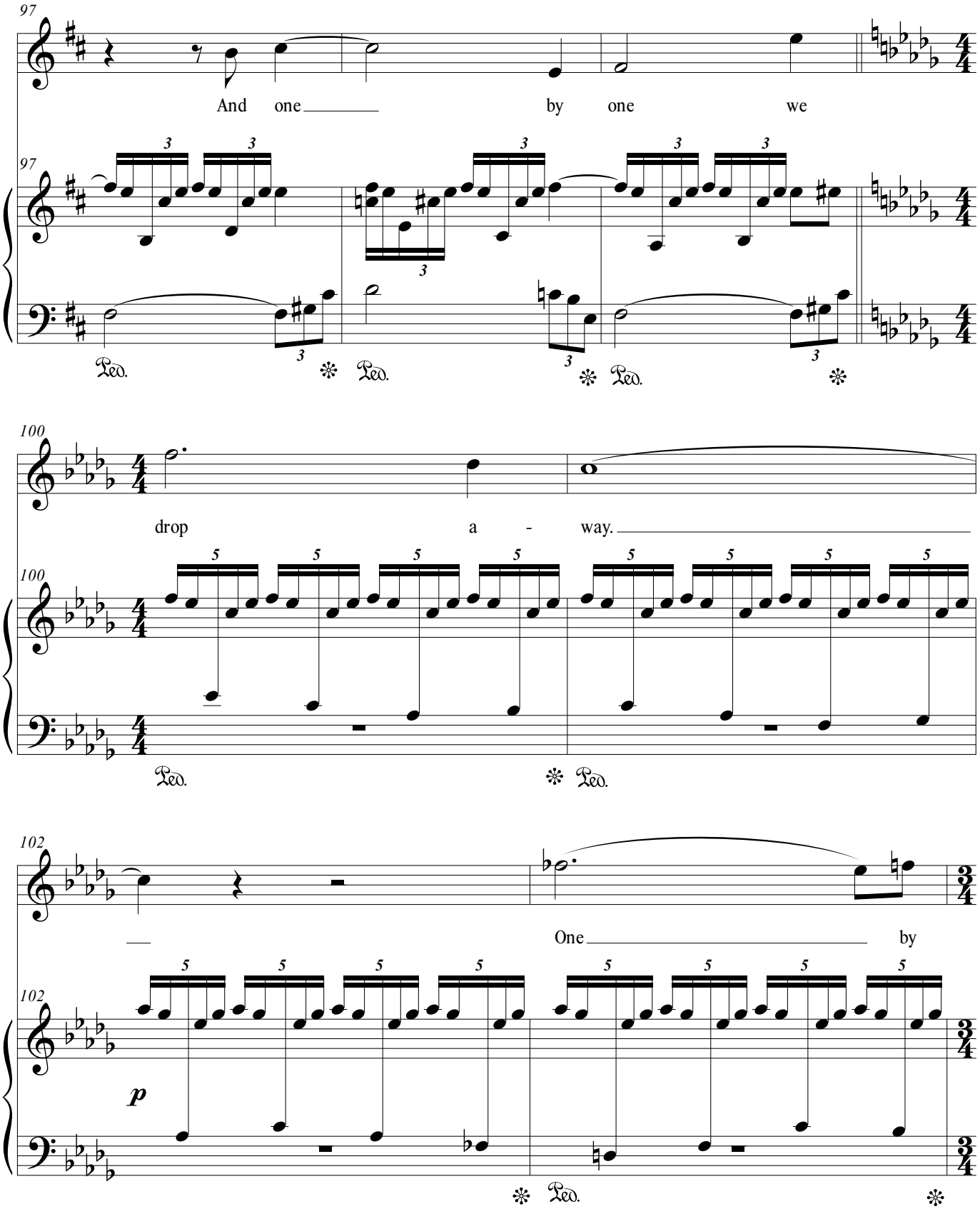

59
ters, by the wa - ters.
59
legato
Ped.
62
62
I
Ped.
64
heard the old, old men say,
64
Ped.

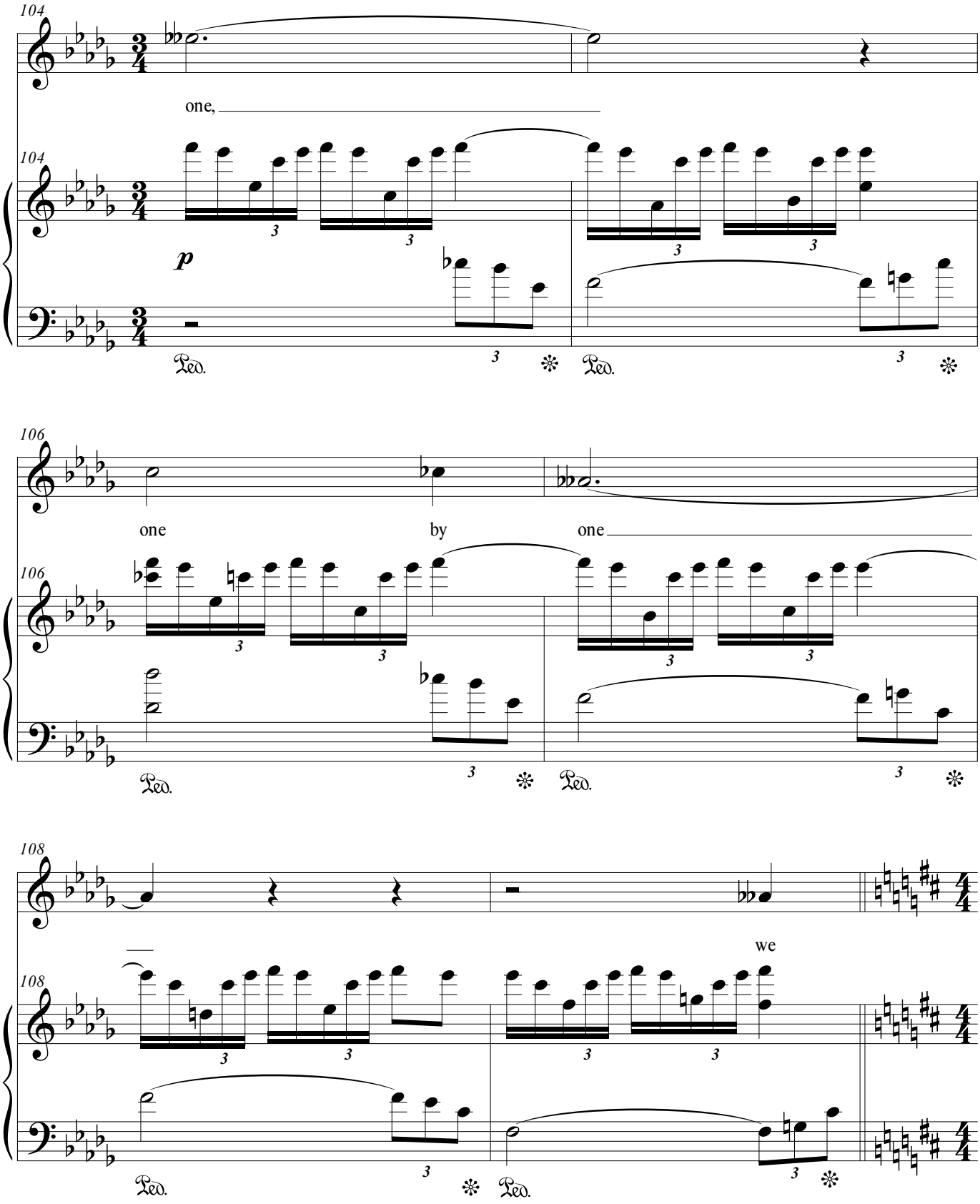

66
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,
p
Ped.
68
"Eve - ry-thing al ters,
Ped.
70
And
cresc.

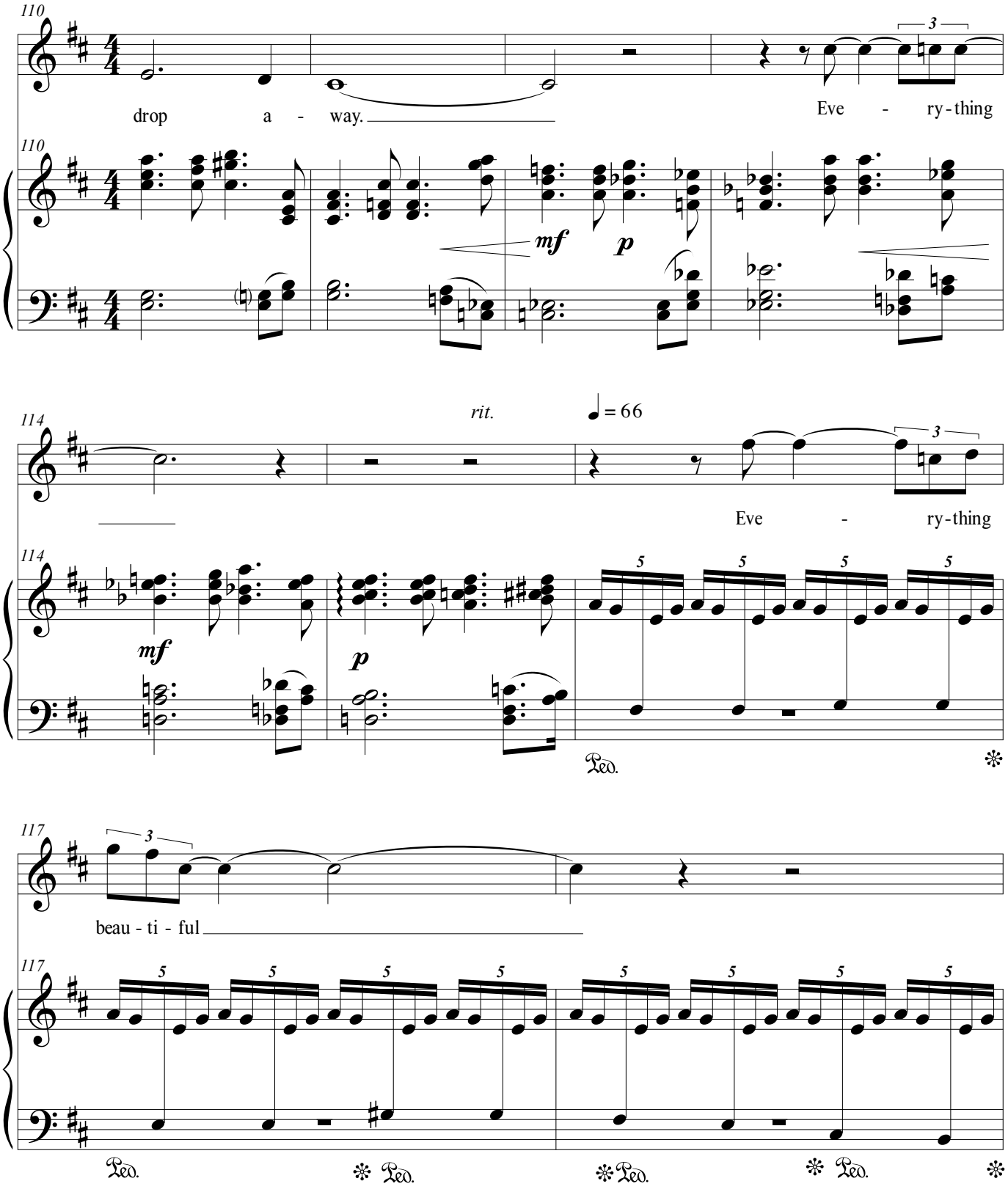

72
one by one we - drop a - way,
72
f
75
rit.
a tempo
All that's
75
p
fp
p
fp
78
beau - ti-ful drifts a - way
rit.
78
fp
mf
f

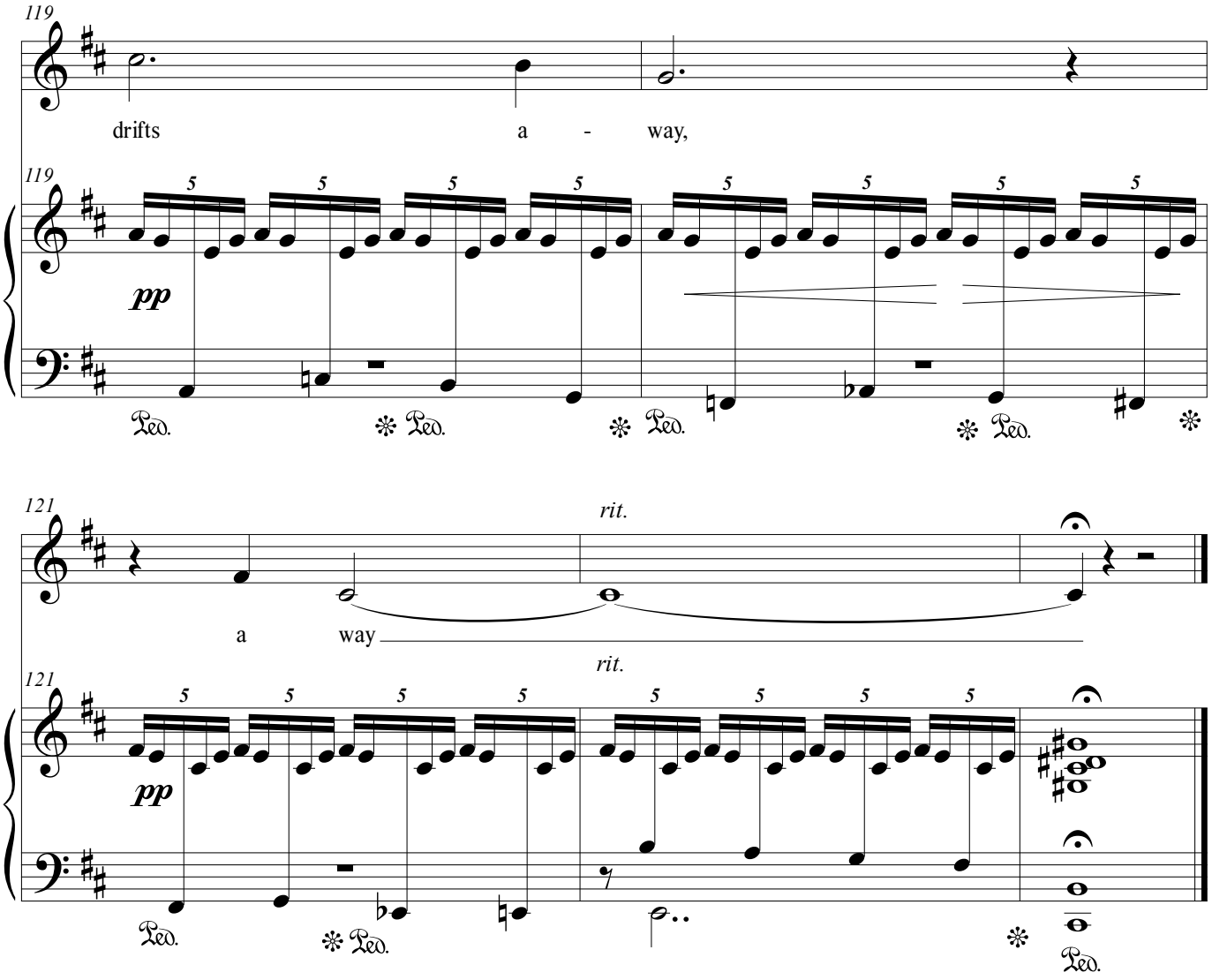

a tempo
81
like the wa - ters,
and the
p
83
mount - ains and woods have their day, have their day,
cresc.
Ped.
85
like the old thorn trees
dim.
p


88
by the wa ters.
Eve-ry-thing
mf
p
mf
p
92
al - - - - ters.
92
95
legato
95
p
Ped.
Ped.


97
And one by one we
97
Ped.
100
drop a - way.
100
Ped.
102
One by
102
p
Ped.


104
one,
104
p
Ped.
Ped.
106
one
by
one
106
Ped.
Ped.
108
we
108
Ped.
Ped.


110
drop a - way.
Eve - ry-thing
mf
p
114
rit.
♩= 66
Eve - ry-thing
mf
p
Ped.
117
beau - ti - ful
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


119
drifts a - way,
119
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
121
rit.
a way
rit.
121
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Candle and Thorn

Medium Voice

The Moods

Time drops in decay,
Like a candle burnt out,
And the mountains and woods
Have their day, have their day;
What one in the rout
Of the fire-born moods
Has fallen away?

The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

I heard the old, old men say,
"Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say,
"All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

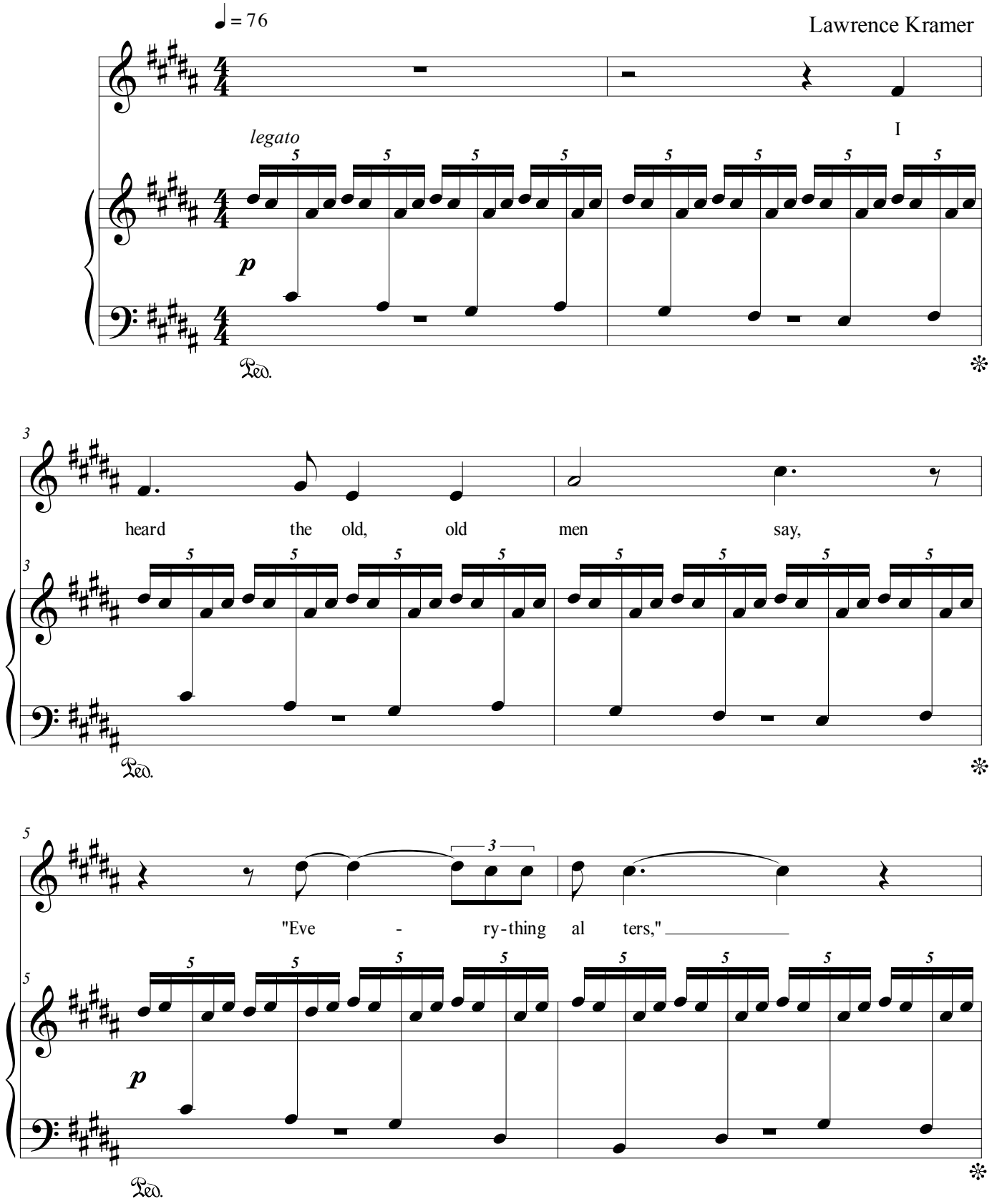
Candle and Thorn takes its title from key images in the two poems by W. B. Yeats that the composition sets to music in a single movement. The poems are reflections on lost time and old age, topics that famously preoccupied Yeats from his earliest youth. The setting interweaves and fragments the two texts so that they comment on each other and at the same time dissolve each other, thus enacting what the second of the poems describes: the utterances drift away--and, this being poetry and becoming music, they arrive and acquire form precisely by doing so.

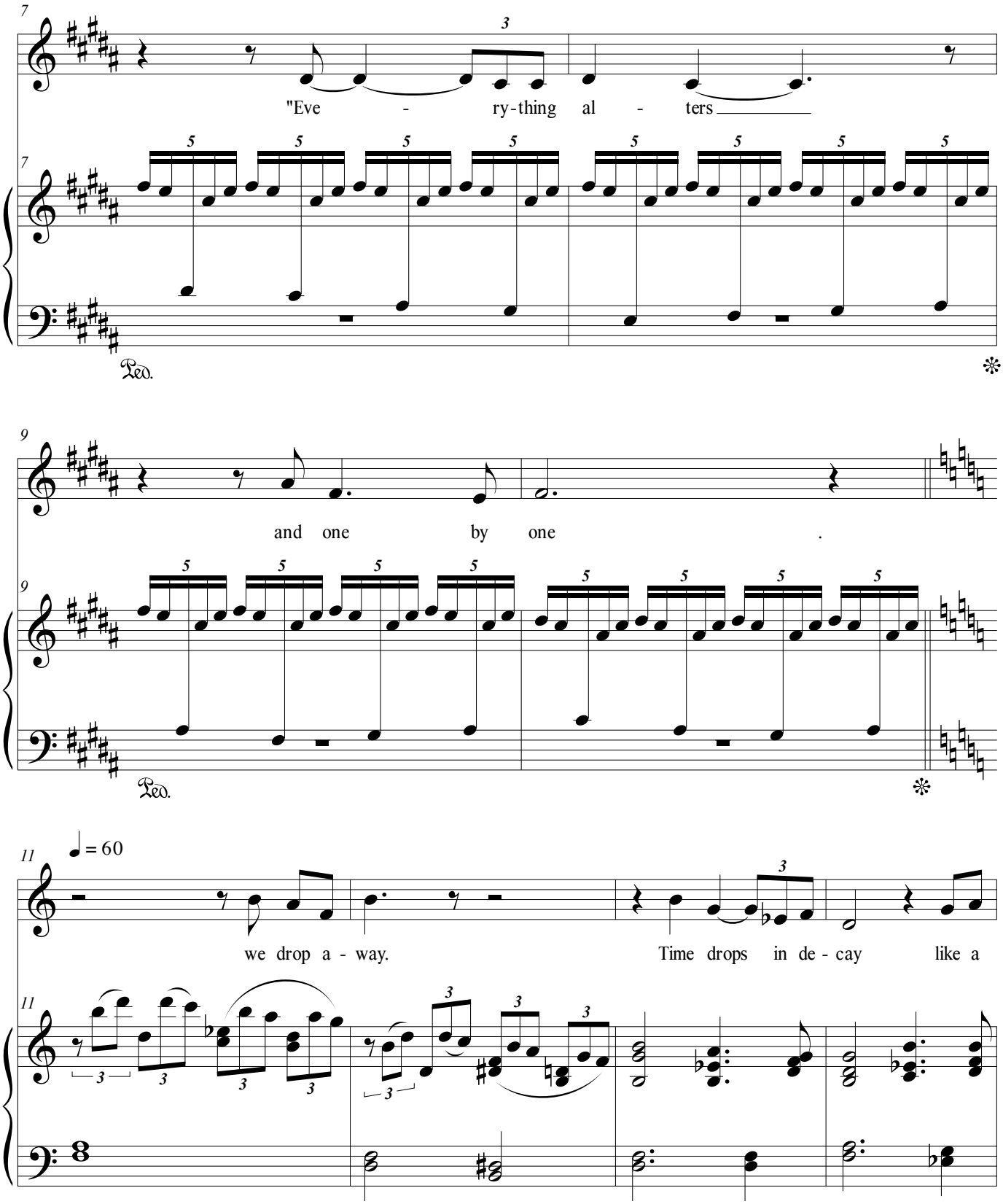
Written voice range: B3 - F♯5.
Tessitura: D♯4 - D♯5
Duration: 6.5 minutes.

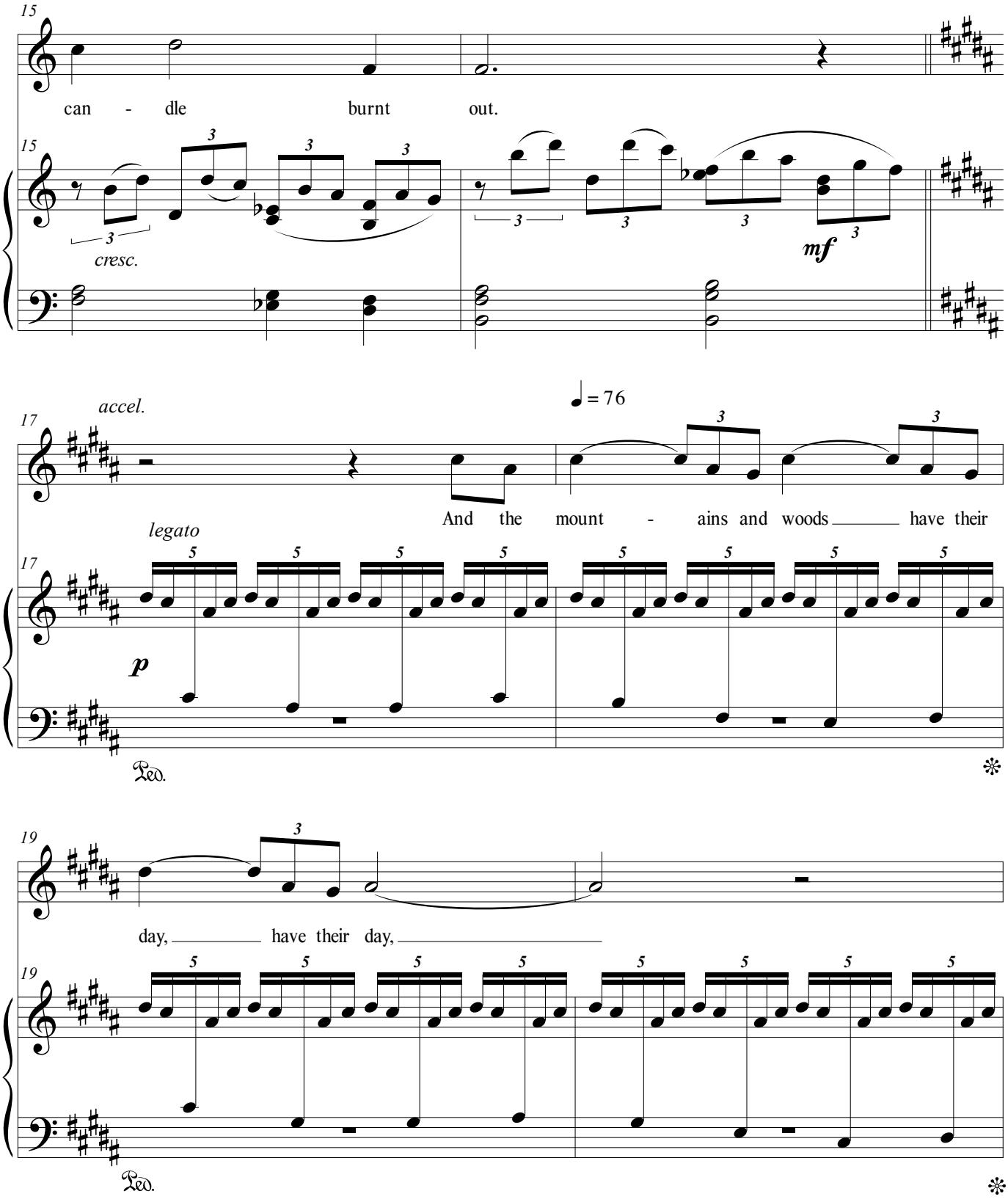
Composed 2016

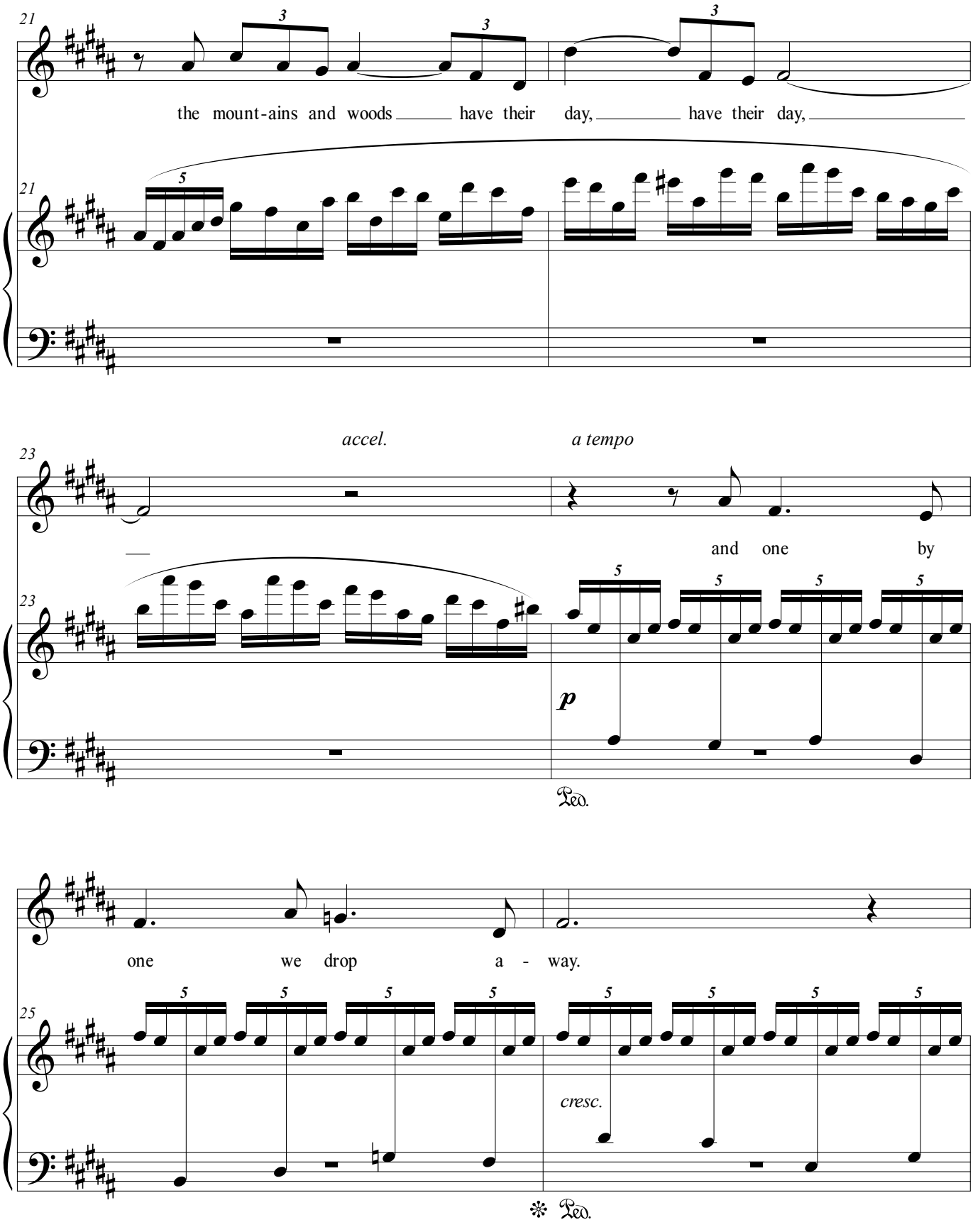
Candle and Thorn

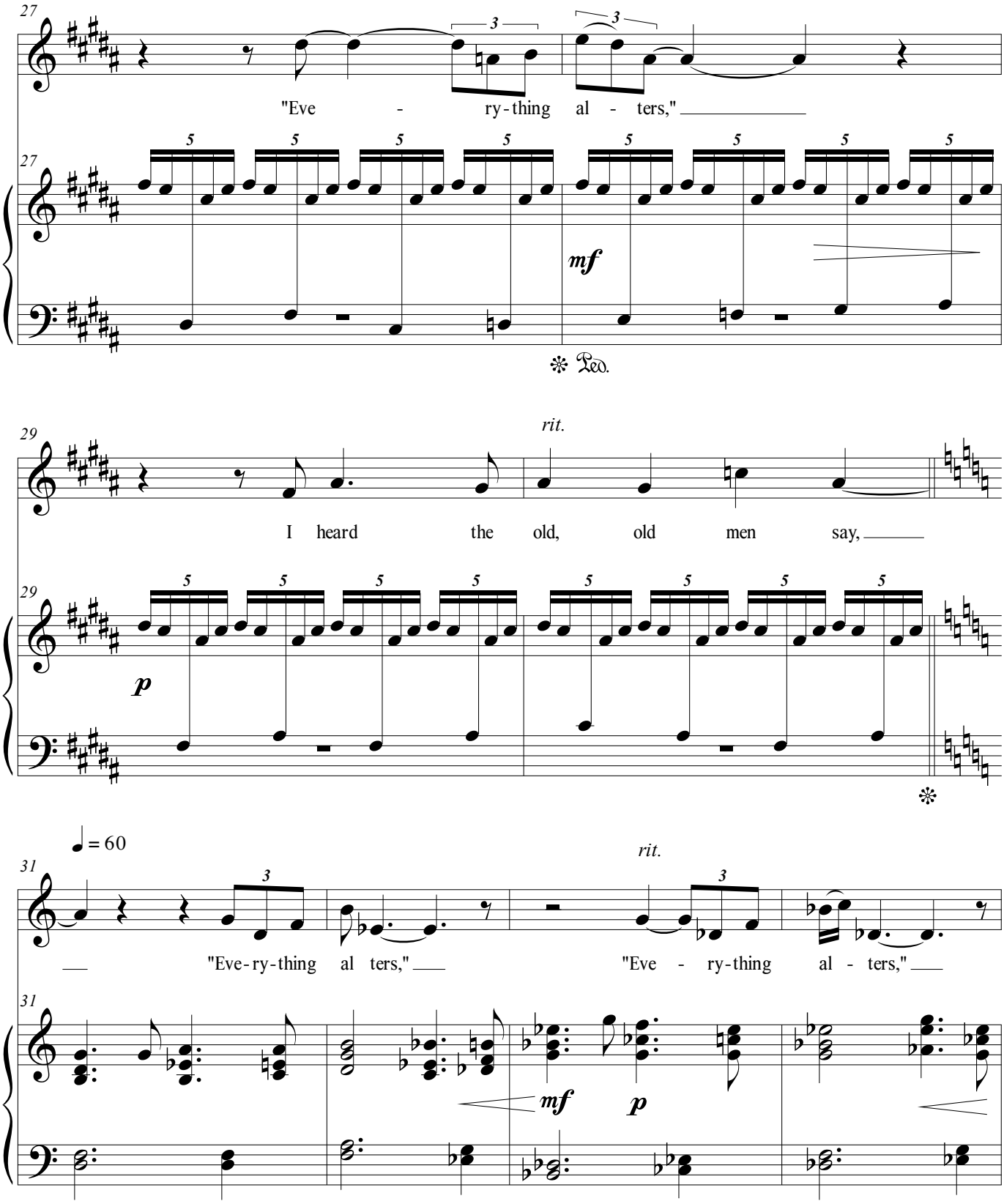
Lawrence Kramer

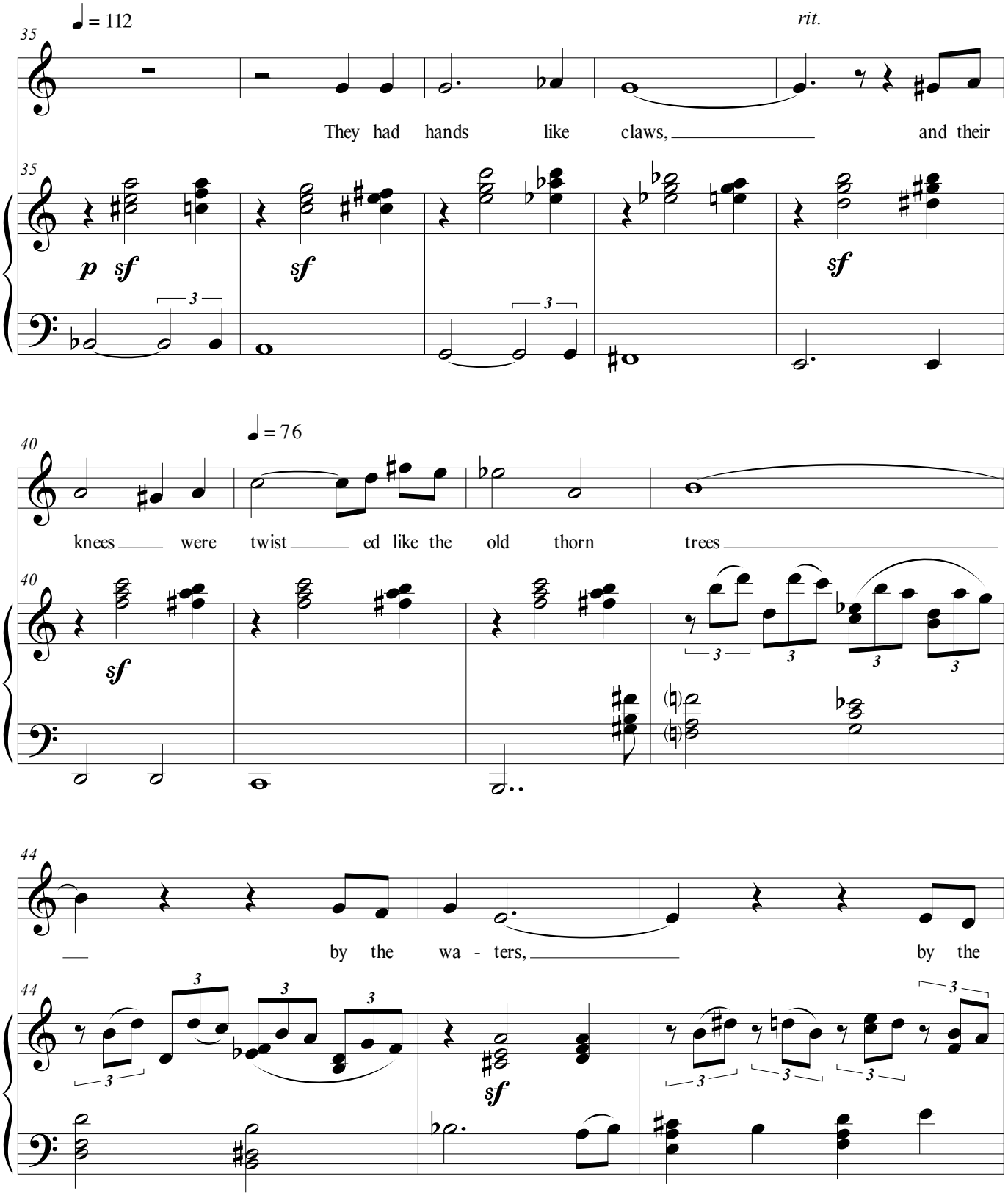


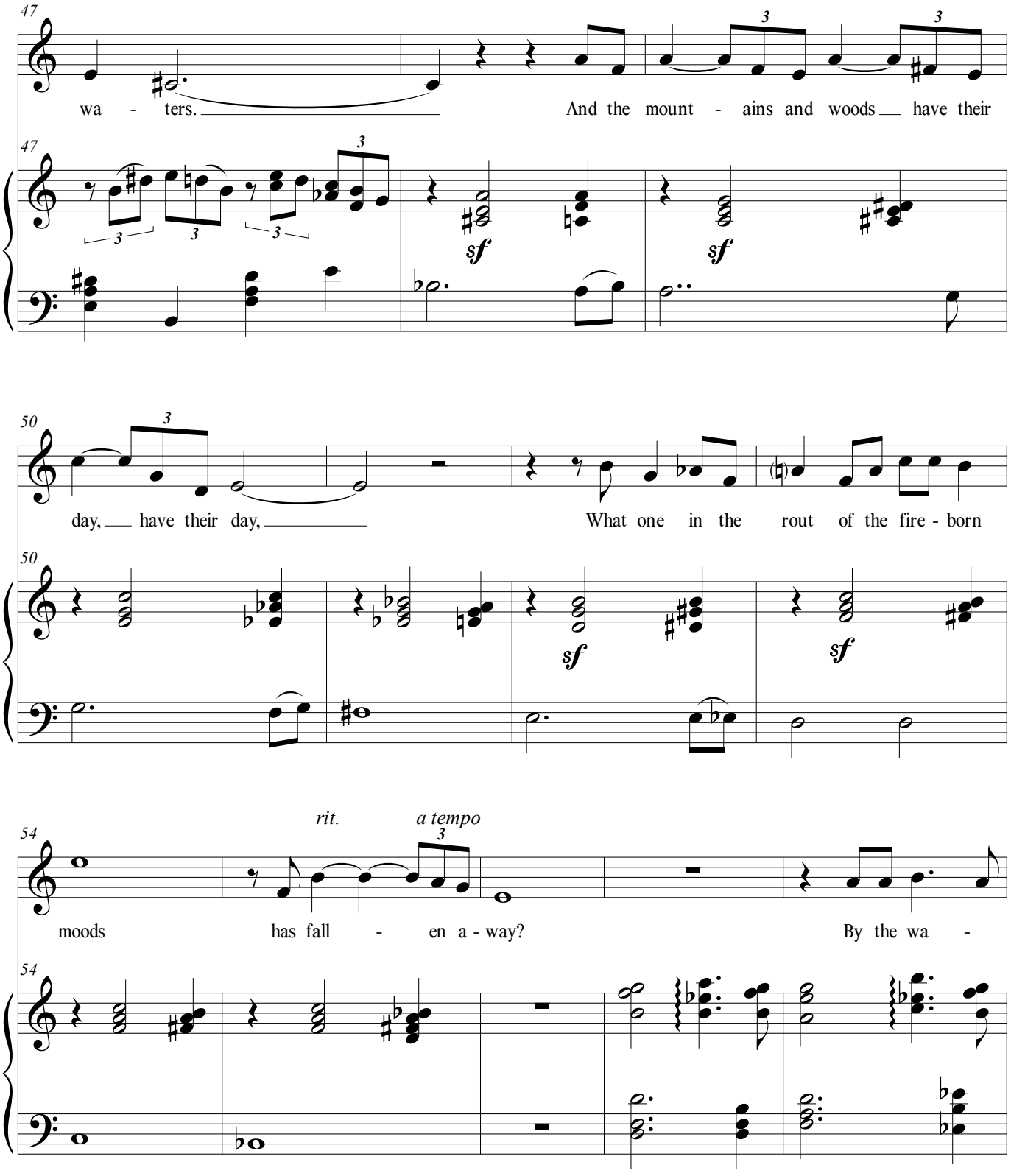

7
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters
Ped.
9
and one by one .
Ped.
11
♩ = 60
we drop a - way. Time drops in de - cay like a

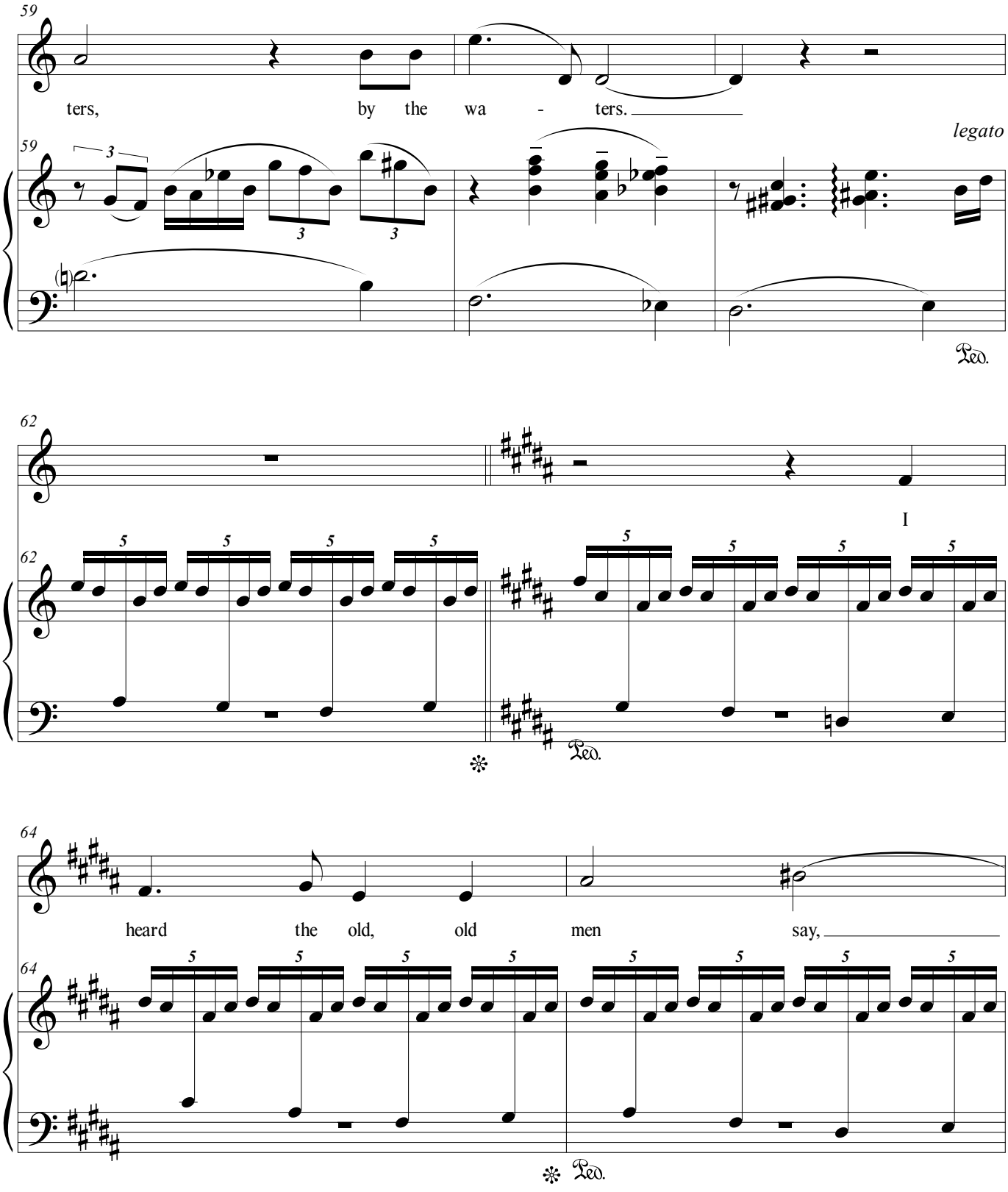

15
can - dle burnt out.
15
cresc.
mf
17
accel.
♩= 76
And the mount - ains and woods have their
legato
17
p
Ped.
19
day, have their day,
19
Ped.

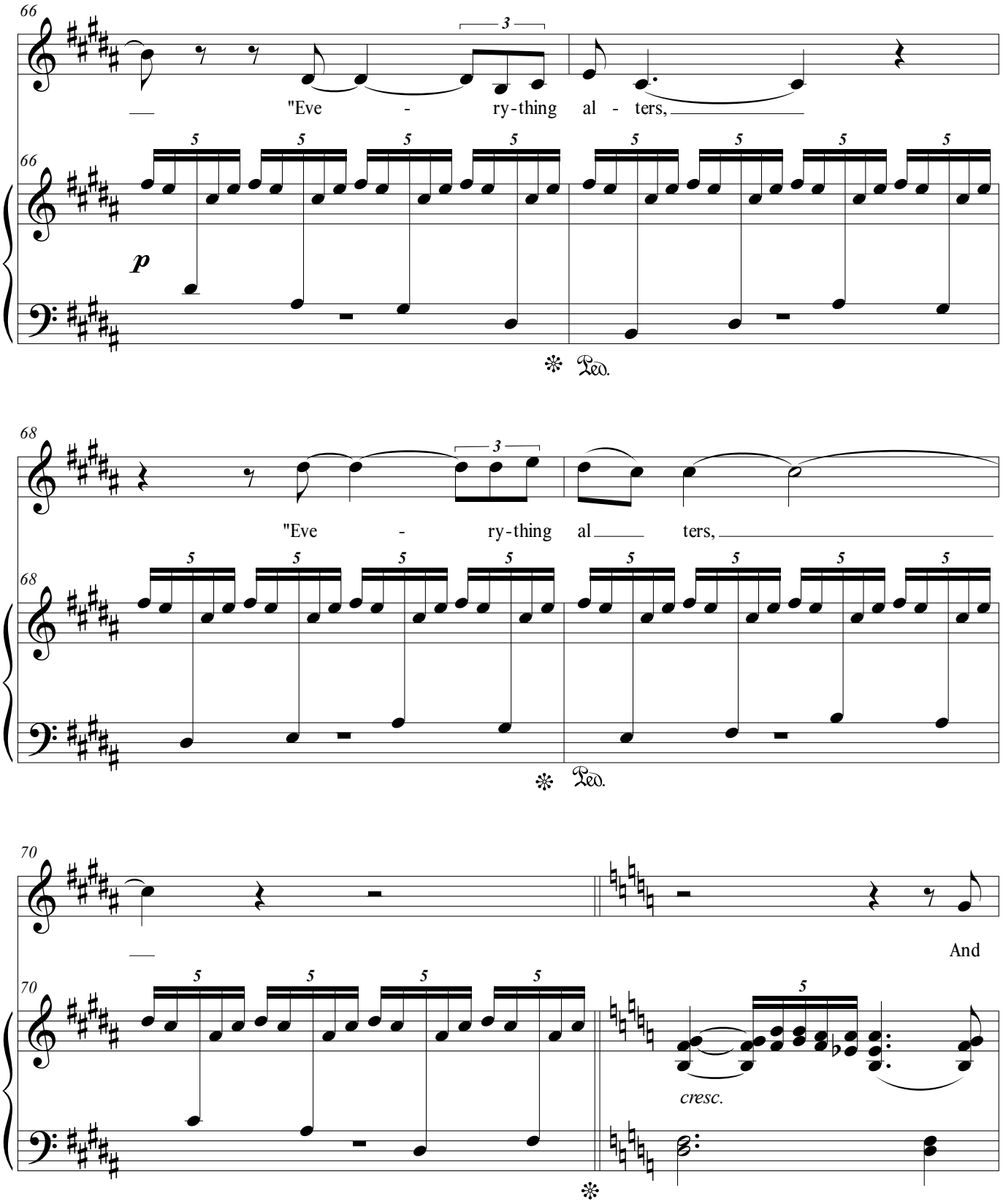

21
the mount-ains and woods have their day, have their day,
21
accel.
a tempo
23
and one by
23
p
Ped.
one we drop a - way.
25
cresc.
Ped.

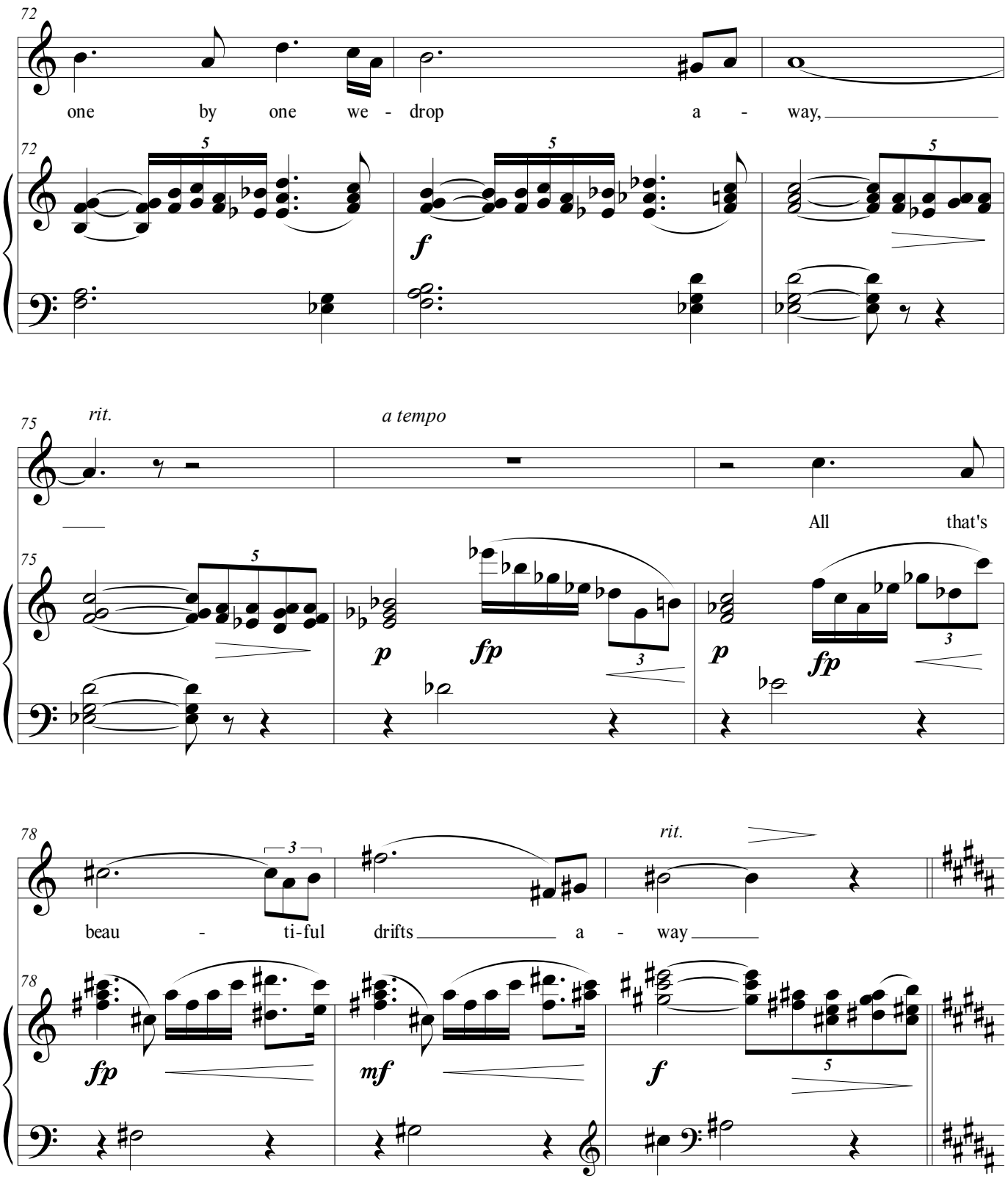

27
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,"
mf
Ped.
29
rit.
I heard the old, old men say,
p
= 60
31
"Eve-ry-thing al ters,"
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,"
mf
p

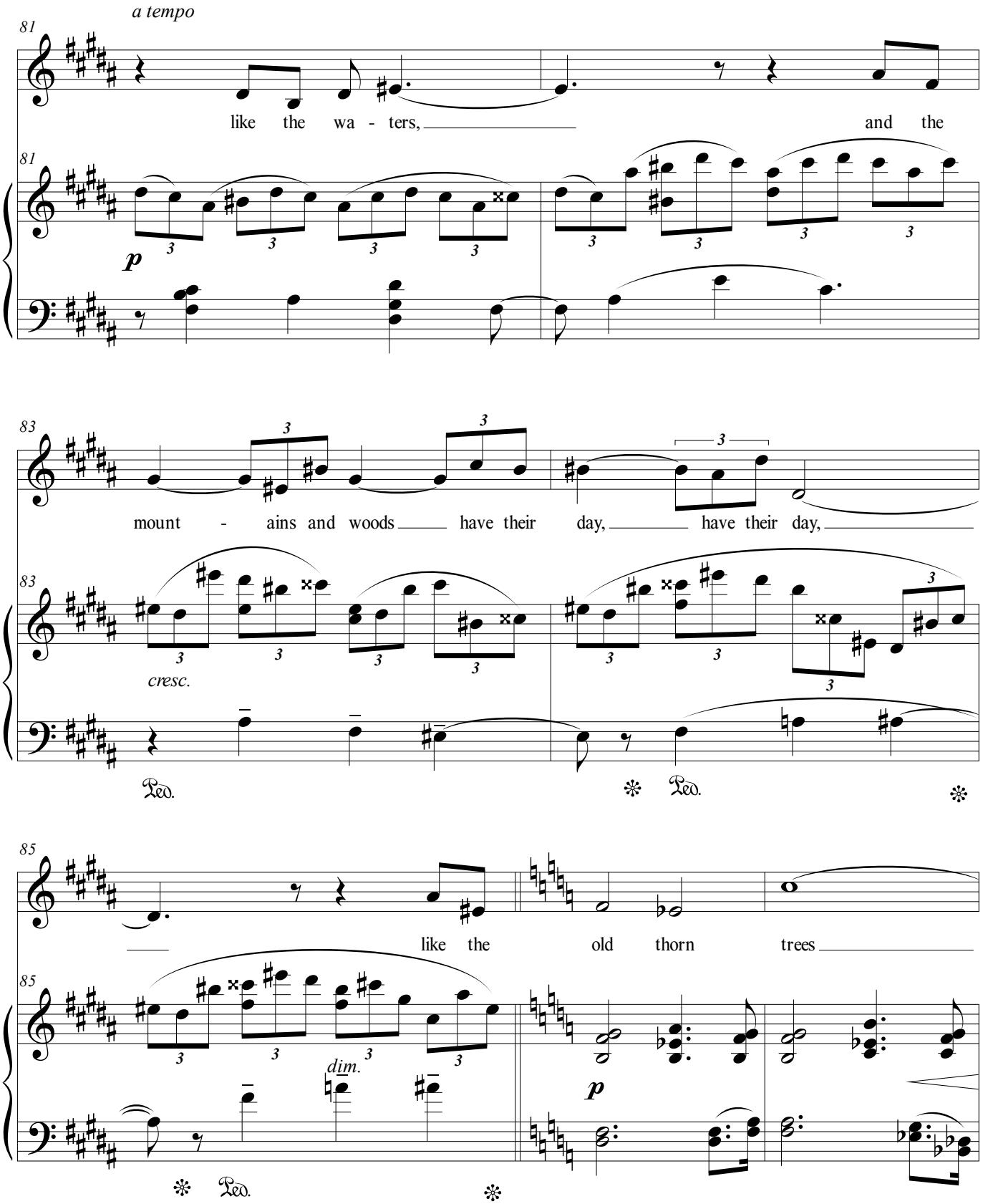

♩ = 112
35
rit.
They had hands like claws, and their
p sf
sf
sf
♩ = 76
40
knees were twist ed like the old thorn trees
sf
44
by the wa - ters, by the
sf

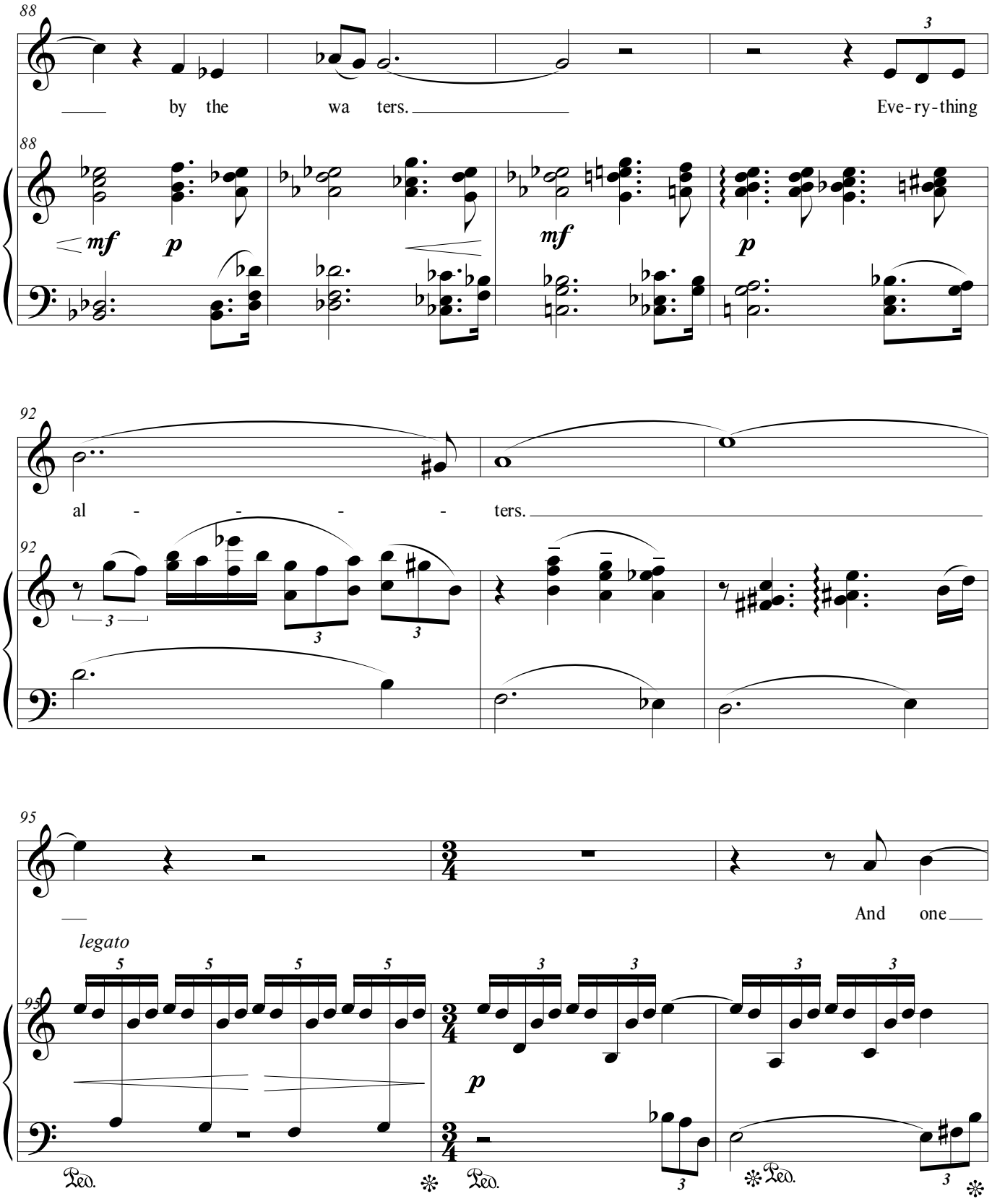

47
wa - ters.
And the mount - ains and woods have their
sf
sf
50
day, have their day,
What one in the rout of the fire - born
sf
sf
54
rit.
a tempo
moods
has fall - en a - way?
By the wa -

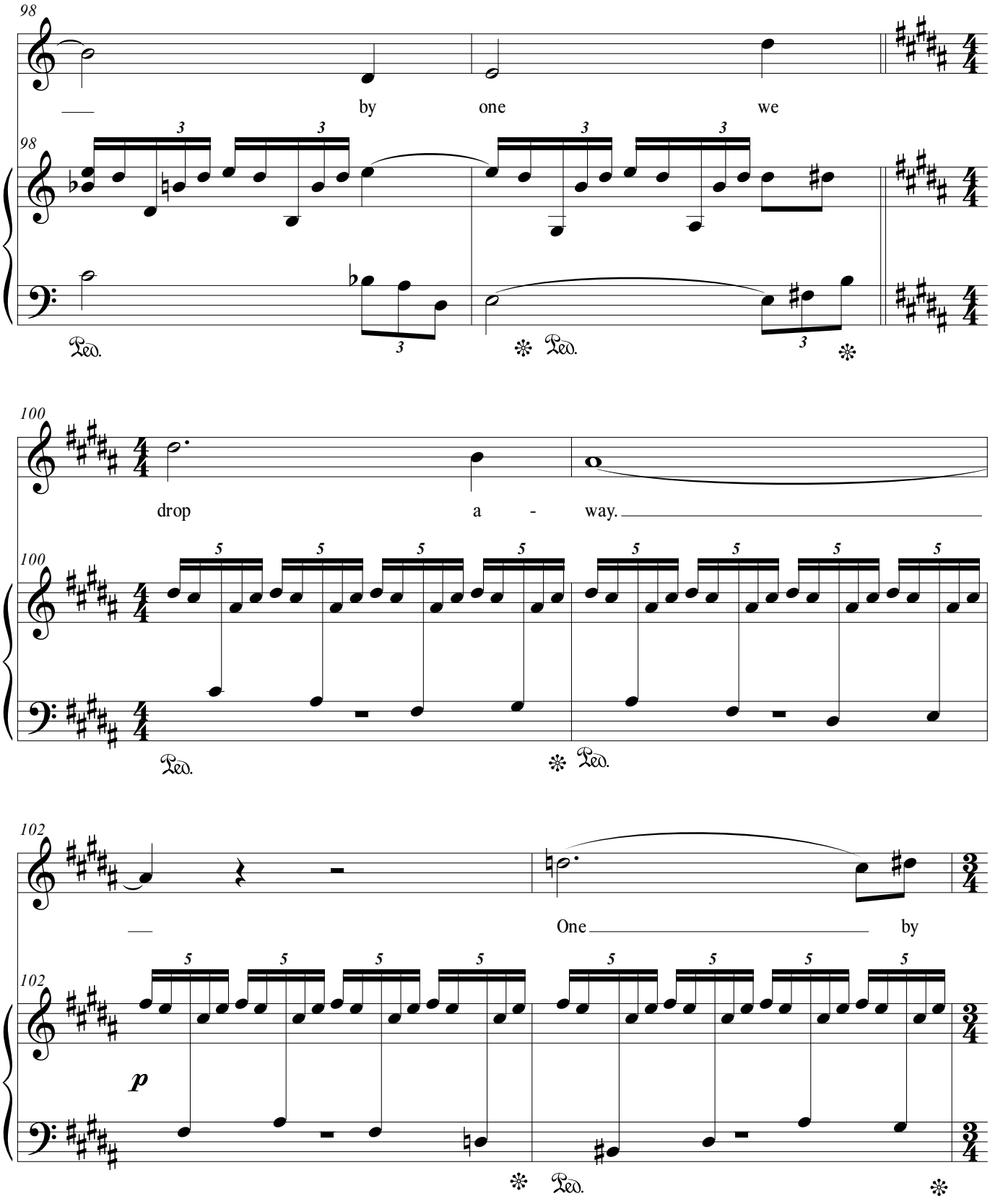

59
ters, by the wa - ters.
legato
Ped.
62
I
Ped.
64
heard the old, old men say,
Ped.

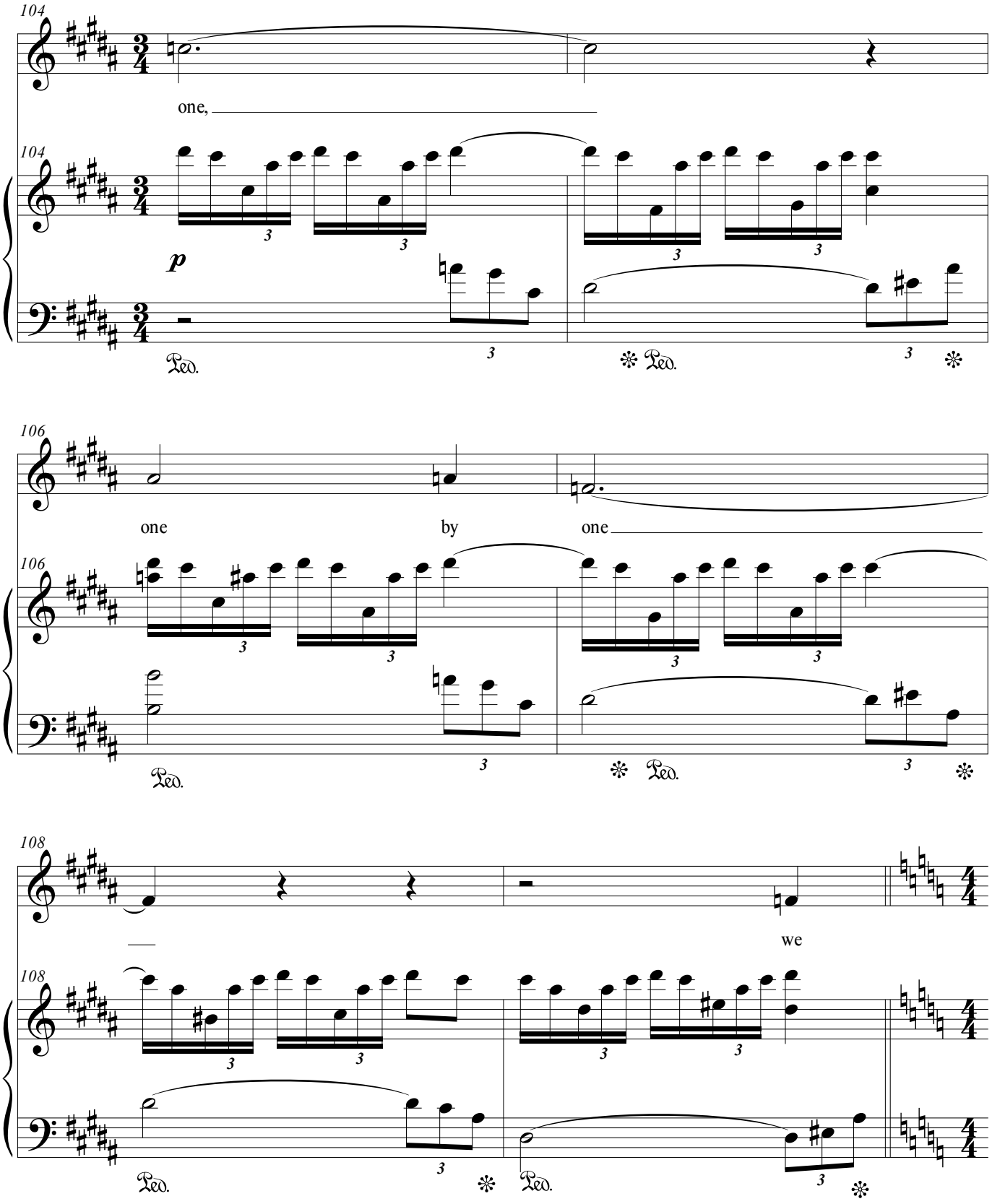

66
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,
p
Ped.
68
"Eve - ry-thing al ters,
Ped.
70
And
cresc.

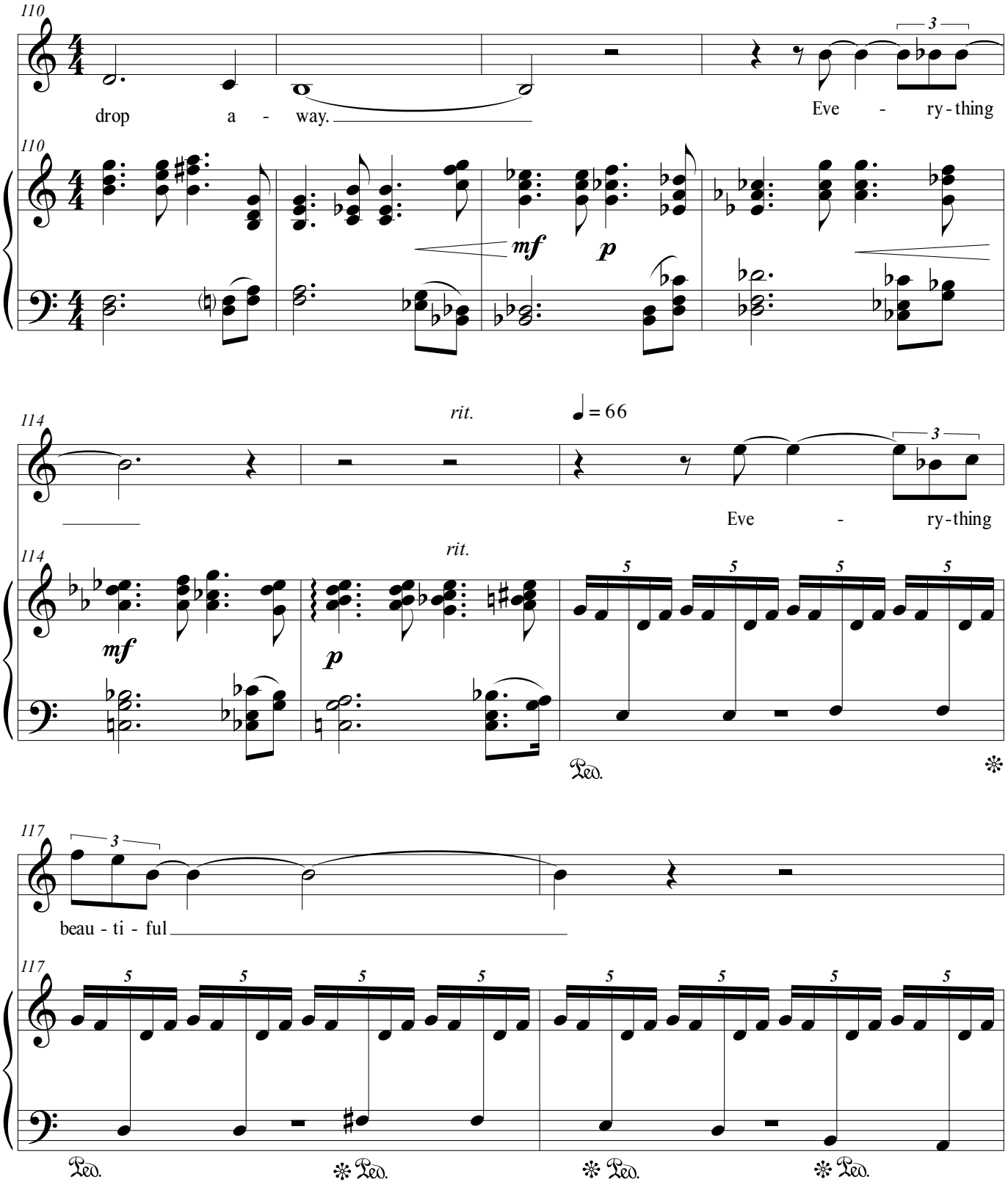

72
one by one we - drop a - way,
72
f
75
rit.
a tempo
All that's
75
p
fp
p
fp
78
beau - ti-ful drifts a - way
rit.
78
fp
mf
f

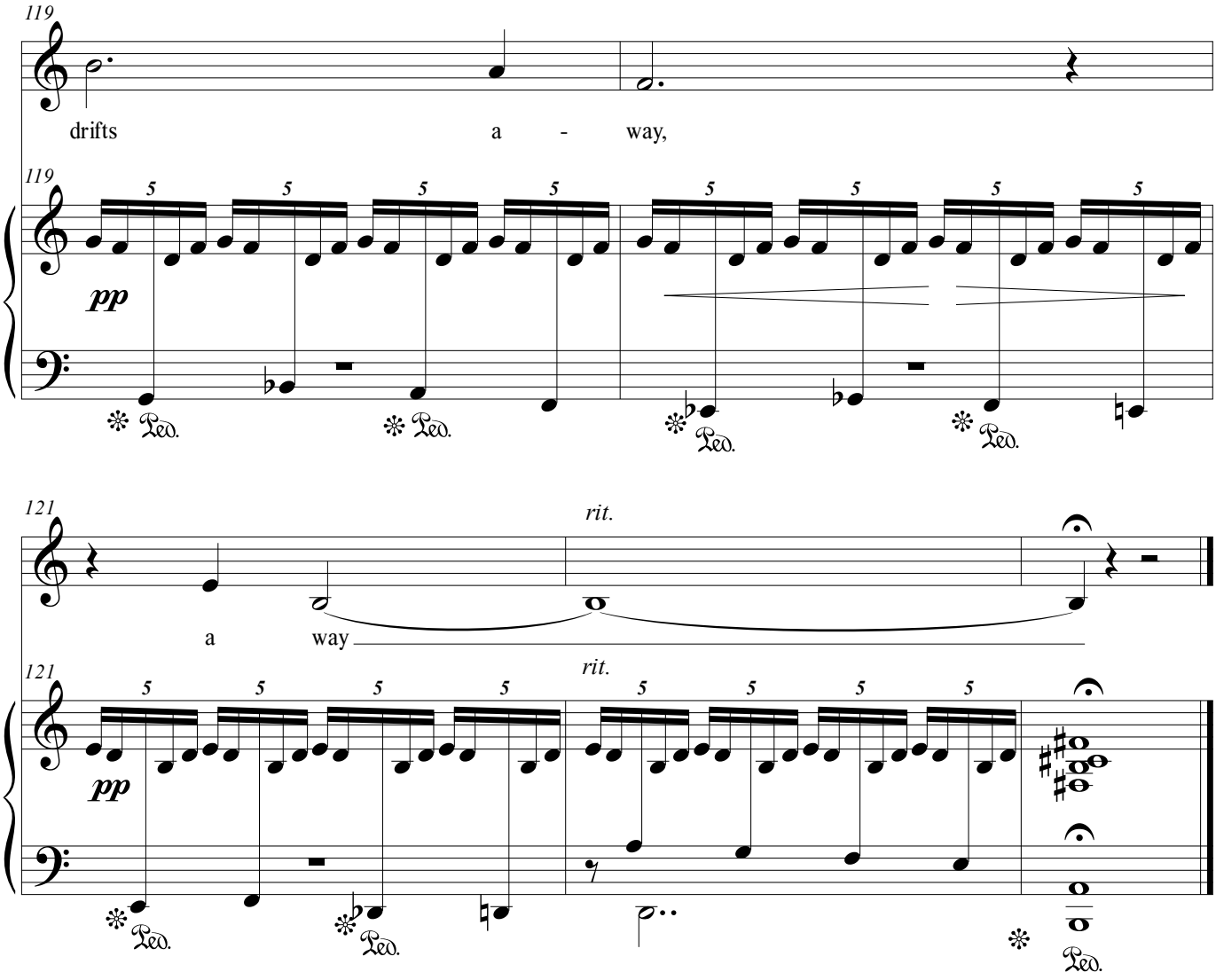

a tempo
81
like the wa - ters,
and the
p
83
mount - ains and woods have their day, have their day,
cresc.
Ped.
85
like the old thorn trees
dim.
p


88
by the wa ters.
Eve-ry-thing
mf
p
mf
p
92
al - - - - ters.
92
95
And one
legato
95
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


98
by one we
98
Ped.
Ped.
100
drop a - way.
100
Ped.
Ped.
102
One by
102
p
Ped.


104
one,
104
p
Ped.
Ped.
106
one
by
one
106
Ped.
Ped.
108
we
108
Ped.
Ped.


110
drop a - way.
Eve - ry-thing
mf
p
114
rit.
♩ = 66
Eve - ry-thing
117
beau - ti - ful
Ped.


119
drifts a - way,
119
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
121
rit.
a way
121
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Childhood

Medium Voice

L'enfance / Childhood

Au bois il y a un oiseau, son chant vous arrête et vous fait rougir.
Il y a une horloge qui ne sonne pas.
Il y a une fondrière avec un nid de bêtes blanches.
Il y a une cathédrale qui descend et un lac qui monte.
Il y a une petite voiture abandonnée dans le taillis, ou qui descend le sentier en courant, enrubannée.
Il y a une troupe de petits comédiens en costumes, aperçus sur la route à travers la lisière du bois.
Il y a enfin, quand l'on a faim et soif, quelqu'un qui vous chasse.

In the woods there is a bird, its song makes you stop and blush.
There is a clock that does not strike.
There is a trough with a nest of white animals.
There is a cathedral that sinks and a lake that rises.
There is a little cart abandoned in the grove or running down the path with ribbons on.
There is a troupe of little actors glimpsed on the road through the edge of the woods.
There is, in the end, when you are hungry and thirsty, someone who chases you away.

--Arthur Rimbaud

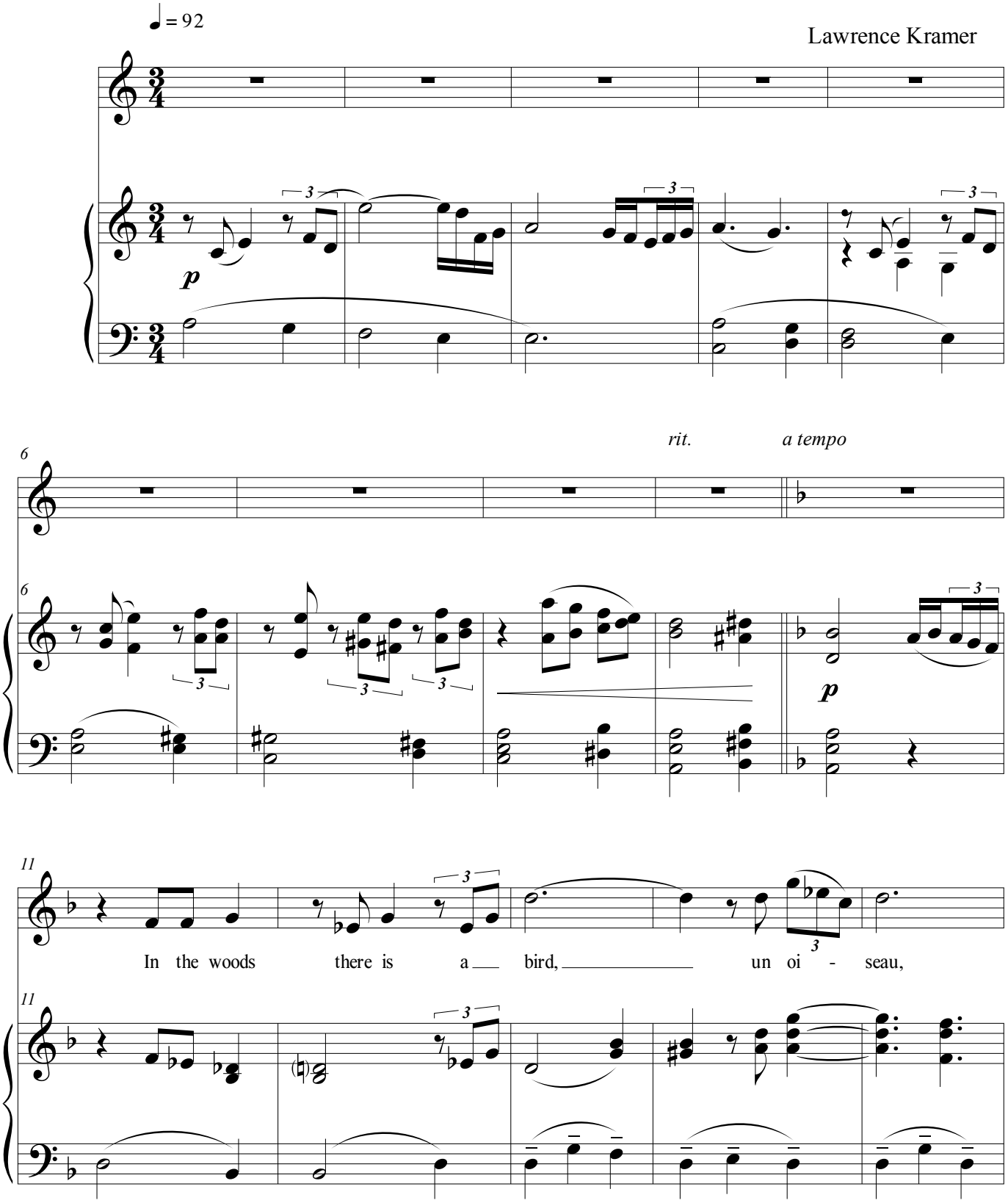
Translation by the composer.

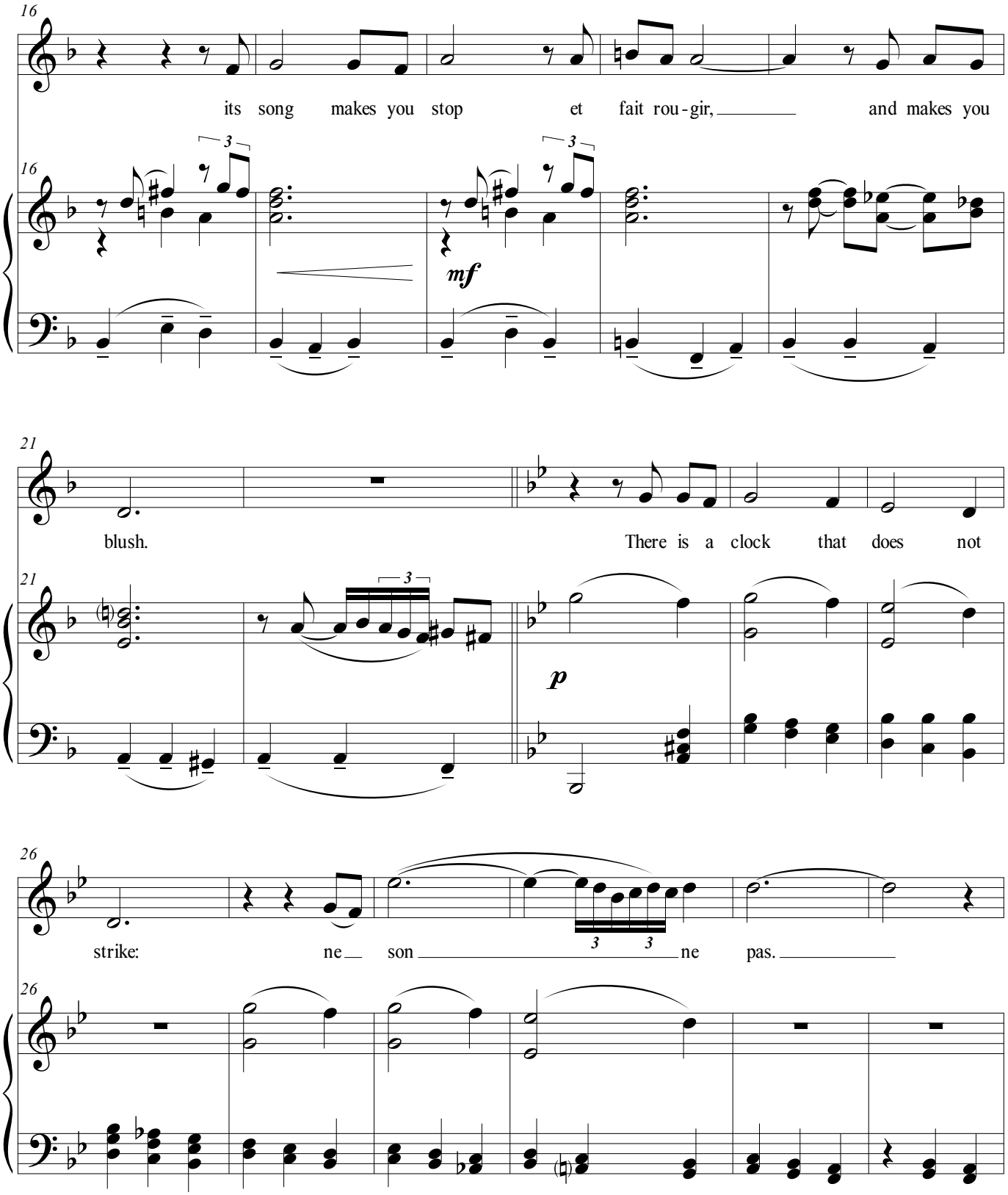
Written Voice Range: A3 - F5 (with one brief G5)
Tessitura: F4 - D5
Duration 3:15

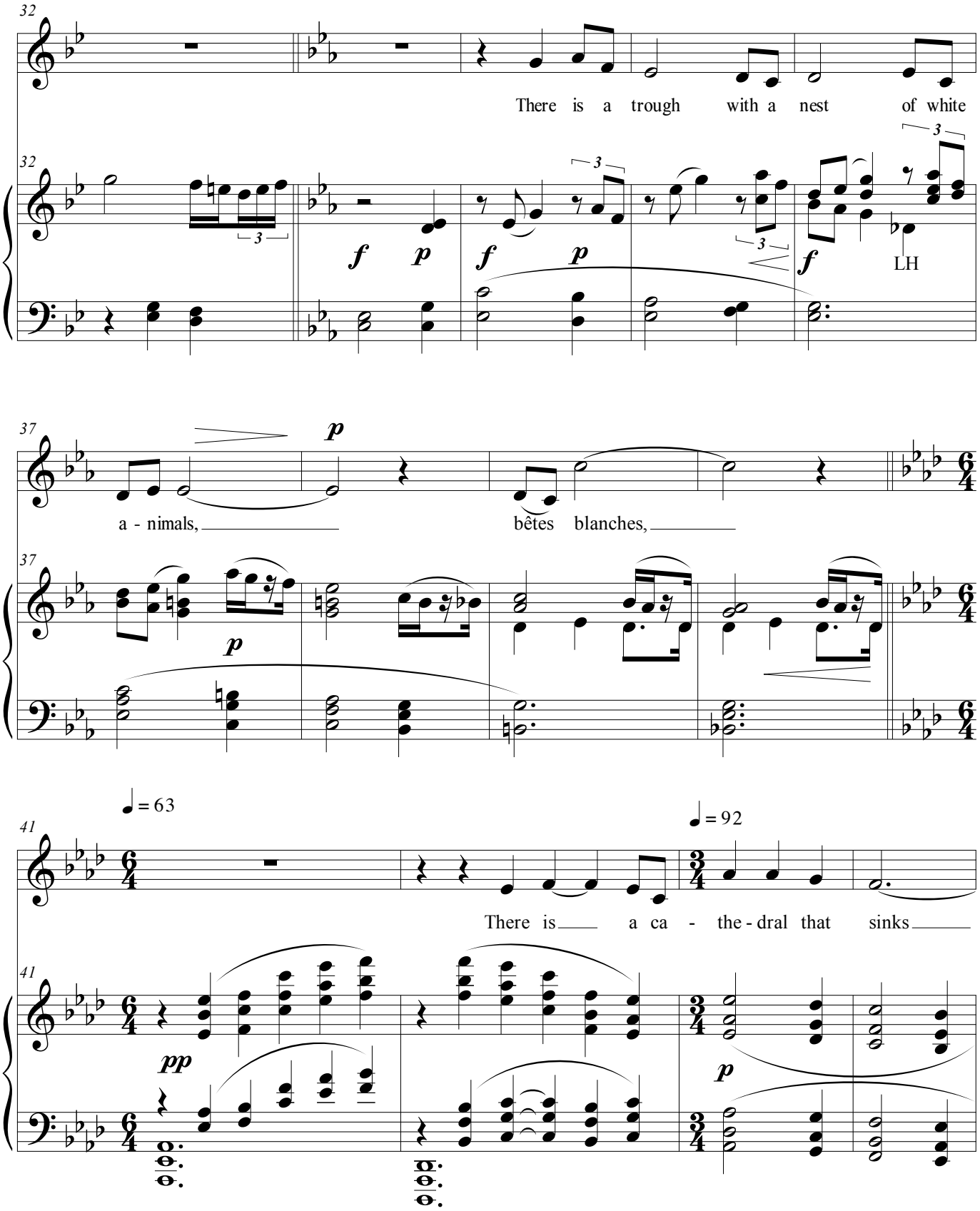
Composed 2020

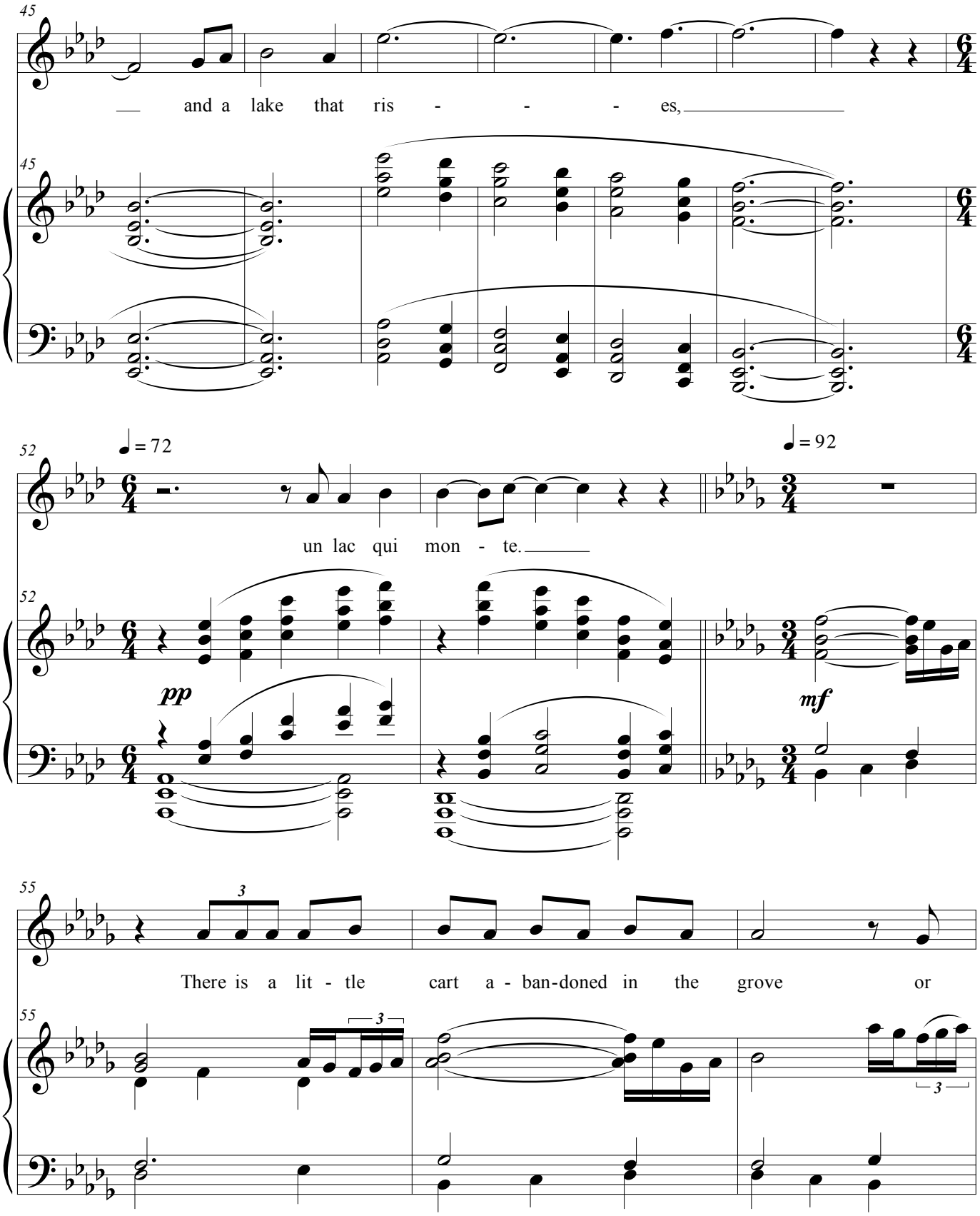
Childhood

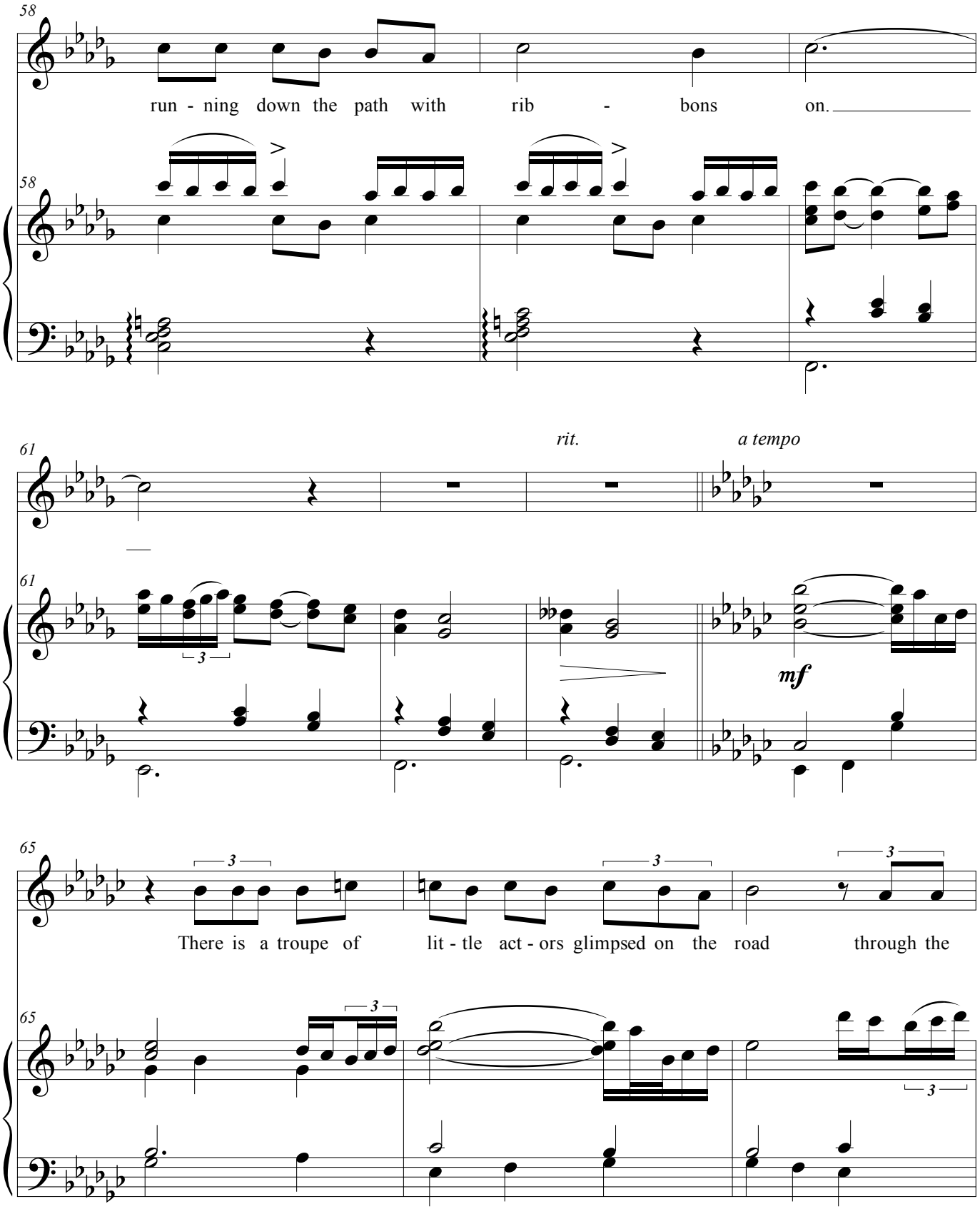
Lawrence Kramer

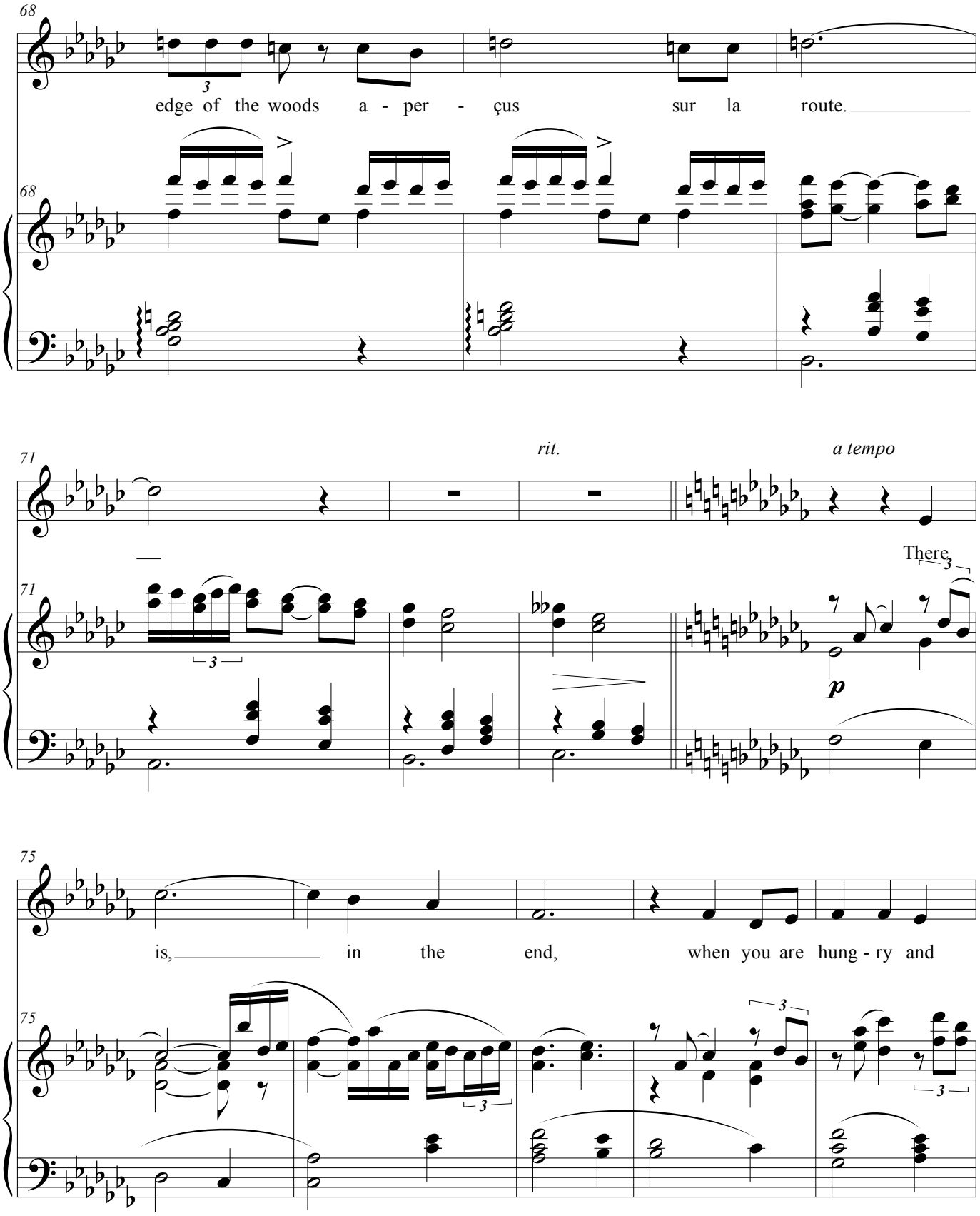


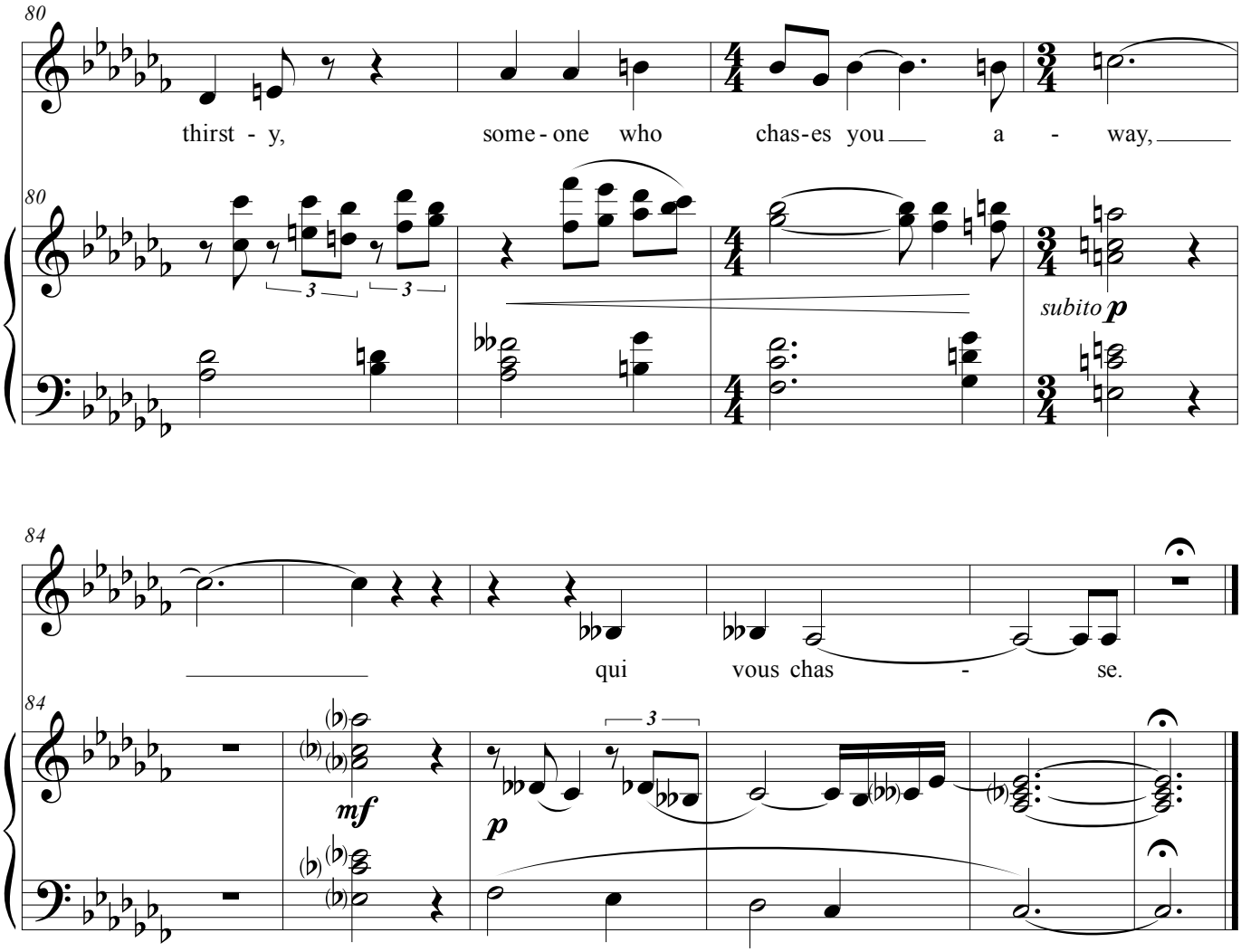

16
its song makes you stop et fait rou-gir, and makes you
16
3
3
mf
21
blush. There is a clock that does not
21
3
p
26
strike: ne son ne pas.
26
3
3


32
There is a trough with a nest of white
32
f p f p f LH
37
p
a - nimals, bêtes blanches,
37
p
41
= 63
= 92
There is a ca - the - dral that sinks
41
pp
p


45
and a lake that ris - - - es,
52
♩ = 72
un lac qui mon - te.
♩ = 92
pp
mf
55
There is a lit - tle cart a - ban-doned in the grove or


58
run - ning down the path with rib - bons on.
58
61
rit.
a tempo
61
3
mf
65
3
3
3
There is a troupe of lit - tle act - ors glimpsed on the road through the
65
3
3


68
edge of the woods a - per - çus sur la route.
68
71
rit.
a tempo
There
71
p
75
is, in the end, when you are hung - ry and
75


80
thirst - y, some - one who chas - es you a - way,
80
3
3
subito p
84
qui vous chas - se.
84
mf
p
3

Digging

Medium Voice

To-day I think
Only with scents,—scents dead leaves yield,
And bracken, and wild carrot's seed,
And the square mustard field ;

Odours that rise
When the spade wounds the root of tree,
Rose, currant, raspberry, or goutweed,
Rhubarb or celery;

The smoke's smell, too,
Flowing from where a bonfire burns
The dead, the waste, the dangerous,
And all to sweetness turns.

It is enough
To smell, to crumble the dark earth,
While the robin sings over again
Sad songs of Autumn mirth.

--Edward Thomas

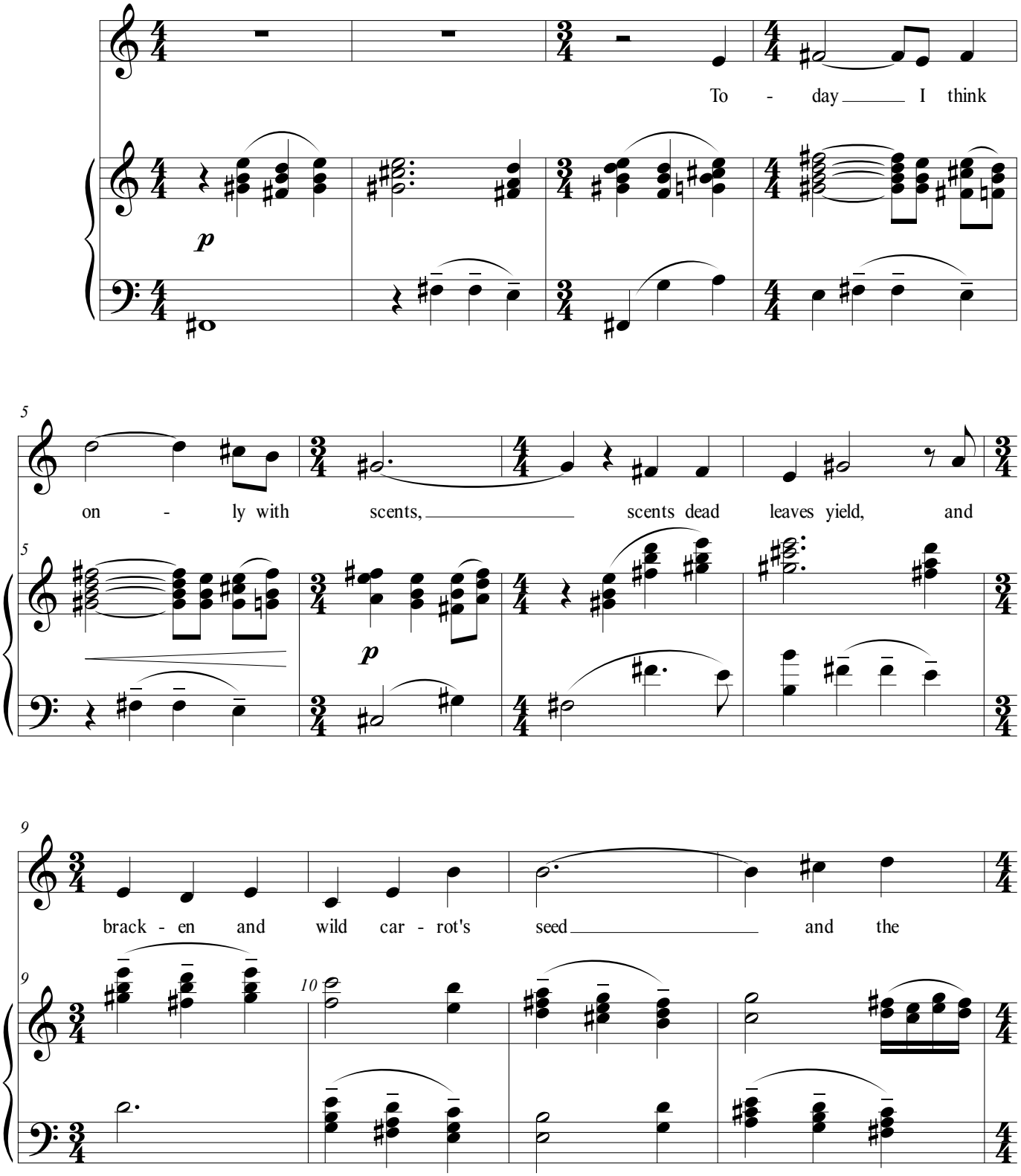
Written voice range: C4 - G♯5
Tessitura: F♯4 - D5
Duration 3:00

Comopsed 2019

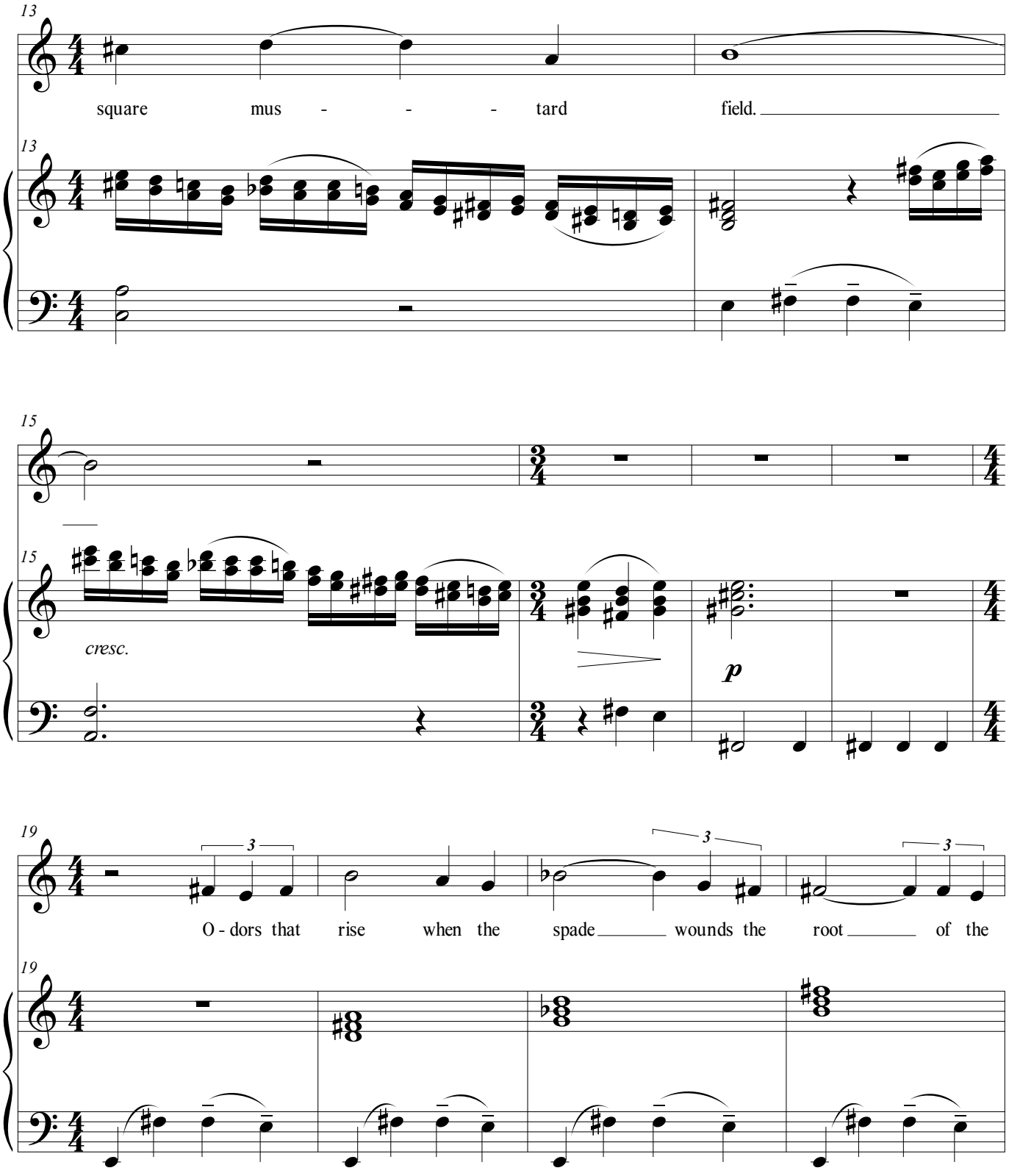
Digging

♩ = 88

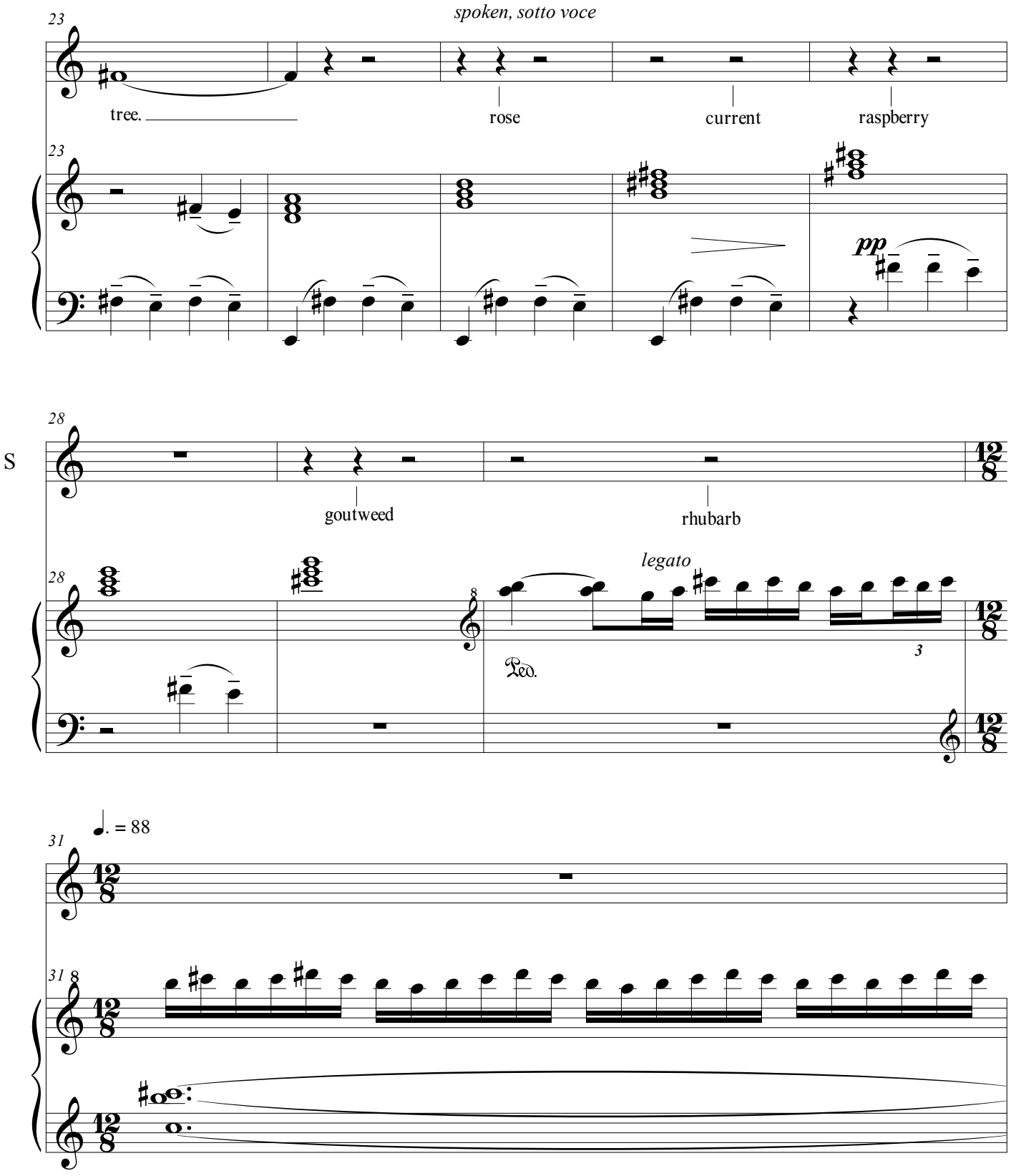
Lawrence Kramer



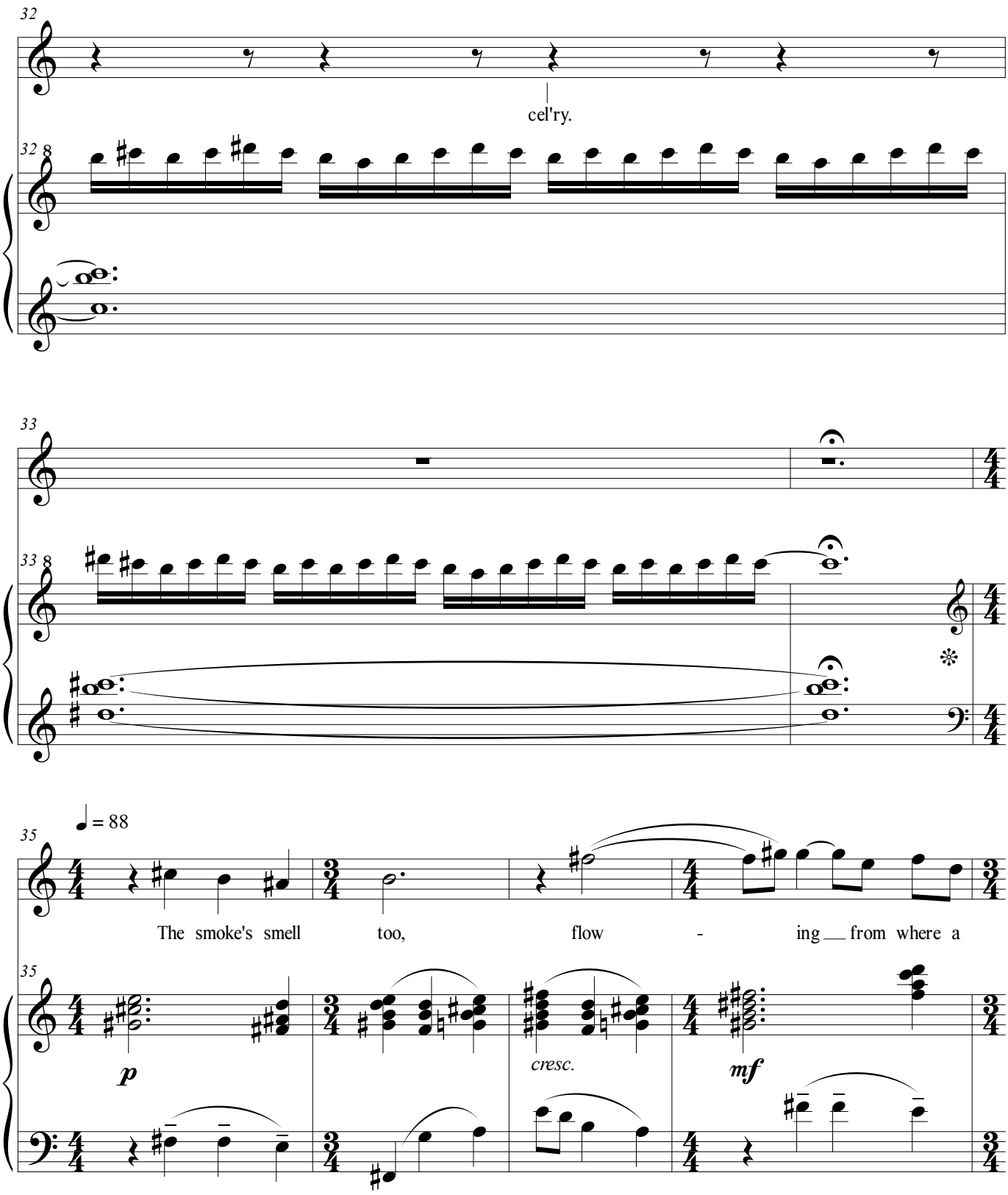
Digging

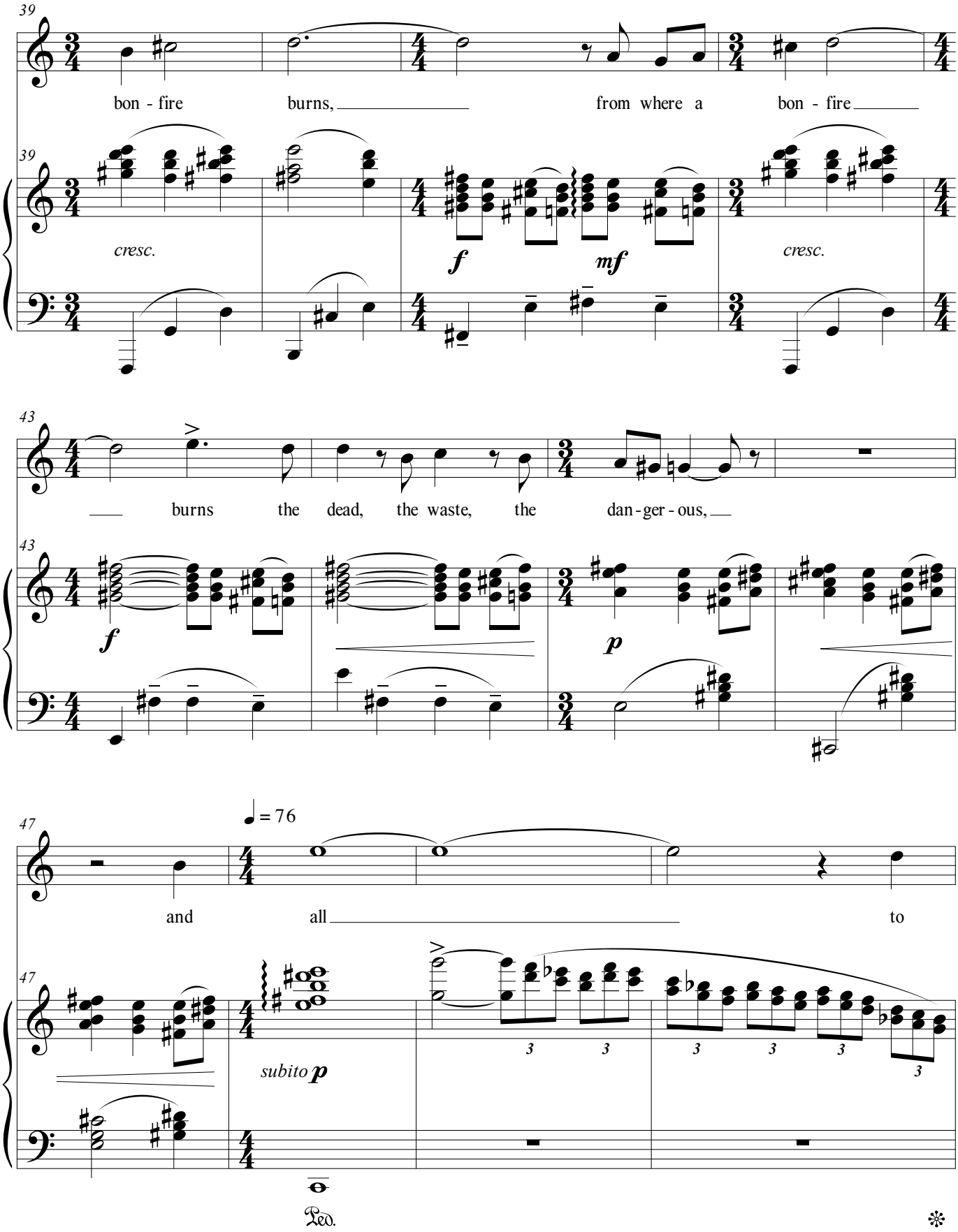

13
square mus - - - tard field.
13
15
cresc.
15
p
19
3
3
3
O - dors that rise when the spade wounds the root of the
19

Digging

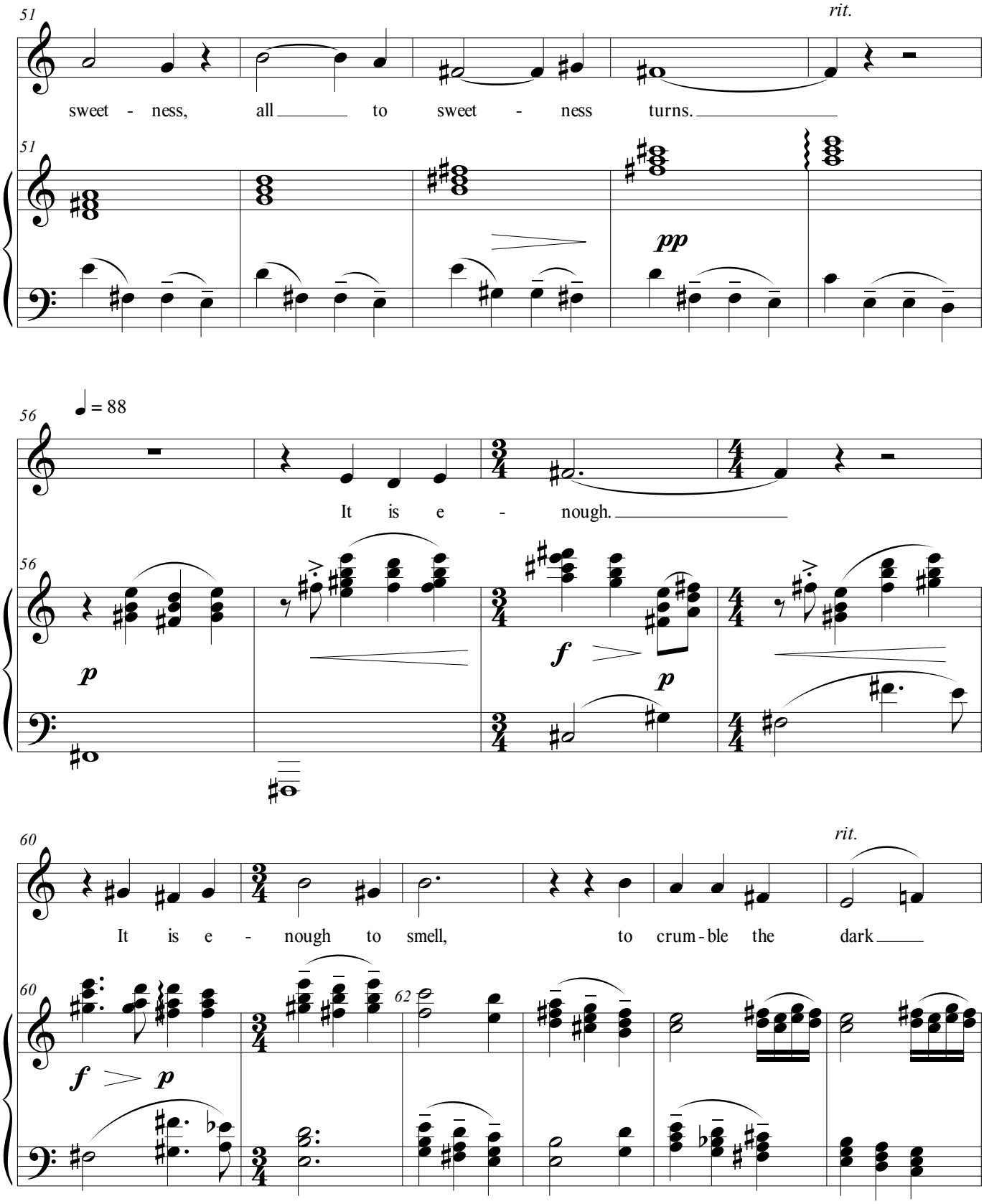

spoken, sotto voce
23
tree.
rose
current
raspberry
pp
28
S
goutweed
rhubarb
legato
Ped.
31
♩. = 88

Digging

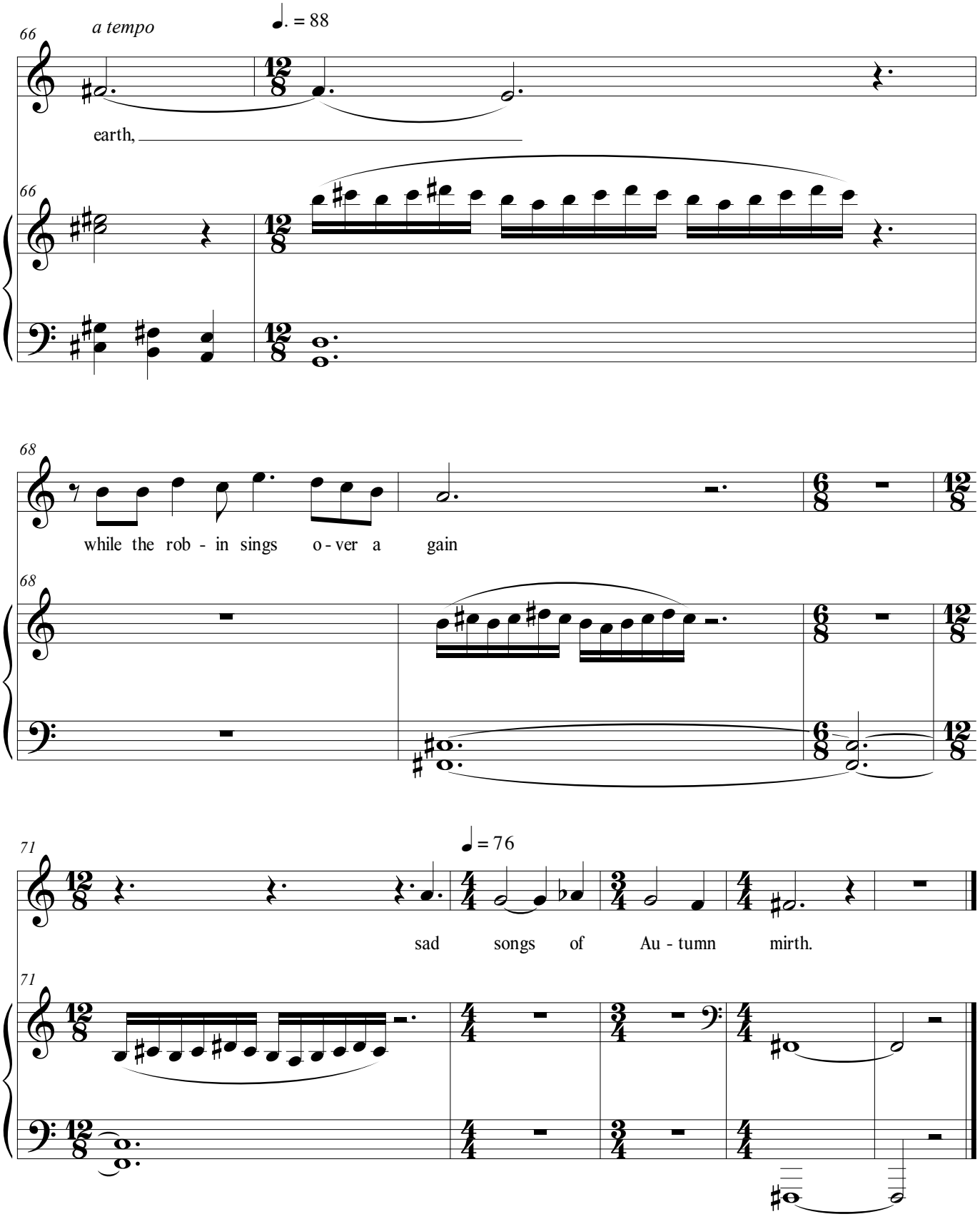

32
cel'ry.
32 8
33
33 8
35
♩ = 88
The smoke's smell too, flow - ing __ from where a
35
p
cresc.
mf


39
bon - fire burns, from where a bon - fire
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
43
burns the dead, the waste, the dan - ger - ous,
f
p
47
♩ = 76
and all to
subito p
3
Ped.

Digging


51
rit.
sweet - ness, all to sweet - ness turns.
pp
56
♩ = 88
It is e - nough.
p
f
p
60
rit.
It is e - nough to smell, to crum - ble the dark
62
f
p

Digging


66
a tempo
♩. = 88
earth,
66
68
while the rob - in sings o - ver a gain
68
71
♩ = 76
sad songs of Au - tumn mirth.
71

Digging

Medium Voice

To-day I think
Only with scents,—scents dead leaves yield,
And bracken, and wild carrot's seed,
And the square mustard field ;

Odours that rise
When the spade wounds the root of tree,
Rose, currant, raspberry, or goutweed,
Rhubarb or celery;

The smoke's smell, too,
Flowing from where a bonfire burns
The dead, the waste, the dangerous,
And all to sweetness turns.

It is enough
To smell, to crumble the dark earth,
While the robin sings over again
Sad songs of Autumn mirth.

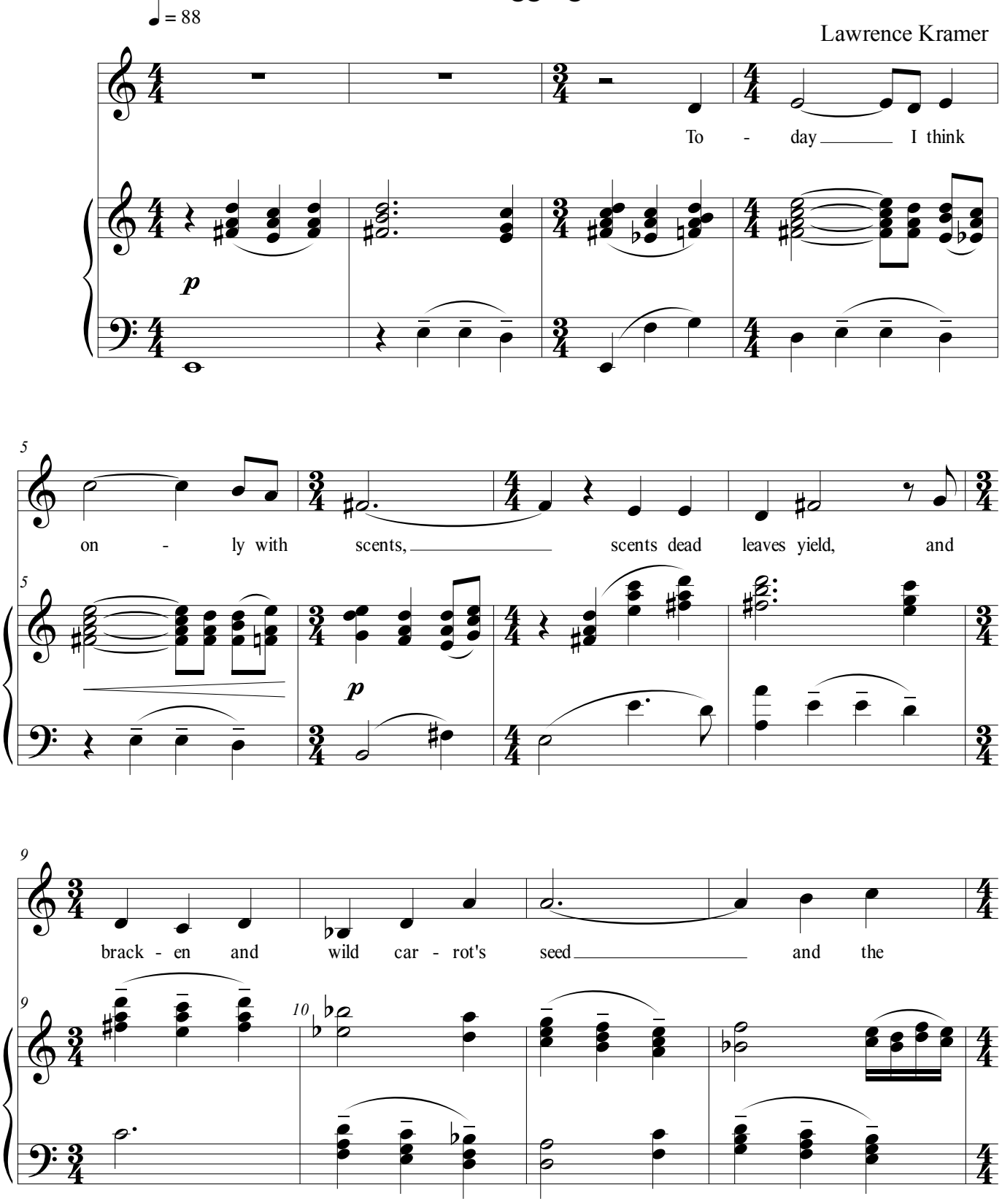
--Edward Thomas

Written voice range: A3 - D5
Tessitura: E4 - C5
Duration 3:00

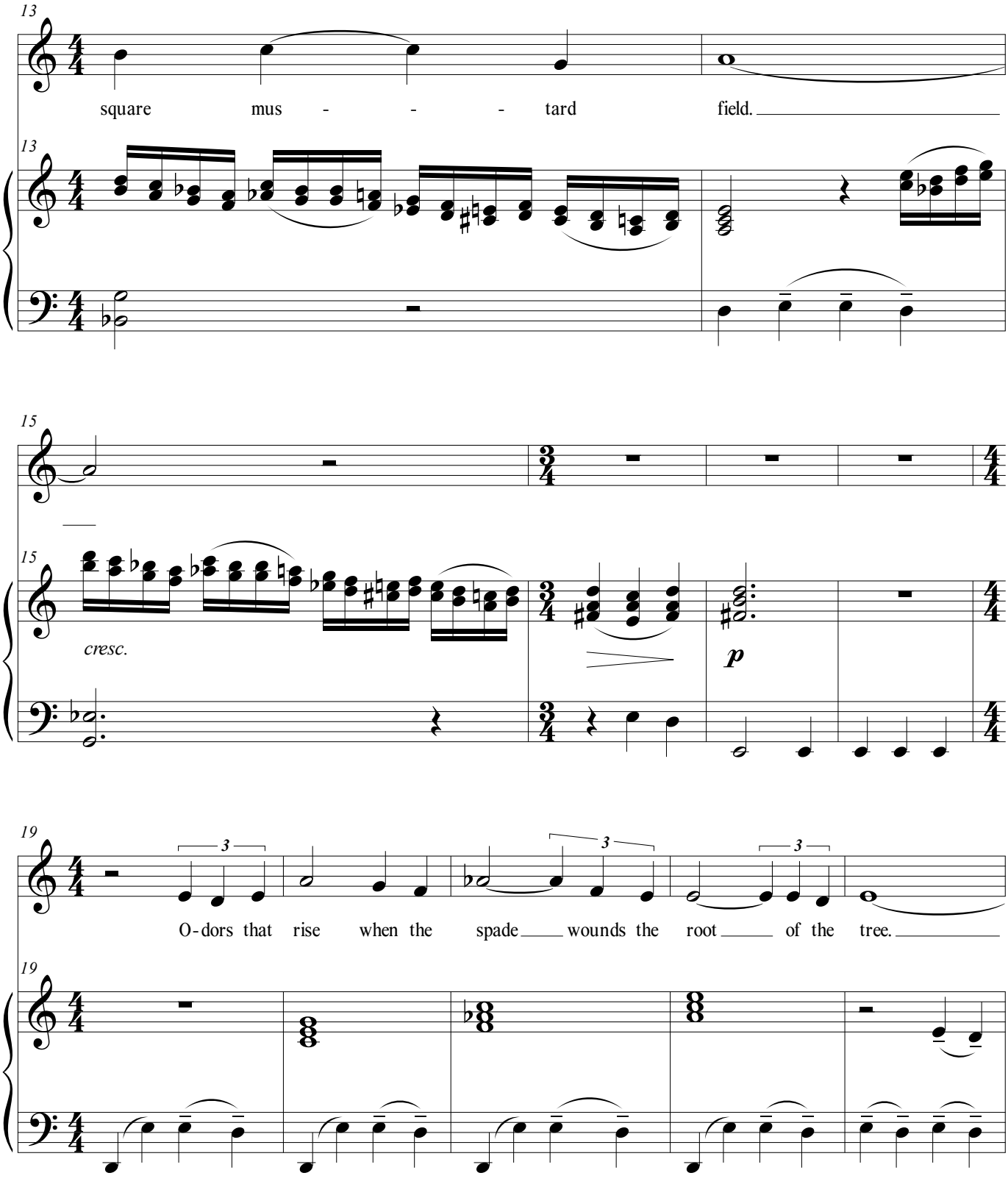
Composed 2019

Digging

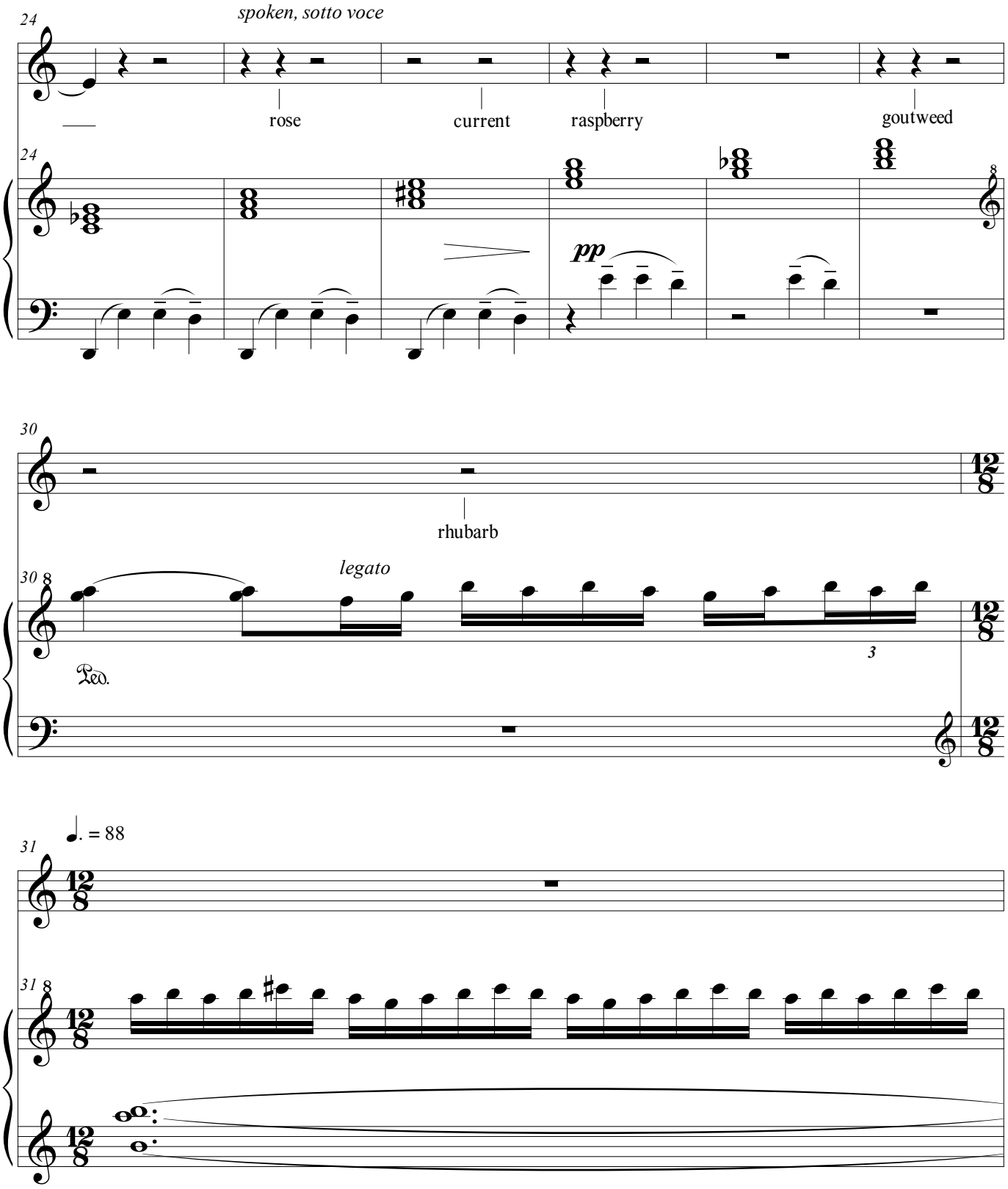
Lawrence Kramer

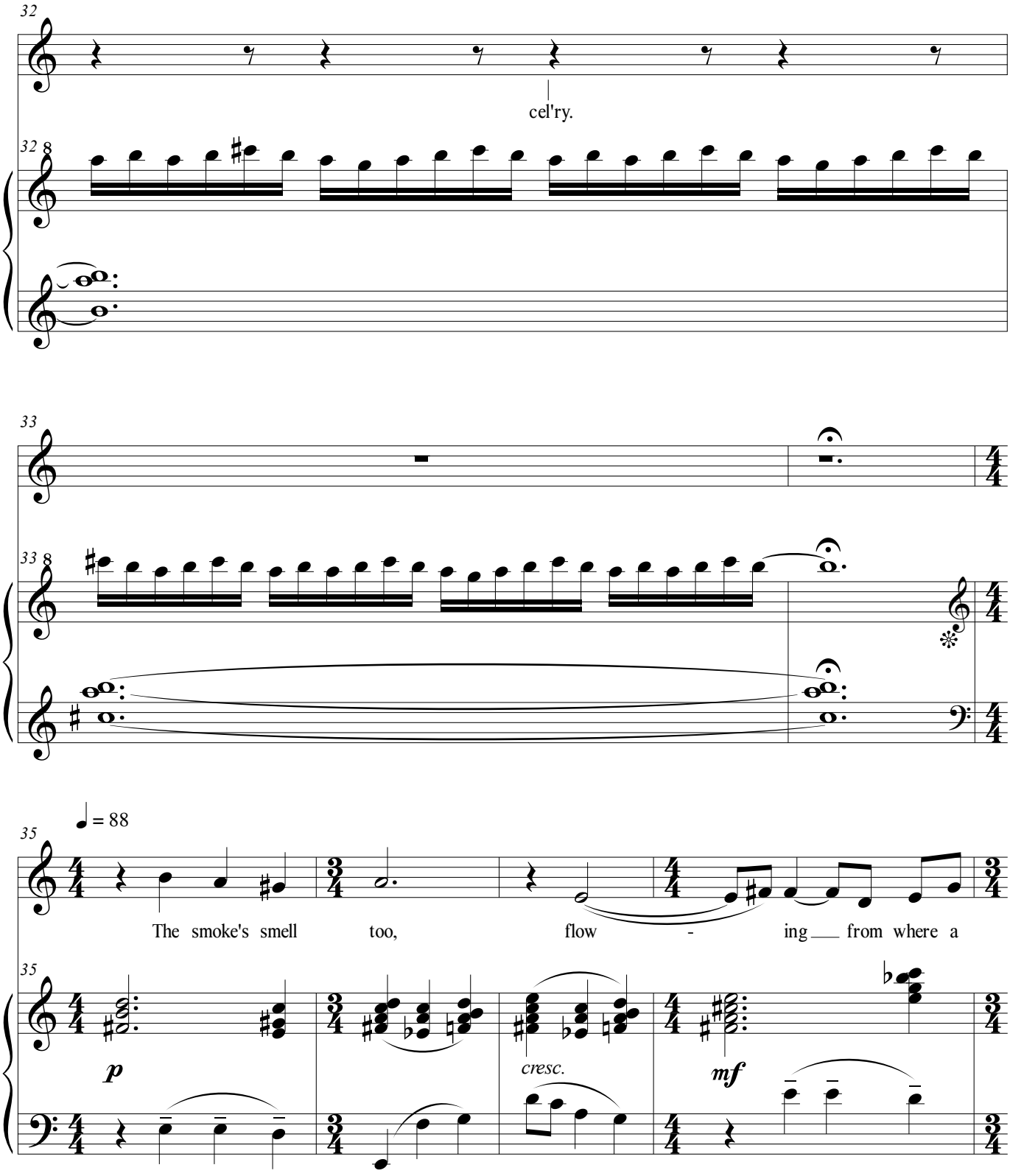


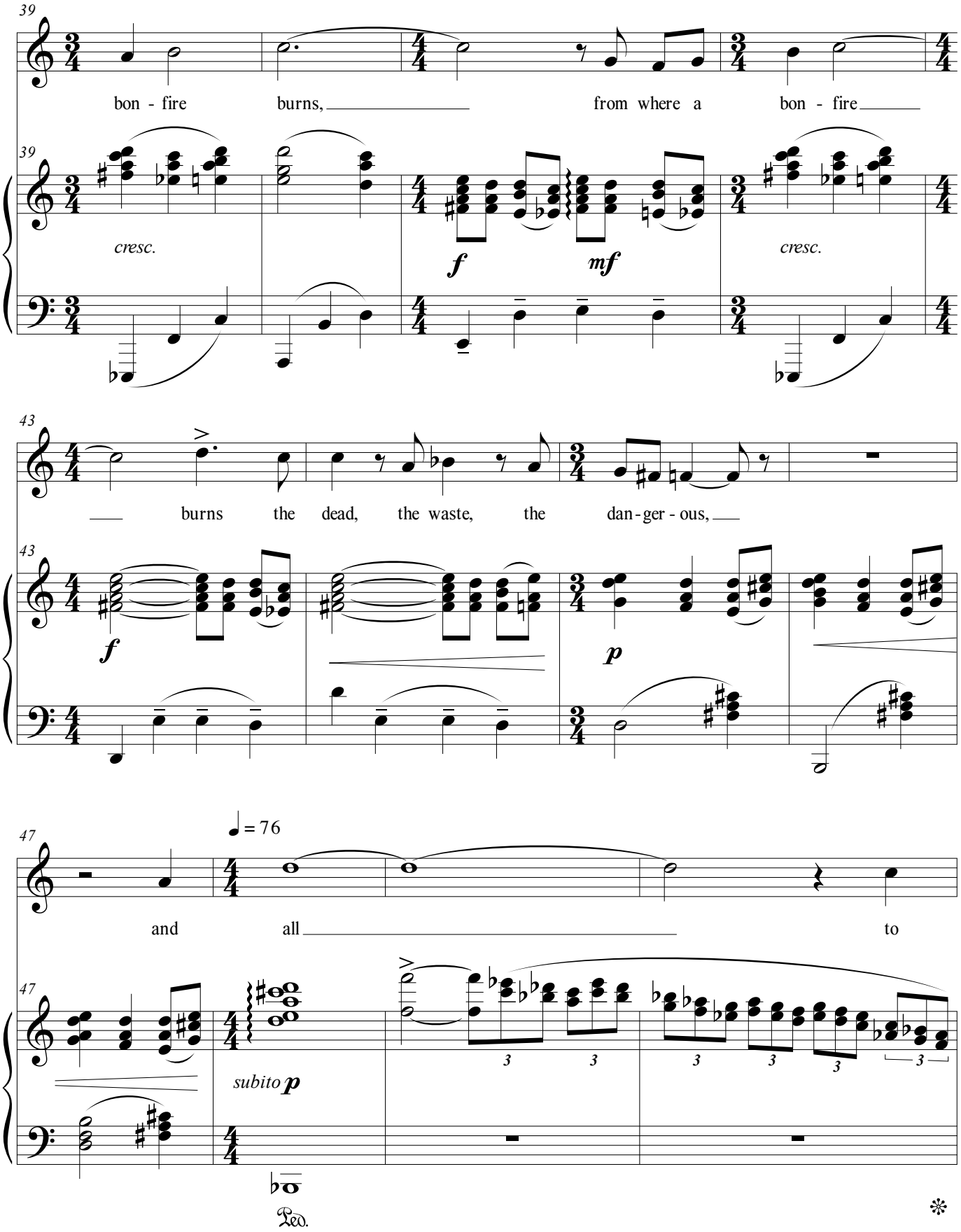
Digging


13
square mus - - - tard field.
13
15
cresc.
15
p
19
3
3
3
O-dors that rise when the spade wounds the root of the tree.
19

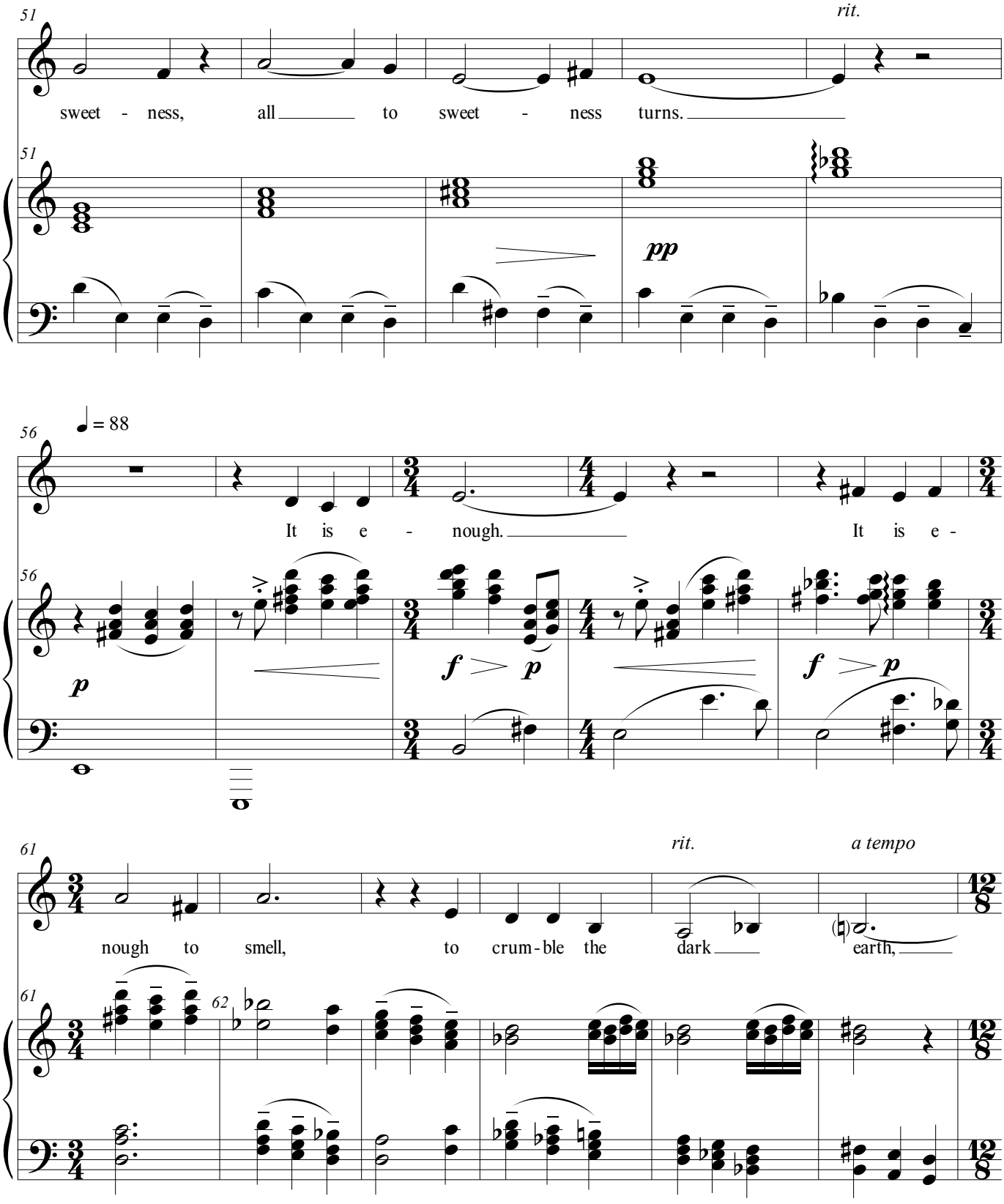
Digging


24
spoken, sotto voce
rose
current
raspberry
goutweed
pp
30
rhubarb
legato
Ped.
31
12/8

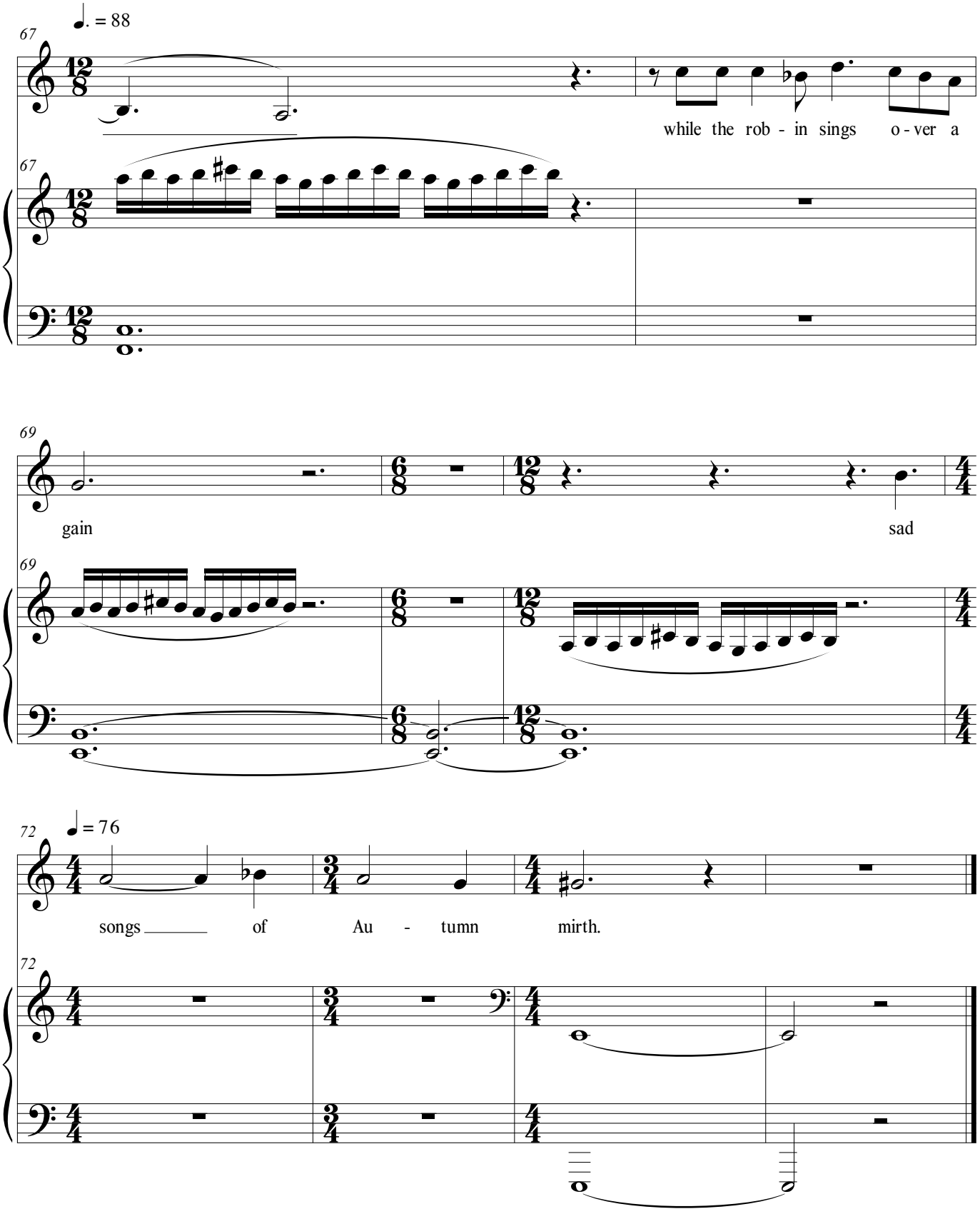

32
cel'ry.
32 8
33
33 8
35
♩ = 88
The smoke's smell too, flow - ing from where a
35
p
cresc.
mf


39
bon - fire burns, from where a bon - fire
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
43
burns the dead, the waste, the dan - ger - ous,
f
p
47
♩ = 76
and all to
subito p
Ped.

Digging


51
rit.
sweet - ness, all to sweet - ness turns.
pp
56
♩ = 88
It is e - nough. It is e -
p
f p
f p
61
rit.
a tempo
nough to smell, to crum - ble the dark earth,
62

Digging


67
♩. = 88
while the rob - in sings o - ver a
69
gain
sad
72
♩ = 76
songs of Au - tumn mirth.

Its Own Summer

High Voice

From *Kora in Hell*

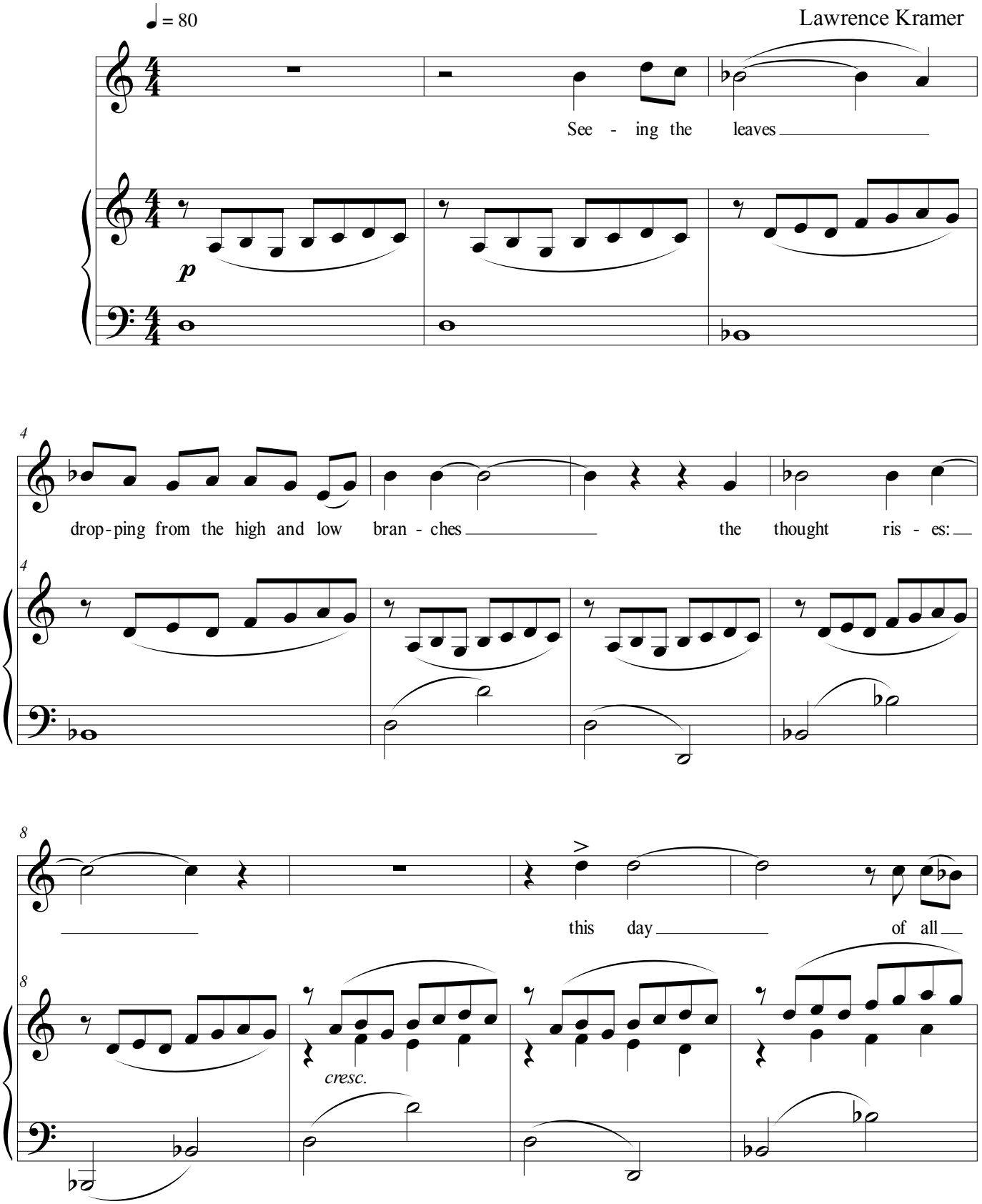
Seeing the leaves dropping from the high and low branches the thought rises: this day of all others is the one chosen, all other days fall away from it on either side and only itself remains in perfect fulness. It is its own summer, of its leaves as they scrape on the smooth ground it must build its perfection.

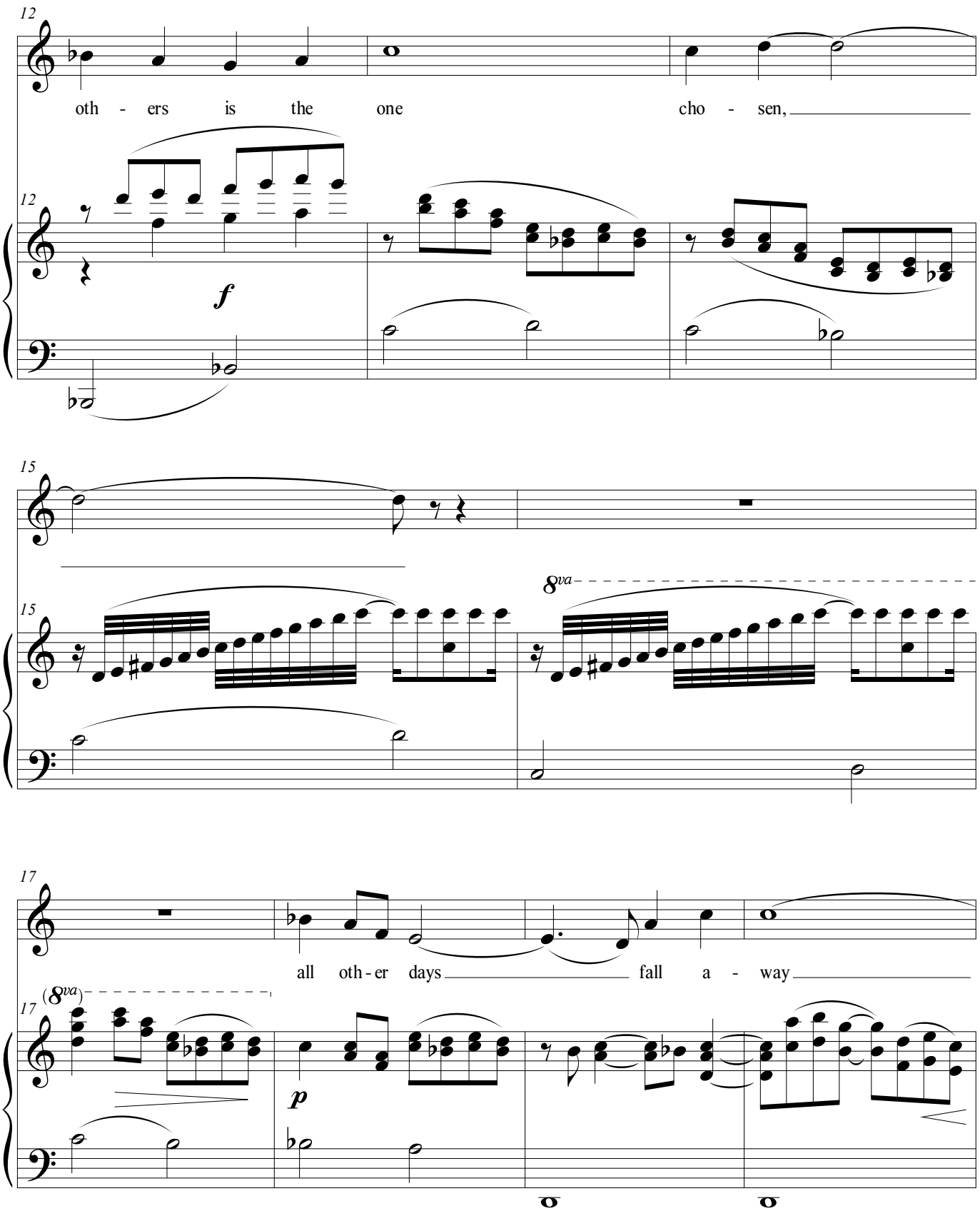
--William Carlos Williams

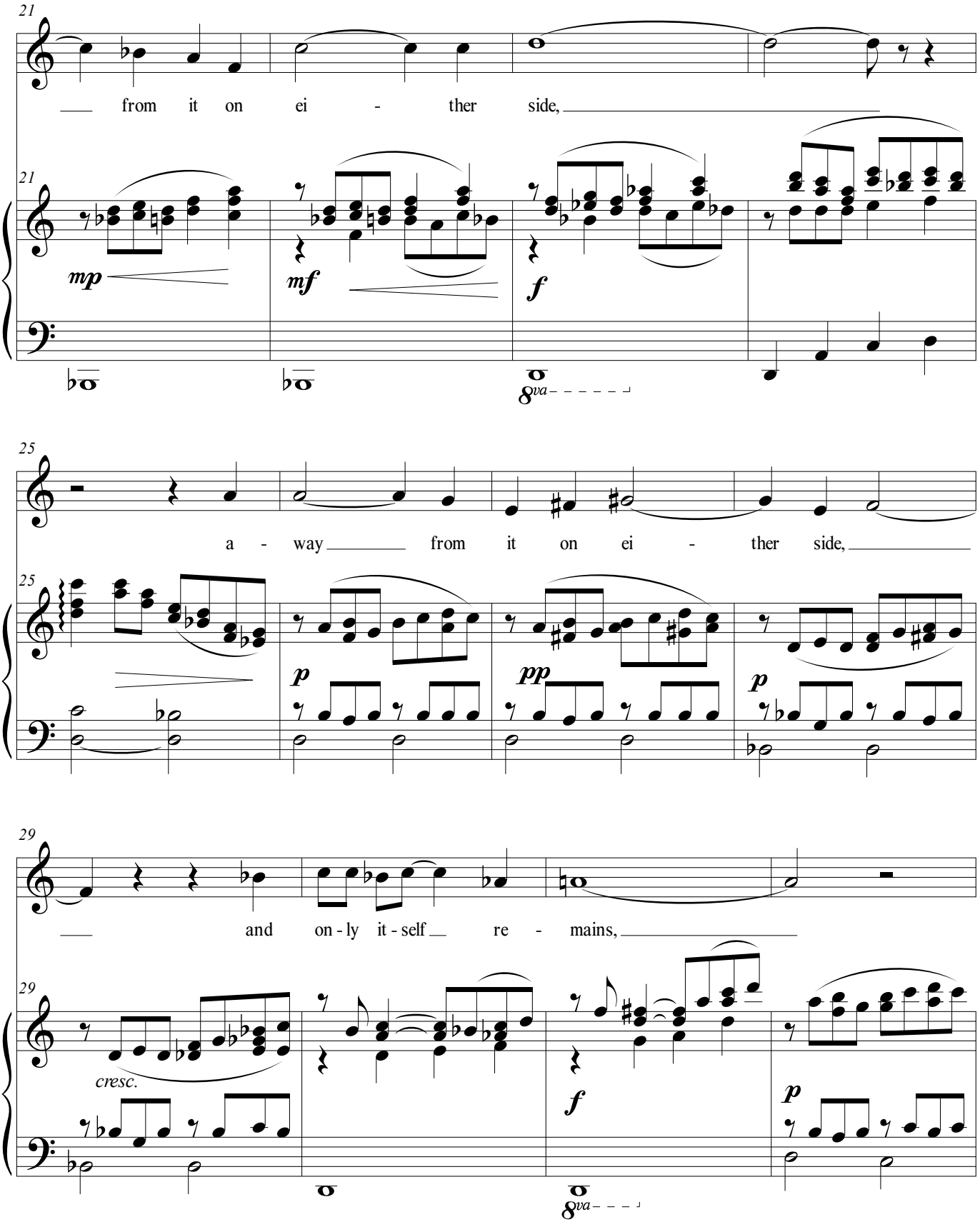
Written Voice Range: D4 - G5
Tessitura: F4 - E♭5
Duration 3:50

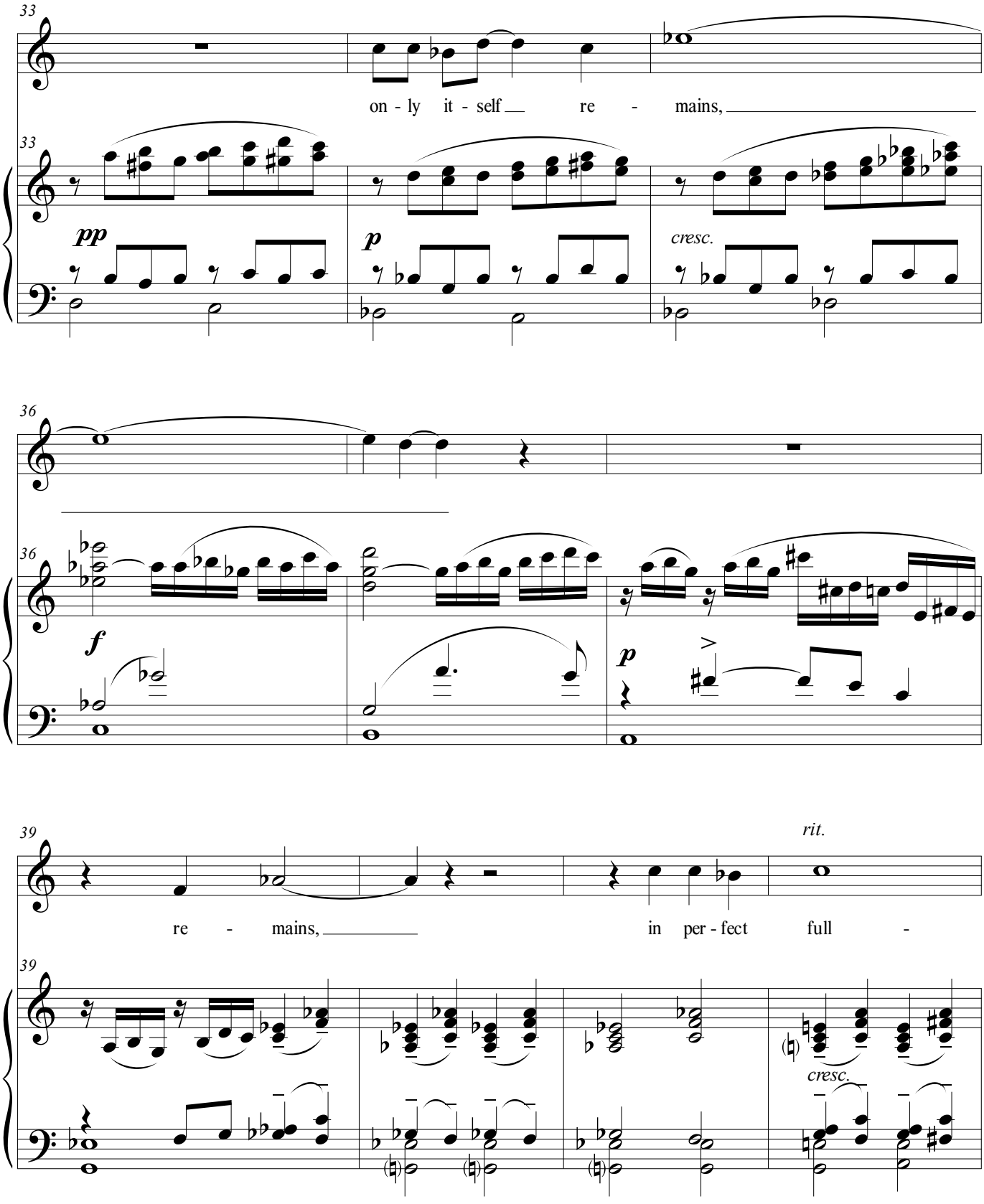
Composed 2019

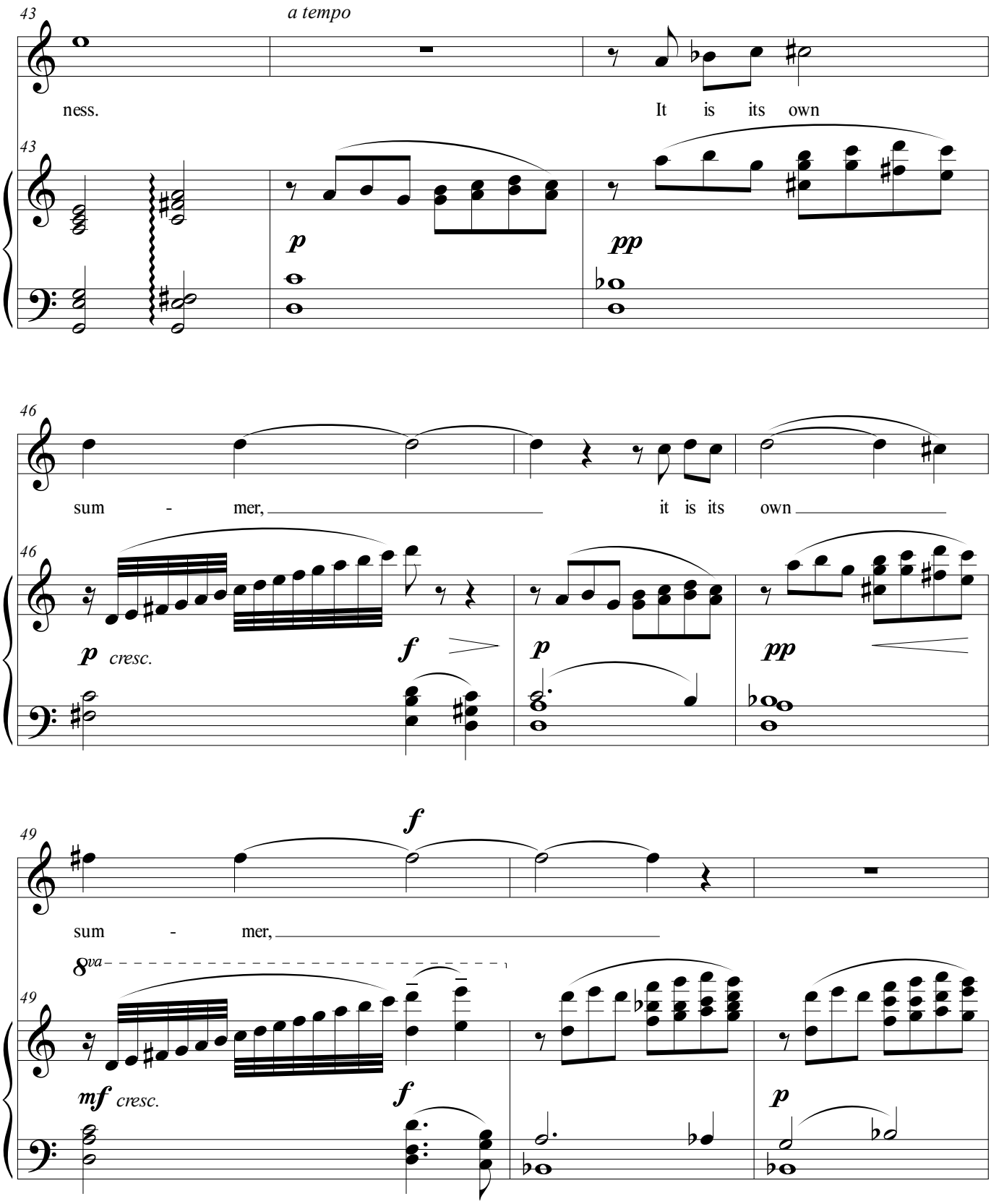
Its Own Summer (from *Kora in Hell*)

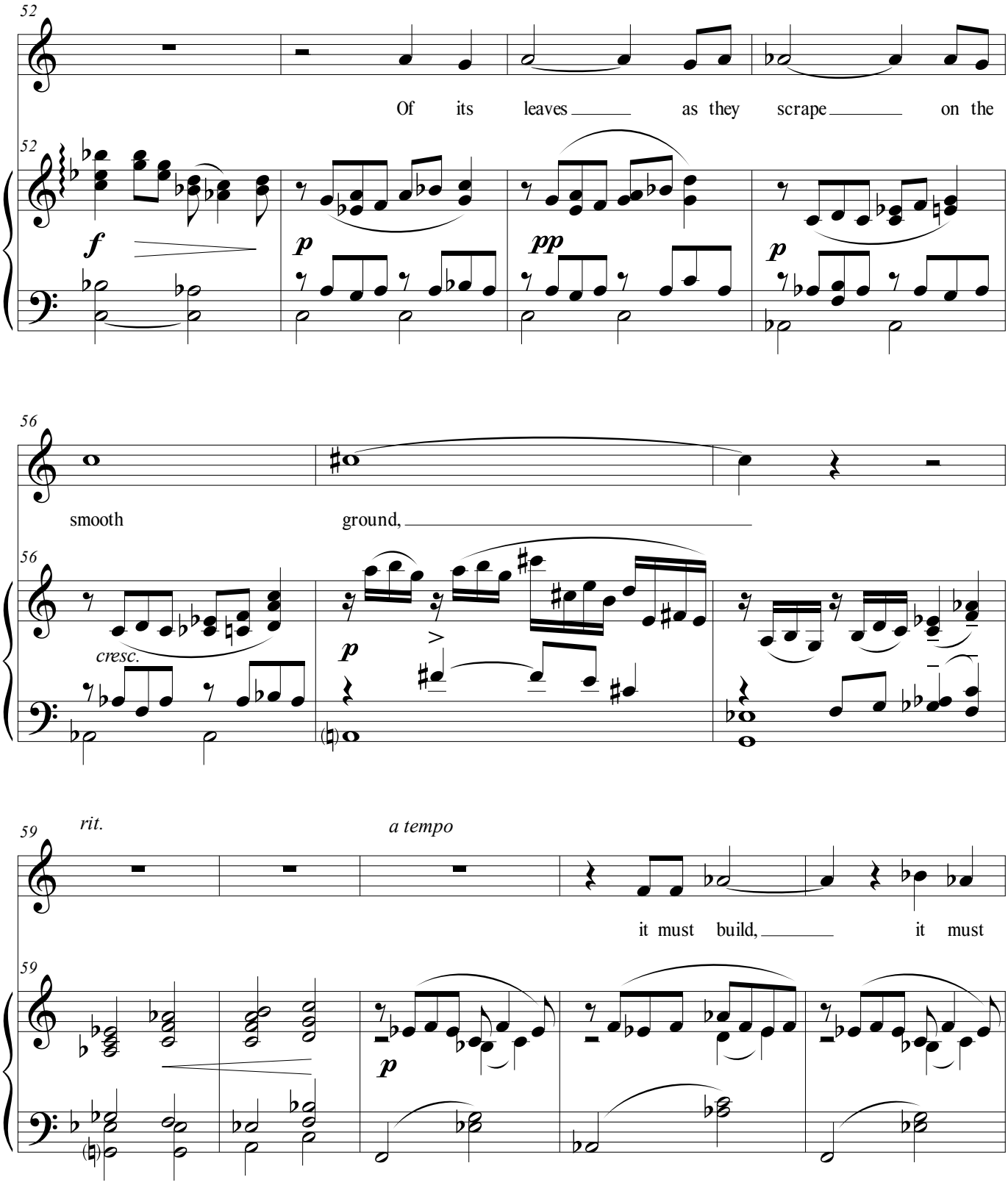


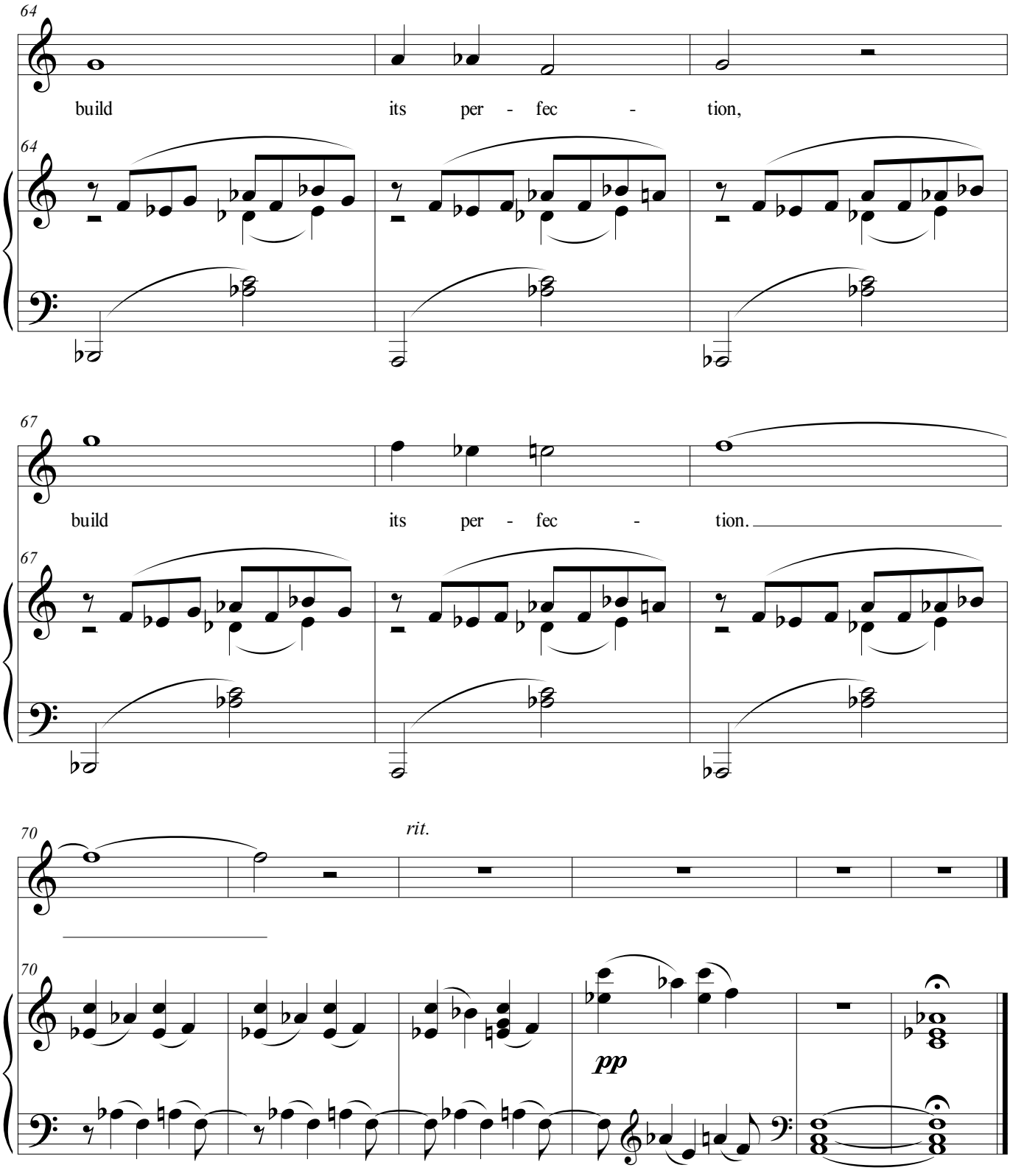

12
oth - ers is the one cho - sen,
12
f
15
15
8va
17
all oth - er days fall a - way
17
(8va)
p


21
from it on ei - ther side,
mp
mf
f
8va
25
a - way from it on ei - ther side,
p
pp
p
29
and on - ly it - self re - mains,
cresc.
f
p
8va


33
on - ly it - self re - mains,
pp
p
cresc.
36
f
p
39
re - mains,
in per - fect full -
rit.
cresc.


43
a tempo
ness.
It is its own
43
p
pp
46
sum - mer,
it is its own
46
p cresc.
f
p
pp
49
f
sum - mer,
8va
49
mf cresc.
f
p


52
Of its leaves as they scrape on the
52
f
p
pp
p
56
smooth ground,
56
cresc.
p
59
rit.
a tempo
it must build, it must
59
p


64
build its per - fec - tion,
64
67
build its per - fec - tion.
67
70
rit.
70
pp

May Day

High Voice

A delicate fabric of bird song
Floats in the air,
The smell of wet wild earth
Is everywhere.

Red small leaves of the maple
Are clenched like a hand,
[Half-bent with anticipation]
The pear trees stand.

Oh I must pass nothing by
[And think nothing too] much,
The raindrop try with my lips,
The grass with my touch;

For how can I be sure
I shall see again
The world on the first of May
Shining after the rain?

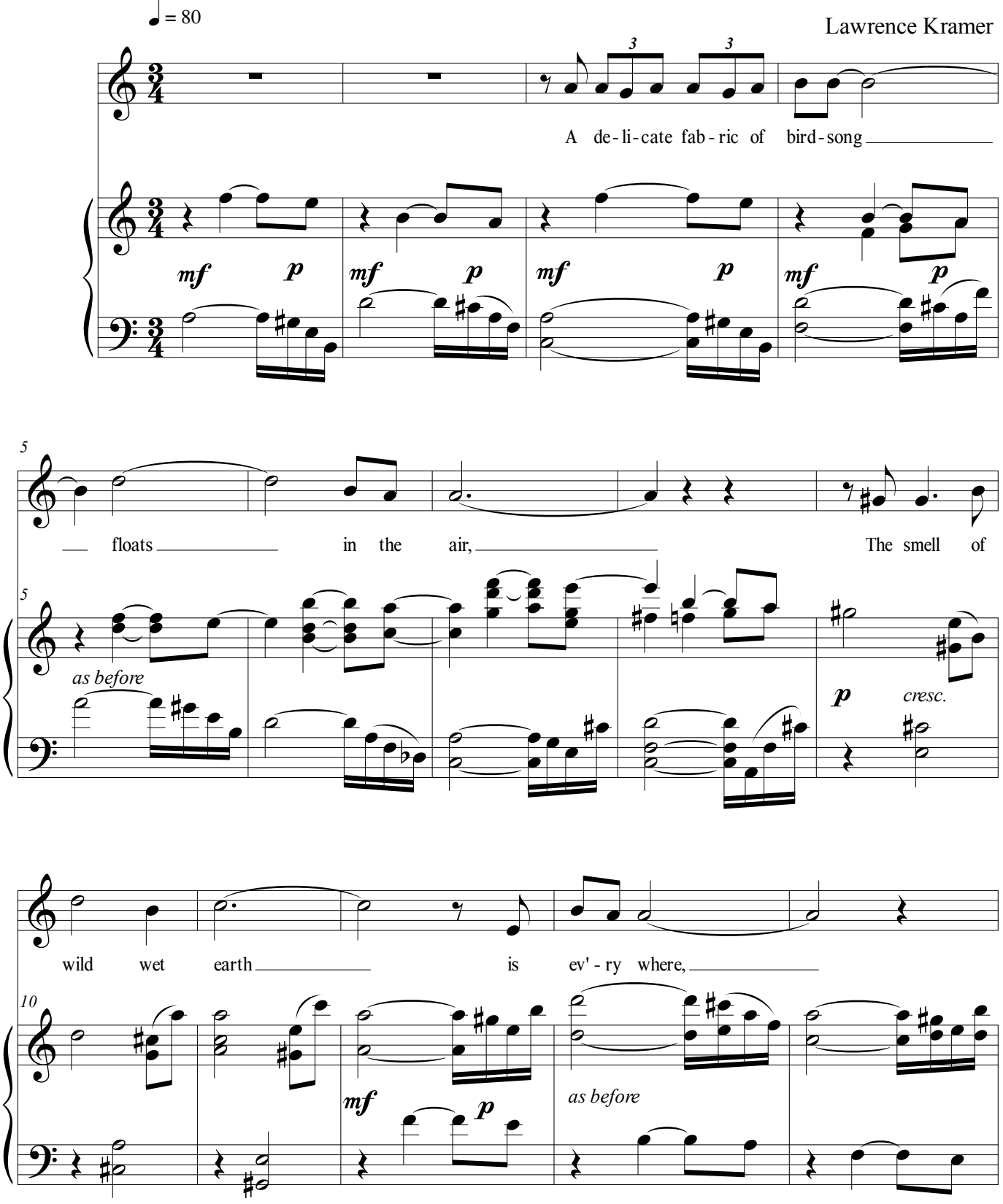
--Sara Teasdale

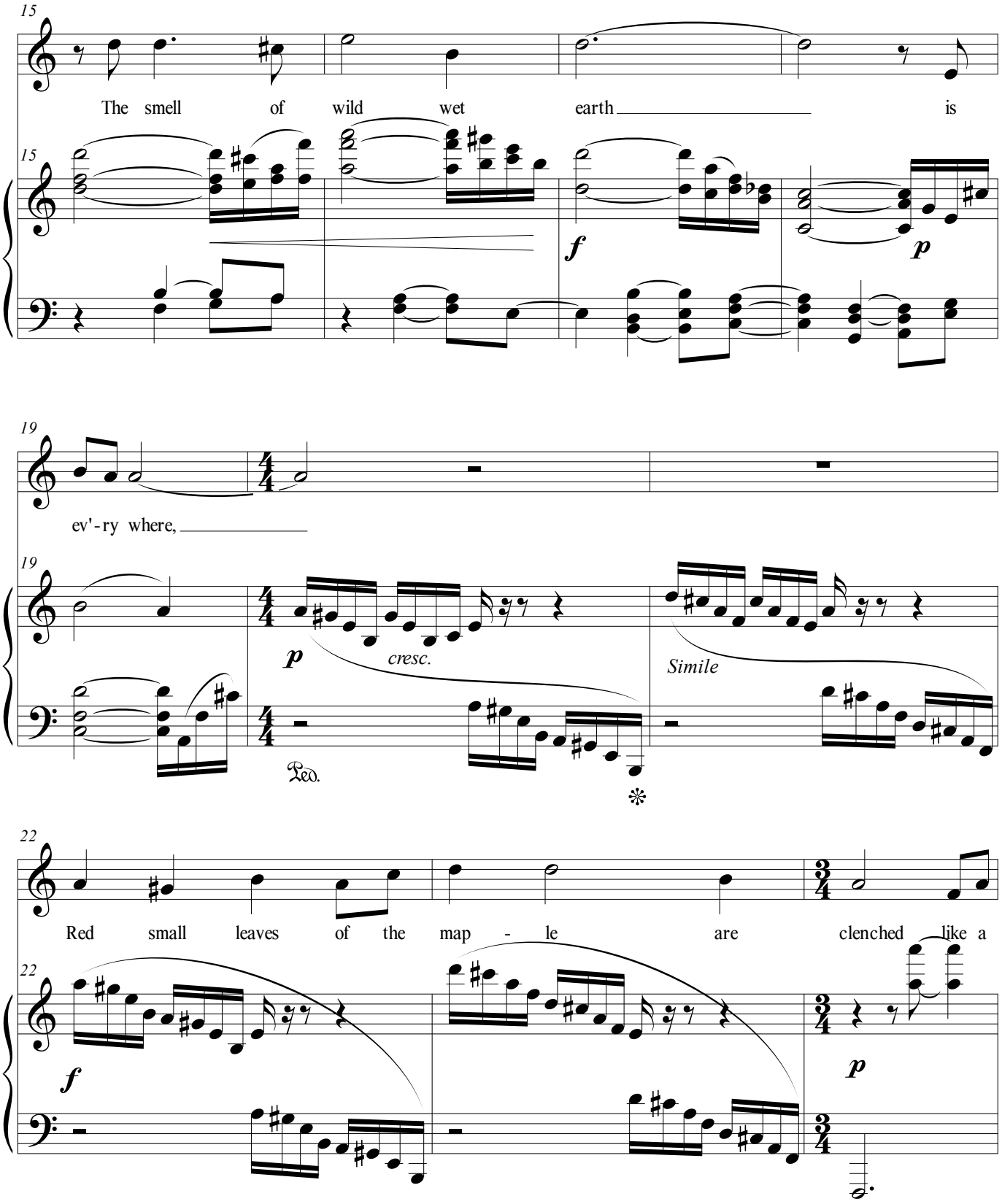
Written voice range: E♭4 - G♯5
Tessitura: A4 - F5
Duration: 3 minutes

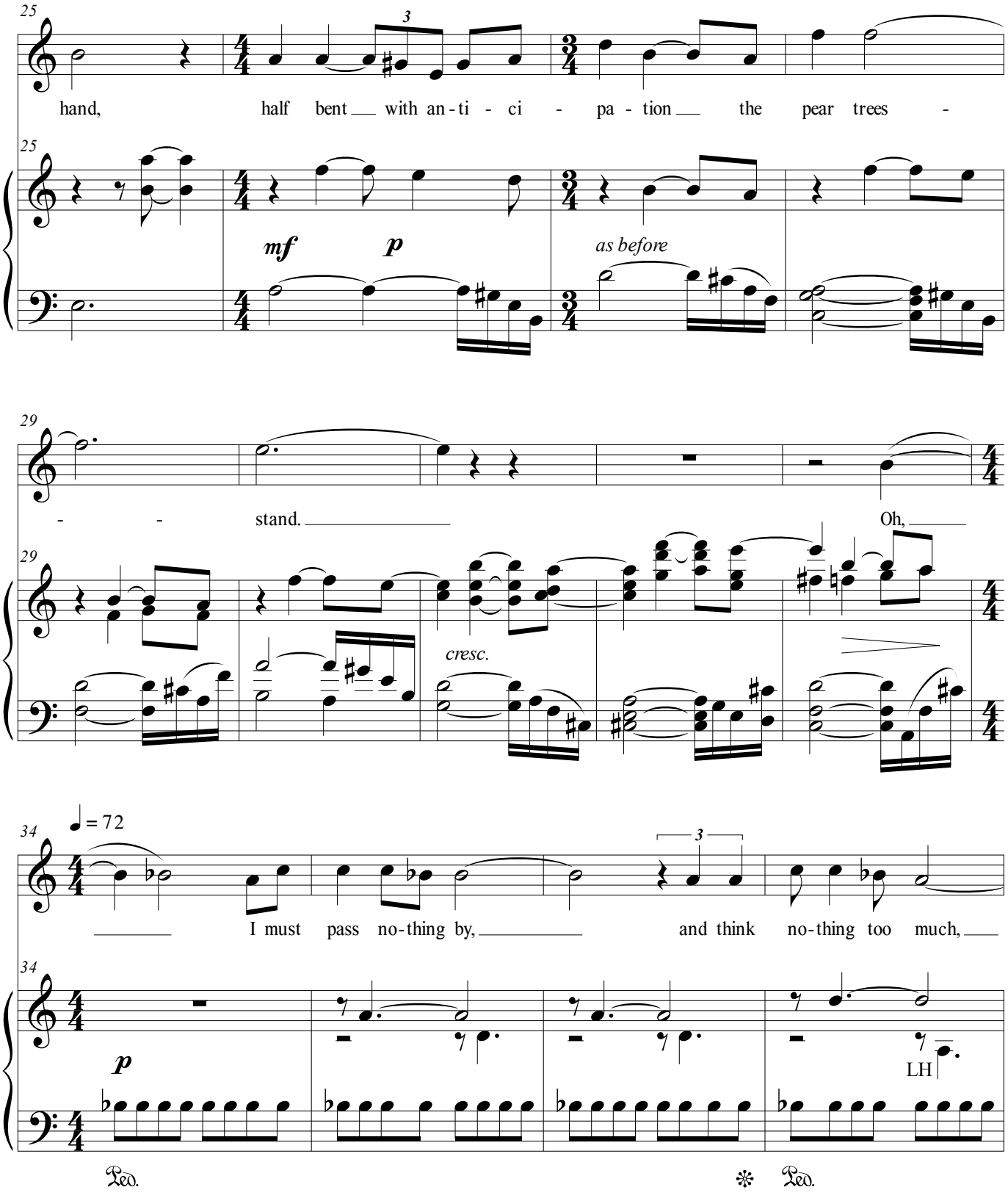
Composed 2017

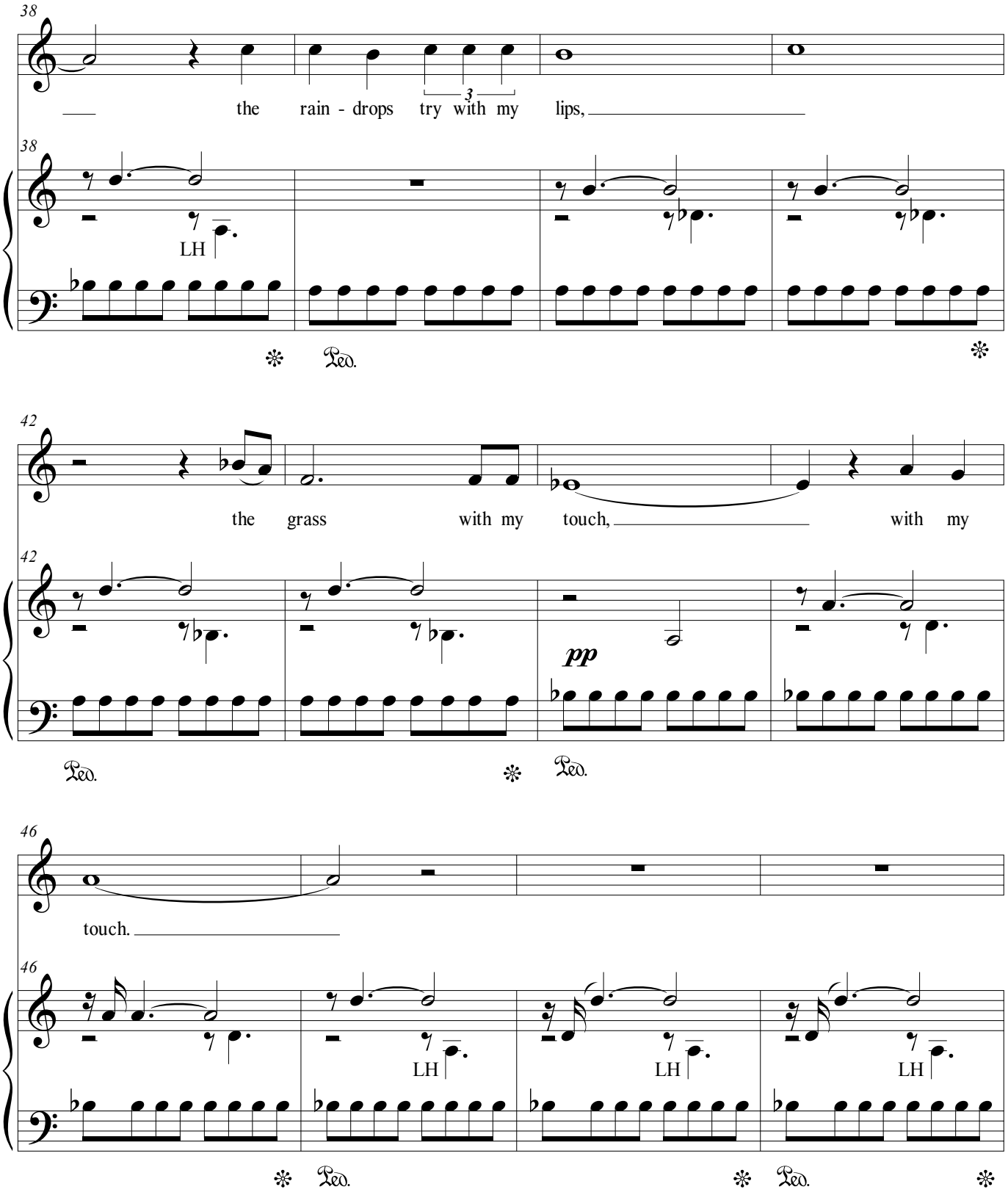
May Day

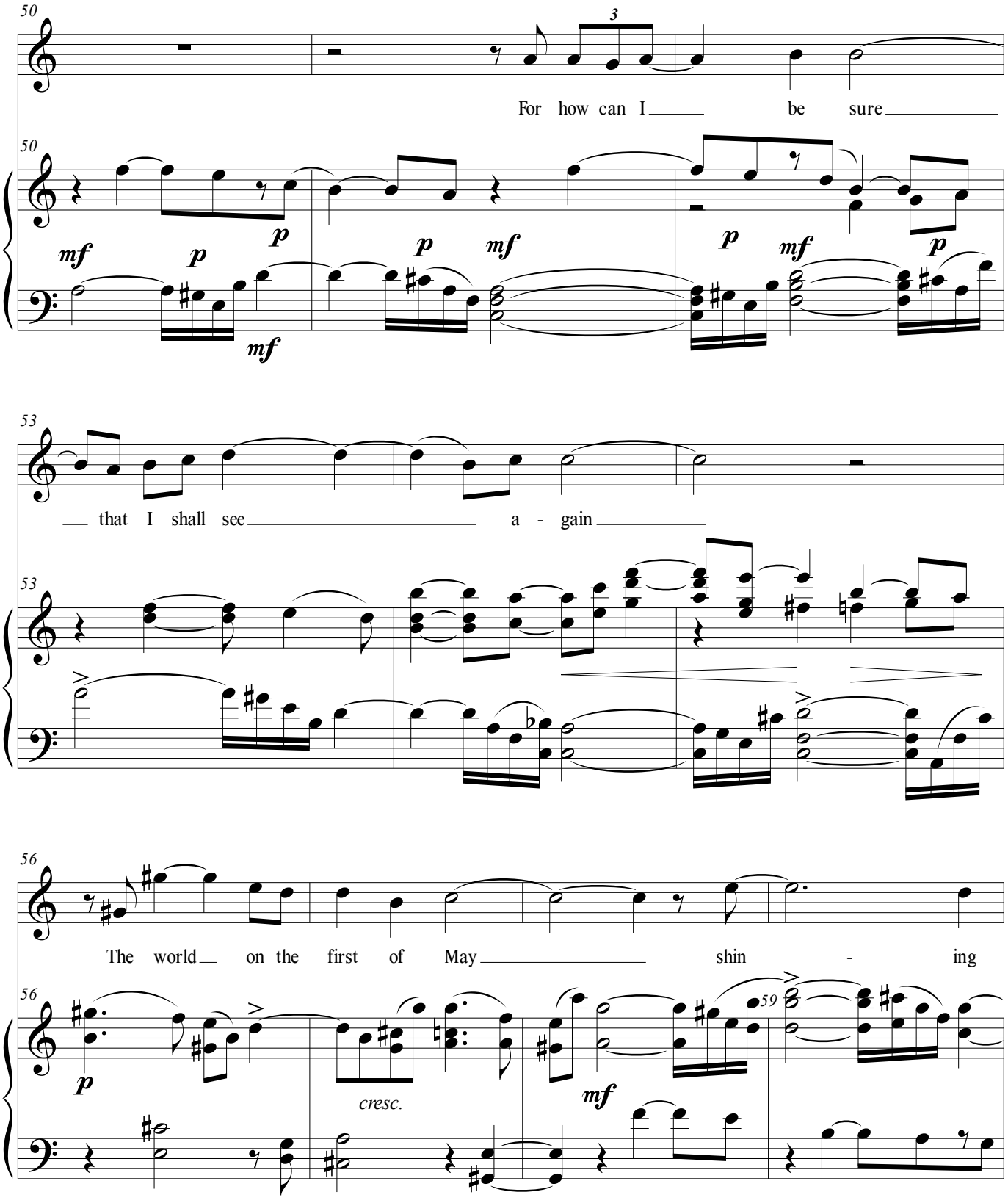
Lawrence Kramer

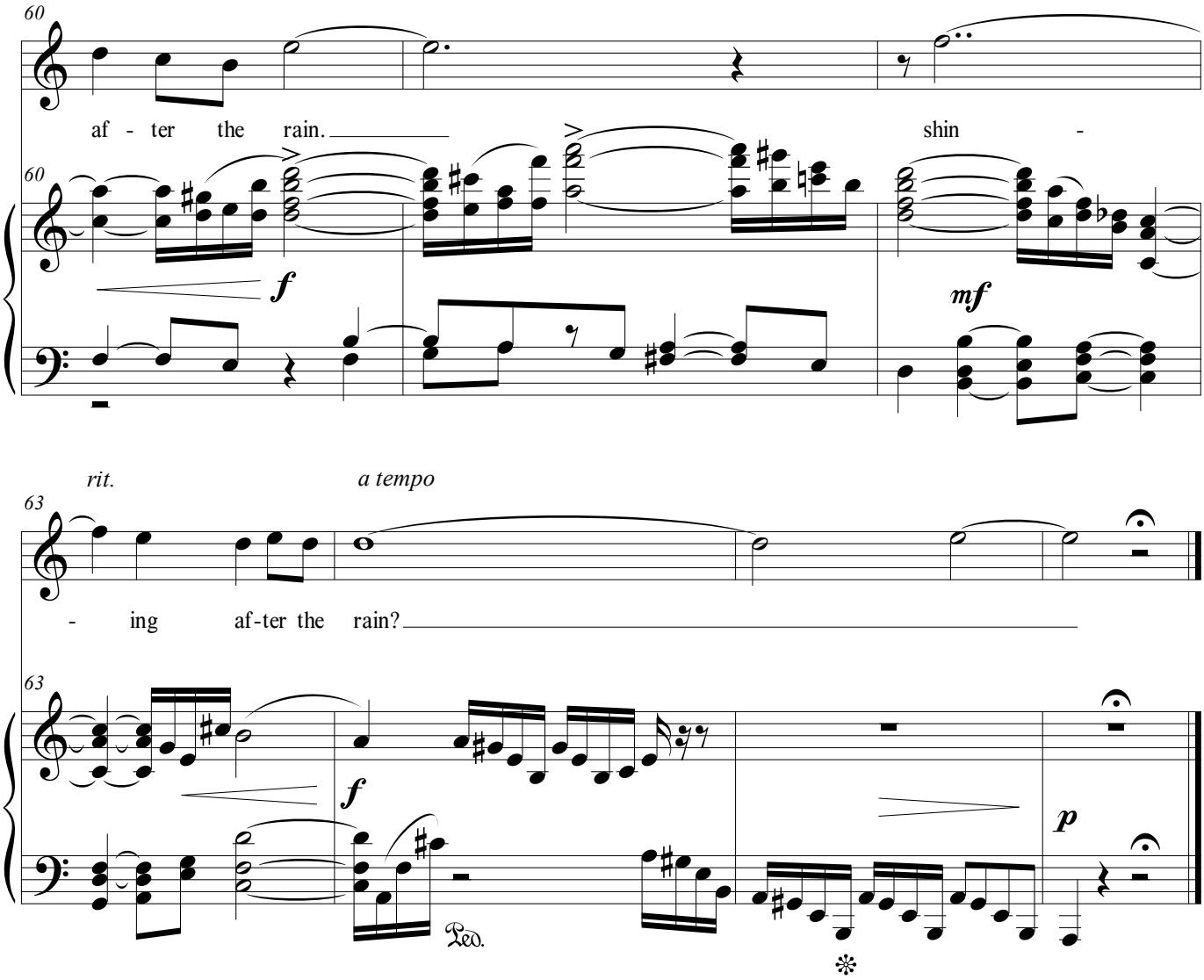



15
The smell of wild wet earth is
15
f
p
19
ev'-ry where,
19
p
cresc.
Simile
Ped.
22
Red small leaves of the map - le are clenched like a
22
f
p


25
hand, half bent with an-ti-ci-pa-tion the pear trees -
mf
p
as before
29
- - stand.
Oh,
cresc.
34
♩ = 72
I must pass no-thing by, and think no-thing too much,
p
LH
Ped.
Ped.


38
the rain - drops try with my lips,
3
38
LH
Ped.
42
the grass with my touch, with my
42
pp
Ped.
Ped.
46
touch.
46
LH
LH
LH
Ped.
Ped.


50
3
For how can I be sure
50
mf p p mf p mf p mf
53
that I shall see a - gain
53
56
The world on the first of May shin - ing
56
59
p cresc. mf


60
af - ter the rain.
shin -
60
f
mf
rit.
a tempo
63
- ing af-ter the rain?
63
f
p
Ped.

May Day

Medium Voice

A delicate fabric of bird song
    Floats in the air,
The smell of wet wild earth
    Is everywhere.

Red small leaves of the maple
    Are clenched like a hand,
[Half-bent with anticipation]
    The pear trees stand.

Oh I must pass nothing by
  [And think nothing too] much,
The raindrop try with my lips,
    The grass with my touch;

For how can I be sure
    I shall see again
The world on the first of May
    Shining after the rain?

--Sara Teasdale

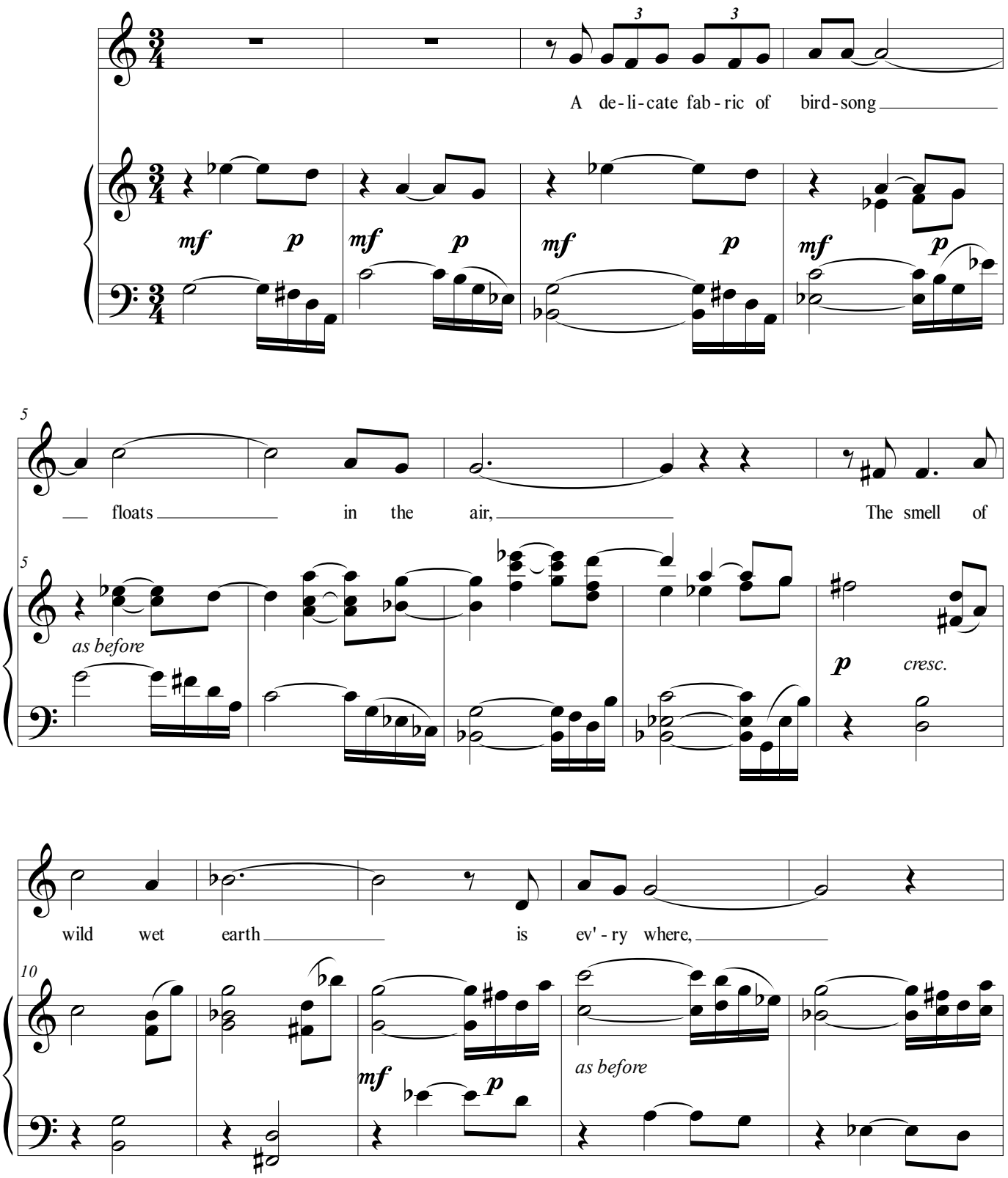
Written voice range: D♭4 - F♯5
Tessitura: G4 - E♭5
Duration: 3 minutes

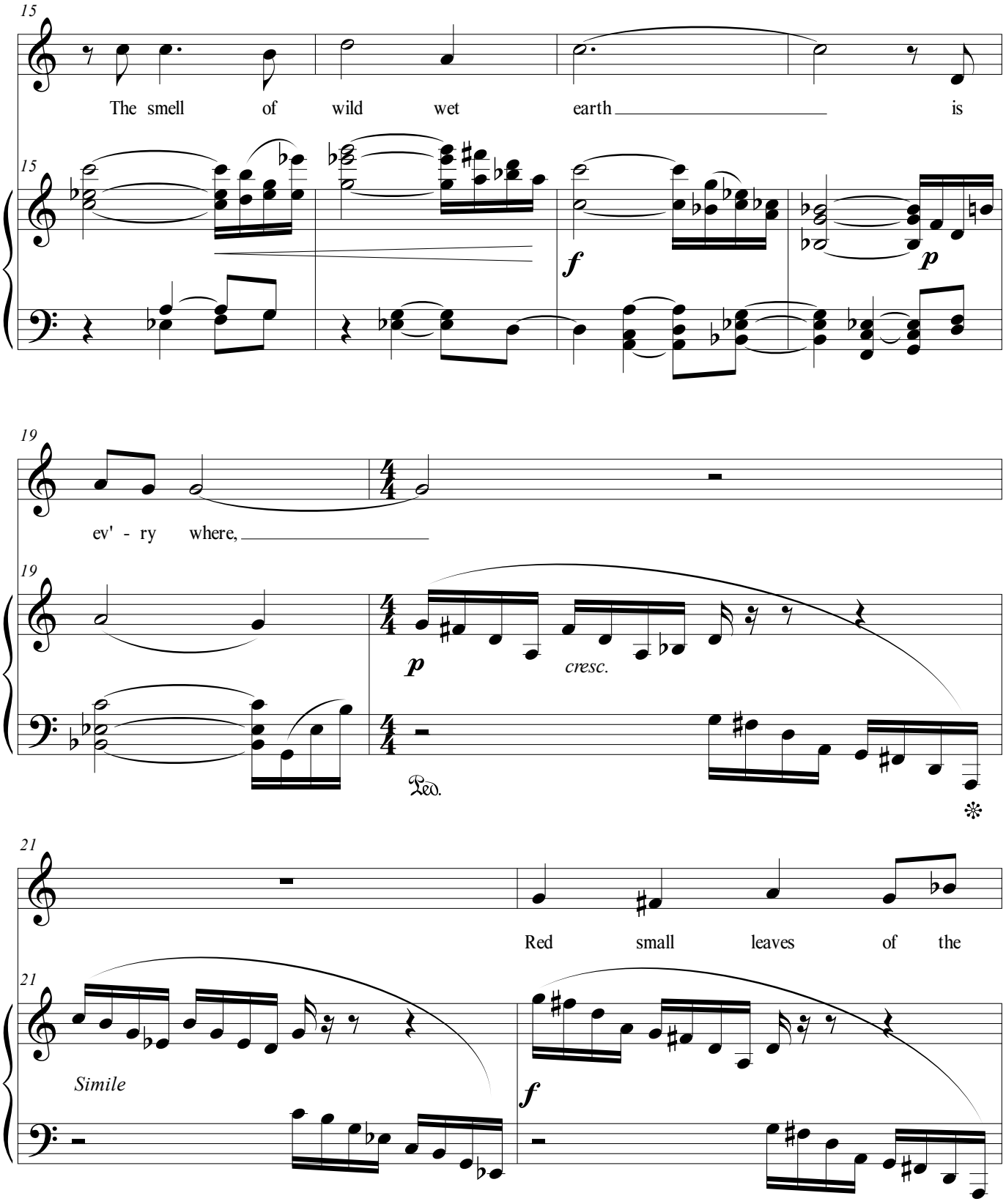
Composed 2017

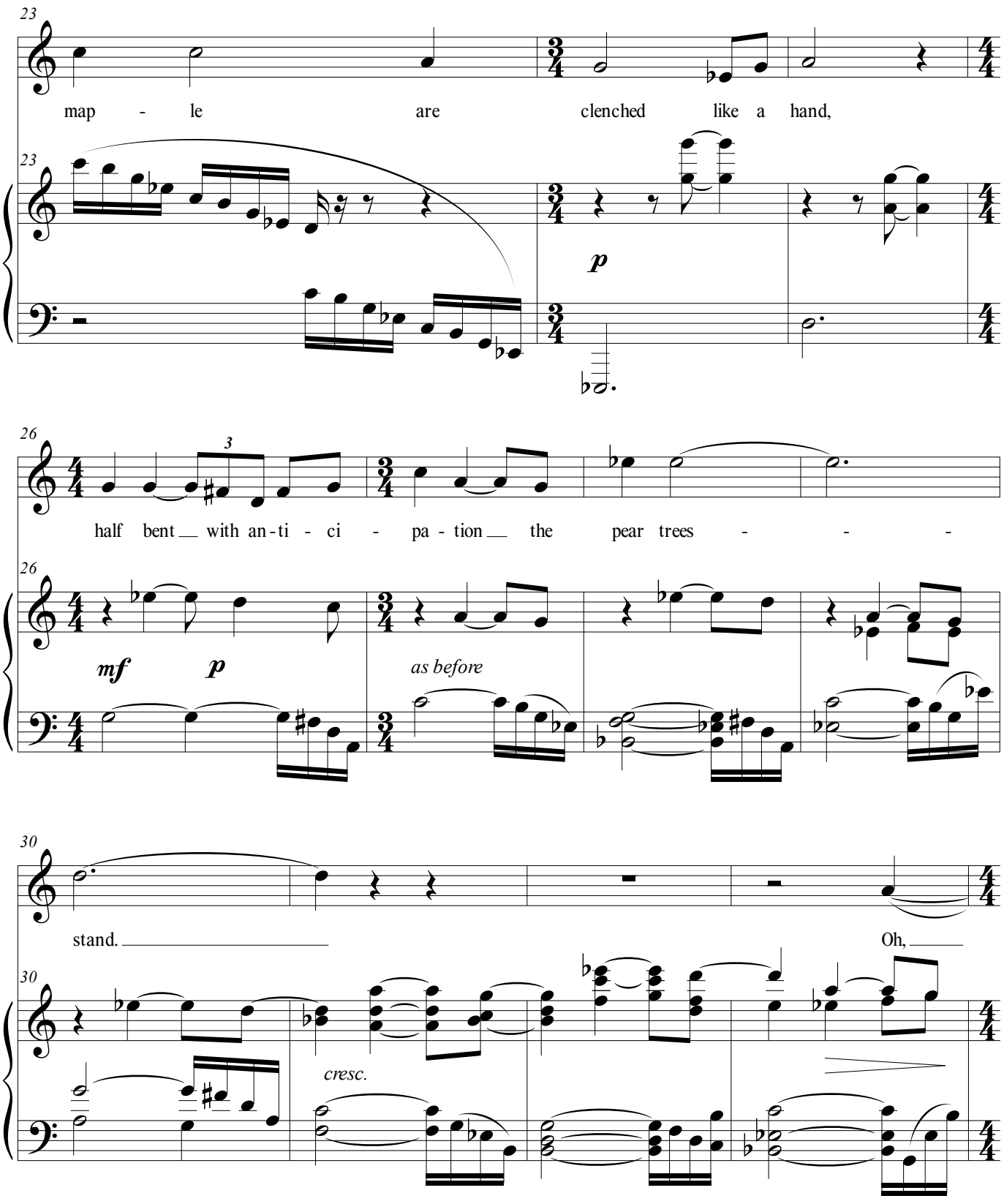
May Day

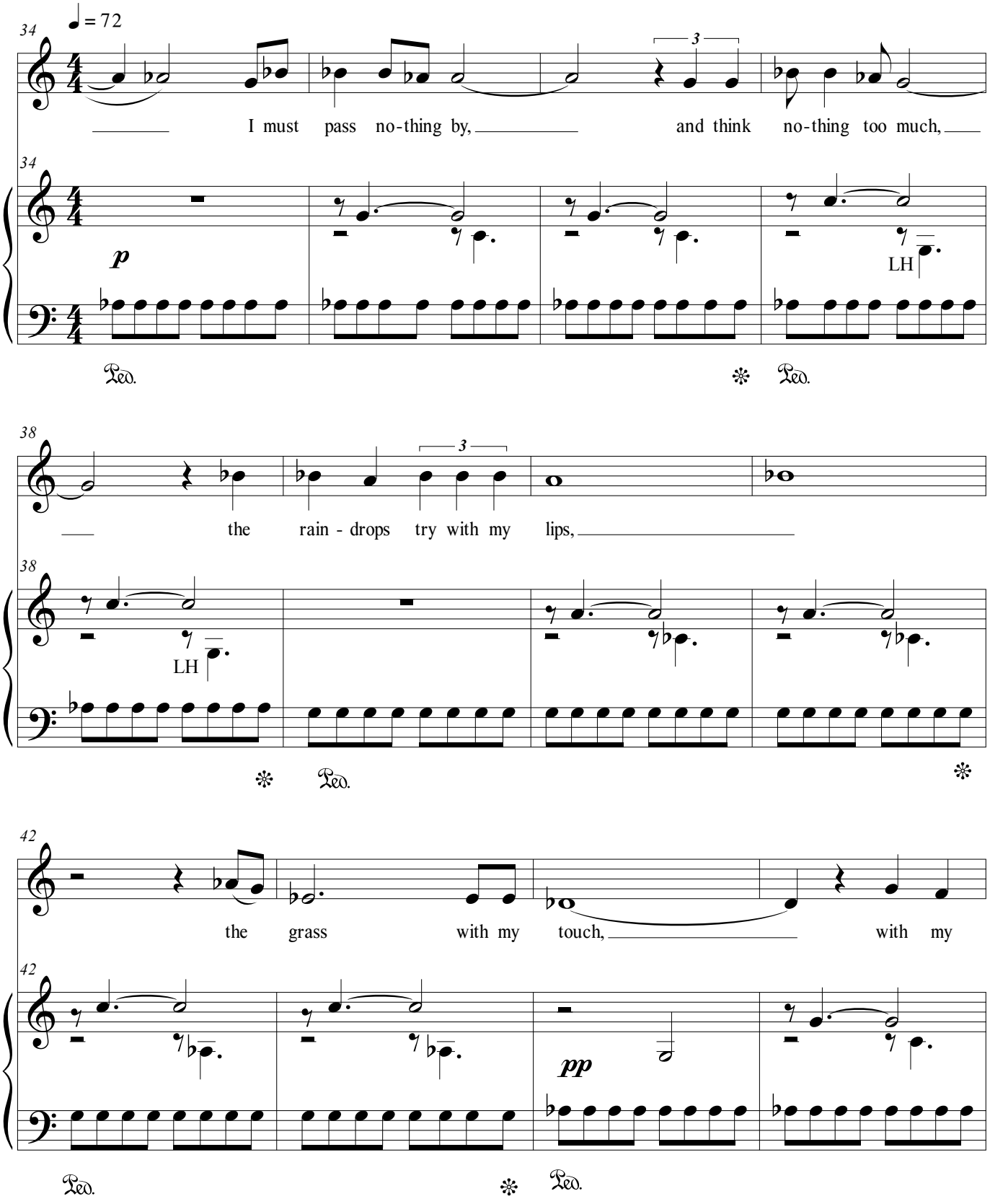
♩ = 80

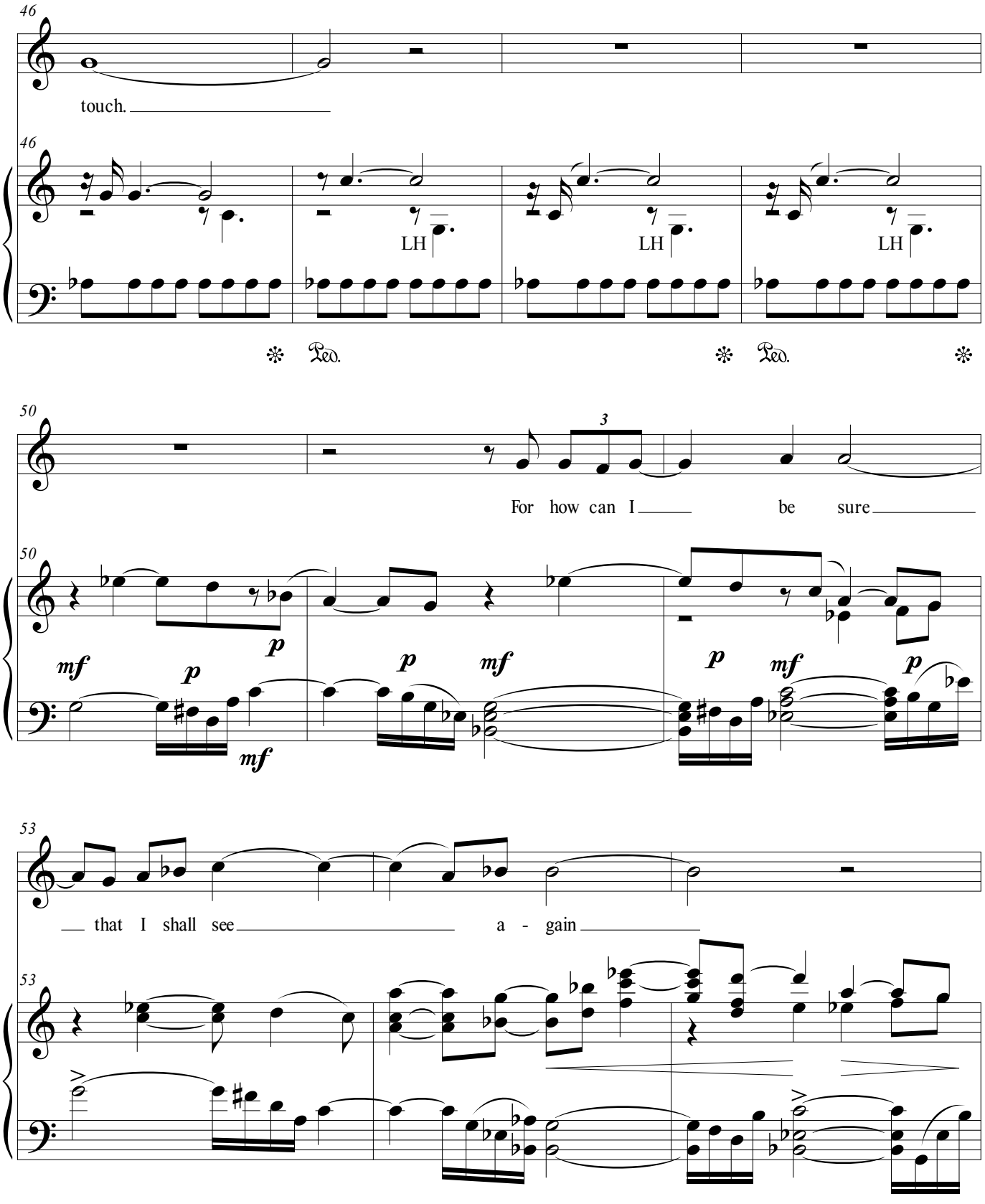
Lawrence Kramer

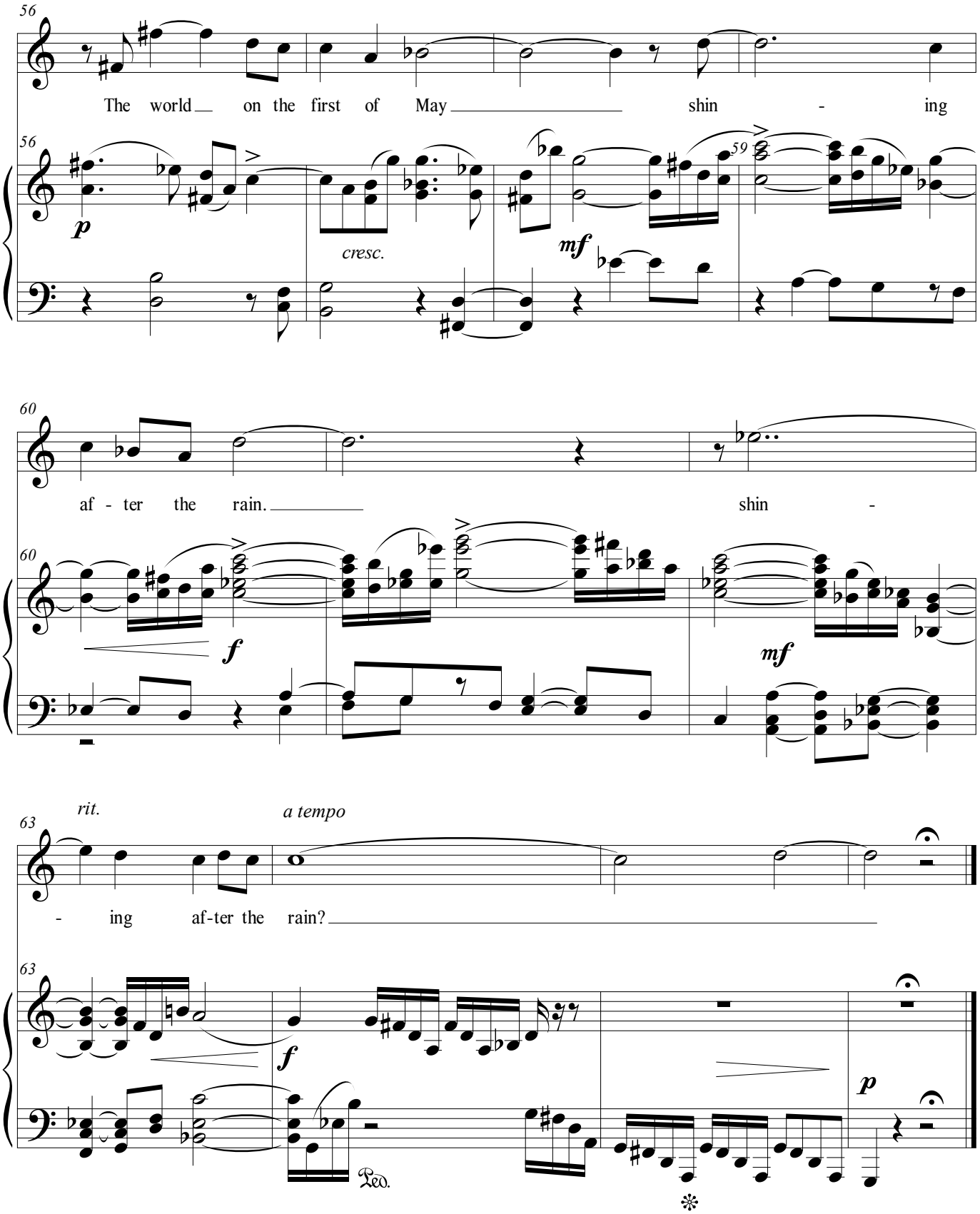



15
The smell of wild wet earth is
15
f
p
19
ev' - ry where,
19
p
cresc.
Ped.
21
Red small leaves of the
21
Simile
f


23
map - le are clenched like a hand,
23
p
26
3
half bent with an-ti - ci - pa - tion the pear trees - - -
26
mf p
as before
30
stand. Oh,
30
cresc.


34
♩ = 72
I must pass no-thing by, and think no-thing too much,
p
LH
Ped.
38
the rain - drops try with my lips,
LH
42
the grass with my touch, with my
pp


46
touch.
46
LH
LH
LH
Ped.
Ped.
50
3
For how can I be sure
50
mf
p
mf
p
p
mf
p
mf
p
53
that I shall see a - gain
53


56
The world on the first of May shin - ing
p
cresc.
mf
59
60
af - ter the rain. shin -
f
mf
63
rit.
a tempo
- ing af-ter the rain?
f
p
Ped.

Moonlight

Baritone

Mellifluous moon on the lips of the lunatic
The orchards and towns are avid tonight
The stars look very much like bees
Of this luminous honey that drips from the trellises
For see how all sweet as they fall from the sky
Each ray of moonlight is a ray of honey
Now hidden I dream up the sweetest adventure
I fear the sting of fire from this Arctic bee
That sets in my hand these deceiving rays
And takes its lunar honey to the rose of winds

--Guillaume Apollinaire

Translation by the composer

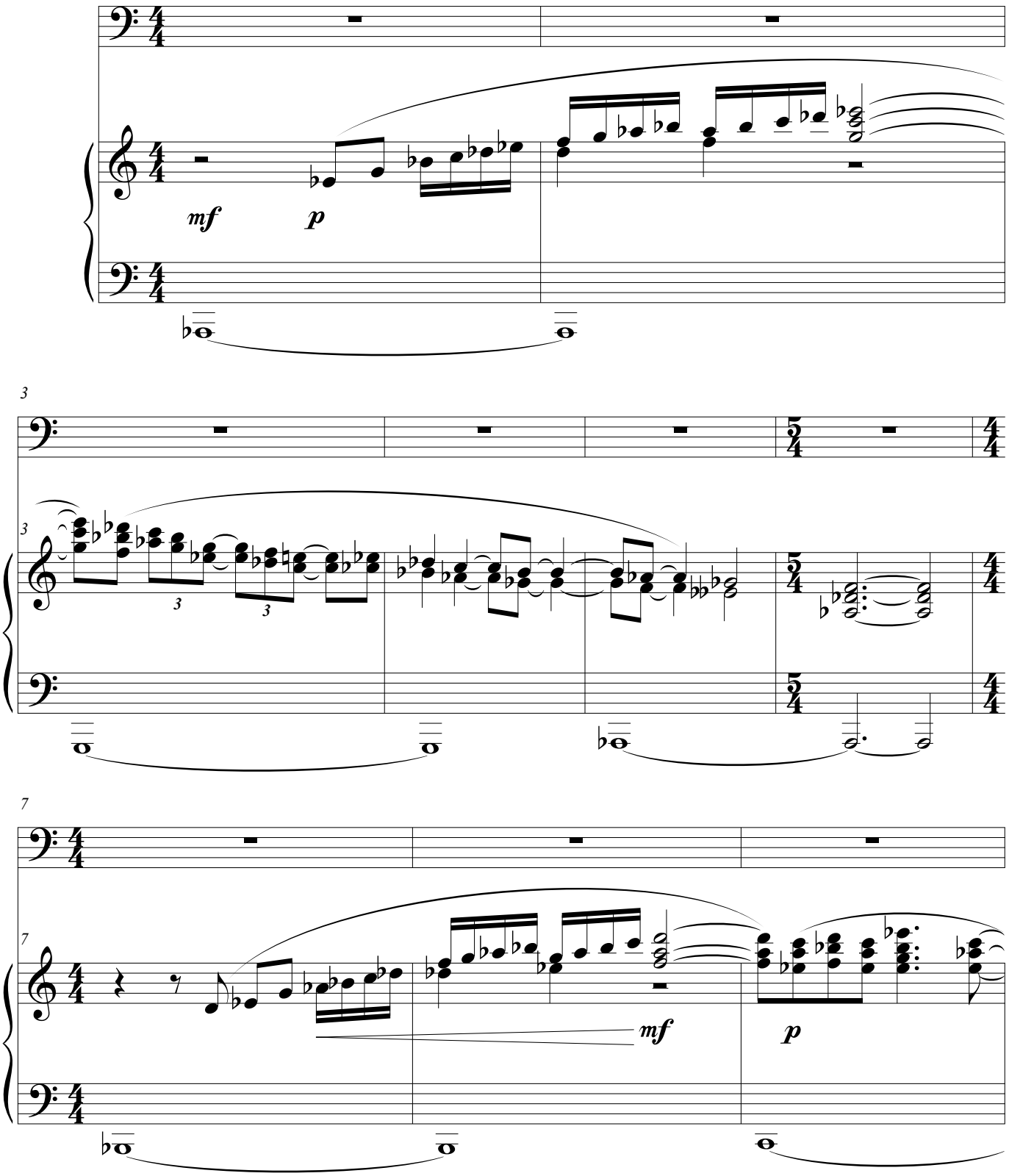
Voice range: A♭2 - E♭4, with optional G2
Tessitura: D3 - C4
Duration 3:25

Composed 2020

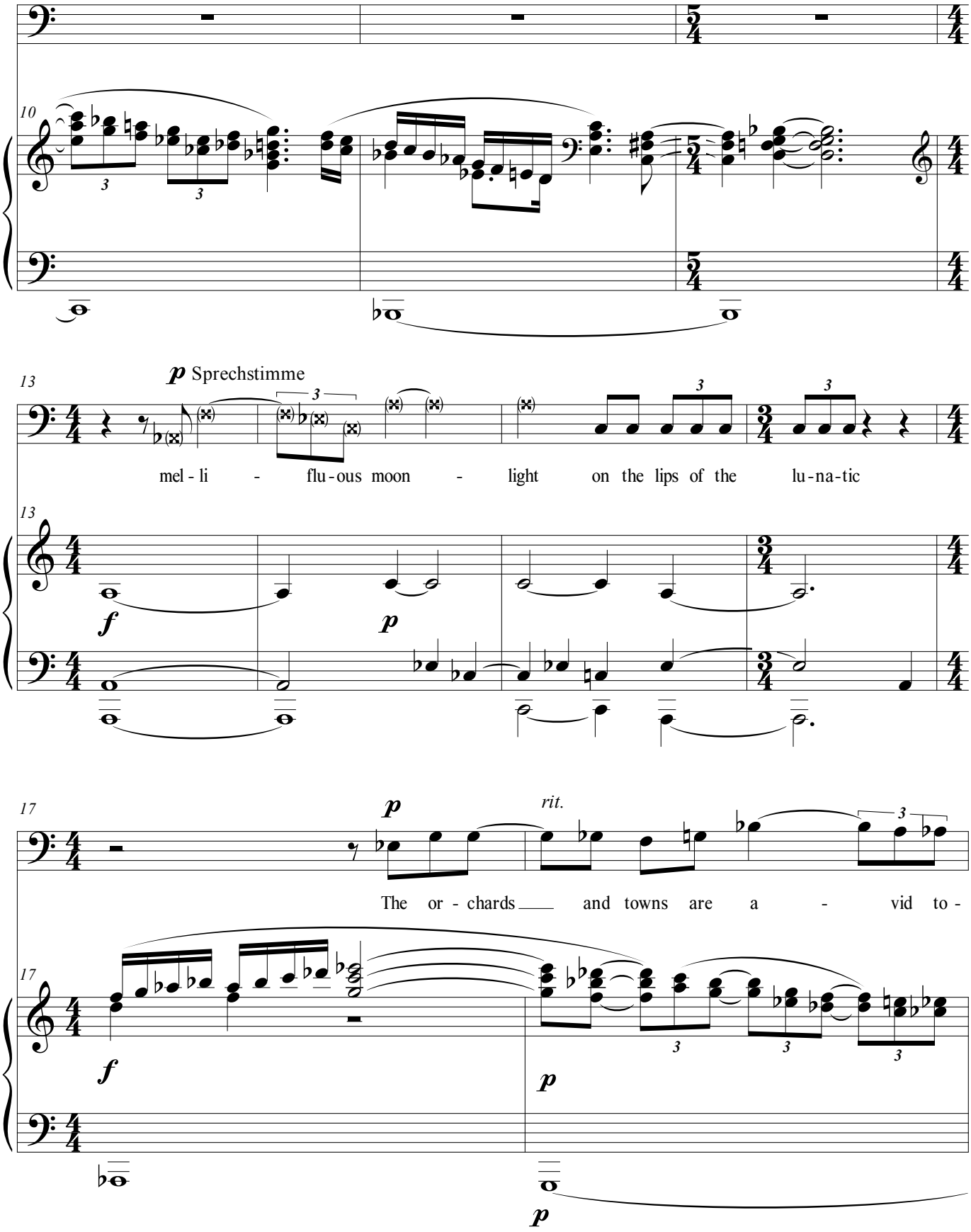
Moonlight

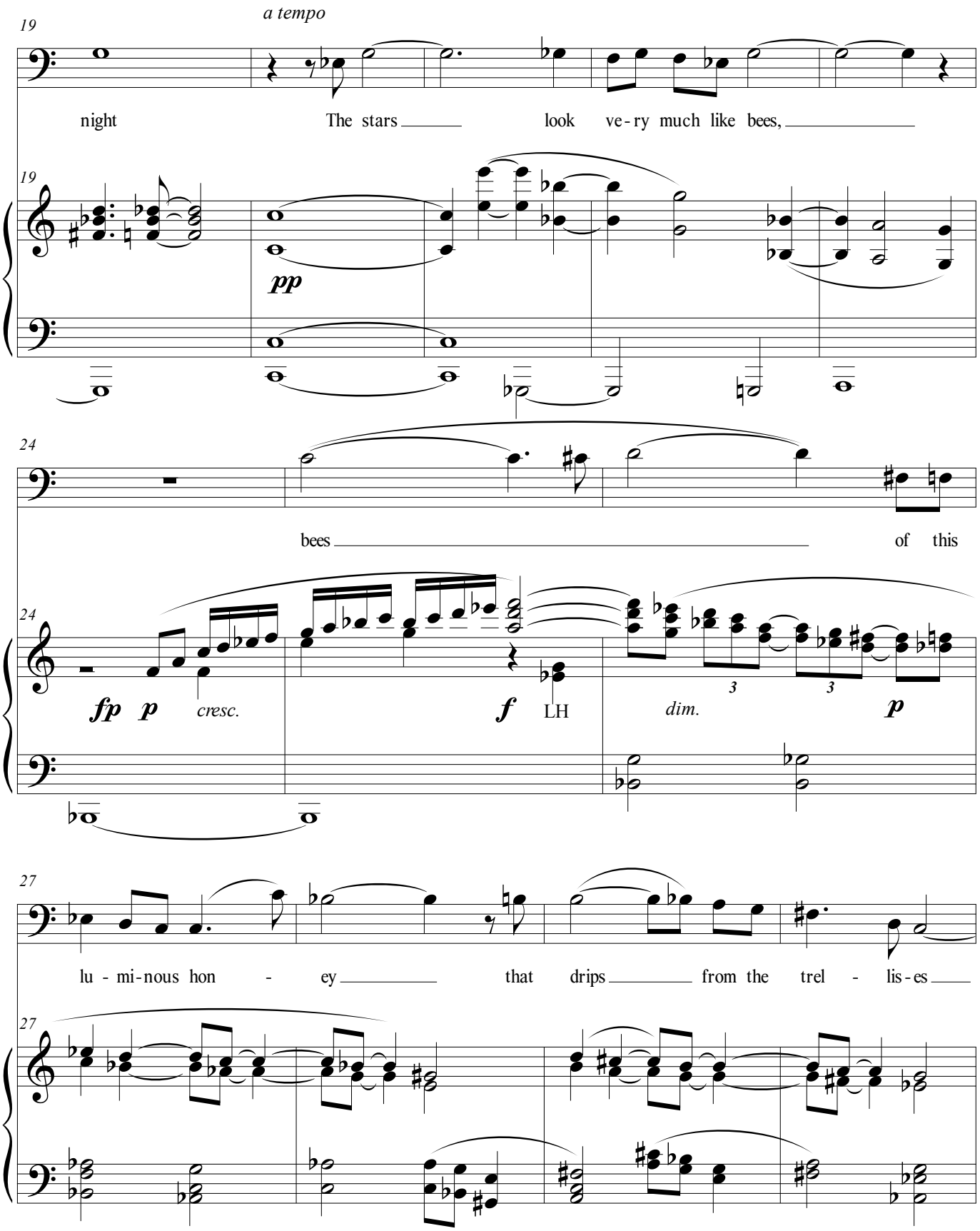
♩ = 92

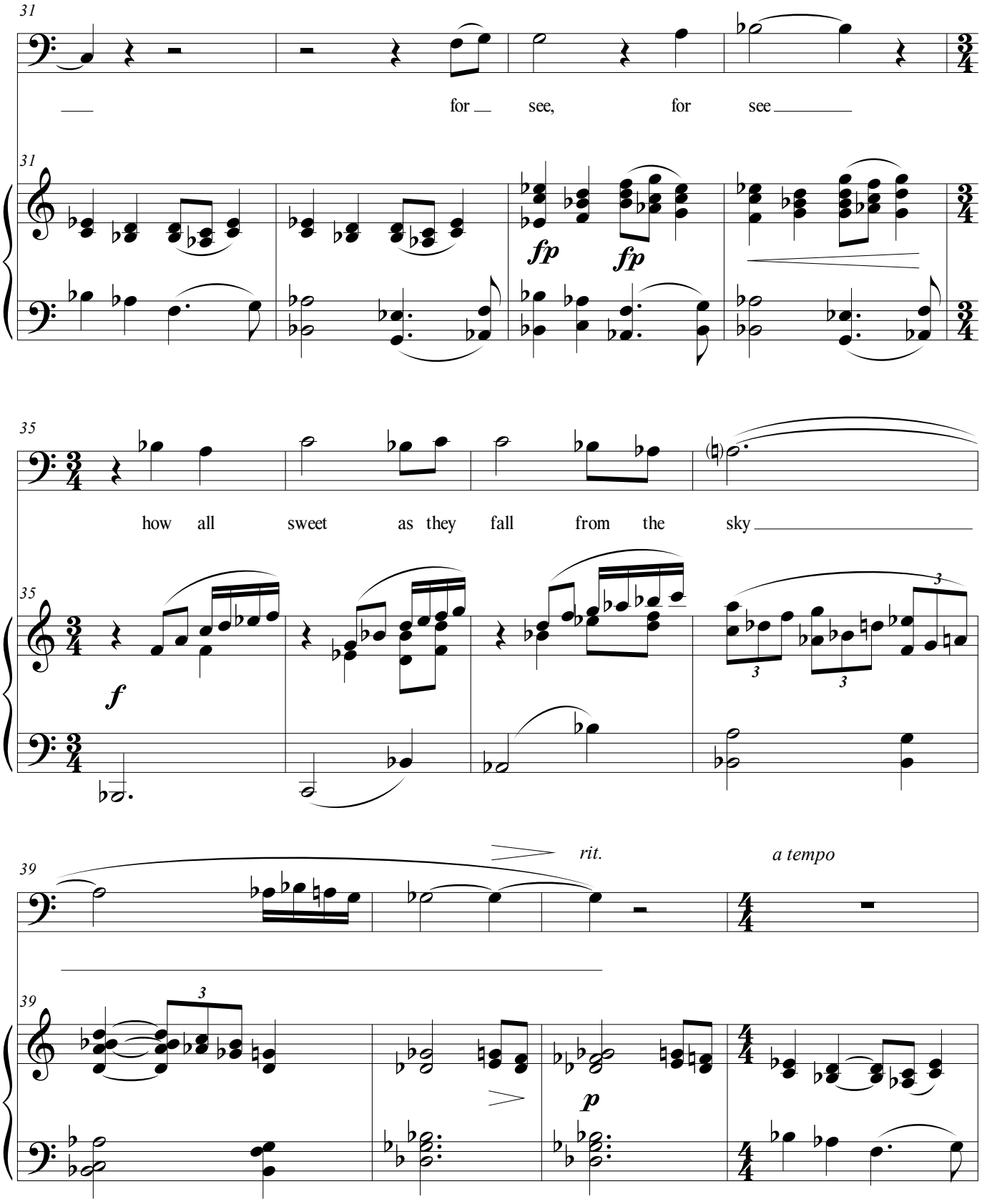
Lawrence Kraner

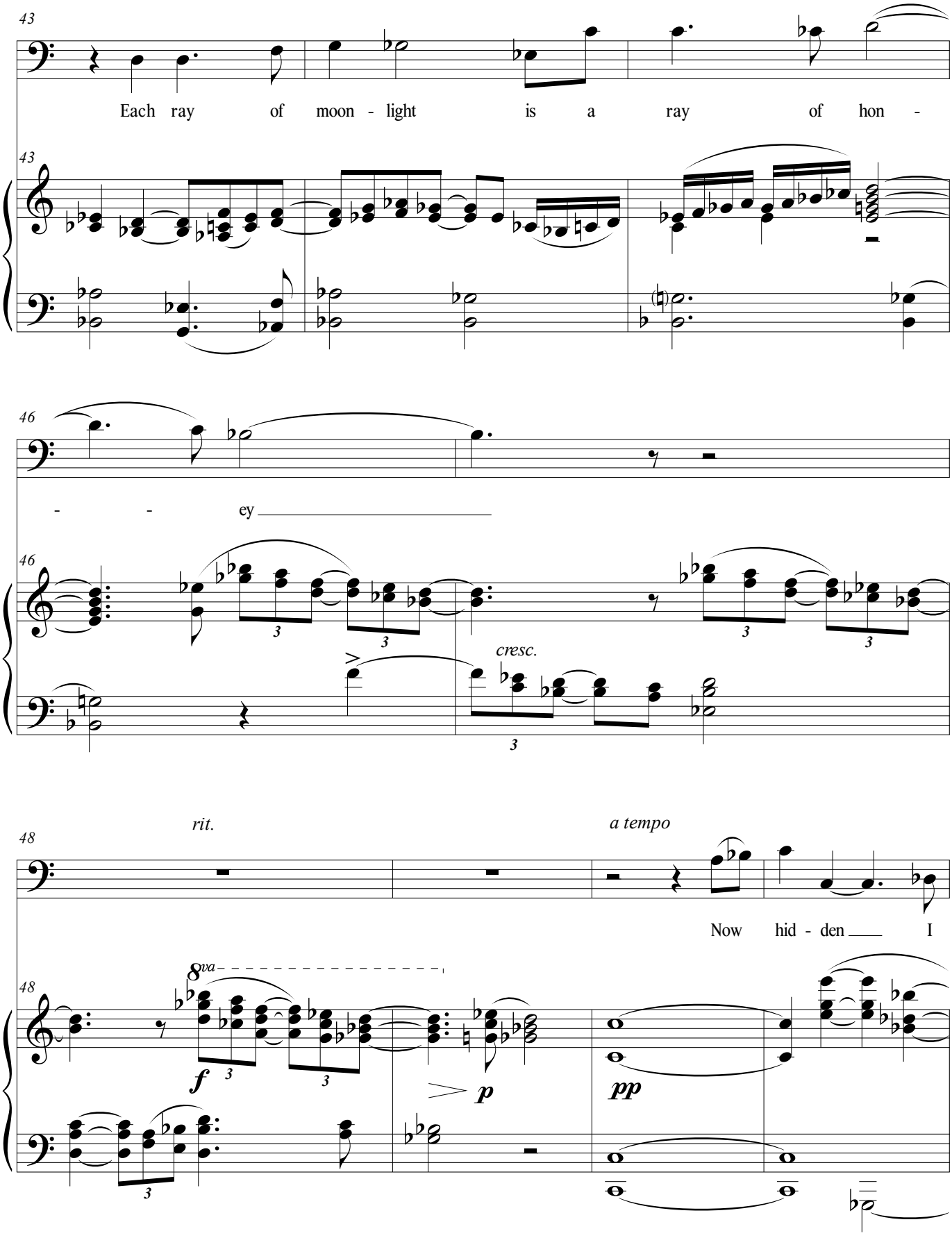


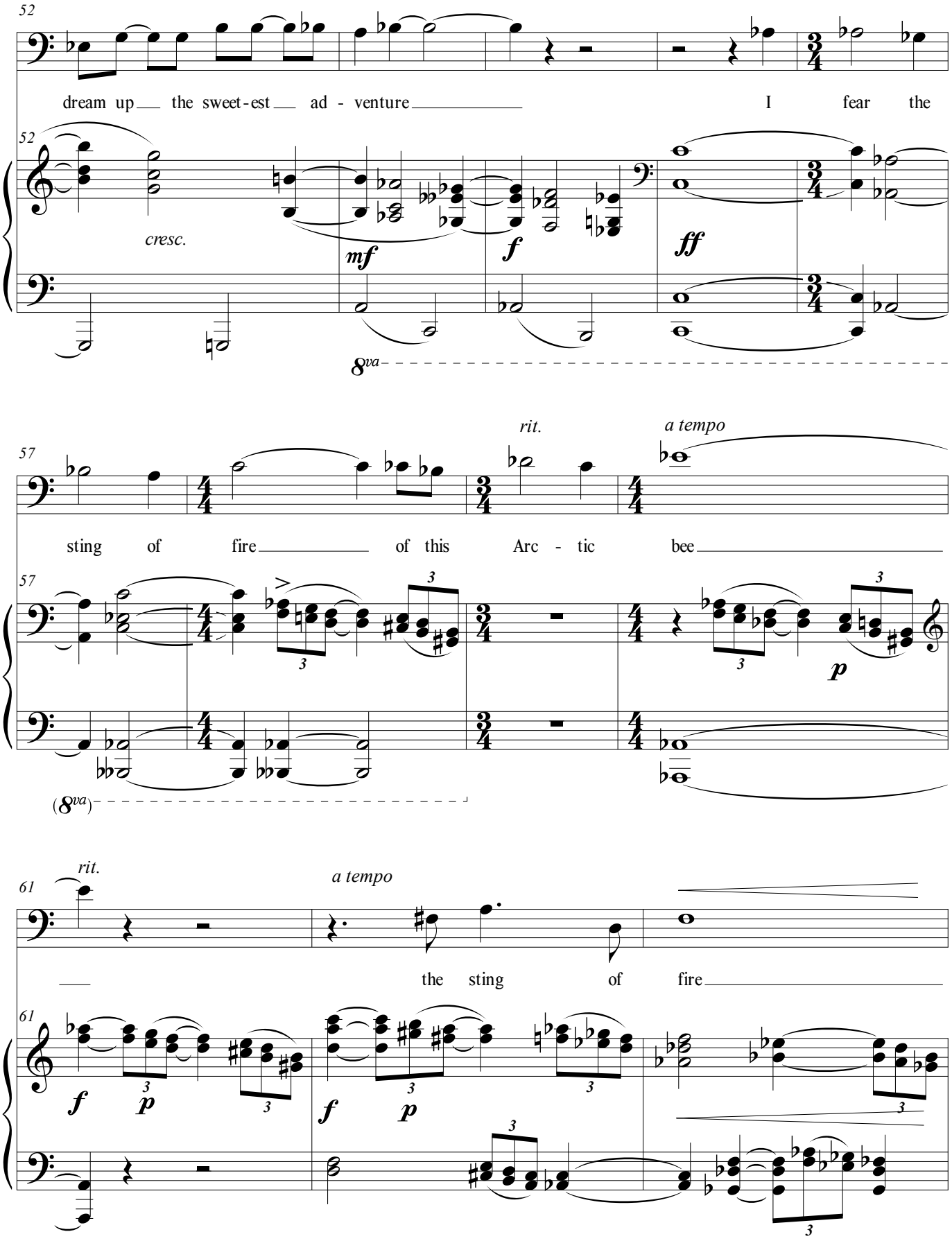
Moonlight

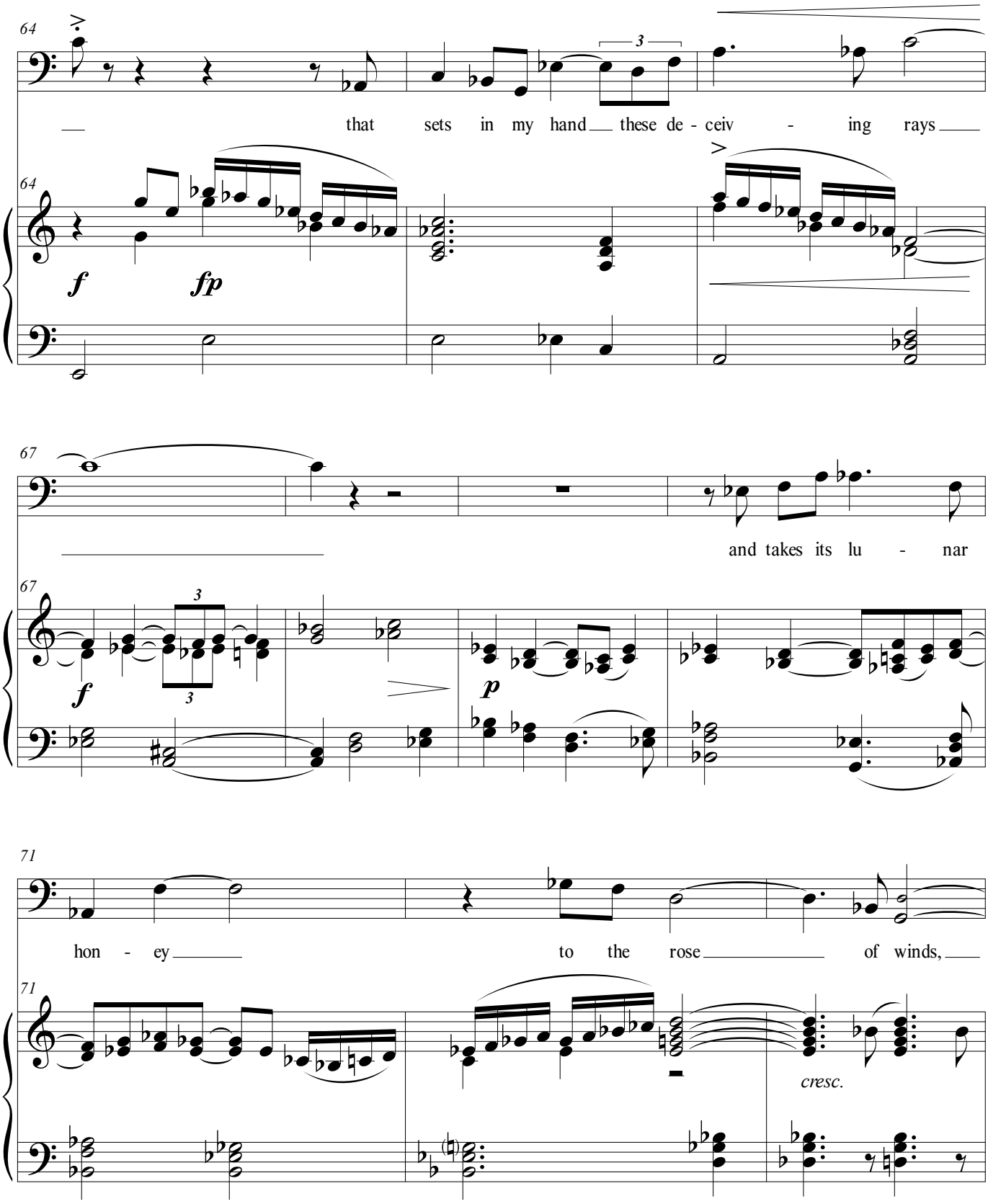

10
13
p Sprechstimme
mel - li - flu - ous moon - light on the lips of the lu - na - tic
13
f
p
17
p
rit.
The or - chards and towns are a - vid to -
17
f
p
p

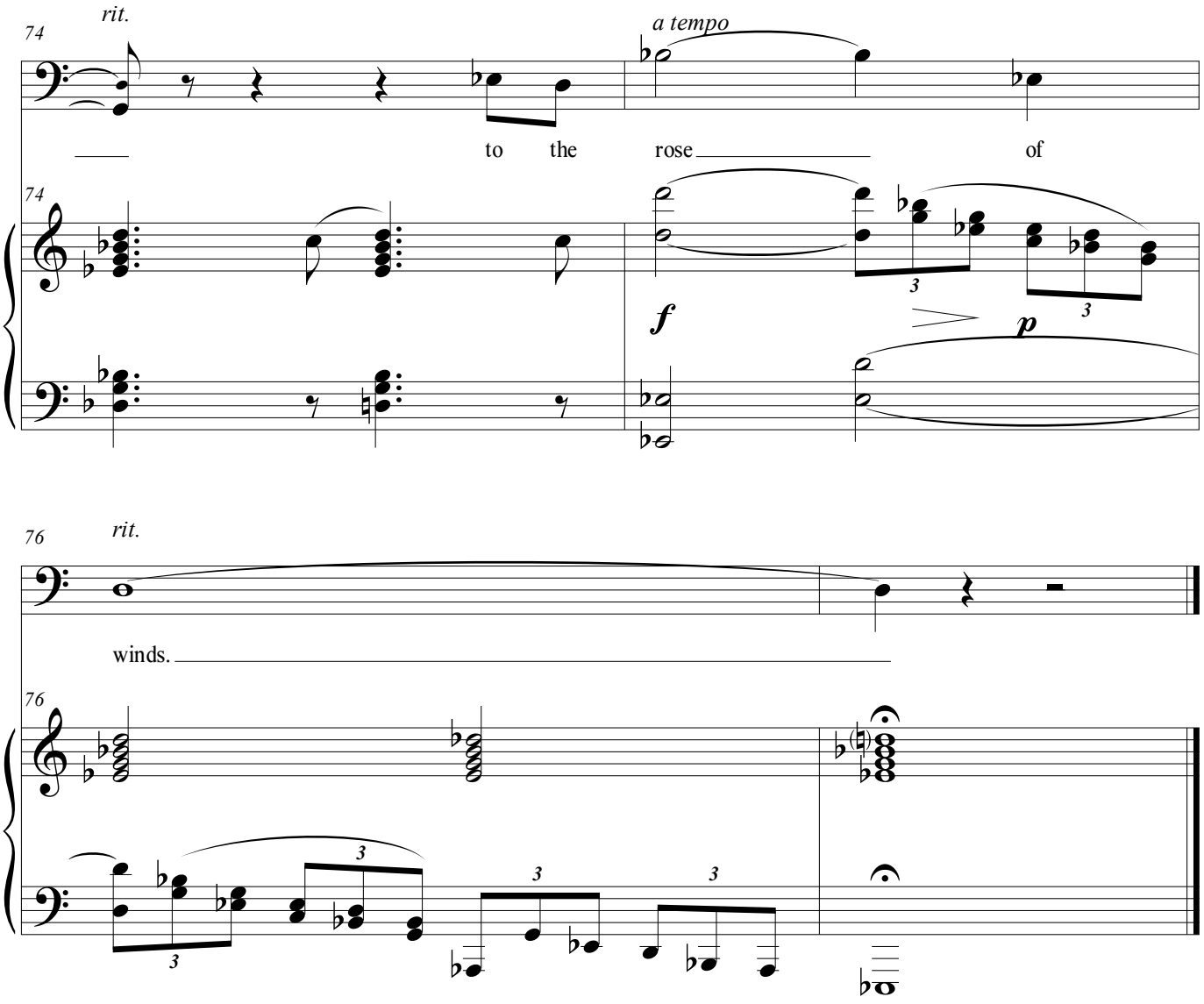

19
a tempo
night
The stars
look ve-ry much like bees,
pp
24
bees
of this
fp p cresc.
f LH
dim.
p
27
lu-mi-nous hon-ey
that drips
from the trel-lis-es


31
for see, for see
31
fp
fp
35
how all sweet as they fall from the sky
35
f
3
3
3
39
rit.
a tempo
39
3
p


43
Each ray of moon - light is a ray of hon -
43
46
- - ey
46
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
48
Now hid - den I
48
8va
f
p
pp


52
dream up the sweet-est ad - venture I fear the
cresc.
mf
f
ff
8va
57
rit.
a tempo
sting of fire of this Arc - tic bee
p
(8va)
61
rit.
a tempo
the sting of fire
f
p


64
that sets in my hand these de - ceiv - ing rays
64
f
fp
67
and takes its lu - nar
67
f
p
71
hon - ey
to the rose of winds,
71
cresc.


74
rit.
a tempo
to the rose of
74
f
p
76
rit.
winds.
76
3
3
3
3
3
3

Moonlight

Mezzo Soprano

Mellifluous moon on the lips of the lunatic
The orchards and towns are avid tonight
The stars look very much like bees
Of this luminous honey that drips from the trellises
For see how all sweet as they fall from the sky
Each ray of moonlight is a ray of honey
Now hidden I dream up the sweetest adventure
I fear the sting of fire from this Arctic bee
That sets in my hand these deceiving rays
And takes its lunar honey to the rose of winds

--Guillaume Apollinaire

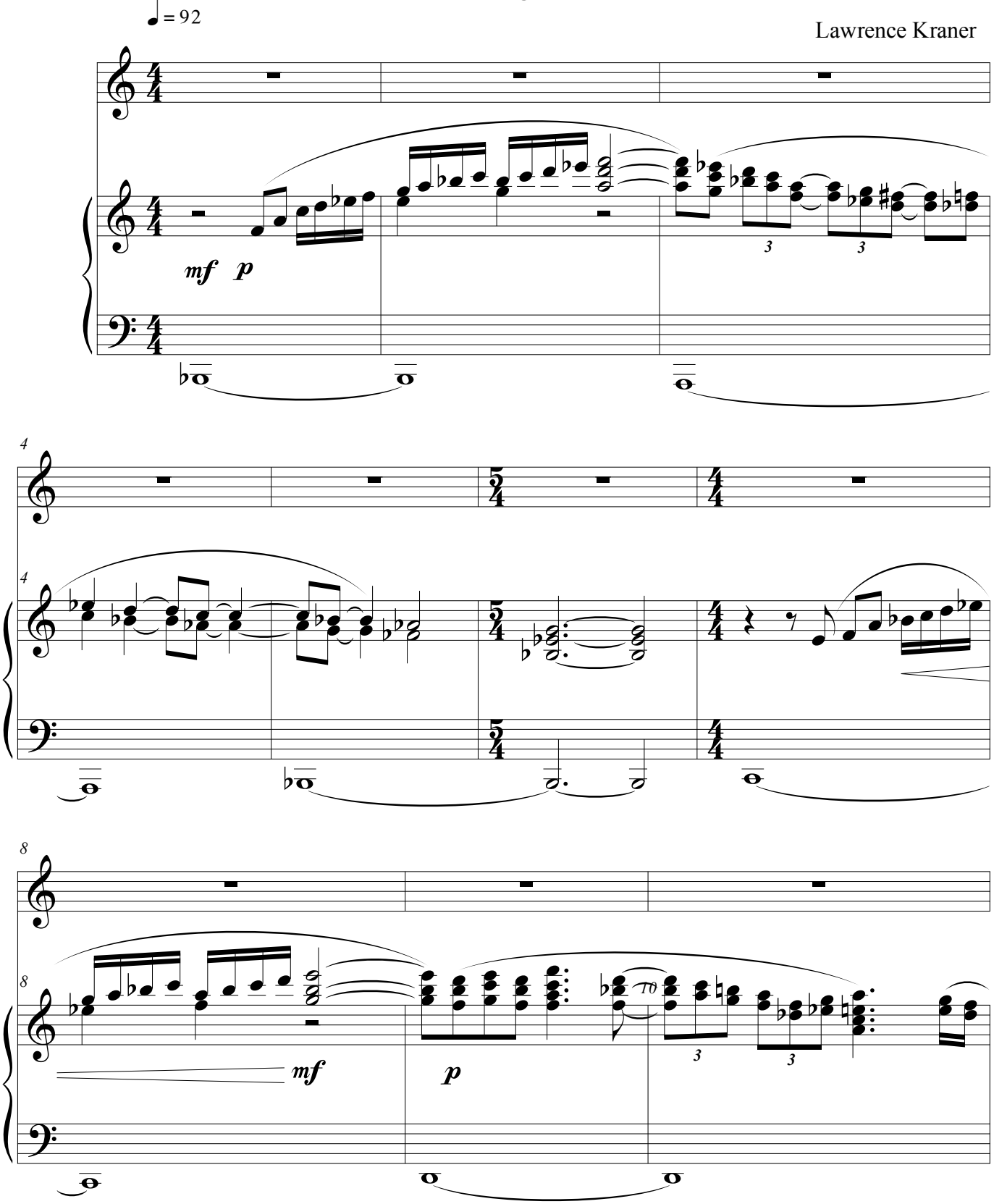
Translation by the composer

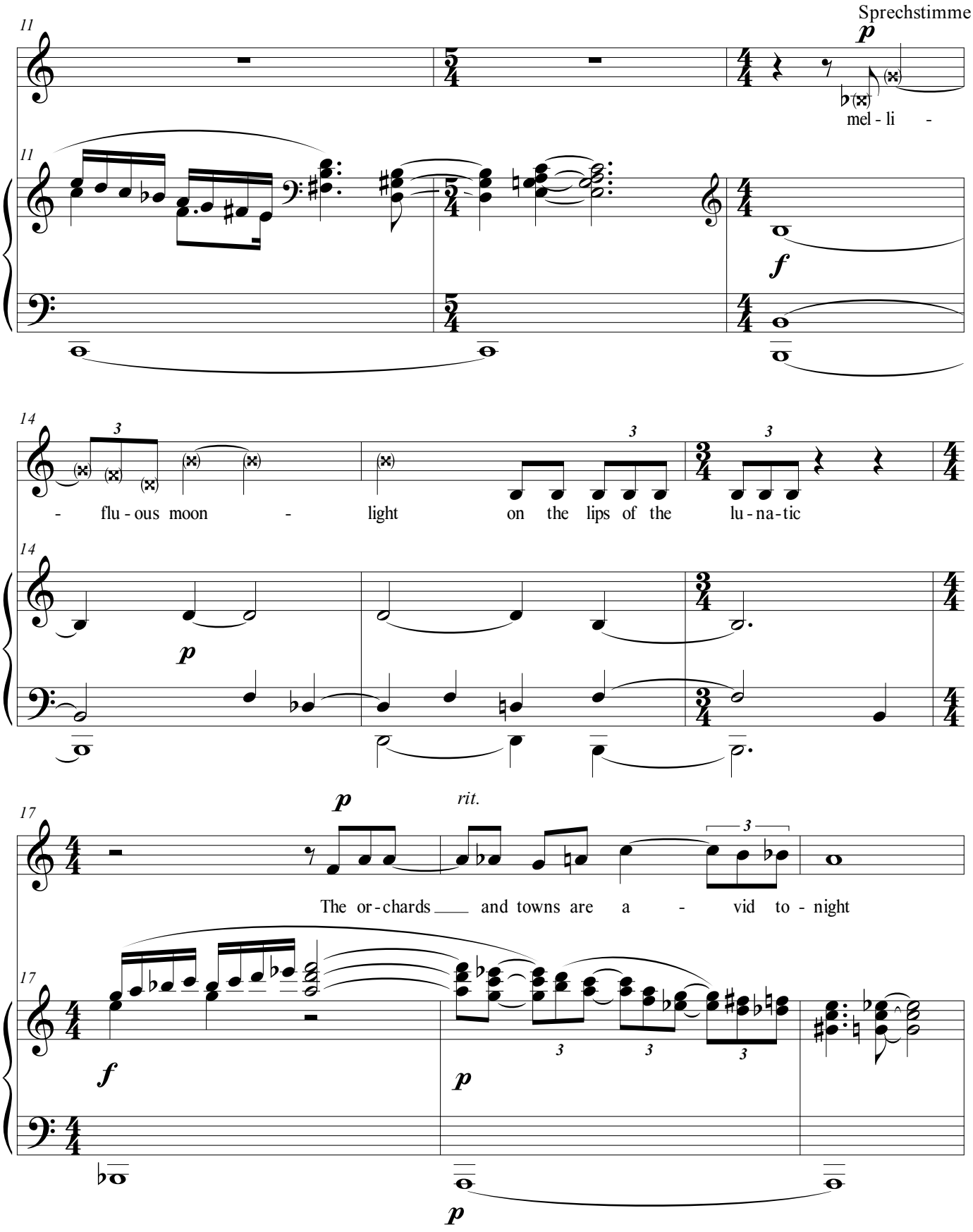
Voice range: B♭3 - F5
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration 3:25

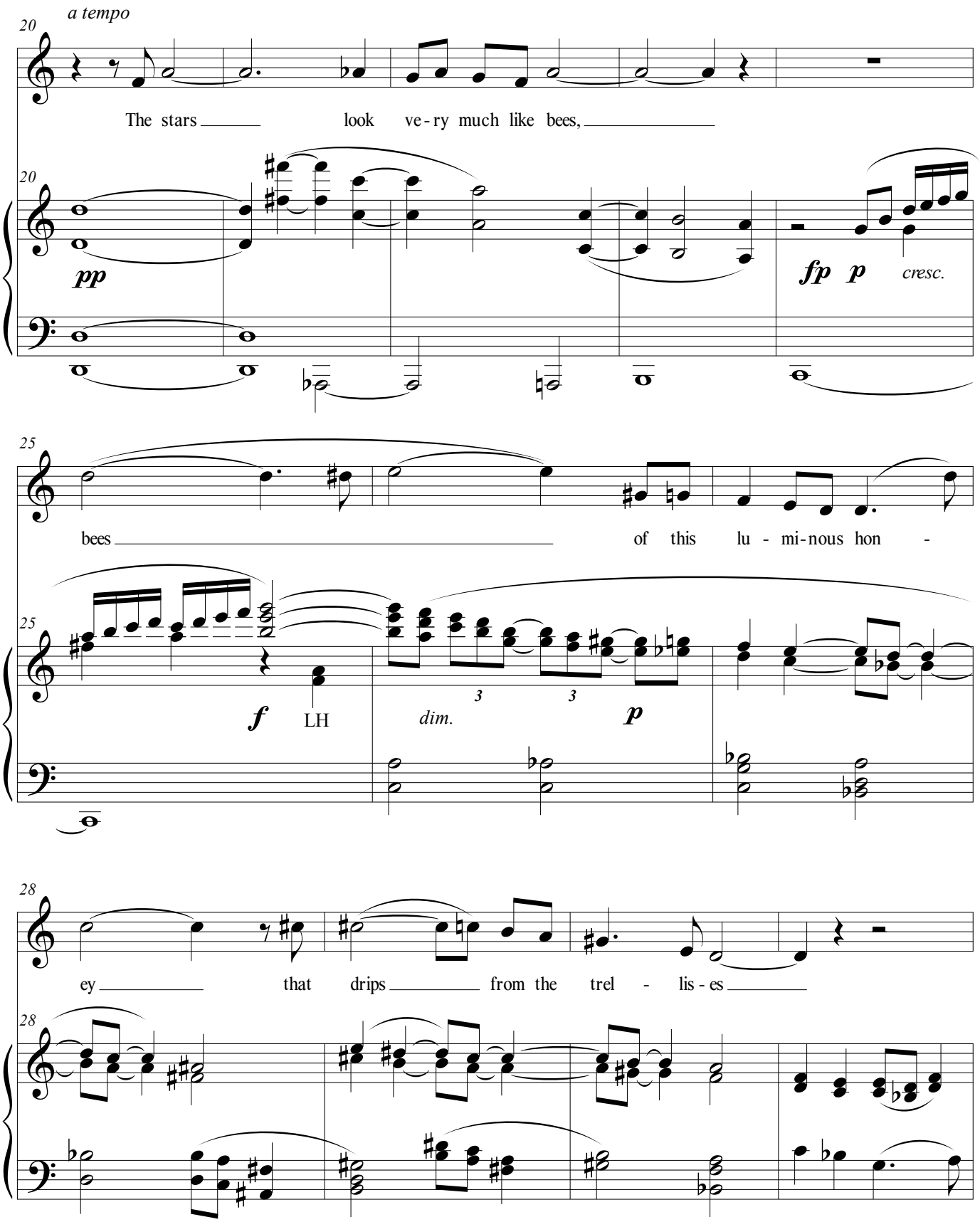
Composed 2020

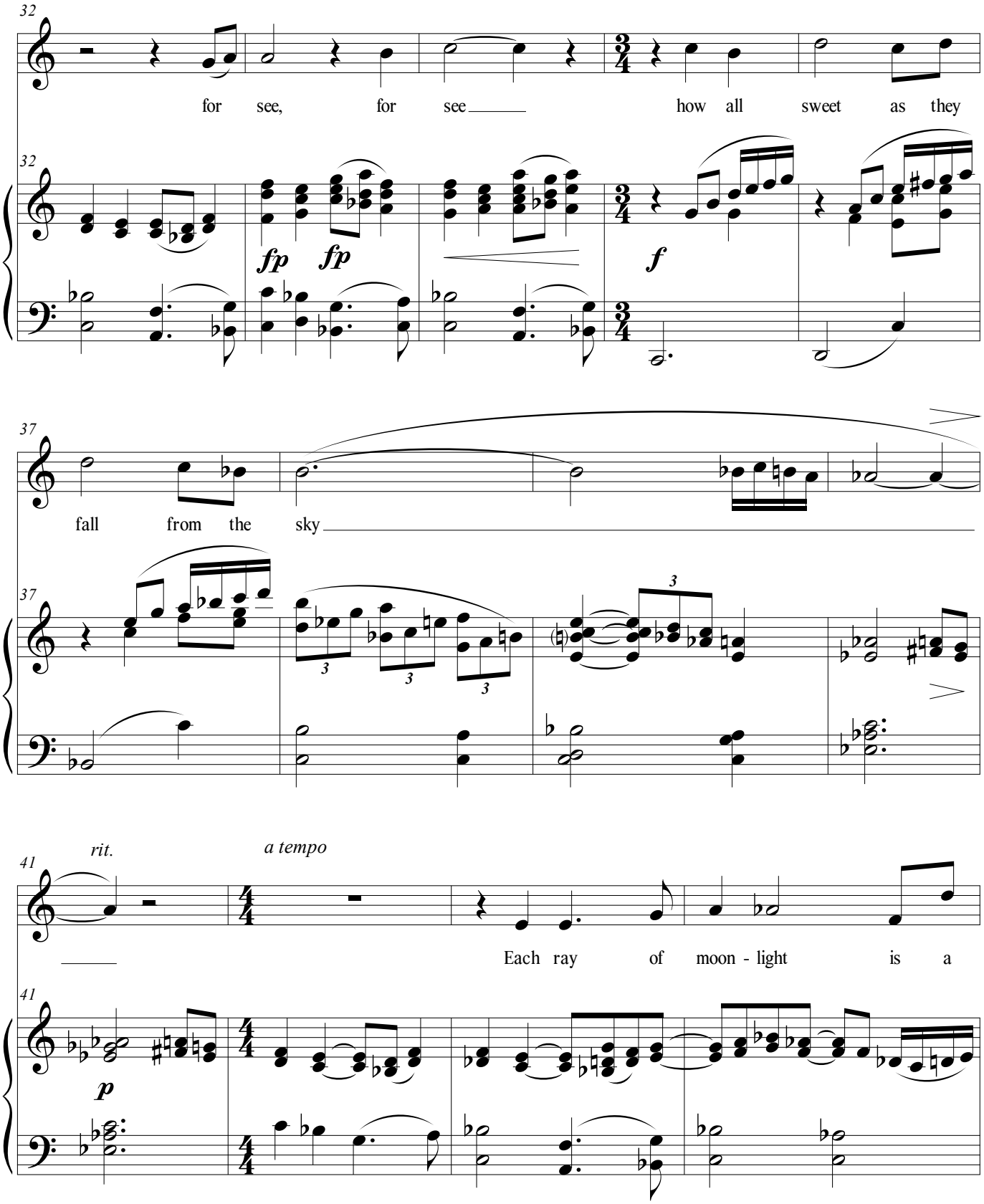
Moonlight

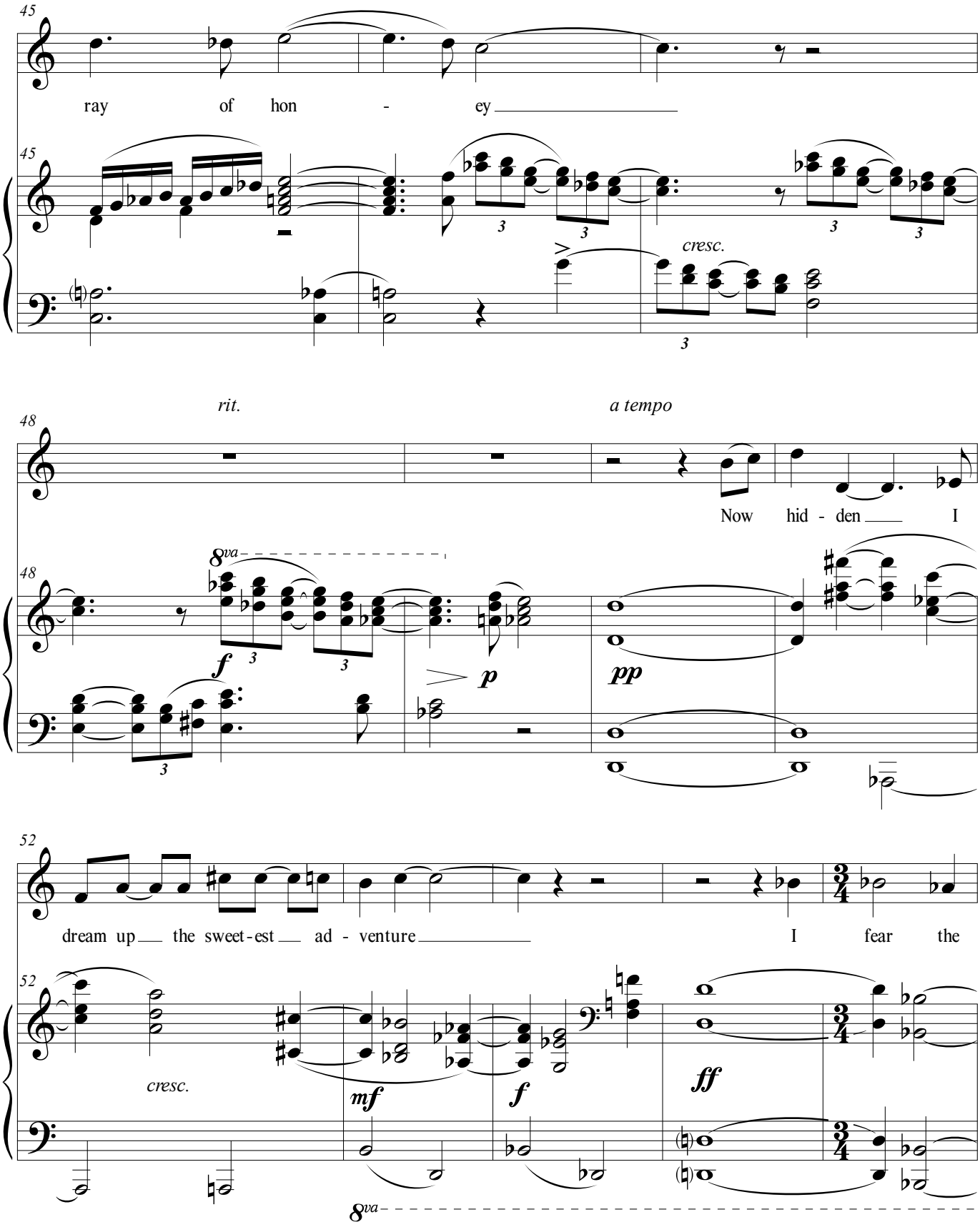
Lawrence Kraner

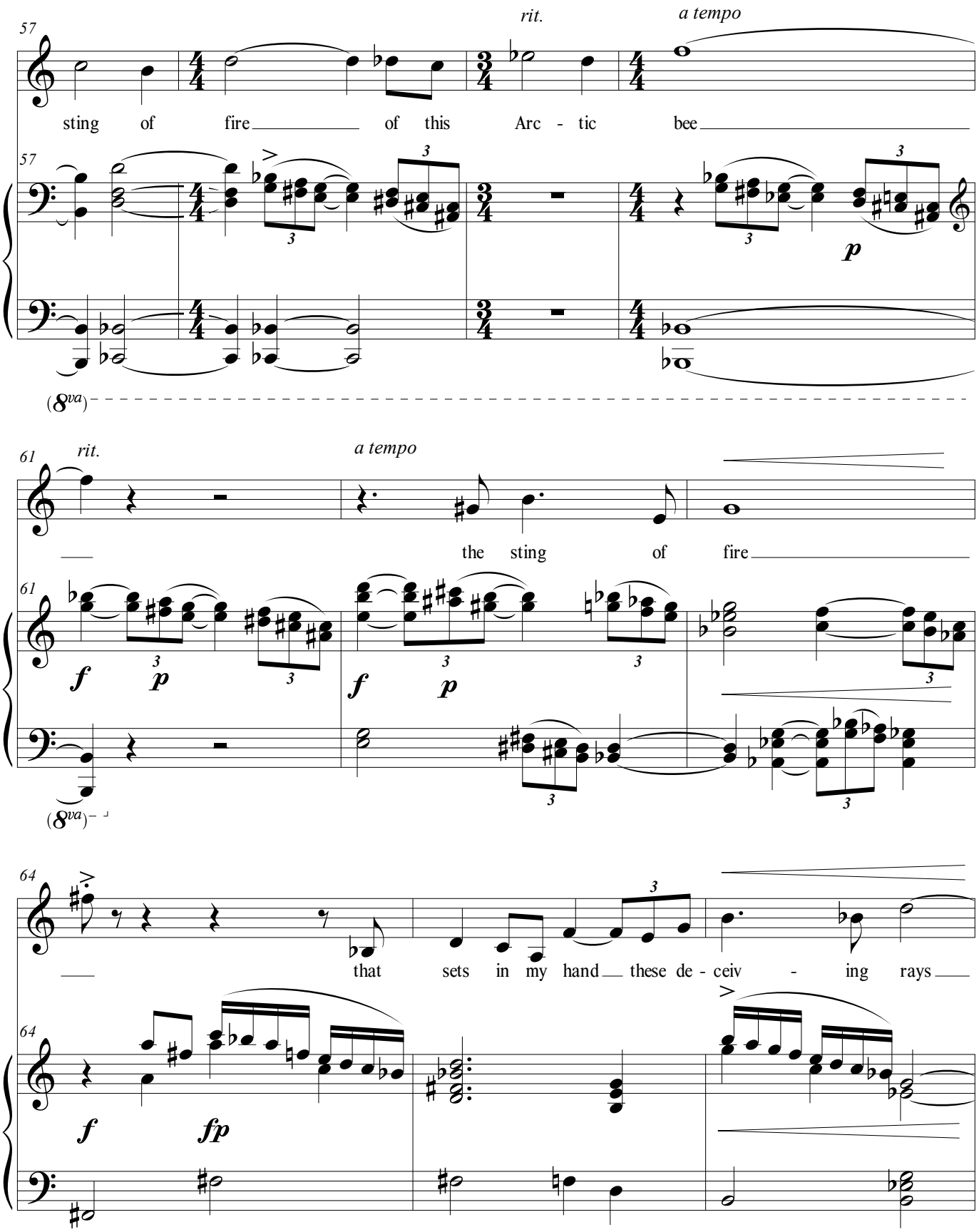


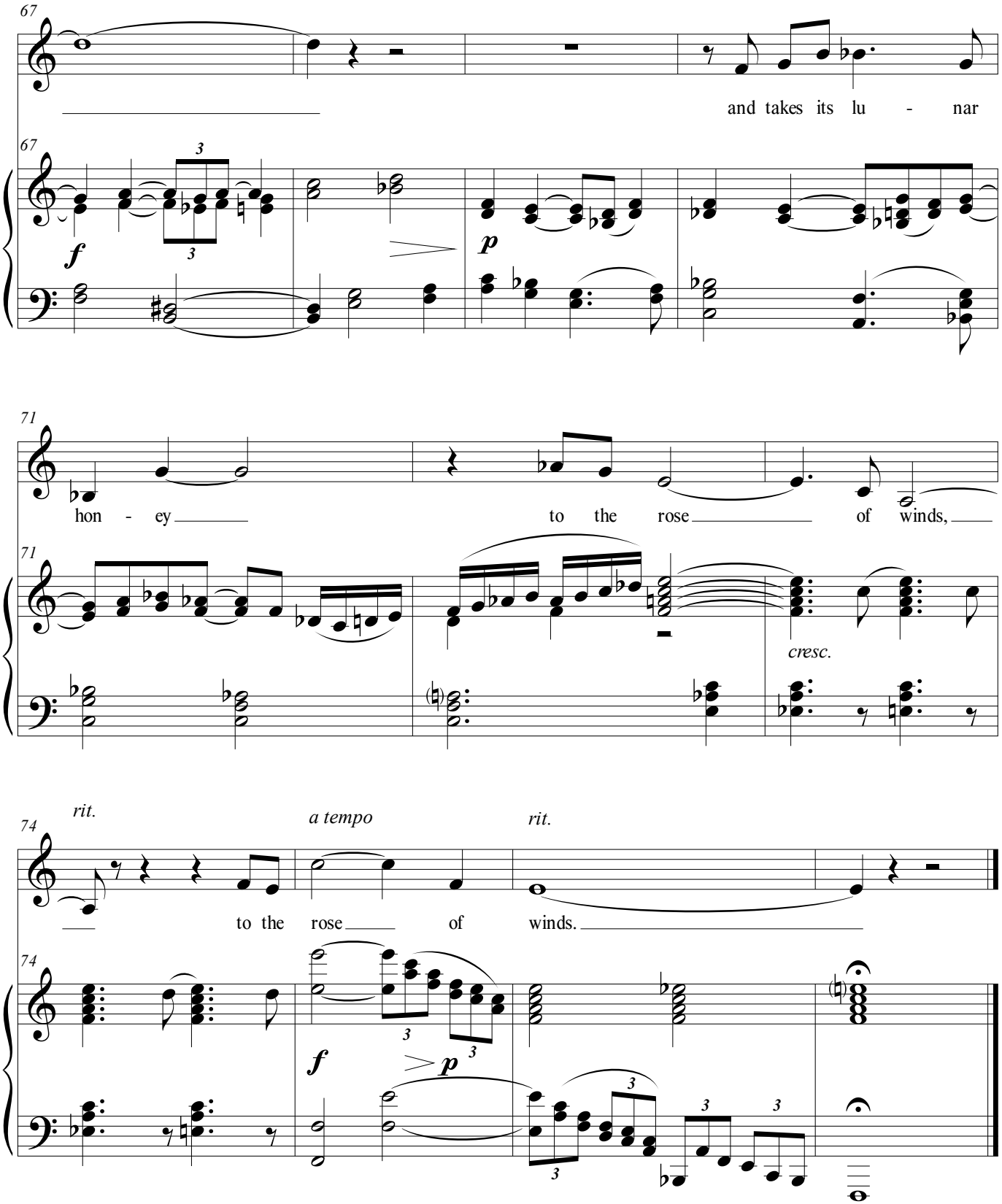

Sprechstimme
11
p
mel - li -
11
f
14
- flu - ous moon - light on the lips of the lu - na - tic
14
p
17
p
rit.
The or - chards and towns are a - vid to - night
17
f
p
p


a tempo
20
The stars look ve - ry much like bees,
pp
fp p cresc.
25
bees of this lu - mi - nous hon -
f LH
dim.
p
28
ey that drips from the trel - lis - es


32
for see, for see how all sweet as they
fp fp
f
37
fall from the sky
3
41
rit.
a tempo
Each ray of moon - light is a
p


45
ray of hon - ey
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
48
Now hid - den I
8va
f
p
pp
52
dream up the sweet-est ad - venture I fear the
cresc.
mf
f
ff
8va


57
rit.
a tempo
sting of fire of this Arc - tic bee
p
(8va)
61
rit.
a tempo
the sting of fire
f
p
f
p
64
that sets in my hand these de - ceiv - ing rays
f
fp


67
and takes its lu - nar
67
f
p
71
hon - ey
to the rose
of winds,
71
cresc.
74
rit.
a tempo
rit.
to the rose
of winds.
74
f
p

Morning. San Marco.

Baritone

Once more I see the pigeons of San Marco.
The square is still, the morning lingers there.
In the soft coolness I send flocks of songs
Like swarms of pigeons in the blue aloft—
   And lure them back,
Yet one more rhyme to dangle from their wings—
   My happy lot, my happy lot.

You still and blue-lit silken roof of sky,
Afloat, a canopy for the tinted building
That I—what am I saying?—love, fear, envy—
Whose soul I'd truly drink up if I could!
   --And give it back?
Hush, no more of that, you glimpse of wonder—
   My happy lot, my happy lot.

You jutting tower, with what a lion's force
You mount on high here, splendid, free of care!
You send your deep knell clear across the square—
[. . .]
   If I kept back
Like you, I'd know from what silk-soft snares . . .
   --My happy lot, my happy lot.

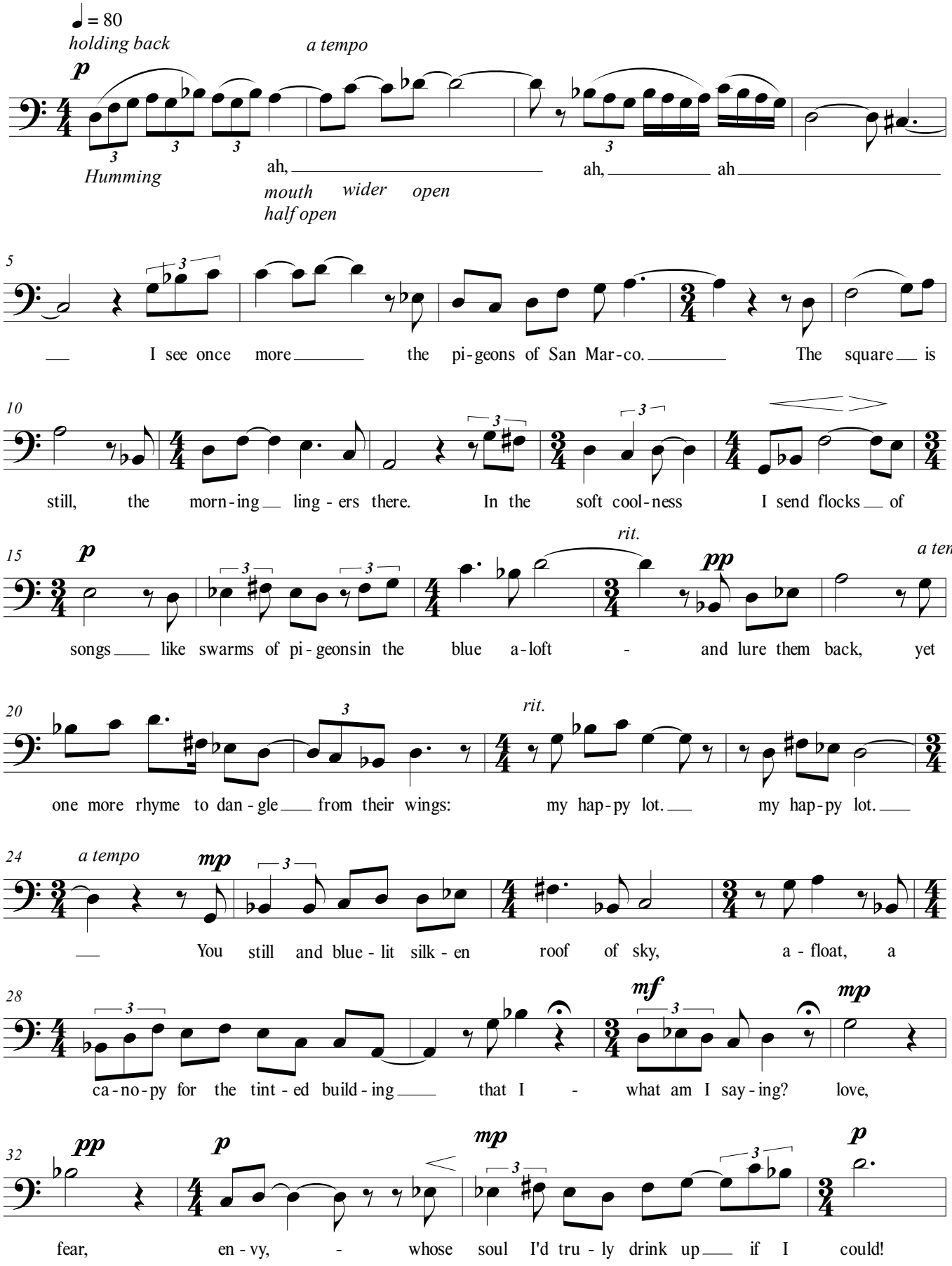
Music, hold off! . . . It's too soon for your tones;
[. . .]
   Much day remains,
Much day for shaping, slinking, murmuring
   --My happy lot, my happy lot.

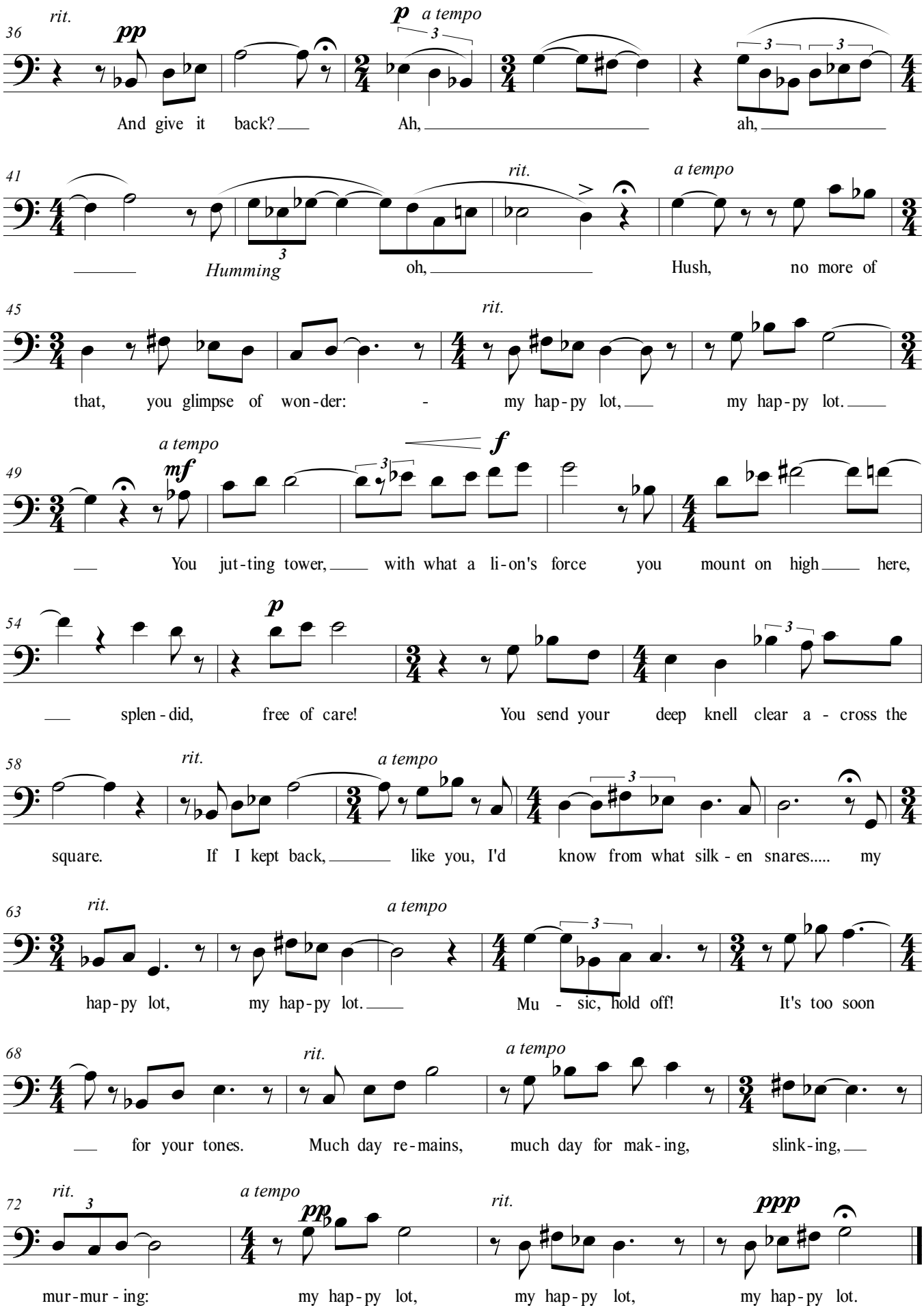
--Nietzsche, from "Postlude in Verse" to *The Gay Science*

Voice range: G2 - G4
Tessitura: B♭2 - D4
Duration 3: 45 - 4:00

Composed 2014

Venice. Morning.




36
rit.
pp
p
a tempo
3
And give it back?
Ah,
ah,
41
rit.
a tempo
Humming
oh,
Hush, no more of
45
rit.
that, you glimpse of won-der: -
my hap-py lot,
my hap-py lot.
49
a tempo
mf
f
You jut-ting tower,
with what a li-on's force you mount on high
here,
54
p
splen-did, free of care!
You send your deep knell clear a - cross the
58
rit.
a tempo
square.
If I kept back,
like you, I'd know from what silk-en snares..... my
63
rit.
a tempo
hap-py lot, my hap-py lot.
Mu - sic, hold off!
It's too soon
68
rit.
a tempo
for your tones.
Much day re-mains, much day for mak-ing,
slink-ing,
72
rit.
a tempo
pp
rit.
ppp
mur-mur-ing:
my hap-py lot,
my hap-py lot,
my hap-py lot.

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Voice

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.

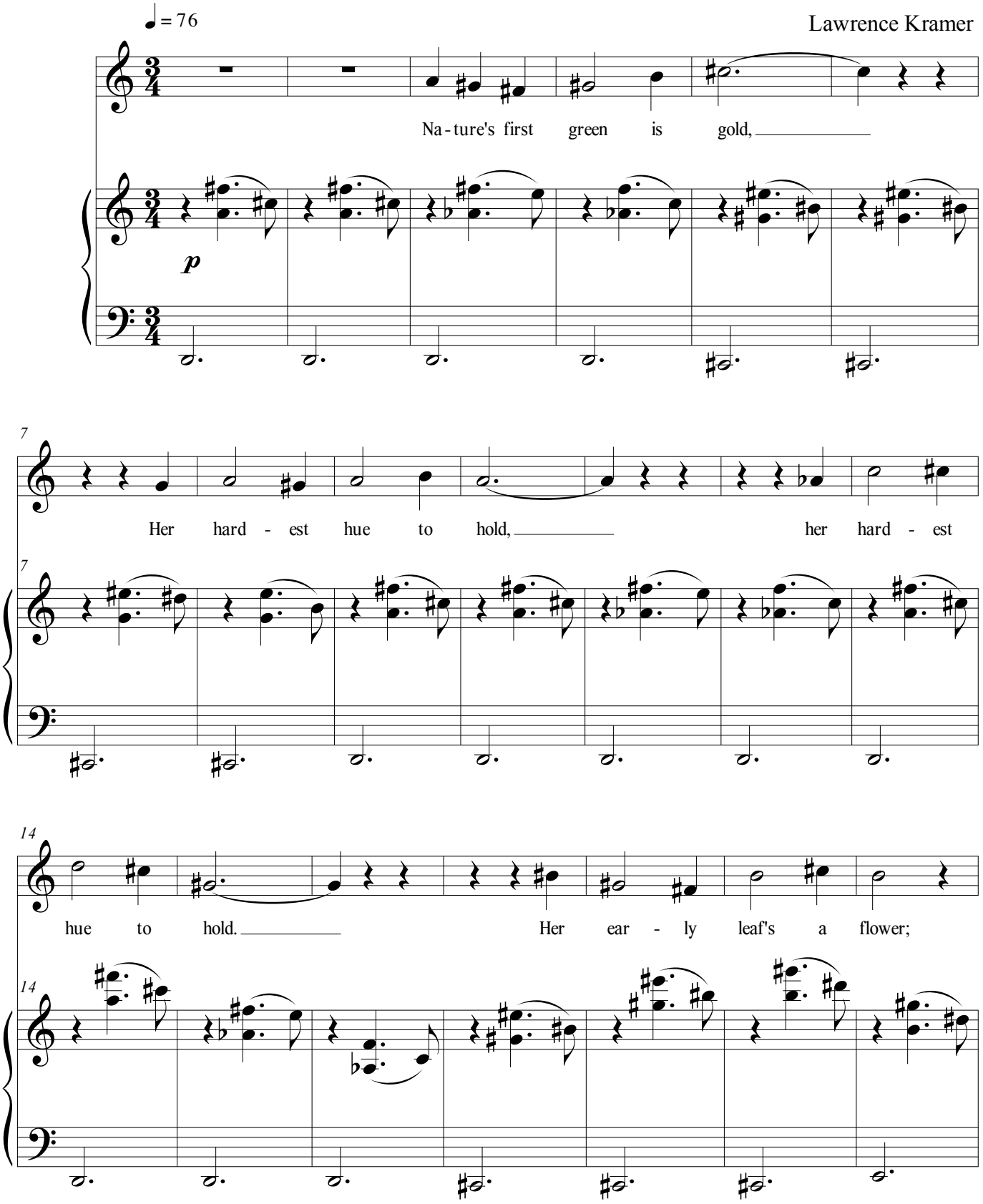
--Robert Frost

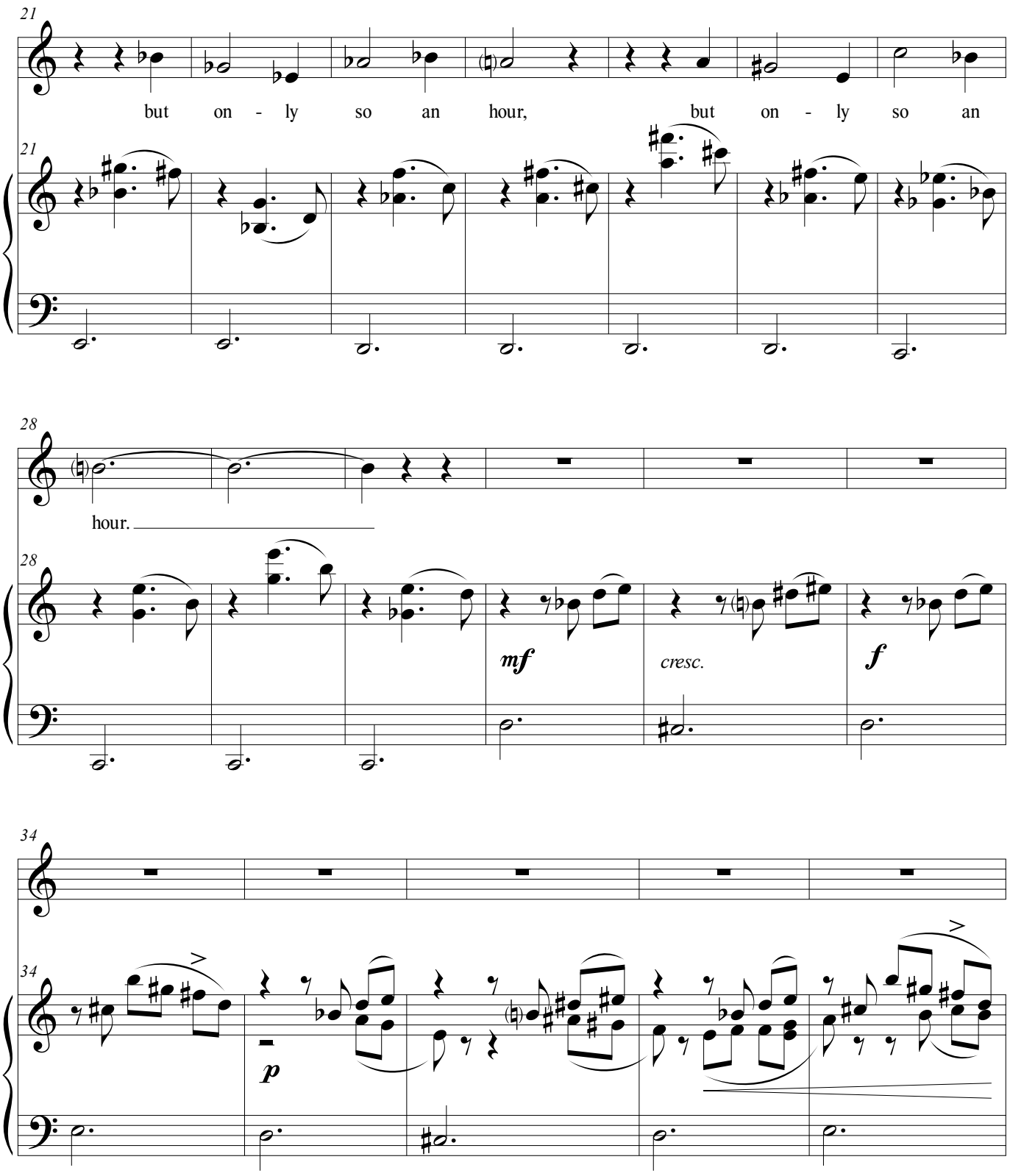
Written Voice Range: E♭4 - E5
Tessitura: F♯4 - C♯5
Duration 3:00

Composed 2019

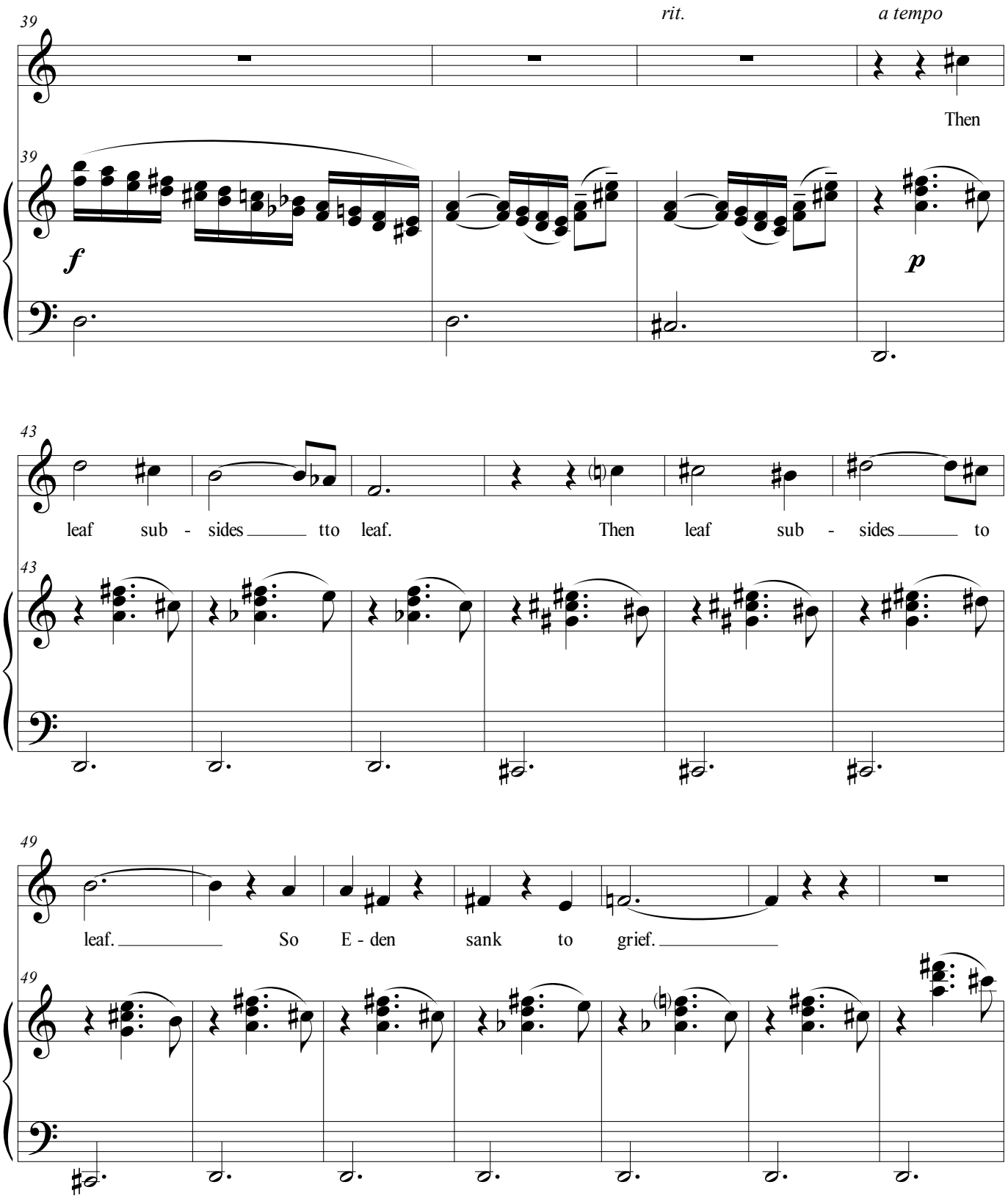
Nothing Gold Can Stay

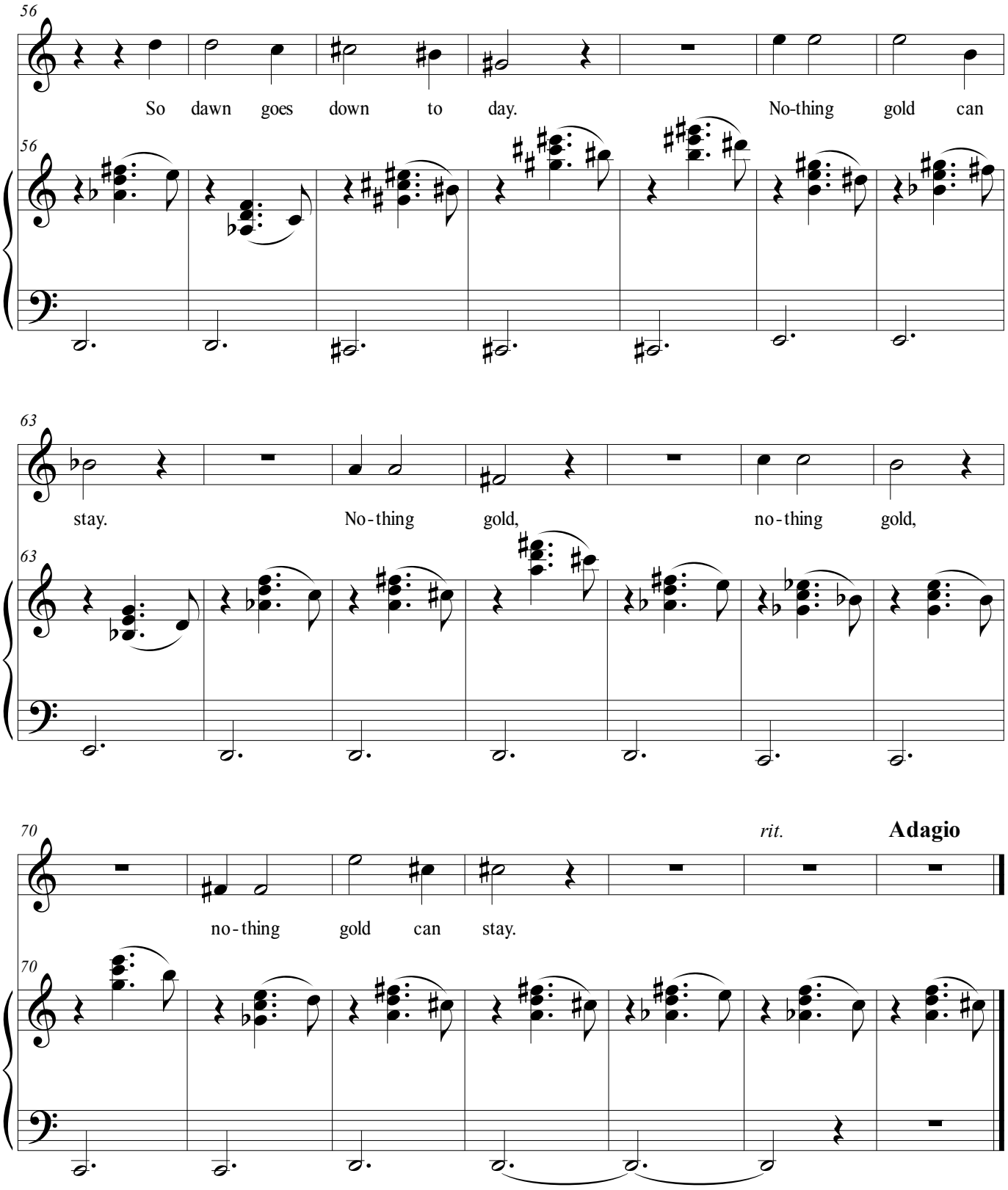
Lawrence Kramer




21
but on - ly so an hour, but on - ly so an
21
28
hour.
28
mf
cresc.
f
34
34
p

Nothing Gold Can Stay




56
So dawn goes down to day. No-thing gold can
56
63
stay. No-thing gold, no-thing gold,
63
70
rit.
Adagio
no-thing gold can stay.
70

Saint

High Voice

At the window concealing
the old flaking sandalwood
of her viol once sparkling
with flute and with lute
is the pale saint displaying
the old book of the Magnificat
that unfolds itself as streaming
once with vespers and compline

at this monstrance of glass
that brushes a harp formed by the angel
with the flight of the evening
for the delicate joint of the finger
that, without the old sandalwood,
nor with the old book, she balances
on the instrumental plumage,
she, musician of silence.

--Stephane Mallarme

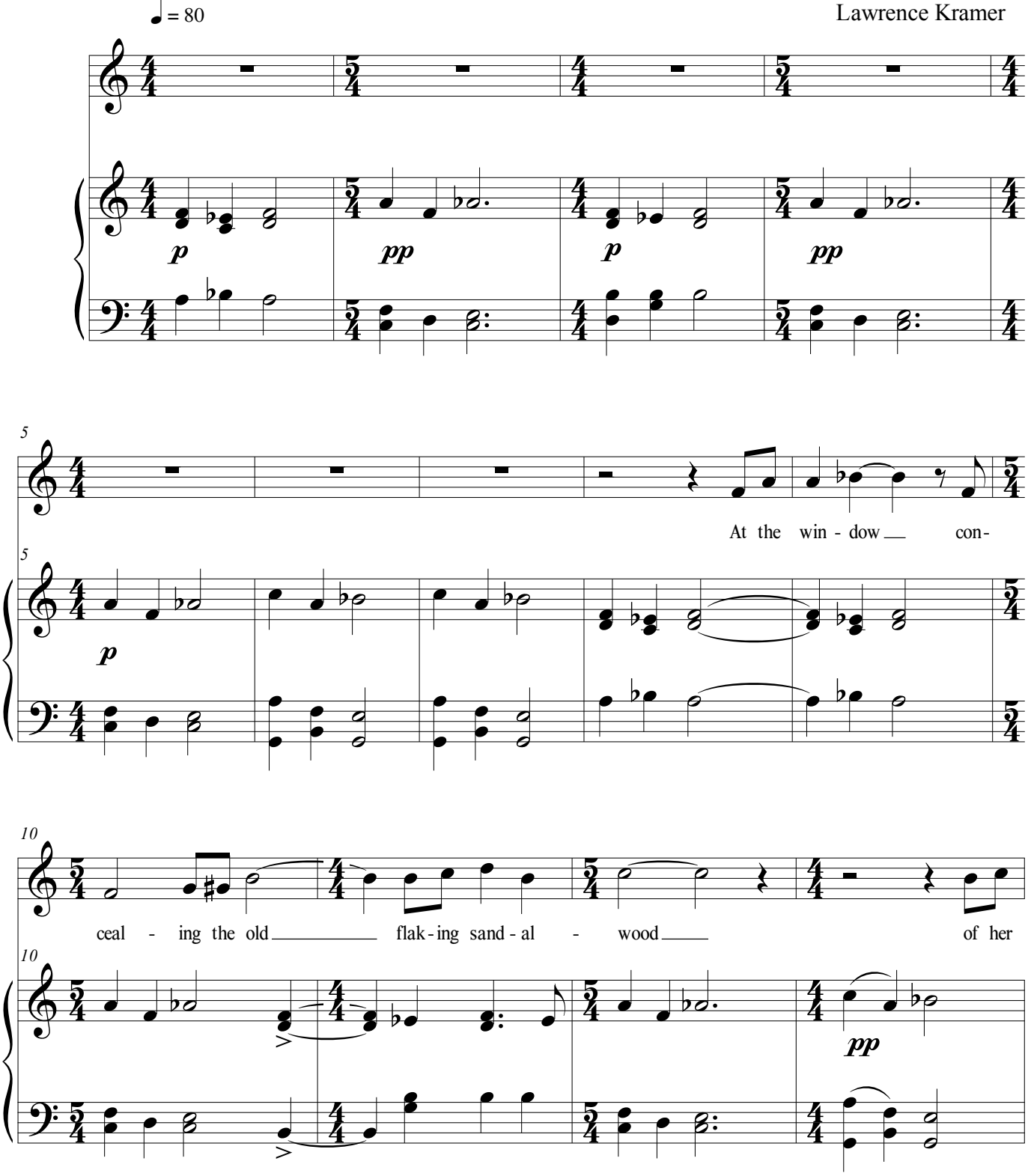
(Translation by the composer.)

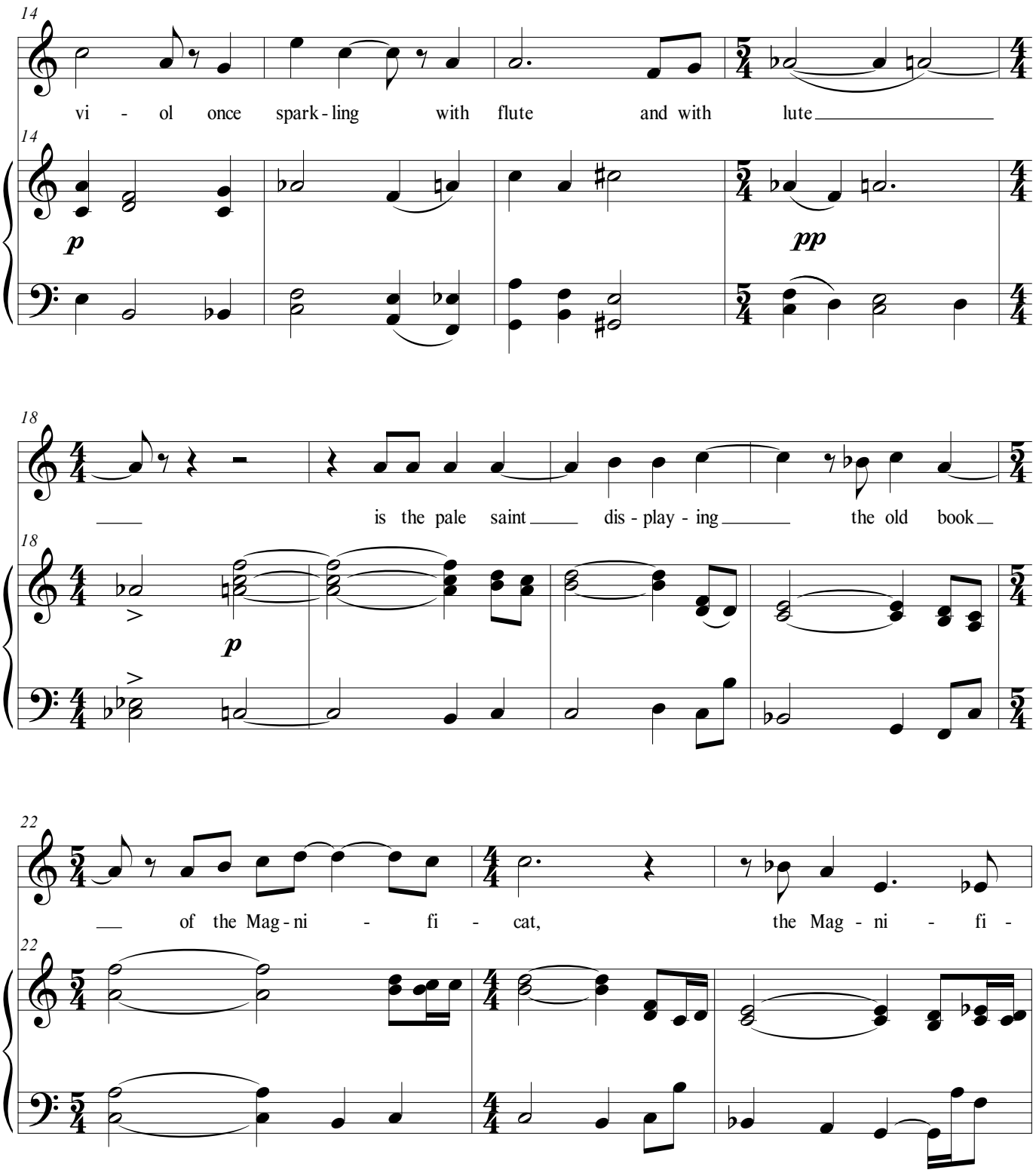
Duration 4:45
Written Voice Range: D4 - G♯5
Tessitura: F4 - E5

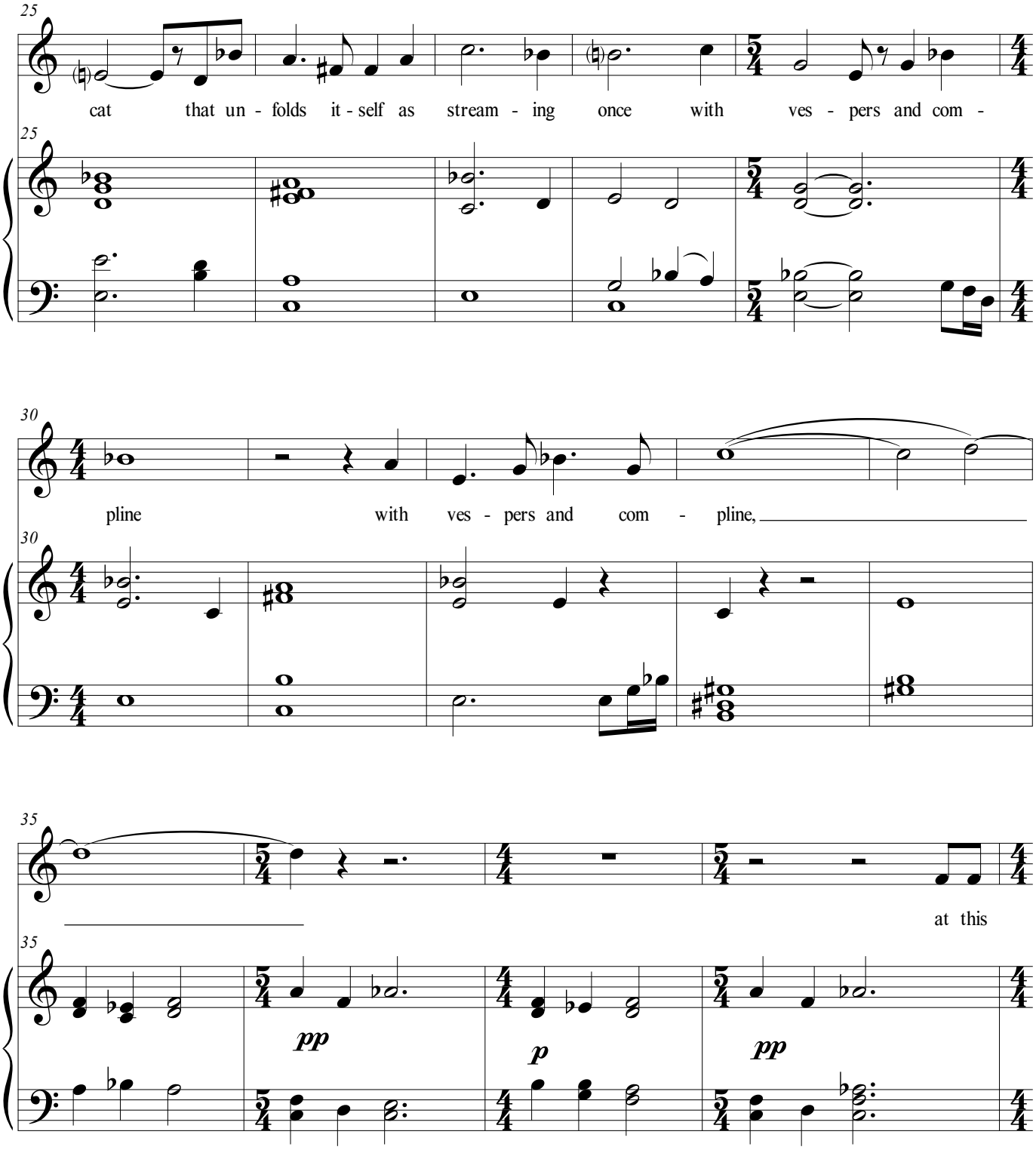
Composed 2021

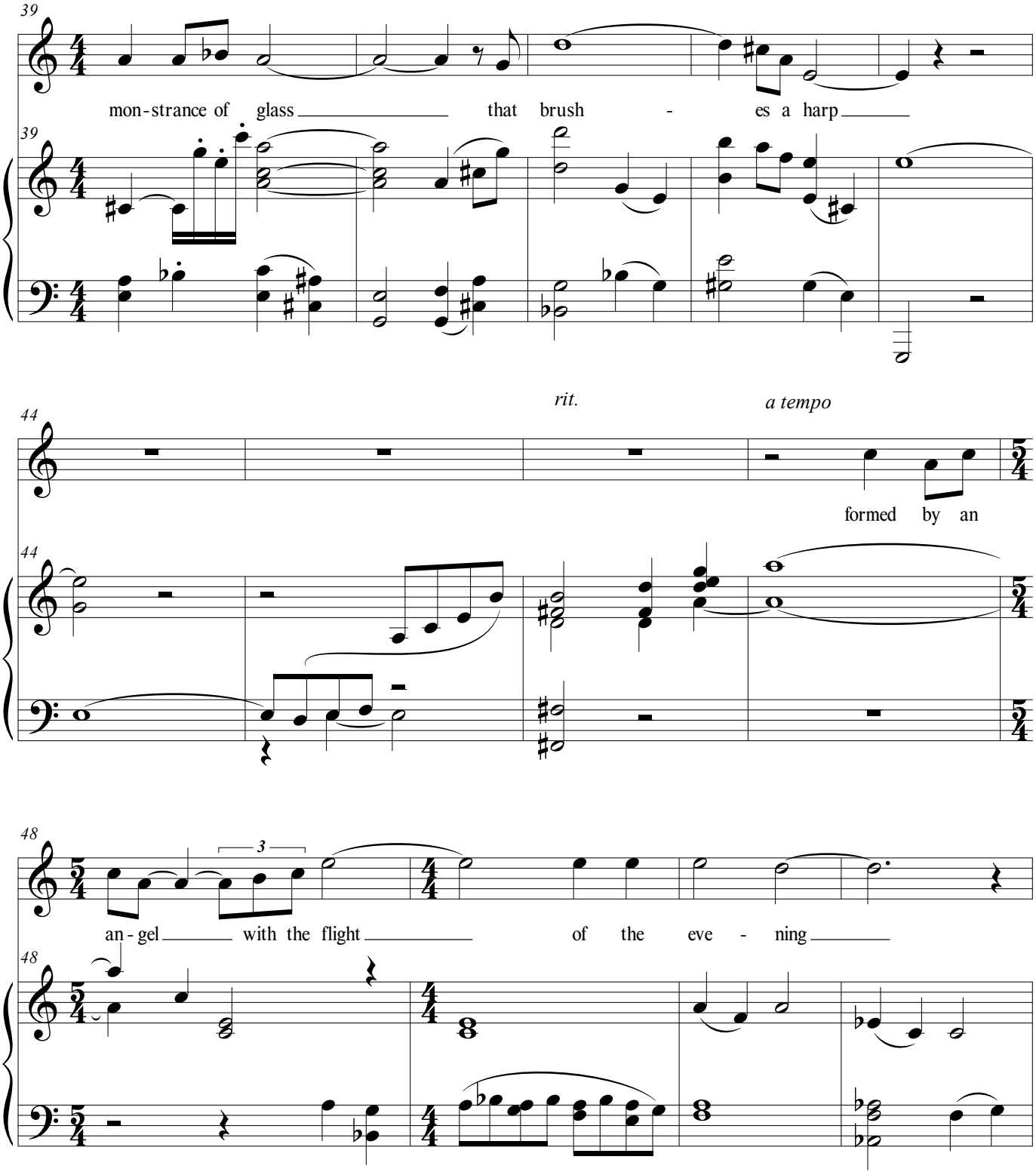
Saint

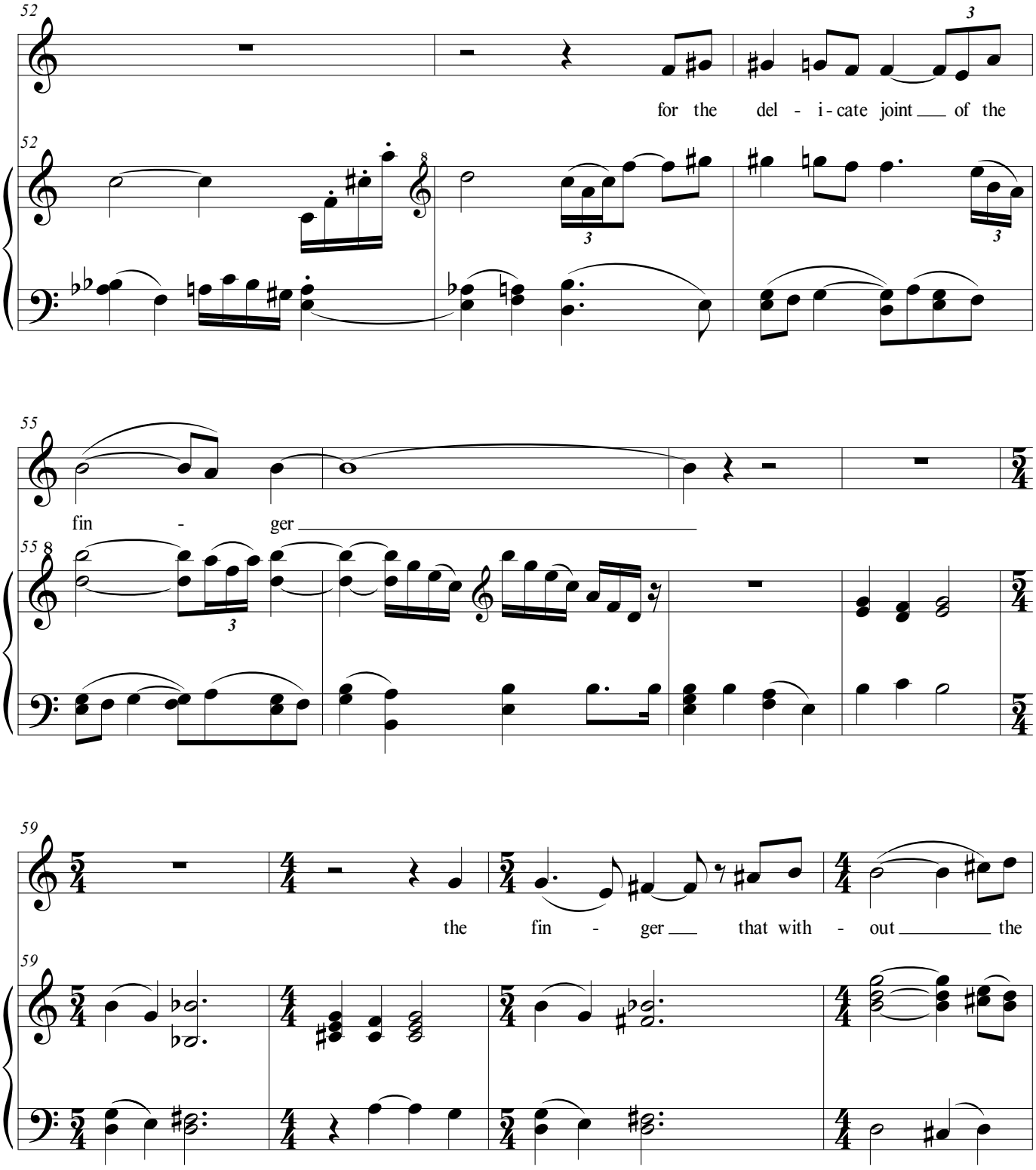
Lawrence Kramer

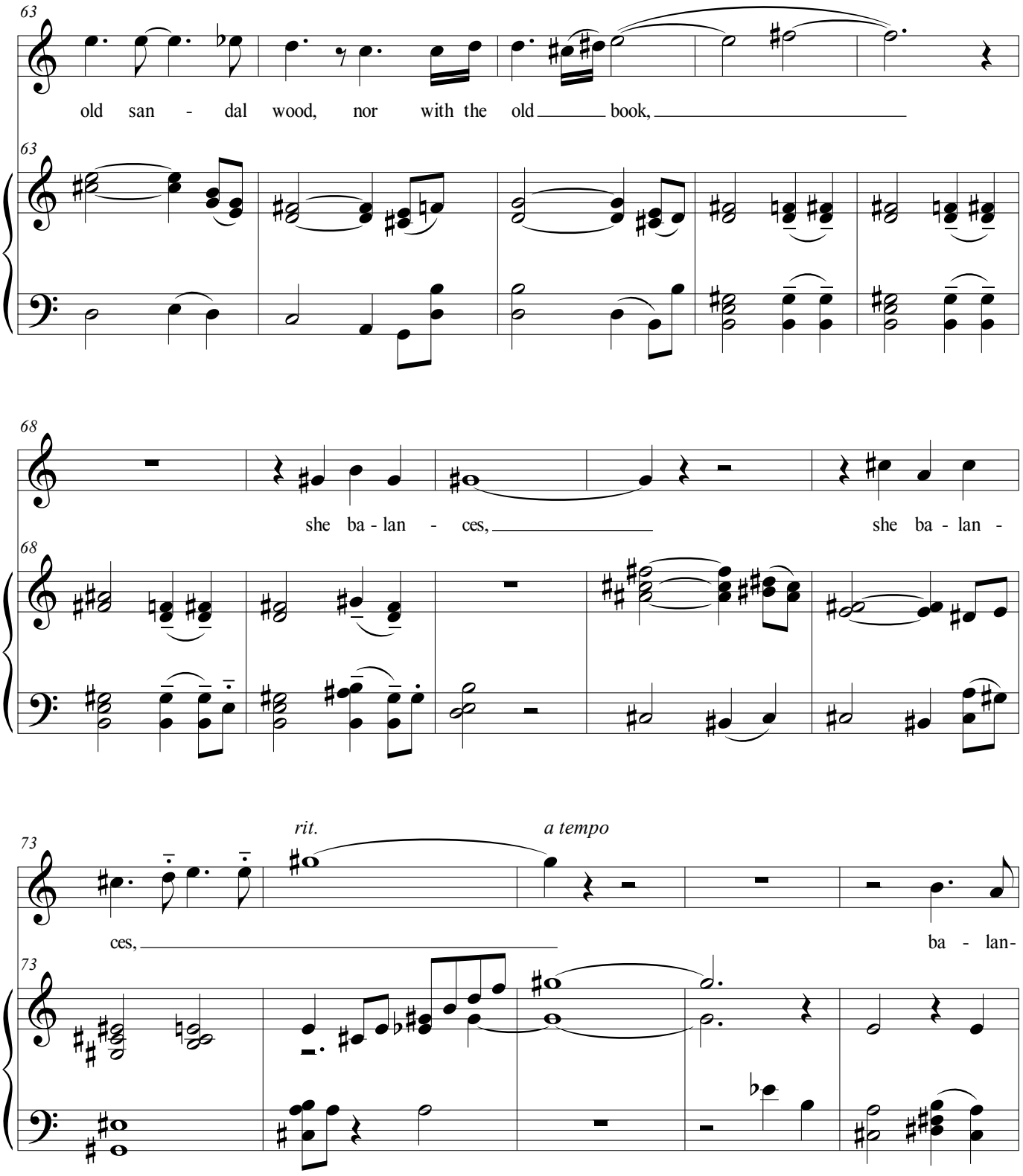


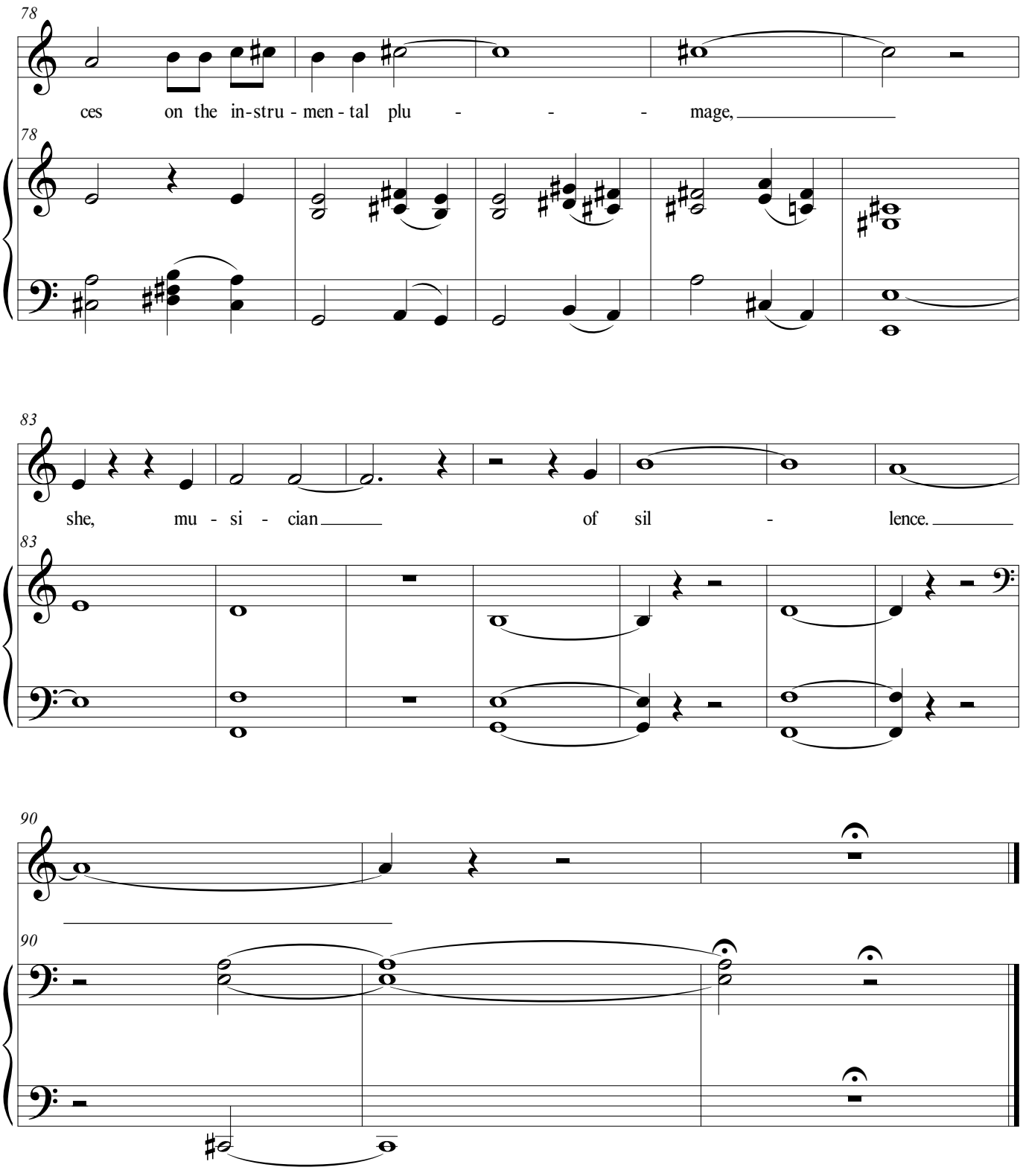

14
vi - ol once spark - ling with flute and with lute
p
pp
18
is the pale saint dis - play - ing the old book
p
22
of the Mag - ni - fi - cat, the Mag - ni - fi -


25
cat that un - folds it - self as stream - ing once with ves - pers and com -
30
pline with ves - pers and com - pline,
35
at this
pp
p
pp


39
mon-strance of glass that brush - es a harp
39
rit.
a tempo
44
formed by an
44
48
3
an-gel with the flight of the eve - ning
48


52
for the del - i - cate joint of the
52
55
fin - ger
55
59
the fin - ger that with - out the
59


63
old san - dal wood, nor with the old book,
63
68
she ba - lan - ces, she ba - lan -
68
73
rit.
a tempo
ces, ba - lan-
73


78
ces on the in-stru - men - tal plu - - - mage,
78
83
she, mu - si - cian of sil - lence.
83
90
90

She Sweeps with Many-Colored Brooms

Mezzo Soprano

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!

You dropped a purple raveling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars --
And then I come away.

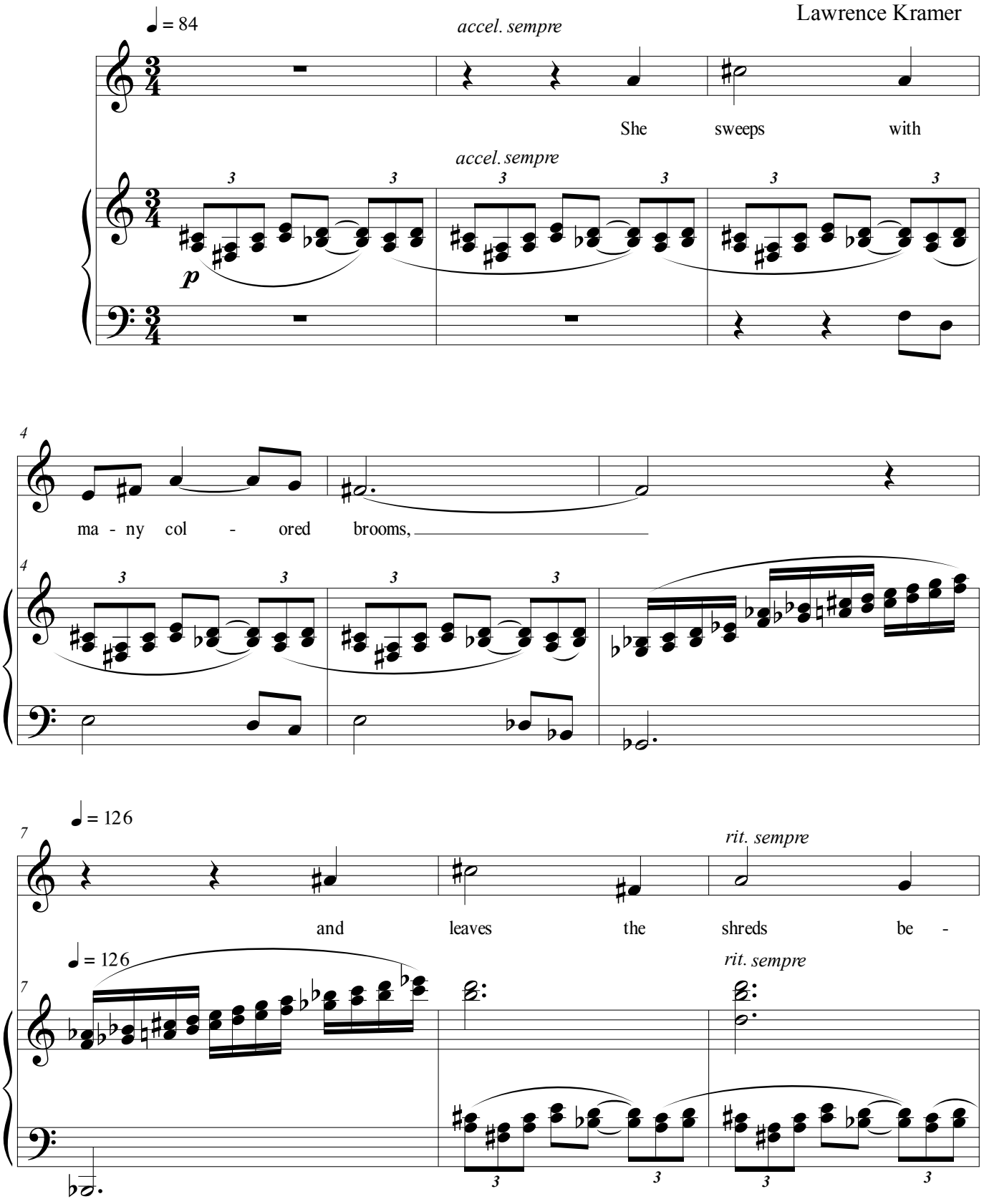
--Emily Dickinson

Voice Range: C4 - G5
Tessitura: F♯ - D5
Duration: 3:30

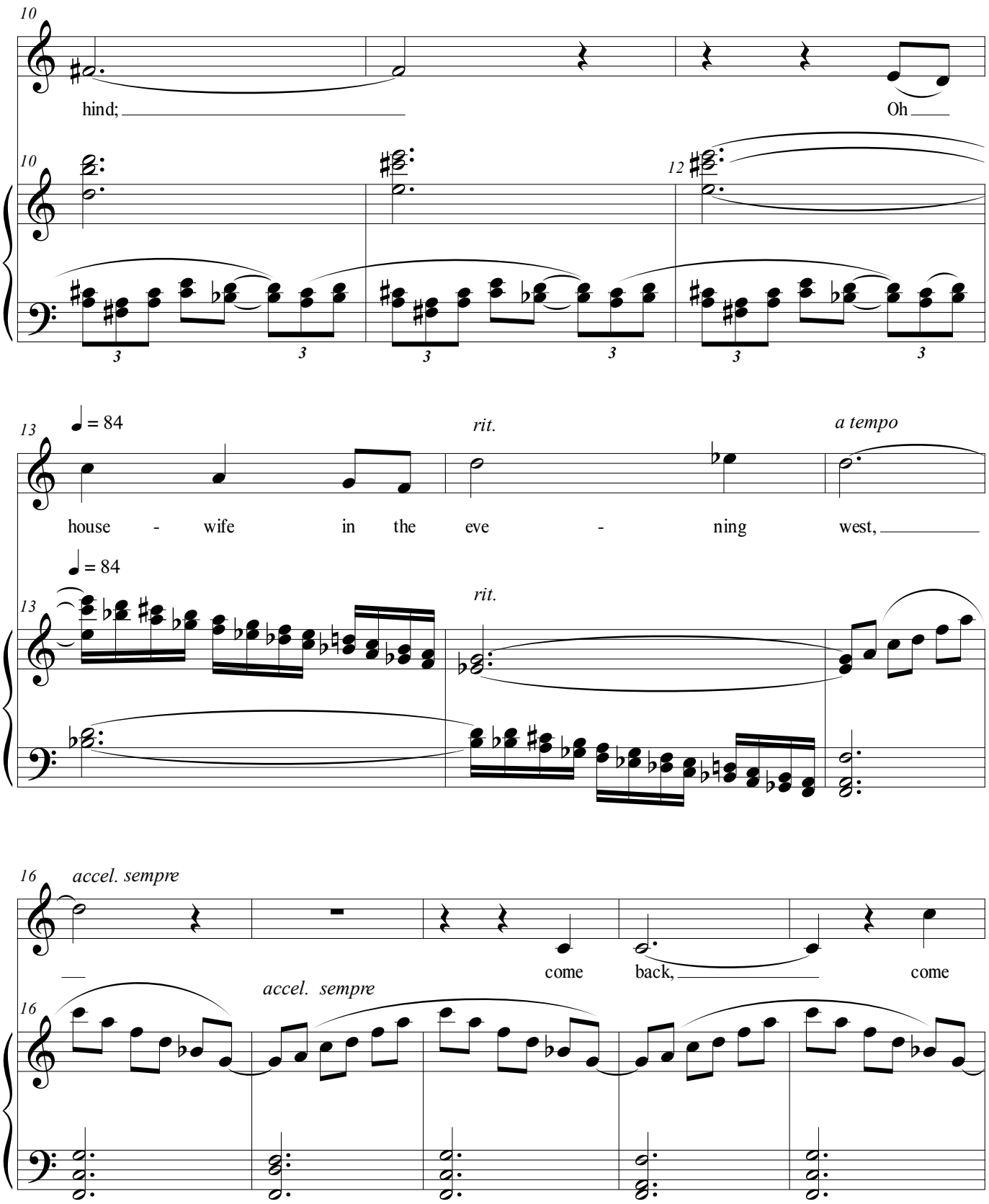
Composed 2017

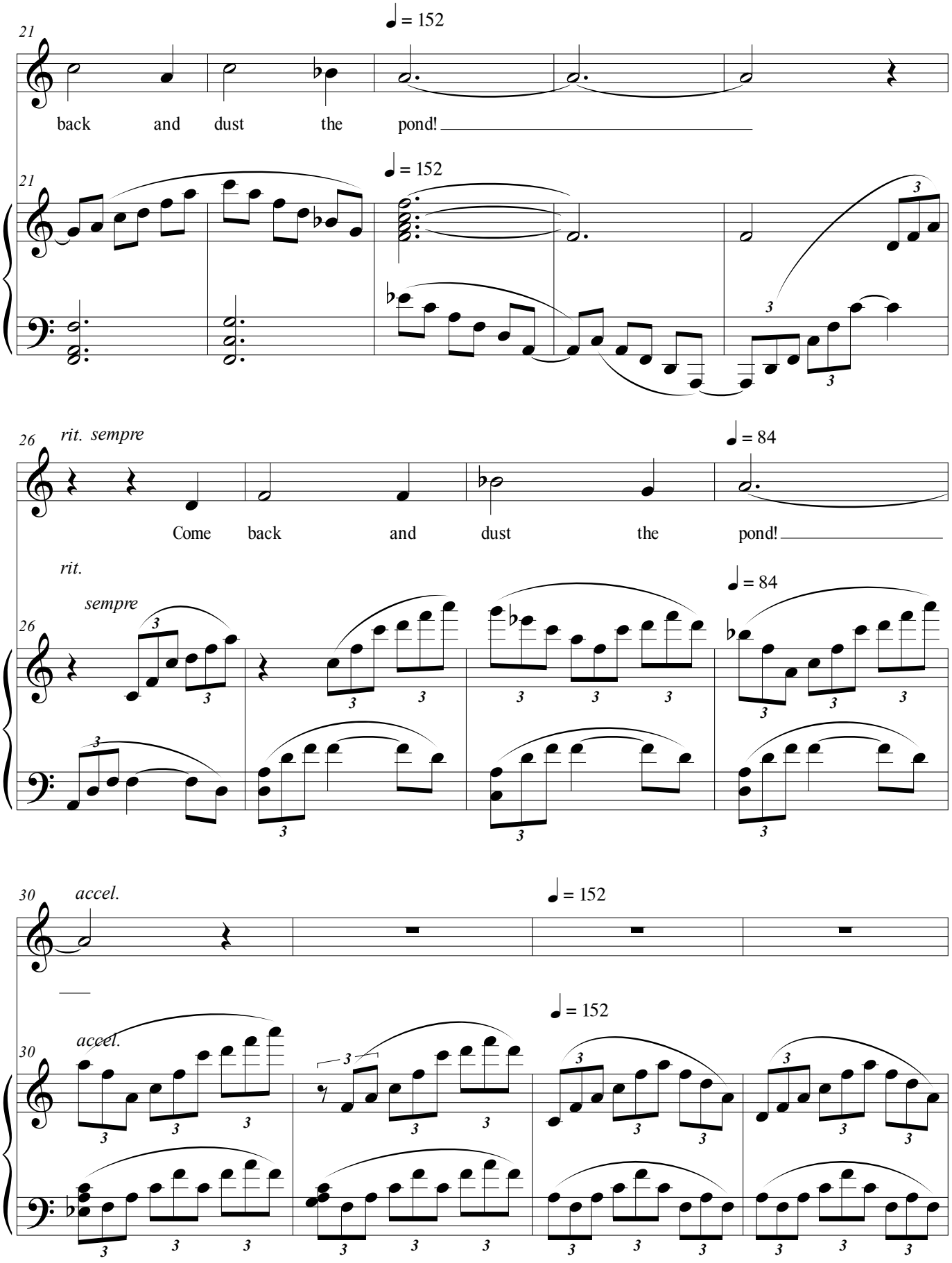
She Sweeps with Many-Colored Brooms

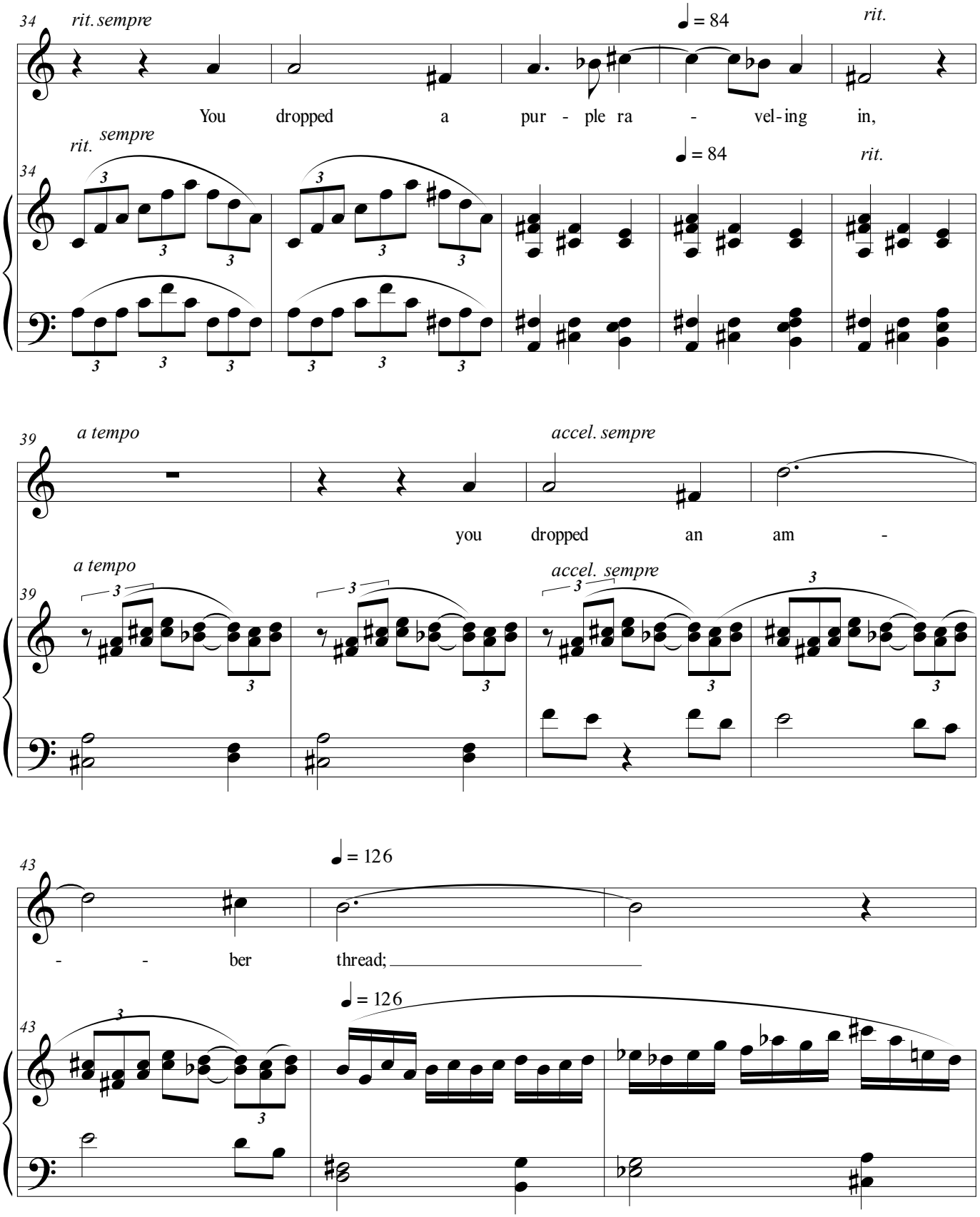
Lawrence Kramer

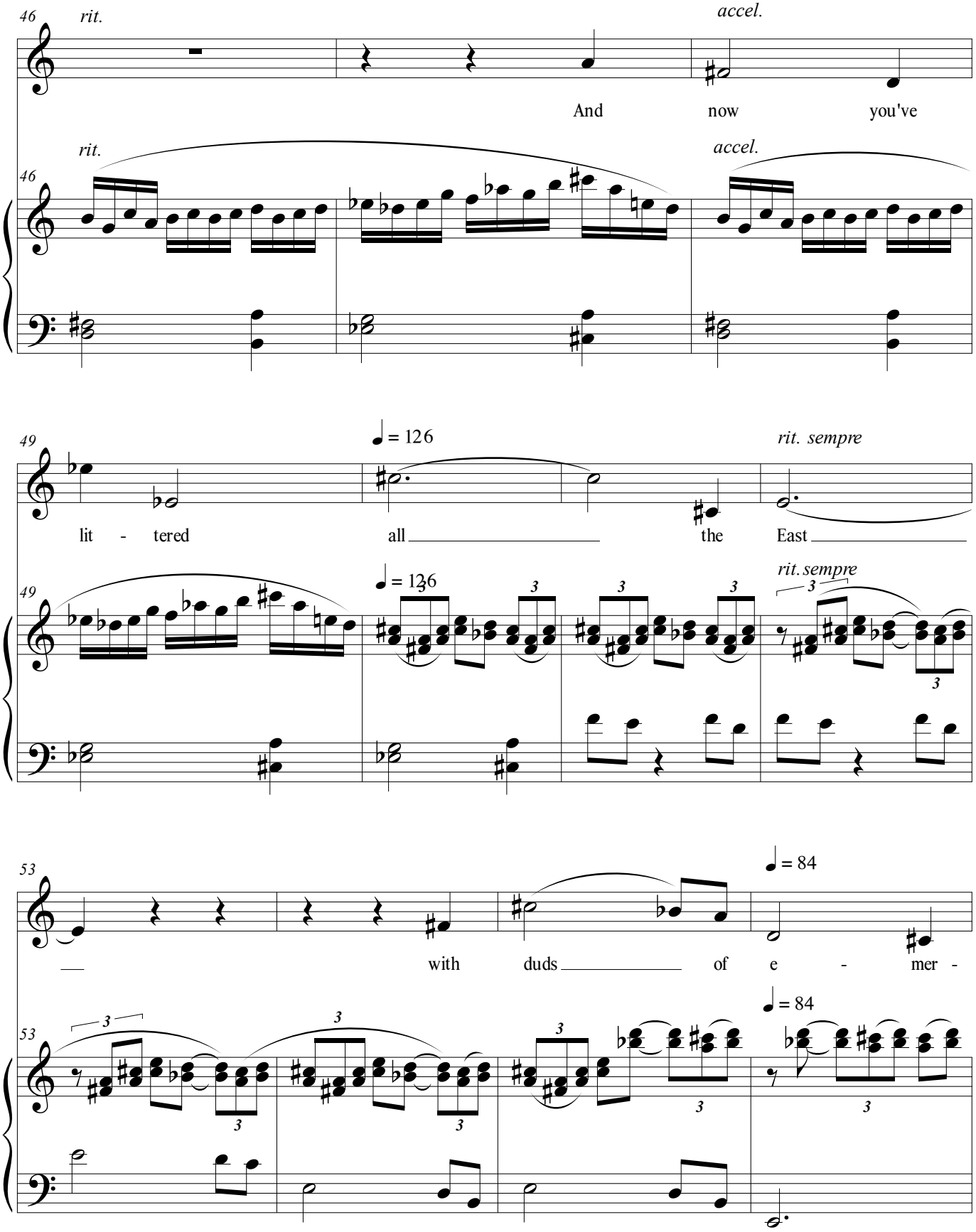


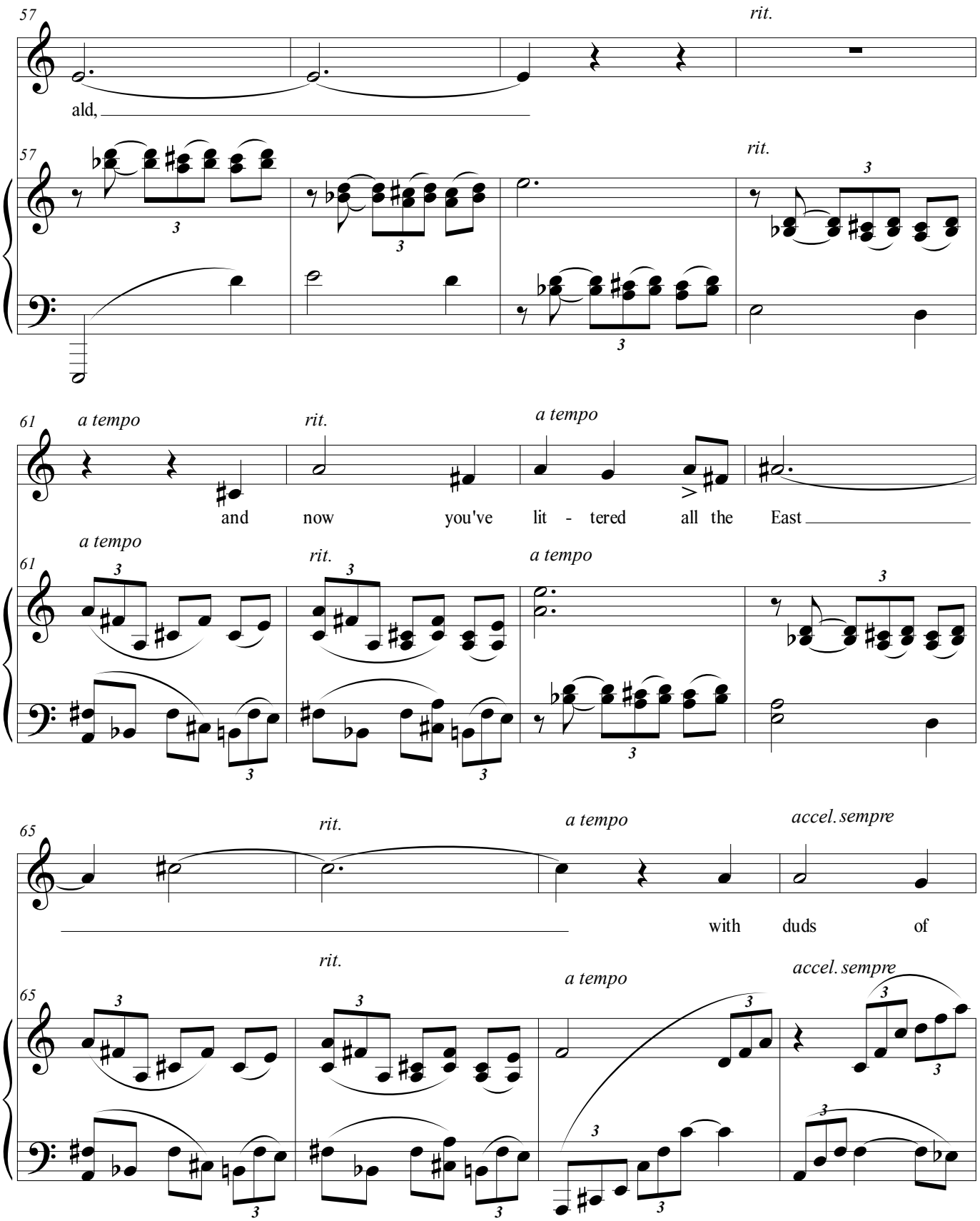
3 3

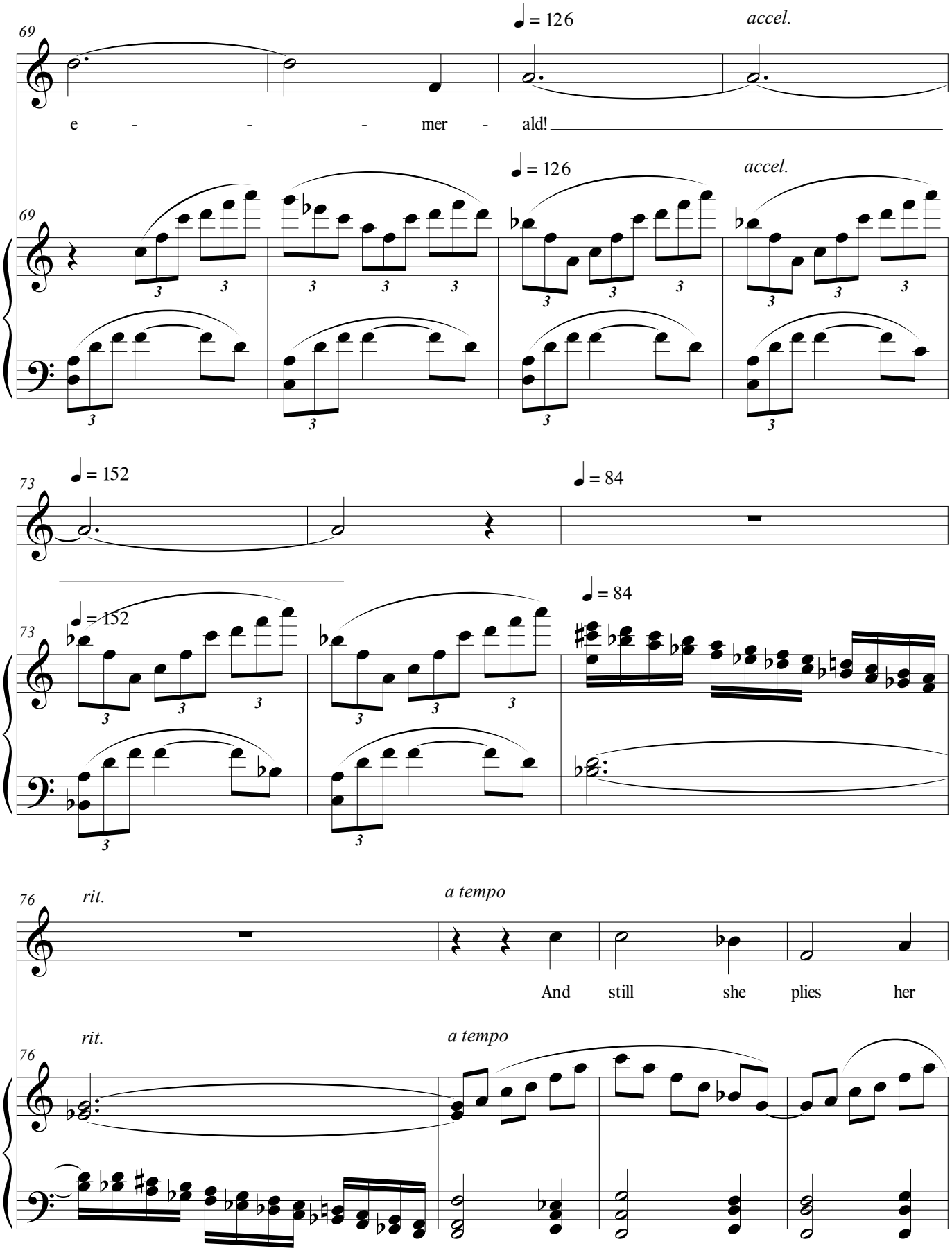

10
hind;
Oh
10
12
13
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
house - wife in the eve - ning west,
13
♩ = 84
rit.
16
accel. sempre
come back, come
accel. sempre
16

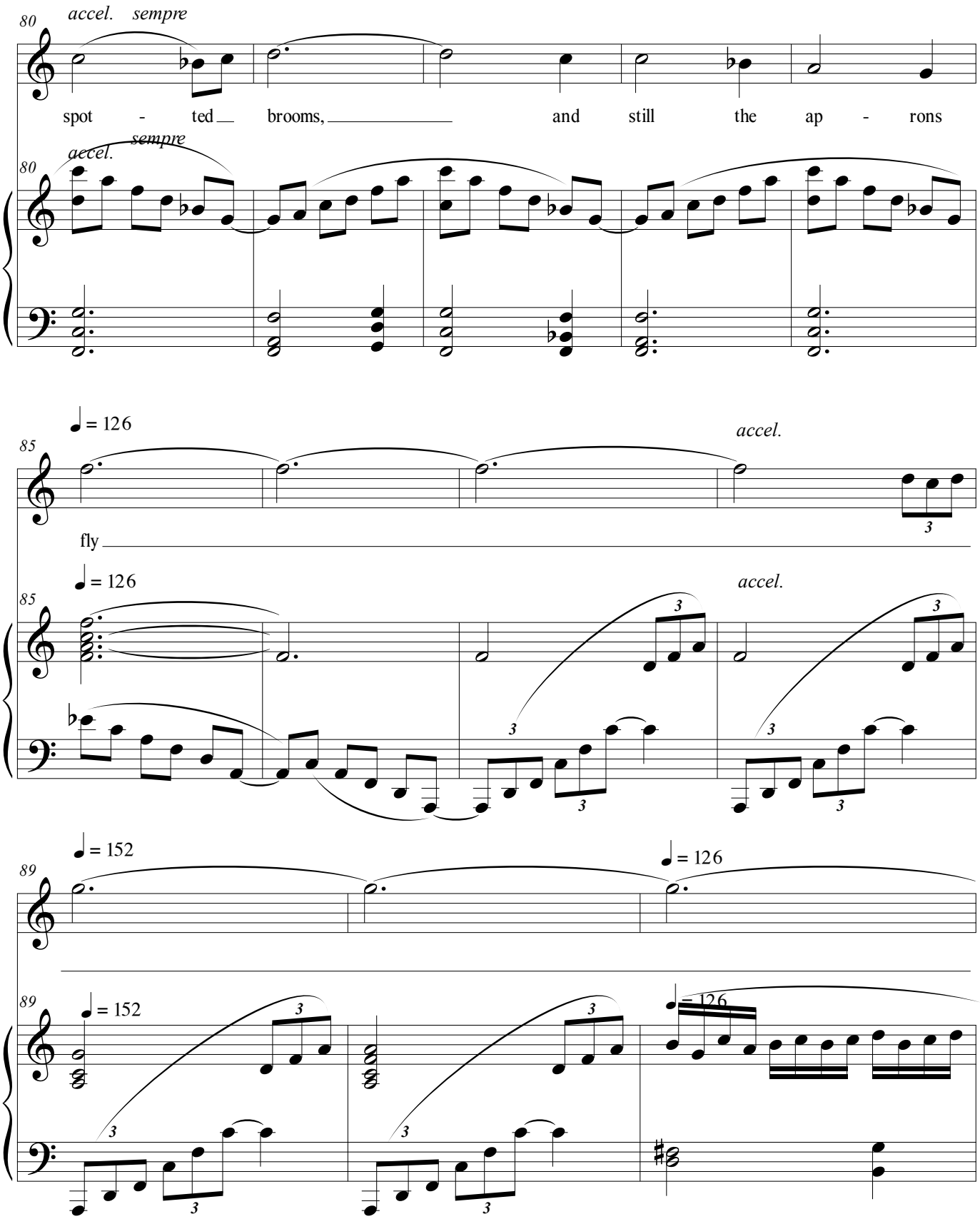

21
♩ = 152
back and dust the pond!
21
♩ = 152
26
rit. sempre
♩ = 84
Come back and dust the pond!
rit.
sempre
26
♩ = 84
30
accel.
♩ = 152
30
accel.
♩ = 152

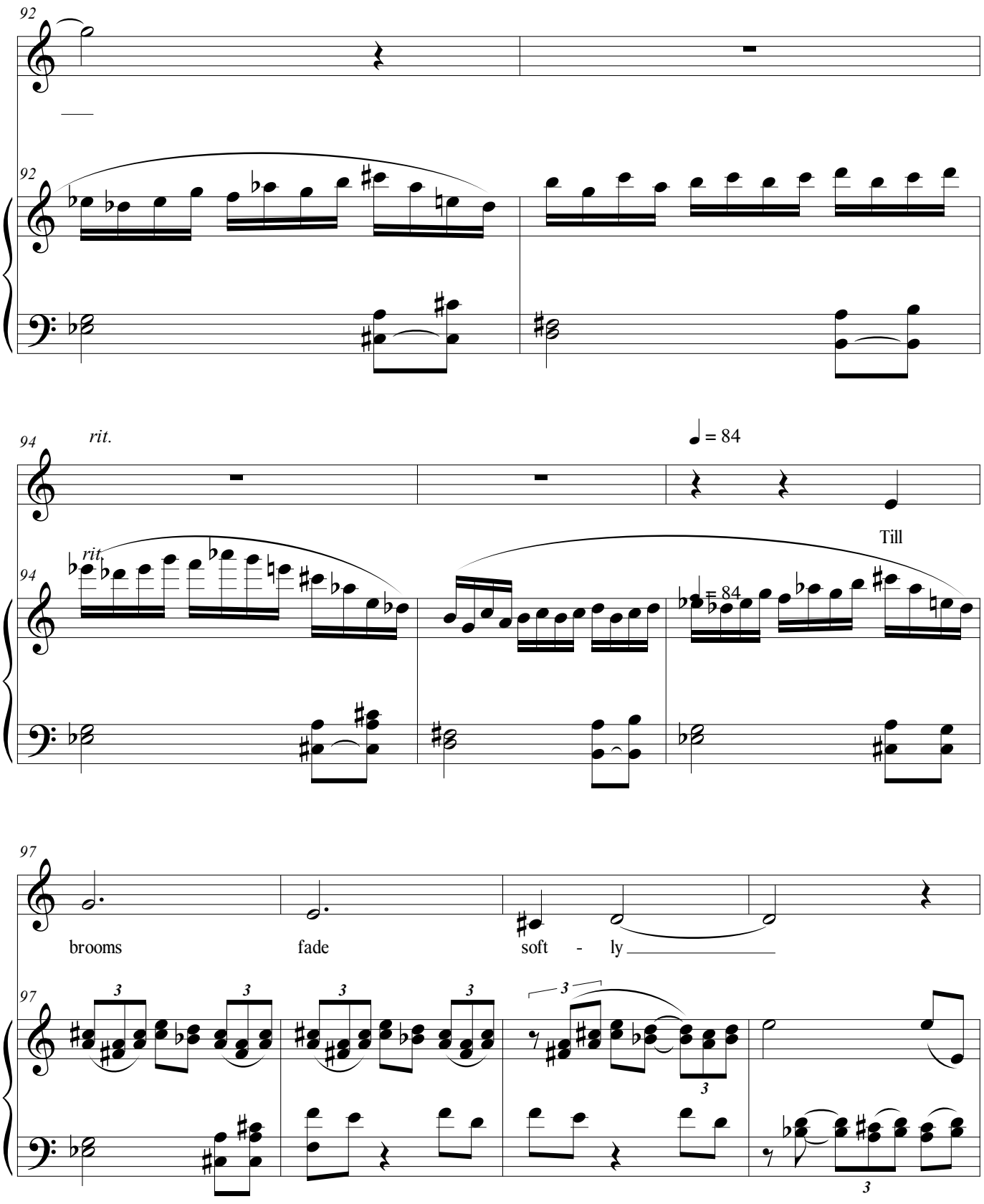

34
rit. sempre
♩ = 84
rit.
You dropped a pur - ple ra - vel-ing in,
rit. sempre
34
♩ = 84
rit.
39
a tempo
accel. sempre
you dropped an am -
a tempo
39
accel. sempre
43
♩ = 126
- - ber thread;
♩ = 126
43

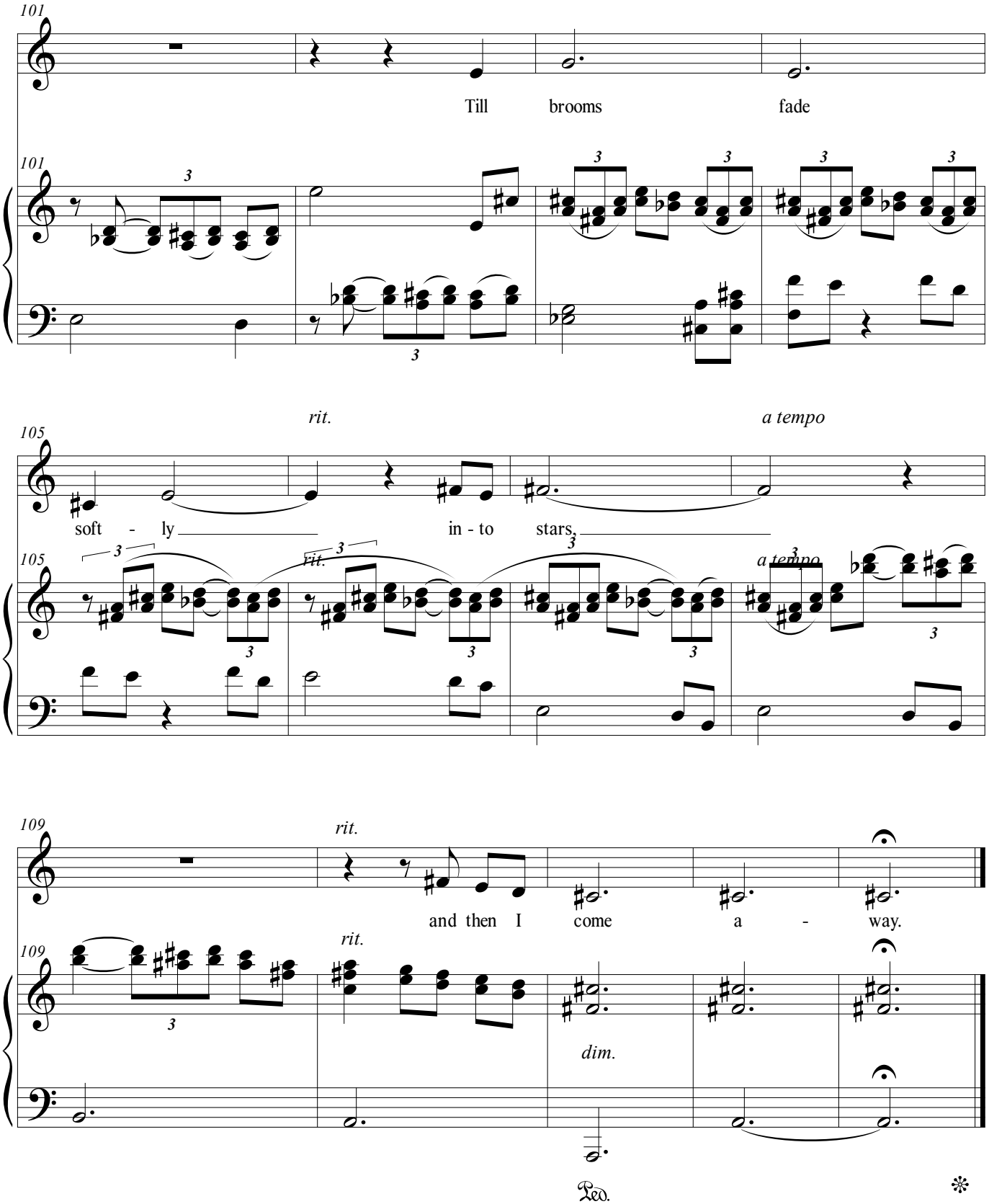

46
rit.
accel.
And now you've
rit.
accel.
46
49
♩ = 126
rit. sempre
lit - tered all the East
49
♩ = 136
rit. sempre
53
♩ = 84
with duds of e - mer -
53
♩ = 84


57
rit.
ald,
57
rit.
61
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
and now you've lit - tered all the East
a tempo
61
rit.
a tempo
65
rit.
a tempo
accel. sempre
with duds of
rit.
65
a tempo
accel. sempre


69
♩ = 126
accel.
e - - - mer - ald!
69
♩ = 126
accel.
73
♩ = 152
♩ = 84
73
♩ = 152
♩ = 84
76
rit.
a tempo
And still she plies her
76
rit.
a tempo


80
accel. sempre
spot - ted brooms, and still the ap - rons
80
accel. sempre
♩ = 126
85
accel.
fly
♩ = 126
85
accel.
♩ = 152
89
♩ = 126
♩ = 152
89
♩ = 126


92
92
94
rit.
♩ = 84
rit.
94
Till
♩ = 84
97
brooms
fade
soft - ly
97
3
3
3
3
3
3
3


101
Till brooms fade
101
rit.
a tempo
105
soft - ly in - to stars,
105
rit.
a tempo
109
rit.
and then I come a - way.
109
rit.
dim.
Ped.

She Sweeps with Many-Colored Brooms

Soprano

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!

You dropped a purple raveling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

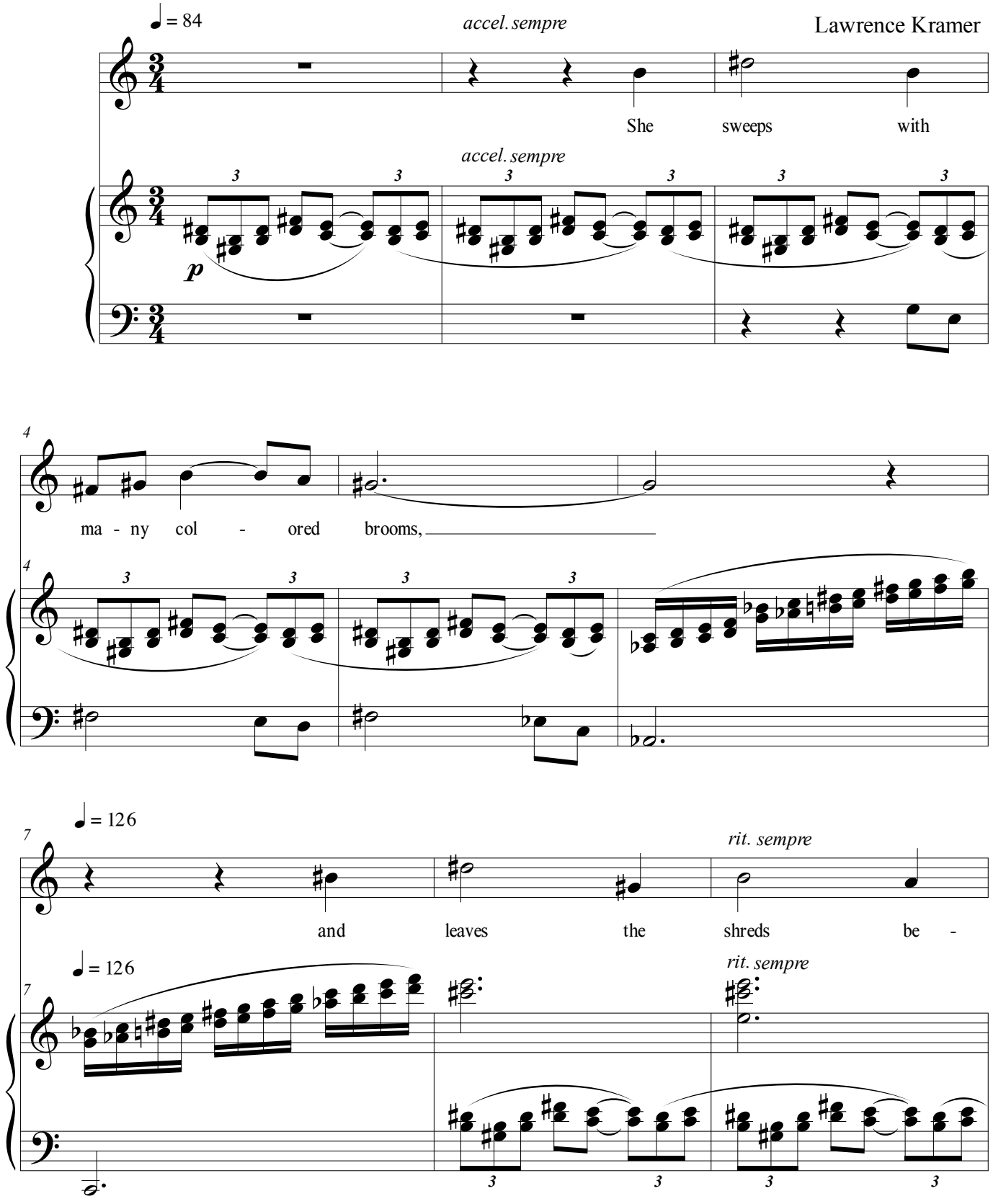
And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars --
And then I come away.

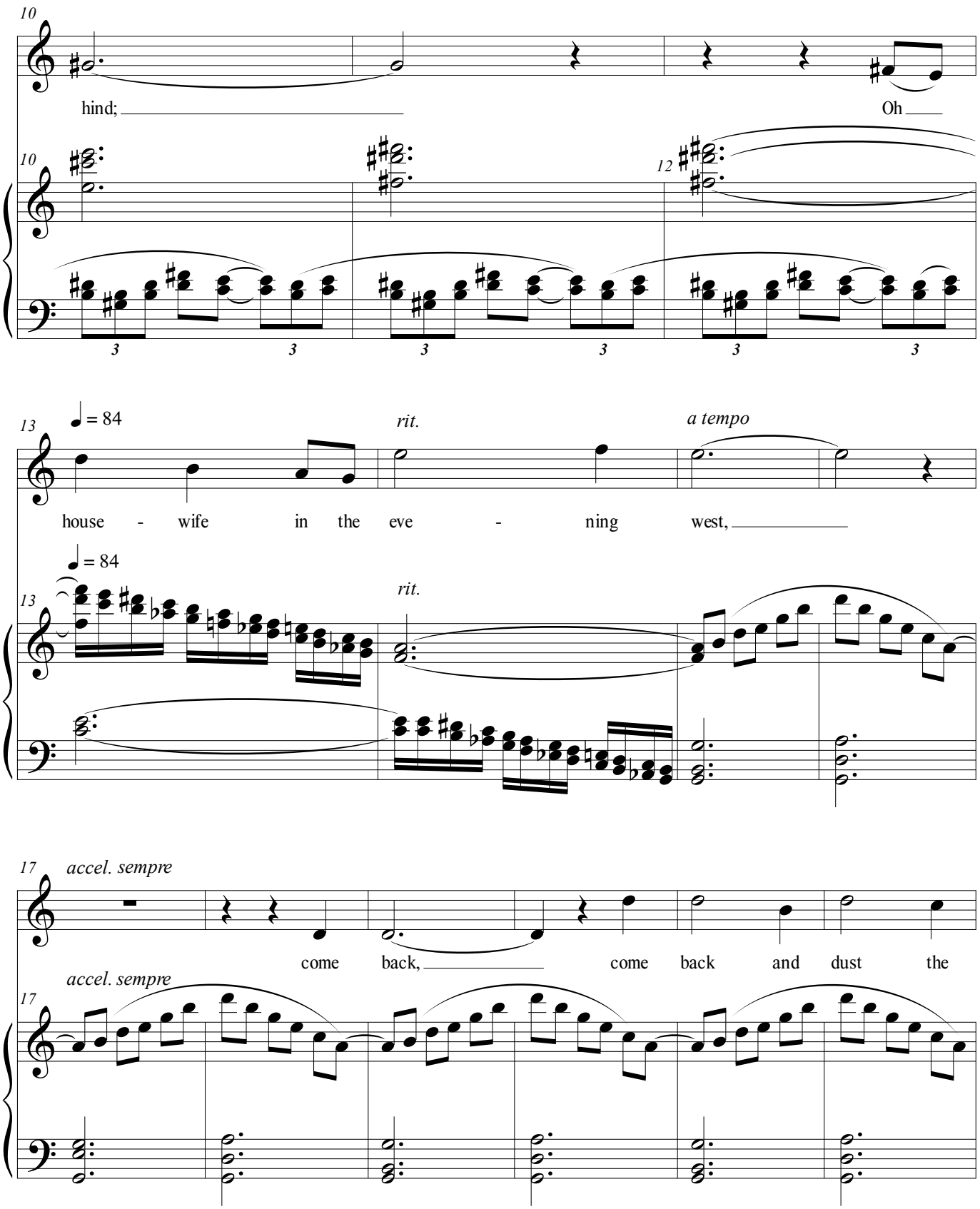
--Emily Dickinson

Voice Range: D4- A5
Tessitura: G♯4 - E5
Duration: 3:30

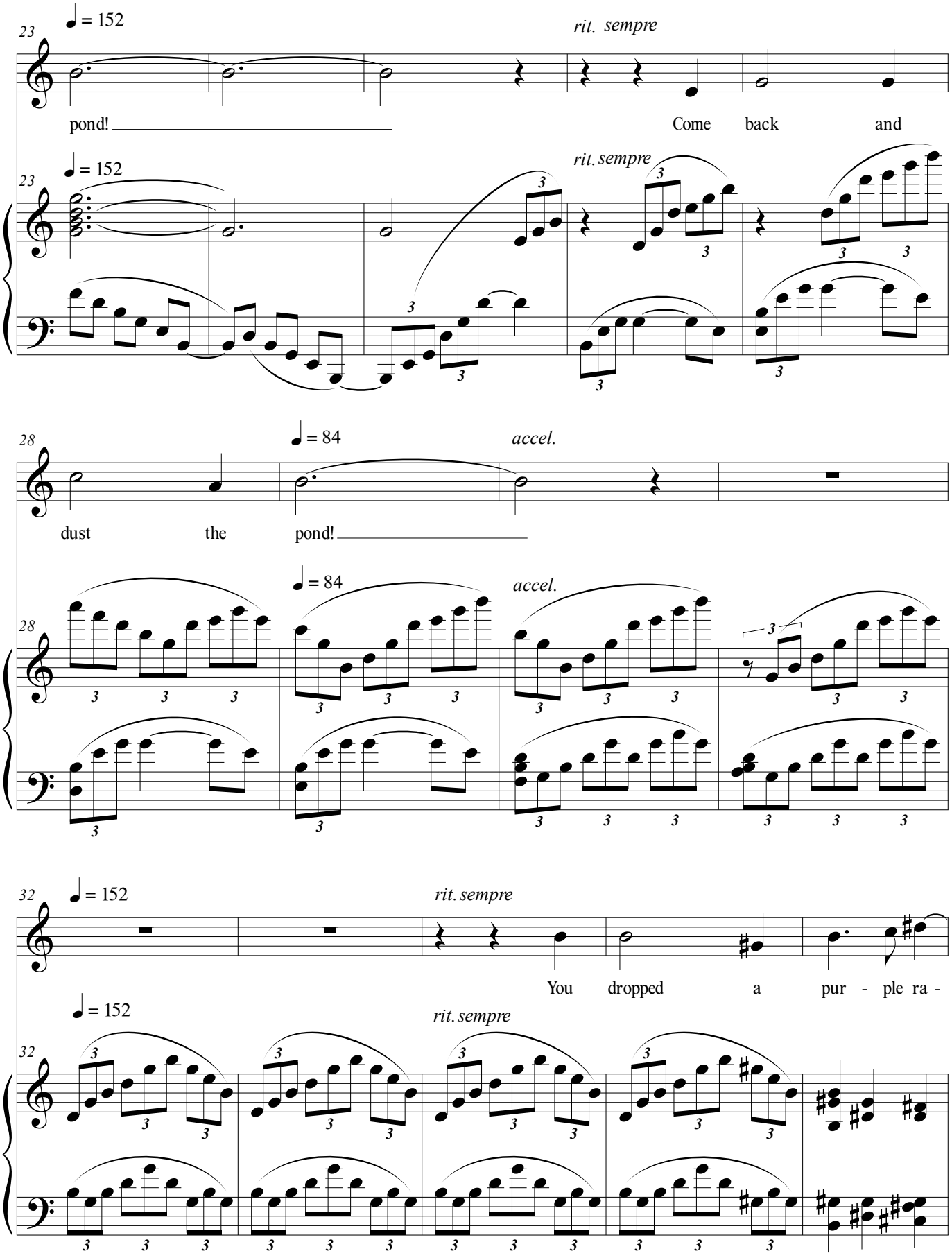
Composed 2017

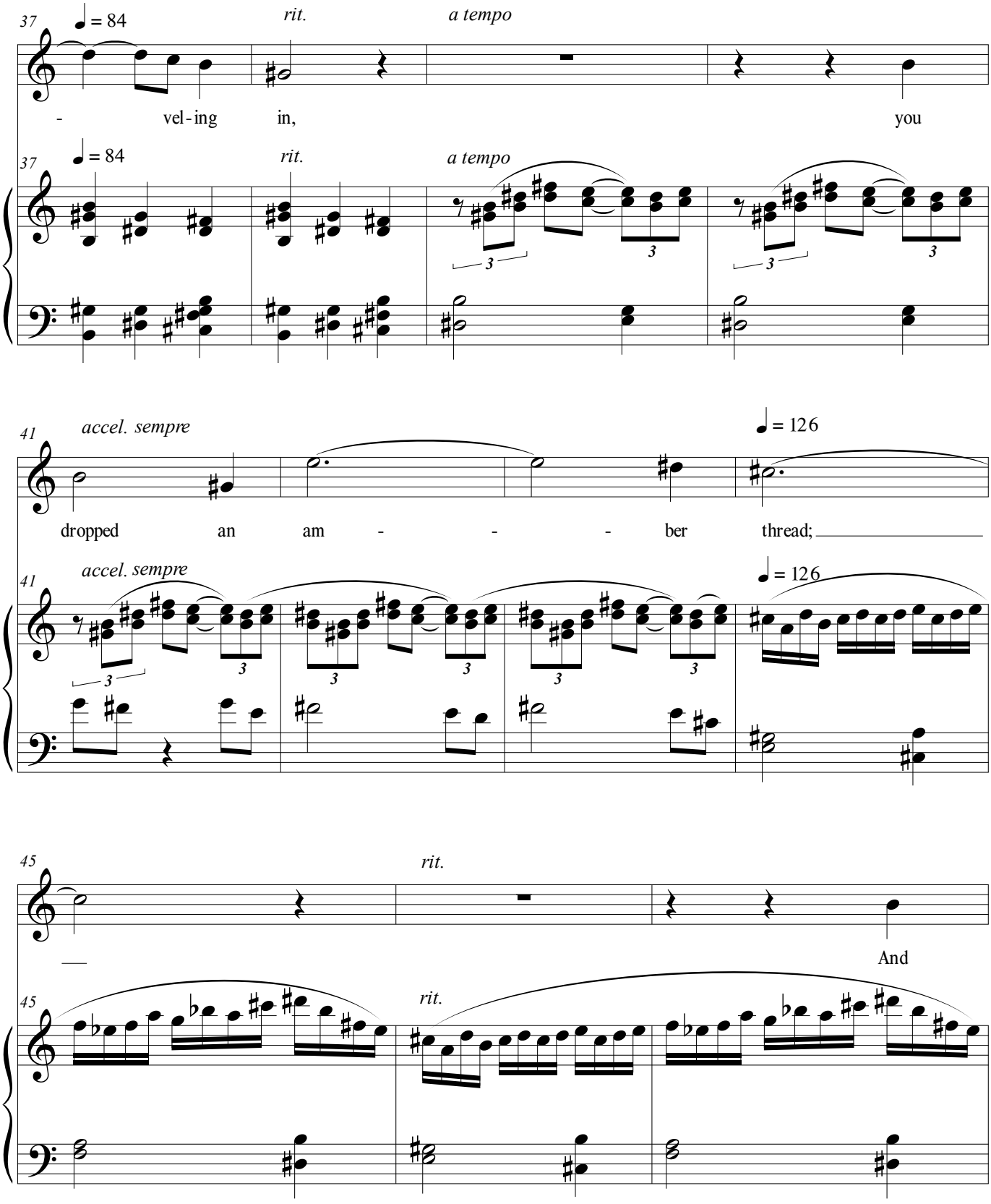
She Sweeps with Many-Colored Brooms

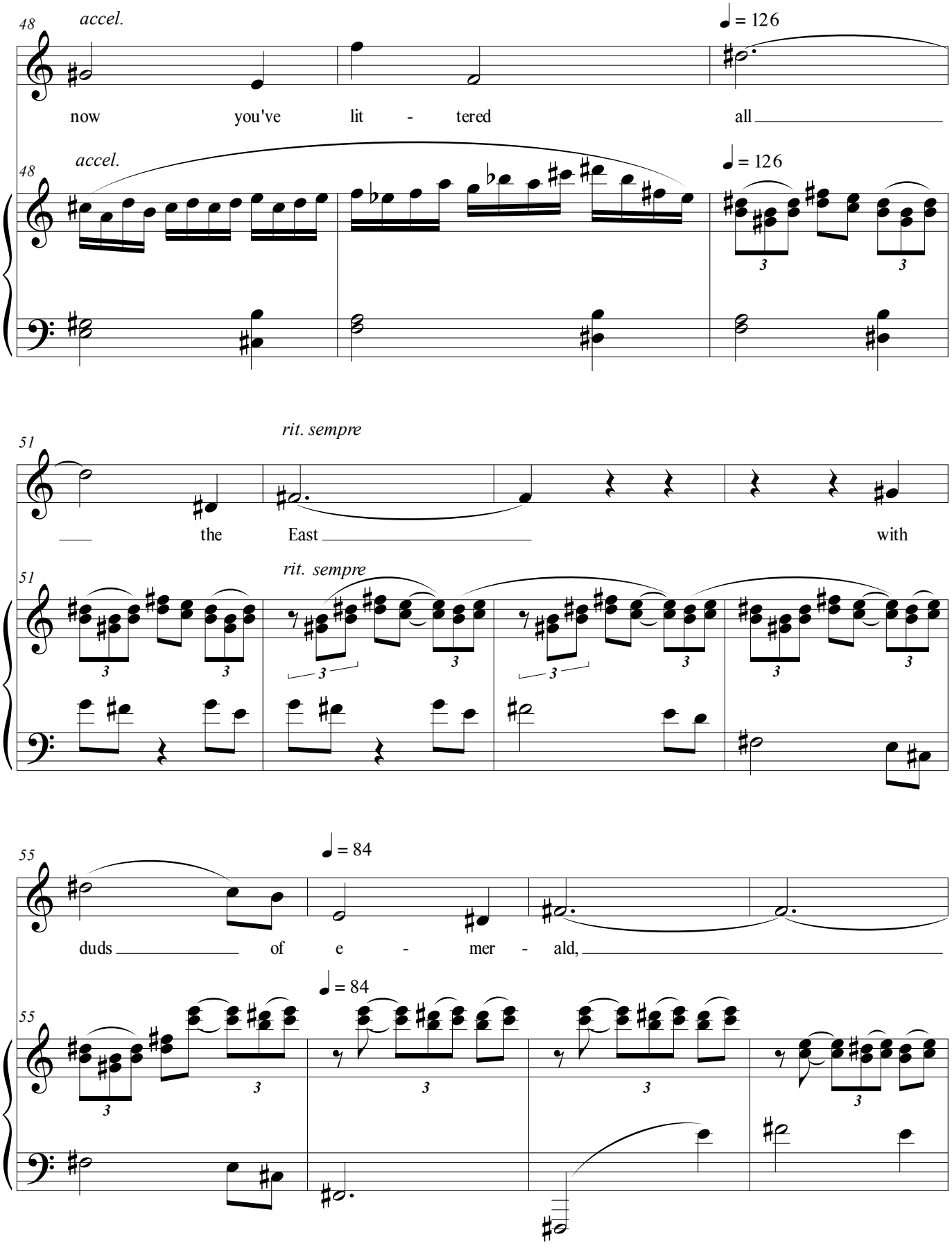


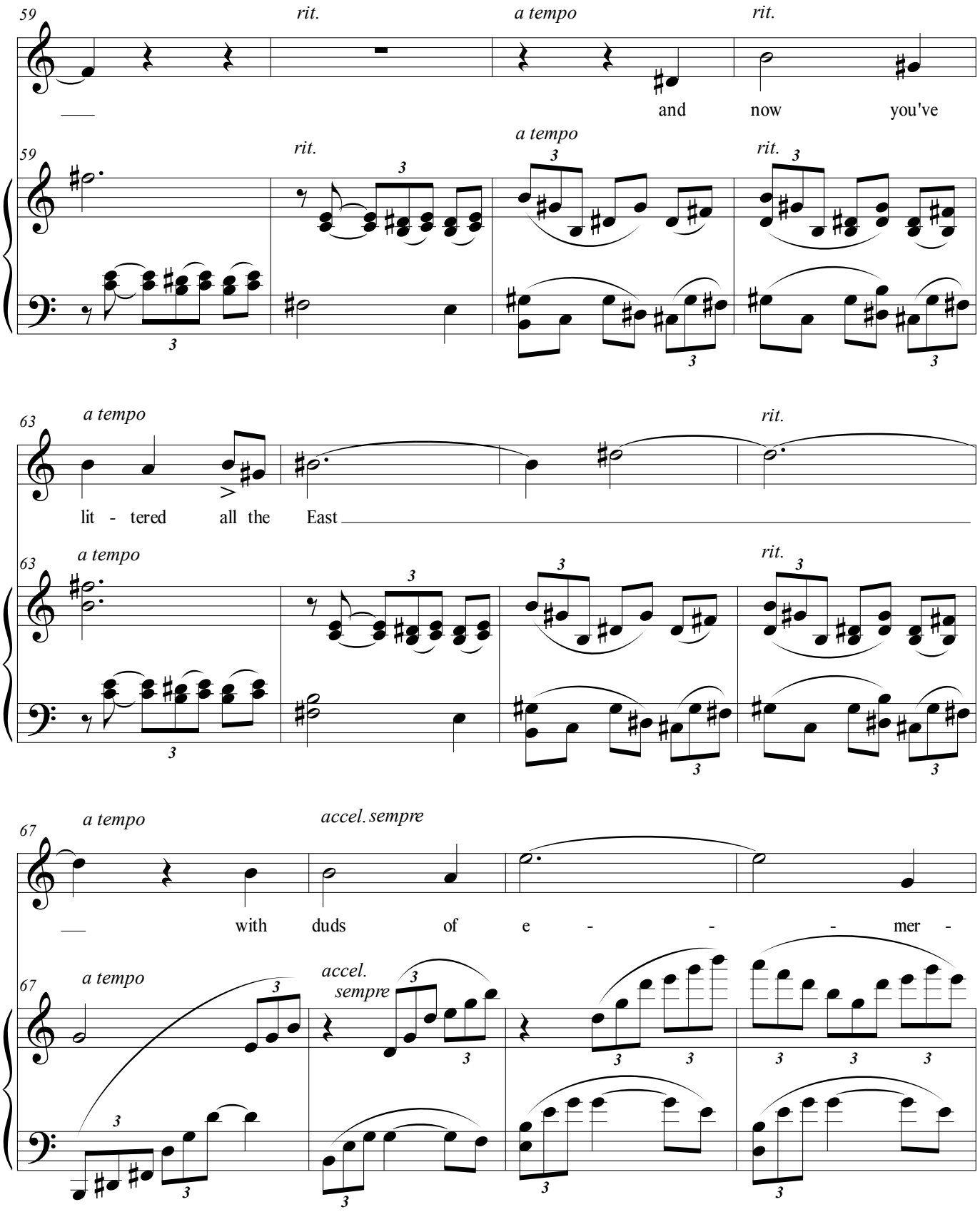

10
hind;
Oh
10
12
13
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
house - wife in the eve - ning west,
13
♩ = 84
rit.
17
accel. sempre
come back, come back and dust the
accel. sempre
17

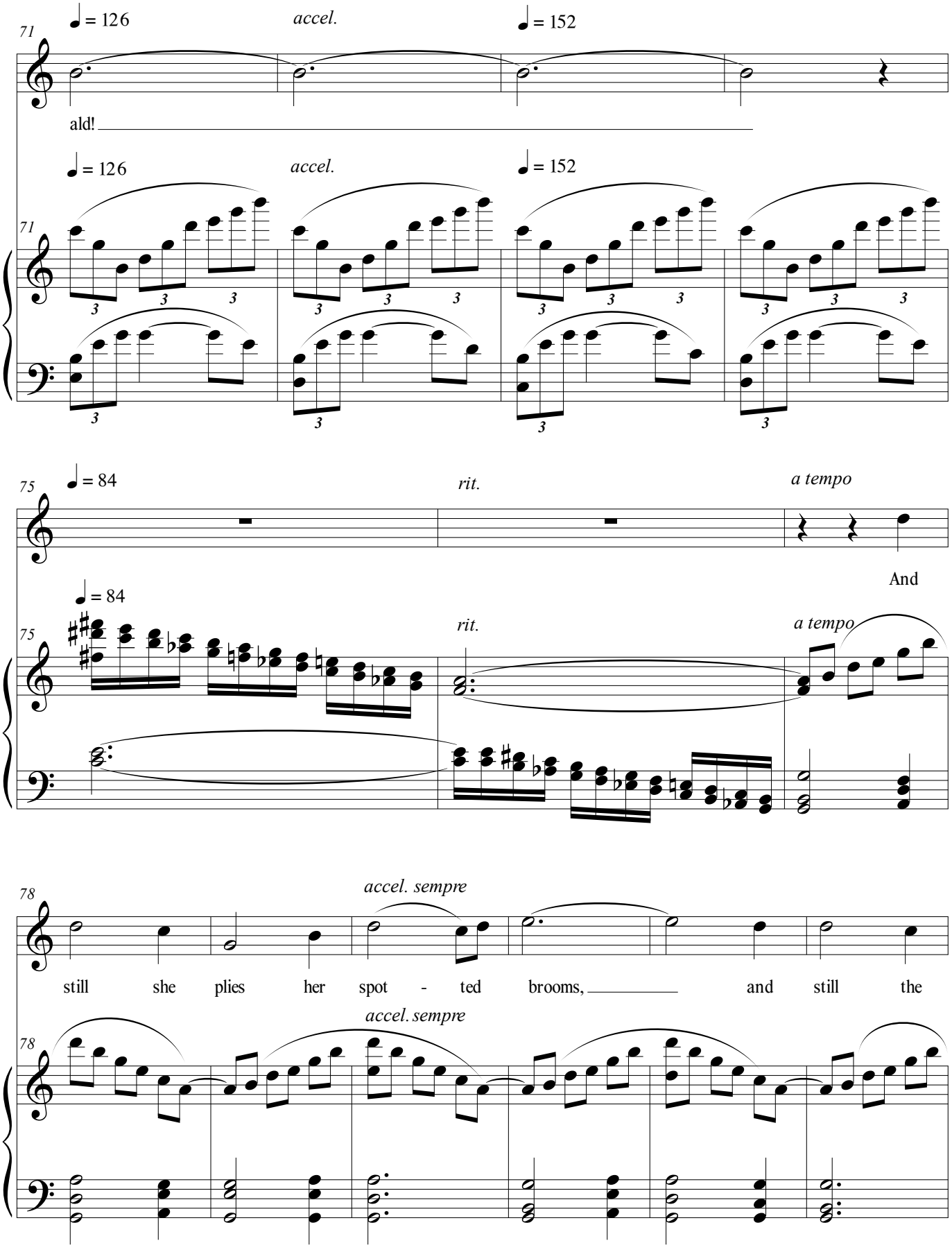
She Sweeps

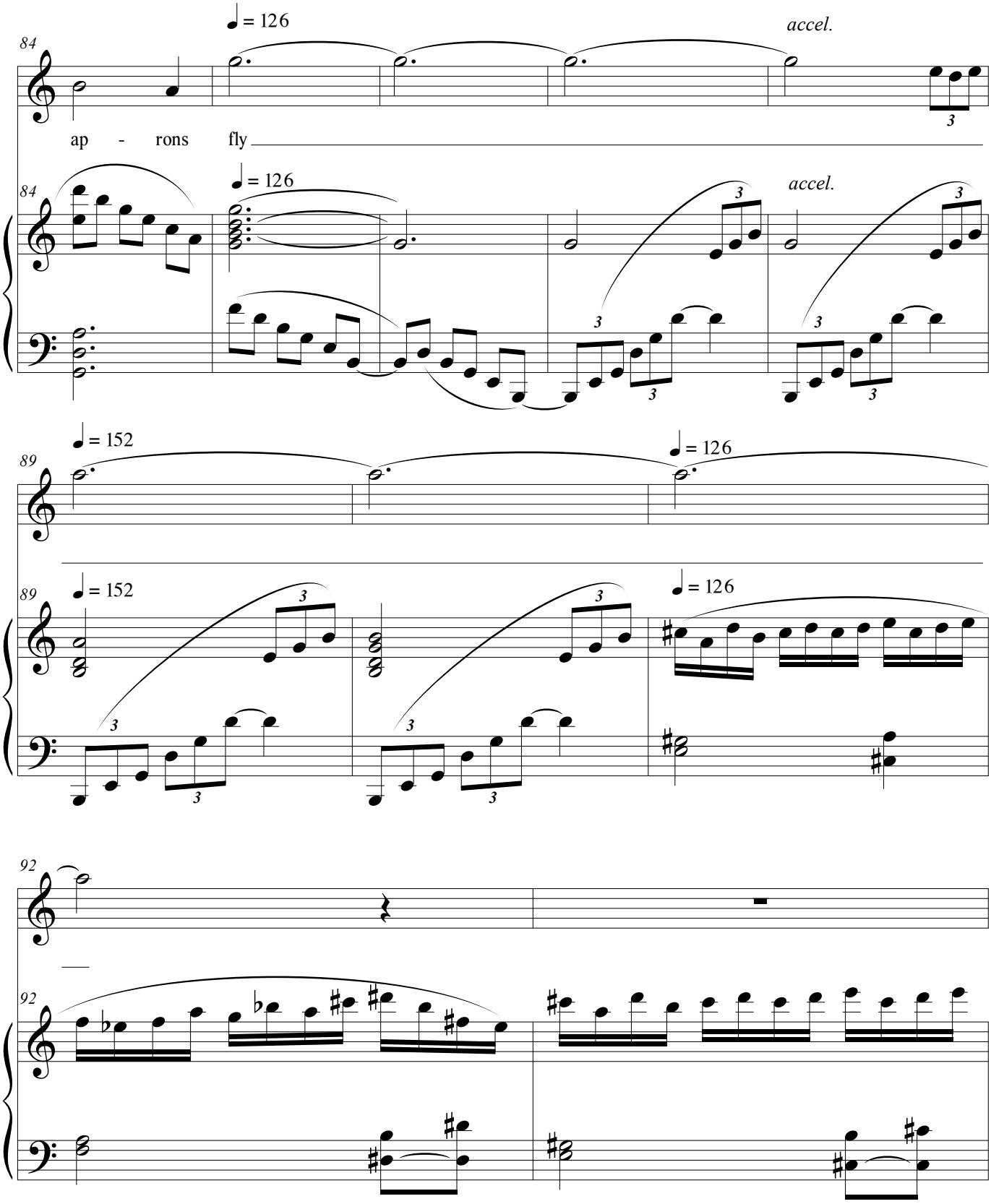

23
♩ = 152
rit. sempre
pond!
Come back and
23
♩ = 152
rit. sempre
28
♩ = 84
accel.
dust the pond!
28
♩ = 84
accel.
32
♩ = 152
rit. sempre
You dropped a pur - ple ra -
32
♩ = 152
rit. sempre

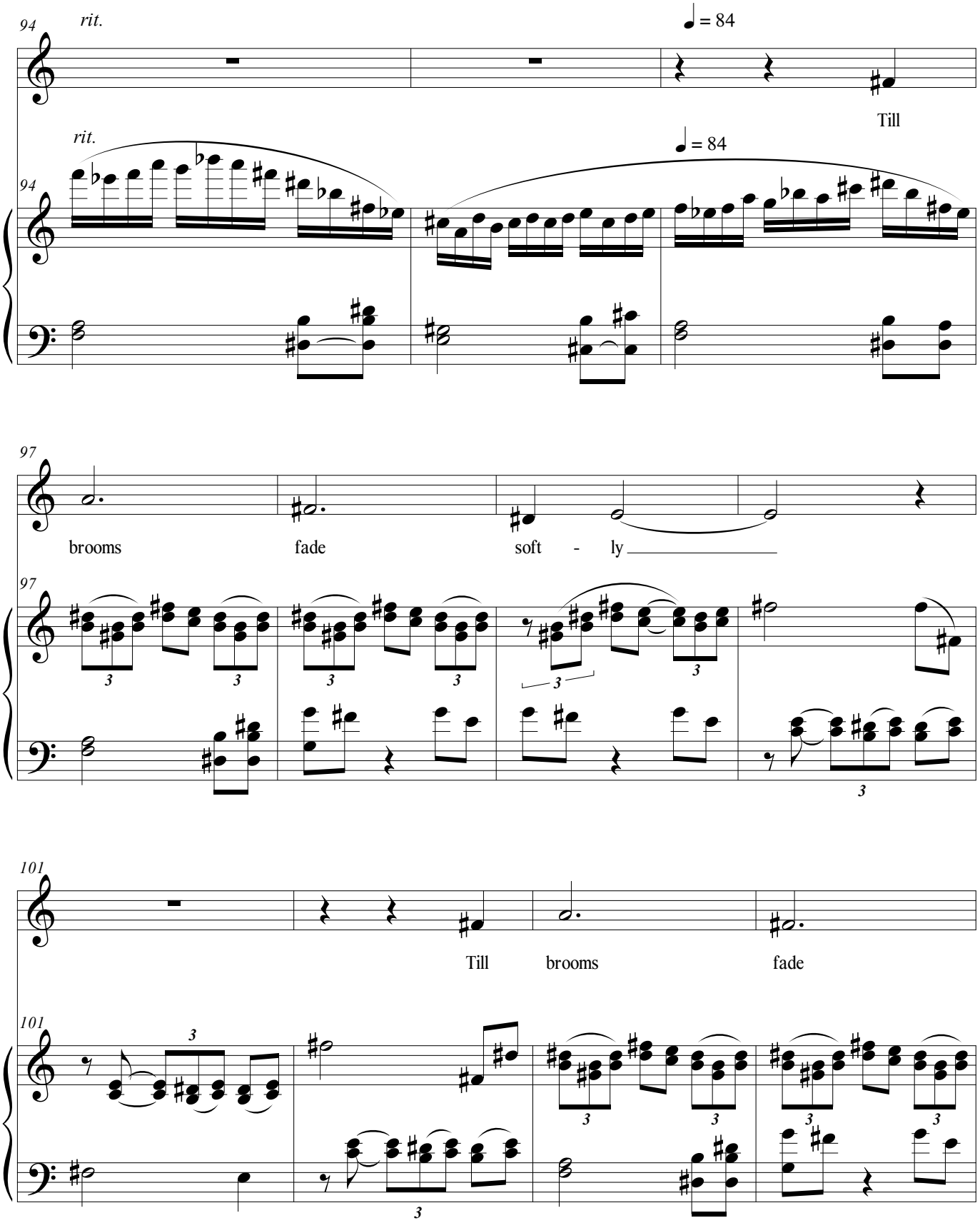

37
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
- vel - ing in, you
37
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
41
accel. sempre
♩ = 126
dropped an am - - - ber thread;
41
accel. sempre
♩ = 126
45
rit.
And
45
rit.

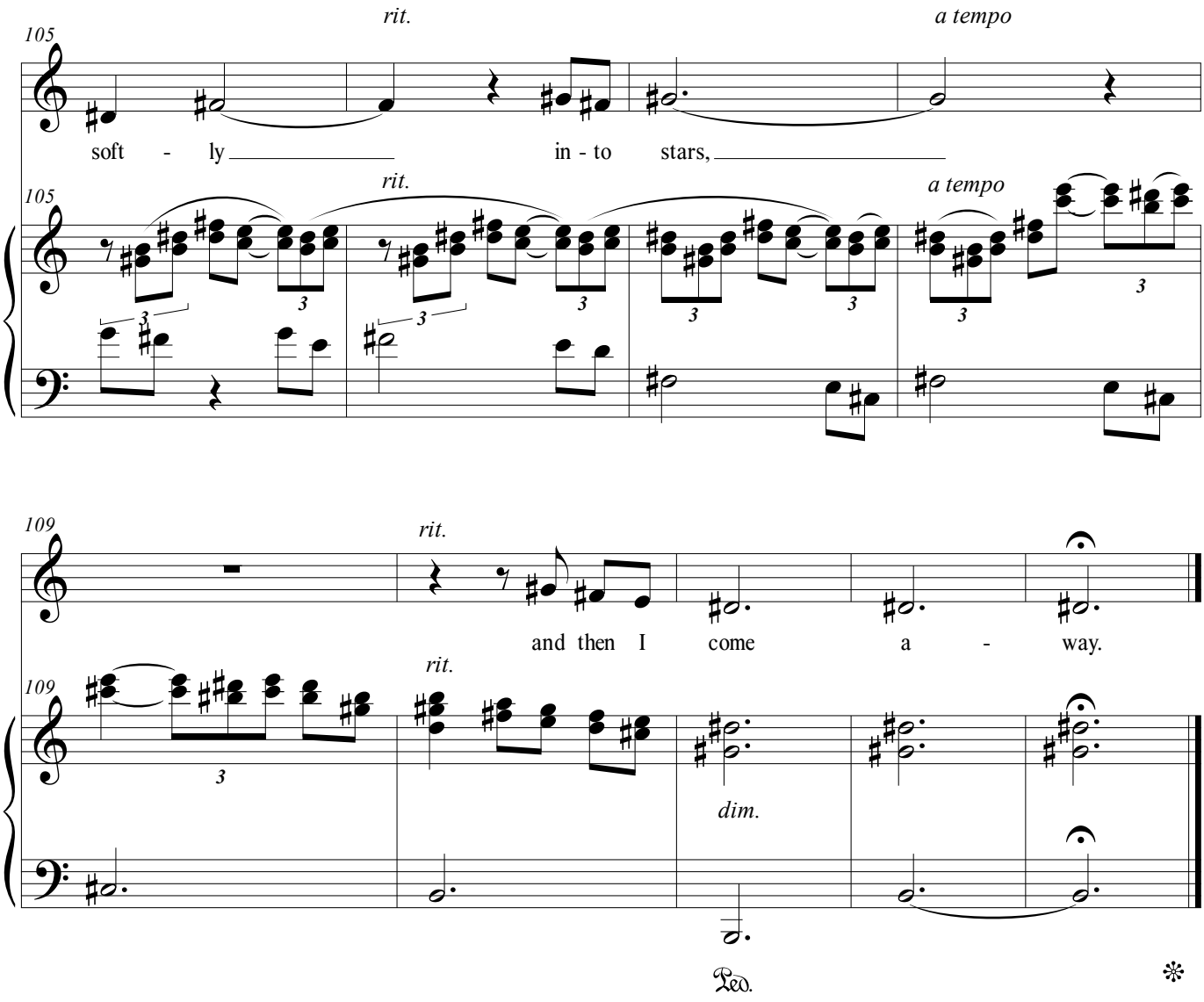

48
accel.
♩ = 126
now you've lit - tered all
48
accel.
♩ = 126
51
rit. sempre
the East with
51
rit. sempre
55
♩ = 84
duds of e - mer - ald,
55
♩ = 84


59
rit.
a tempo
rit.
and now you've
59
rit.
a tempo
rit.
63
a tempo
rit.
lit - tered all the East
63
a tempo
rit.
67
a tempo
accel. sempre
with duds of e - - - mer -
67
a tempo
accel.
sempre


71
♩ = 126
accel.
♩ = 152
ald!
71
♩ = 126
accel.
♩ = 152
75
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
And
75
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
78
accel. sempre
still she plies her spot - ted brooms, and still the
accel. sempre
78


84
♩ = 126
accel.
ap - rons fly
84
♩ = 126
accel.
89
♩ = 152
♩ = 126
89
♩ = 152
♩ = 126
92
92


94
rit.
♩ = 84
Till
94
rit.
♩ = 84
97
brooms
fade
soft - ly
97
101
Till
brooms
fade
101


105
rit.
a tempo
soft - ly
in - to stars,
105
rit.
a tempo
3
109
rit.
and then I come a - way.
109
rit.
dim.
Ped.

Stiff Wind

Voice

A stiff wind. Walking in it.

Tatterdemalion figure, garments all askew.

A stiff wind. Walking against it.

Anonymous figure, face pinched, garments whipping, whipping.

A stiff wind. Stiff in the wind. Walking with it.

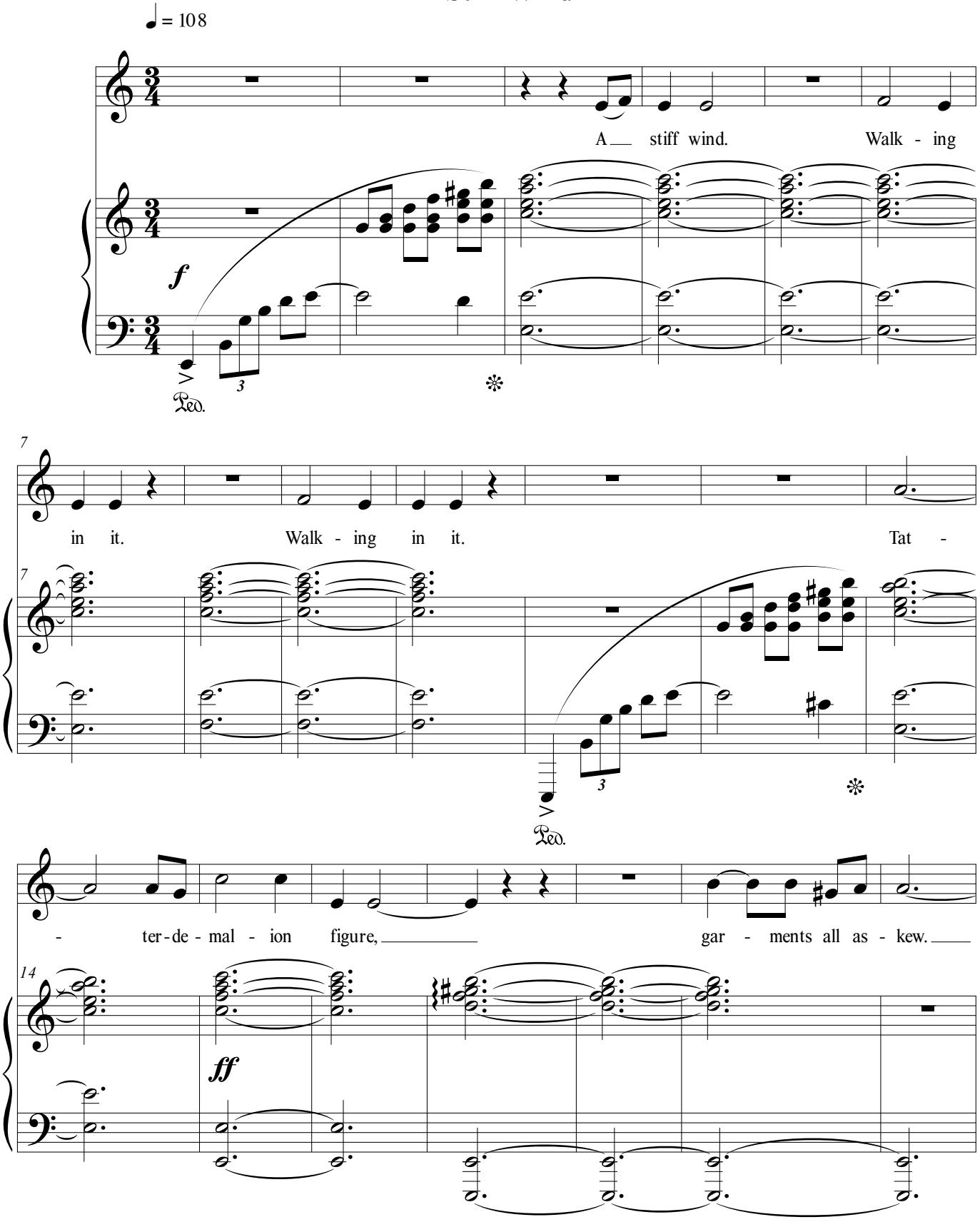
A figure anyhow. Garments clutched., head bare, face bare, facing the whip of the wind.

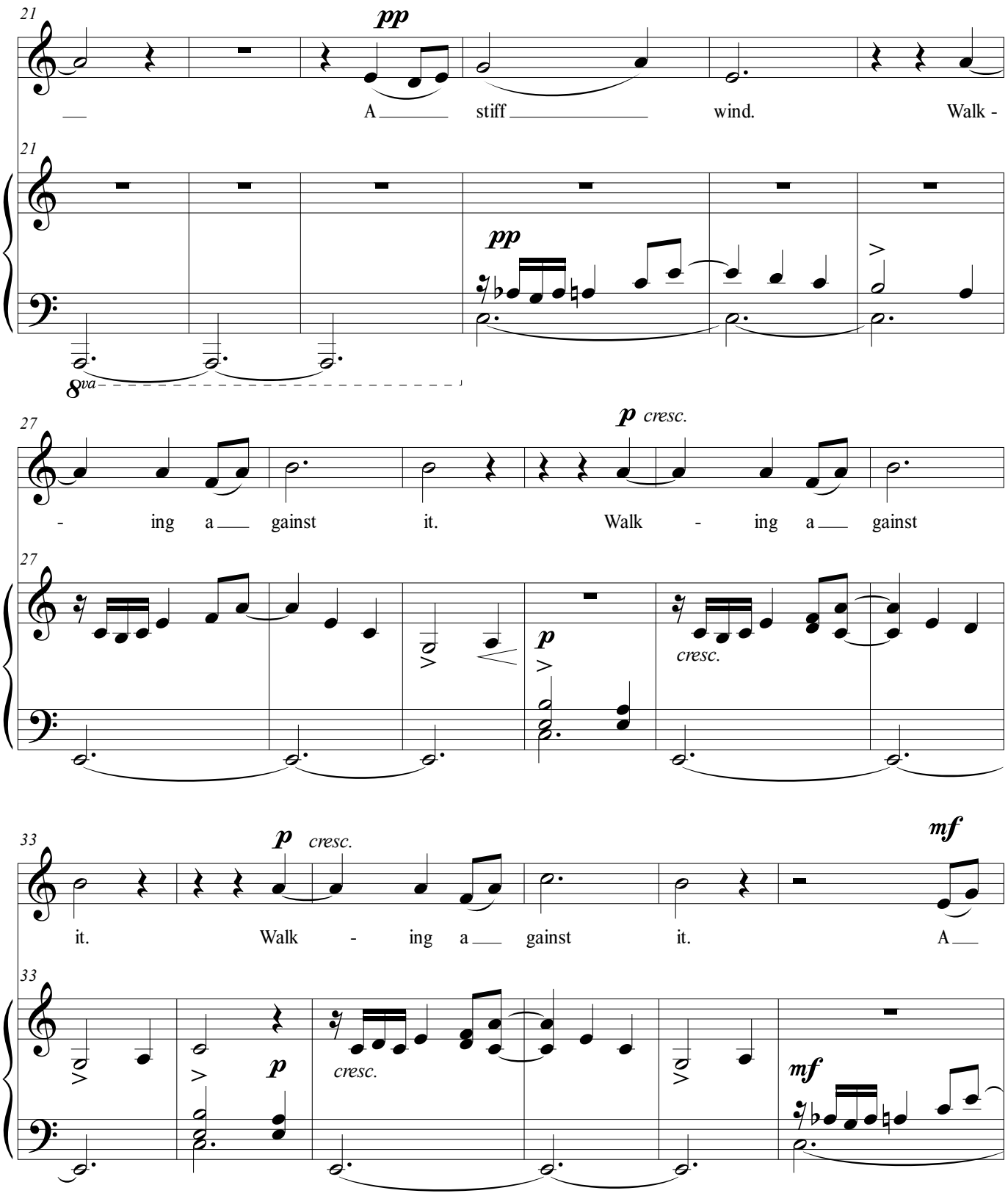
--Poem by the composer.

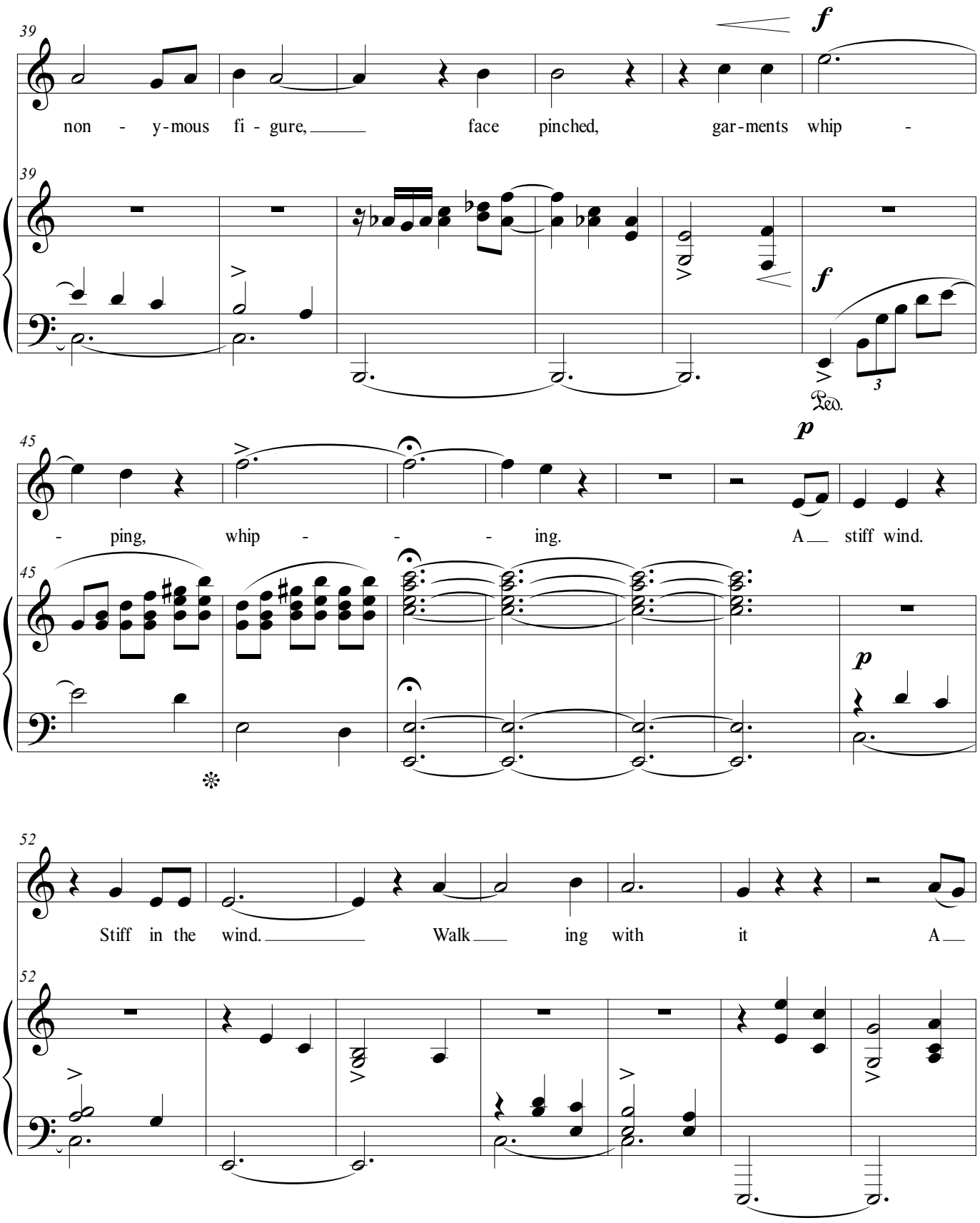
Written voice range: D4 - F5
Tessitura: E4 - C5
Duration 2:30

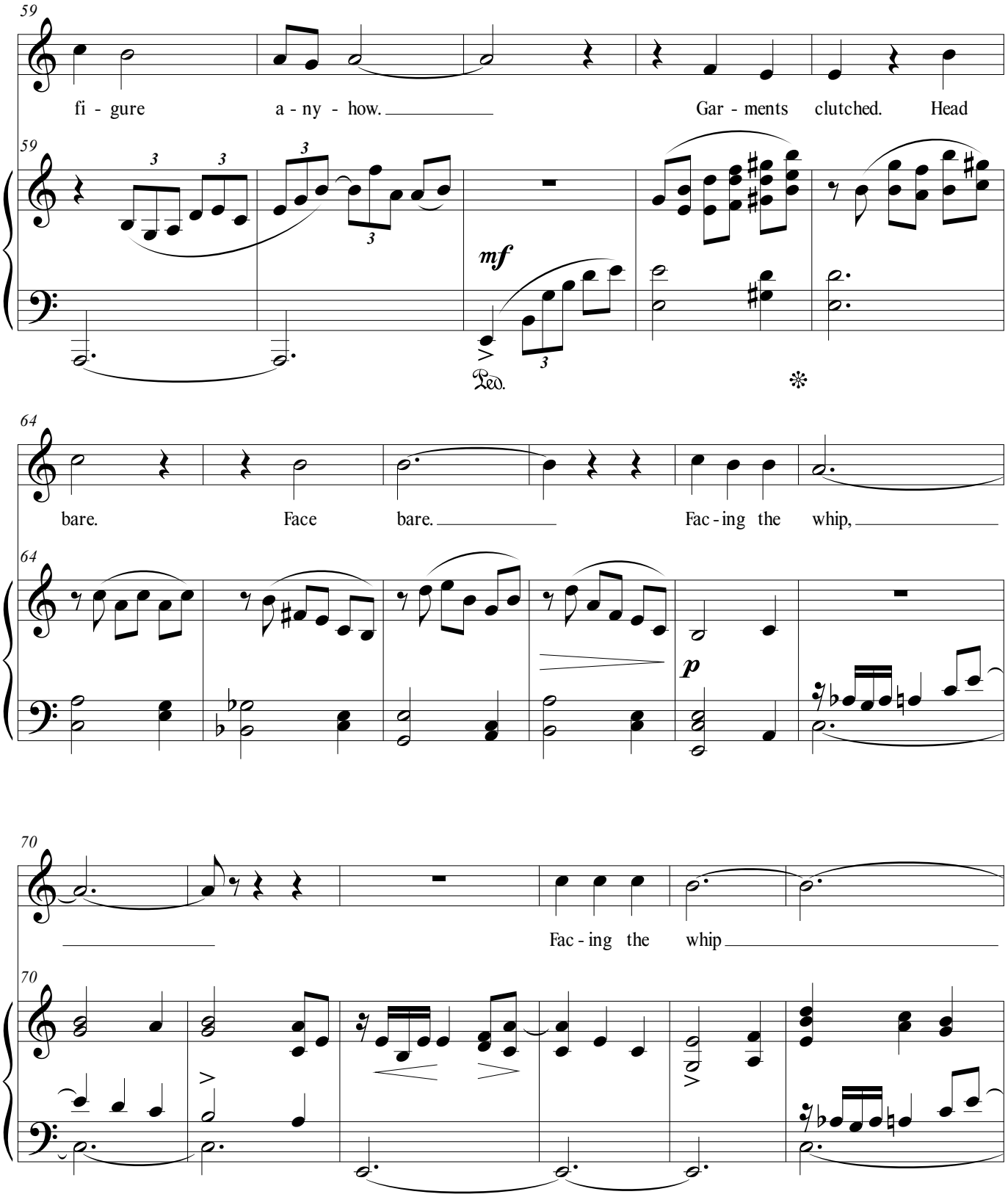
Composed 2021

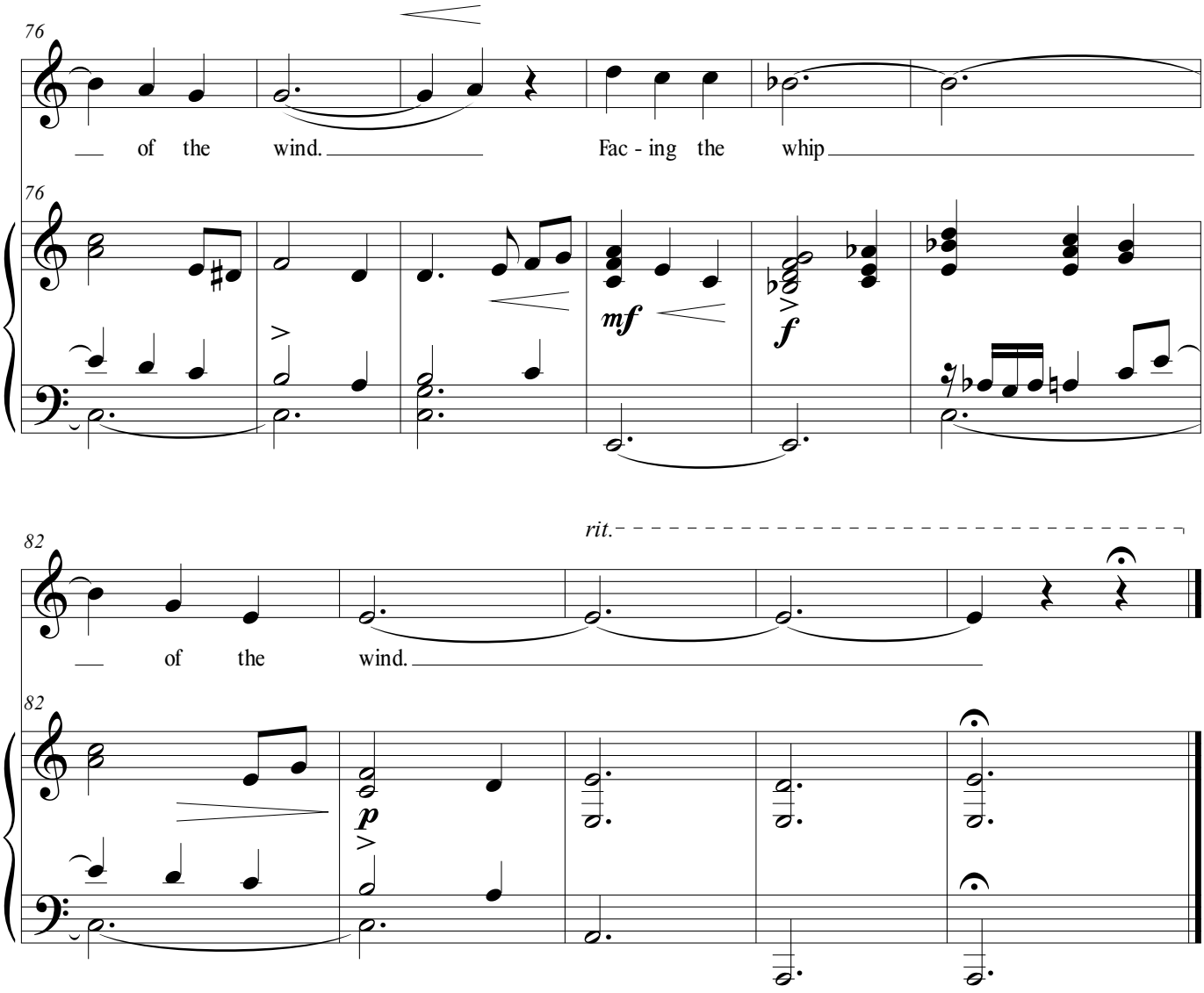
Stiff Wind


♩ = 108
A stiff wind. Walk - ing
f
Ped.
in it. Walk - ing in it. Tat -
- ter-de-mal - ion figure, gar - ments all as - kew.
ff


21
pp
A stiff wind. Walk -
21
pp
8va
27
p cresc.
- ing a gainst it. Walk - ing a gainst
27
p
cresc.
33
p cresc.
mf
it. Walk - ing a gainst it. A
33
p
cresc.
mf


39
f
non - y-mous fi - gure, face pinched, gar-ments whip -
39
f
Ped.
45
p
- ping, whip - - ing. A stiff wind.
45
p
52
Stiff in the wind. Walk ing with it A
52


59
fi - gure a - ny - how. Gar - ments clutched. Head
59
mf
Ped.
64
bare. Face bare. Fac - ing the whip,
64
p
70
Fac - ing the whip
70


76
of the wind.
Fac - ing the whip
76
mf
f
82
rit.
of the wind.
82
p

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Baritone

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

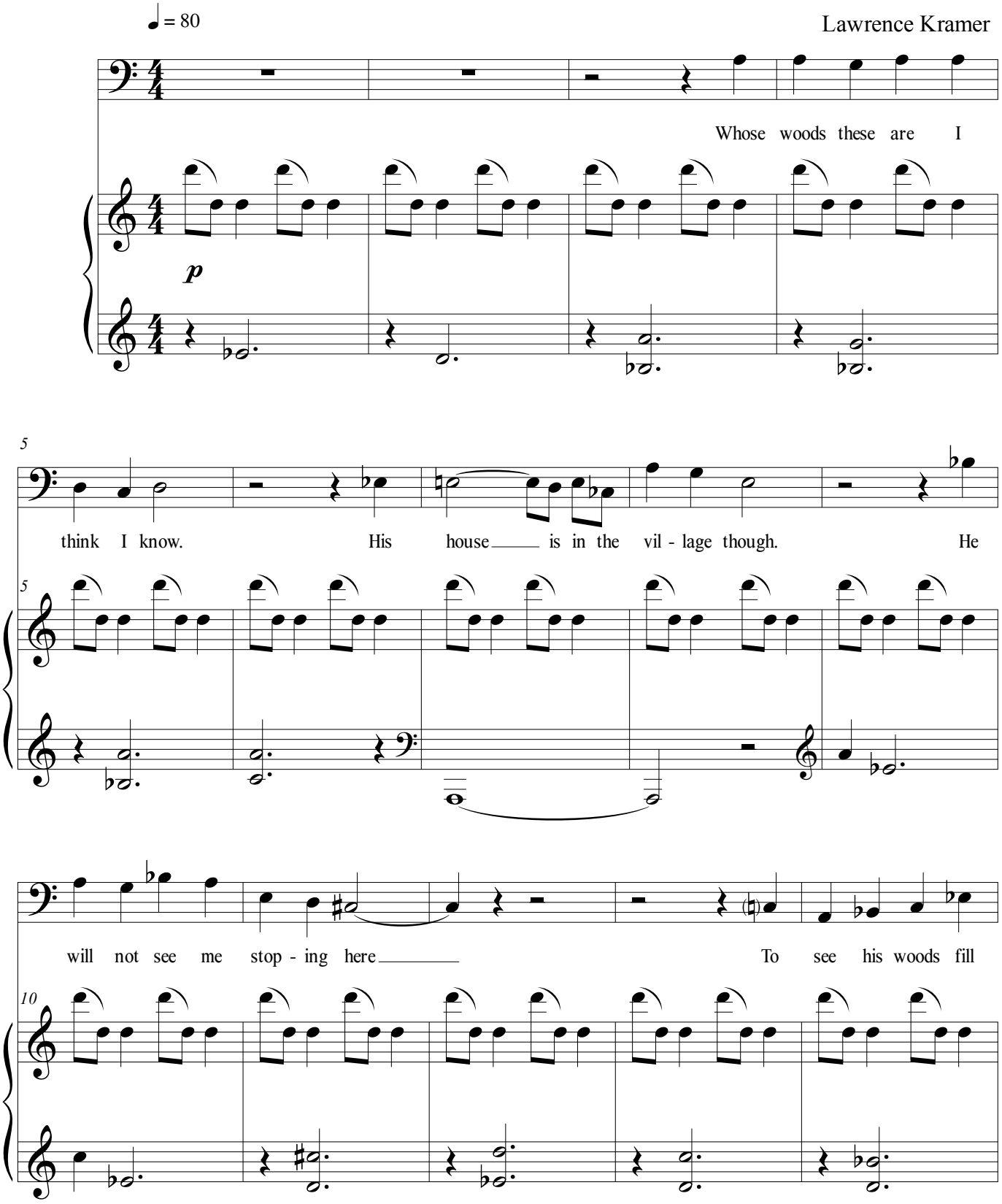
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

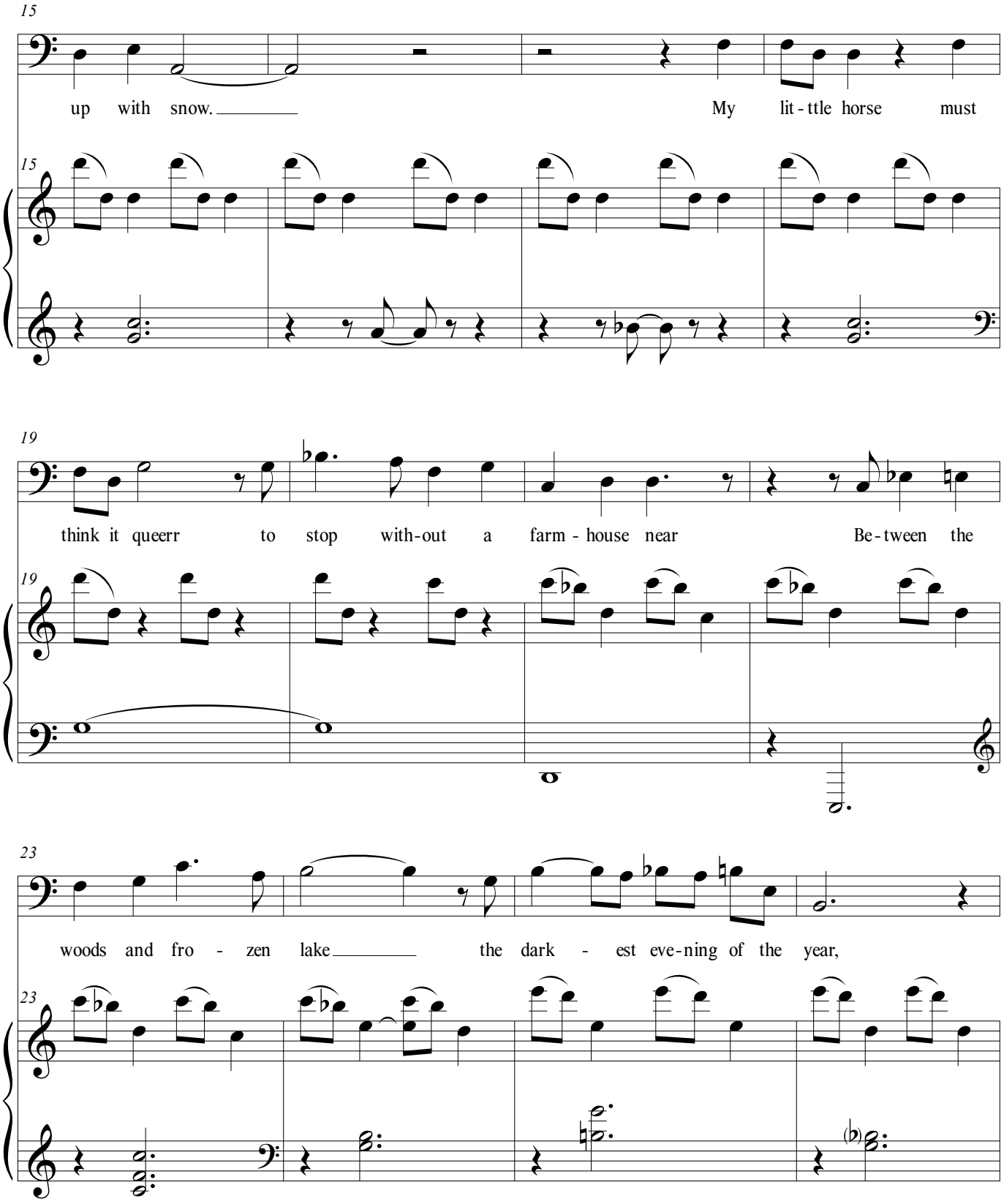
--Robert Frost

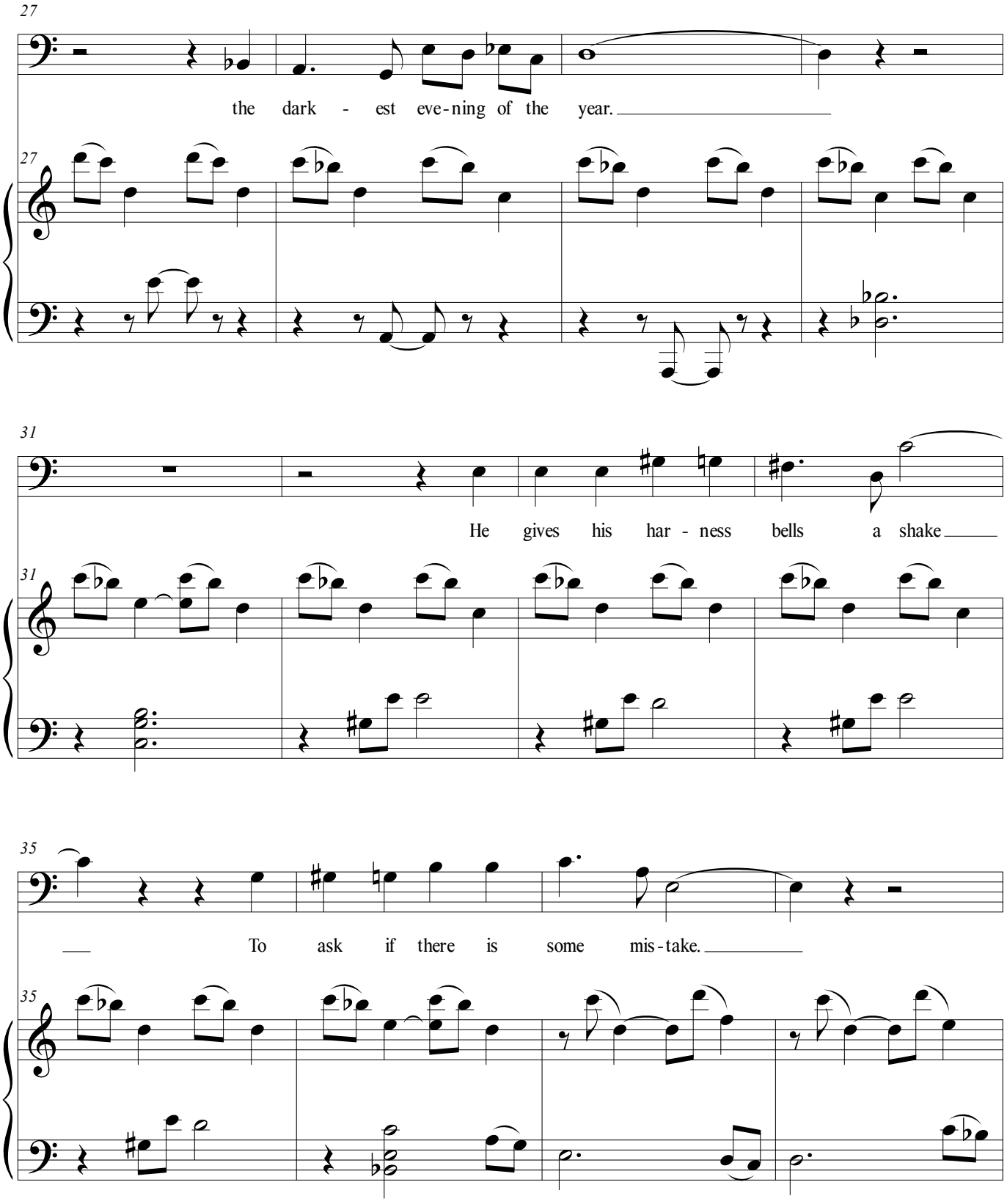
Voice range: G2 - E4
Tessitura: D3 - B3
Duration 3:40

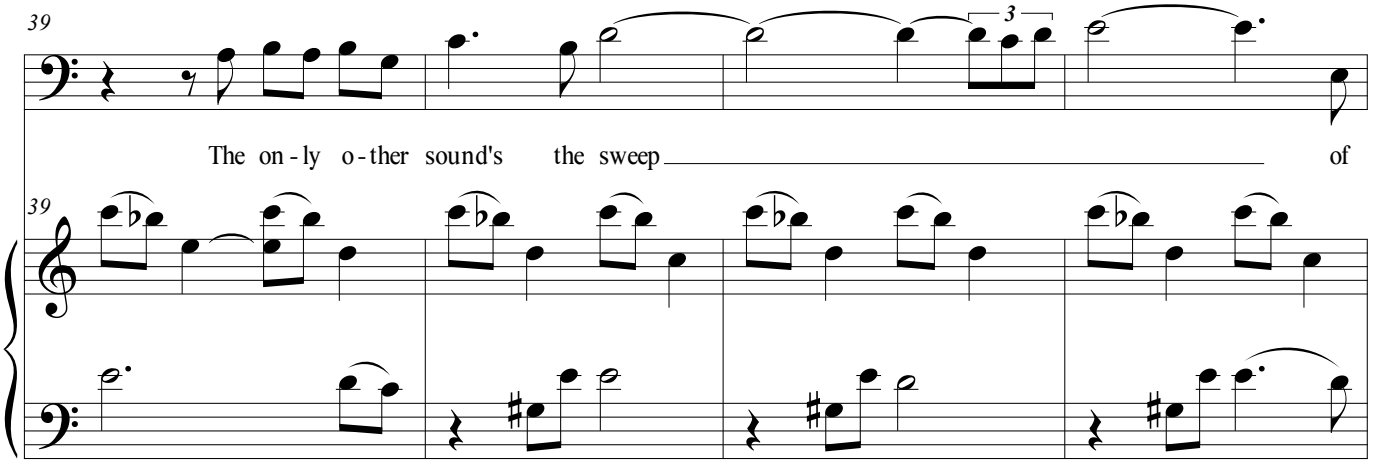
Composed January 1, 2019

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

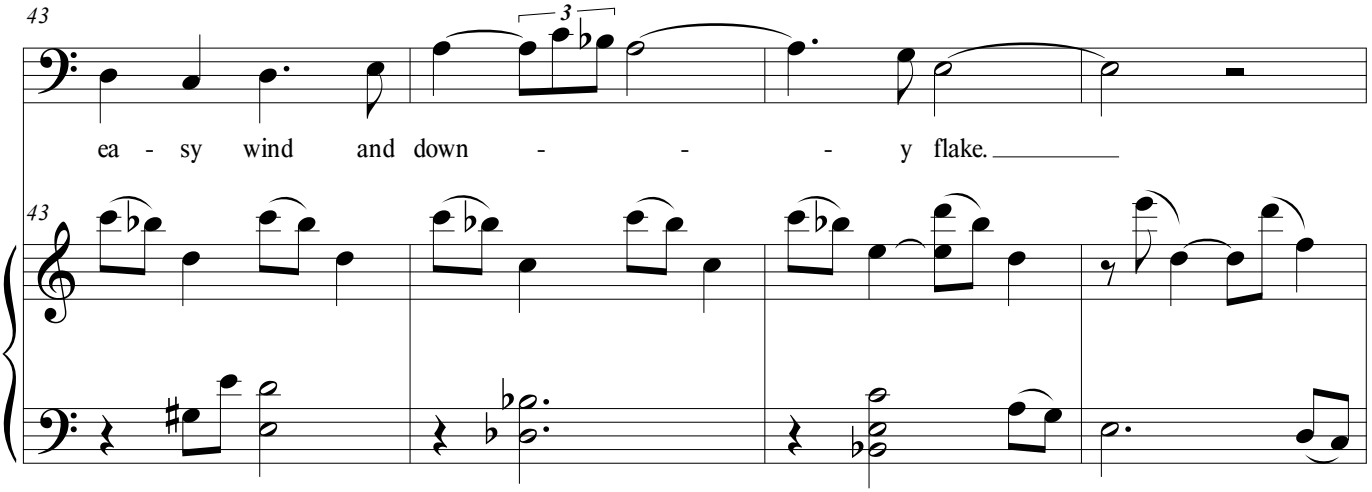


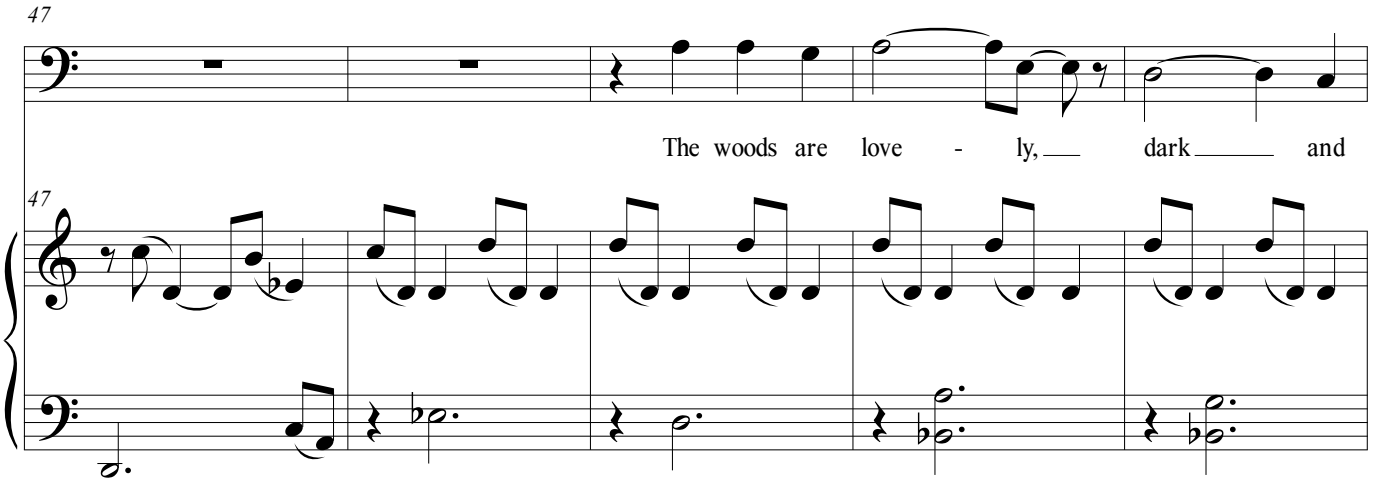

15
up with snow. My lit - ttle horse must
15
19
think it queerr to stop with-out a farm - house near Be - tween the
19
23
woods and fro - zen lake the dark - est eve-ning of the year,
23

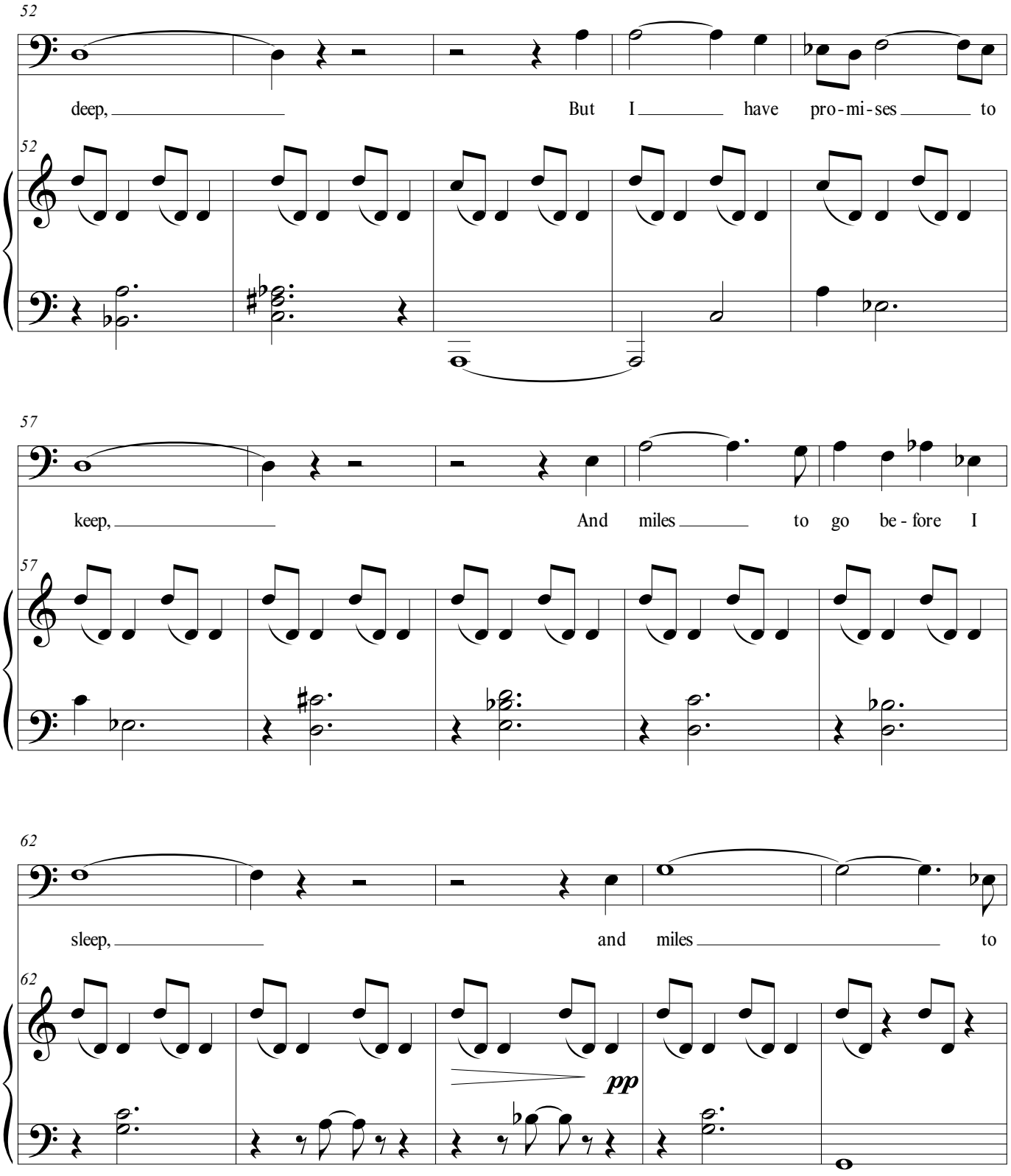

27
the dark - est eve-ning of the year.
27
31
He gives his har - ness bells a shake
31
35
To ask if there is some mis-take.
35

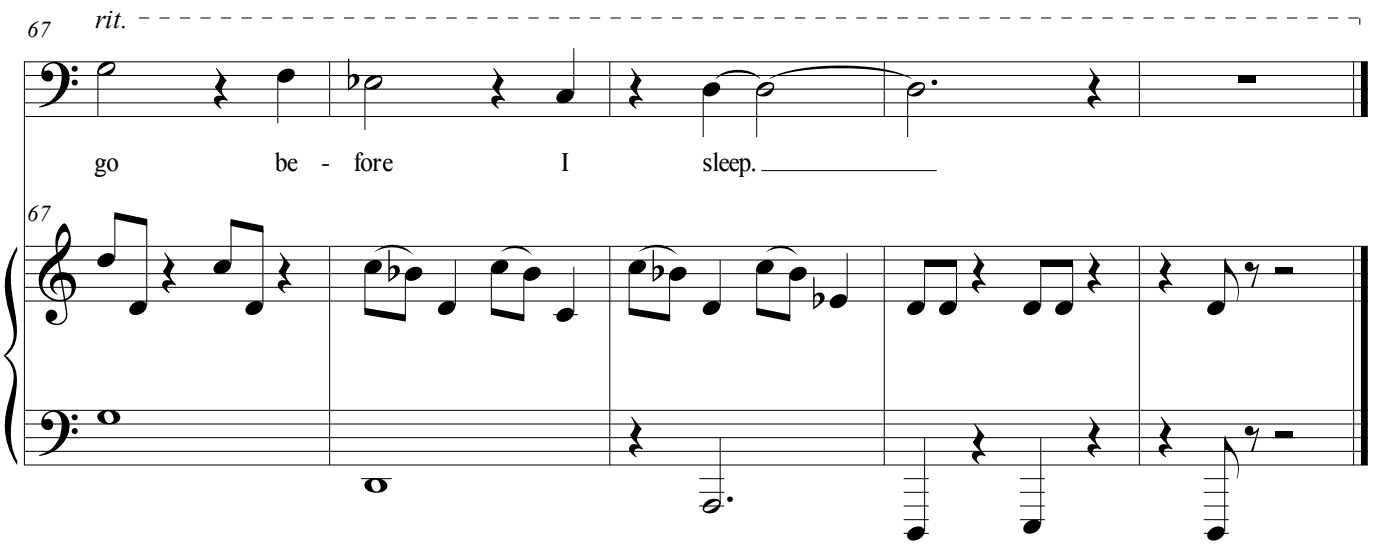


Mm. 39-42: dynamics follow voice.






52
deep,
But I have pro-mi-ses to
52
57
keep,
And miles to go be-fore I
57
62
sleep,
and miles to
62
pp


67
rit.
go be - fore I sleep.
67

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

High Voice

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

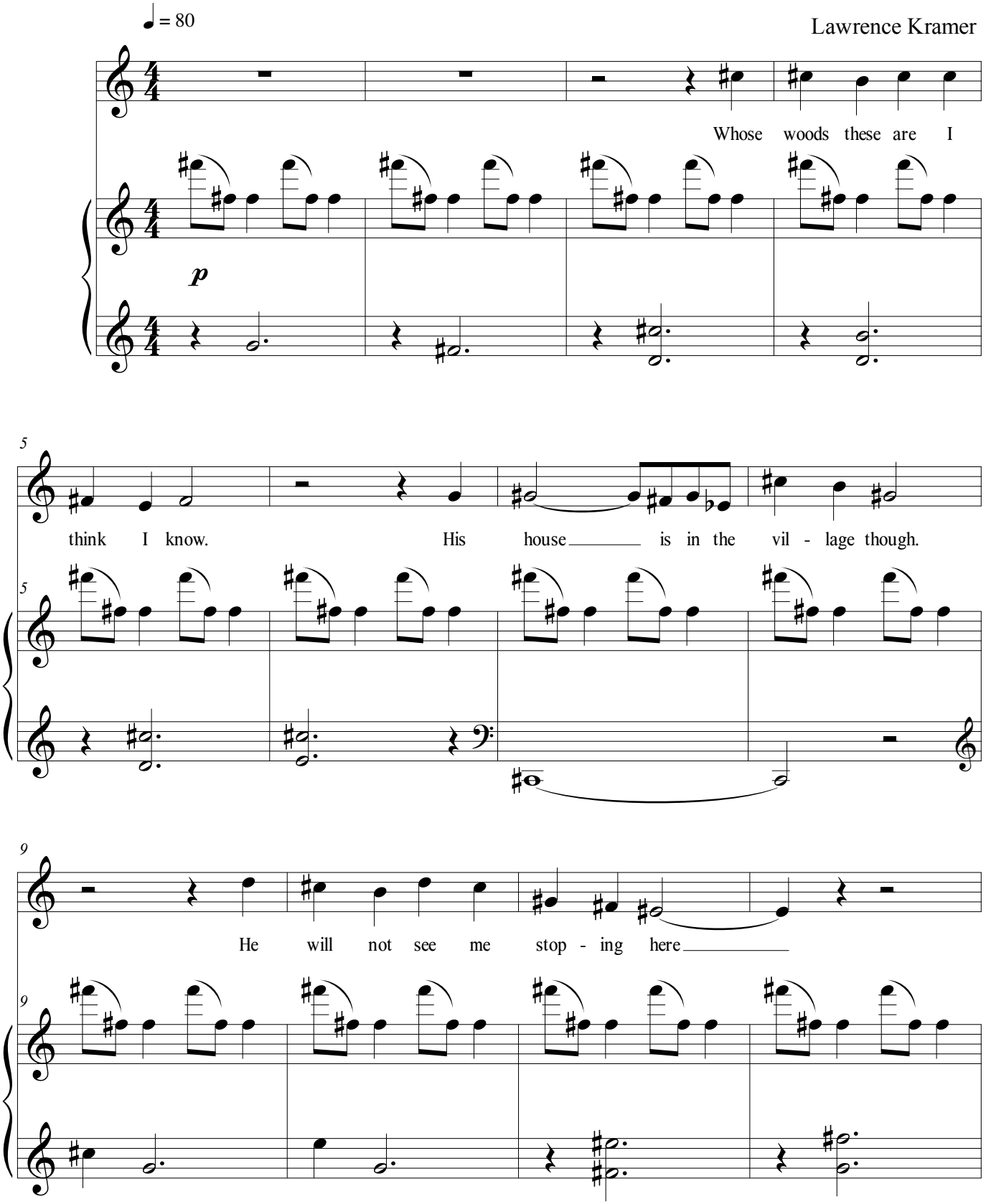
--Robert Frost

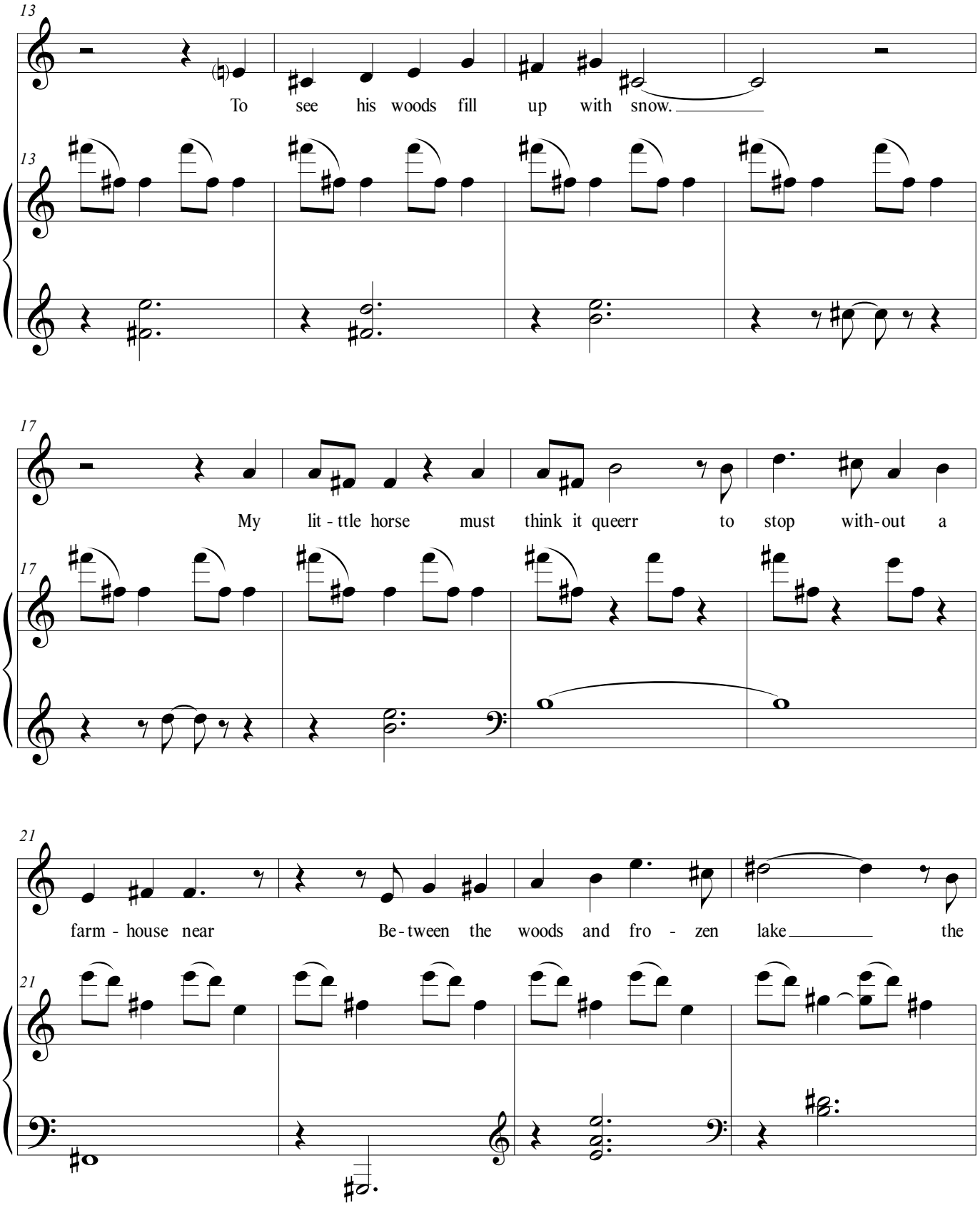
Written voice range: B3 - G#5
Tessitura: F#4 - D♯5
Duration 3:40

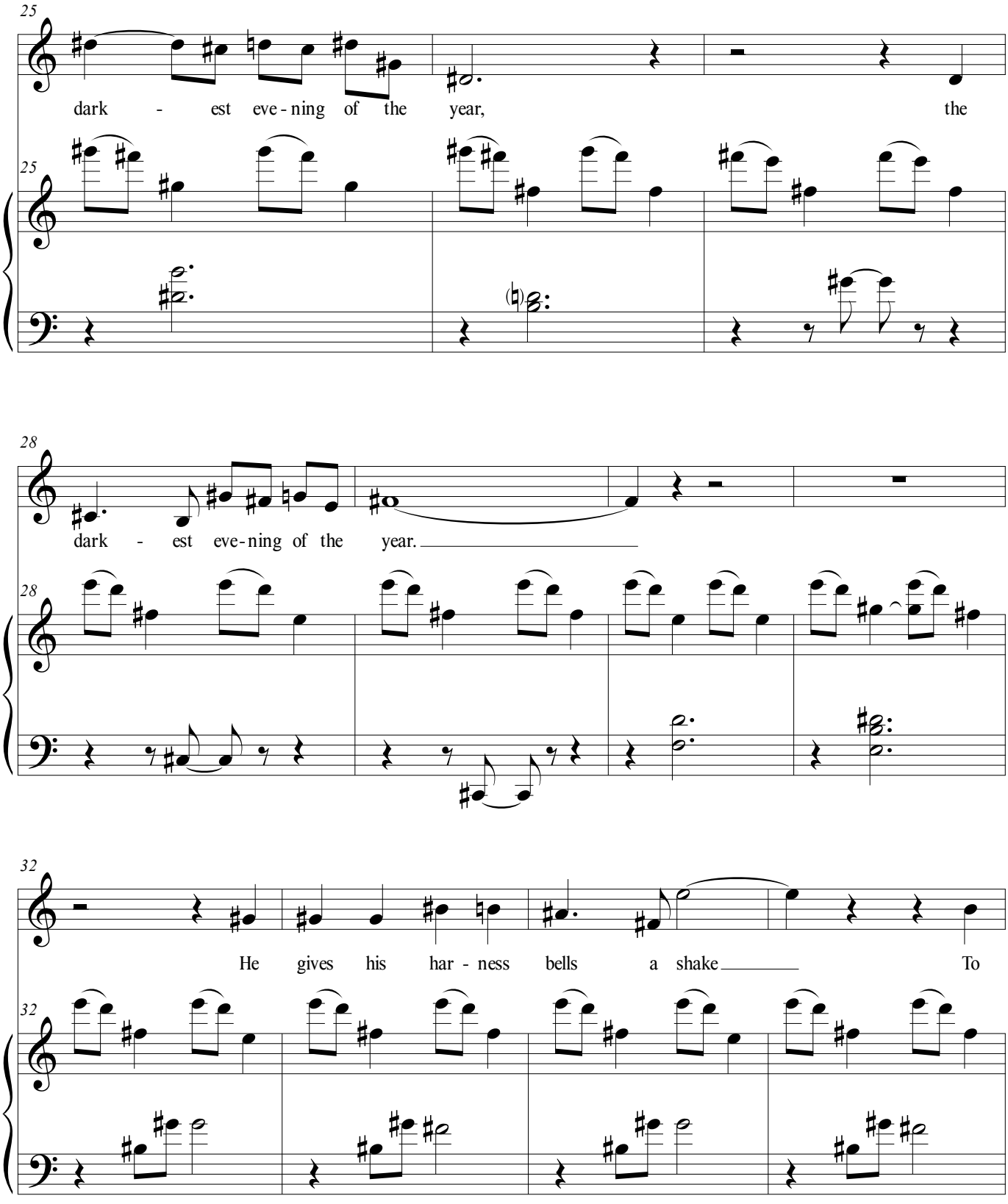
Composed January 1, 2019

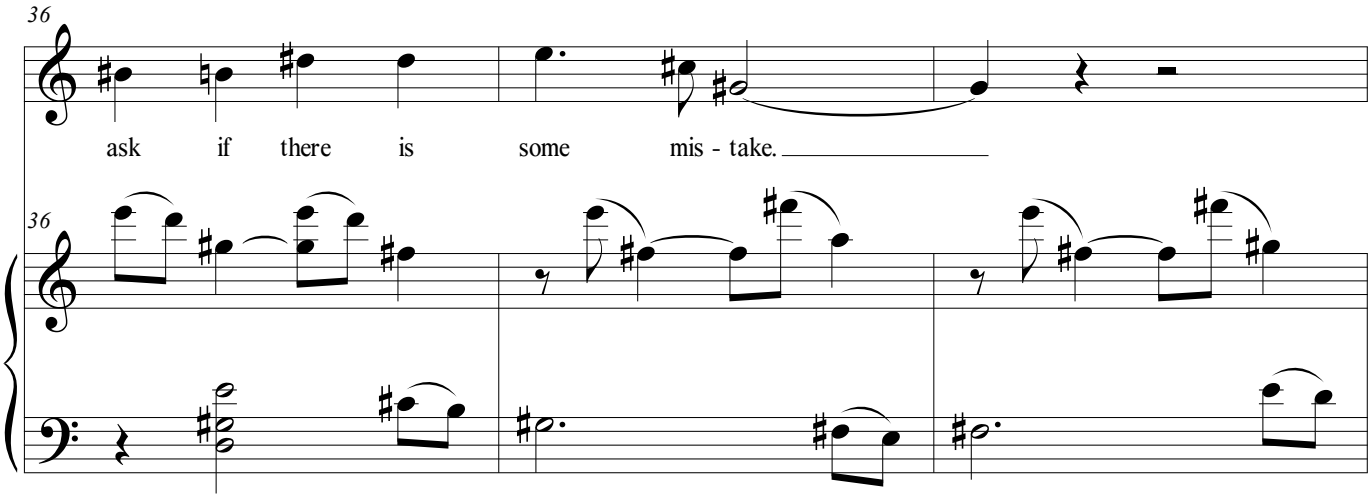
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

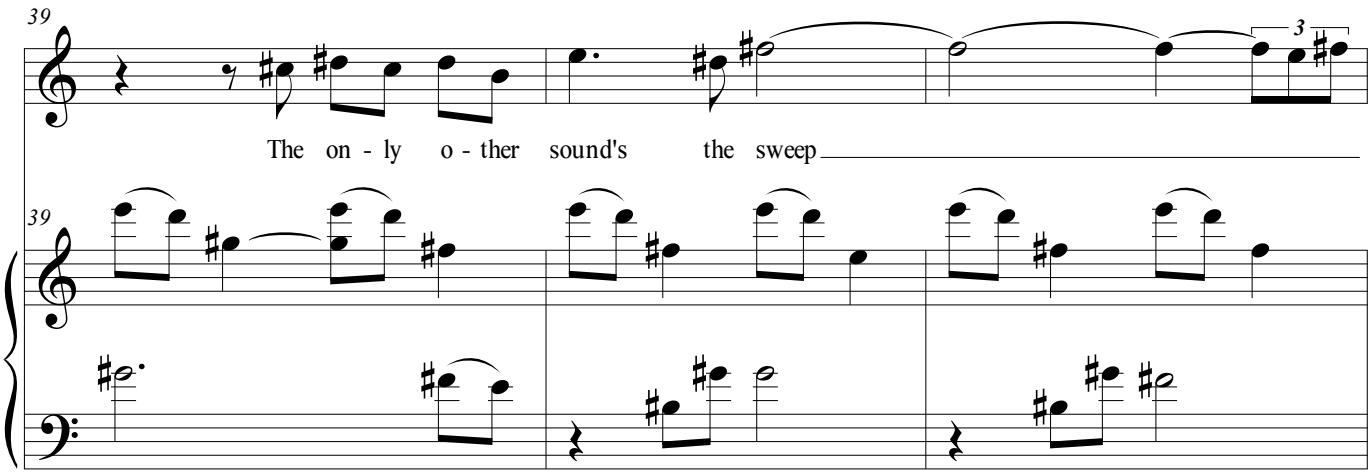
Lawrence Kramer



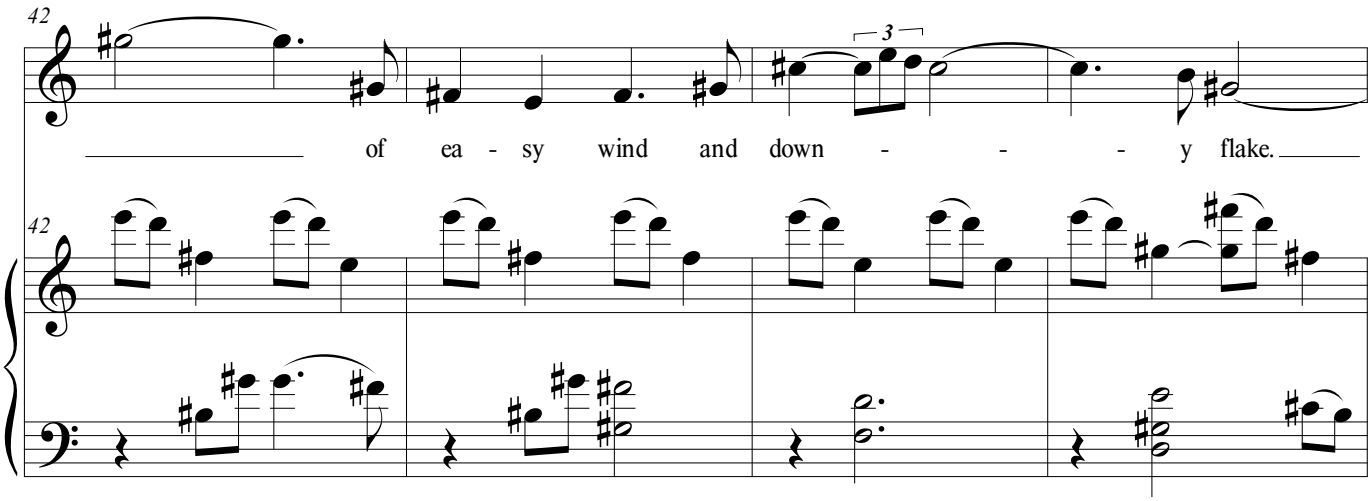

13
To see his woods fill up with snow.
13
17
My lit - ttle horse must think it queerr to stop with-out a
17
21
farm - house near Be - tween the woods and fro - zen lake the
21

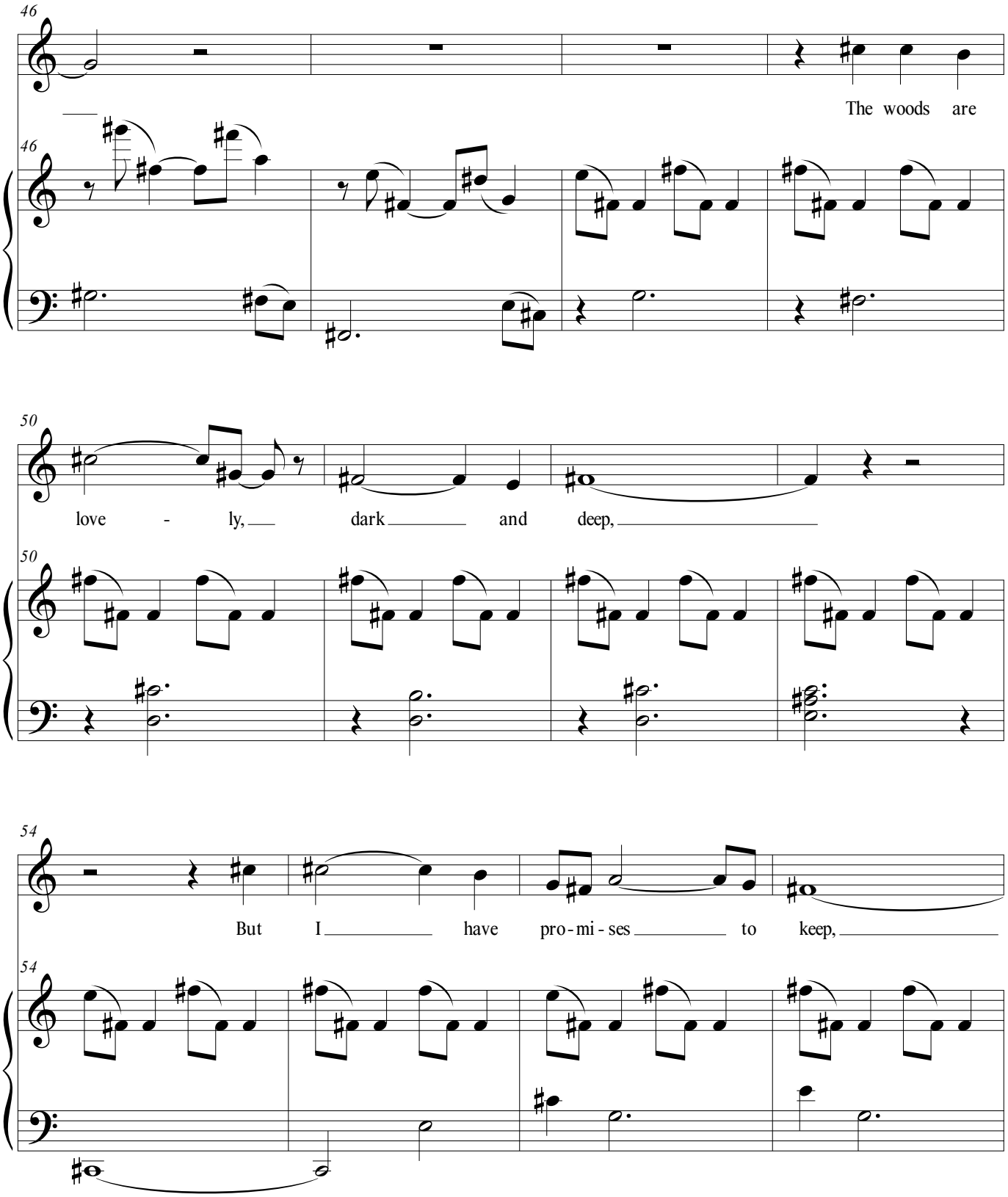

25
dark - est eve - ning of the year, the
25
28
dark - est eve - ning of the year.
28
32
He gives his har - ness bells a shake To
32

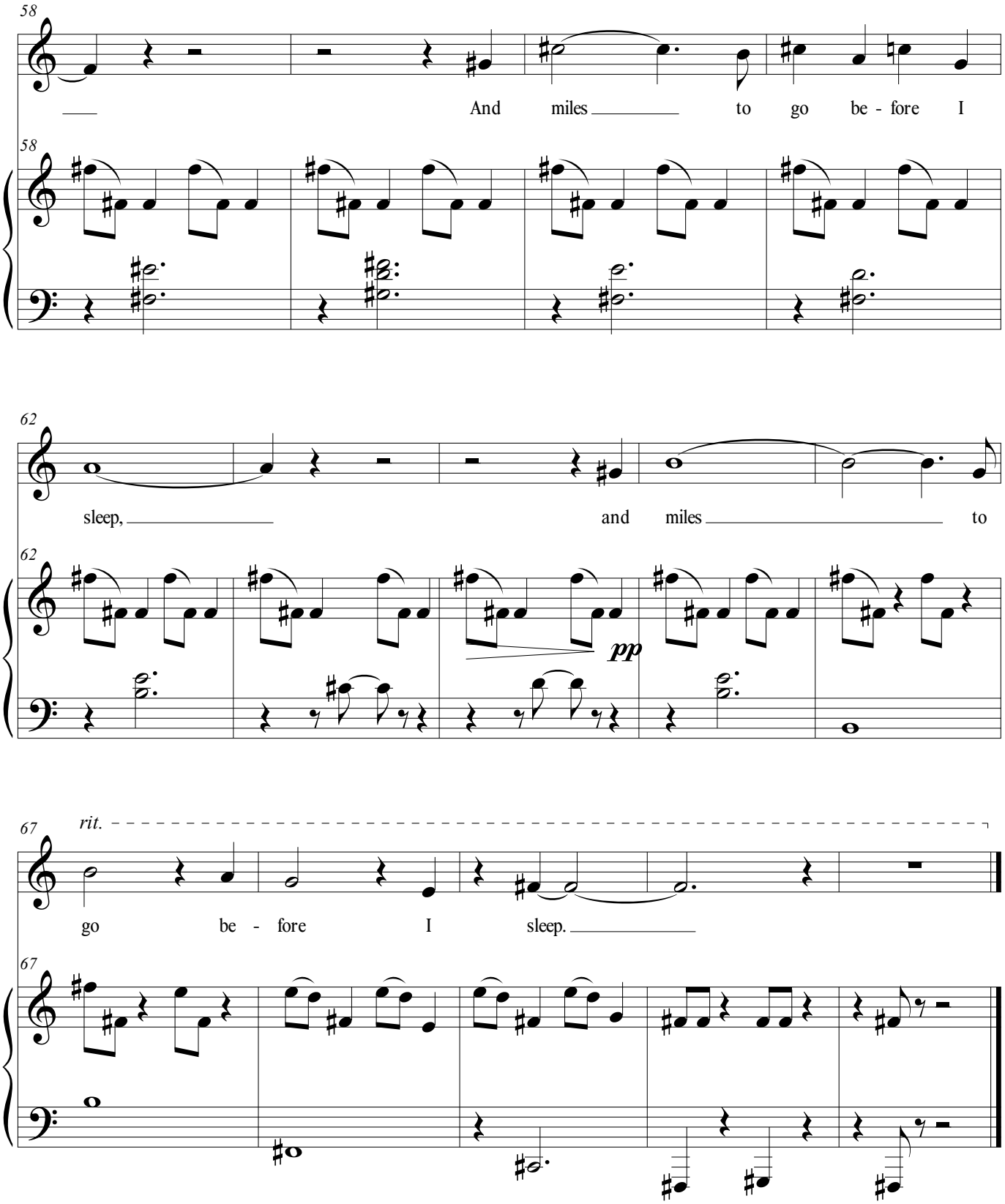




Mm. 39-42: dynamics follow voice.




46
The woods are
46
50
love - ly, dark and deep,
50
54
But I have pro-mi-ses to keep,
54


58
And miles to go be - fore I
58
62
sleep, and miles to
62
pp
67
rit.
go be - fore I sleep.
67

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Mezzo Soprano

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

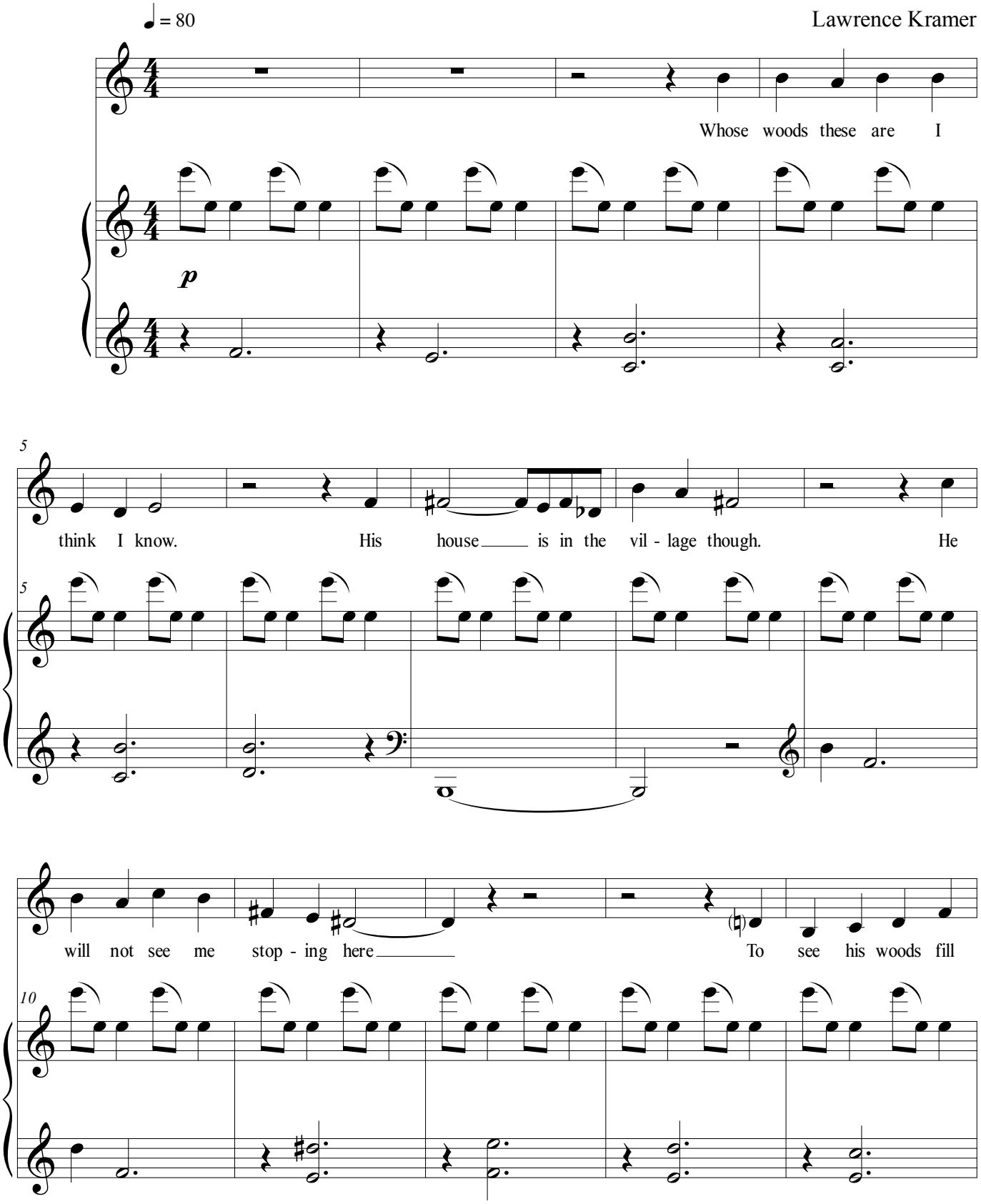
--Robert Frost

Written voice range: A3 - F#5
Tessitura: E4 - C♯5
Duration 3:40

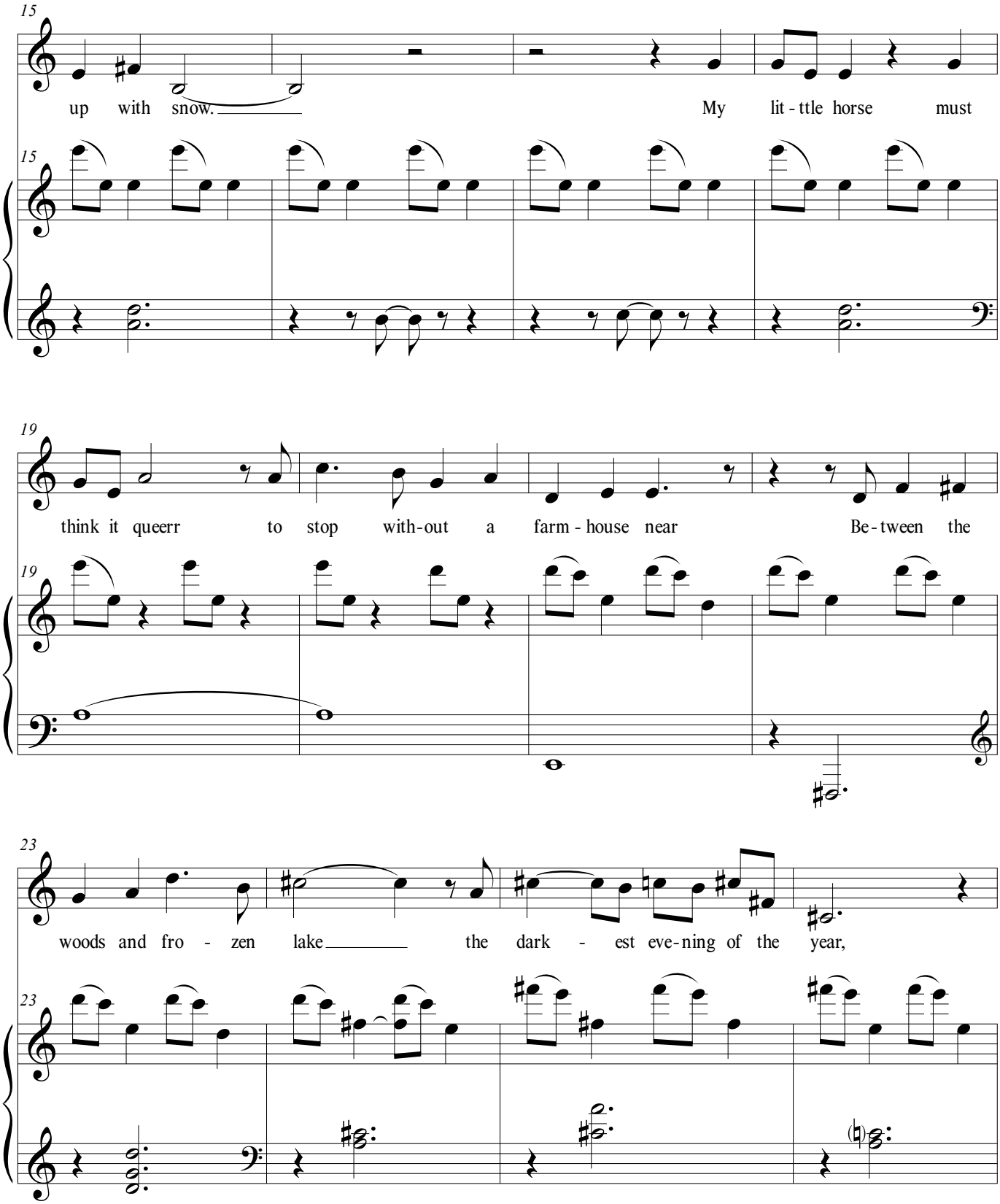
Composed January 1, 2019

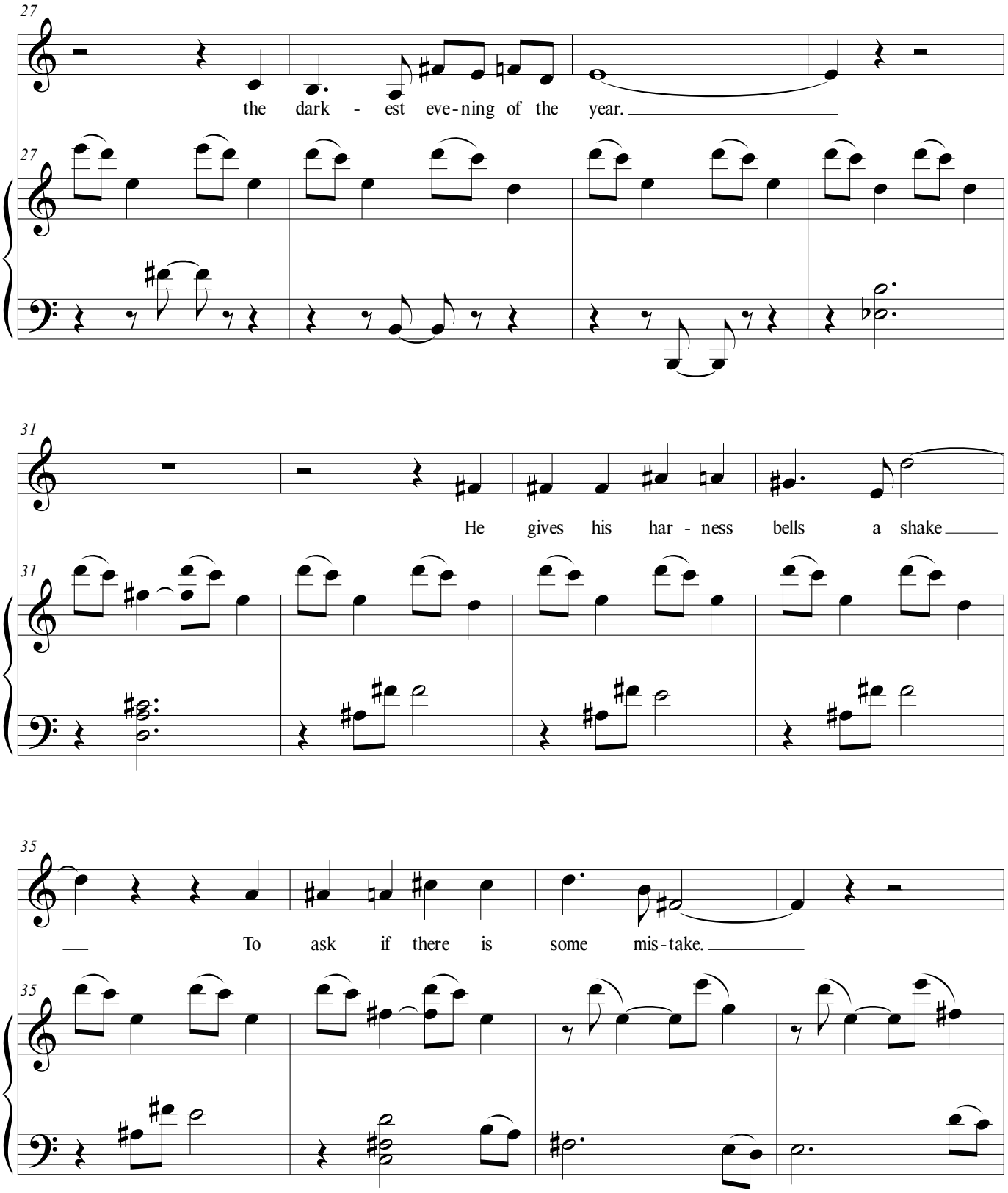
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

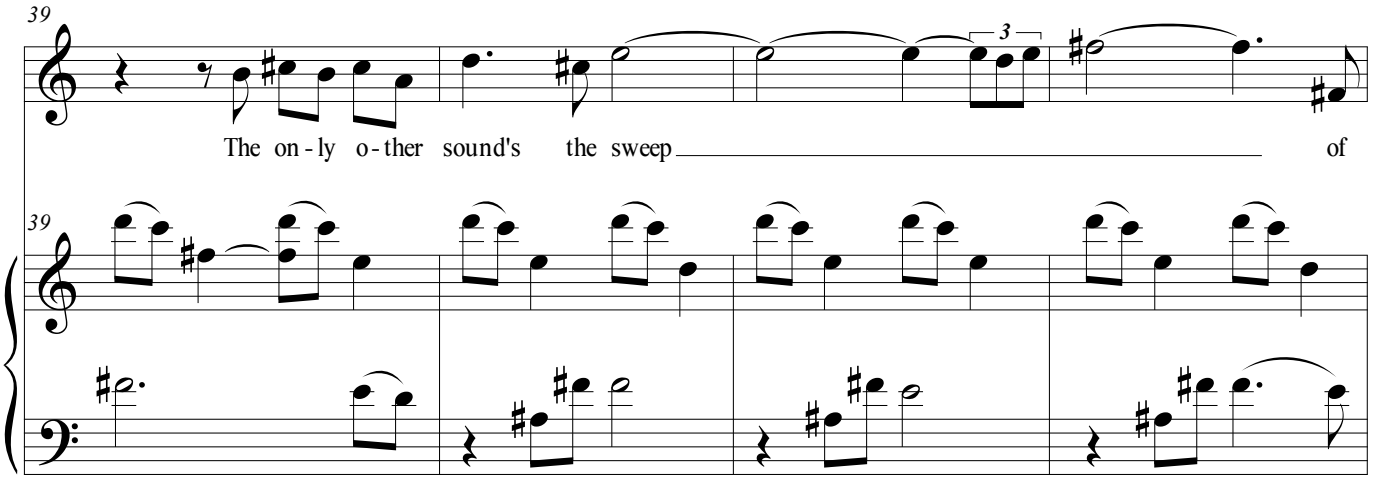
Lawrence Kramer



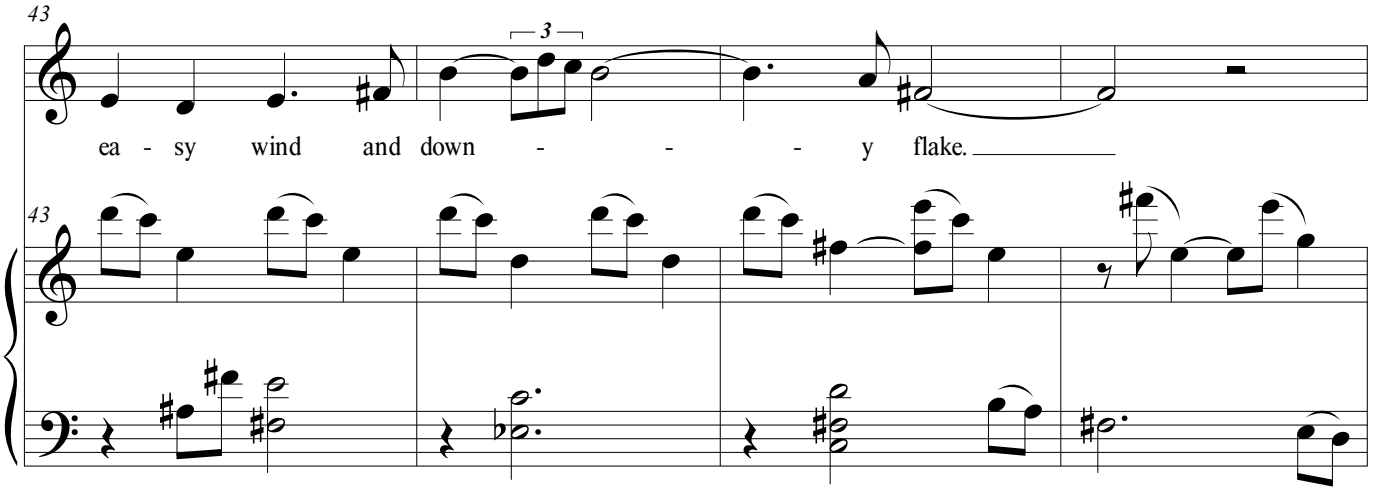
Stopping by Woods

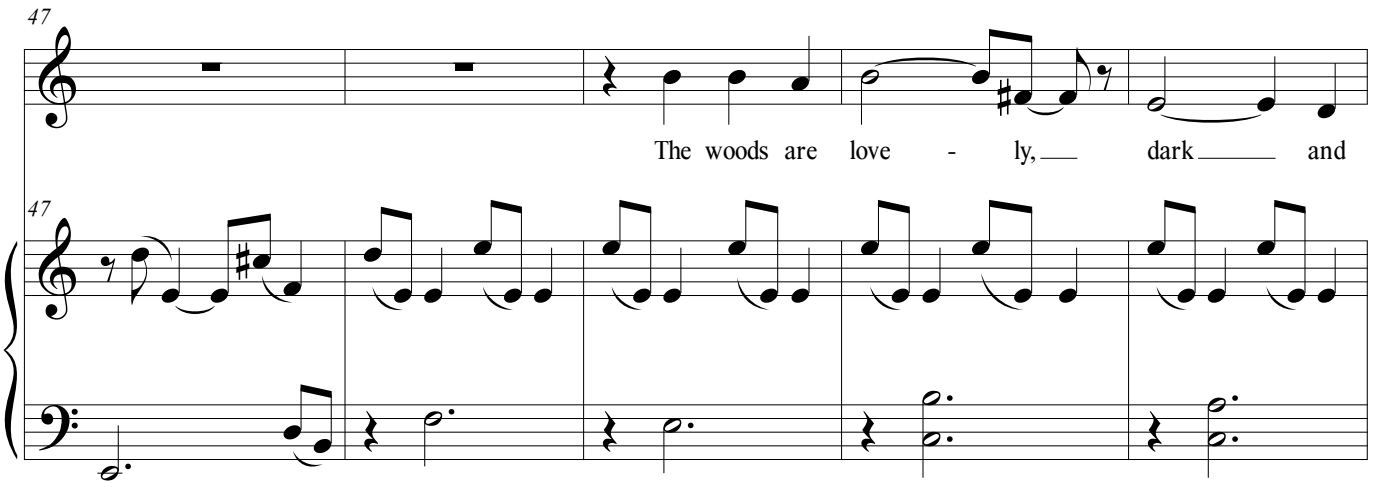


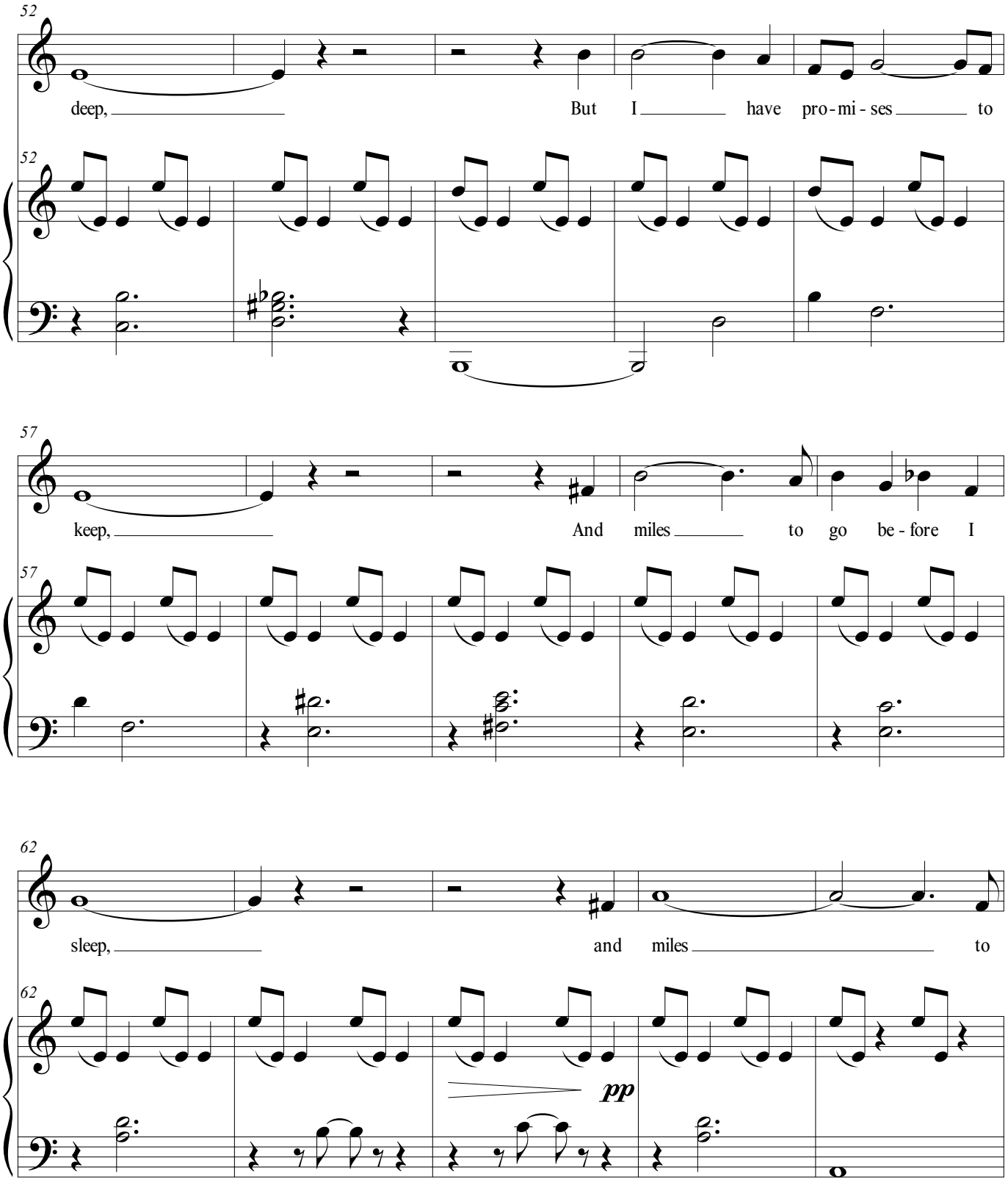

27
the dark - est eve-ning of the year.
31
He gives his har - ness bells a shake
35
To ask if there is some mis-take.

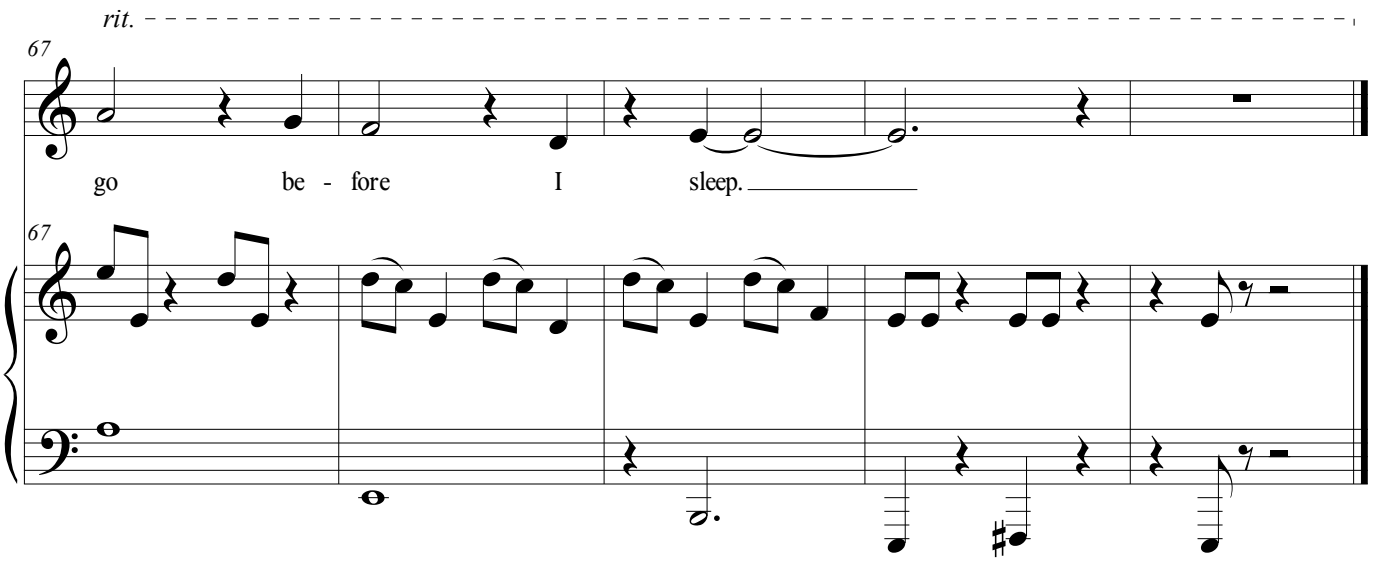


Mm. 39-42: dynamics follow voice.






52
deep,
But I have pro - mi - ses to
52
57
keep,
And miles to go be - fore I
57
62
sleep,
and miles to
62
pp


rit.
67
go be - fore I sleep.
67

The Corner of Night and Morning

High Voice

Crows are cawing over pine-trees,
They are teaching their young to fly
Above the tall pyramids of double cherries.
Rose lustre over black lacquer —
The feathers of the young birds reflect the rose-rising sun.
Caw! Caw!
I want to go to sleep,
But perhaps it is better to stand in the window
And watch the crows teaching their young to fly
Over the pines and the pyramidal cherries,
In the rose-gold light
Of five o'clock on a May morning.

--Amy Lowell

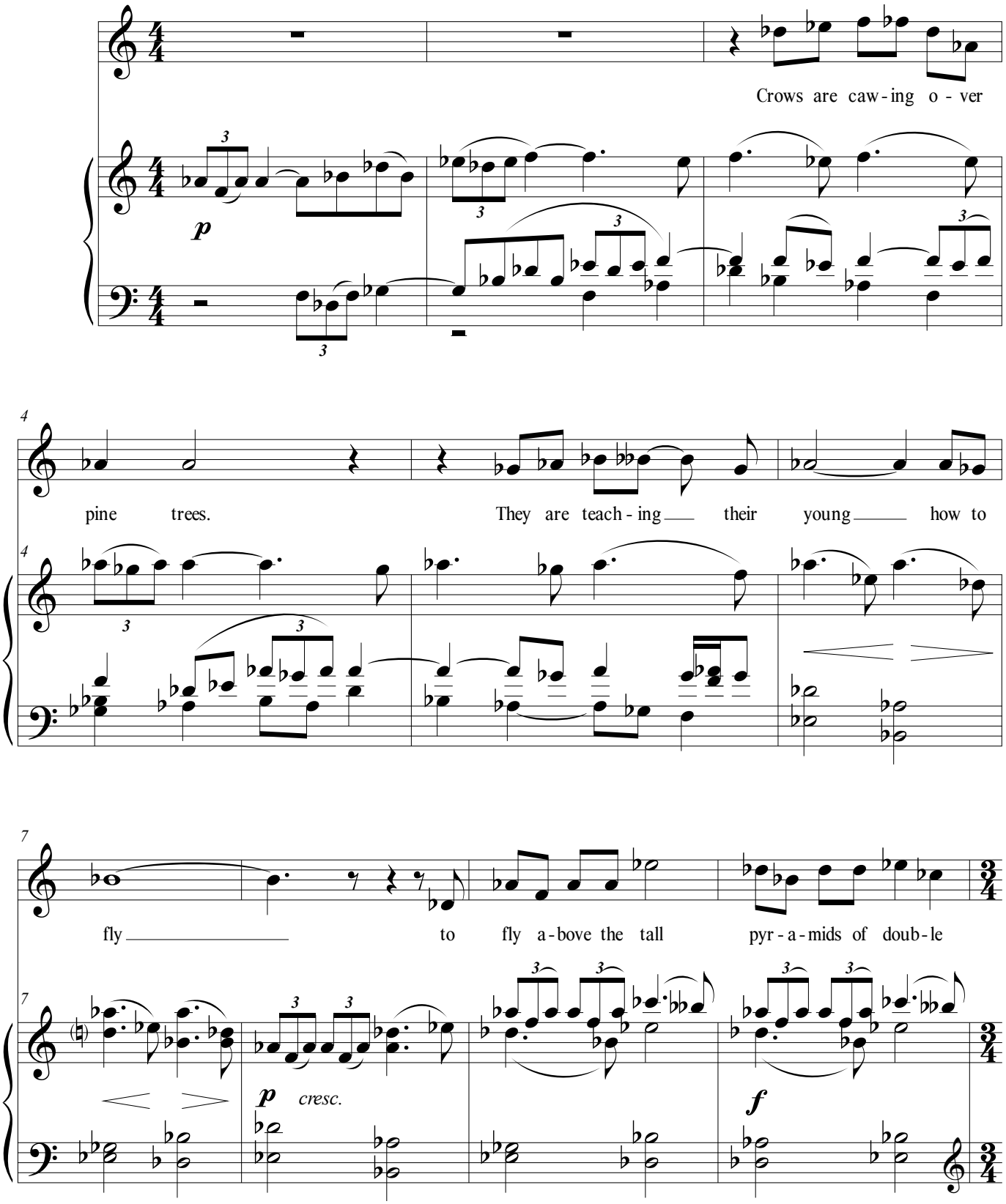
Written voice range: C4-G5
Tessitura: F4 - E♭5
Duration: 3:15

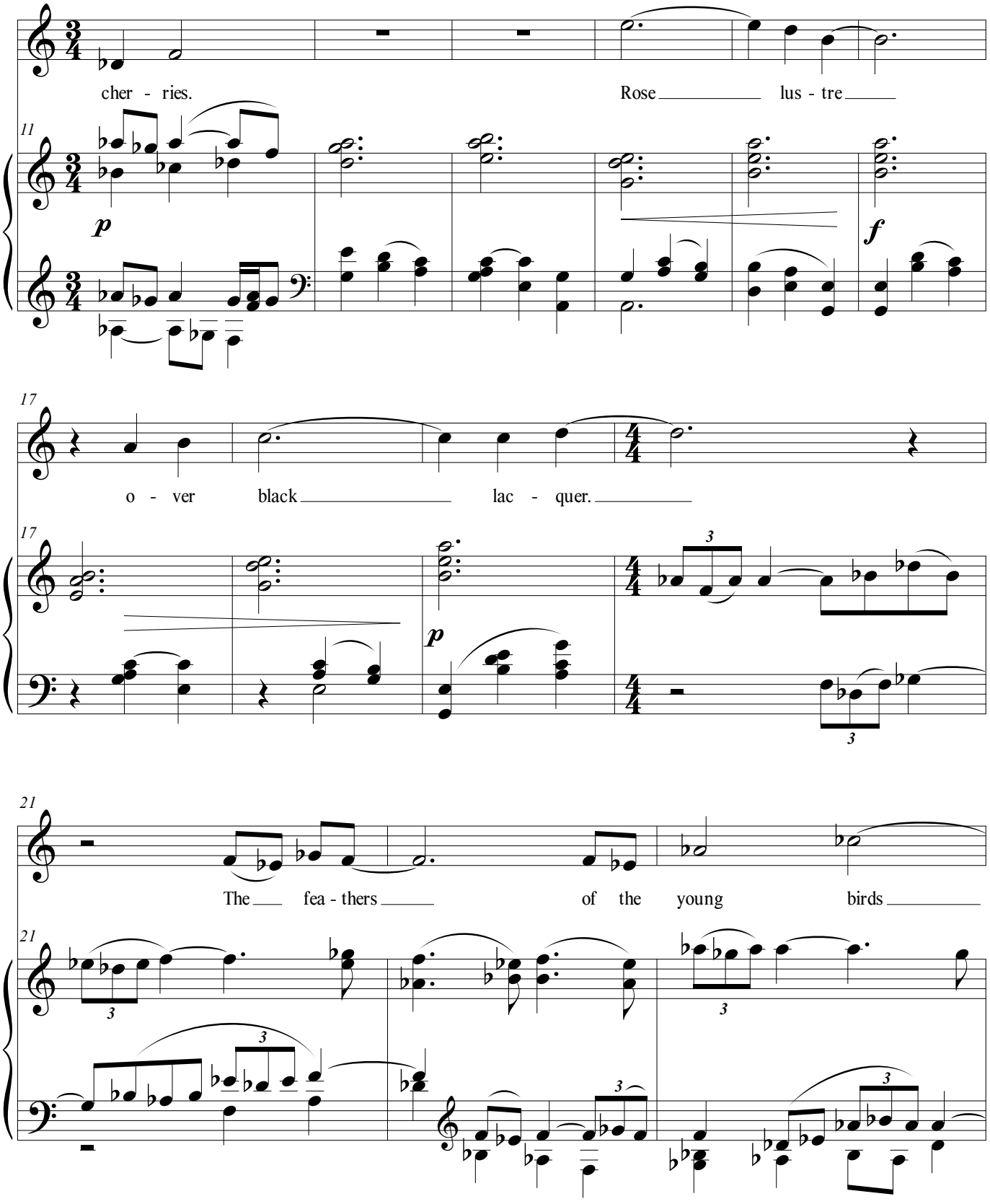
Composed 2018

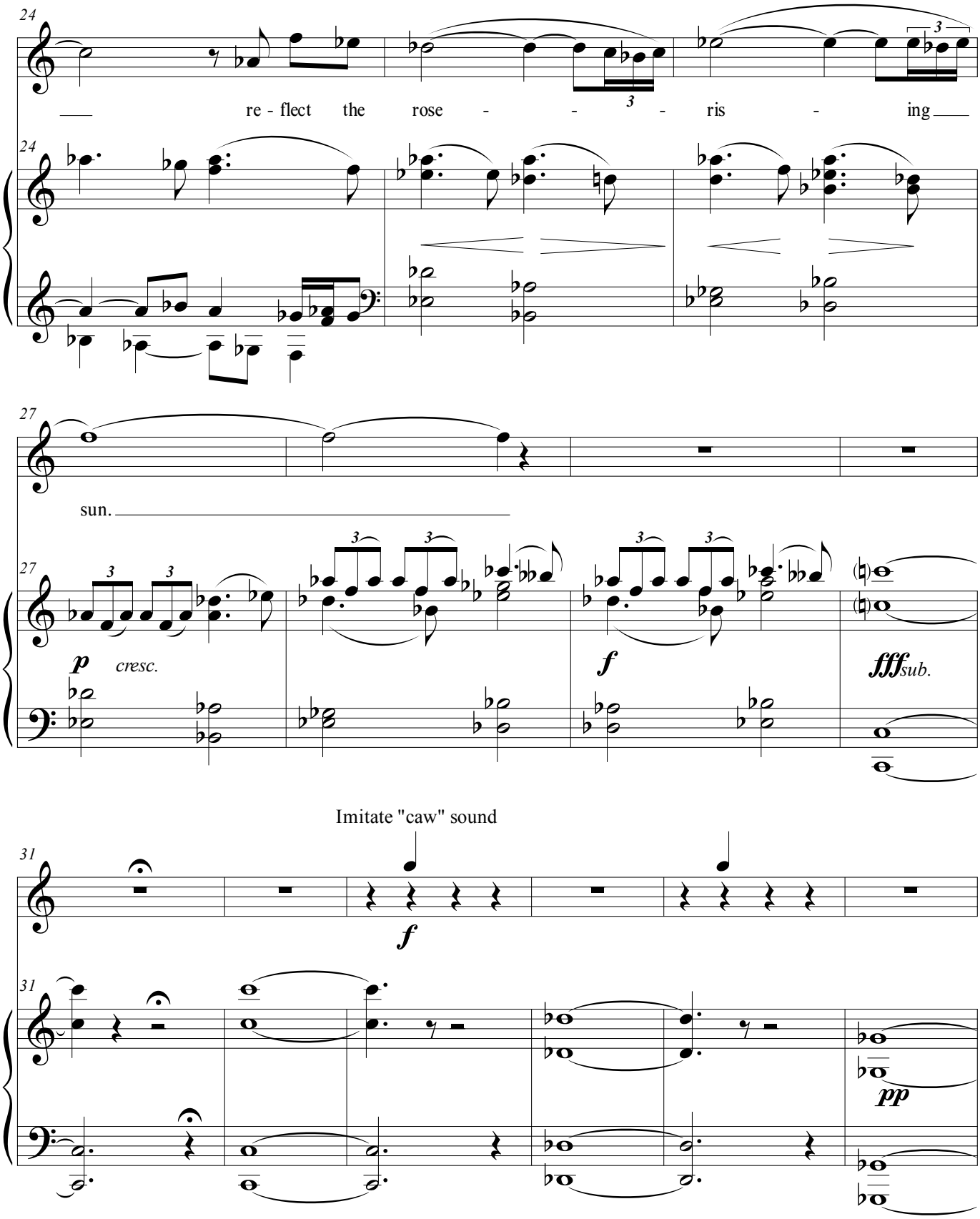
The Corner of Night and Morning

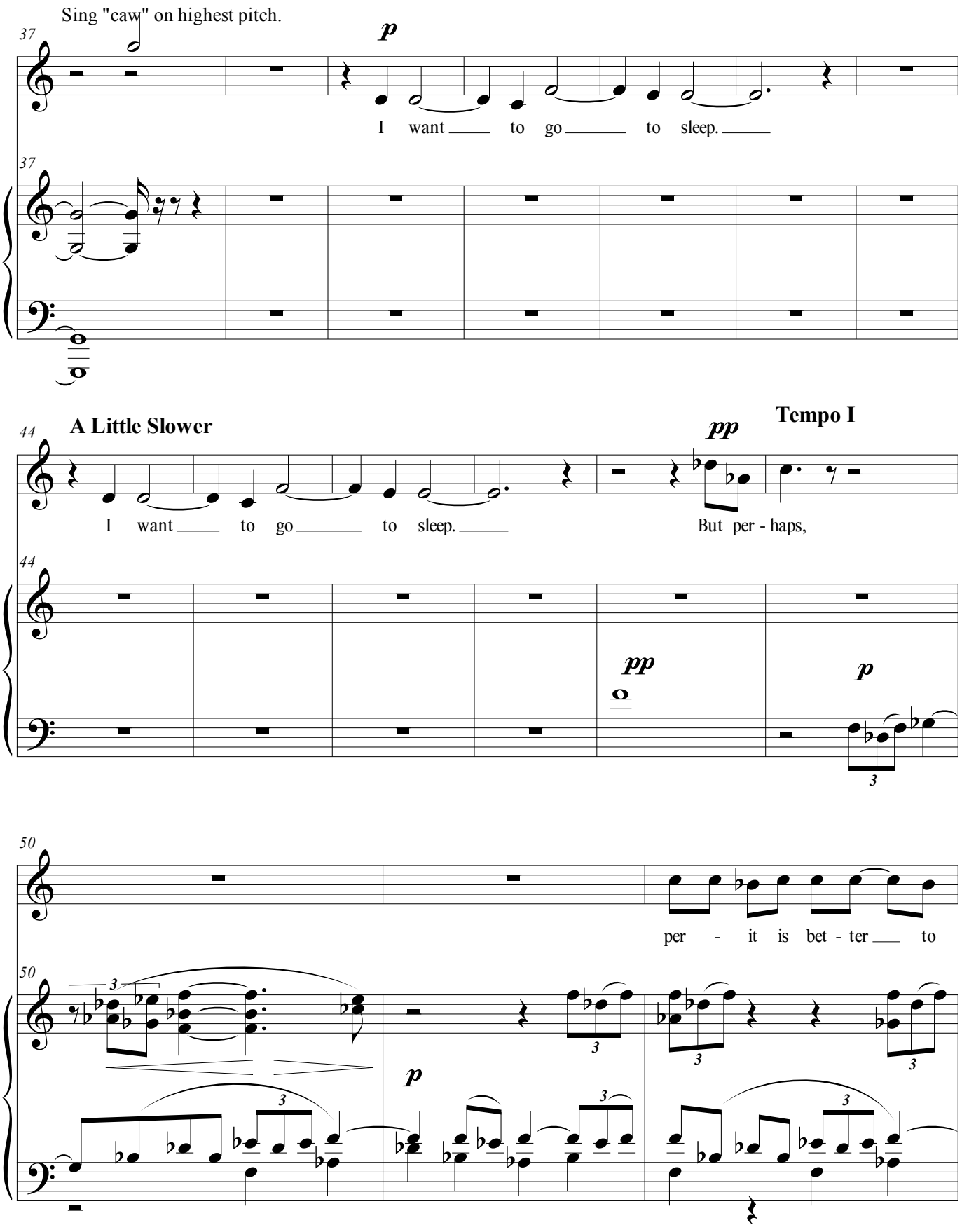
♩ = 92

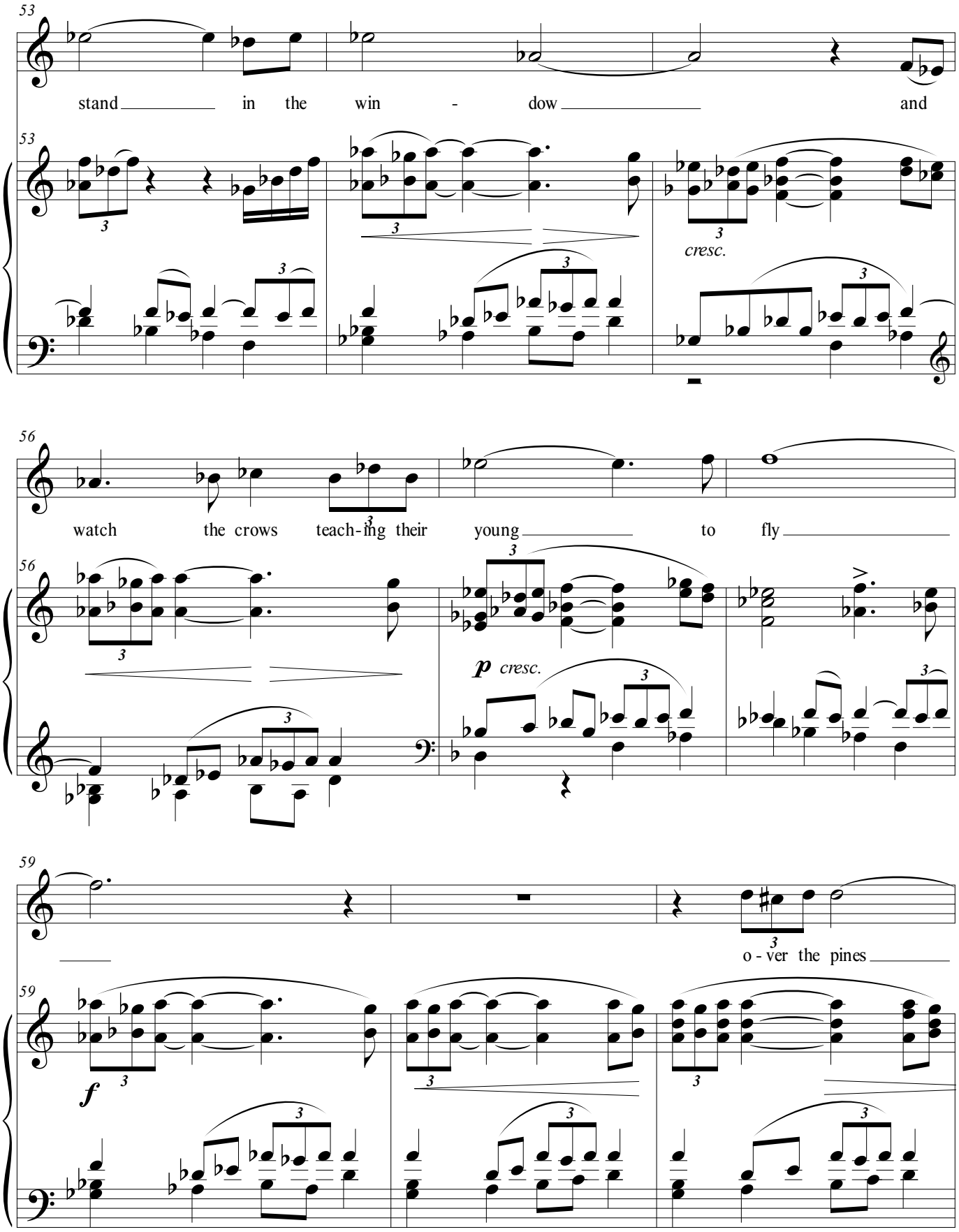
Lawrence Kramer

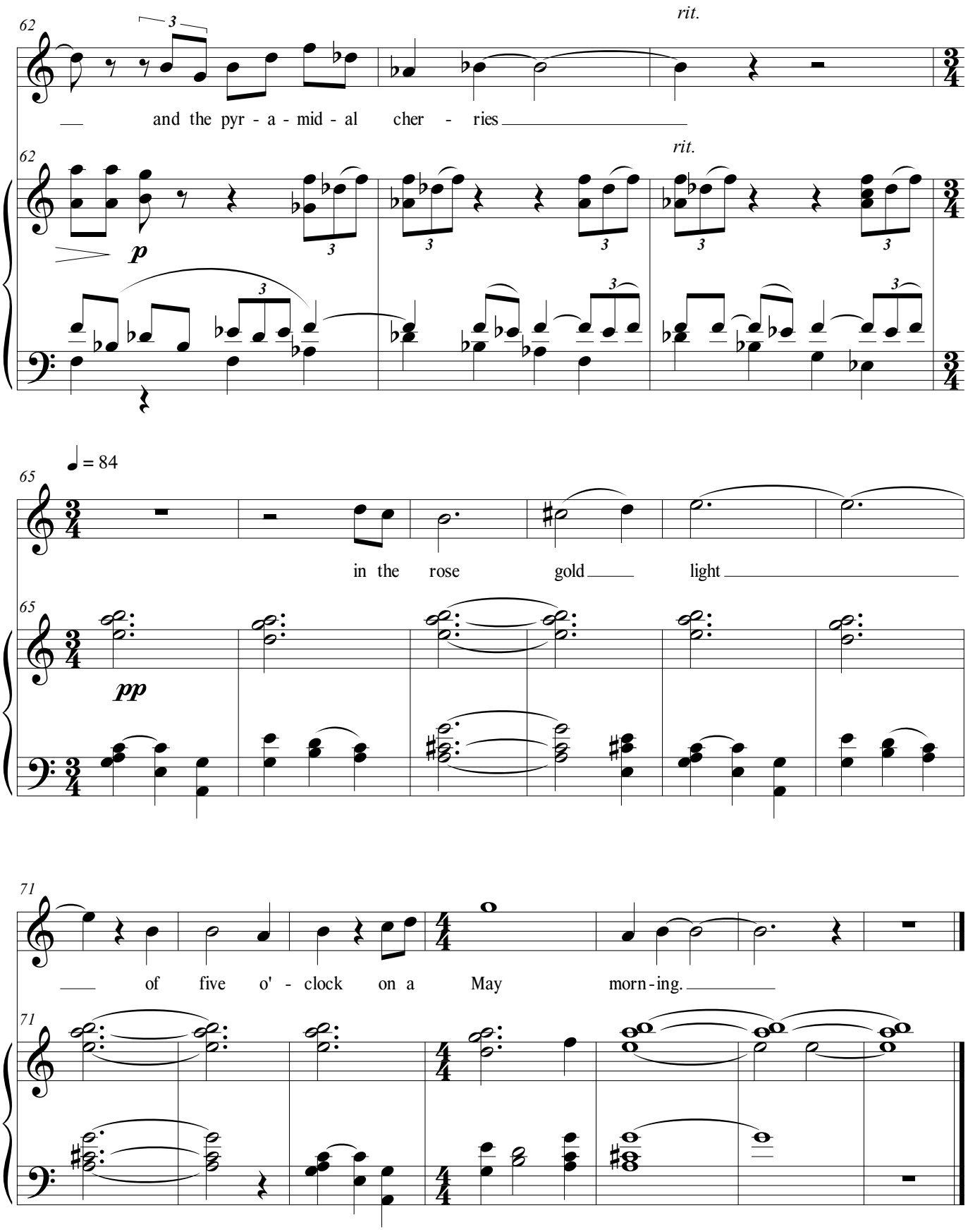



cher - ries.
Rose lus - tre
11
p
f
o - ver black lac - quer.
17
17
p
3
3
The fea - thers of the young birds
21
21
3
3
3
3
3


24
re - flect the rose - - - ris - ing
24
27
sun.
27
p cresc.
f
fff sub.
Imitate "caw" sound
31
f
31
pp


Sing "caw" on highest pitch.
37
p
I want to go to sleep.
37
44
A Little Slower
pp
Tempo I
I want to go to sleep.
But per - haps,
44
pp
p
3
50
per - it is bet - ter to
50
3
p
3


53
stand in the win - dow and
cresc.
56
watch the crows teach-ing their young to fly
p cresc.
59
o - ver the pines
f


62
rit.
and the pyr - a - mid - al cher - ries
p
65
♩ = 84
in the rose gold light
pp
71
of five o' - clock on a May morn - ing.

The Corner of Night and Morning

Medium Voice

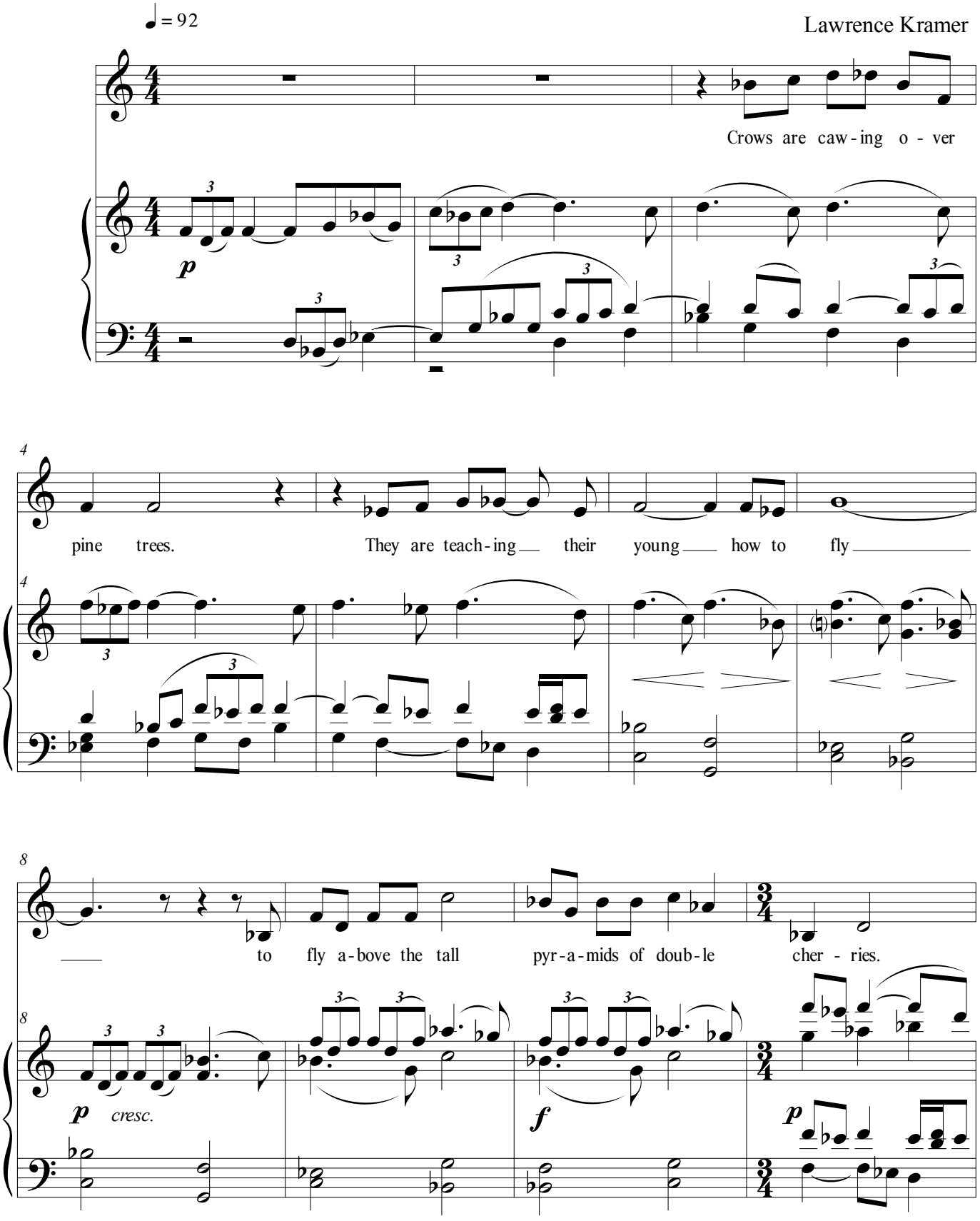
Crows are cawing over pine-trees,
They are teaching their young to fly
Above the tall pyramids of double cherries.
Rose lustre over black lacquer —
The feathers of the young birds reflect the rose-rising sun.
Caw! Caw!
I want to go to sleep,
But perhaps it is better to stand in the window
And watch the crows teaching their young to fly
Over the pines and the pyramidal cherries,
In the rose-gold light
Of five o'clock on a May morning.

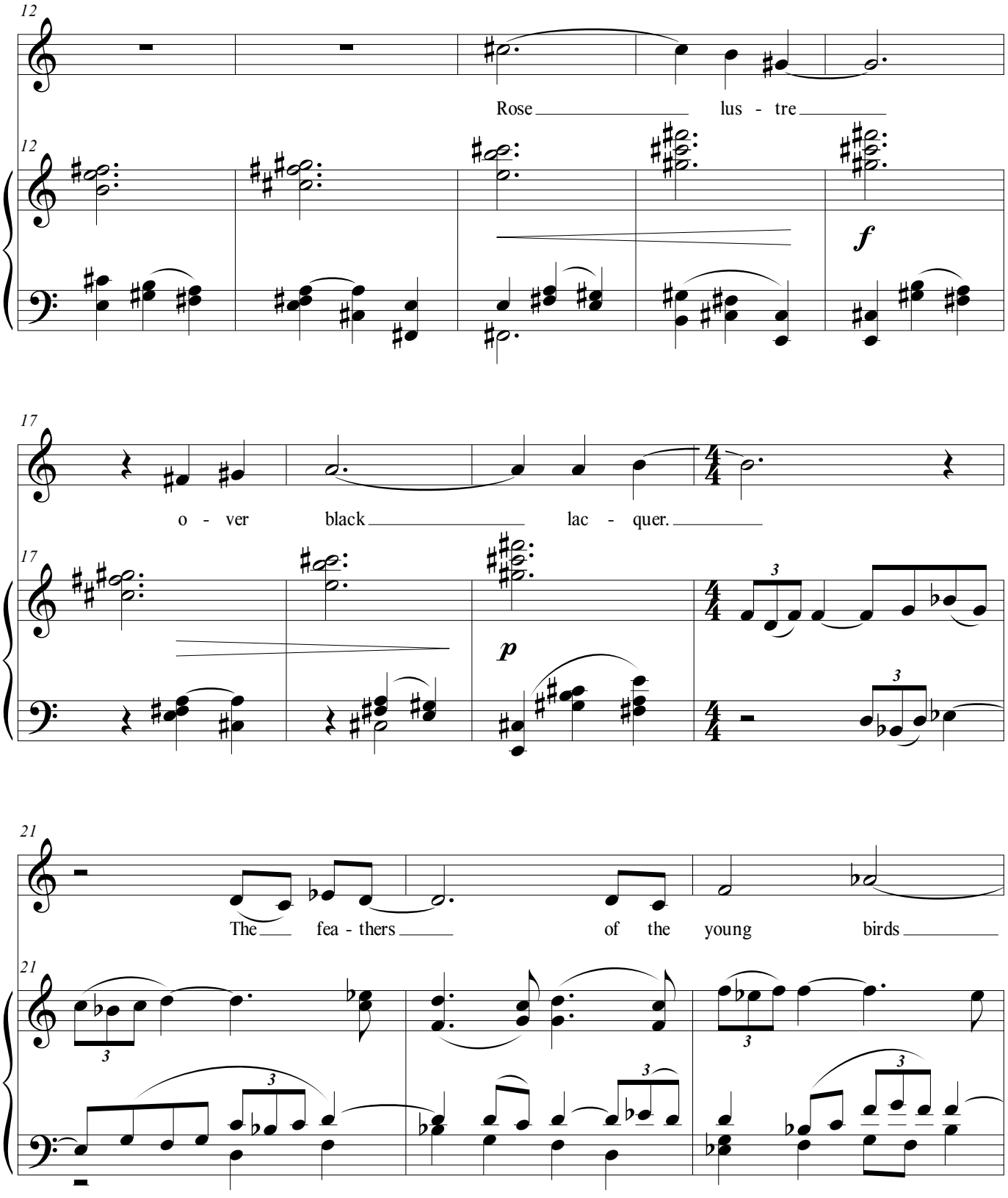
--Amy Lowell

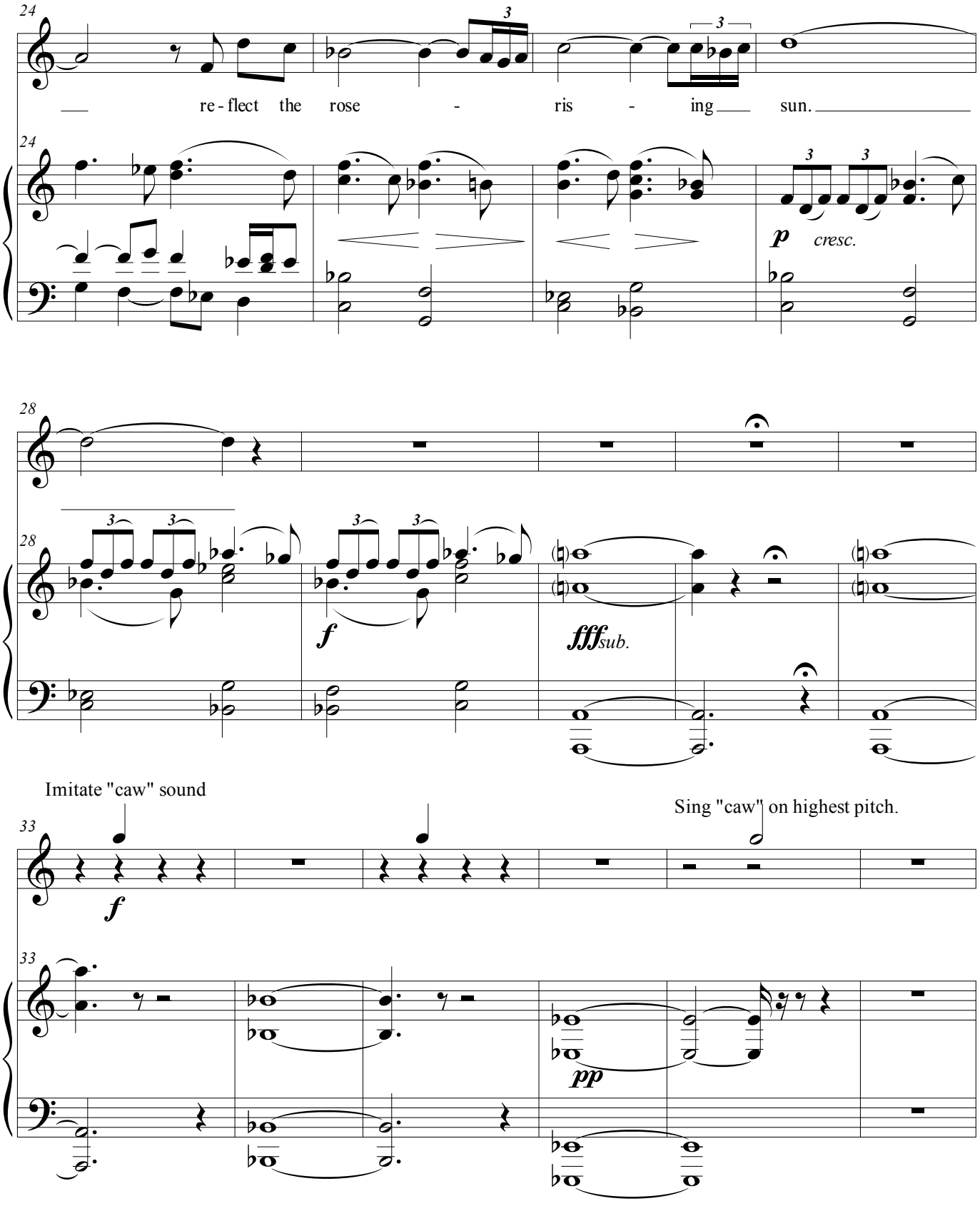
Written voice range: A3-E5
Tessitura: D4 - C♯5
Duration: 3:15

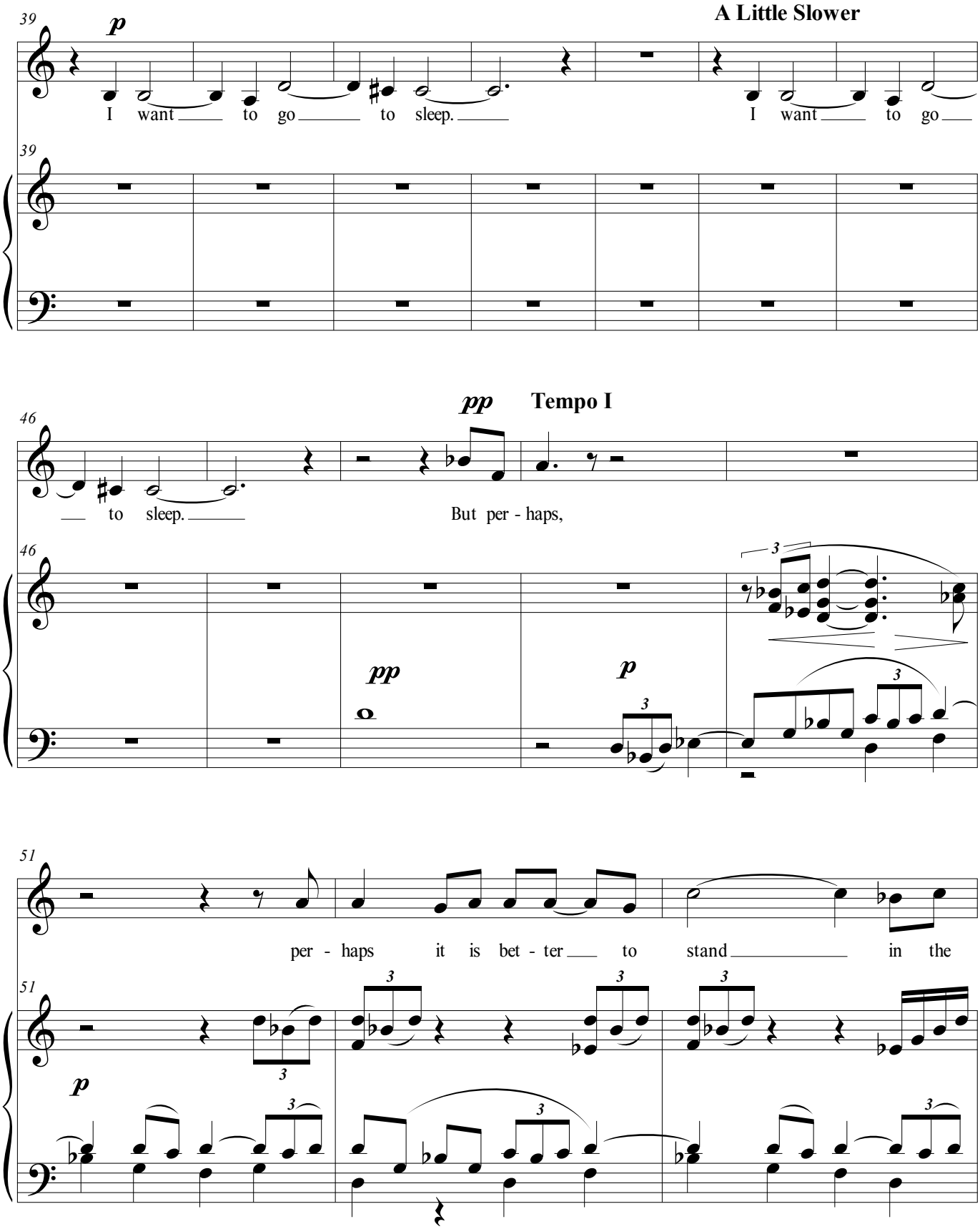
Composed 2018

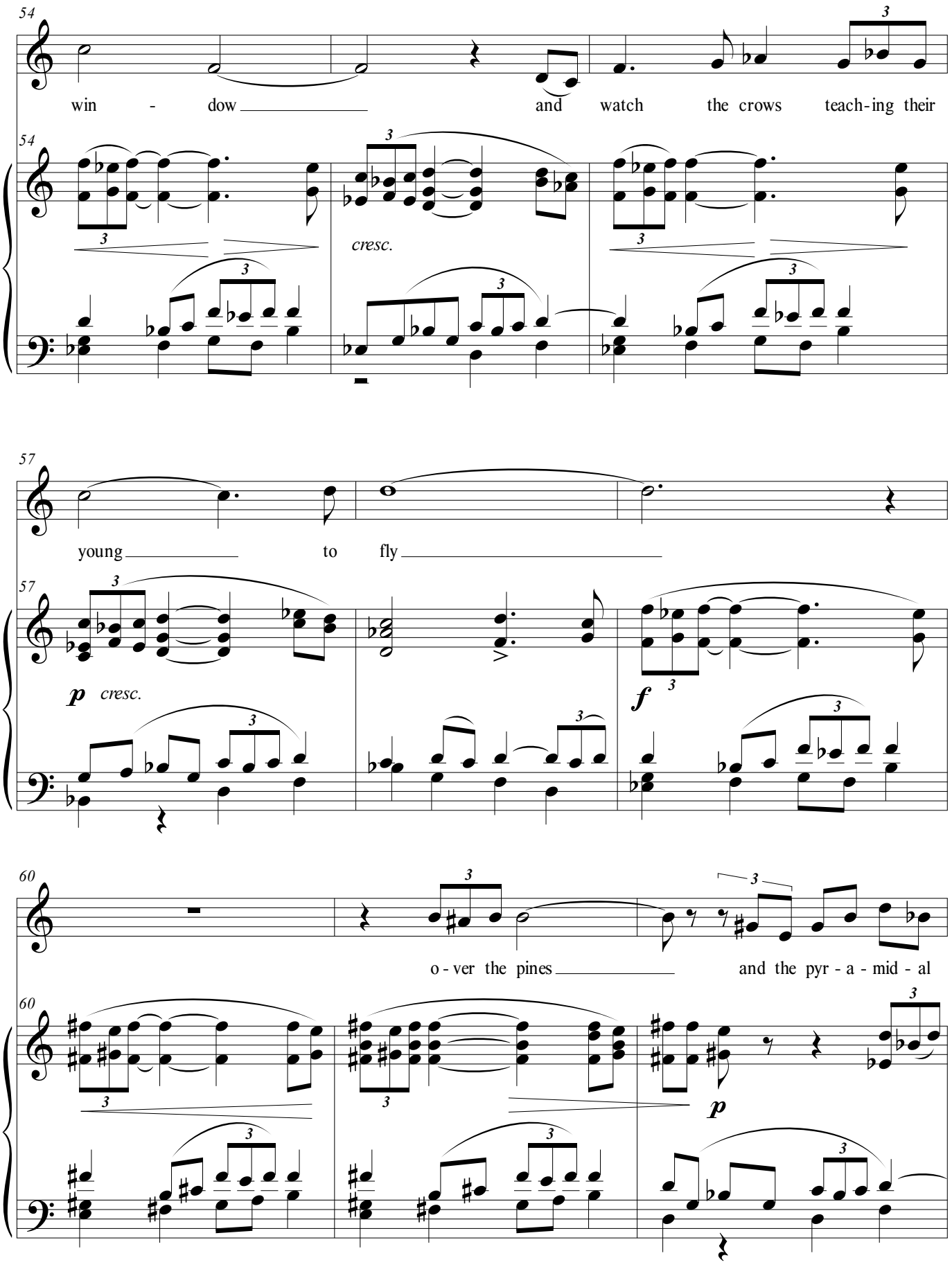
The Corner of Night and Morning

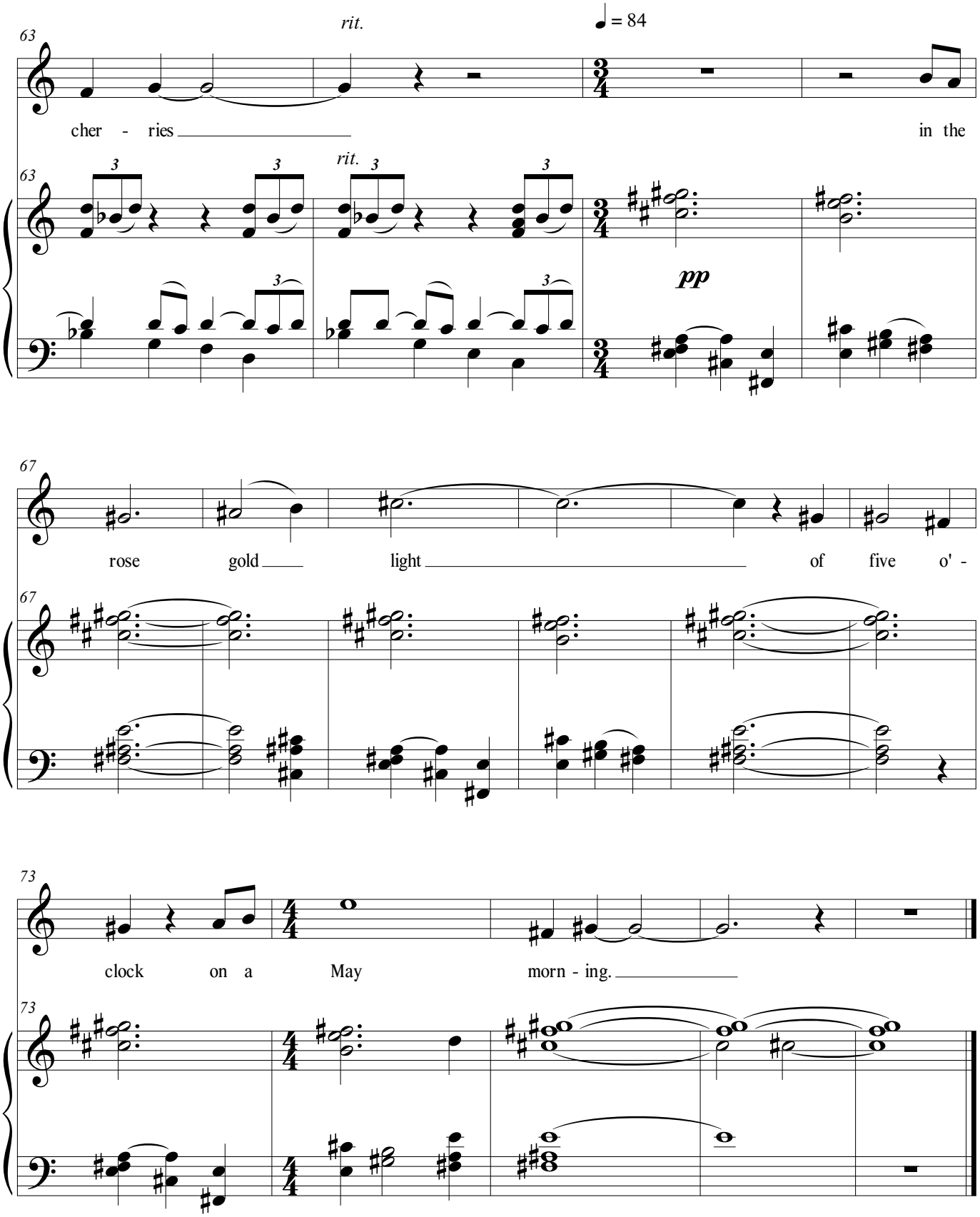



12
Rose lus - tre
12
f
17
o - ver black lac - quer.
17
p
3
21
The fea - thers of the young birds
21
3


24
re - flect the rose - ris - ing sun.
p cresc.
28
f
fffsub.
Imitate "caw" sound
Sing "caw" on highest pitch.
33
f
pp


39
p
A Little Slower
I want to go to sleep.
I want to go
39
46
pp
Tempo I
to sleep.
But per - haps,
46
pp
p
3
51
per - haps it is bet - ter to stand in the
51
p
3


54
win - dow and watch the crows teach-ing their
cresc.
57
young to fly
p cresc.
f
60
o - ver the pines and the pyr - a - mid - al
p


rit.
♩ = 84
63
cher - ries
in the
rit.
pp
67
rose gold light of five o' -
73
clock on a May morn - ing.

From “The Jumblies"

High Voice

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter’s morn, on a stormy day,
In a Sieve they went to sea!

And when the Sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, ‘You’ll all be drowned!’
They called aloud, “Our Sieve ain’t big,
But we don’t care a button! we don’t care a fig!
In a Sieve we’ll go to sea!”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong. . .

“Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.”

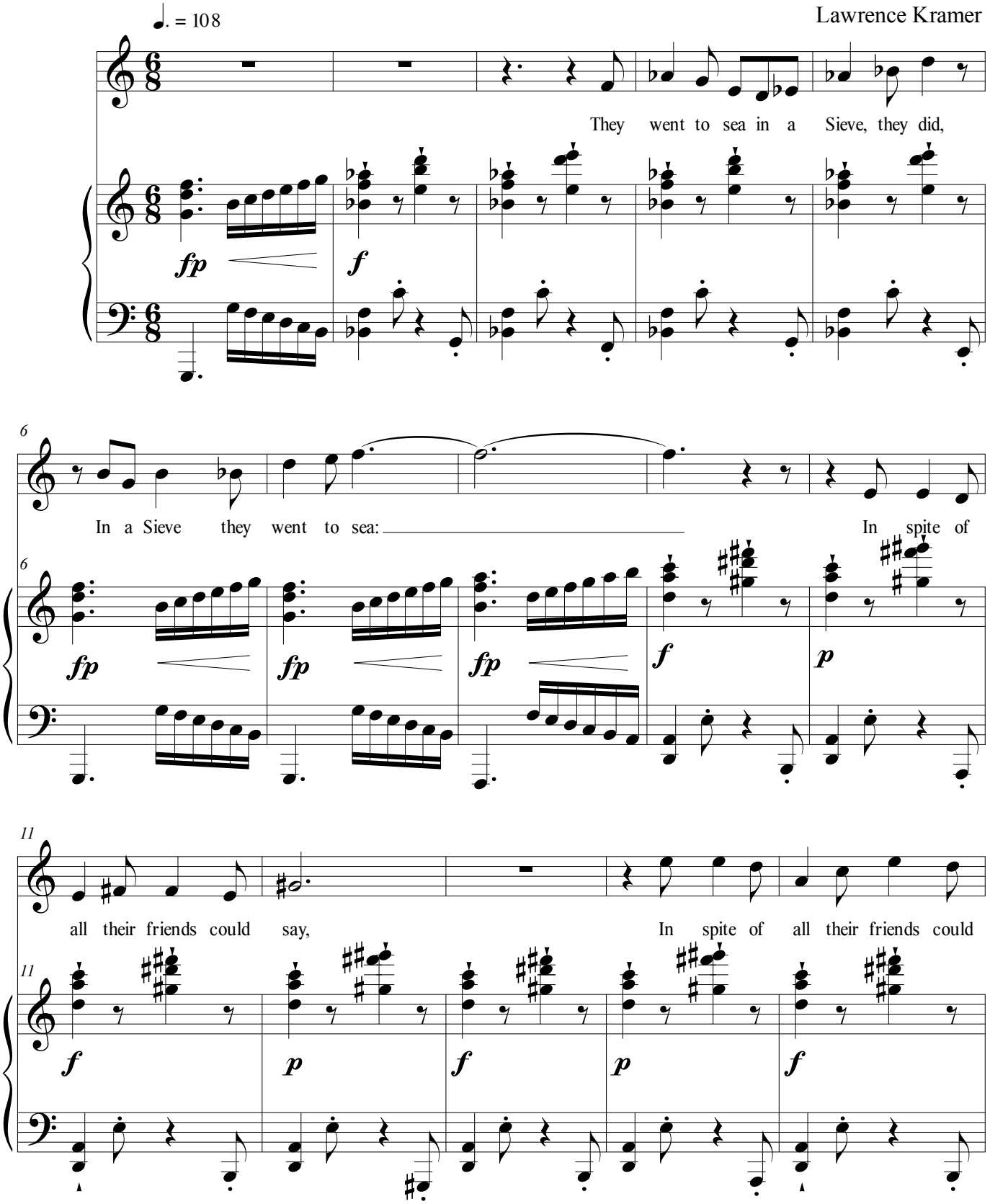
--Edward Lear

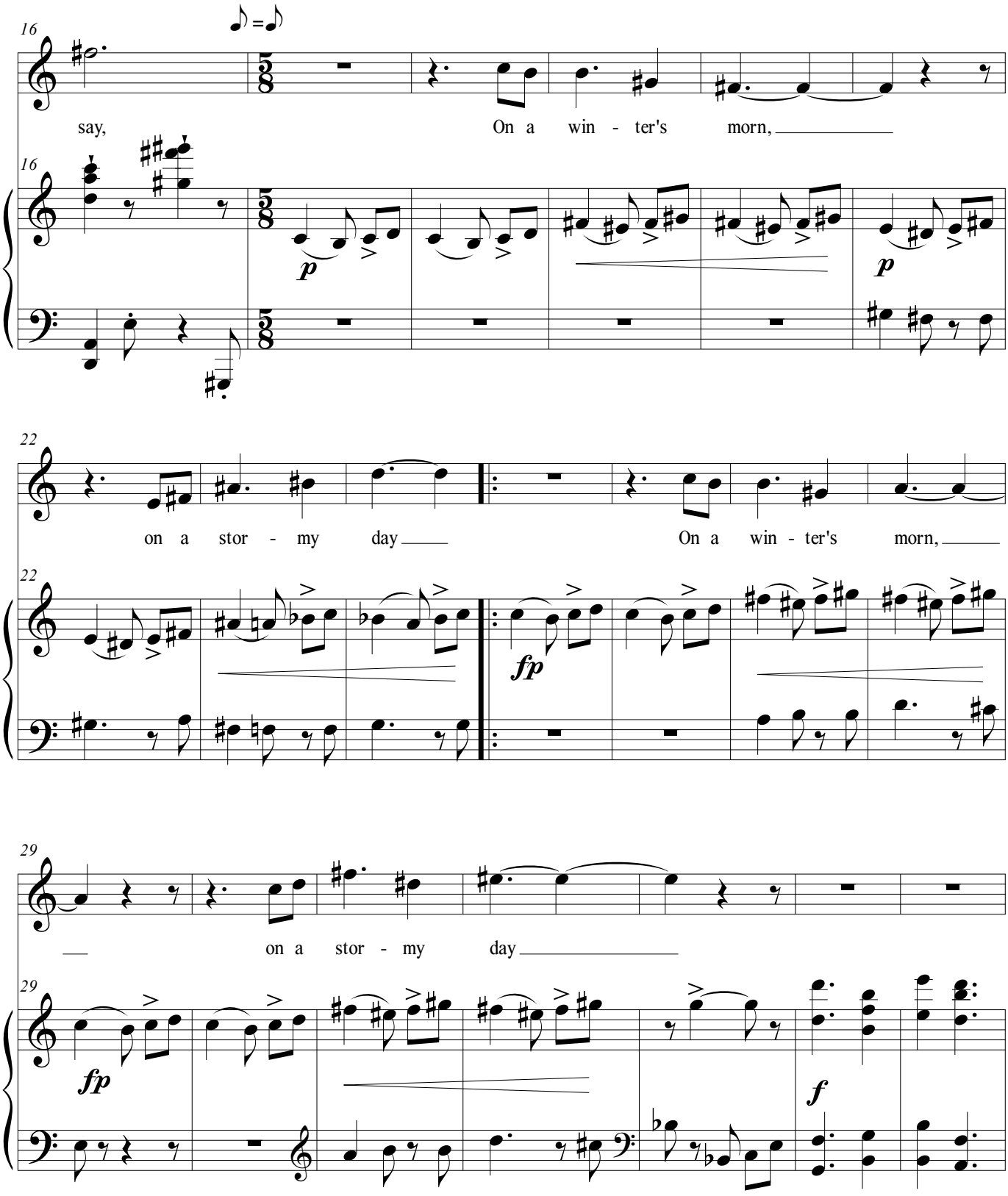
Written Voice Range: D4-A♭5
Tessitura: F♯4 - D5
Duation: 4 minutes

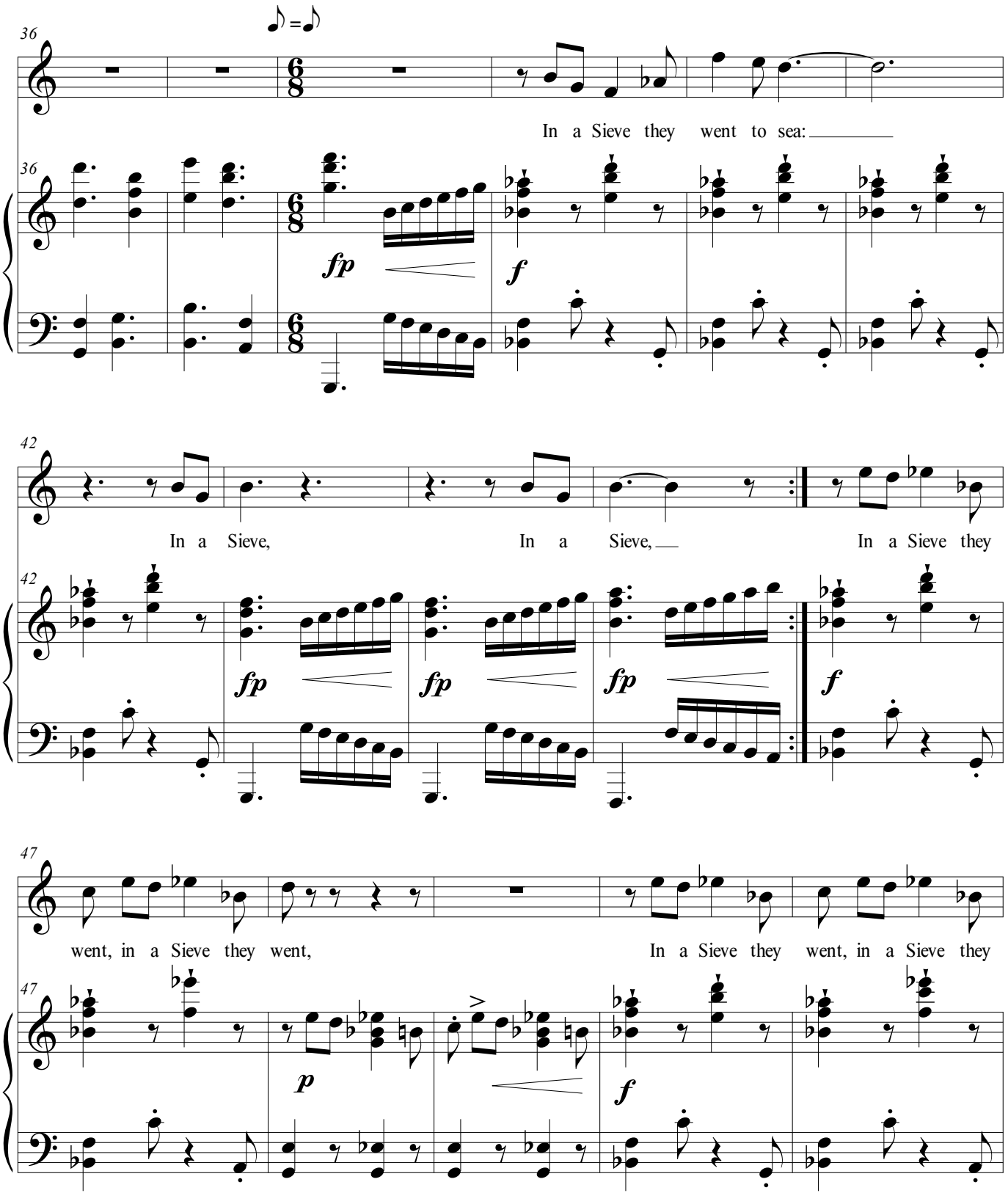
Composed 2020

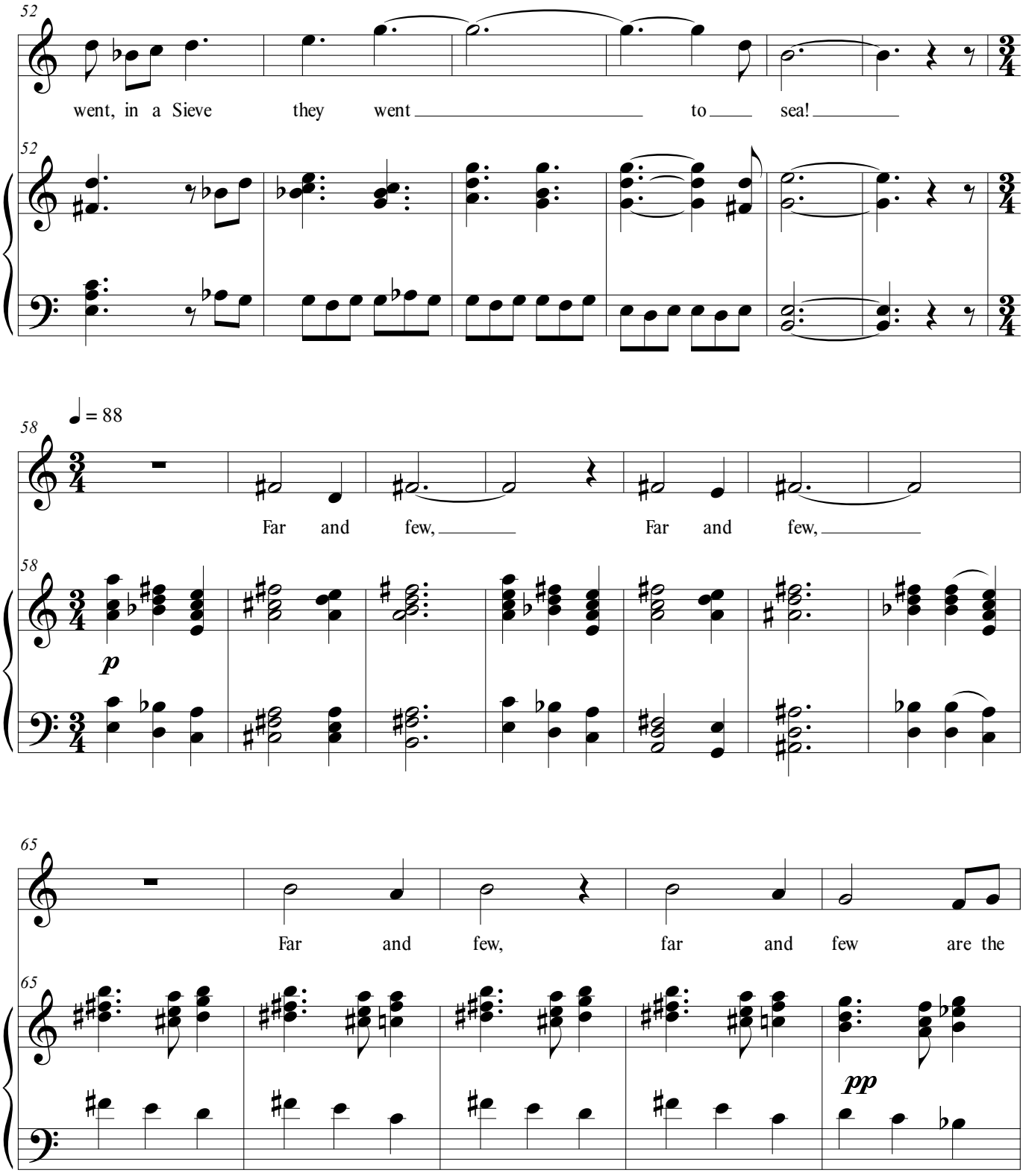
The Jumblies

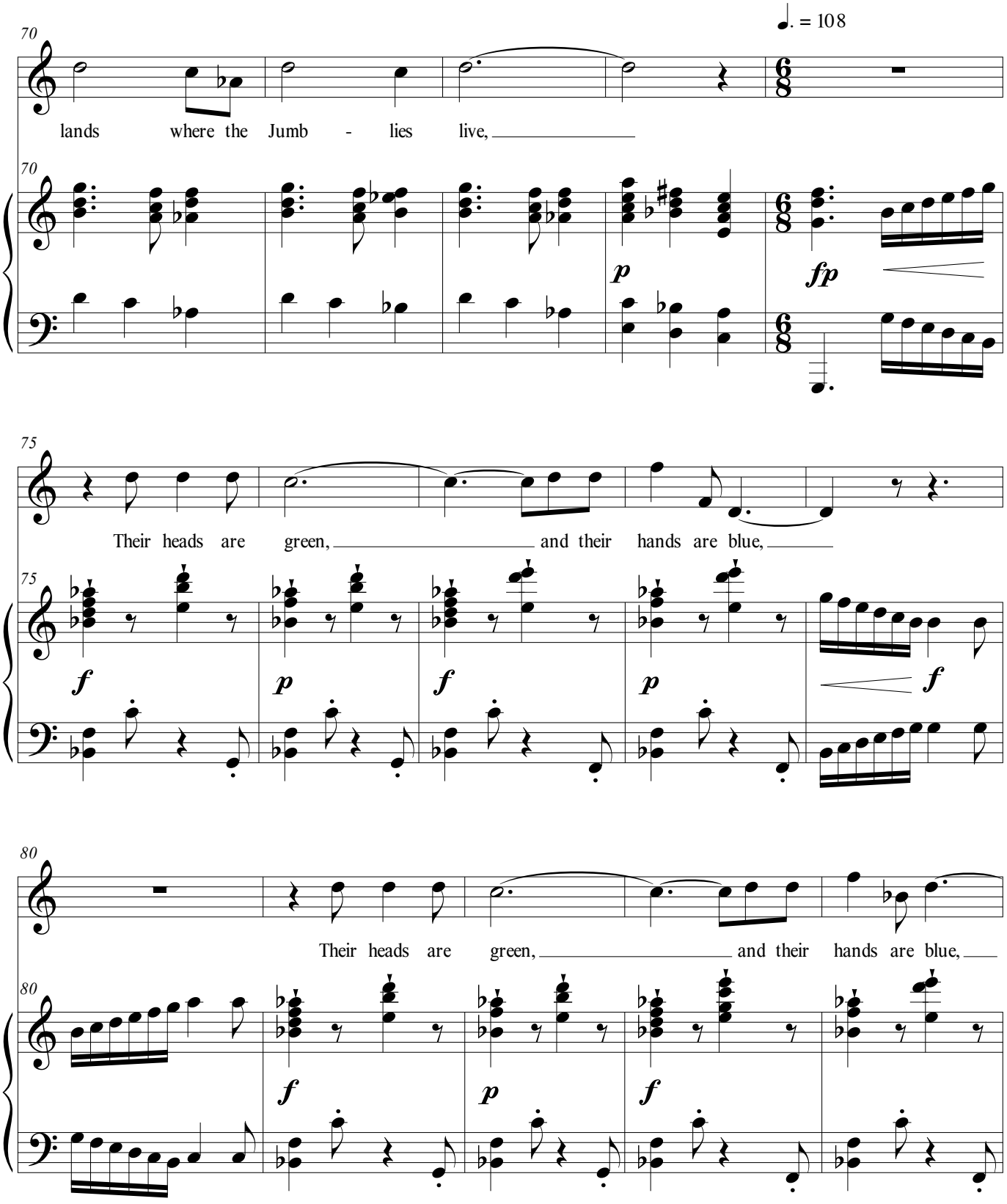
Lawrence Kramer

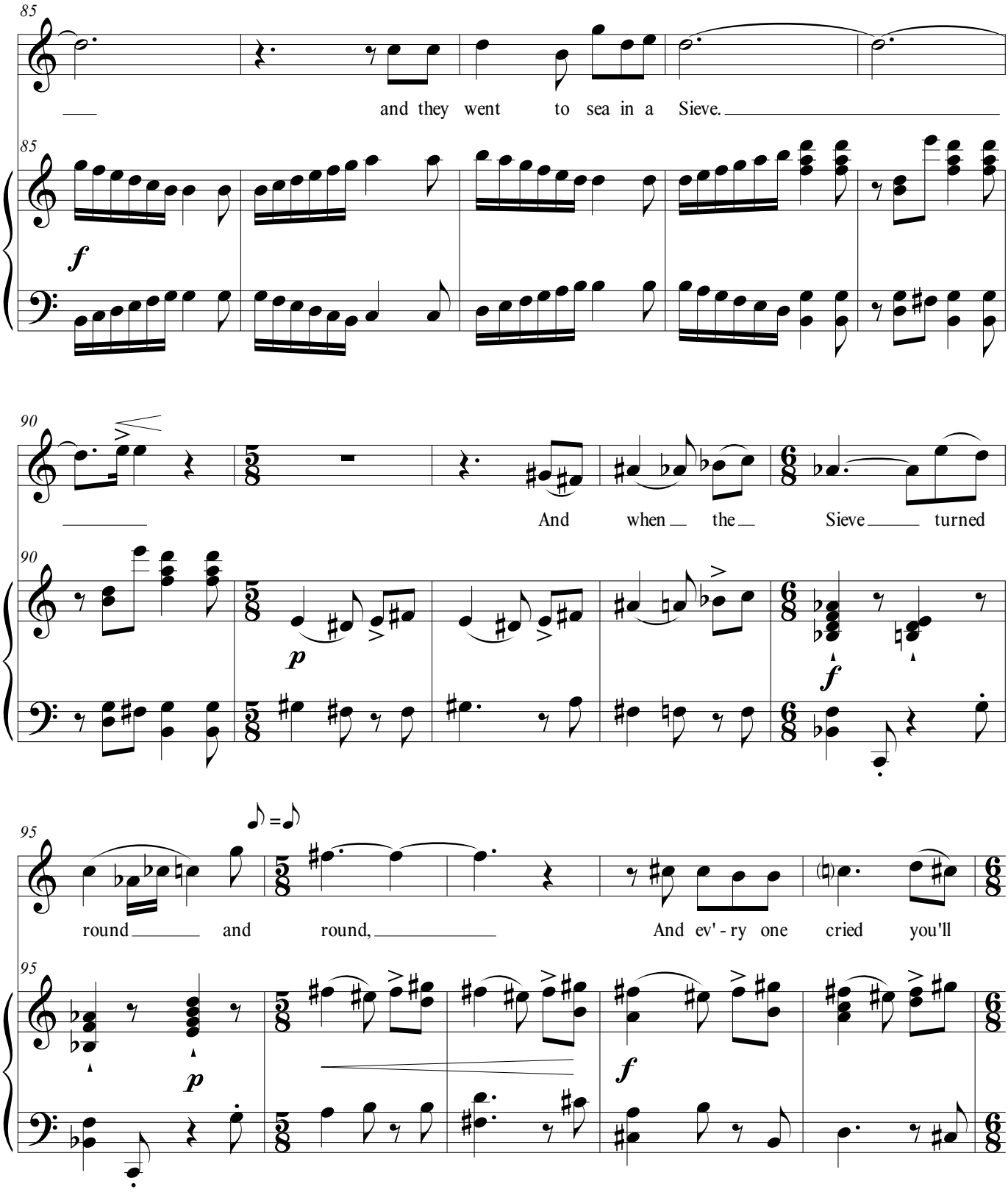


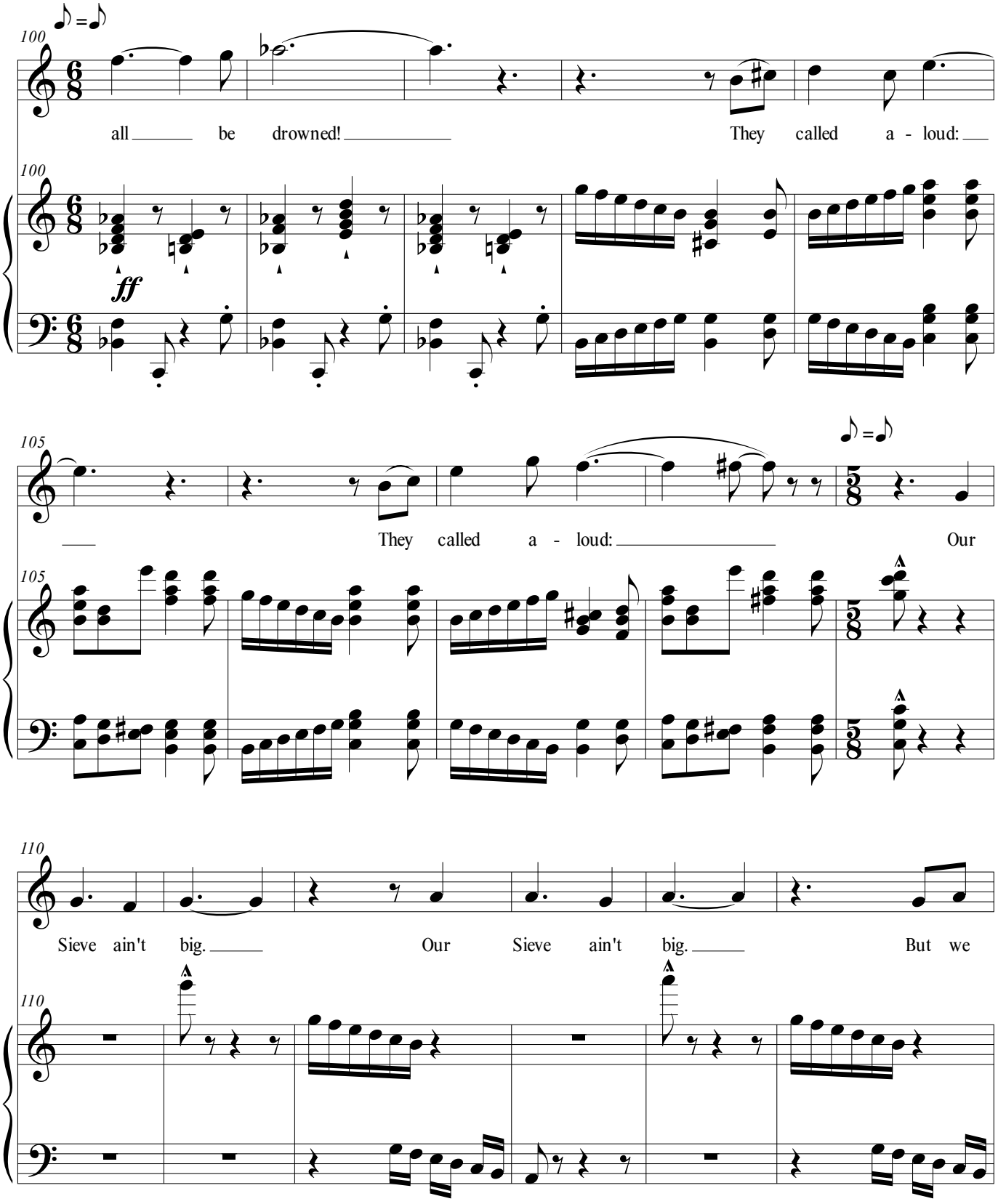

16
say,
On a win - ter's morn,
16
p
p
22
on a stor - my day
On a win - ter's morn,
22
fp
29
on a stor - my day
29
fp
f

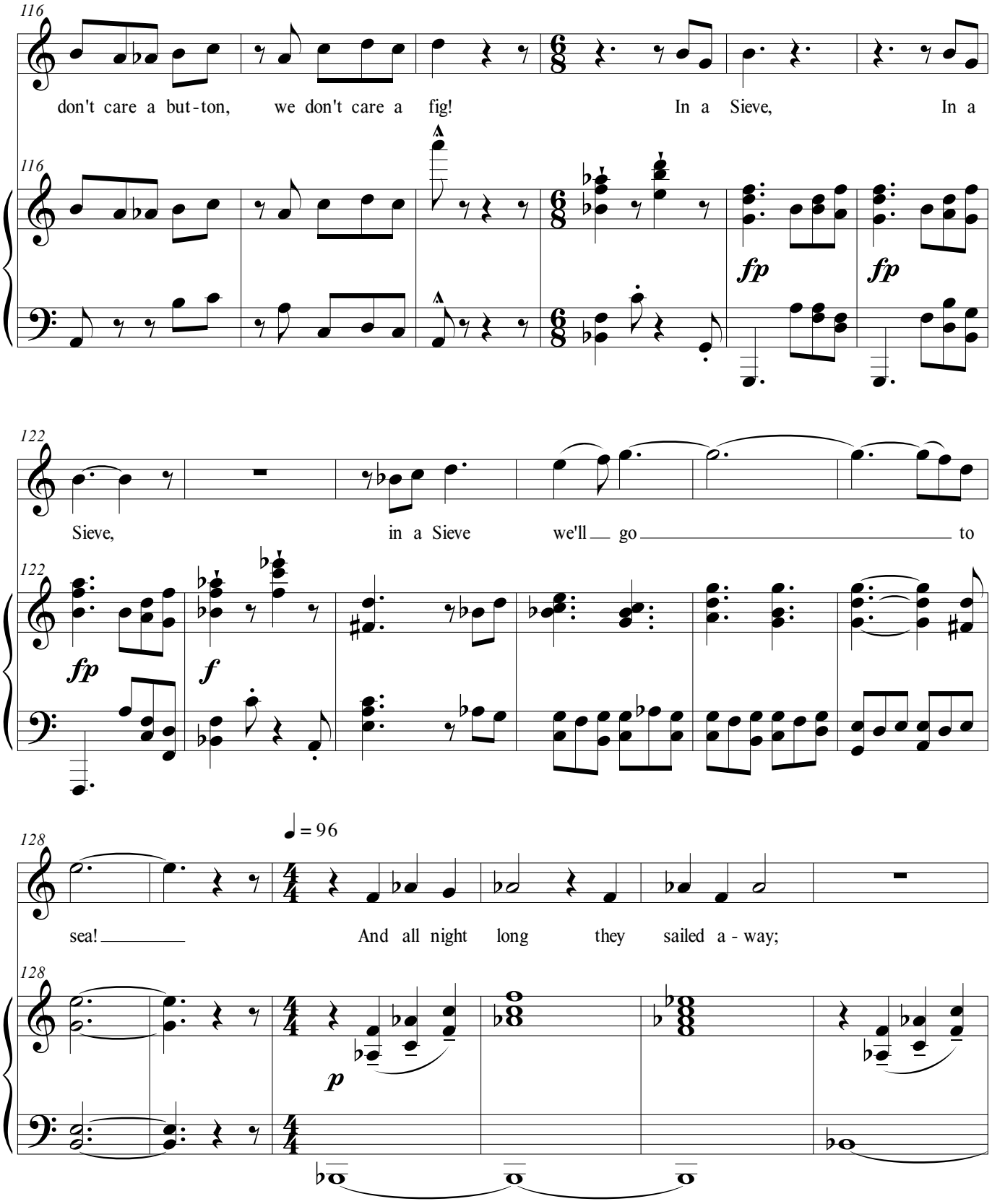

36
In a Sieve they went to sea:
fp
f
42
In a Sieve, In a Sieve, In a Sieve they
fp
fp
fp
f
47
went, in a Sieve they went, In a Sieve they went, in a Sieve they
p
f

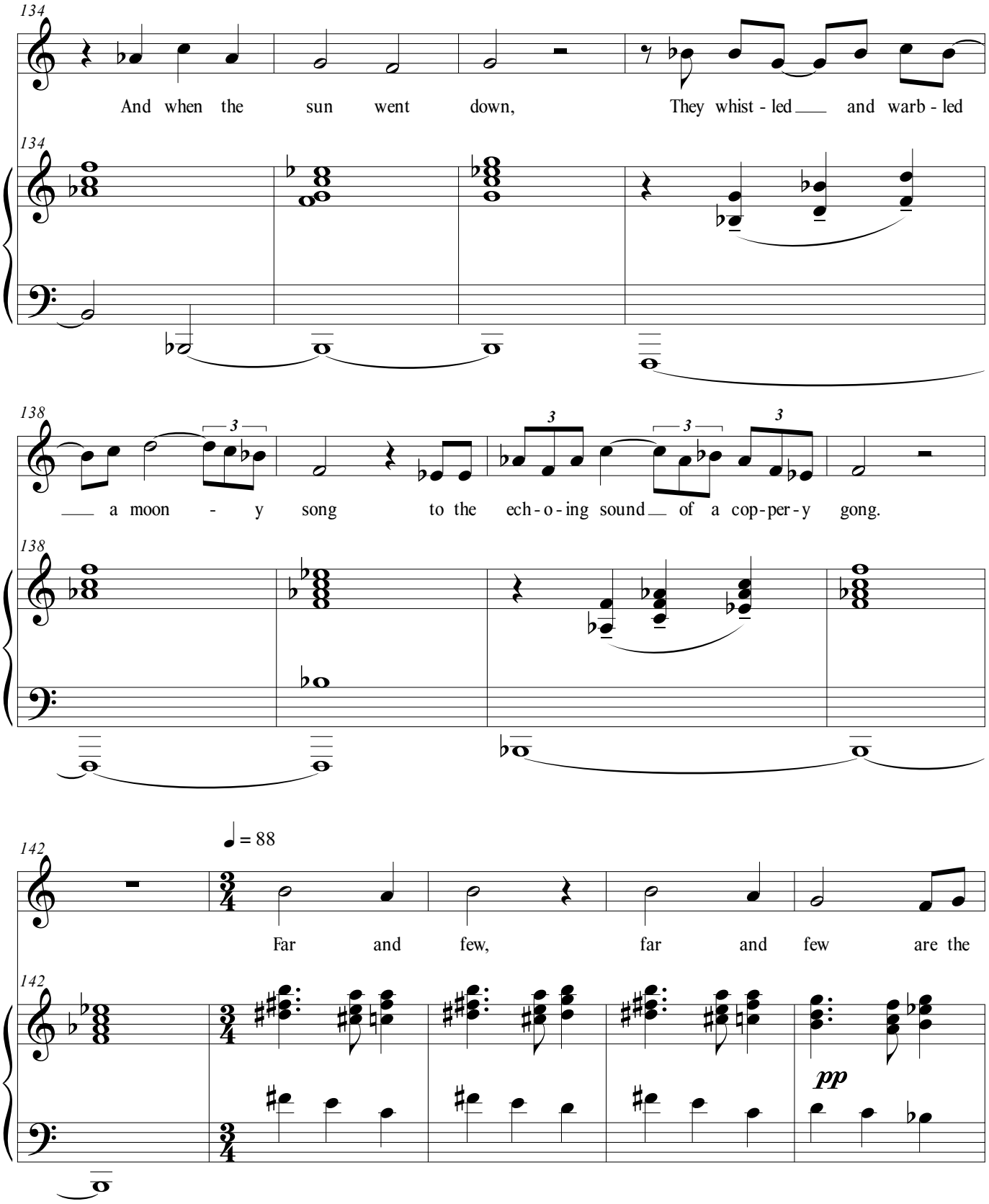

52
went, in a Sieve they went to sea!
52
58
♩ = 88
Far and few, Far and few,
58
p
65
Far and few, far and few are the
65
pp

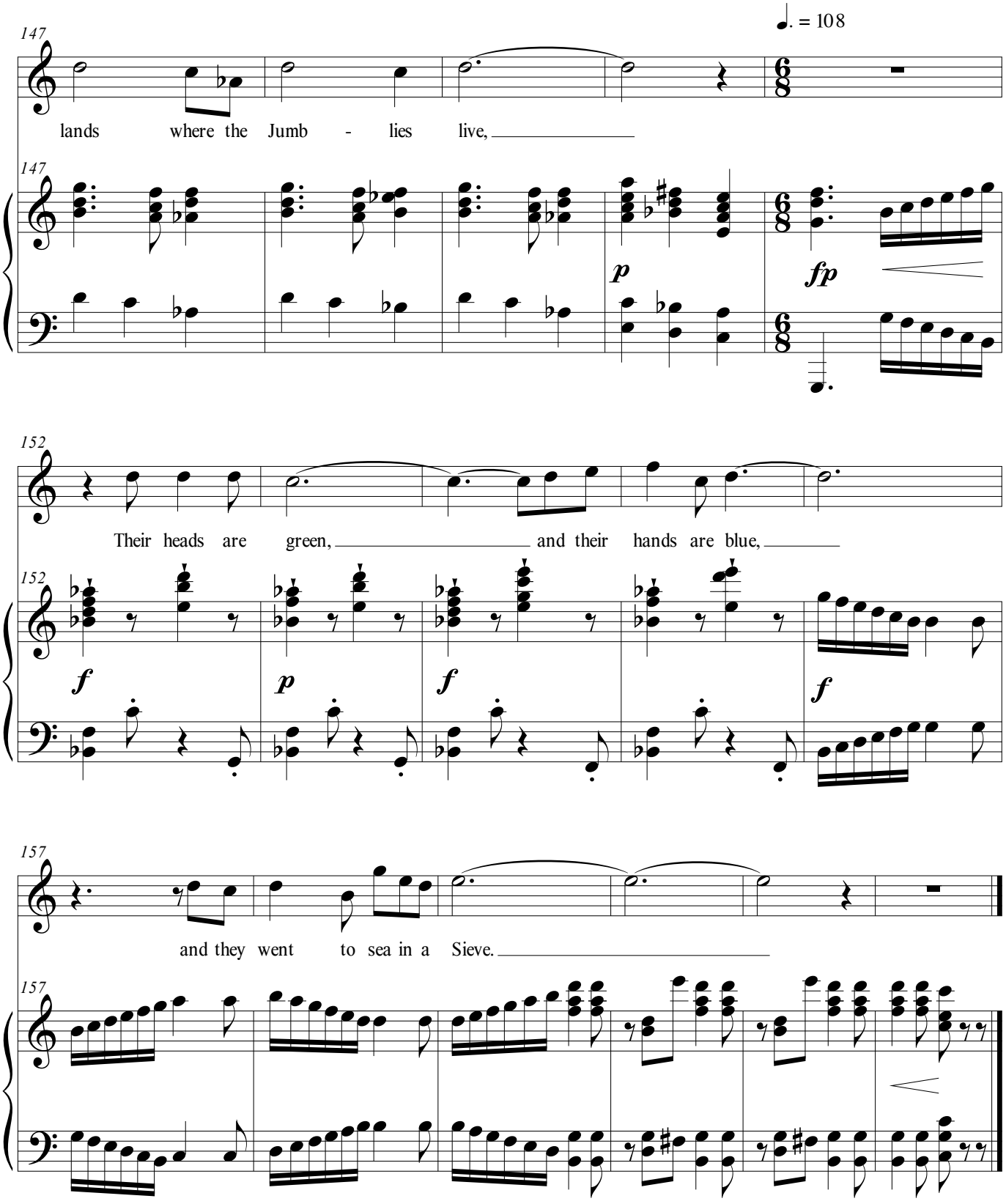

♩. = 108
70
lands where the Jumb - lies live,
p
fp
75
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
f
p
f
p
f
80
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
f
p
f


85
and they went to sea in a Sieve.
85
f
90
And when the Sieve turned
90
p
f
95
round and round,
And ev' - ry one cried you'll
95
p
f


100
all be drowned!
They called a - loud:
ff
105
They called a - loud:
Our
110
Sieve ain't big.
Our Sieve ain't big.
But we


116
don't care a but-ton, we don't care a fig! In a Sieve, In a
fp
fp
122
Sieve, in a Sieve we'll go to
fp
f
128
♩ = 96
sea! And all night long they sailed a - way;
p


134
And when the sun went down, They whist - led and warb - led
134
138
3
3
3
3
a moon - y song to the ech - o - ing sound of a cop - per - y gong.
138
142
♩ = 88
Far and few, far and few are the
142
pp


147
♩. = 108
lands where the Jumb - lies live,
147
p
fp
152
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
152
f
p
f
f
157
and they went to sea in a Sieve.
157

The Silver Ploughboy

Voice

A black figure dances in a black field.

It seizes a sheet—from the ground, from a bush—as if spread there by some washwoman
for the night.

It wraps the sheet around its body, until the black figure is silver.
It dances down a furrow, in the early light, back of a crazy plough, the green blades following.

How soon the silver fades in the dust! How soon the black figure slips from the wrinkled sheet!
How softly the sheet falls to the ground!

--Wallace Stevens

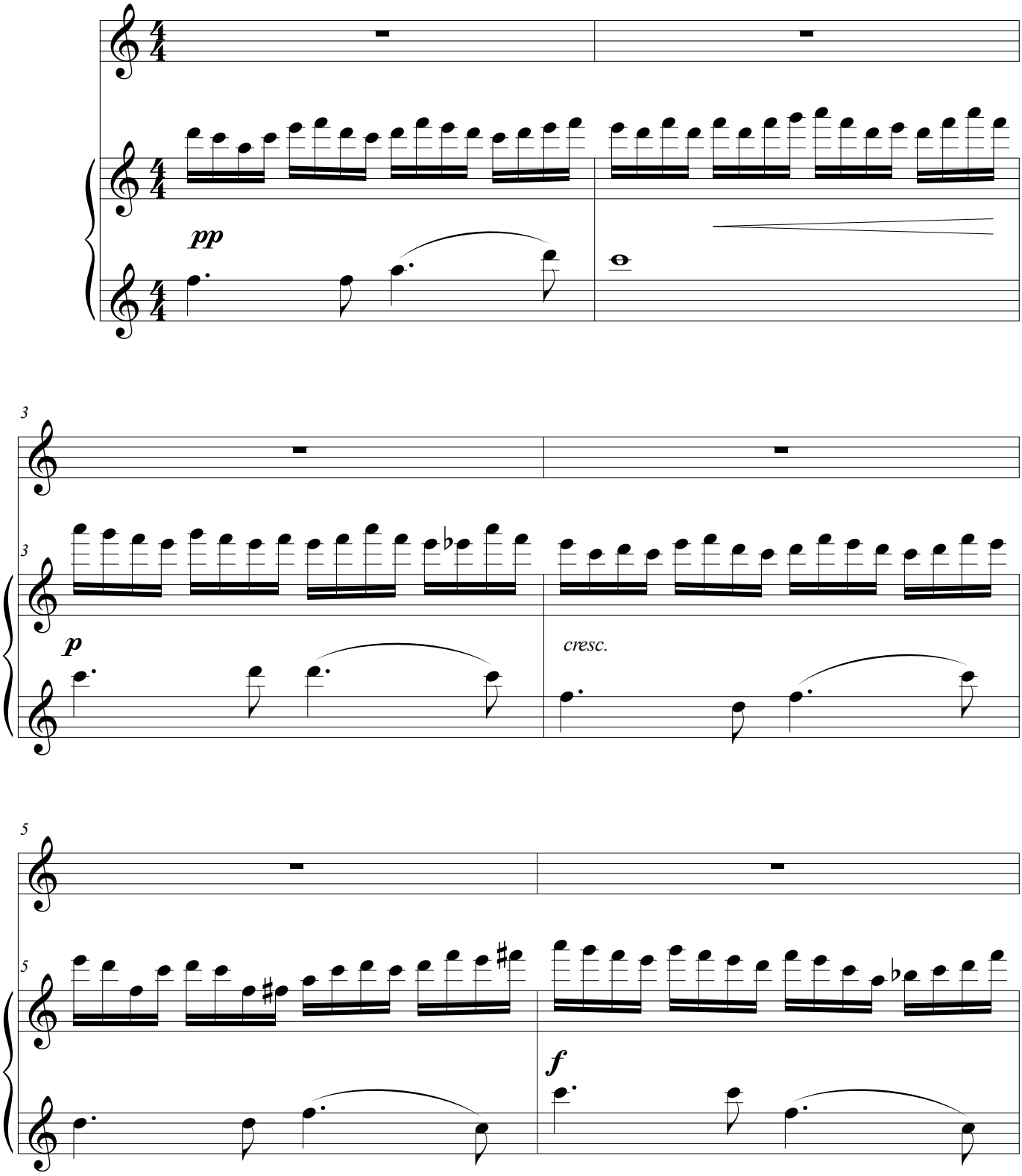
Written voice range: C4 - F5
Tessitura: D4 - C5
Duration 3:15

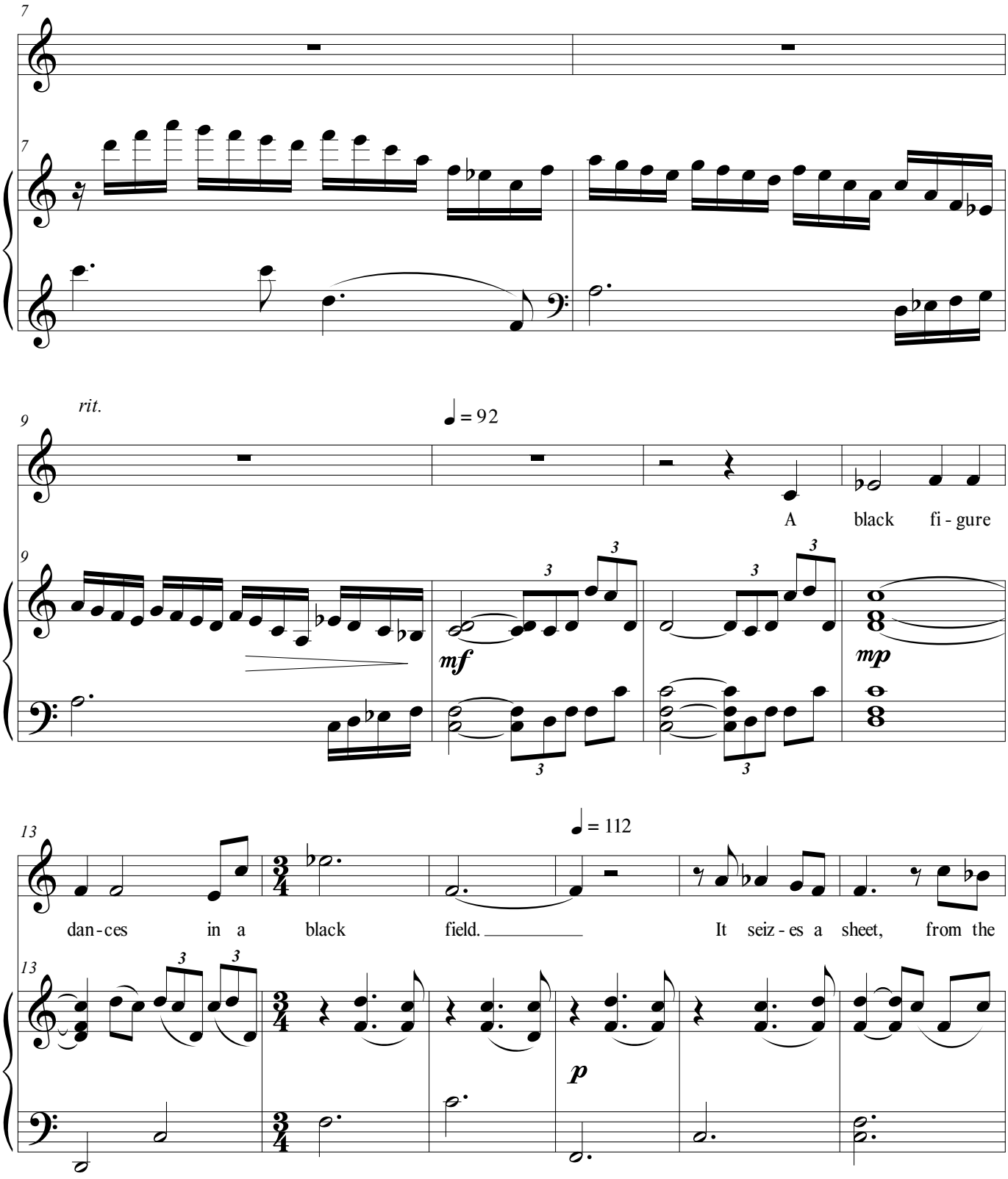
Composed 2022

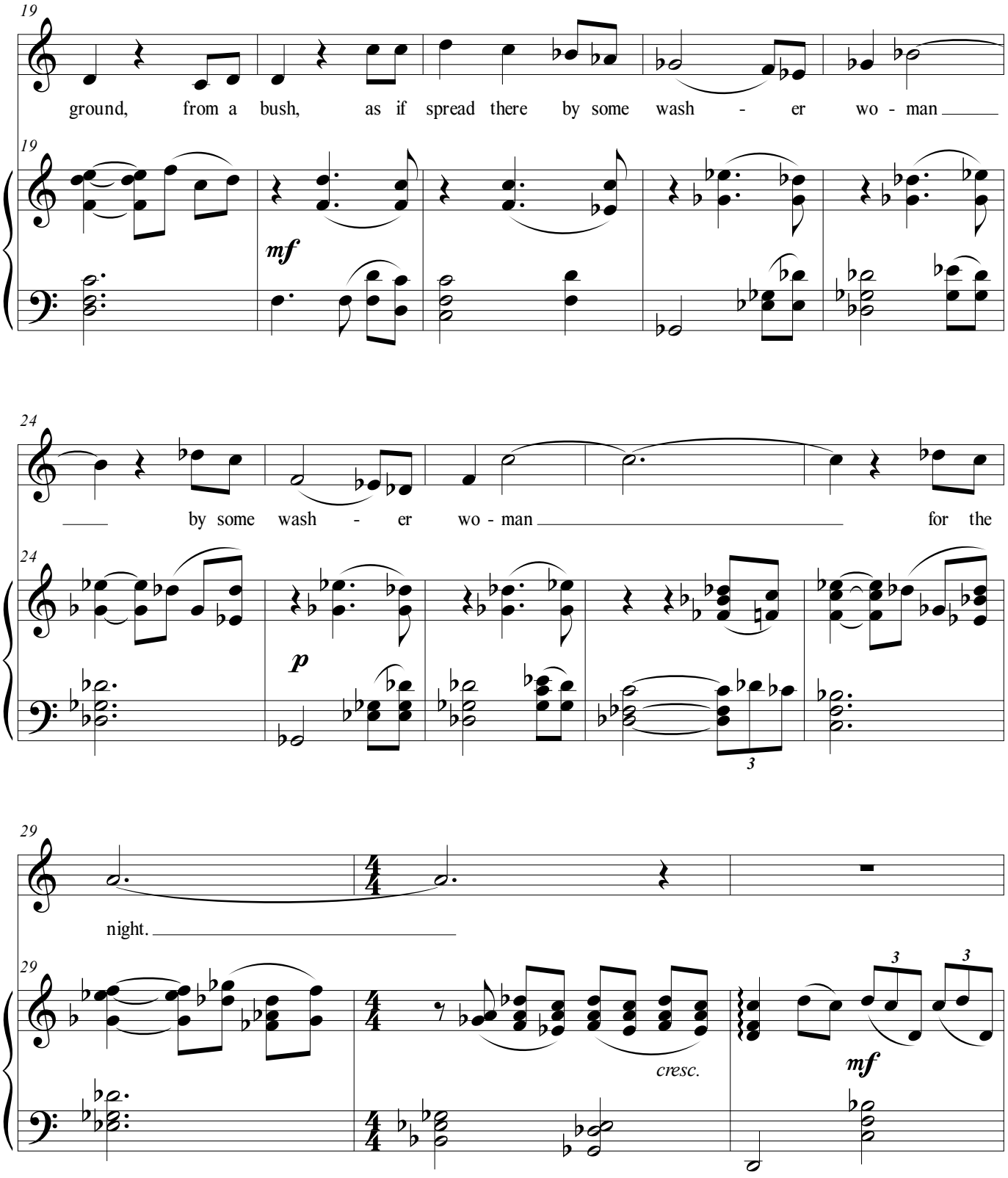
The Silver Ploughboy

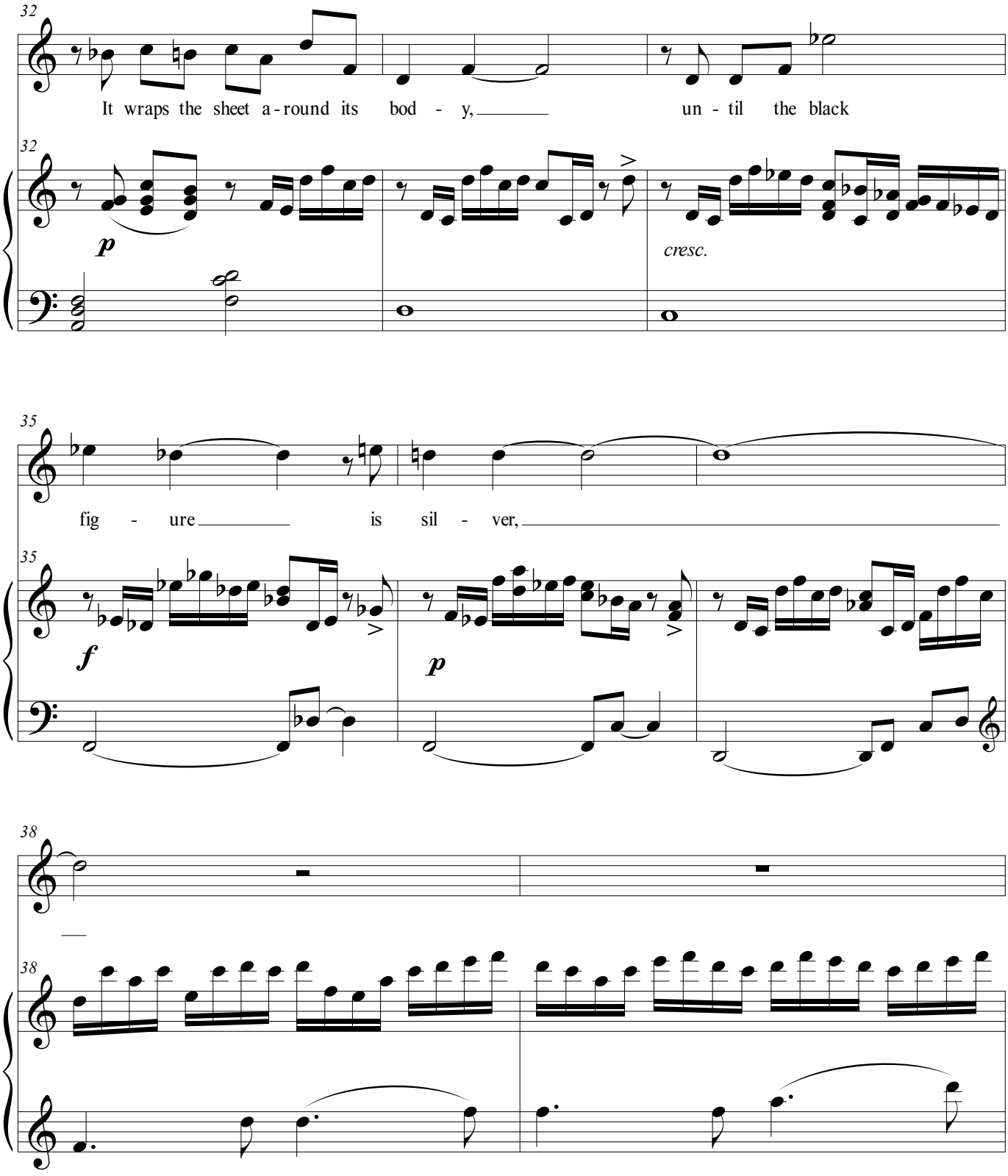
♩ = 112

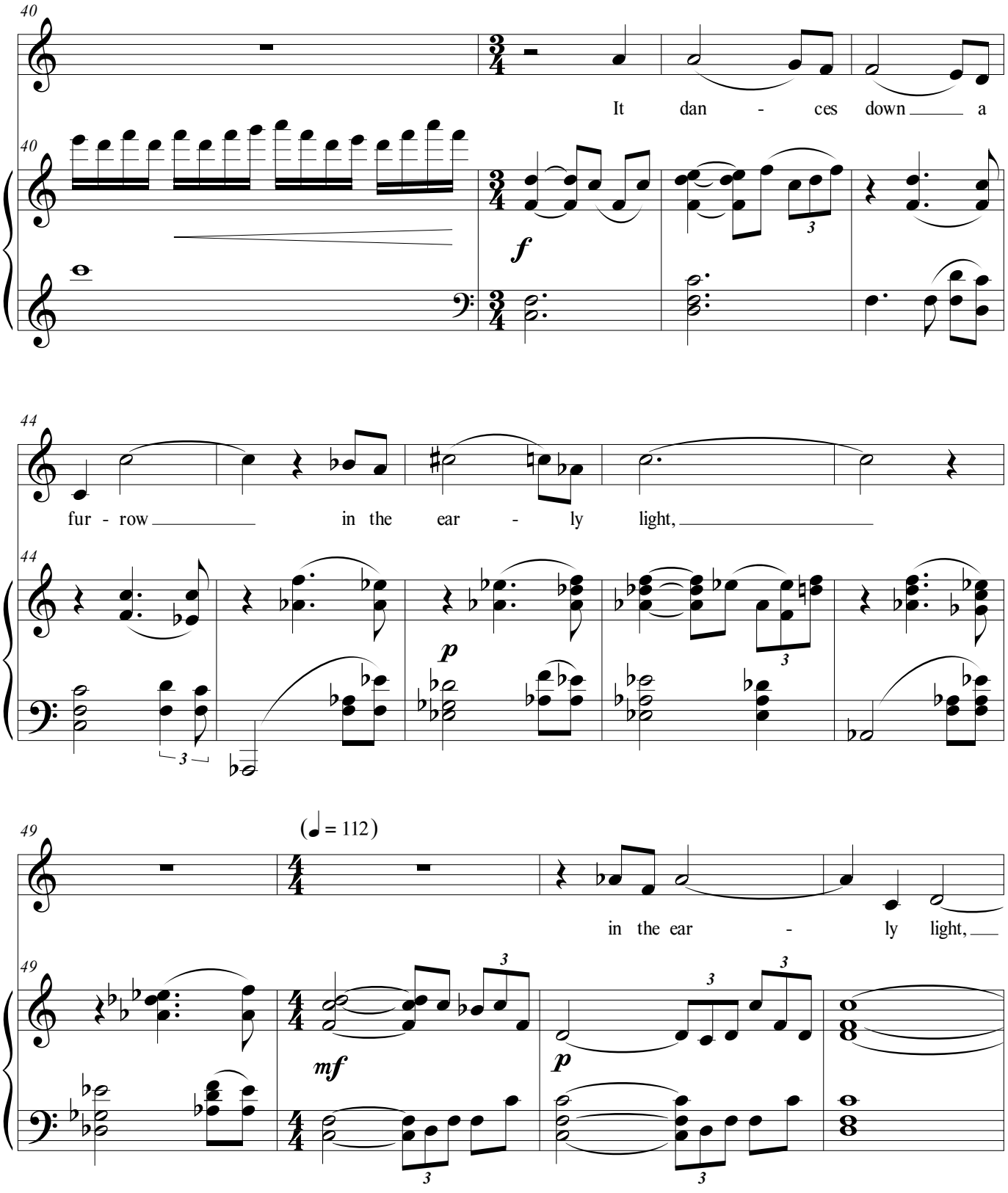
Lawrence Kramer

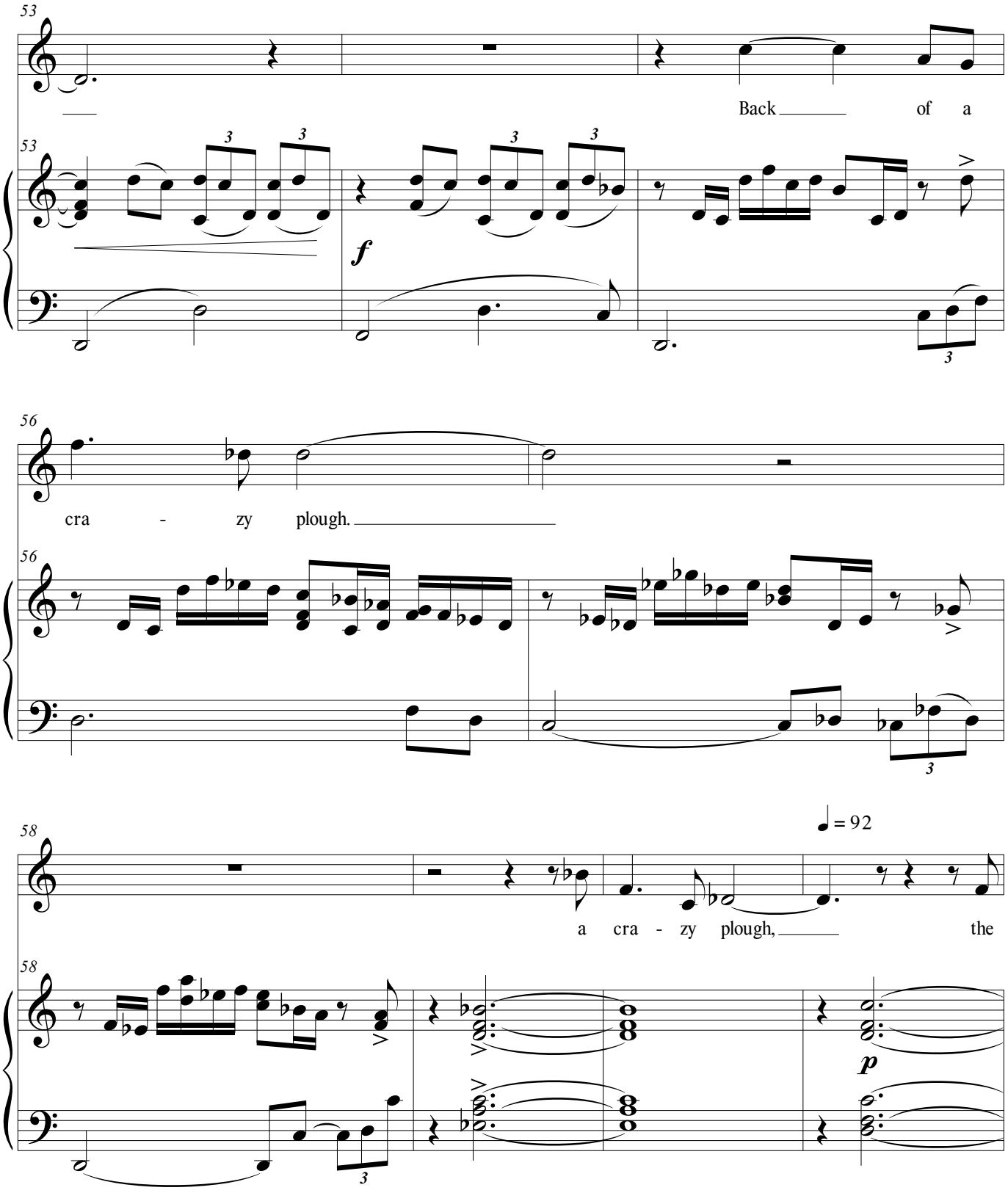


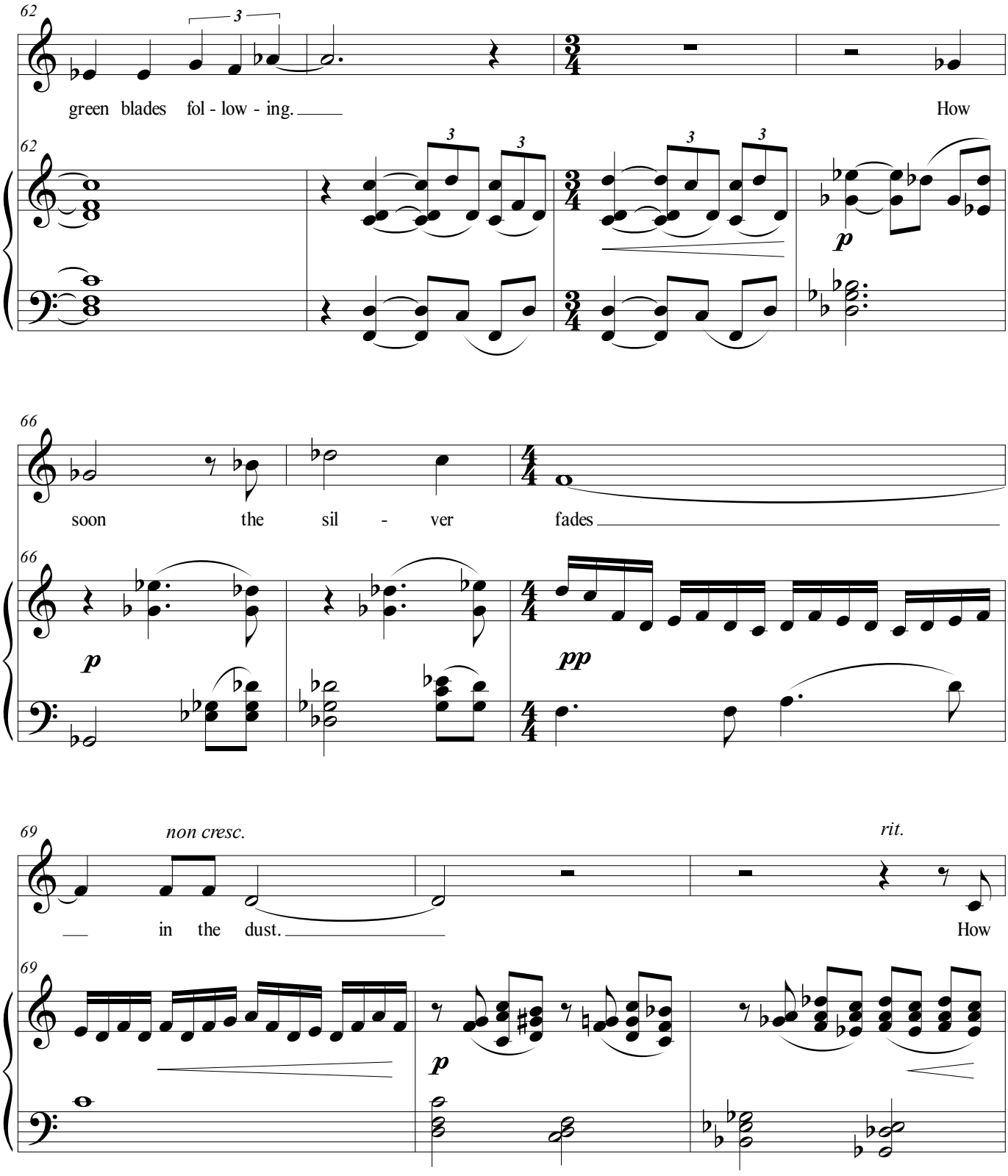

7
7
rit.
9
♩ = 92
A black fi - gure
9
mf
mp
13
♩ = 112
dan - ces in a black field.
It seiz - es a sheet, from the
13
p

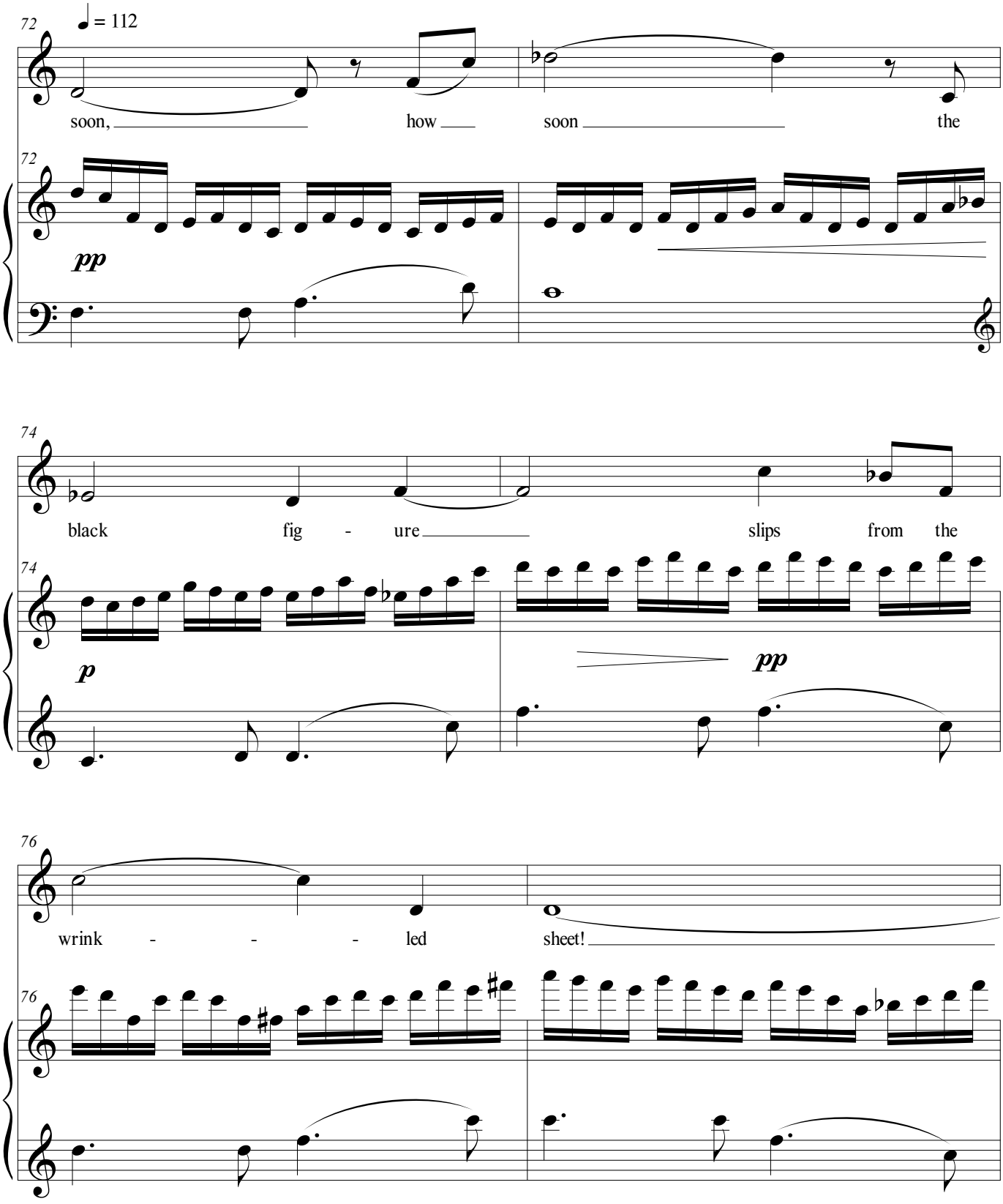

19
ground, from a bush, as if spread there by some wash - er wo - man
19
mf
24
by some wash - er wo - man for the
24
p
3
29
night.
29
cresc.
3
3
mf

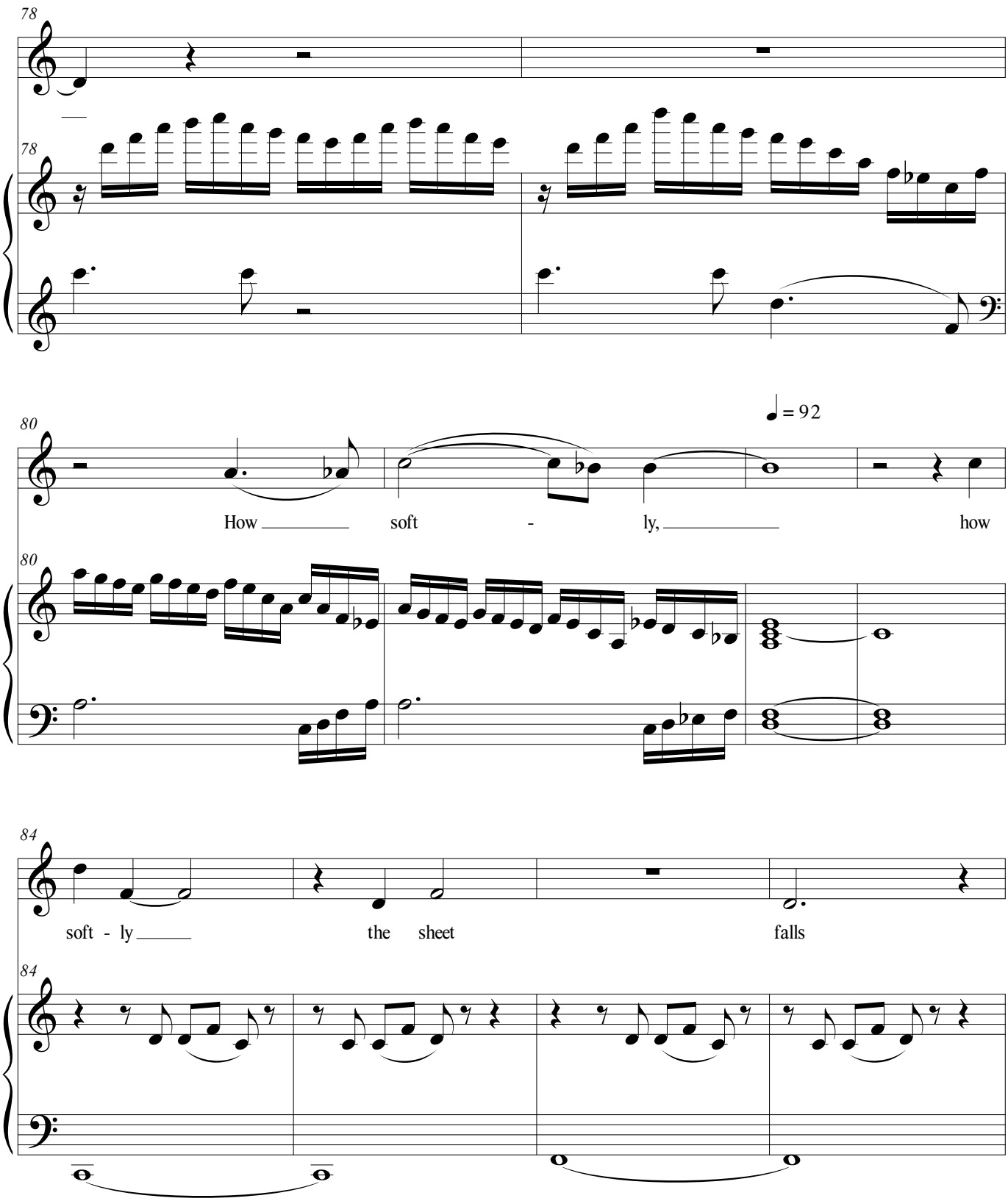

32
It wraps the sheet a - round its bod - y,
un - til the black
p
cresc.
35
fig - ure
is sil - ver,
f
p
38

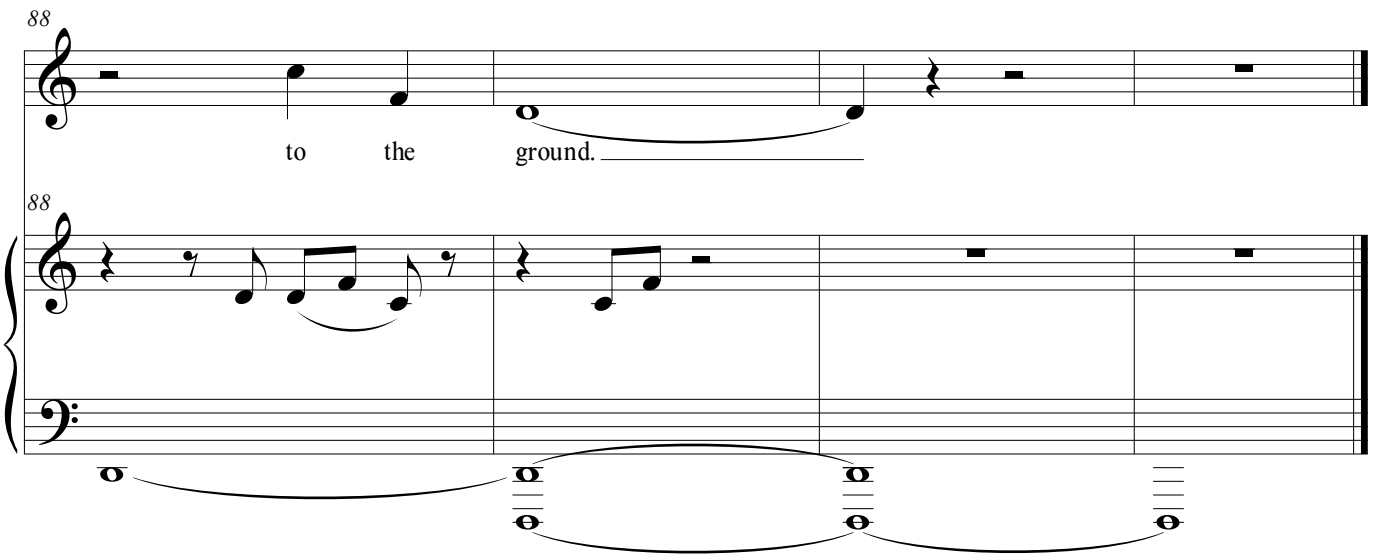

40
It dan - ces down a
f
44
fur - row in the ear - ly light,
p
49
(♩ = 112)
in the ear - ly light,
mf
p


53
Back of a
53
f
56
cra - zy plough.
56
58
♩ = 92
a cra - zy plough, the
58
p


62
green blades fol - low - ing.
How
62
p
66
soon the sil - ver fades
66
p
pp
69
non cresc.
rit.
in the dust.
How
69
p


72
♩ = 112
soon, how soon the
pp
74
black fig - ure slips from the
p
pp
76
wrink - - - led sheet!


78
78
80
♩ = 92
How soft - ly, how
80
84
soft - ly the sheet falls
84


88
to the ground.
88

The Song

High Voice

That day, in the slipping of torsos and straining flanks
on the bloodied ooze of fields plowed by the iron,
And the smoke bluish near earth and bronze in the sunshine
floating like cotton-down,
And the harsh and terrible screaming,
And that strange vibration at the roots of us...
Desire, fierce, like a song...
And we heard
(Do you remember?)
All the Red Cross bands on Fifth avenue
And bugles in little home towns
And children's harmonicas bleating

America!

And after...
(Do you remember?)
The drollery of the wind on our faces,
And horizons reeling,
And the terror of the plain
Heaving like a gaunt pelvis to the sun...
Under us - threshing and twanging
Torn-up roots of the Song...

--Lola Ridge

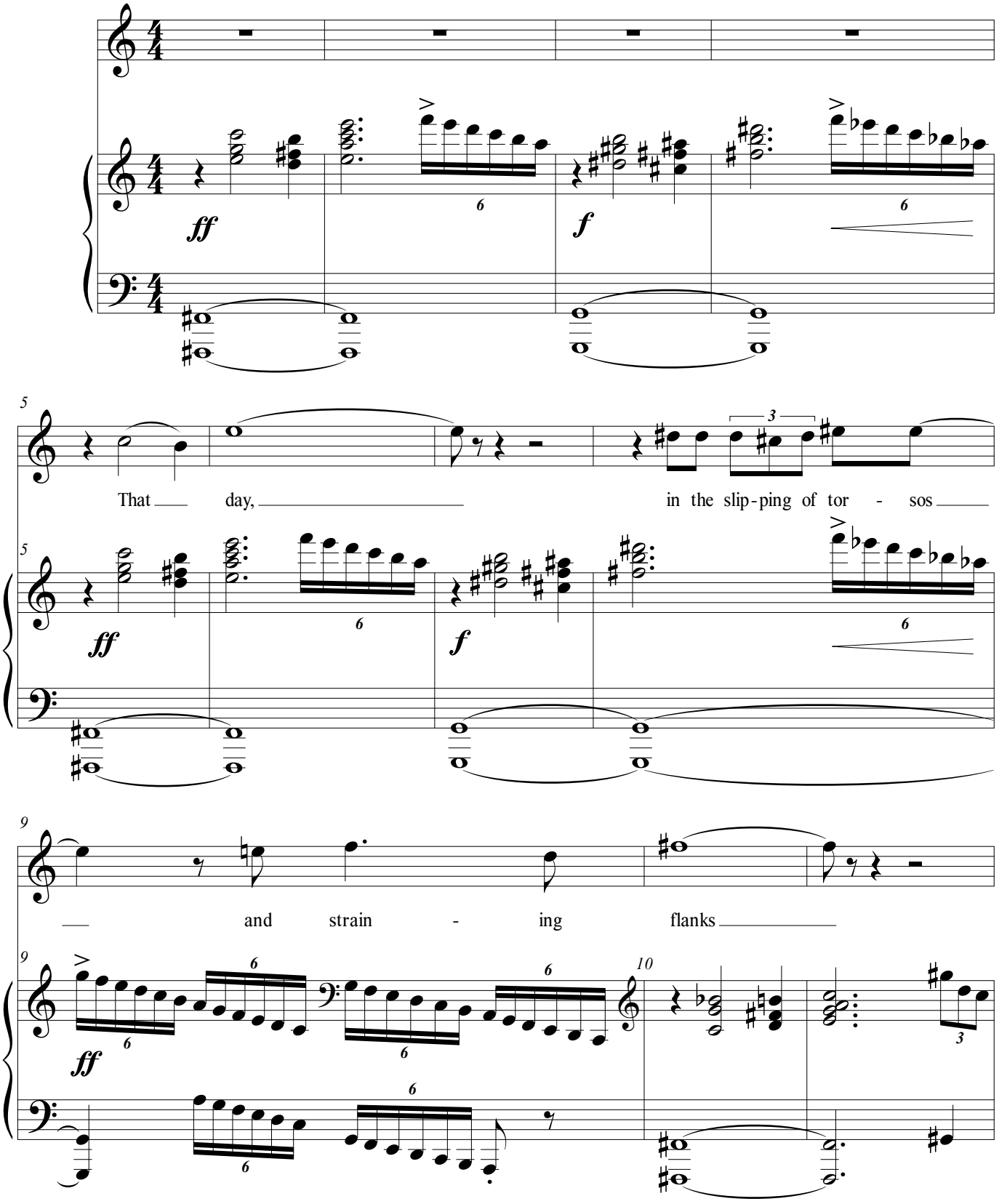
Written voice range: D4 - A5
Tessitura: F♯4 - E5
Duration 4:30

Composed 2020

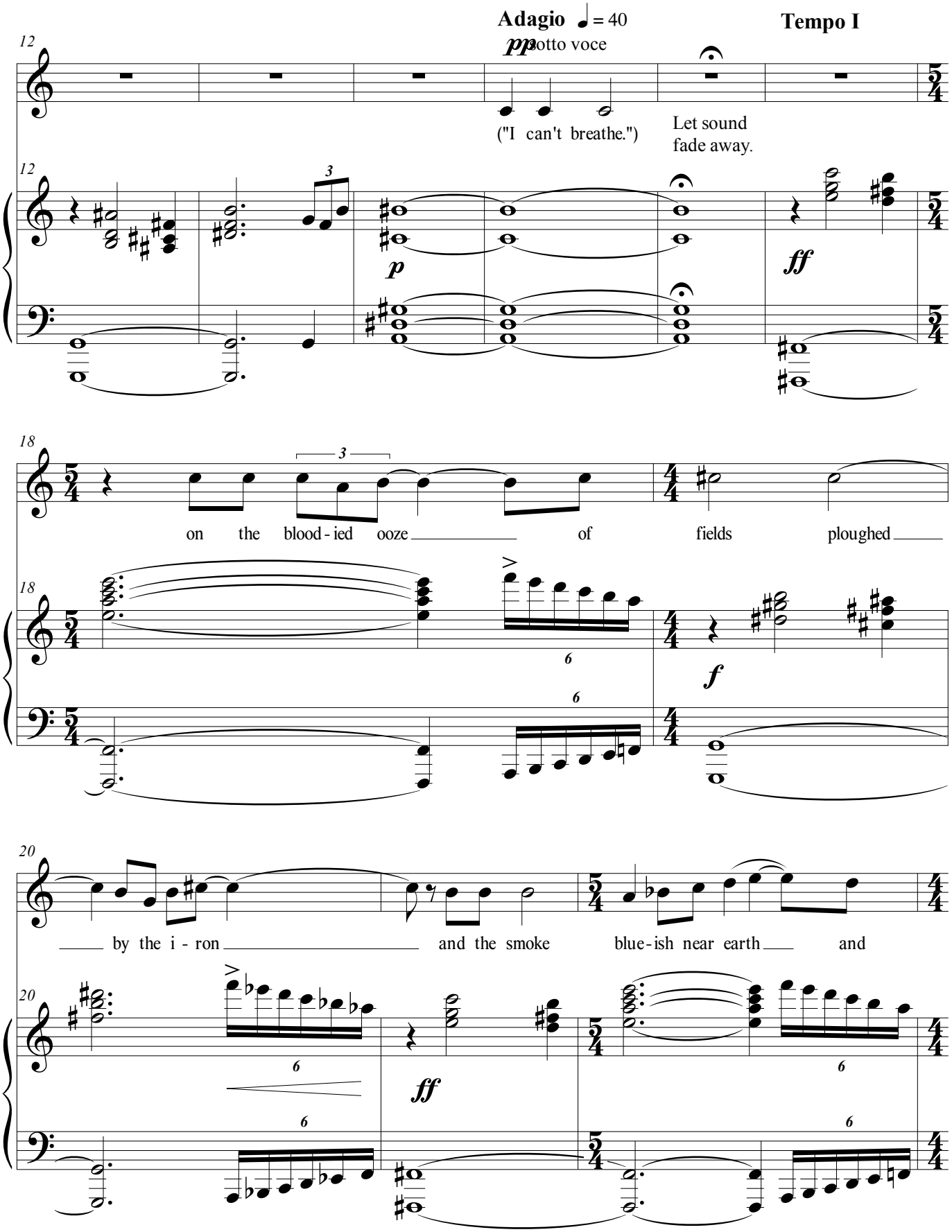
The Song

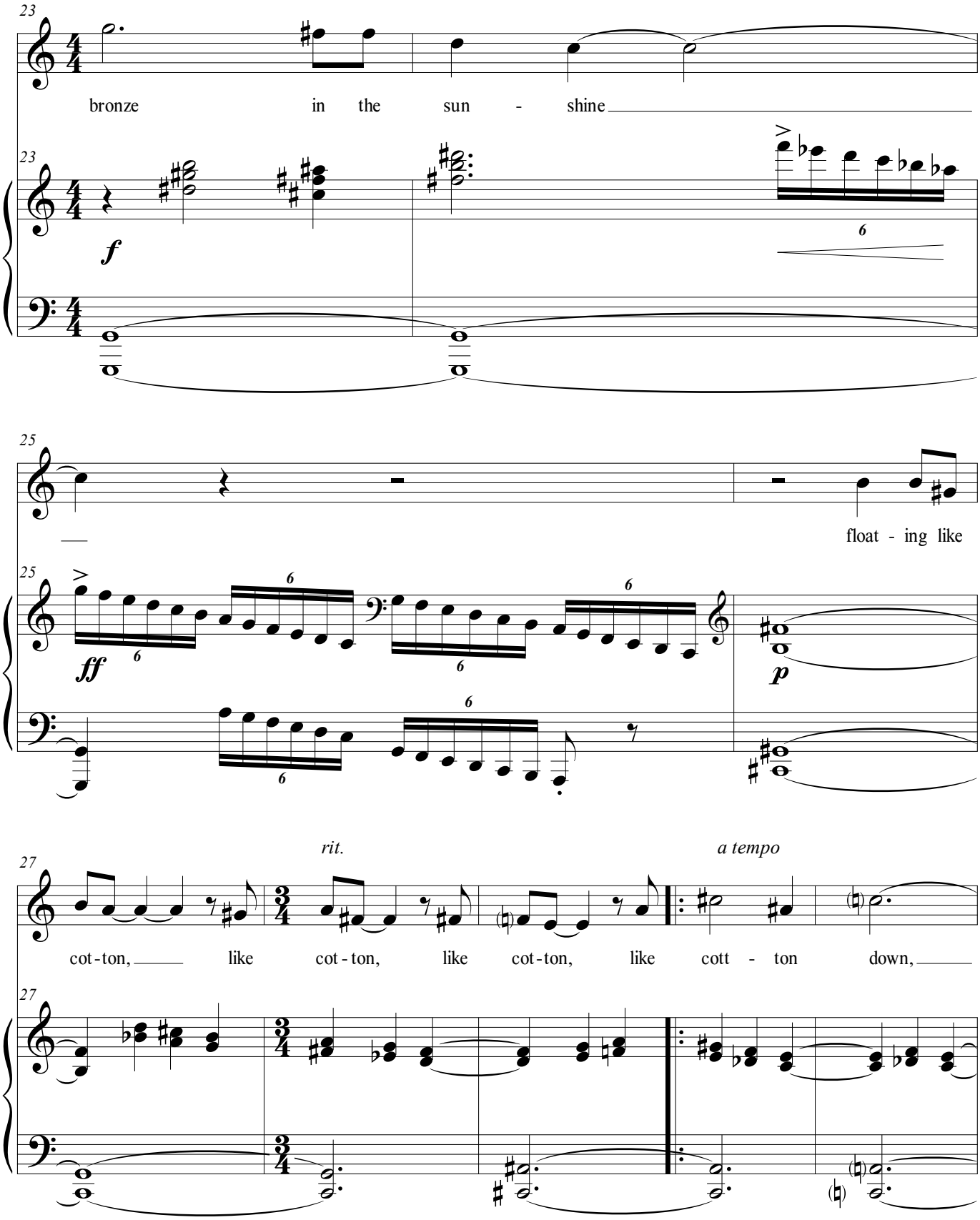
Moderato (♩ = c. 108)

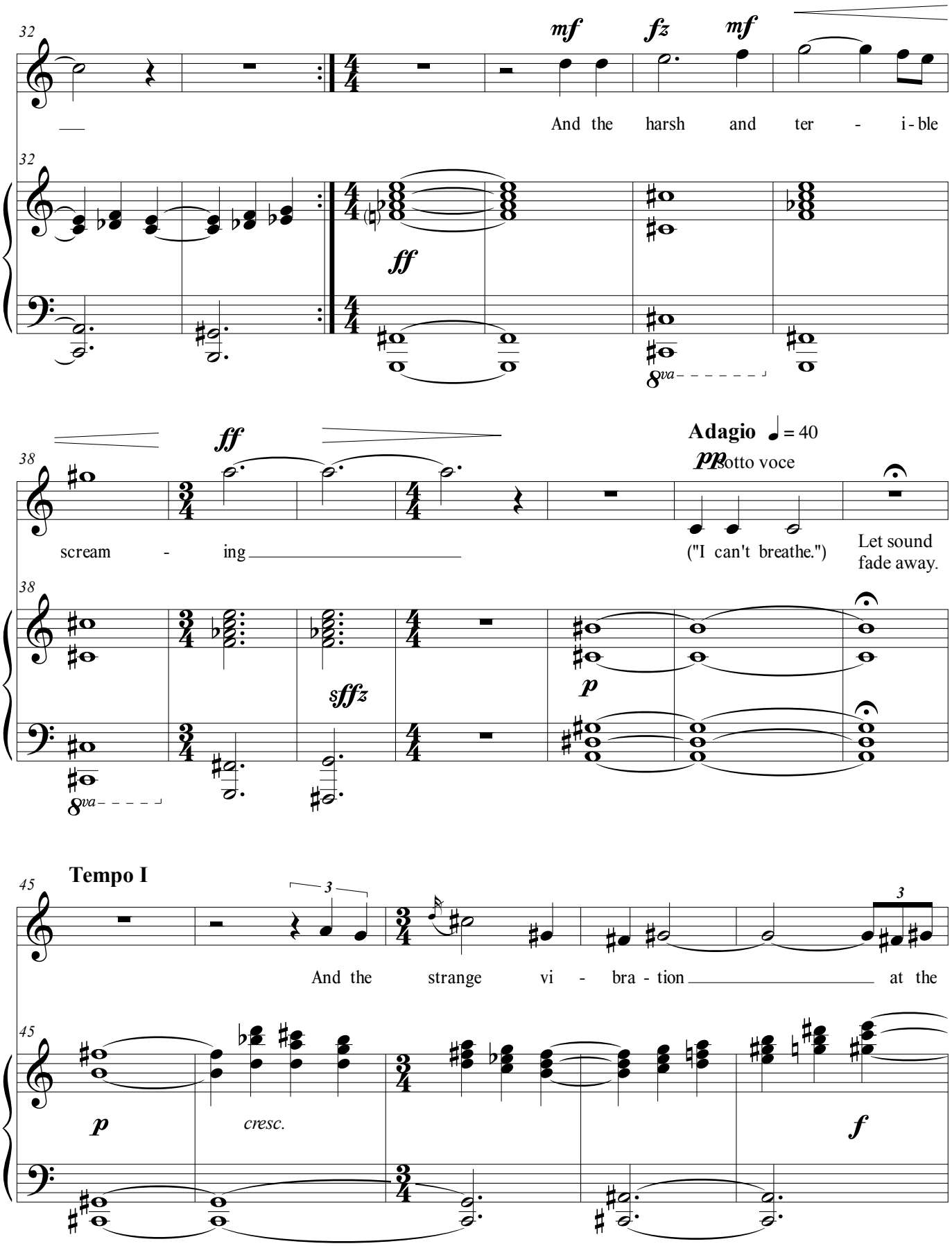
Lawrence Kramer

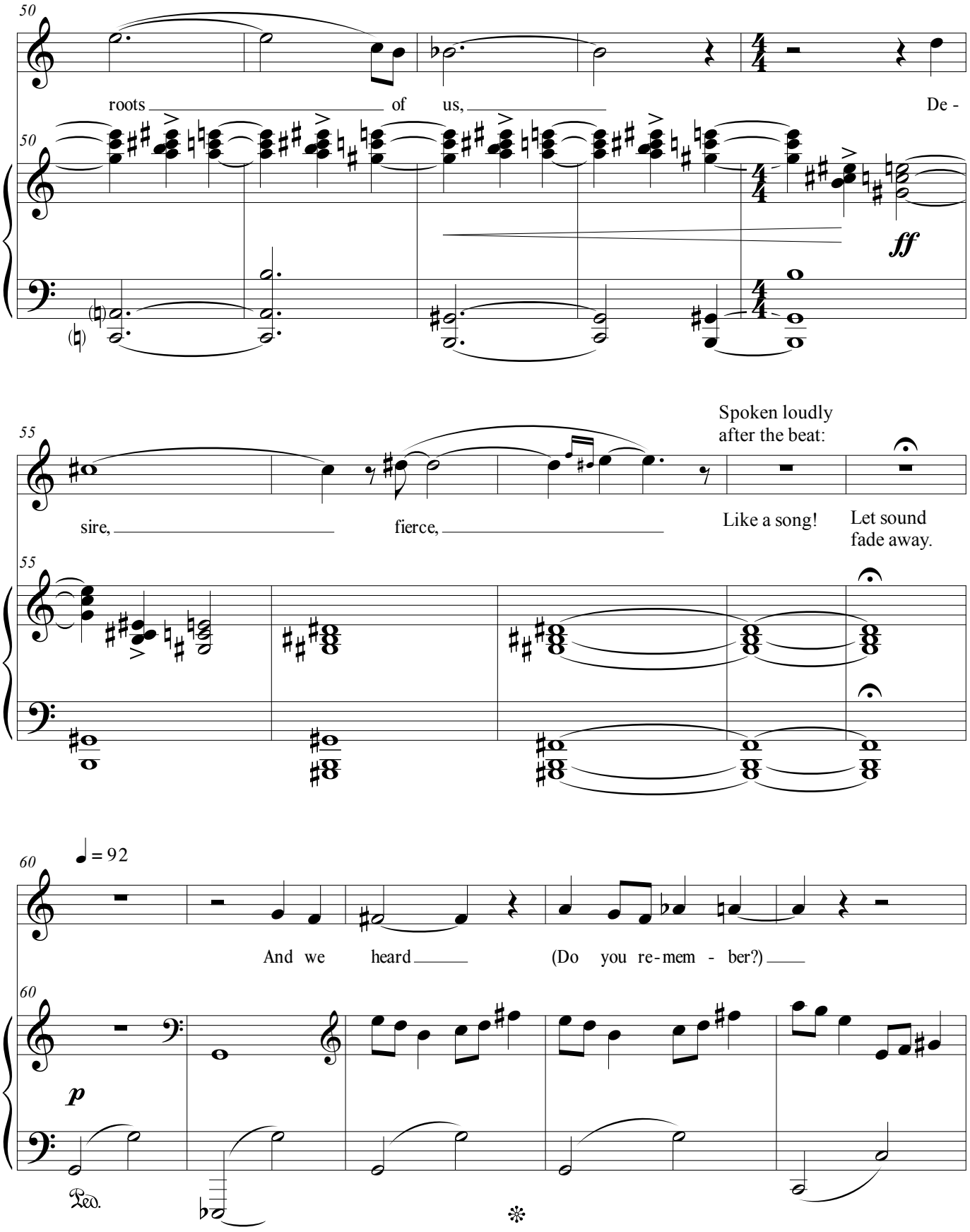


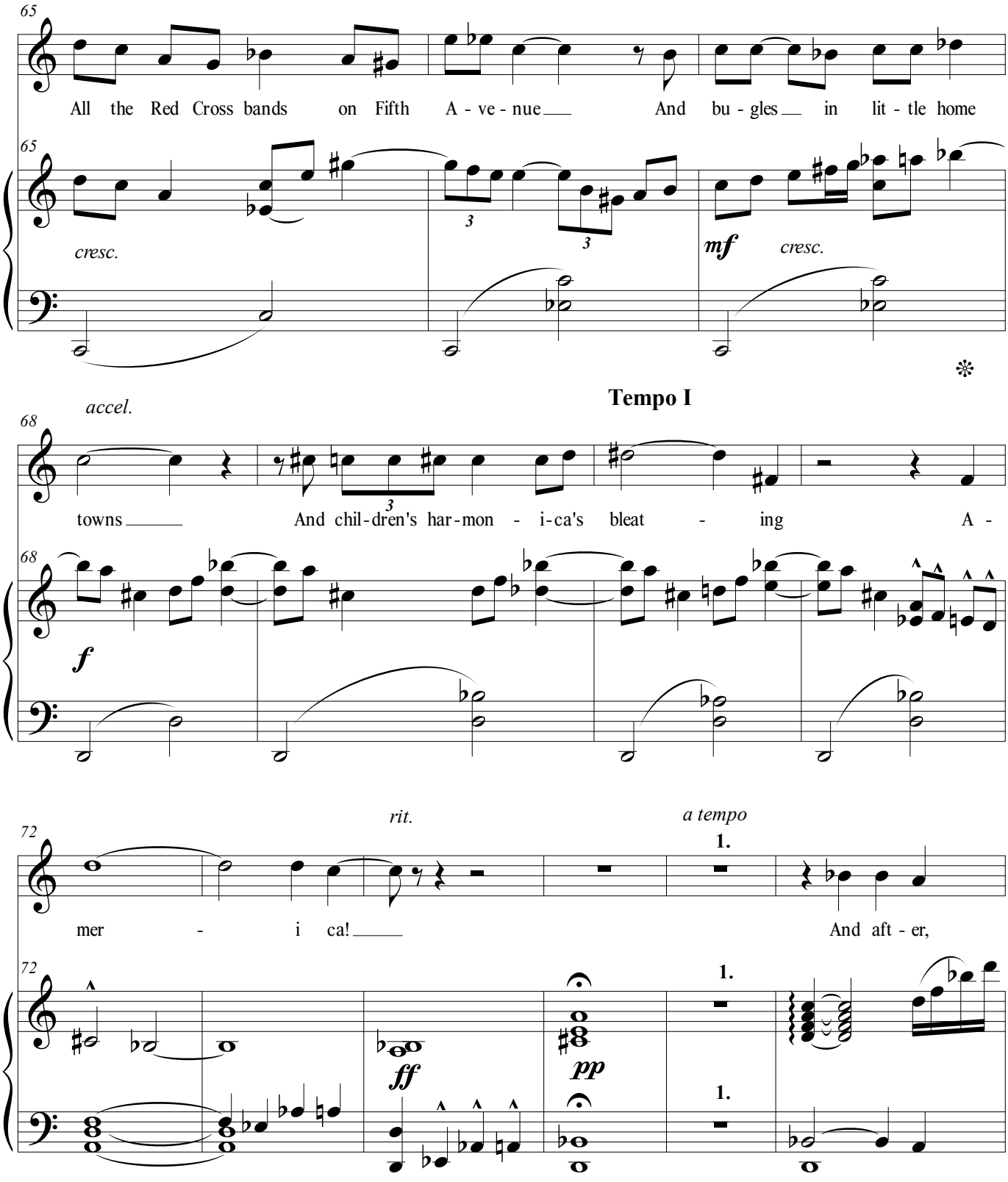
© 2020

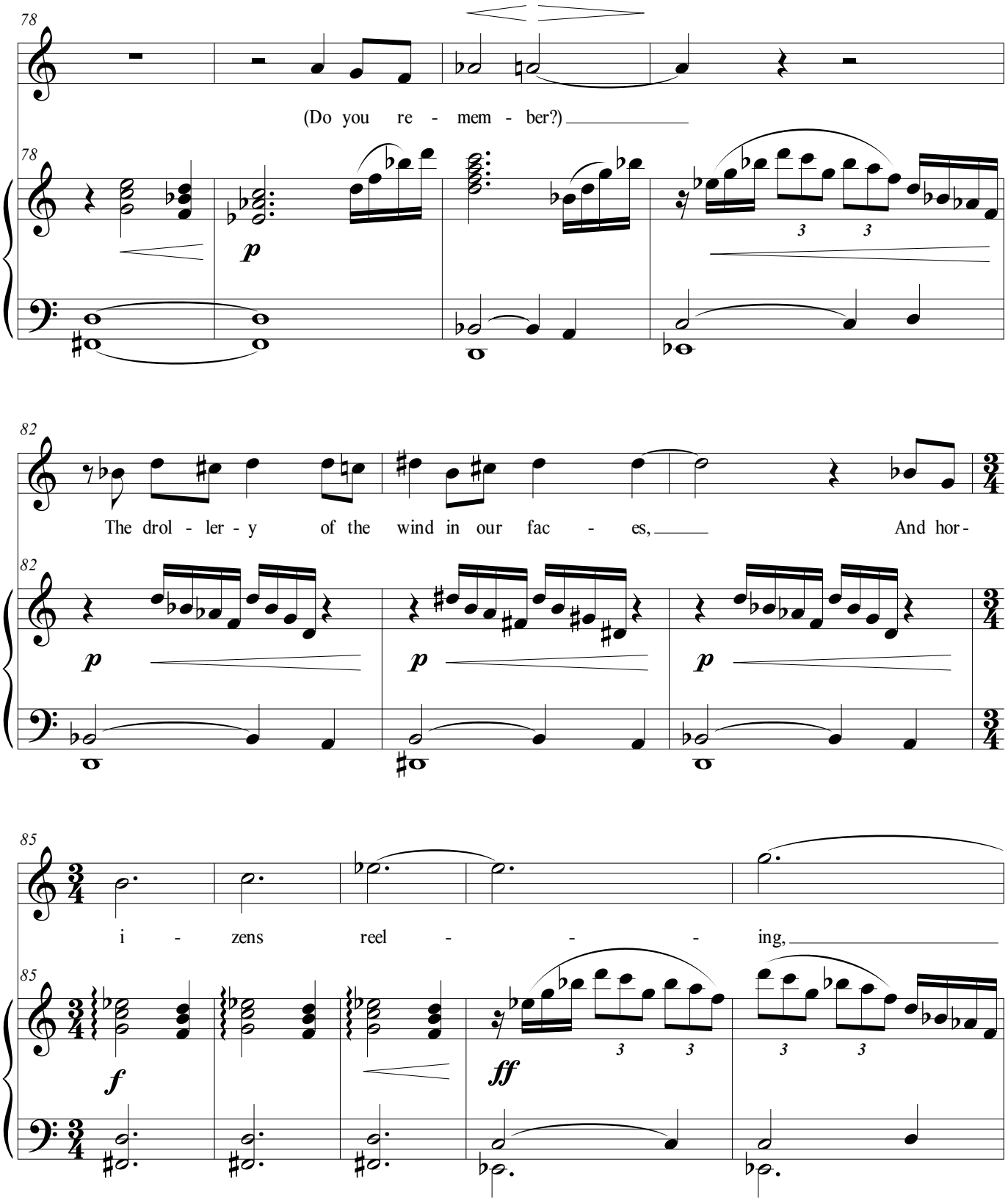

Adagio ♩= 40
pp sotto voce
Tempo I
("I can't breathe.")
Let sound fade away.
on the blood - ied ooze of fields ploughed
by the i - ron and the smoke blue - ish near earth and

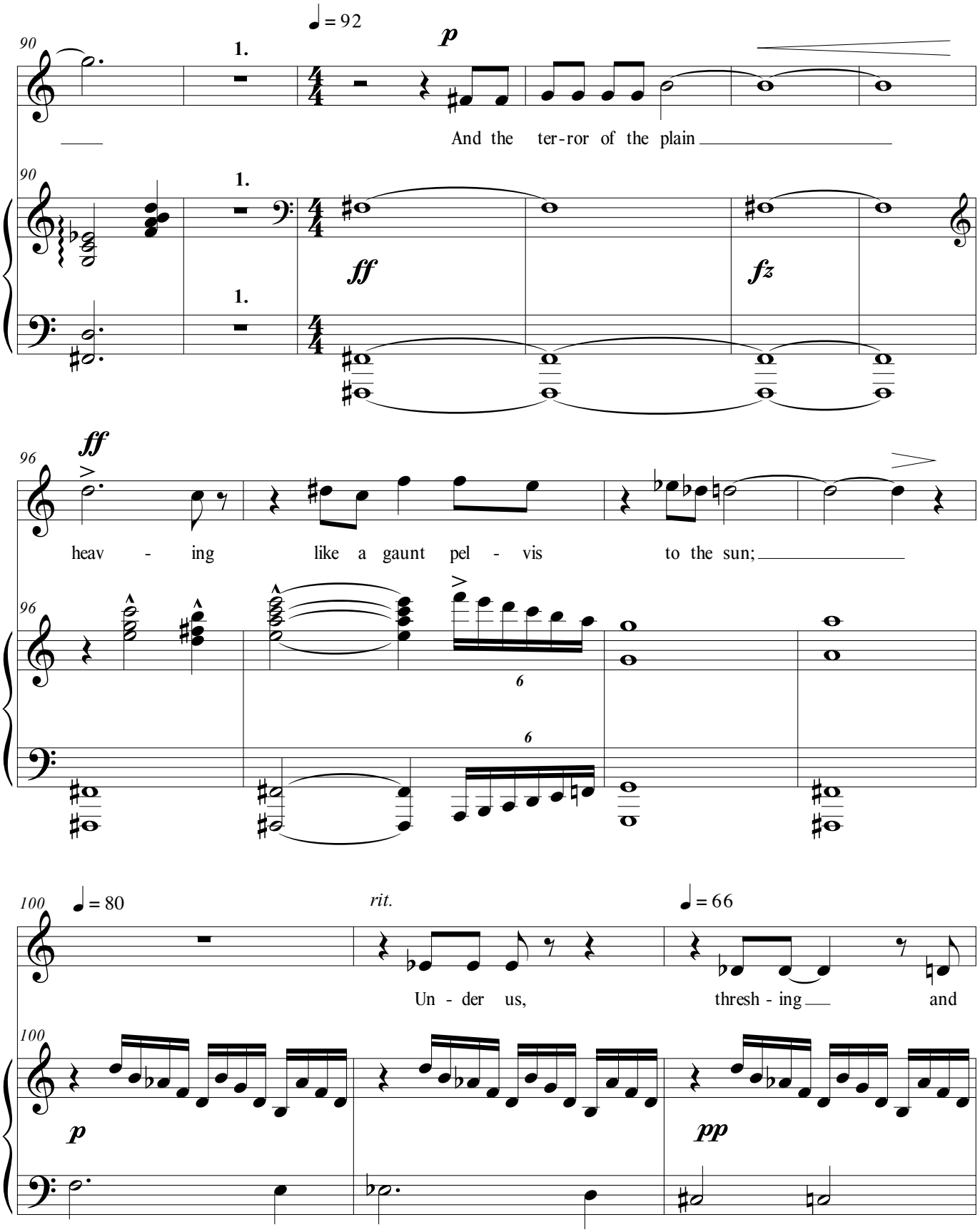

23
bronze in the sun - shine
23
f
6
25
float - ing like
25
ff
6
6
6
6
p
rit.
a tempo
27
cot - ton, like cot - ton, like cot - ton, like cott - ton down,
27


32
mf
fz
mf
And the harsh and ter - i - ble
32
ff
8va
38
ff
Adagio ♩= 40
pp sotto voce
scream - ing
("I can't breathe.")
Let sound fade away.
38
sfffz
p
8va
45
Tempo I
3
3
And the strange vi - bra - tion at the
45
p
cresc.
f

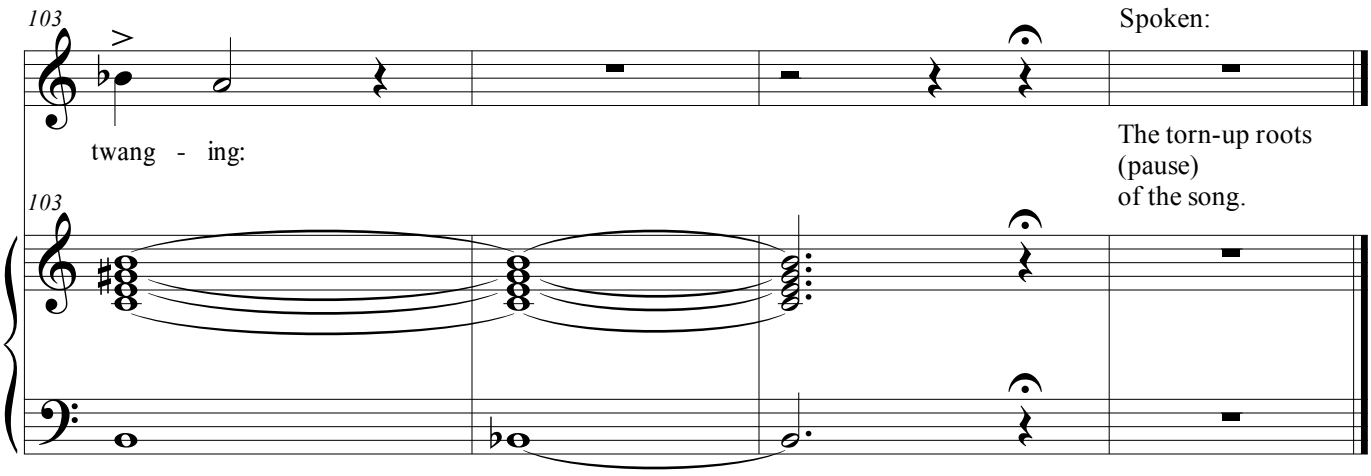

50
roots of us, De -
ff
55
sire, fierce,
Spoken loudly
after the beat:
Like a song!
Let sound
fade away.
60
♩ = 92
And we heard (Do you re-mem - ber?)
p
Ped.


65
All the Red Cross bands on Fifth A - ve - nue And bu - gles in lit - tle home
cresc.
mf
cresc.
Tempo I
accel.
68
towns And chil-dren's har-mon - i-ca's bleat - ing A -
f
rit.
a tempo
72
mer - i ca! And aft - er,
1.
ff
pp


78
(Do you re - mem - ber?)
78
p
82
The drol - ler - y of the wind in our fac - es, And hor -
82
p
p
p
85
i - zens reel - - - ing,
85
f
ff


90
1.
♩ = 92
p
And the ter-ror of the plain
ff
fz
96
ff
heav - ing like a gaunt pel - vis to the sun;
6
100
♩ = 80
rit.
♩ = 66
Un - der us, thresh - ing and
p
pp

The Song



The Wind Shifts

Baritone

This is how the wind shifts:
Like the thoughts of an old human,
Who still thinks eagerly
And despairingly.
The wind shifts like this:
Like a human without illusions,
Who still feels irrational things within her.
The wind shifts like this:
Like humans approaching proudly,
Like humans approaching angrily.
This is how the wind shifts:
Like a human, heavy and heavy,
Who does not care.

To the Roaring Wind

What syllable are you seeking,
Vocalissimus,
In the distances of sleep?
Speak it.

A shift in the wind is both a commonplace natural occurrence and a metaphor for a change in the tenor of experience. This duality is at the core of Wallace Stevens's early lyric "The Wind Shifts" and also of the composition inspired by it. The music understands the shifting winds, in both senses, as elements in a larger life cycle. The work proceeds continuously but at the same time subdivides into definite sections which recur cyclically with different degrees of completeness and persistence. All but one of these sectional cycles (the one being the necessary exception and counterforce) are based on harmonic cycles that rotate by triad, one to a measure, along a fixed pattern without the rationale of traditional tonal syntax. The text setting, in in keeping with the cyclical impulse, rotates (changing as it goes) from "The Wind Shifts" to a related related short lyric by Stevens, "To the Roaring Wind."

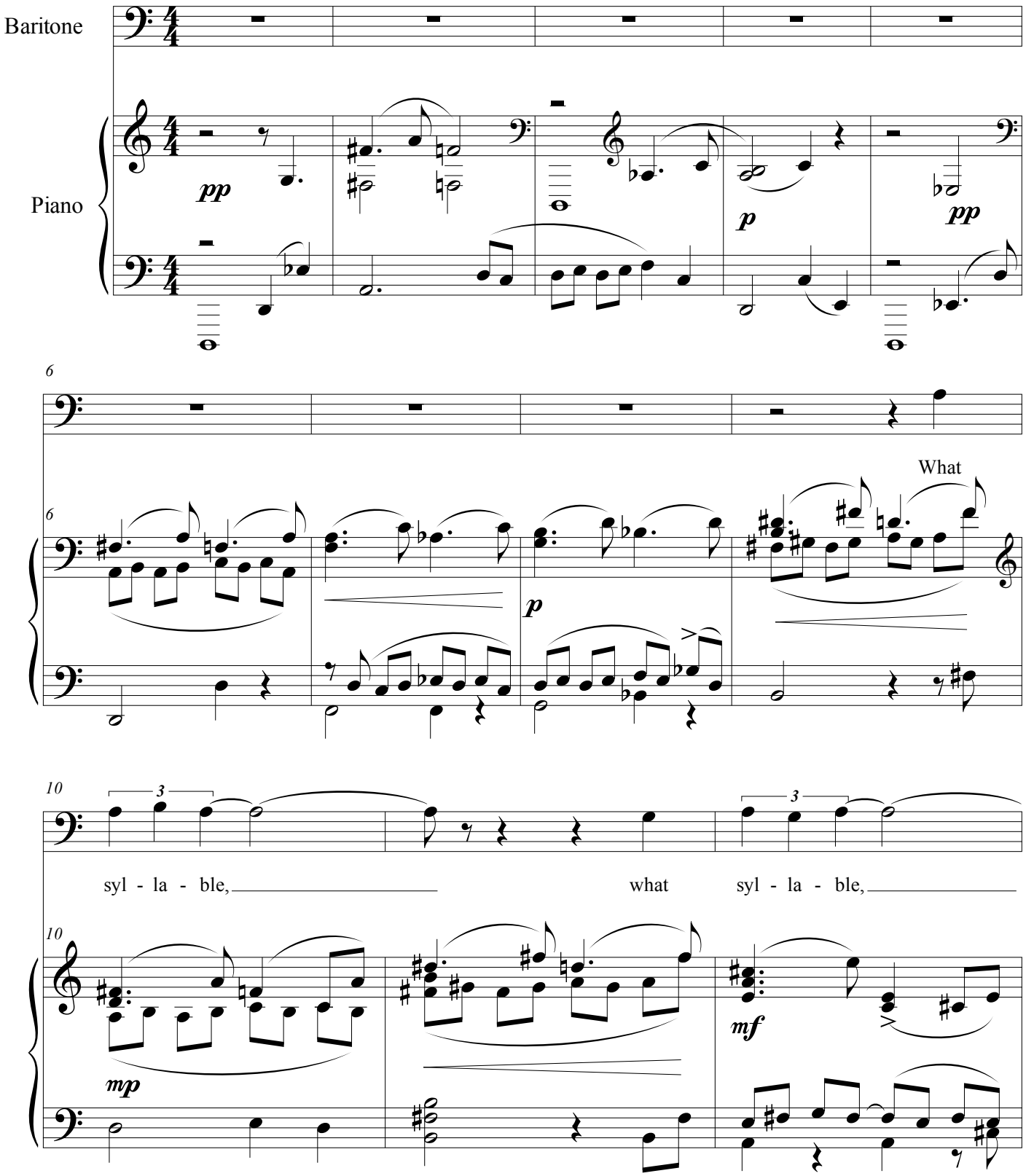
Voice range: A♭2-E4.
Tessitura: D3 - C4
Duration 9:30

Composed 2011. 2017

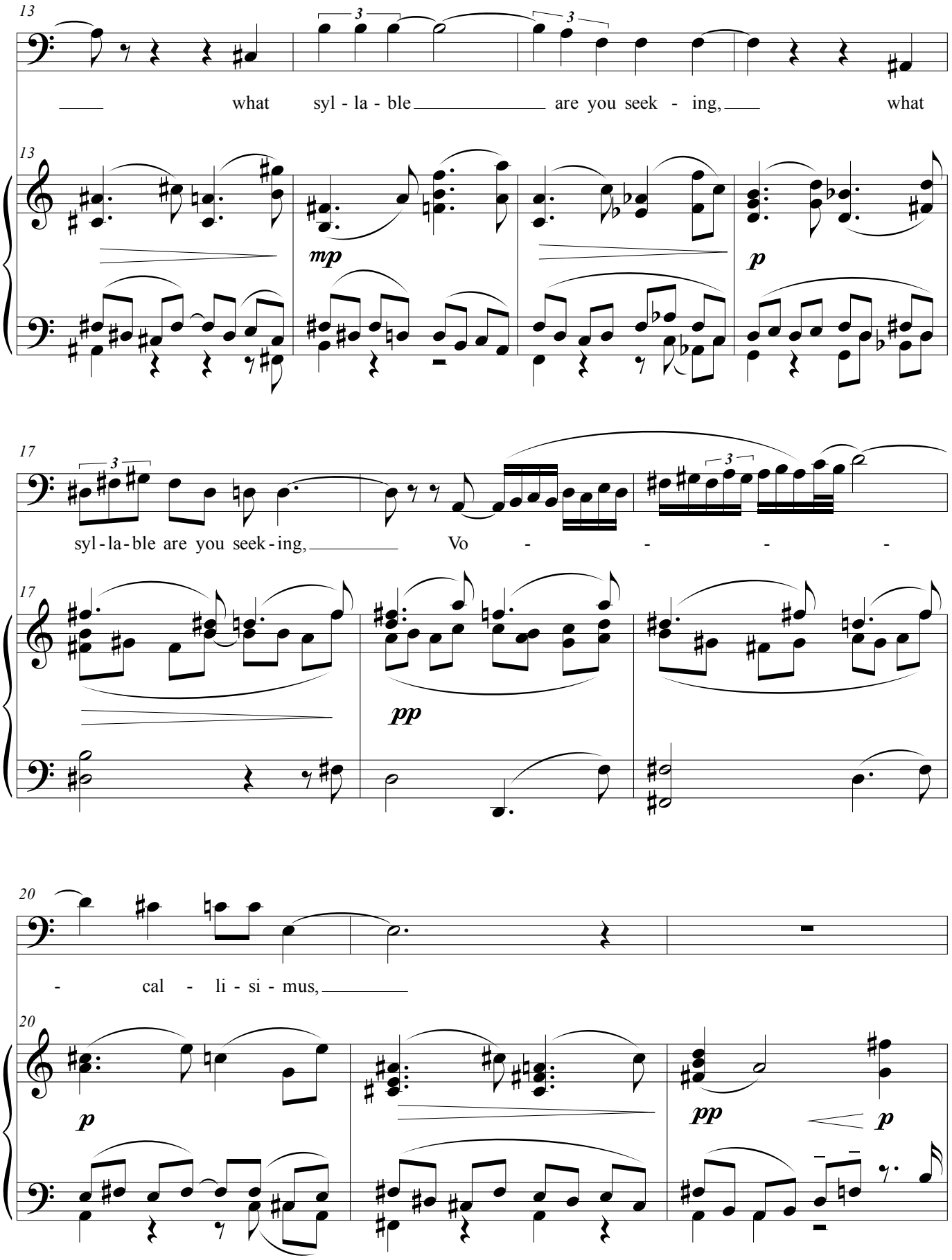
The Wind Shifts

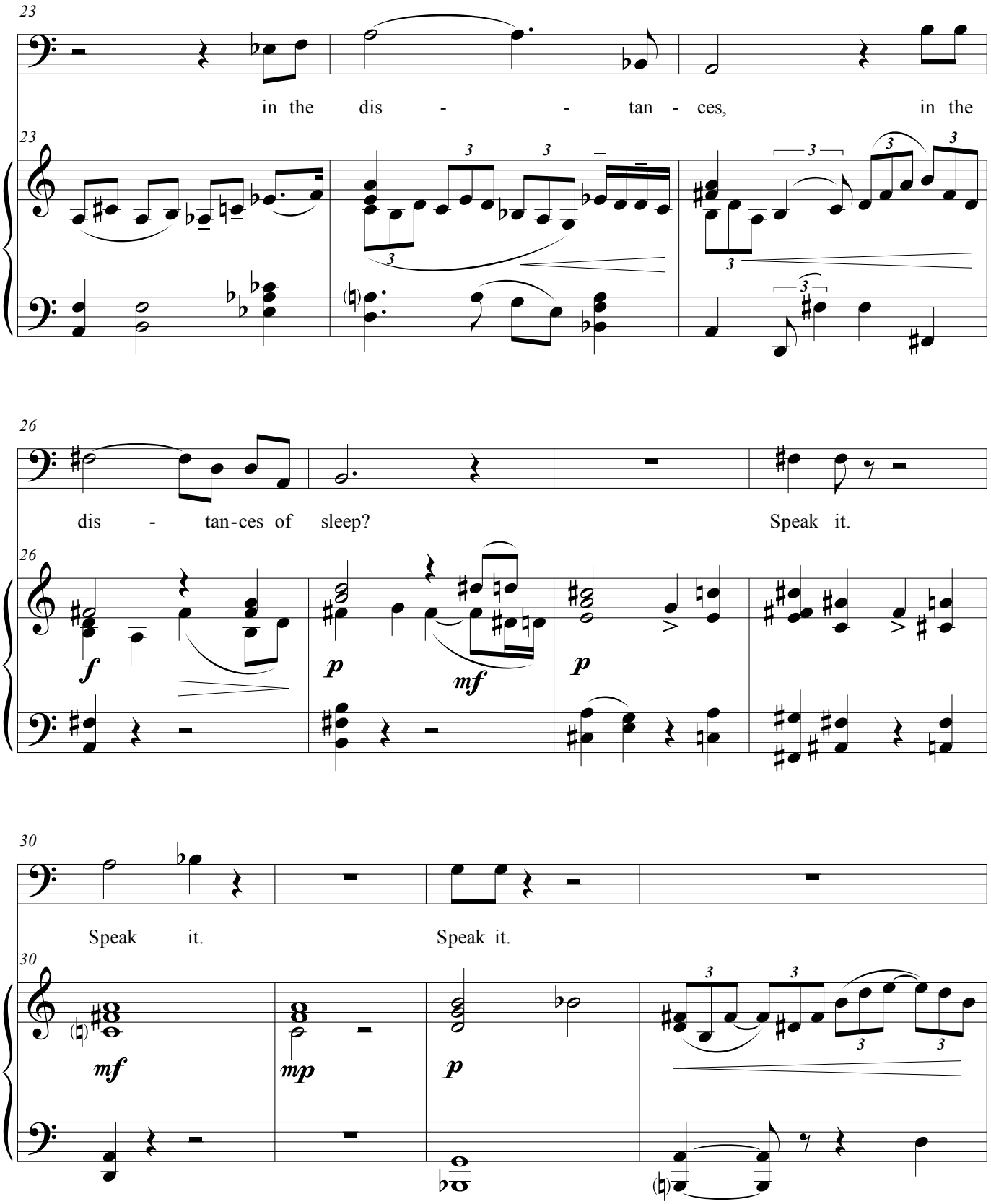
♩ = 69

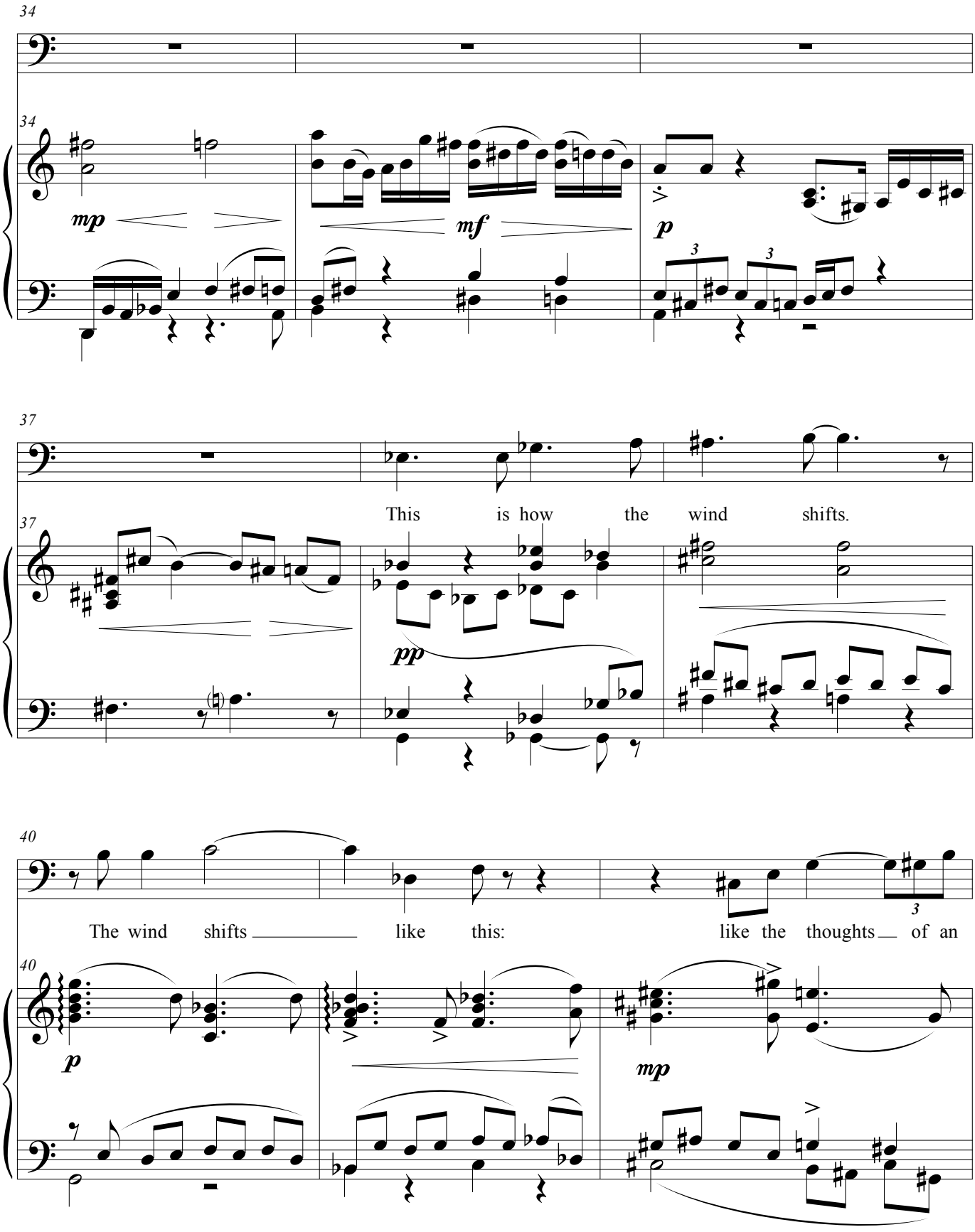
Lawrence Kramer

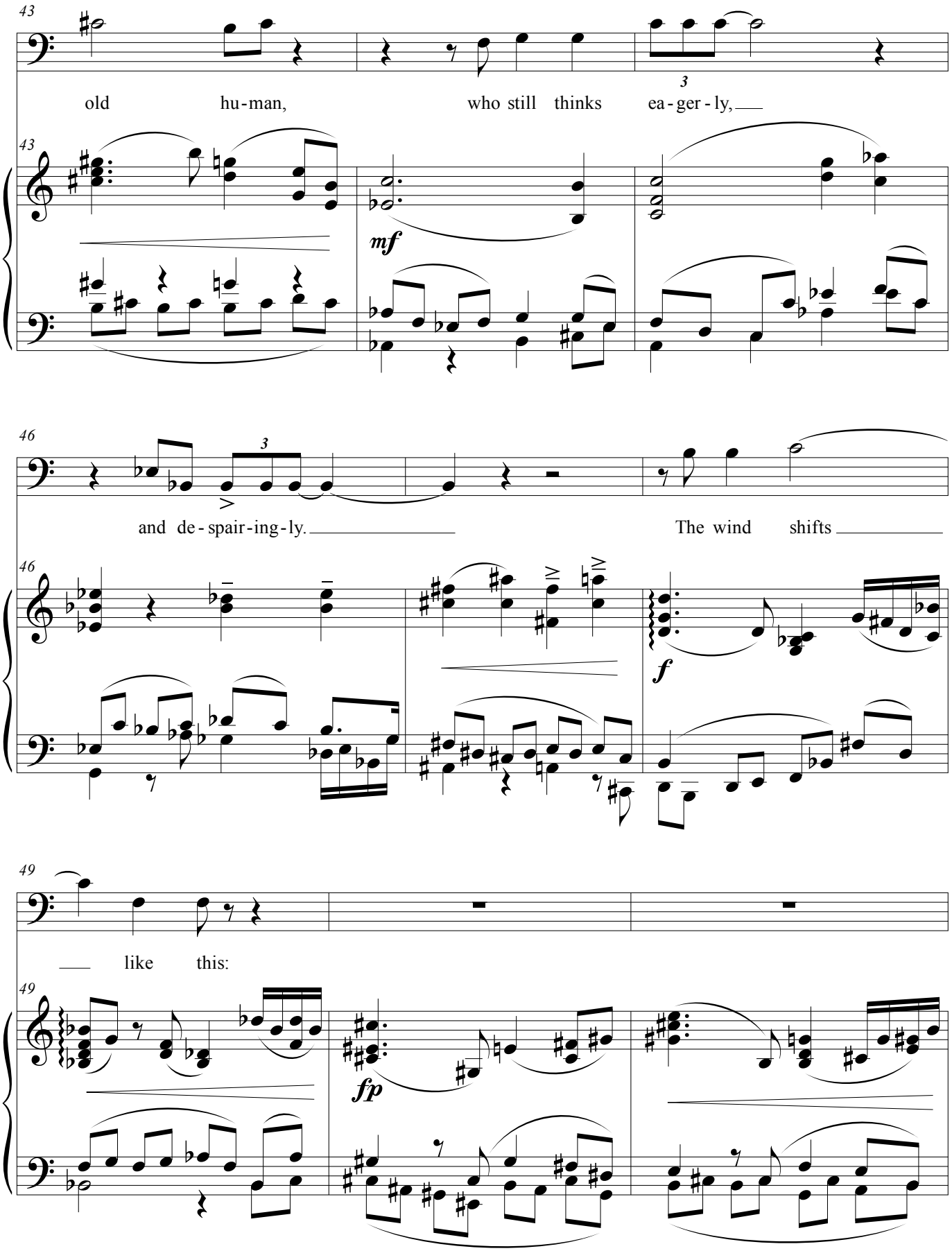


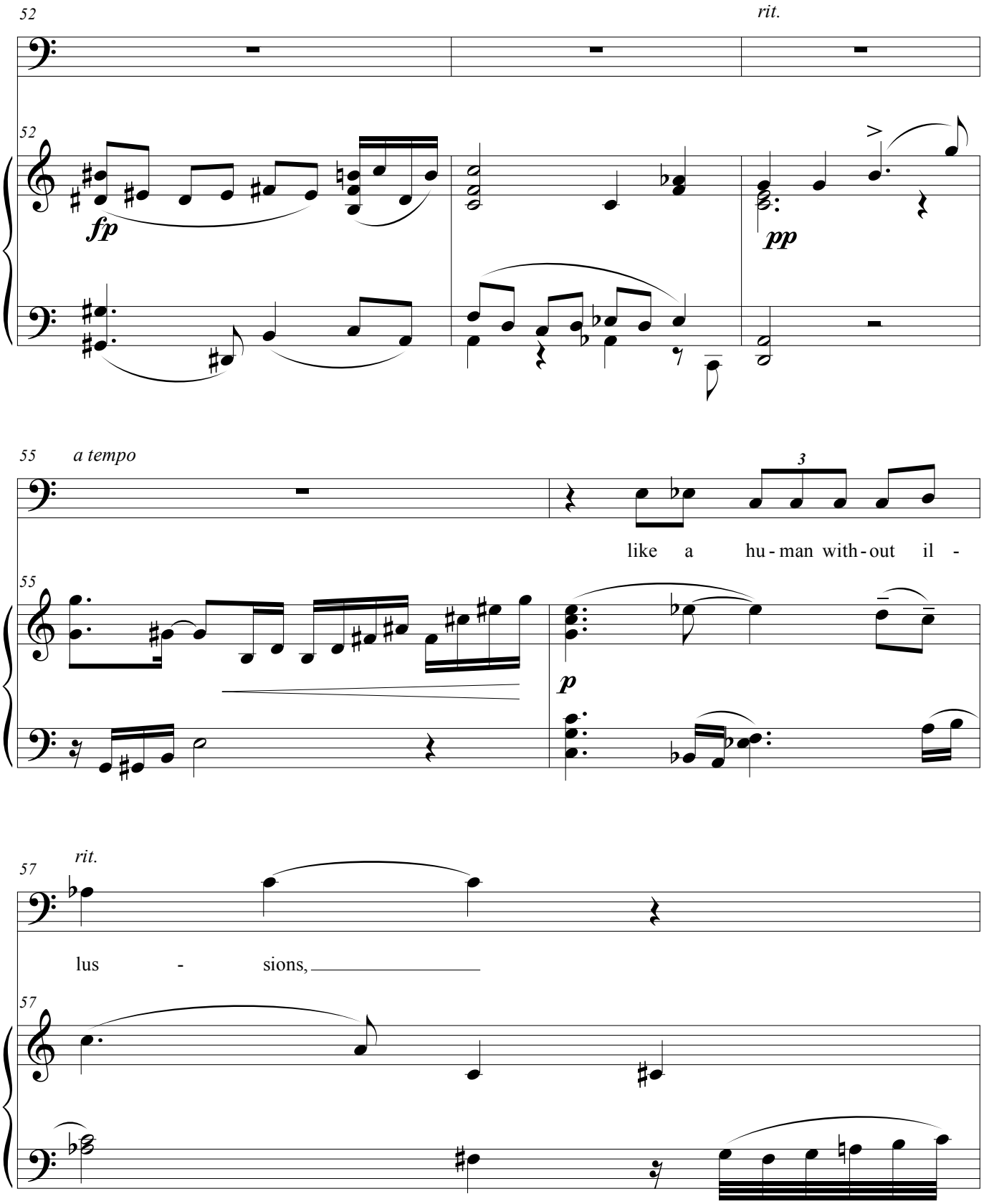
© 2017

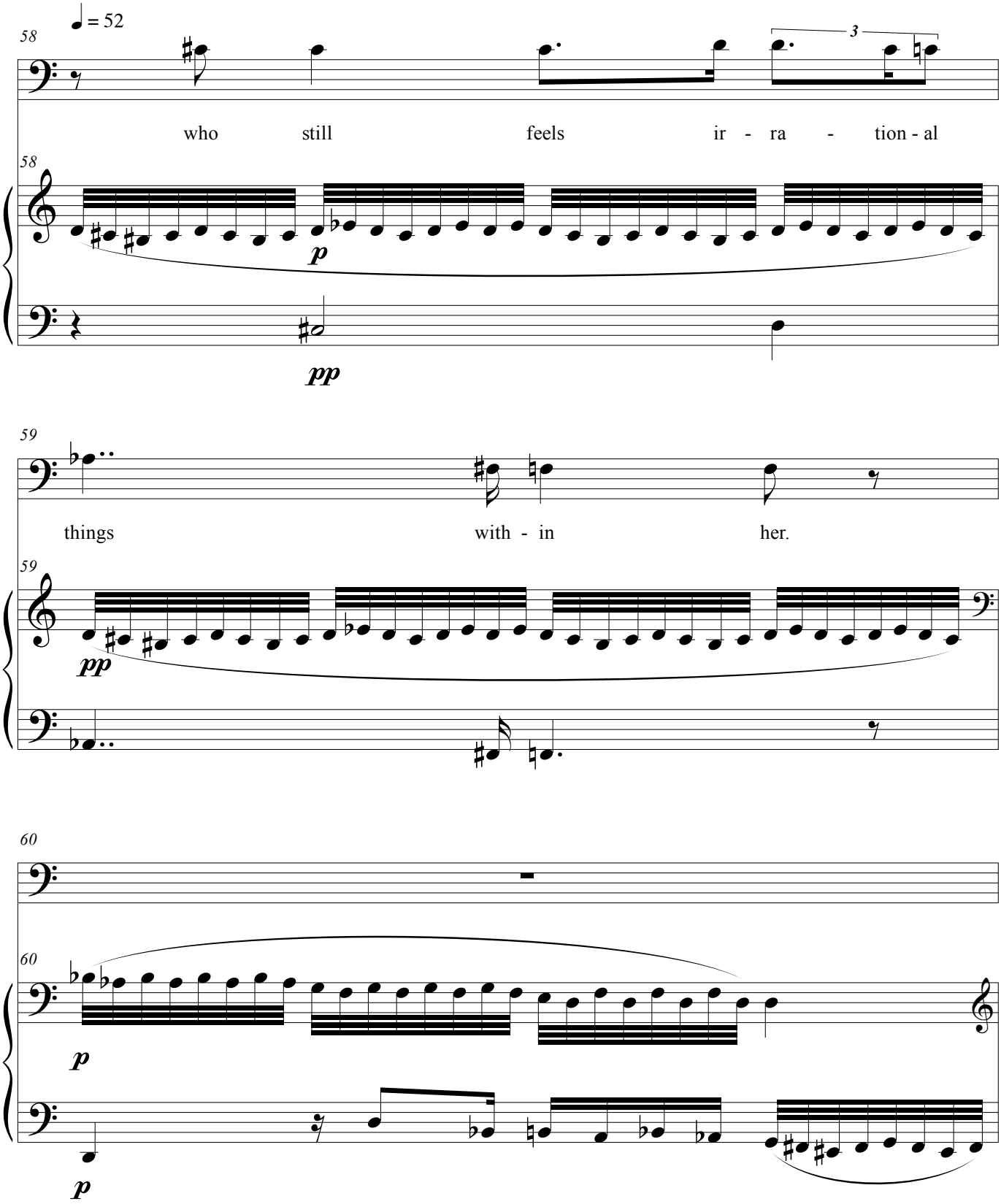

13
what syl - la - ble are you seek - ing, what
mp
p
17
syl - la - ble are you seek - ing, Vo - - - -
pp
20
- cal - li - si - mus,
p
pp
p

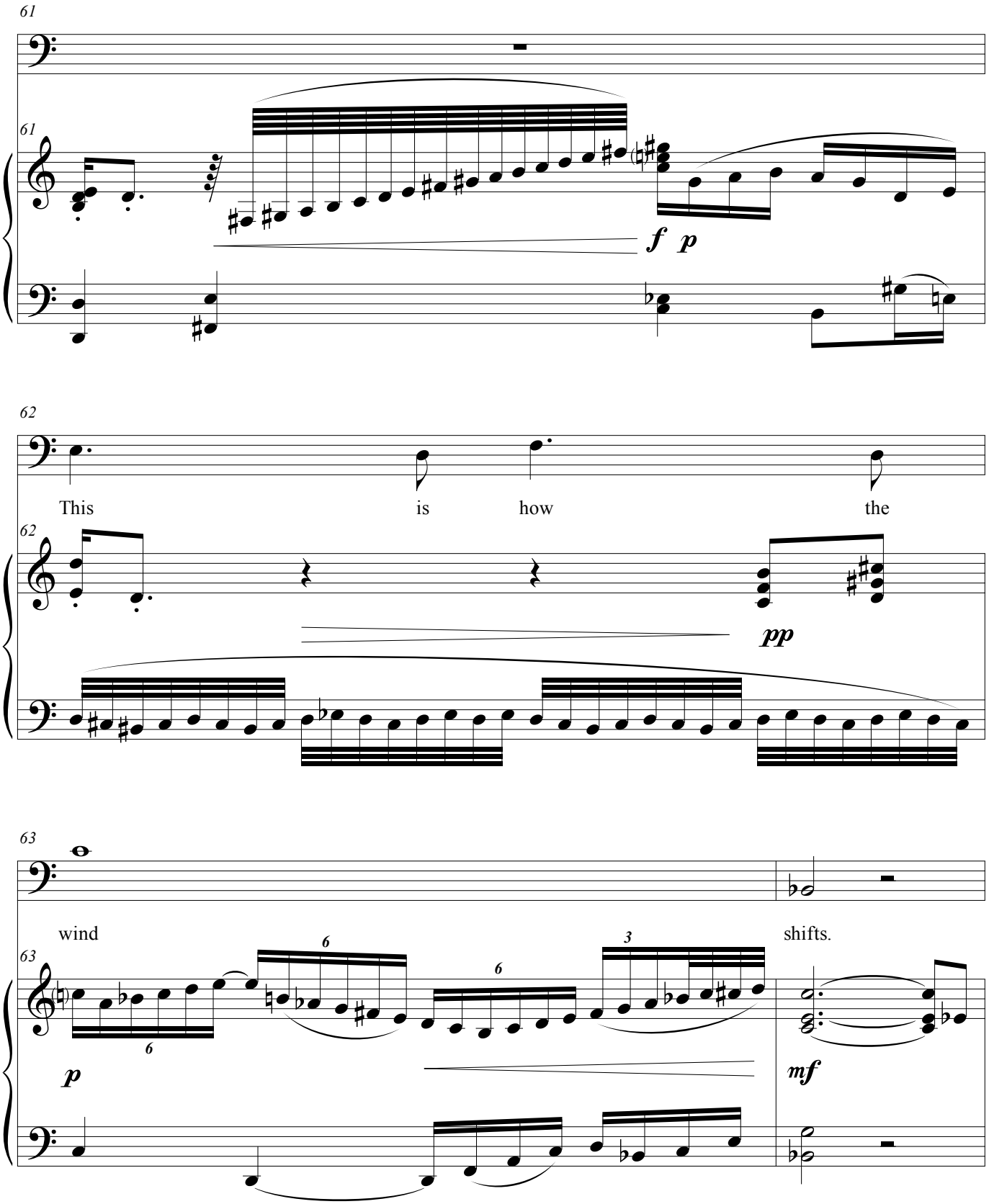

23
in the dis - - tan - ces, in the
23
26
dis - tan-ces of sleep? Speak it.
26
f
p
mf
p
30
Speak it. Speak it.
30
mf
mp
p

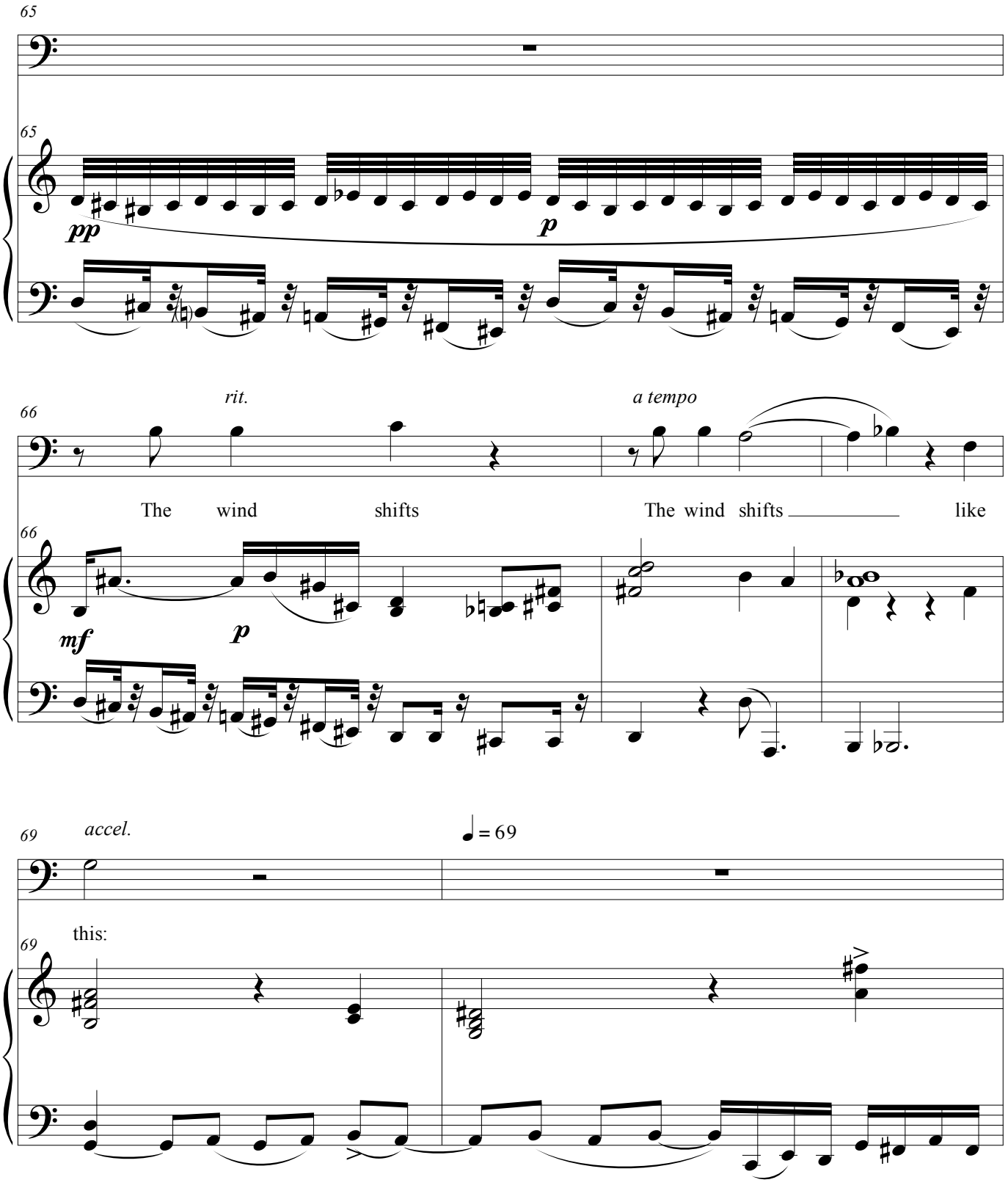

34
mp
mf
p
37
This is how the wind shifts.
pp
40
The wind shifts like this: like the thoughts of an
p
mp

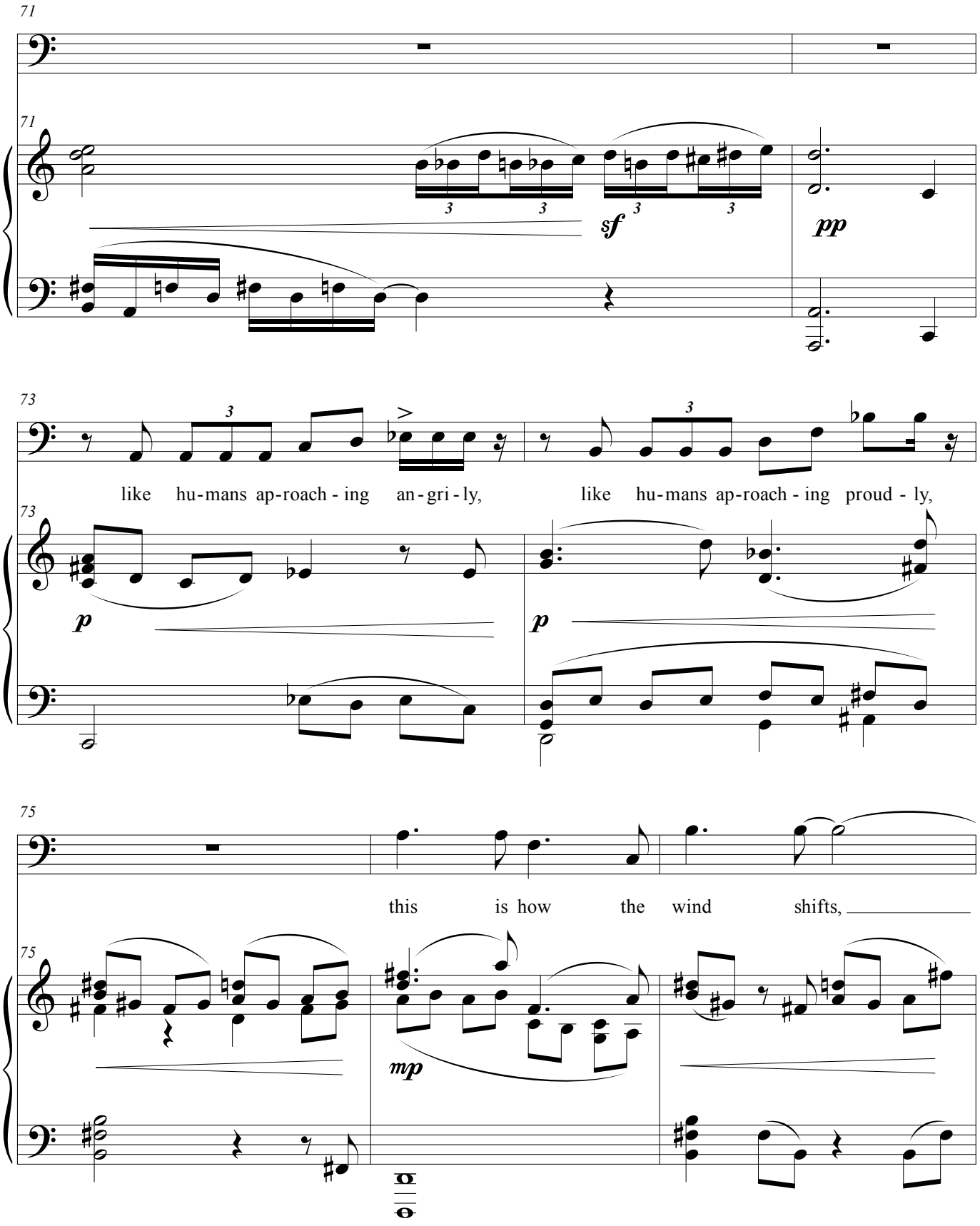

43
old hu-man, who still thinks ea-ger-ly,
3
mf
46
and de-spair-ing-ly.
The wind shifts
f
49
like this:
fp

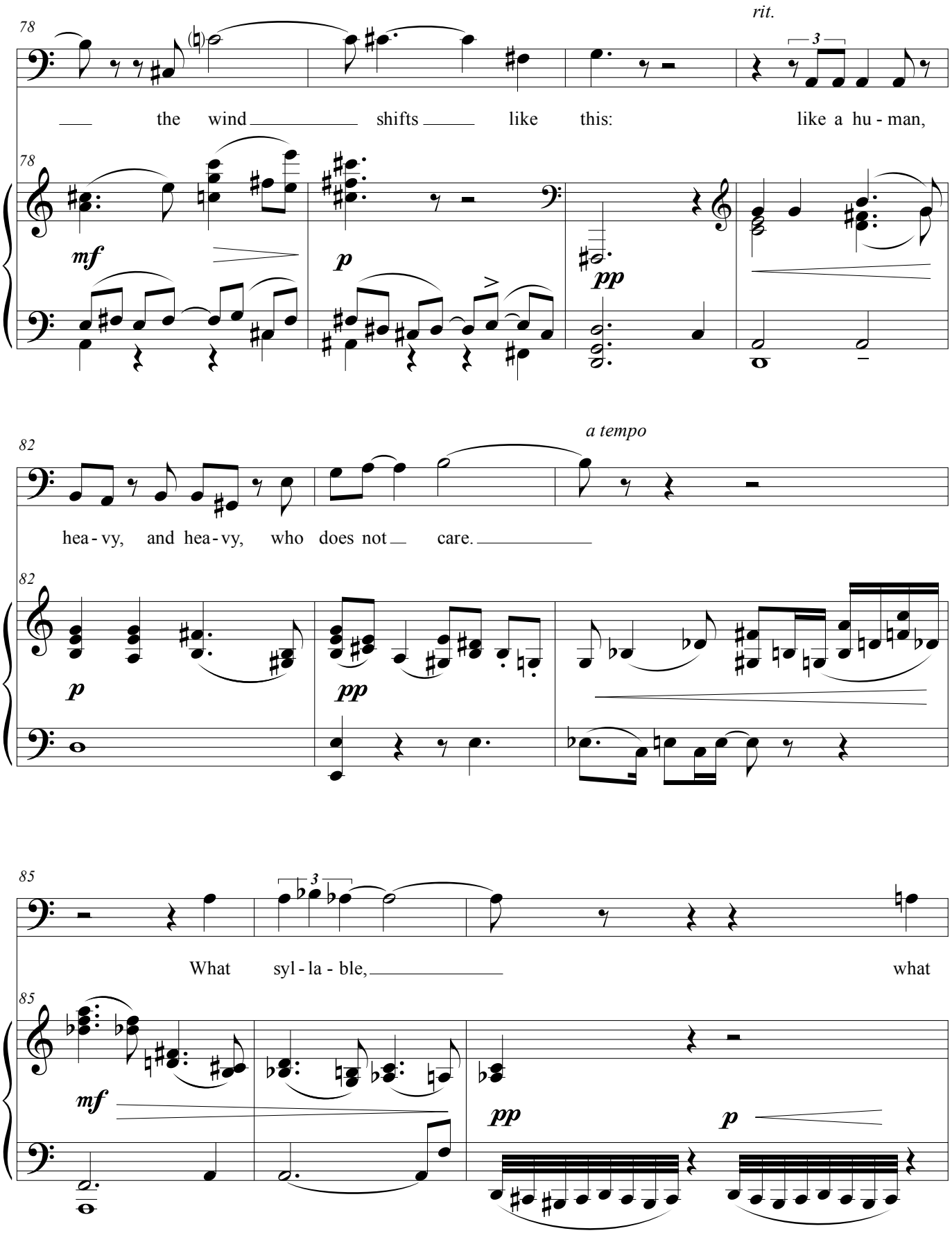

52
rit.
52
fp
pp
55
a tempo
3
like a hu - man with - out il -
55
p
57
rit.
lus - sions,
57

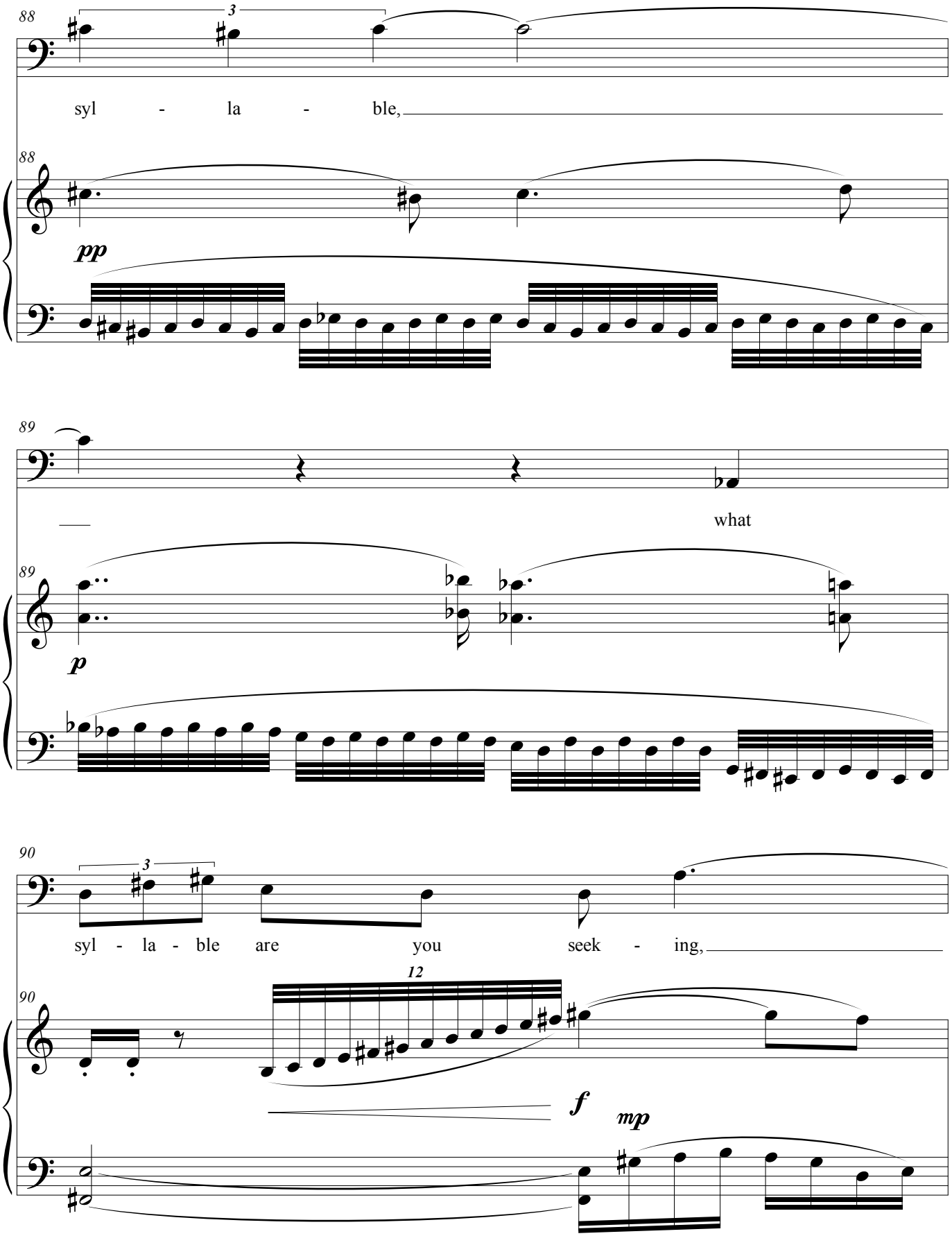

♩ = 52
58
3
who still feels ir - ra - tion - al
p
pp
59
things with - in her.
pp
60
p
p

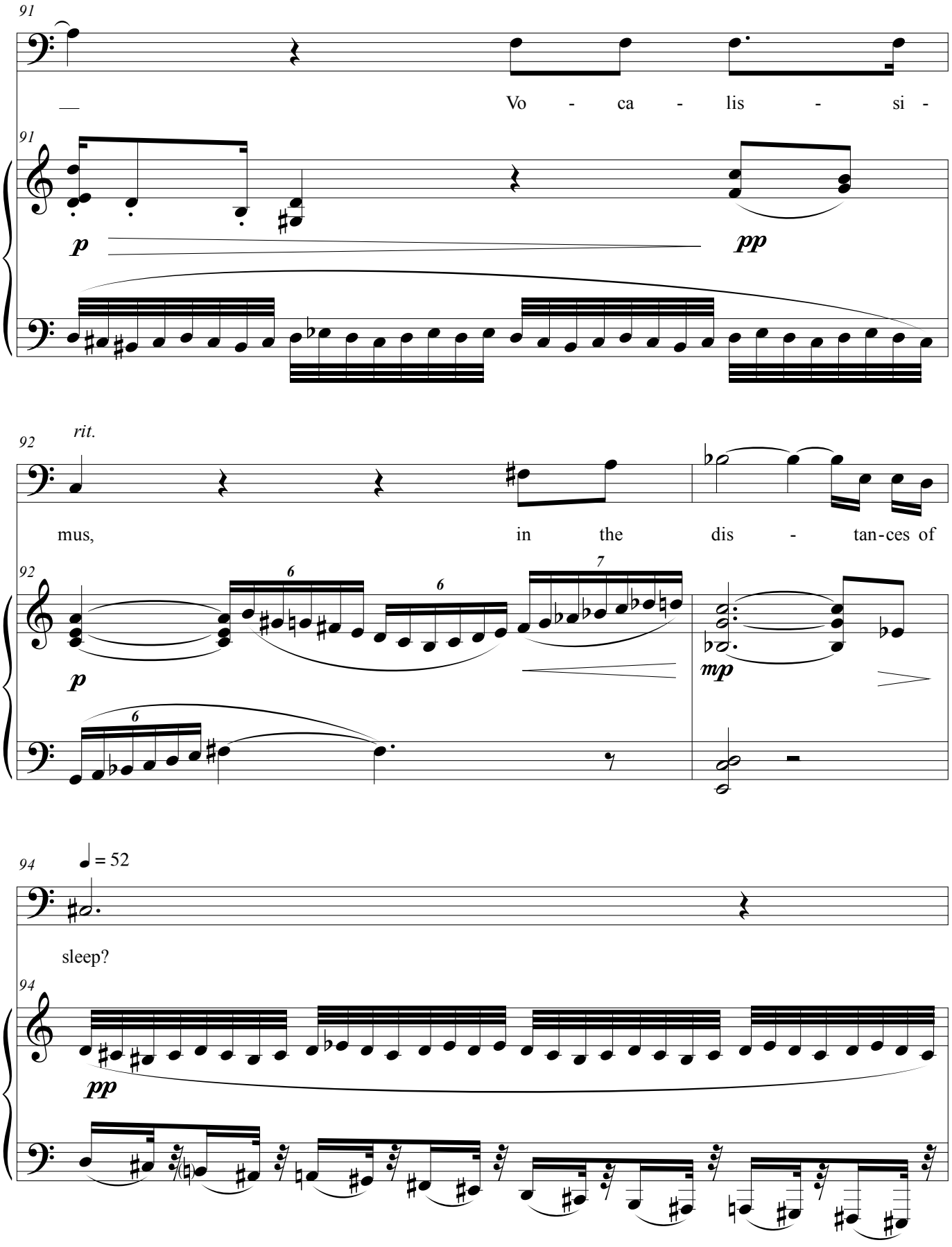

61
61
f p
62
This is how the
62
pp
63
wind
shifts.
63
6
6
6
3
p
mf

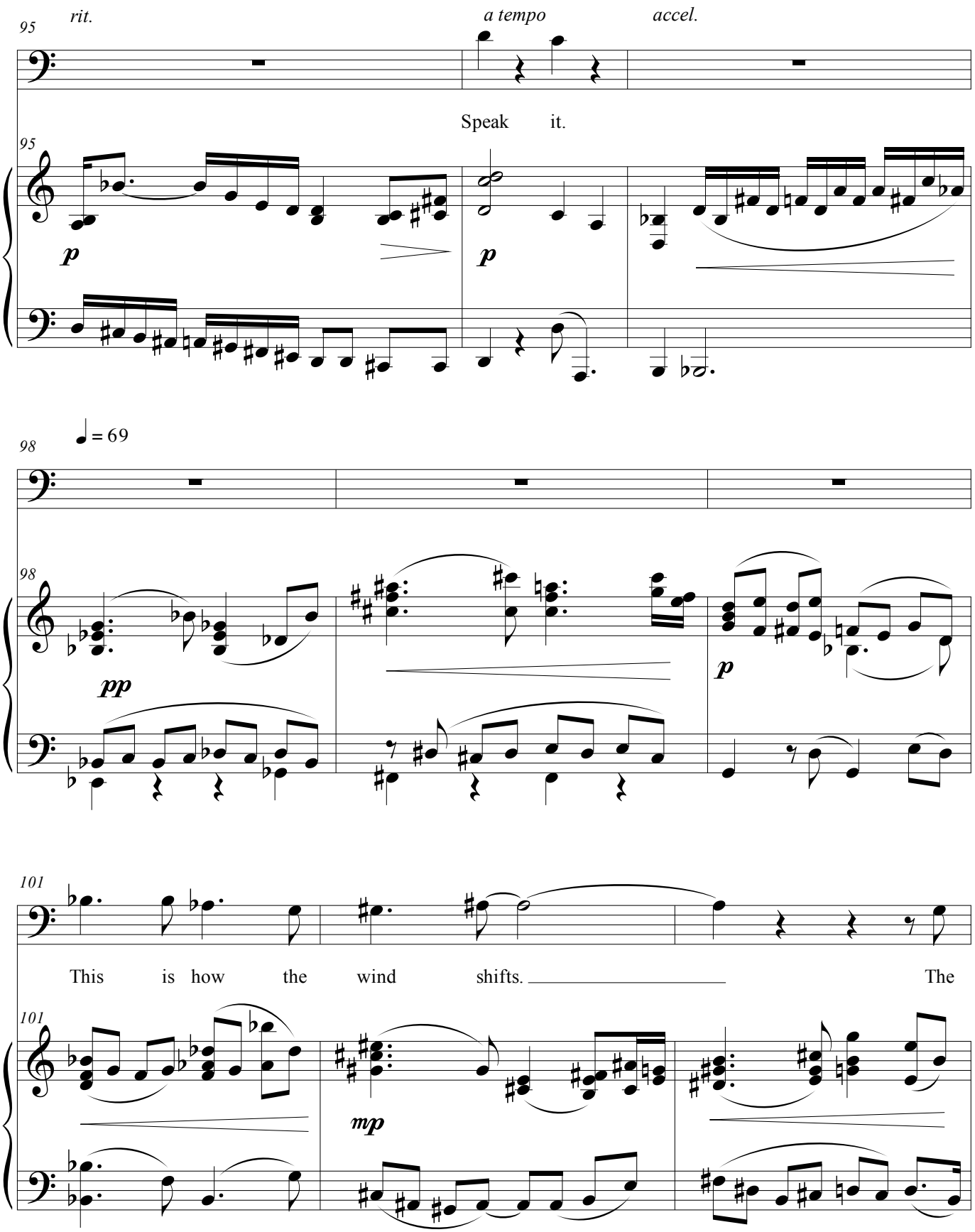

65
65
pp
p
rit.
a tempo
66
66
The wind shifts
The wind shifts
like
mf
p
69
accel.
♩ = 69
69
this:

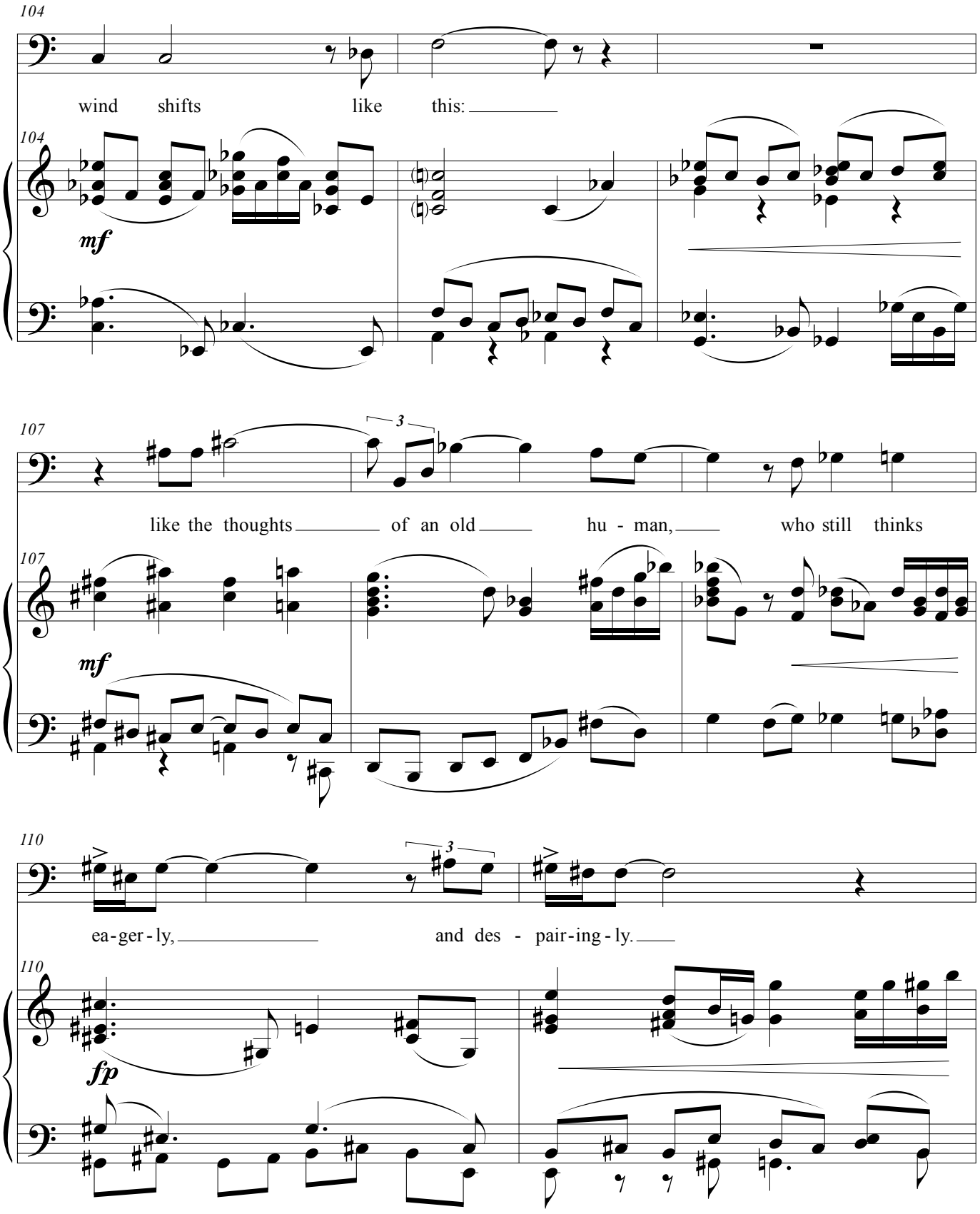

71
71
sf
pp
73
like hu-mans ap-roach-ing an-gri-ly, like hu-mans ap-roach-ing proud-ly,
73
p
p
75
this is how the wind shifts,
75
mp

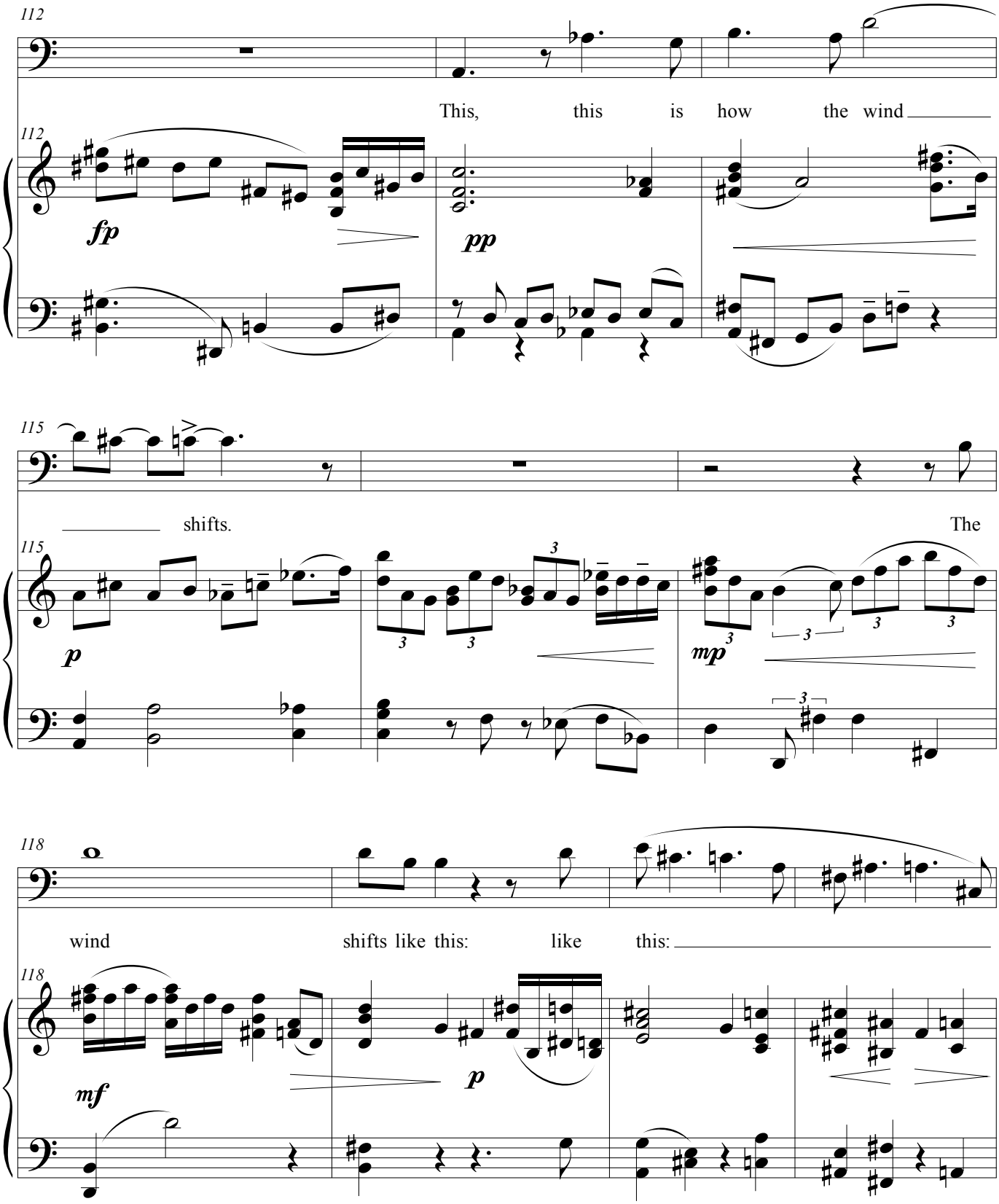

78
rit.
3
the wind shifts like this: like a hu - man,
78
mf
p
pp
82
a tempo
hea - vy, and hea - vy, who does not care.
82
p
pp
85
3
What syl - la - ble, what
85
mf
pp
p

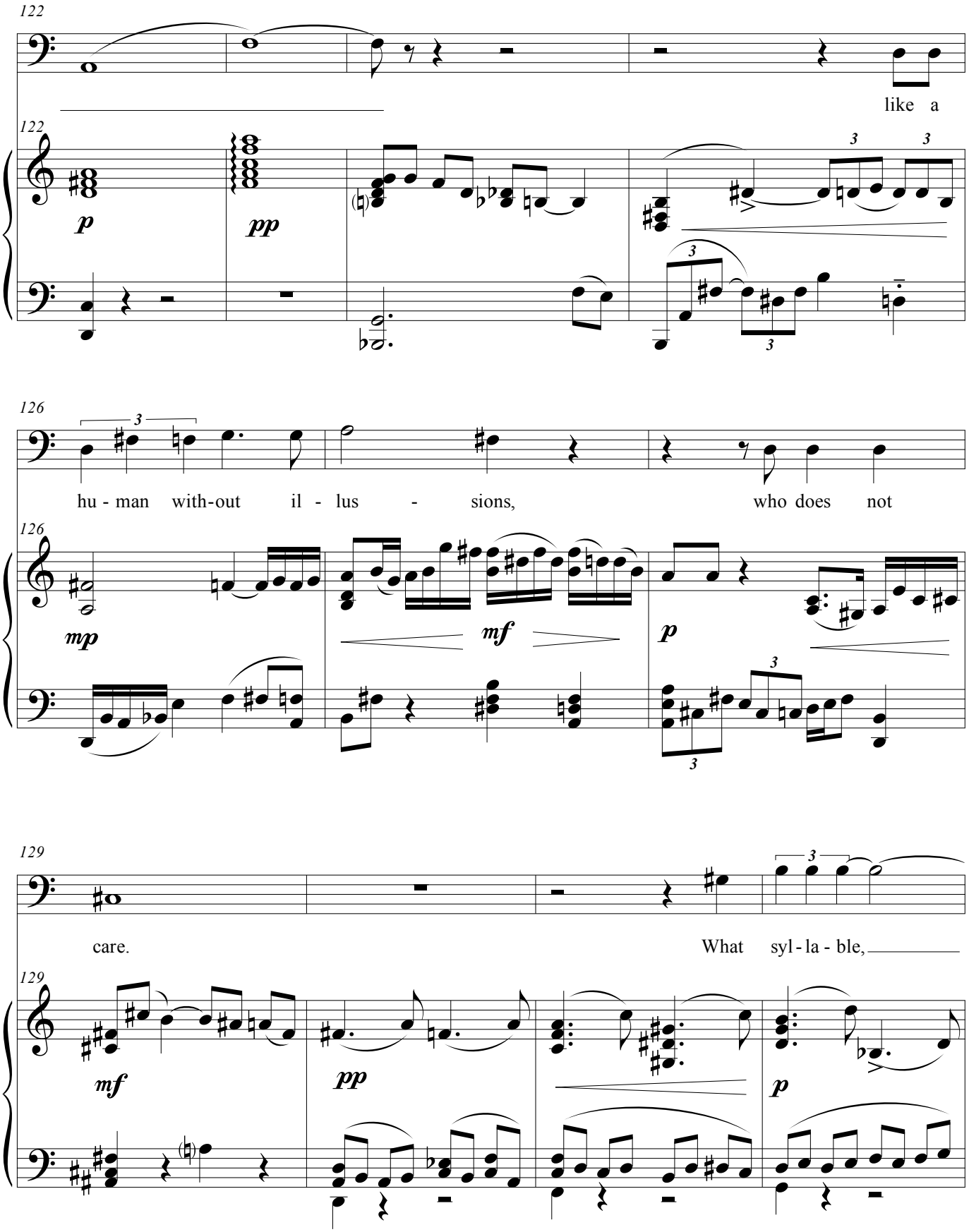

88
3
syl - la - ble,
88
pp
89
what
89
p
90
3
syl - la - ble are you seek - ing,
12
90
f
mp

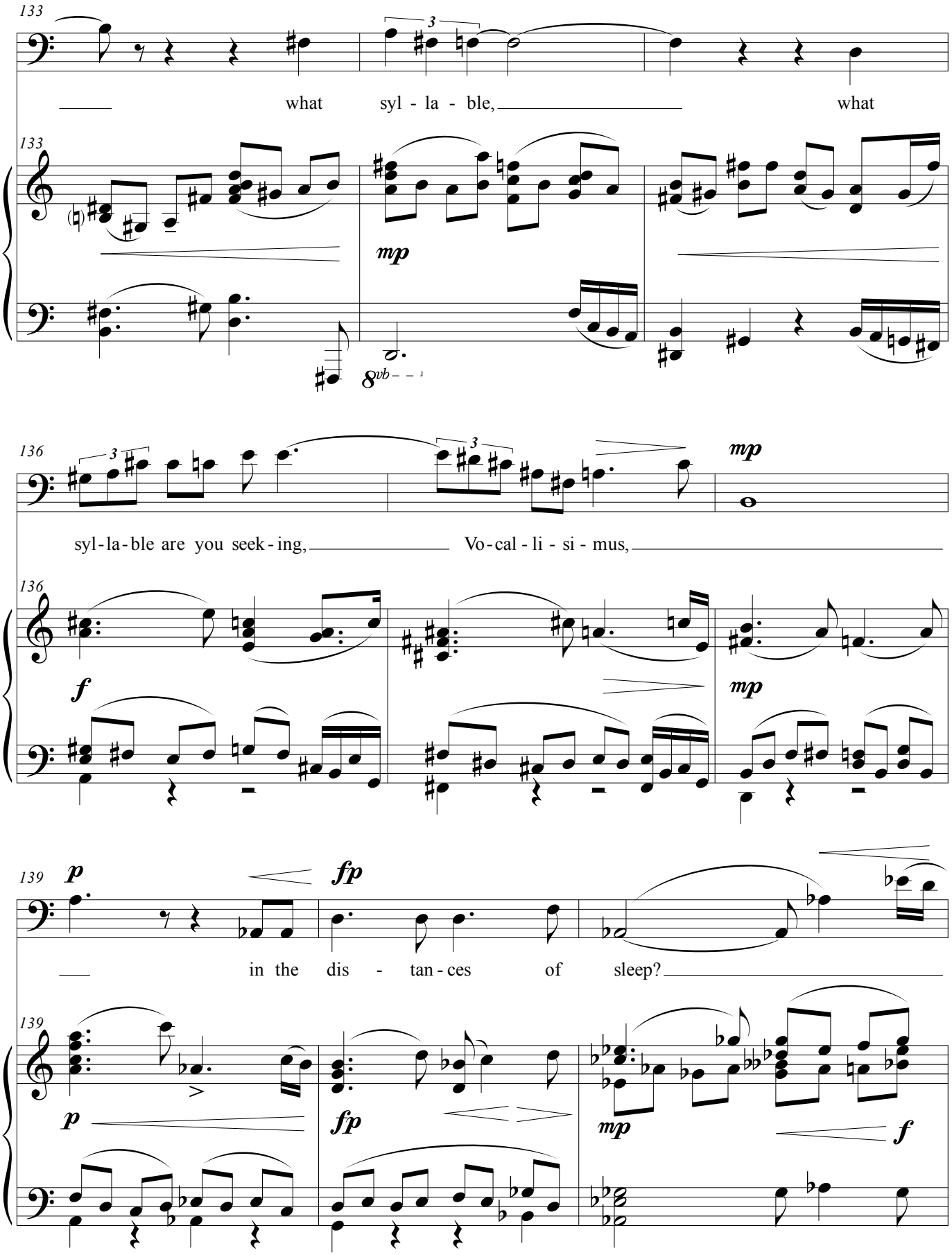

91
Vo - ca - lis - si -
91
p
pp
92
rit.
mus, in the dis - tan-ces of
92
6
6
7
p
mp
6
94
♩ = 52
sleep?
94
pp

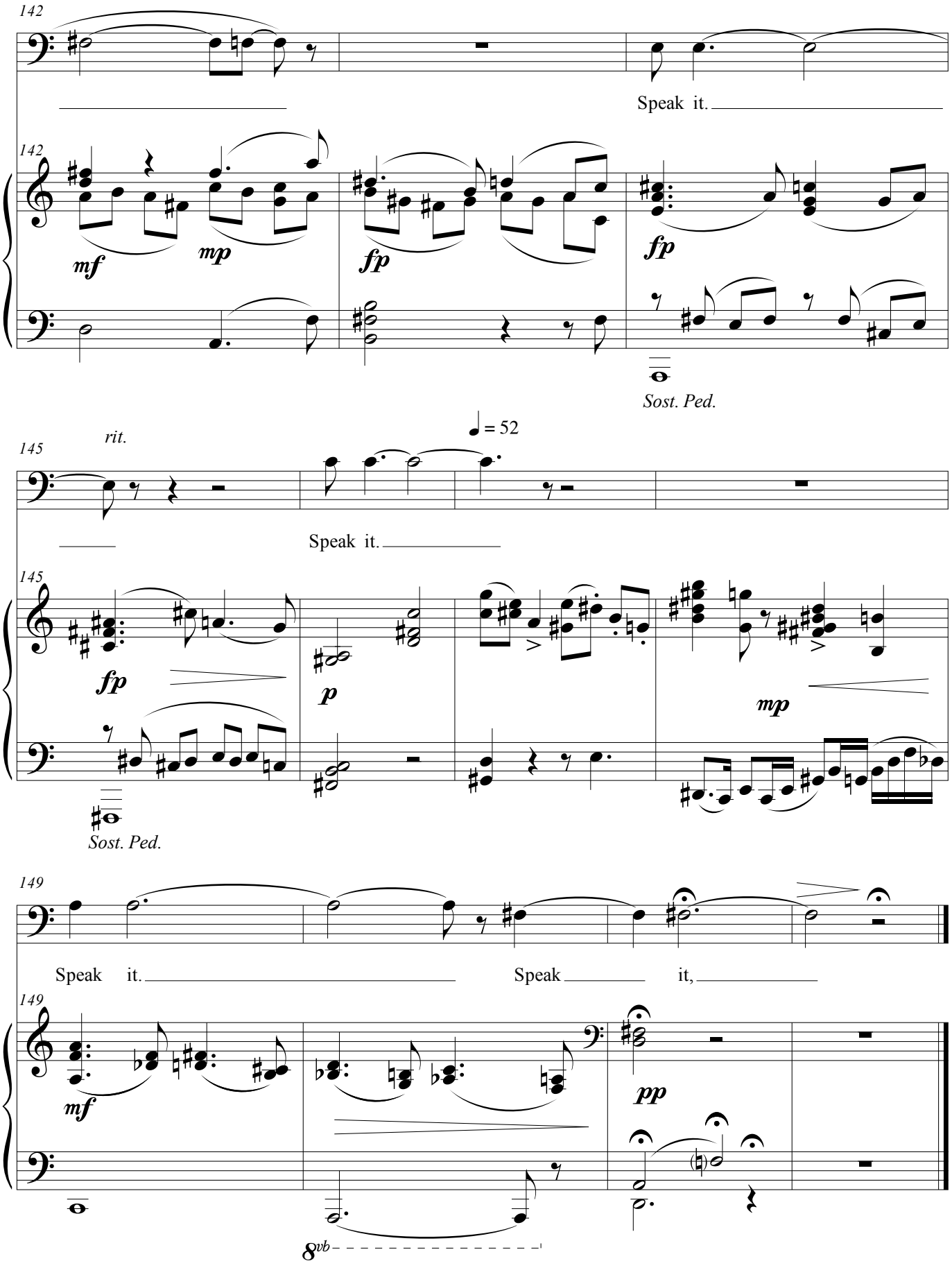

95
rit.
a tempo
accel.
Speak it.
p
p
98
♩ = 69
pp
p
101
This is how the wind shifts. The
mp


104
wind shifts like this:
104
mf
107
3
like the thoughts of an old hu - man, who still thinks
107
mf
110
3
ea-ger-ly, and des - pair-ing-ly.
110
fp


112
This, this is how the wind
112
fp
pp
115
shifts. The
115
p
mp
118
wind shifts like this: like this:
118
mf
p


122
like a
122
p
pp
3
3
3
3
126
3
hu - man with-out il - lus - sions, who does not
126
mp
mf
p
3
3
129
care. What syl - la - ble,
129
mf
pp
p


133
what syl - la - ble, what
133
mp
8vb
136
syl-la-ble are you seek-ing, Vo-cal-li-si-mus,
136
f
mp
139
p
fp
in the dis - tan-ces of sleep?
139
p
fp
mp
f


142
Speak it.
142
mf
mp
fp
fp
Sost. Ped.
145
rit.
♩ = 52
Speak it.
145
fp
p
mp
Sost. Ped.
149
Speak it.
Speak
it,
149
mf
pp
8vb

The Wind Shifts

Mezzo Soprano

This is how the wind shifts:
Like the thoughts of an old human,
Who still thinks eagerly
And despairingly.
The wind shifts like this:
Like a human without illusions,
Who still feels irrational things within her.
The wind shifts like this:
Like humans approaching proudly,
Like humans approaching angrily.
This is how the wind shifts:
Like a human, heavy and heavy,
Who does not care.

To the Roaring Wind

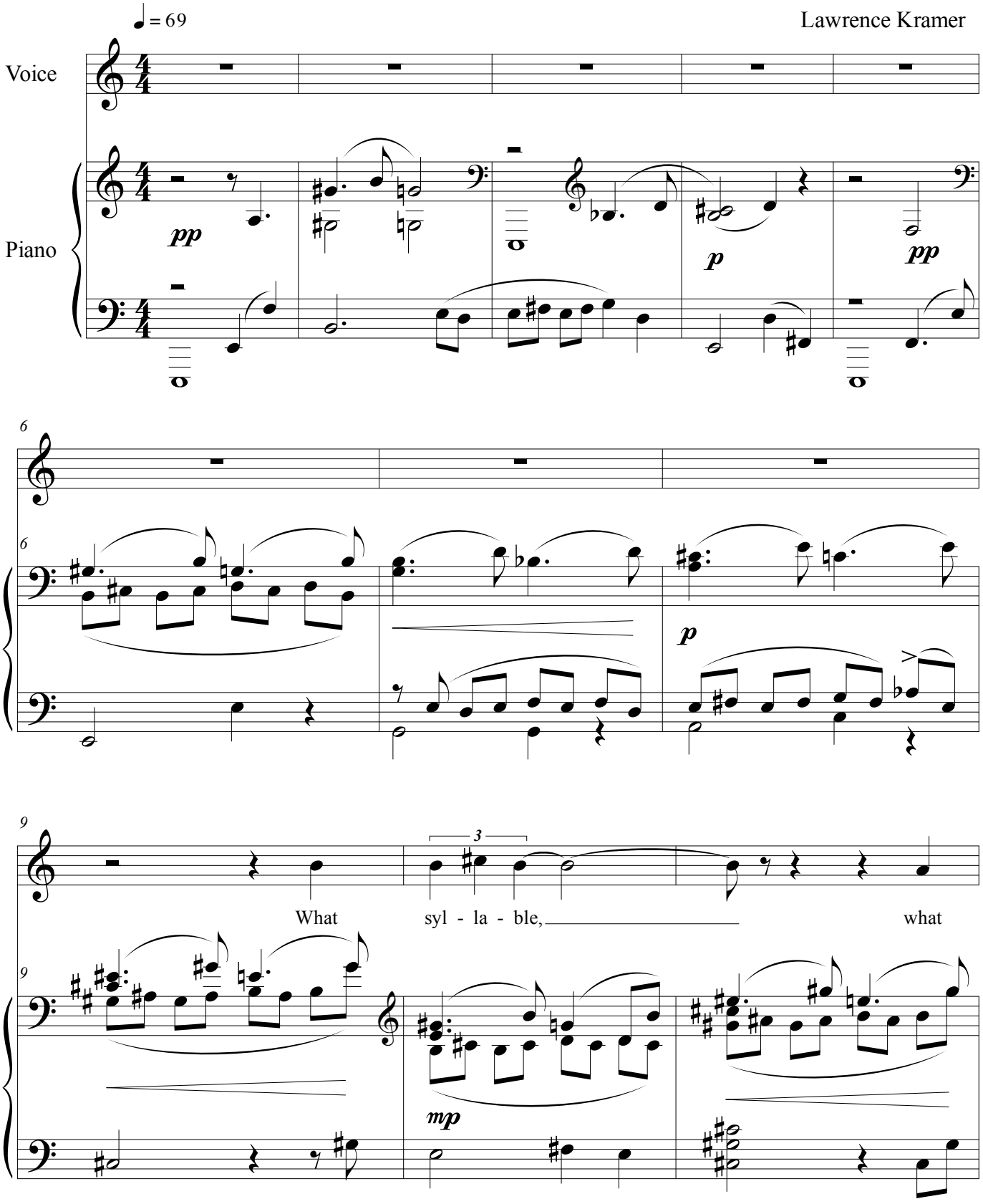
What syllable are you seeking,
Vocalissimus,
In the distances of sleep?
Speak it.

A shift in the wind is both a commonplace natural occurrence and a metaphor for a change in the tenor of experience. This duality is at the core of Wallace Stevens's early lyric "The Wind Shifts" and also of the composition inspired by it. The music understands the shifting winds, in both senses, as elements in a larger life cycle. The work proceeds continuously but at the same time subdivides into definite sections that recur cyclically with different degrees of completeness and persistence. All but one of these sectional cycles (the one being the necessary exception and counterforce) are based on harmonic cycles that rotate by triad, one to a measure, along a fixed pattern without the rationale of traditional tonal syntax. The text setting, in in keeping with the cyclical impulse, rotates (changing as it goes) from "The Wind Shifts" to a related related short lyric by Stevens, "To the Roaring Wind."

Voice range: B♭3-F♯5 with optional G♯3
Tessitura: C4 - D5
Duration 9:30

Composed 2011, 2017

The Wind Shifts



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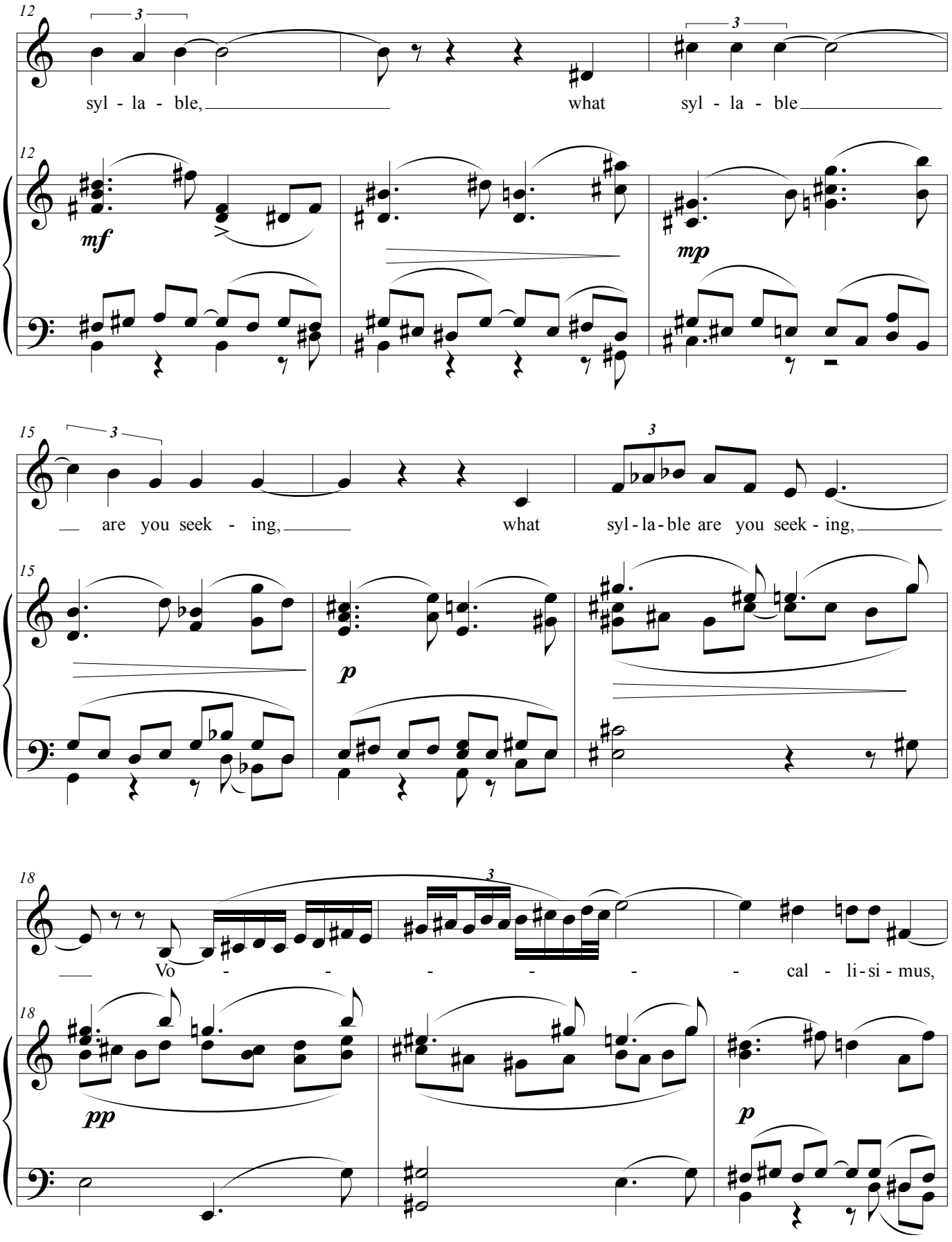
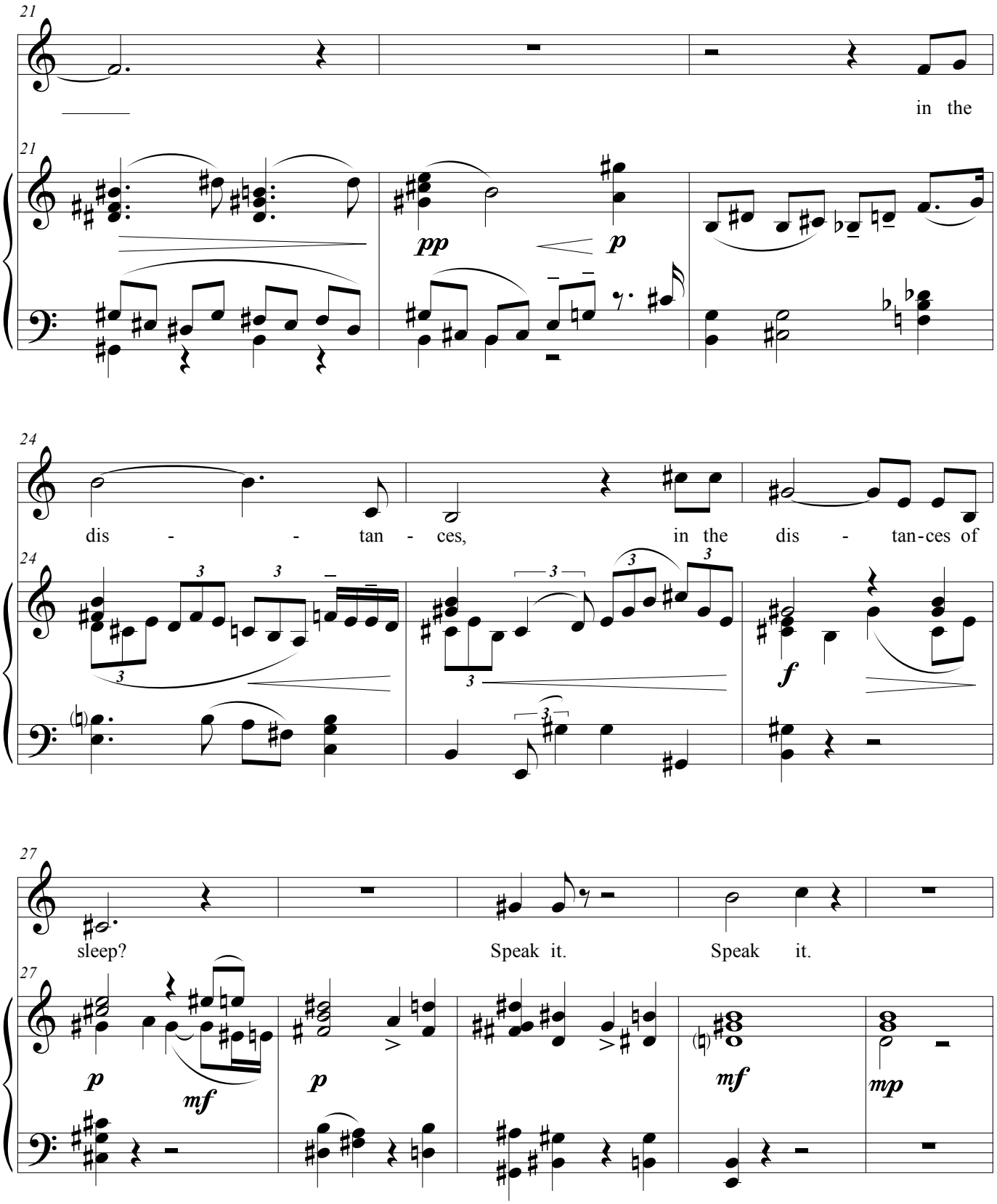
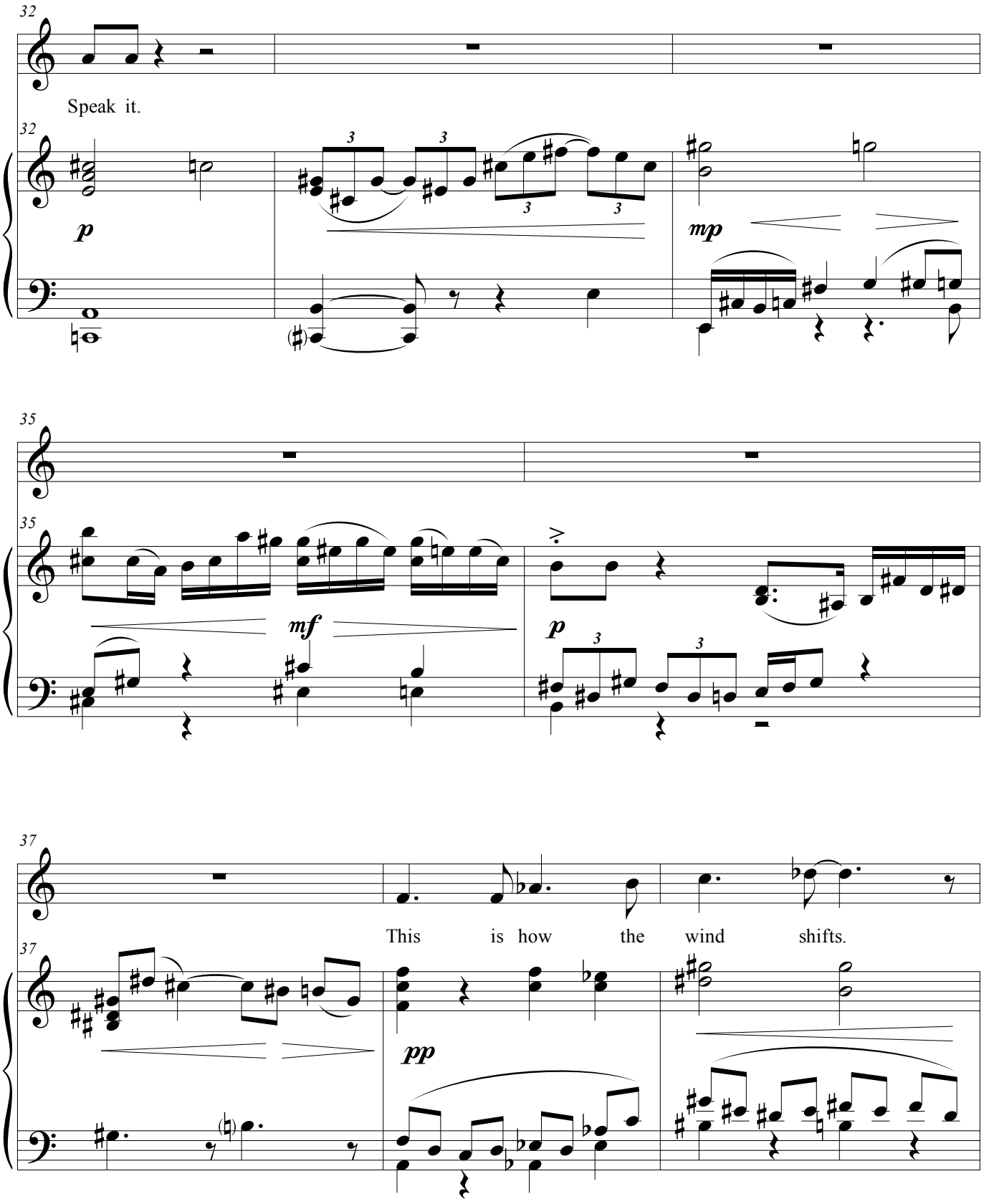
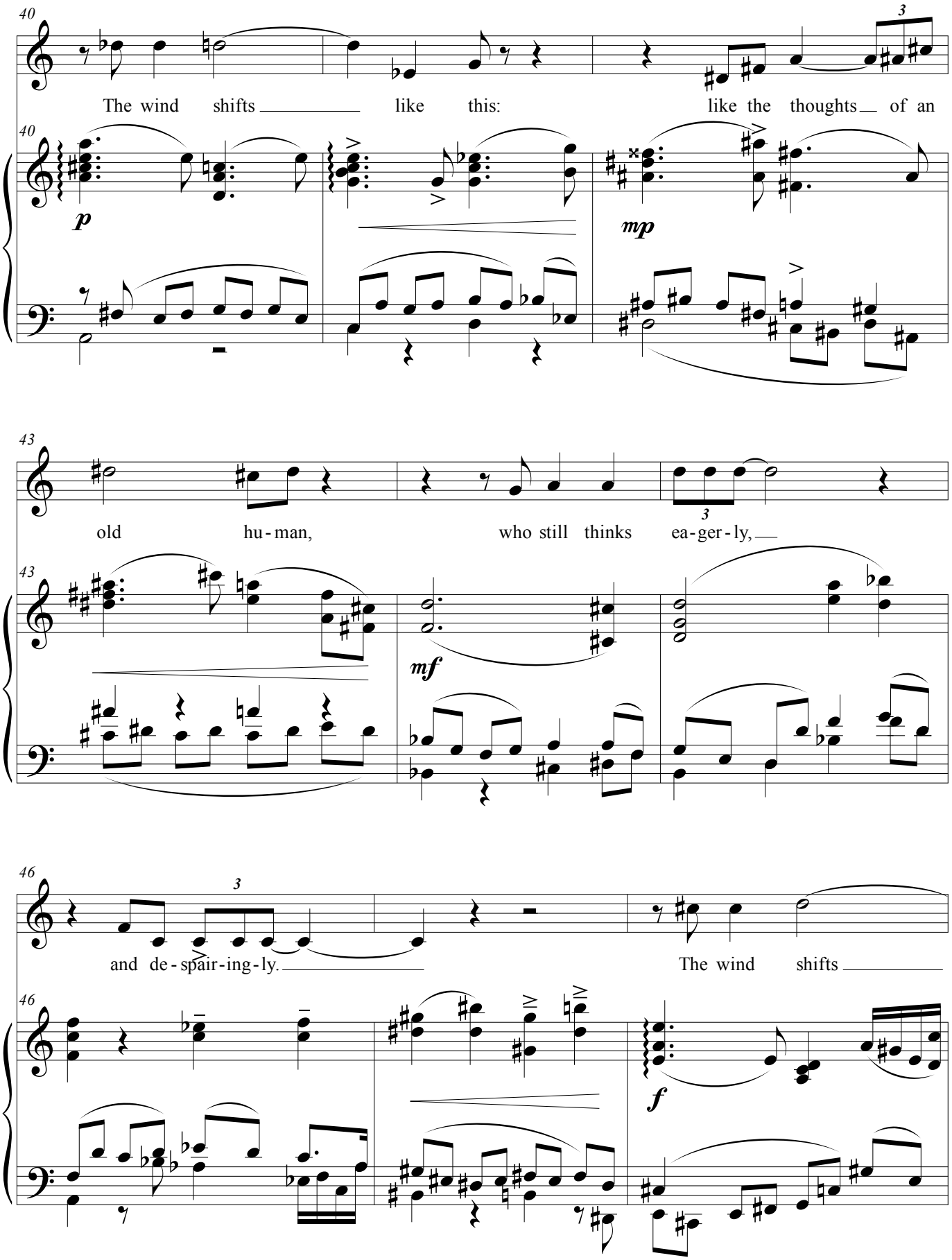
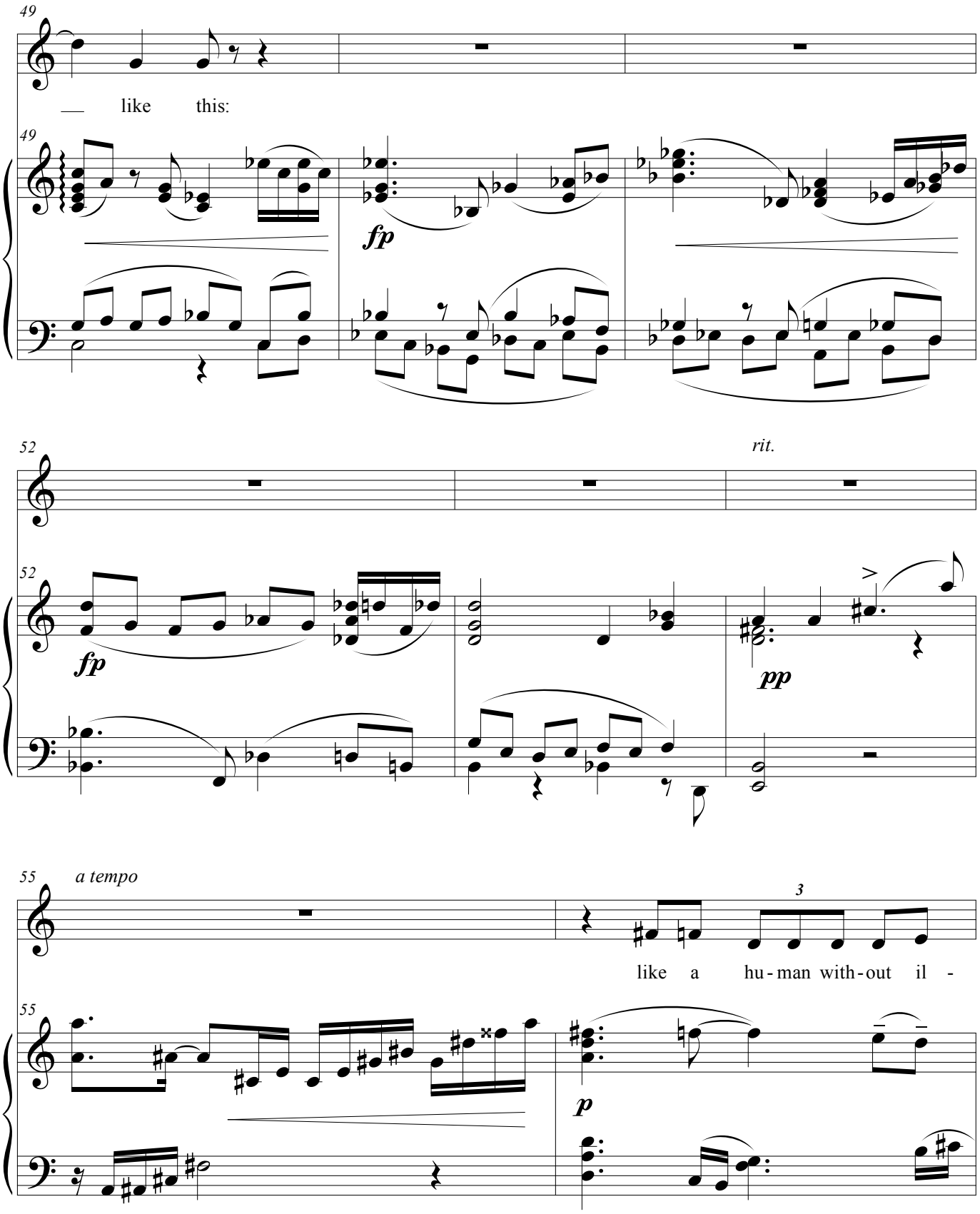
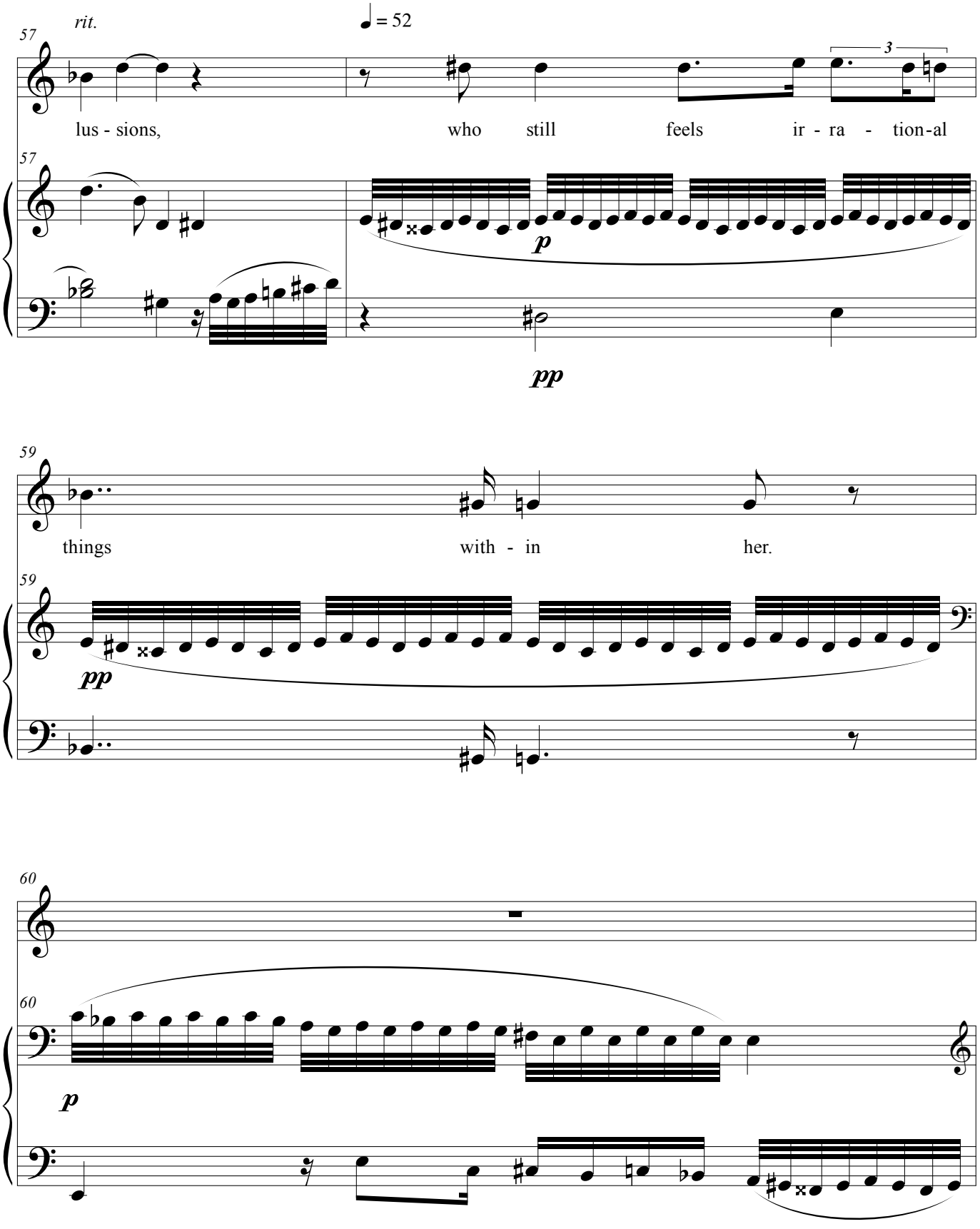

12
syl - la - ble,
what
syl - la - ble
mf
mp
15
are you seek - ing,
what
syl - la - ble are you seek - ing,
p
18
Vo - - - - - - cal - li - si - mus,
pp
p

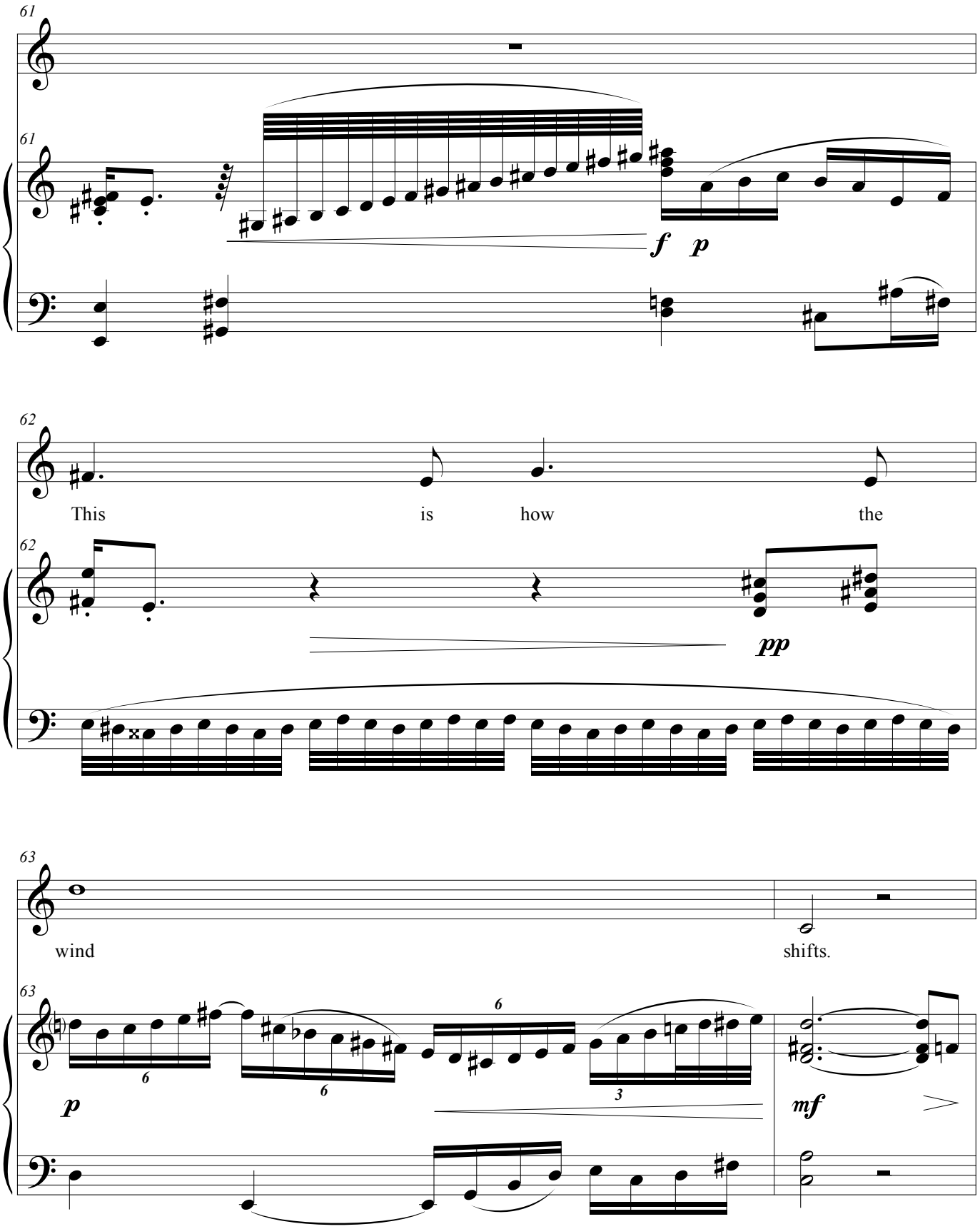

21
in the
pp
p
24
dis - - tan - ces,
in the dis - tan-ces of
f
27
sleep?
Speak it.
Speak it.
p
mf
p
mf
mp

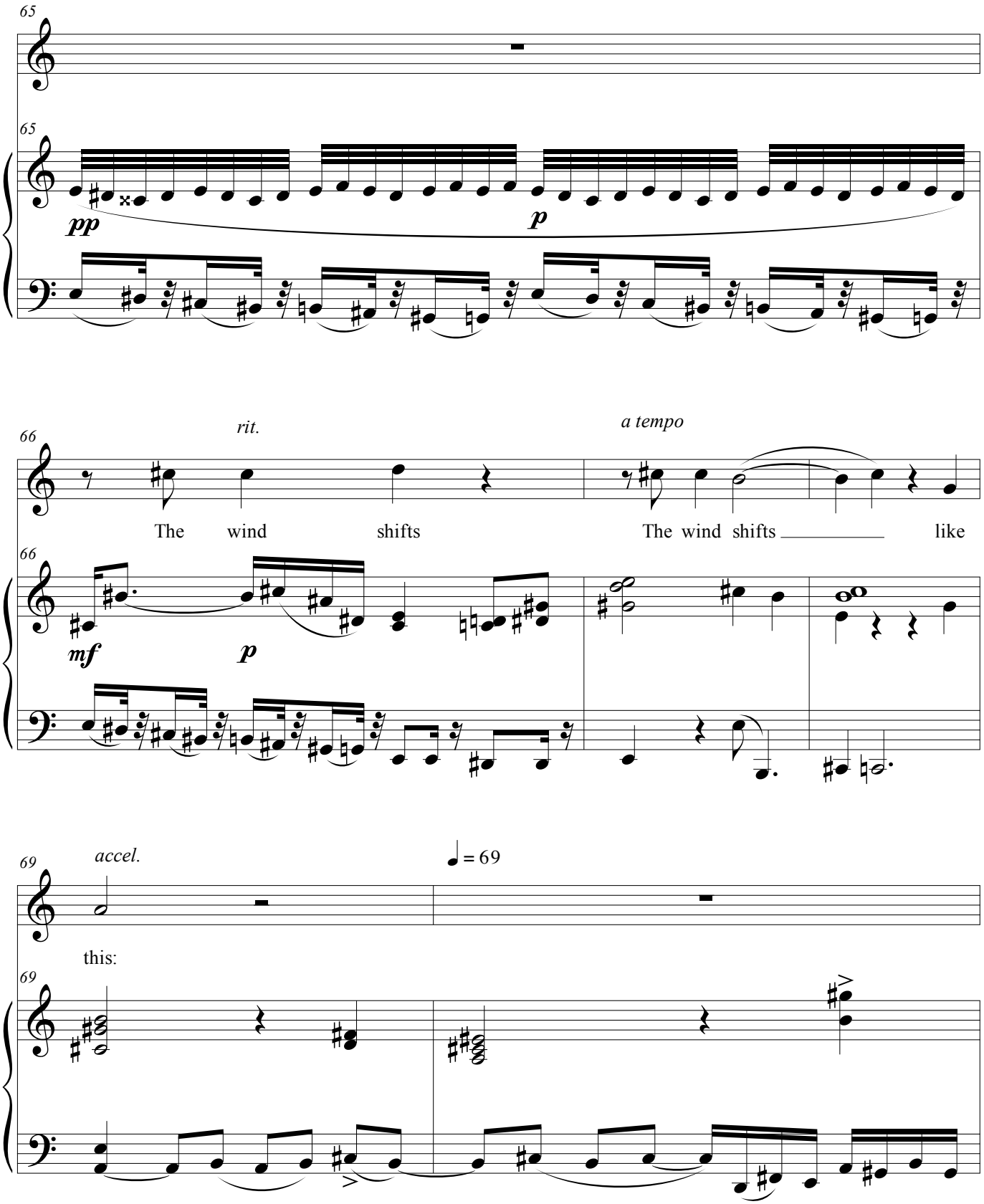

32
Speak it.
32
p
mp
35
35
mf
p
37
This is how the wind shifts.
37
pp

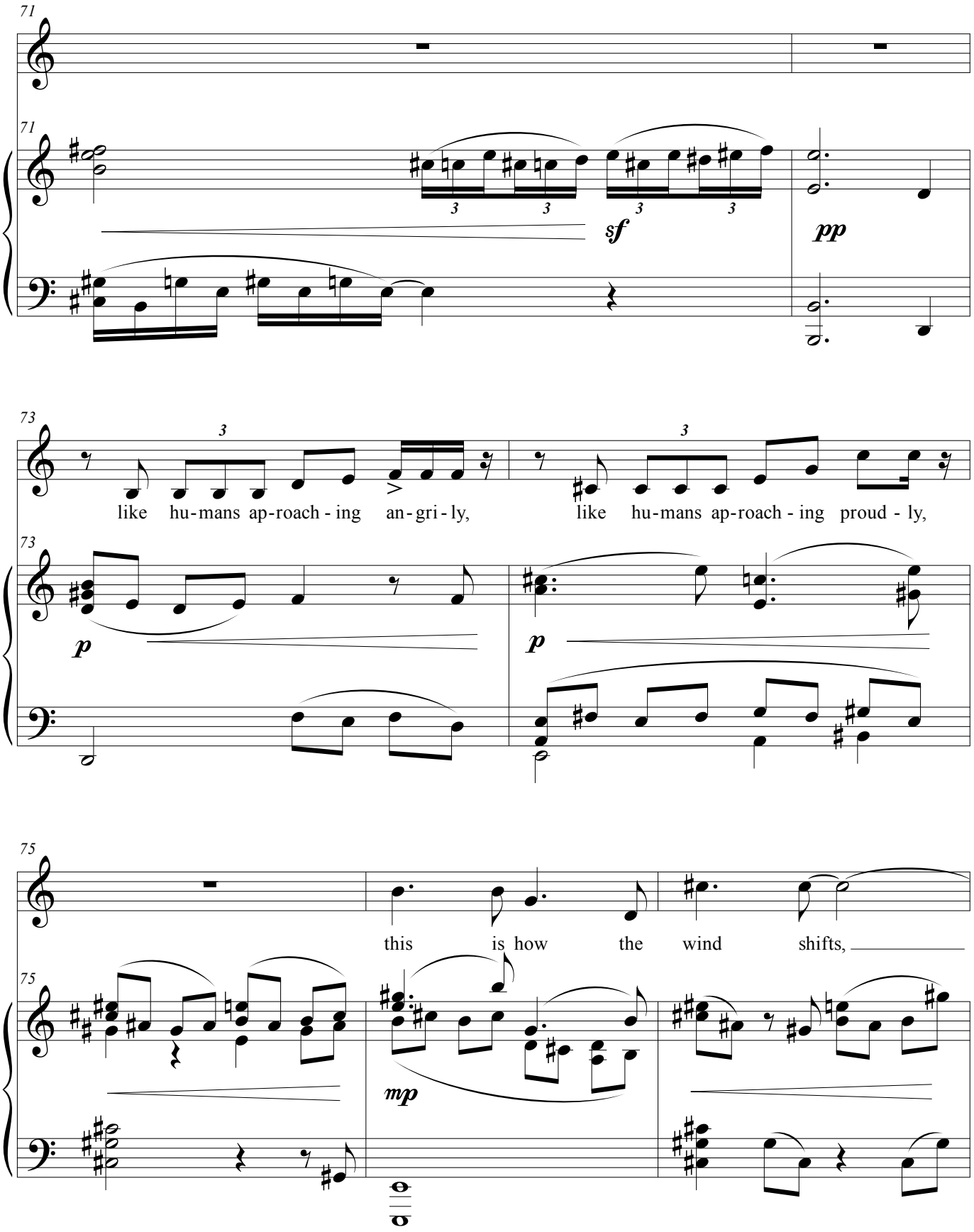

40
The wind shifts like this: like the thoughts of an
p
mp
43
old hu-man, who still thinks ea-ger-ly,
mf
46
and de-spair-ing-ly. The wind shifts
f

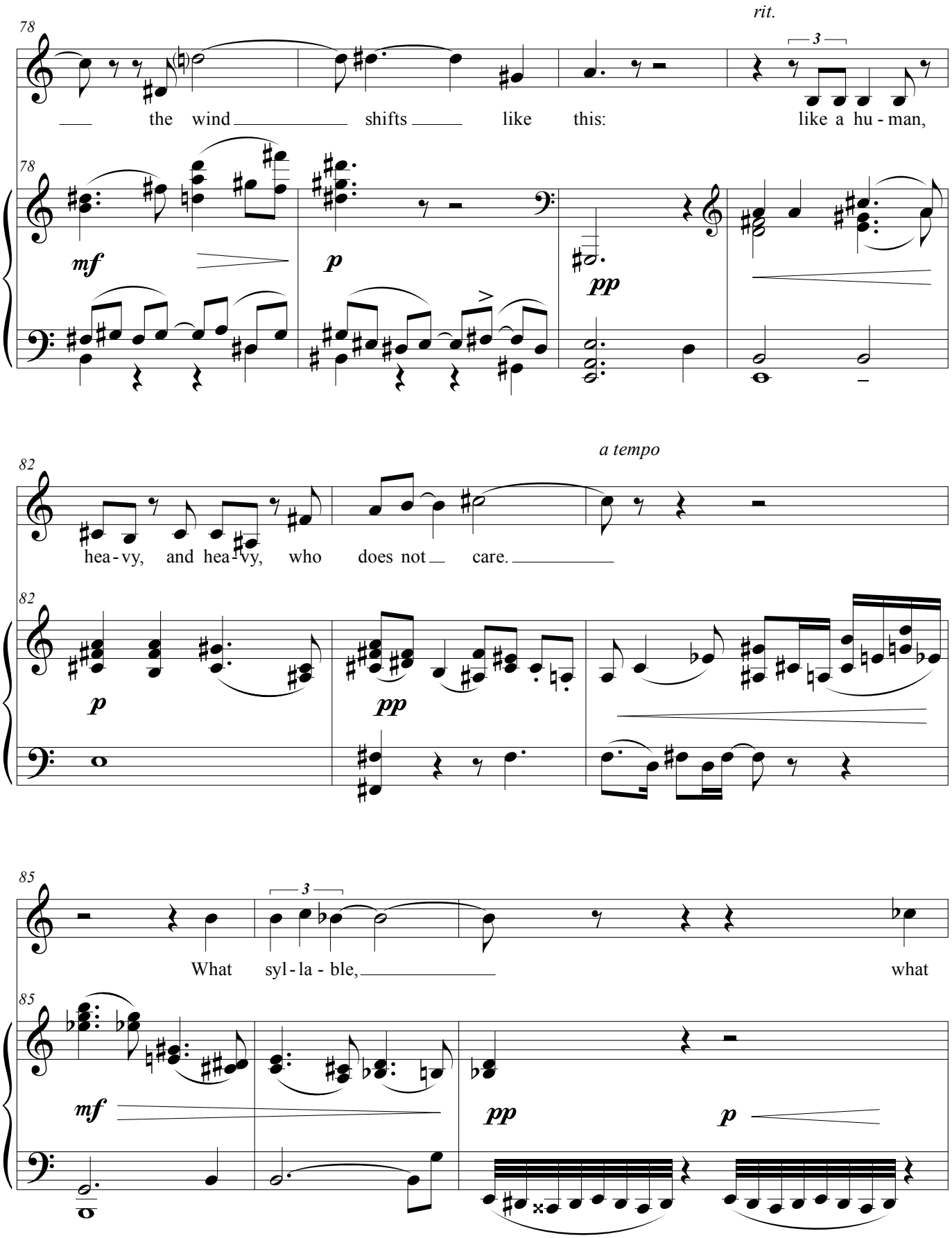

49
like this:
fp
52
rit.
fp
pp
55
a tempo
3
like a hu-man with-out il-
p

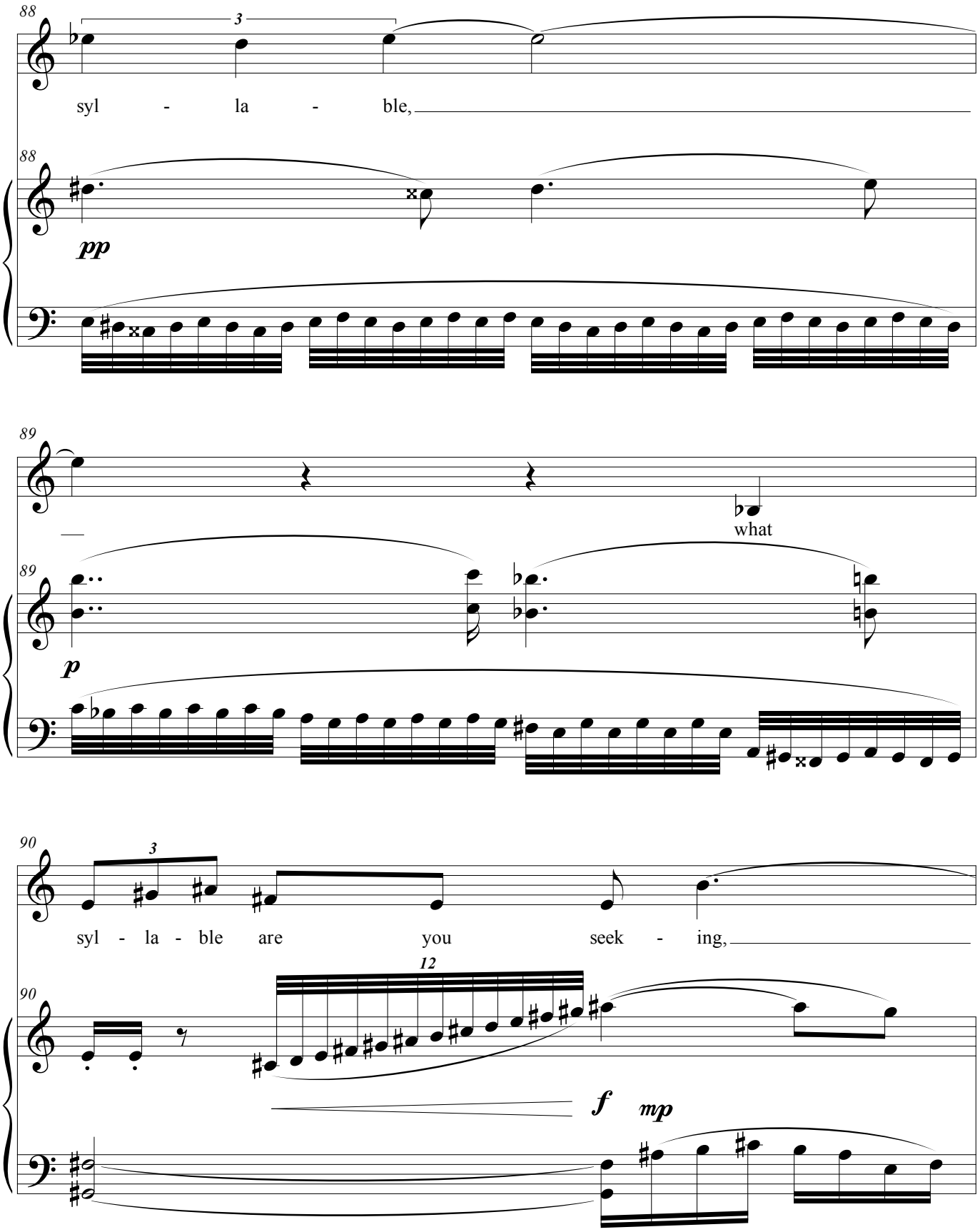

rit.
♩ = 52
57
3
lus - sions, who still feels ir - ra - tion-al
p
pp
59
things with - in her.
pp
60
p

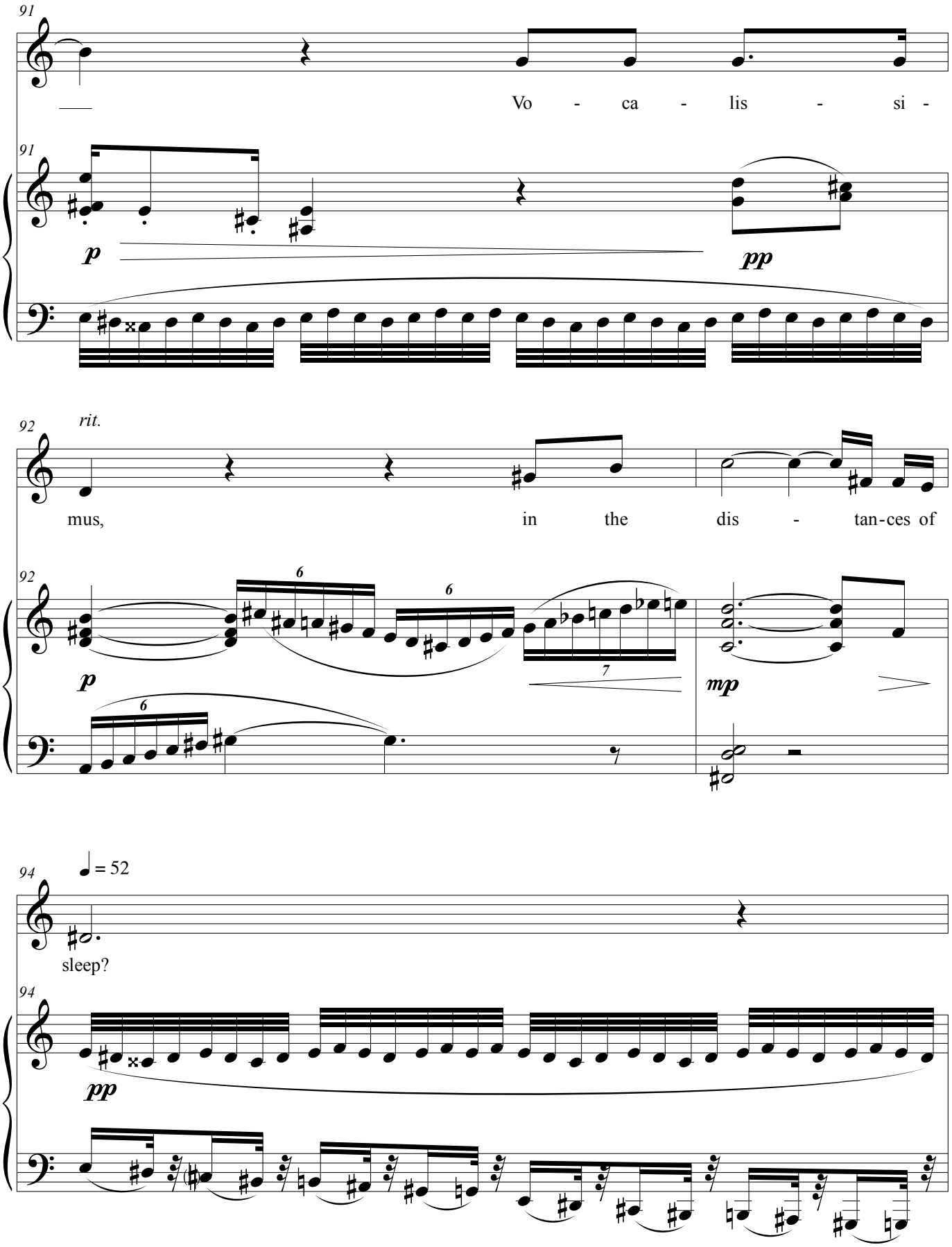

61
61
f
p
62
This
is
how
the
62
pp
63
wind
shifts.
63
6
6
6
3
p
mf

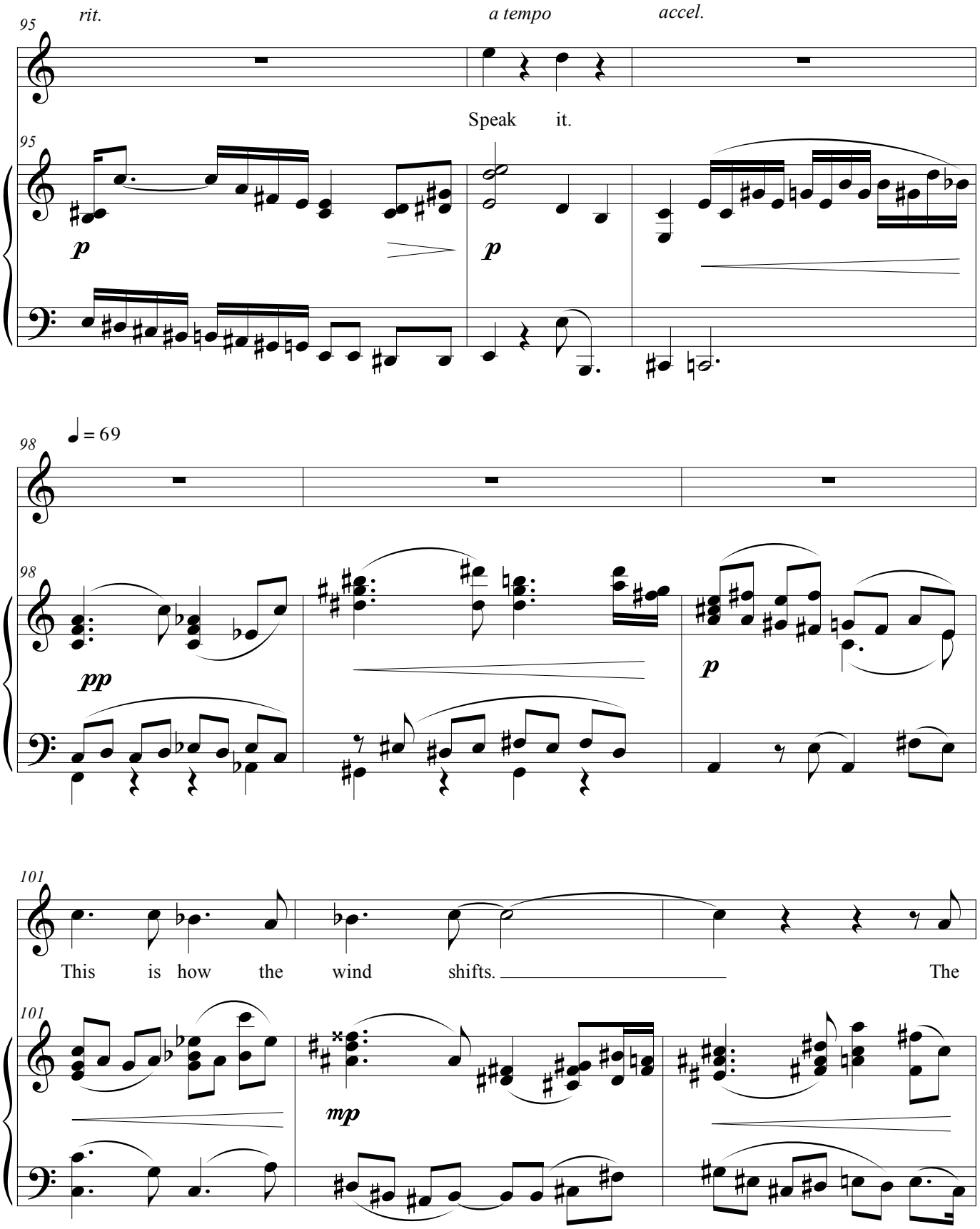

65
65
pp
p
66
rit.
a tempo
The wind shifts
The wind shifts
like
66
mf
p
69
accel.
♩ = 69
this:
69

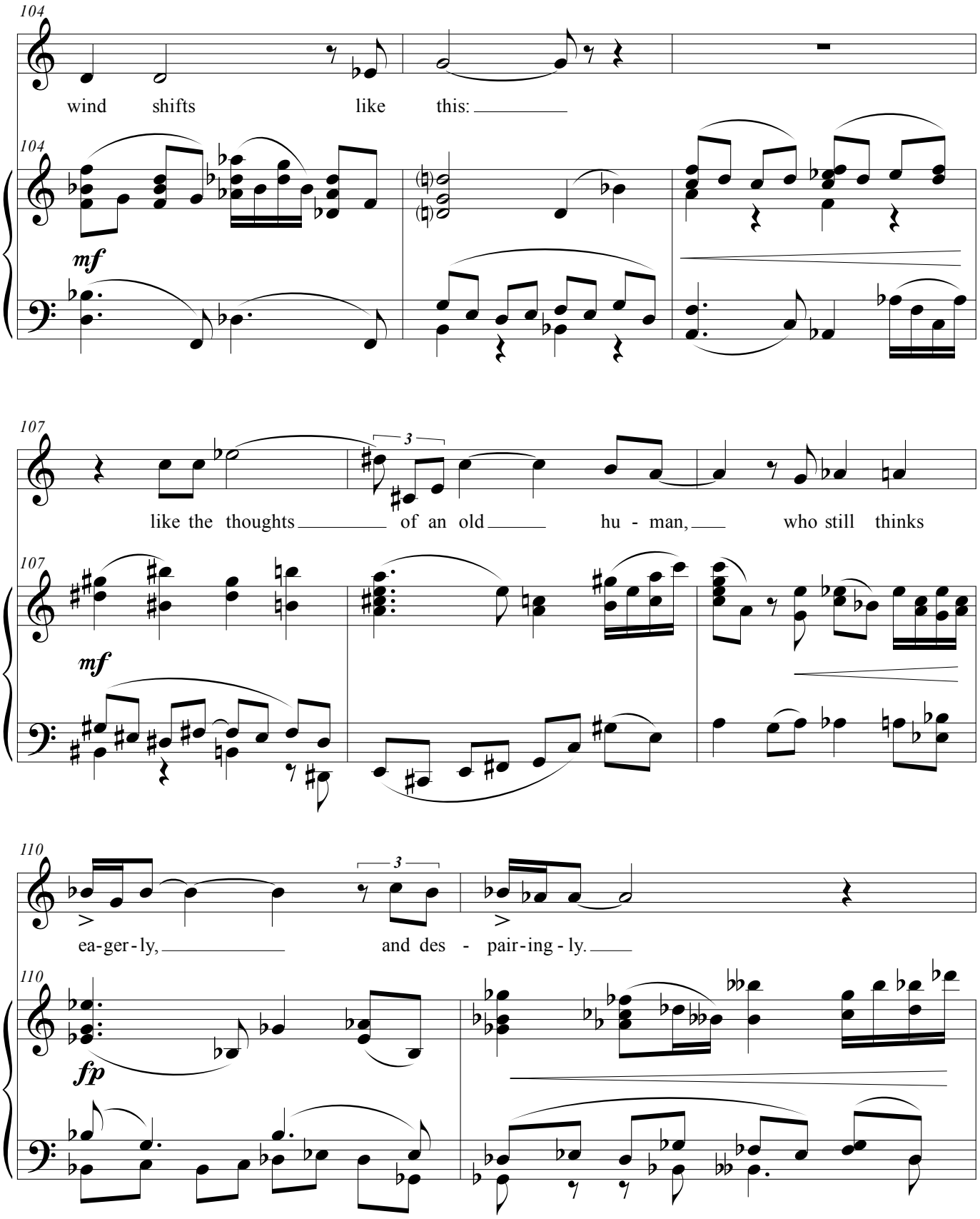

71
71
sf
pp
73
like hu-mans ap-roach-ing an-gri-ly,
like hu-mans ap-roach-ing proud-ly,
73
p
p
75
this is how the wind shifts,
75
mp

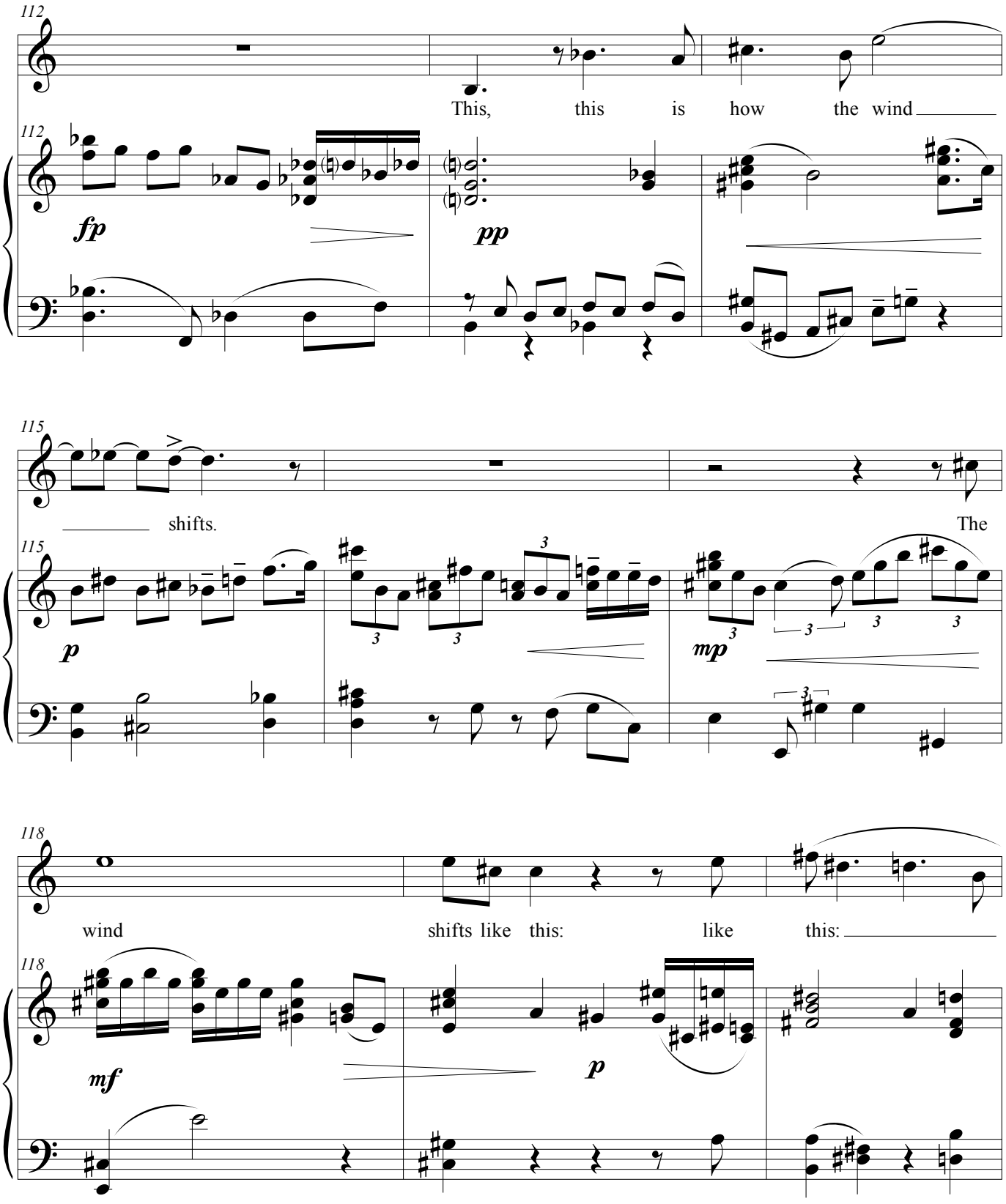

78
rit.
3
the wind shifts like this: like a hu - man,
mf
p
pp
82
a tempo
hea - vy, and hea - vy, who does not care.
p
pp
85
3
What syl - la - ble, what
mf
pp
p

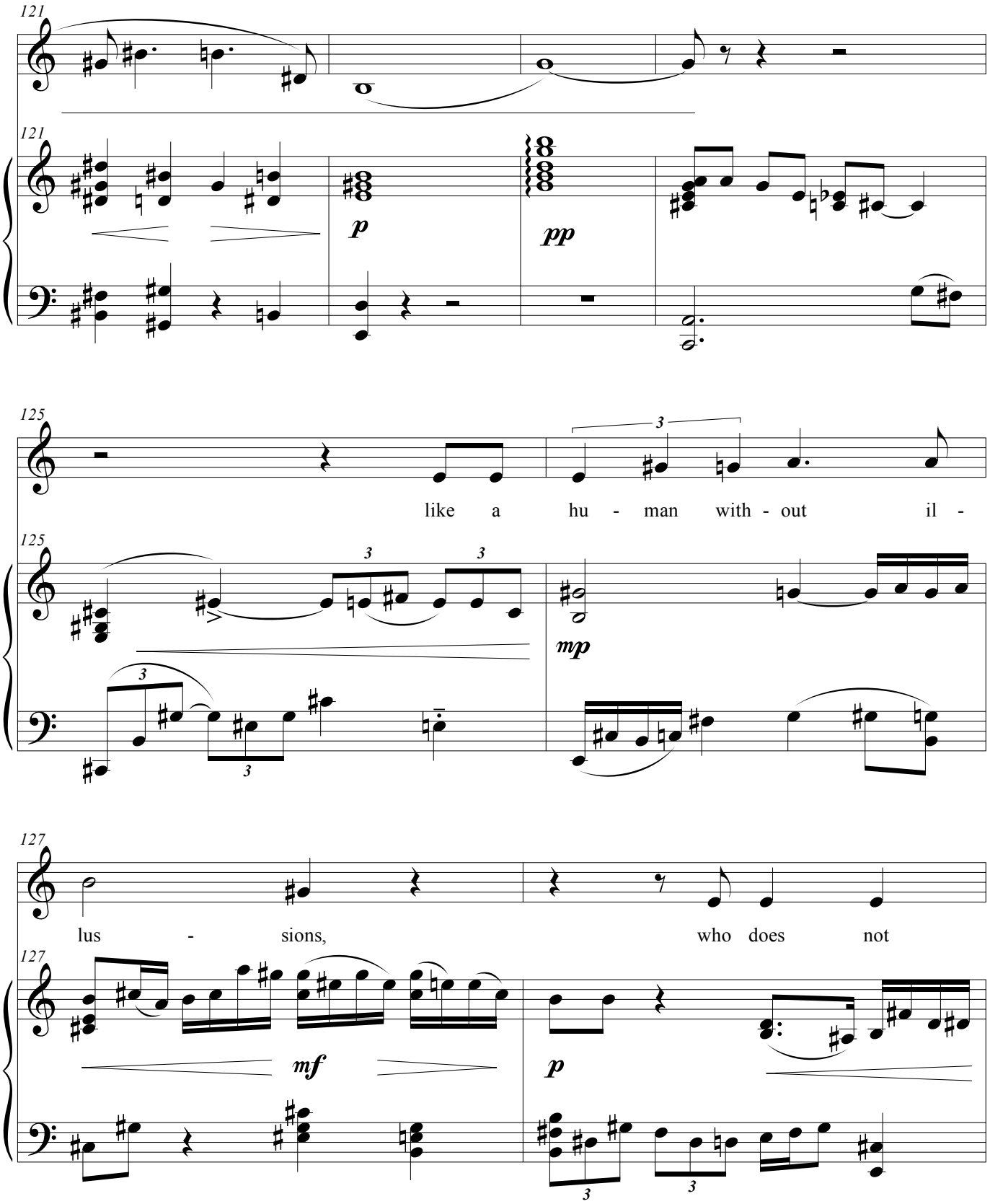

88
3
syl - la - ble,
88
pp
89
what
89
p
90
3
syl - la - ble are you seek - ing,
90
12
f
mp

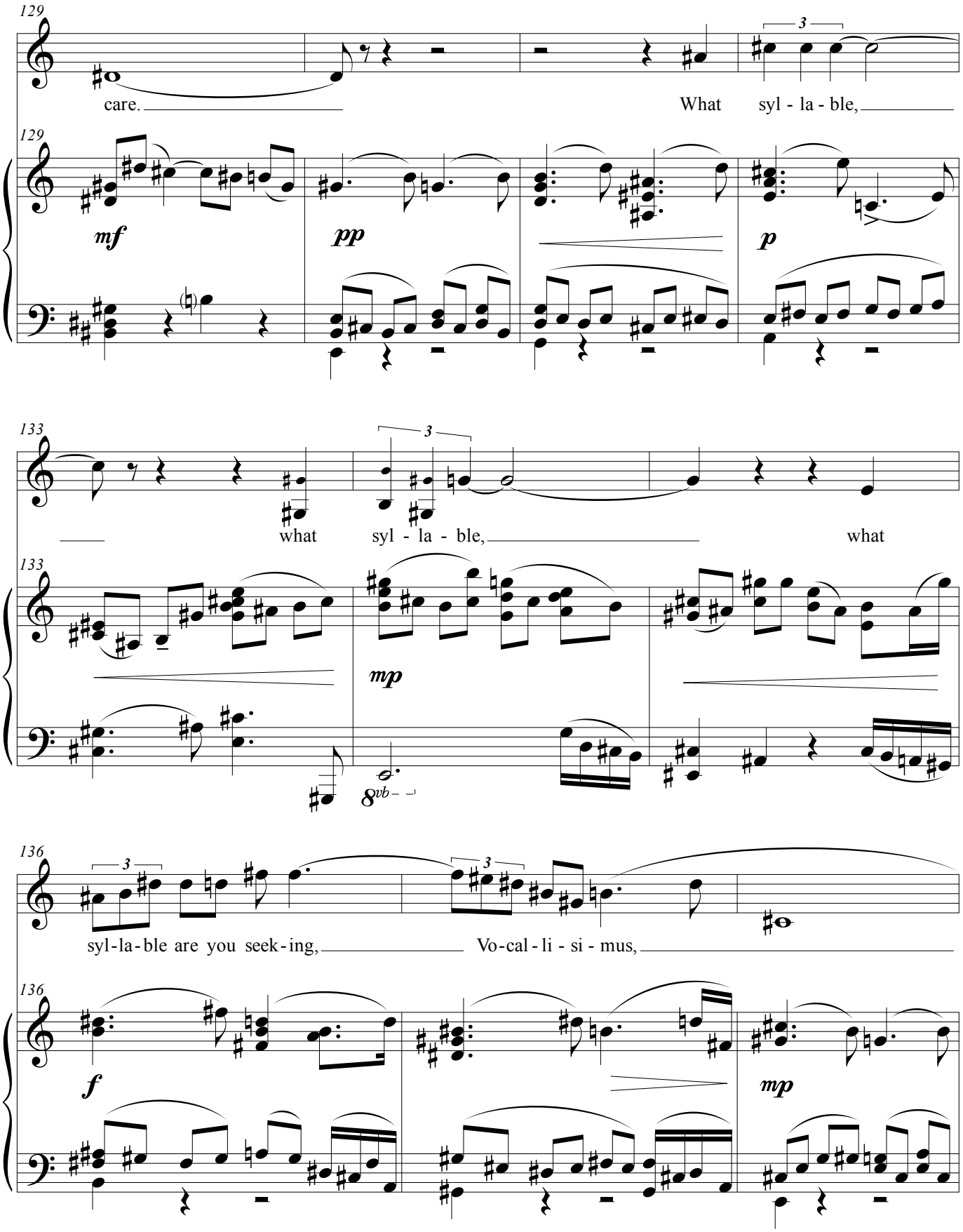

91
Vo - ca - lis - si -
91
p
pp
92
rit.
mus, in the dis - tan-ces of
92
6
6
7
p
mp
94
♩ = 52
sleep?
94
pp

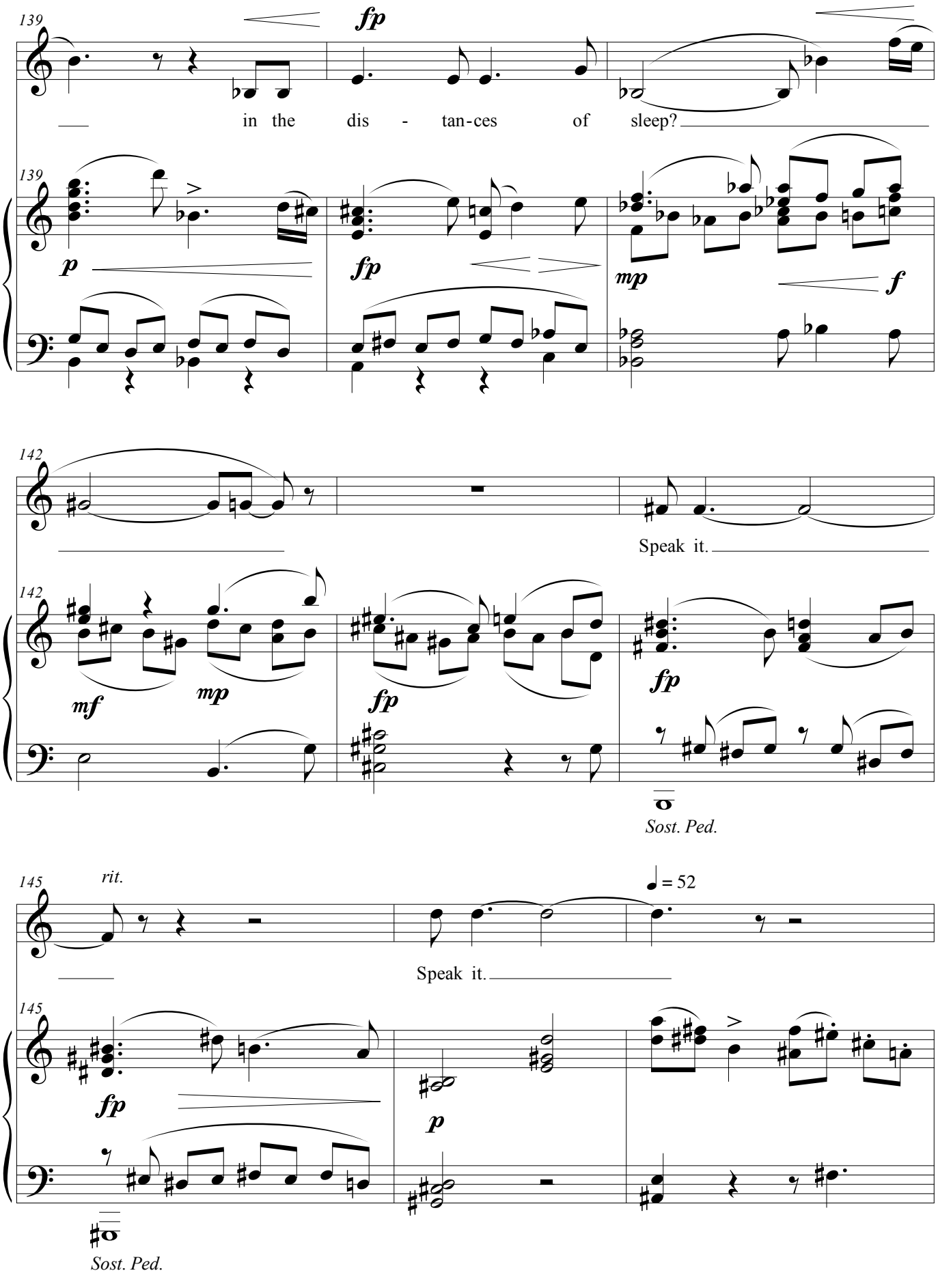

95
rit.
a tempo
accel.
Speak it.
p
p
98
♩ = 69
pp
p
101
This is how the wind shifts. The
mp

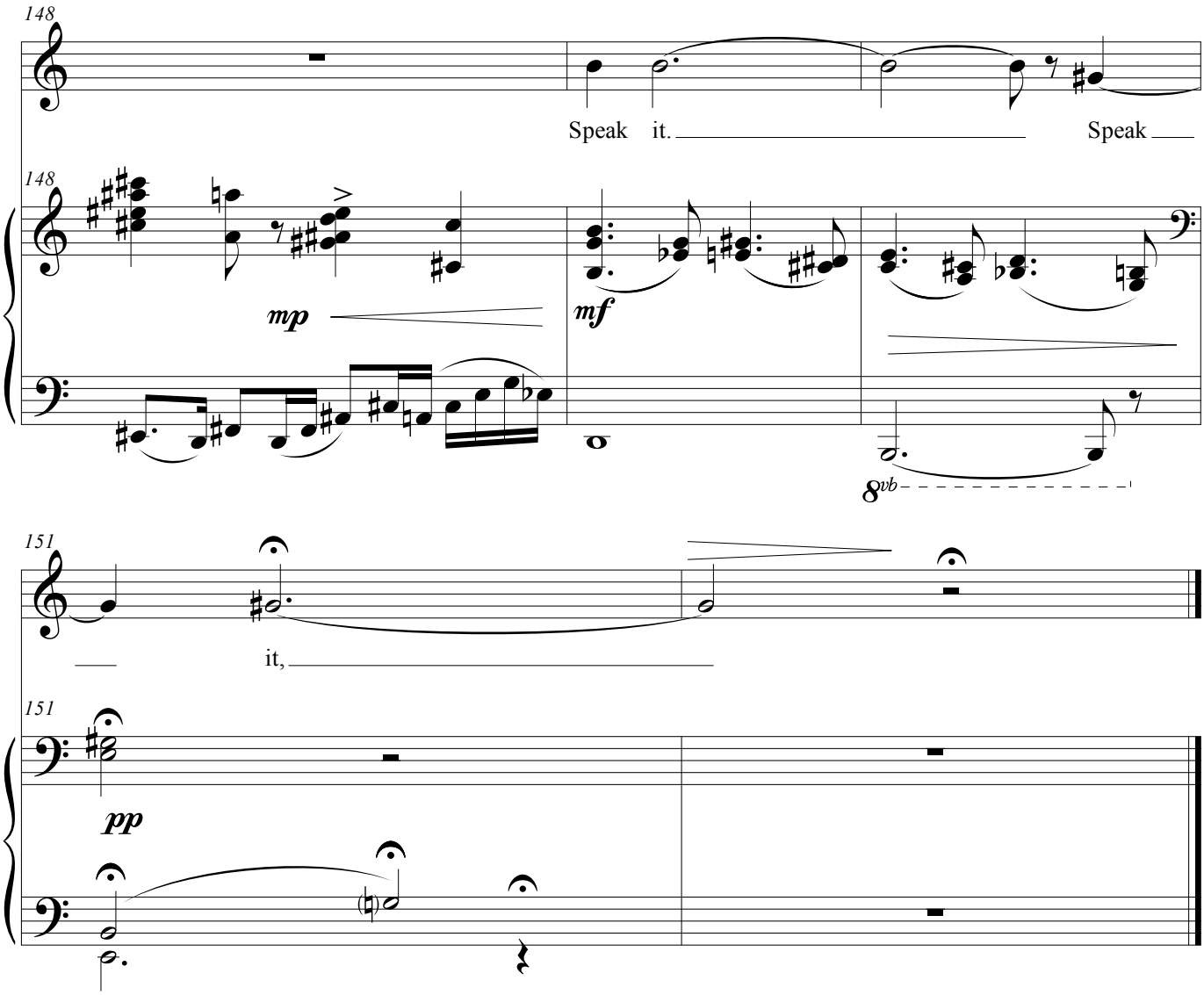

104
wind shifts like this:
104
mf
107
3
like the thoughts of an old hu - man, who still thinks
107
mf
110
3
ea-ger-ly, and des - pair-ing-ly.
110
fp


112
This, this is how the wind
fp
pp
115
shifts.
The
p
mp
118
wind
shifts like this:
like
this:
mf
p


121
121
p
pp
125
like a hu - man with - out il -
125
3
3
3
3
mp
127
lus - sions, who does not
127
mf
p
3
3


129
care.
What syl - la - ble,
mf
pp
p
133
what syl - la - ble,
what
mp
8vb
136
syl-la-ble are you seek-ing,
Vo-cal-li - si - mus,
f
mp


139
fp
in the dis - tan-ces of sleep?
139
p
fp
mp
f
142
Speak it.
142
mf
mp
fp
fp
Sost. Ped.
145
rit.
♩ = 52
Speak it.
145
fp
p
Sost. Ped.


148
Speak it. Speak
148
mp
mf
8vb
151
it,
151
pp

Three Lyrics

High Voice

XVIII
Out of the severing
Of hill from hill
The interim
Of star from star
The nascent
Static
Of night

from XIII
Come to me There is something
I have got to tell you and I can't tell
Something taking shape
Something that has a new name
A new dimension
A new use
A new illusion

It is ambient And it is in your eyes
Something shiny Something only for you
Something that I must not see

It is in my ears Something very resonant
Something that you must not hear
Something only for me

from XVI
We might have lived together
In the lights of the Arno
Or gone apple stealing under the sea
Or played
Hide and seek in love and cob-webs
And a lullaby on a tin-pan
And talked till there were no more tongues
To talk with

--Mina Loy, from "Poems to Johannes"

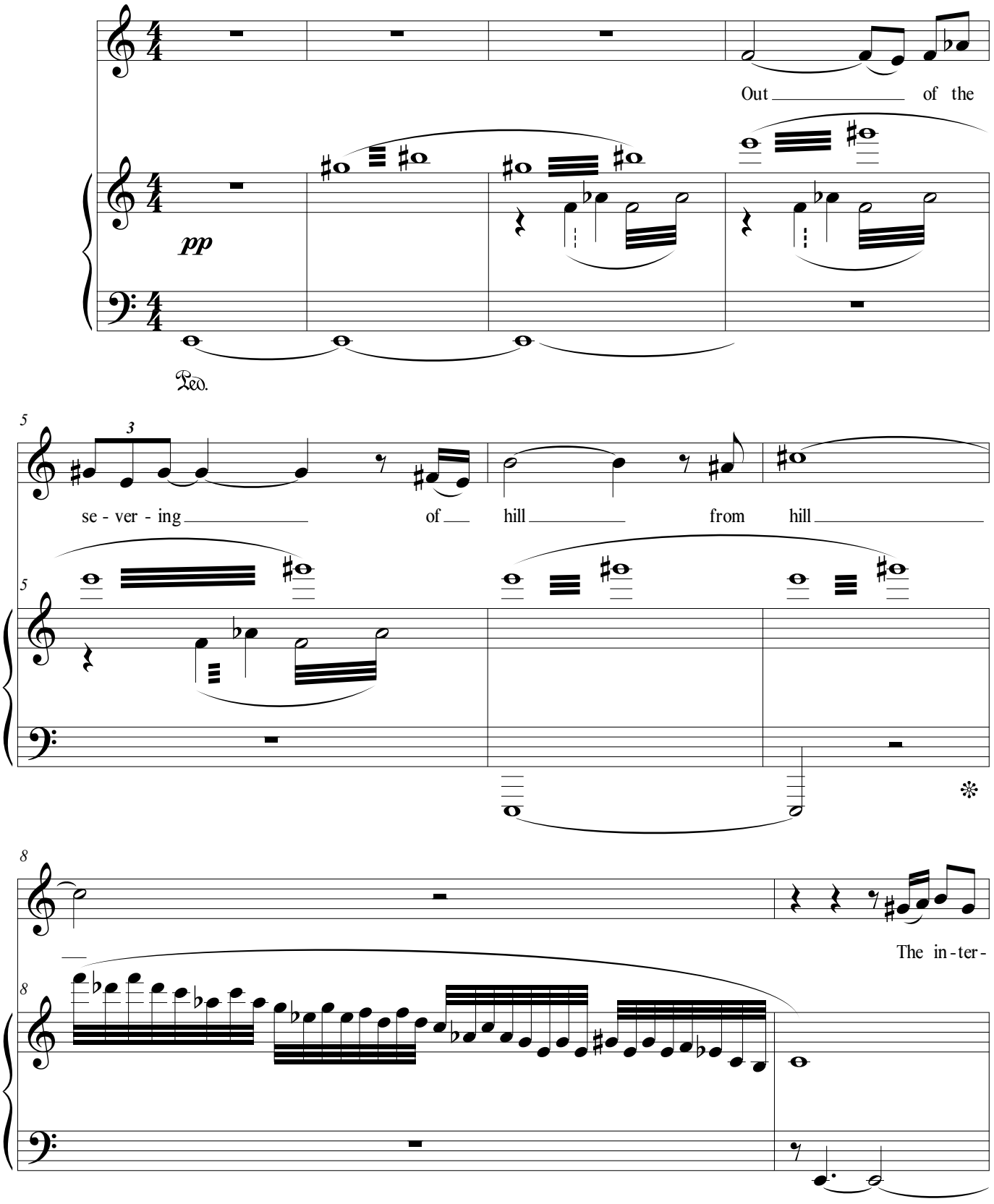
Written Voice Range: C3 - G♯5
Tessitura: E4 - E♭5
Duration 7:30

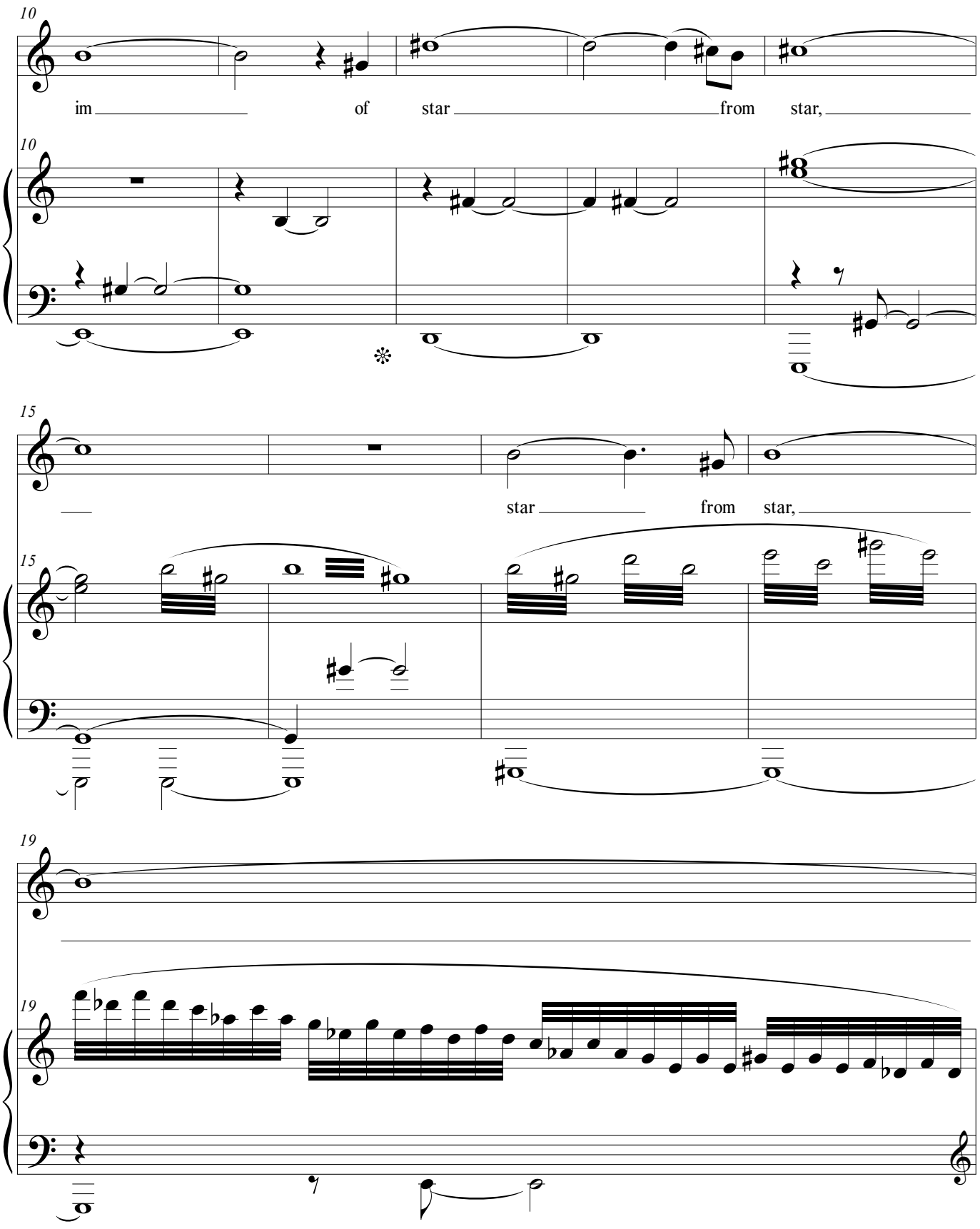
Composed 2020

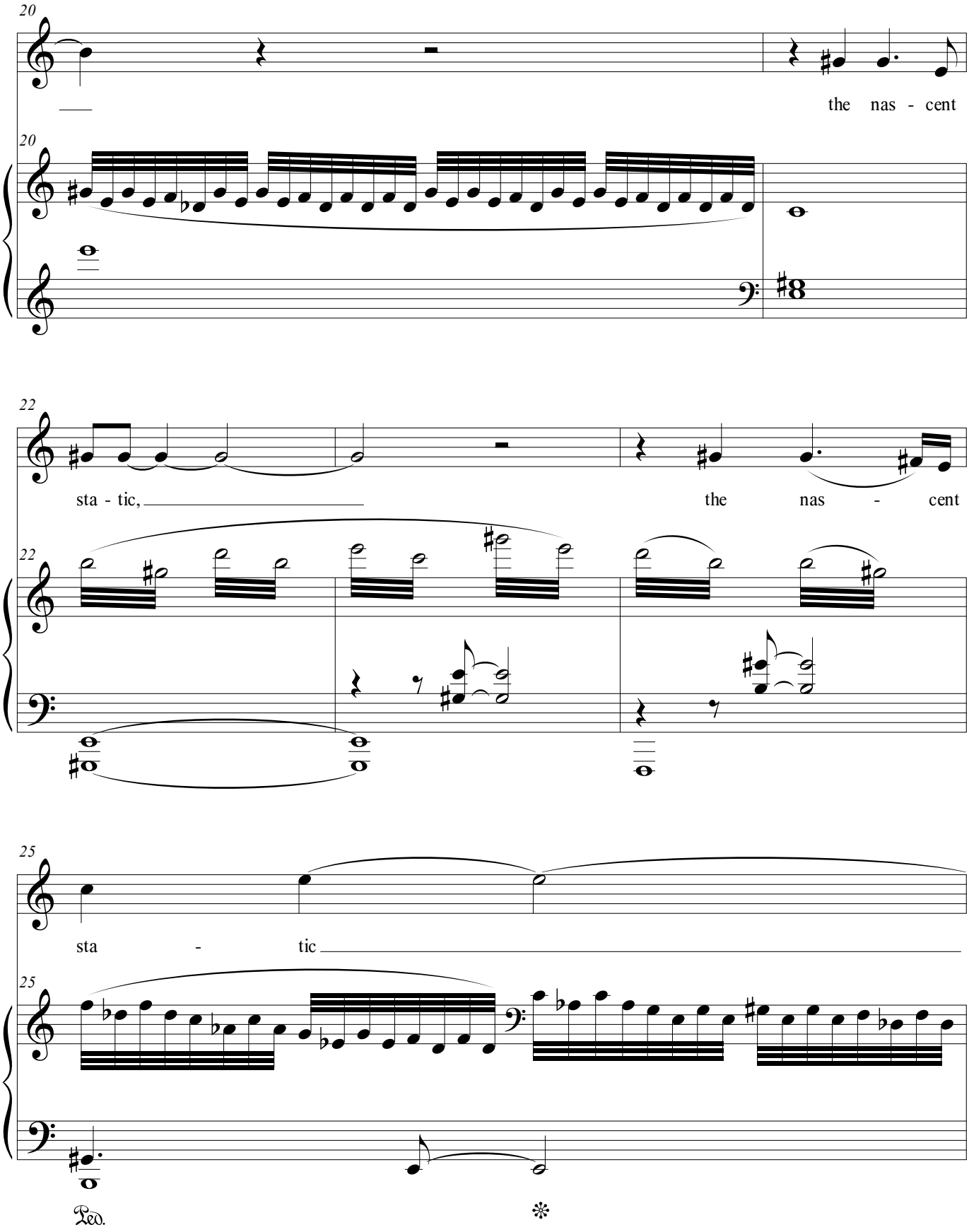
Out of the Severing

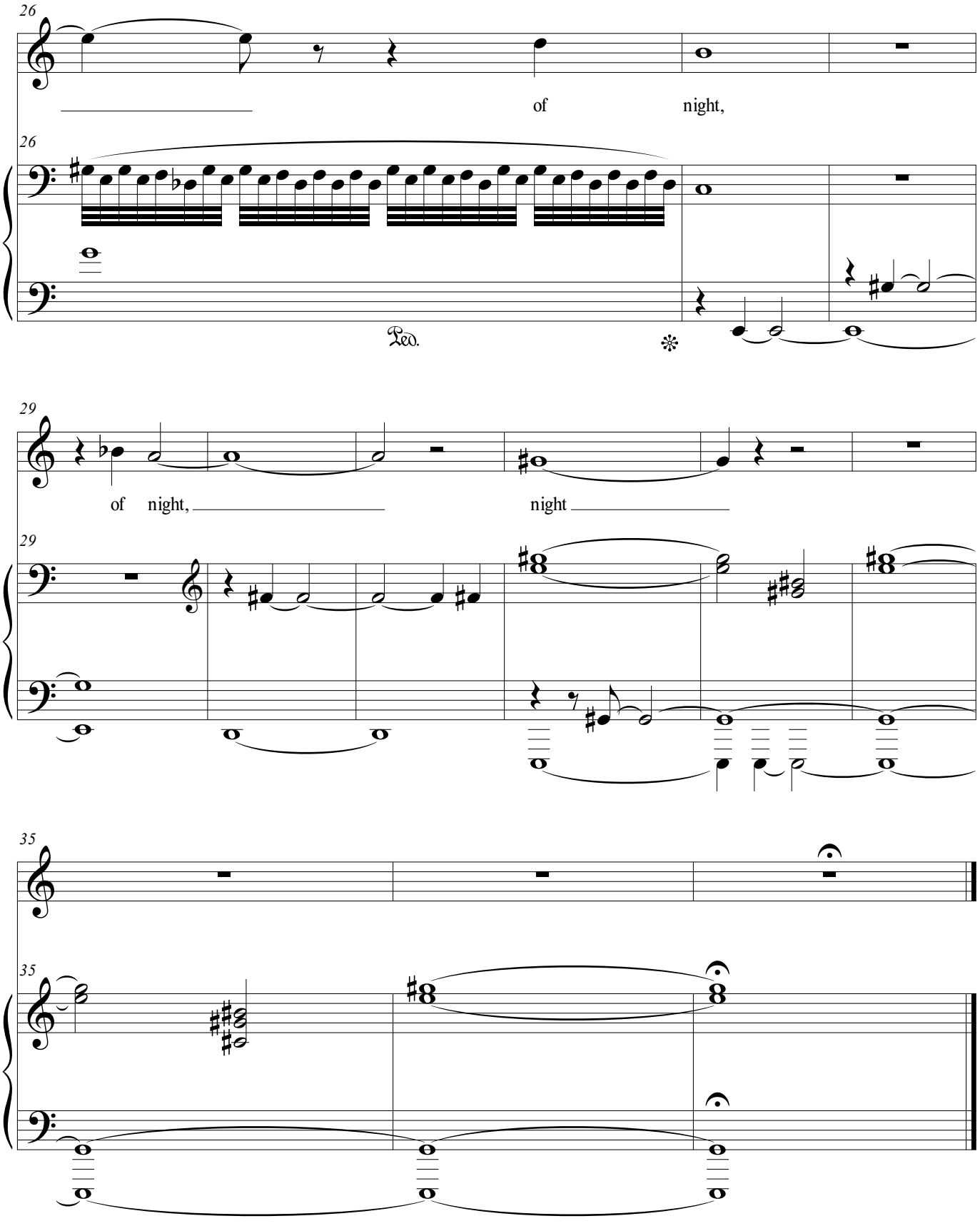
♩ = 76

Lawrence Kramer



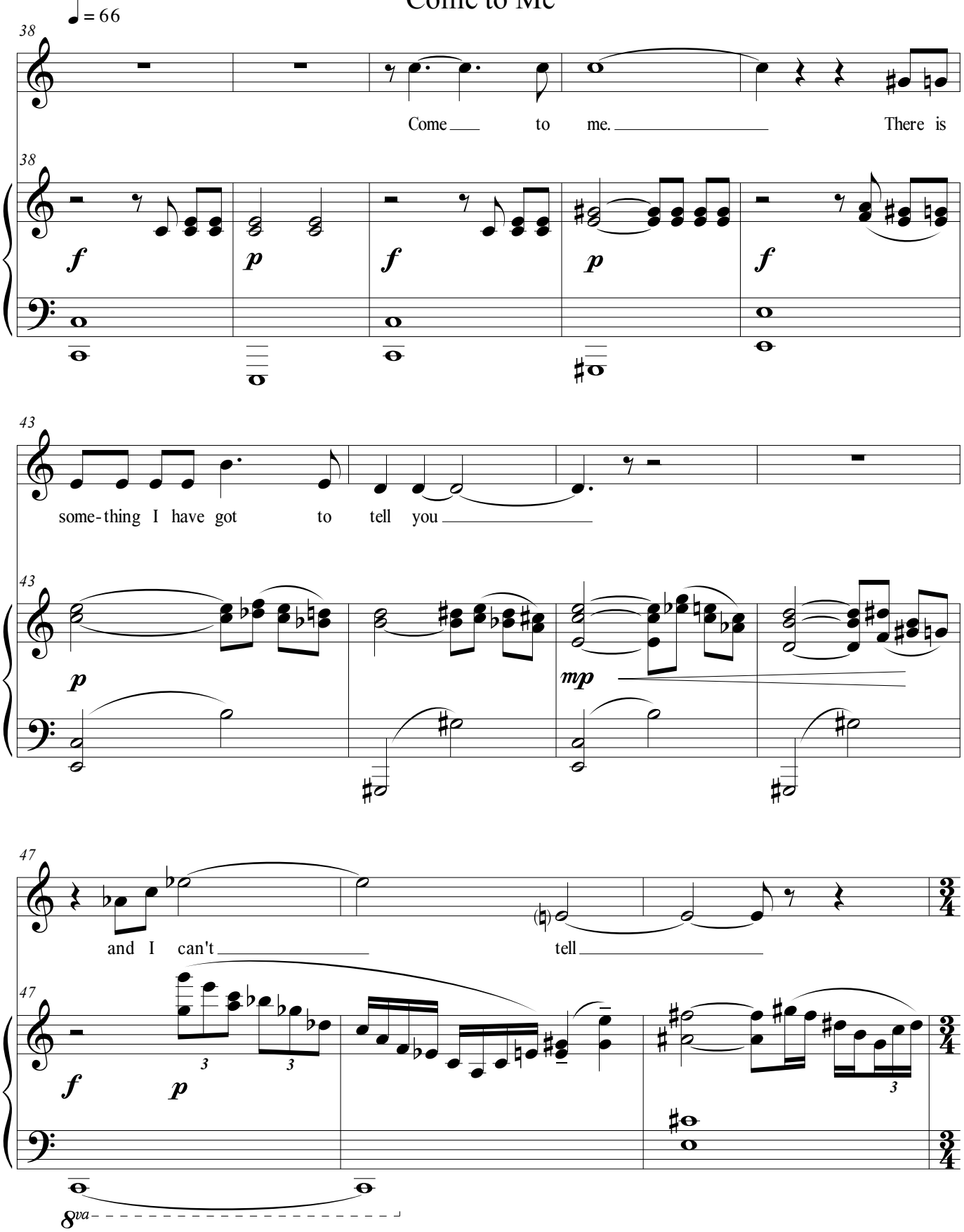

10
im of star from star,
10
15
star from star,
15
19
19

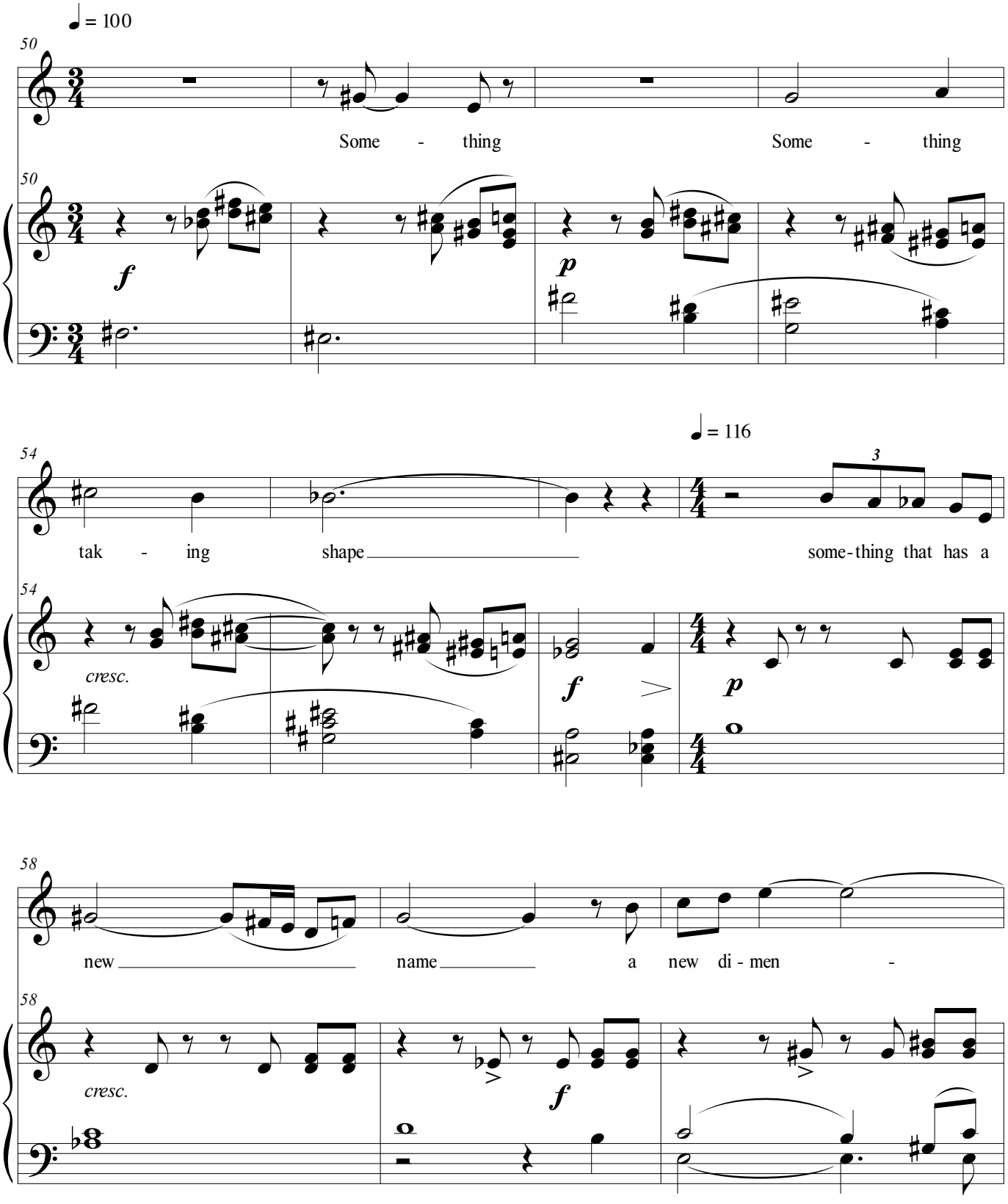

20
the nas - cent
20
22
sta - tic,
the nas - cent
22
25
sta - tic
25
Ped.
*

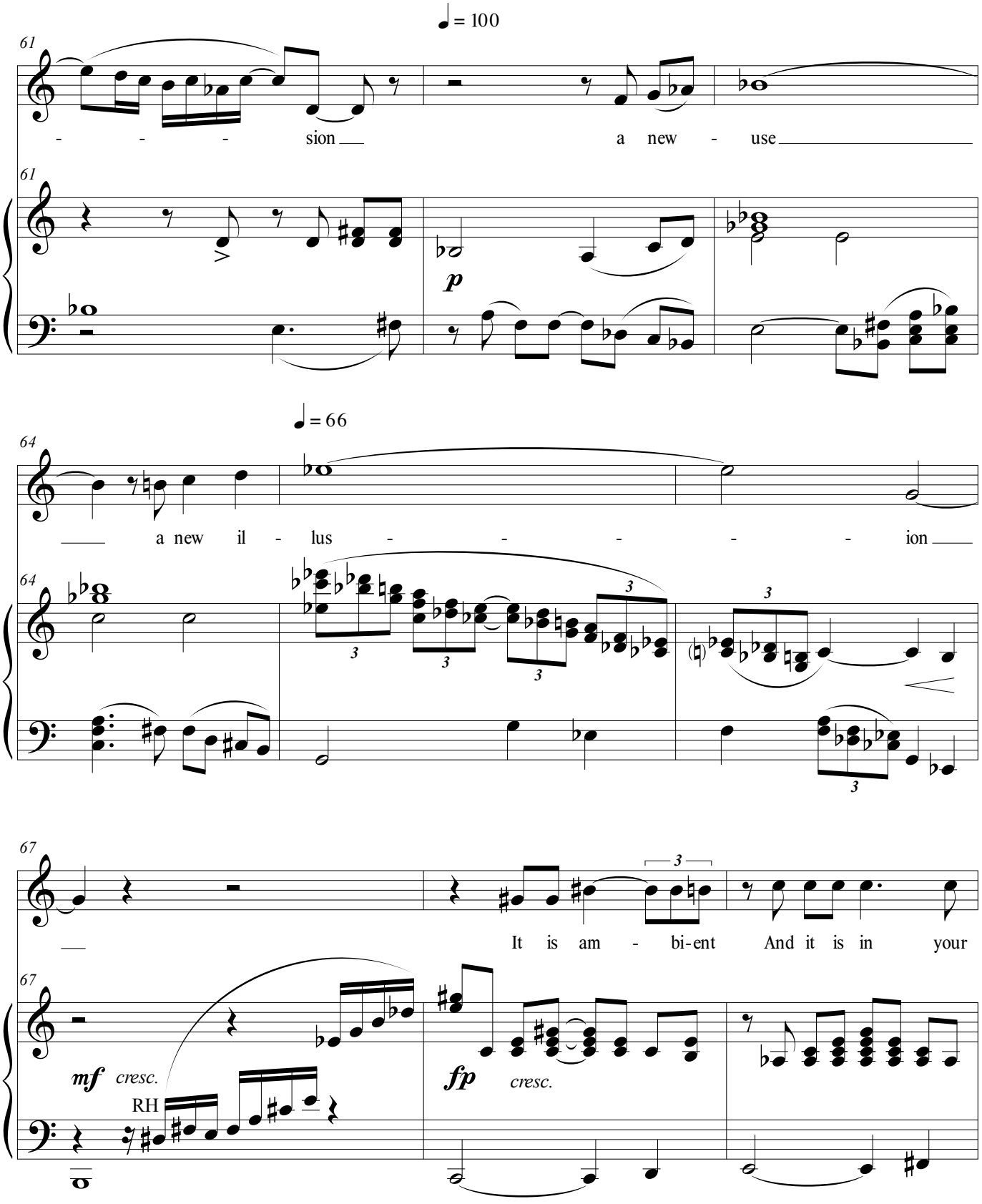

26
of night,
Ped.
29
of night,
night
35

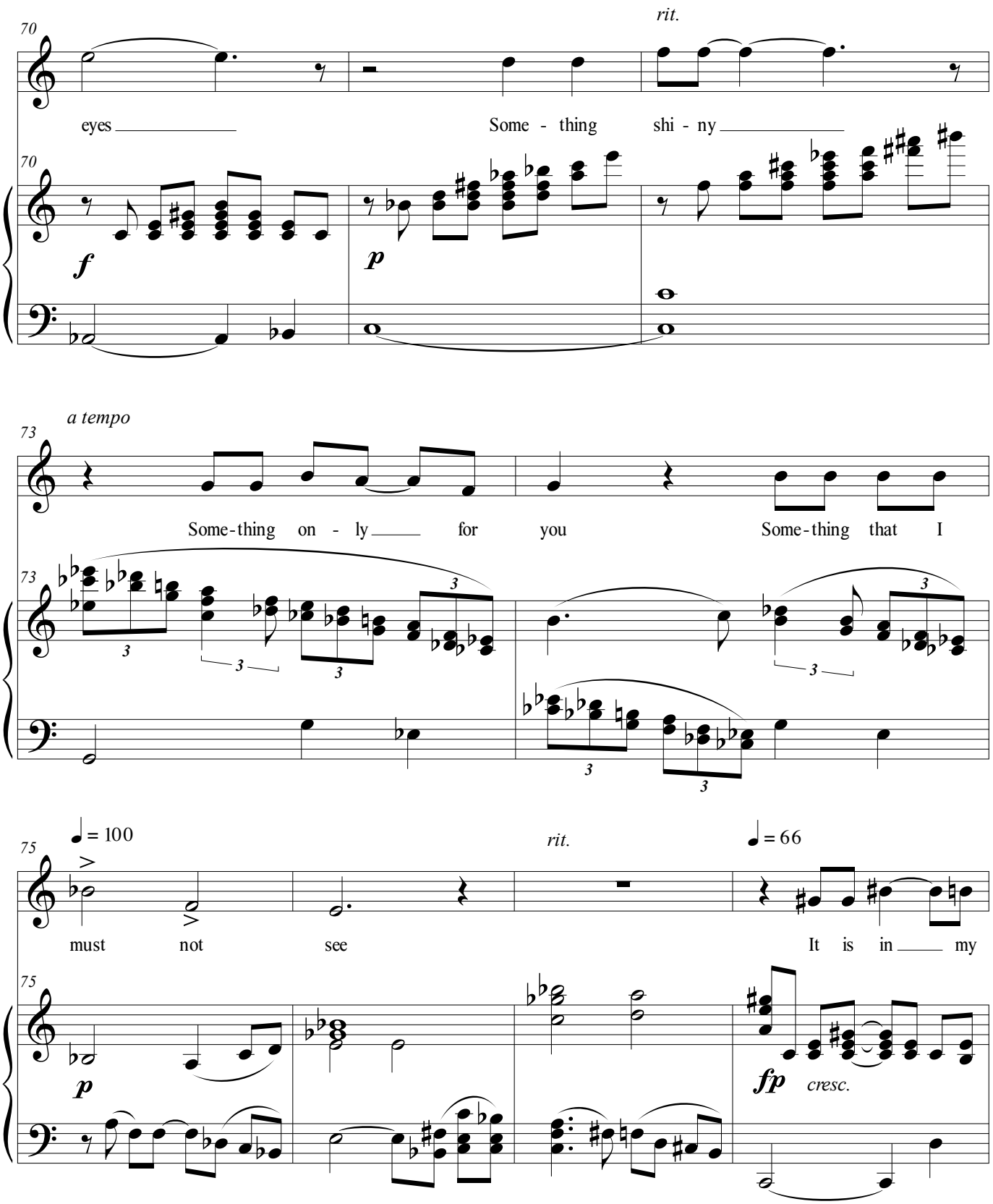
Three Lyrics

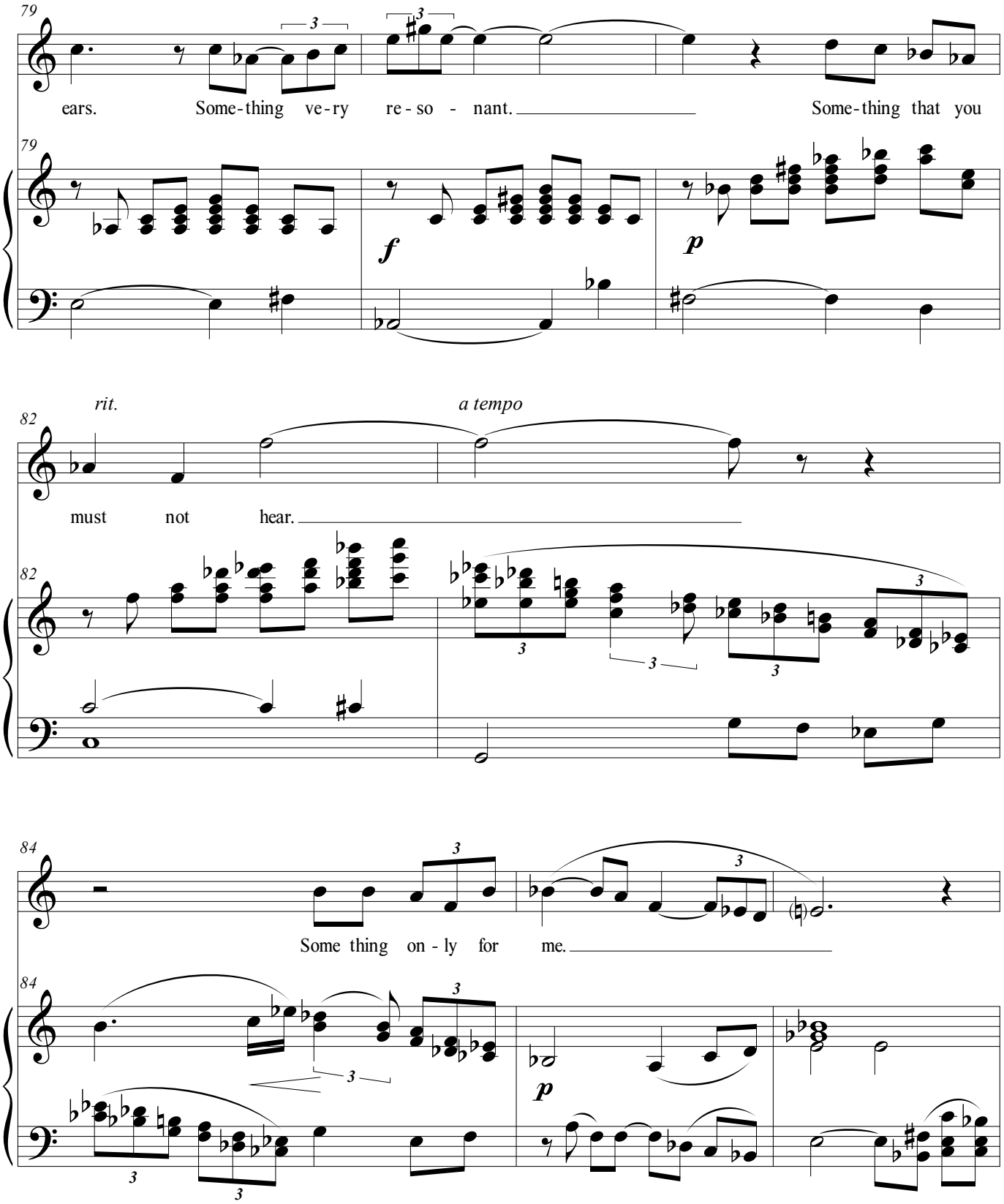
Come to Me

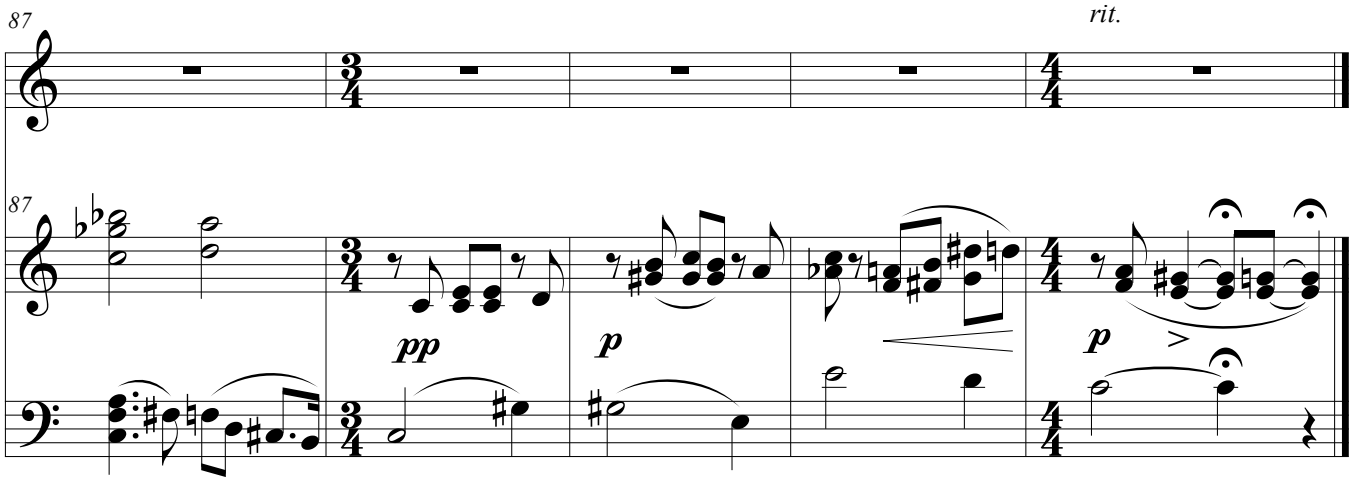



♩ = 100
50
Some - thing
Some - thing
f
p
54
♩ = 116
tak - ing
shape
some-thing that has a
cresc.
f
p
58
new
name
a new di - men -
cresc.
f

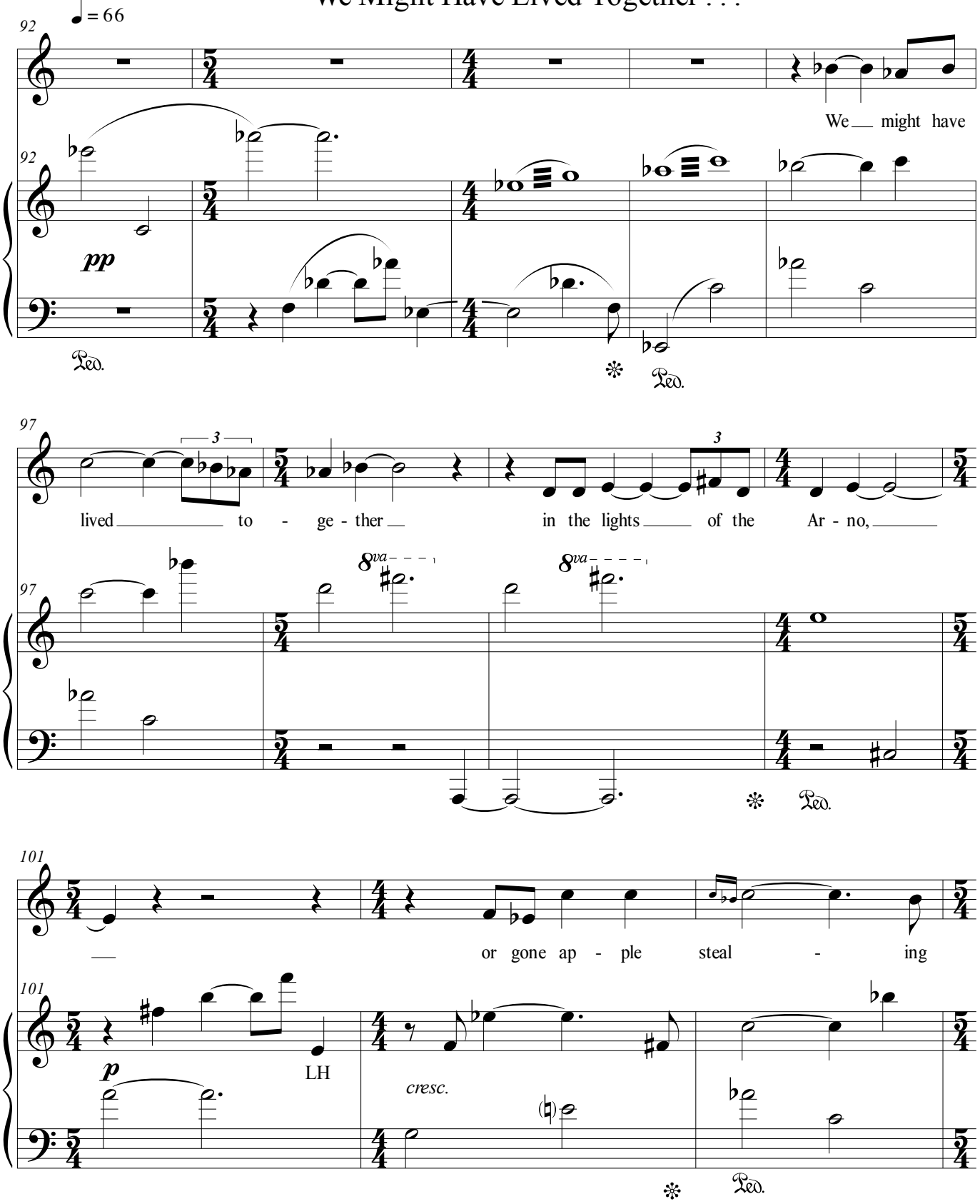

♩ = 100
61
- - - sion
a new - use
61
p
♩ = 66
64
a new il - lus - - - - - ion
64
3
3
3
3
67
It is am - bi-ent And it is in your
67
mf cresc.
RH
fp cresc.

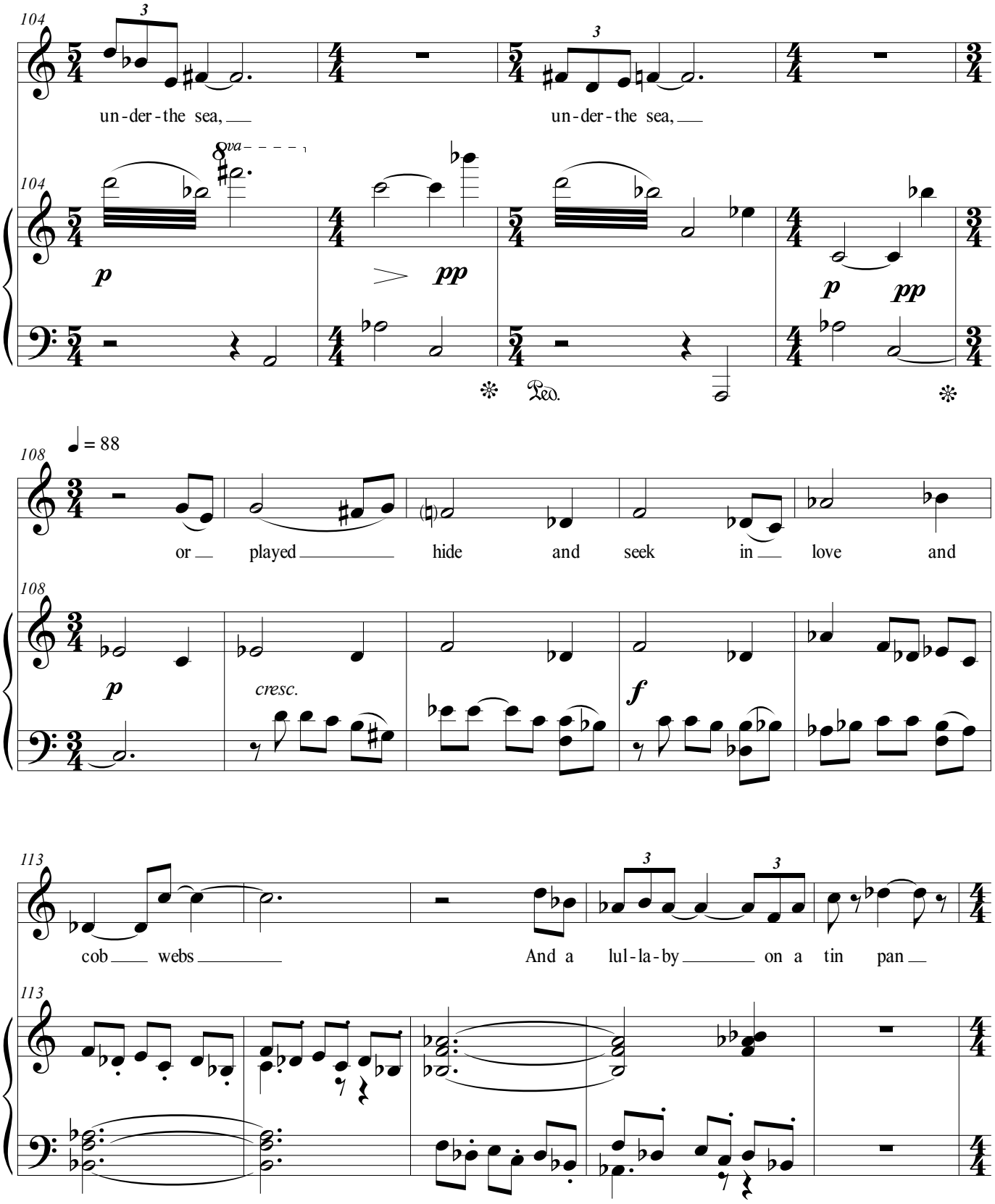

70
rit.
eyes
Some - thing
shi - ny
f
p
a tempo
73
Some-thing on - ly for you
Some-thing that I
3
75
♩ = 100
rit.
♩ = 66
must not see
It is in my
p
fp
cresc.

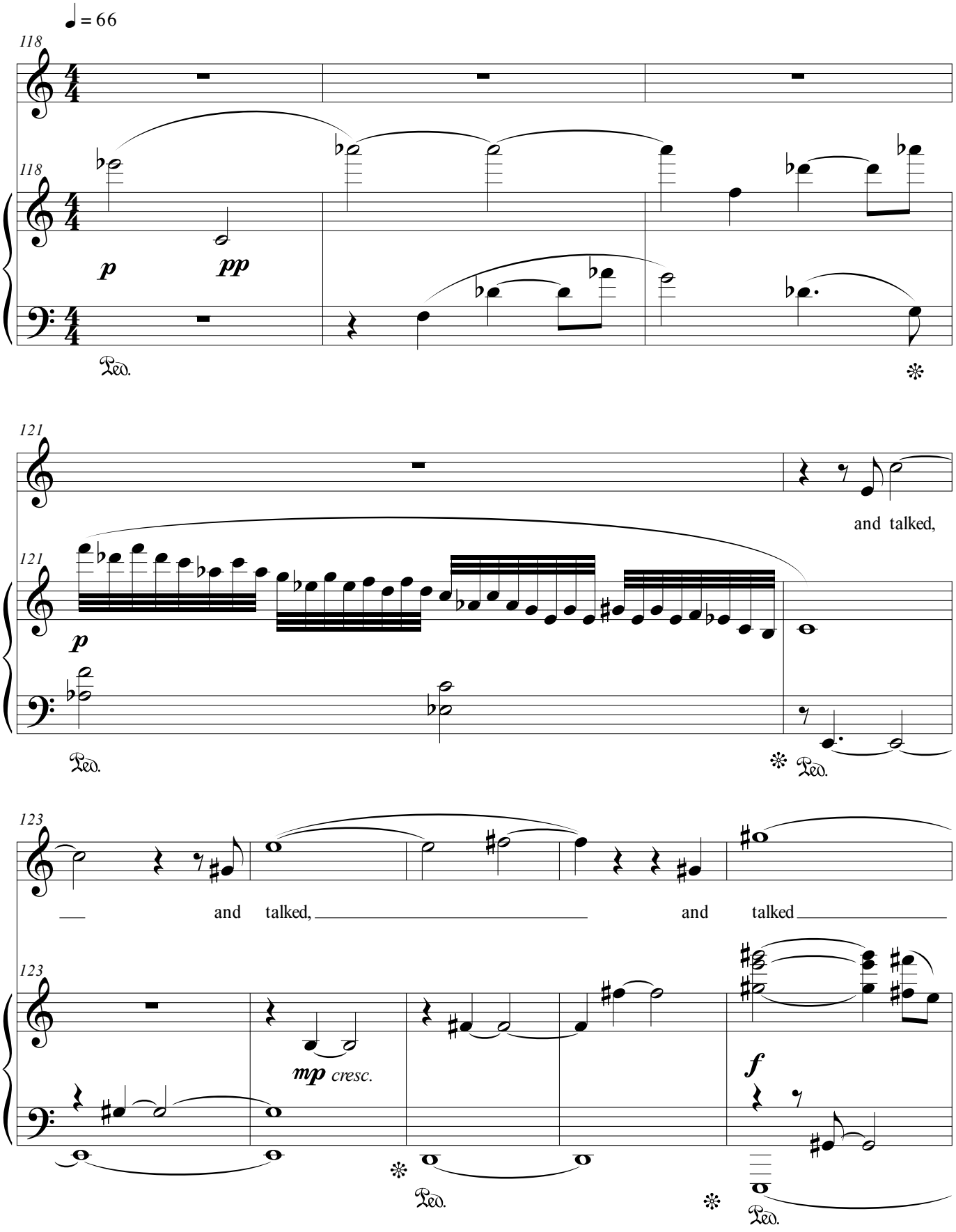

79
ears. Some-thing ve-ry re-so - nant. Some-thing that you
f
p
rit.
a tempo
82
must not hear.
84
Some thing on - ly for me.
p

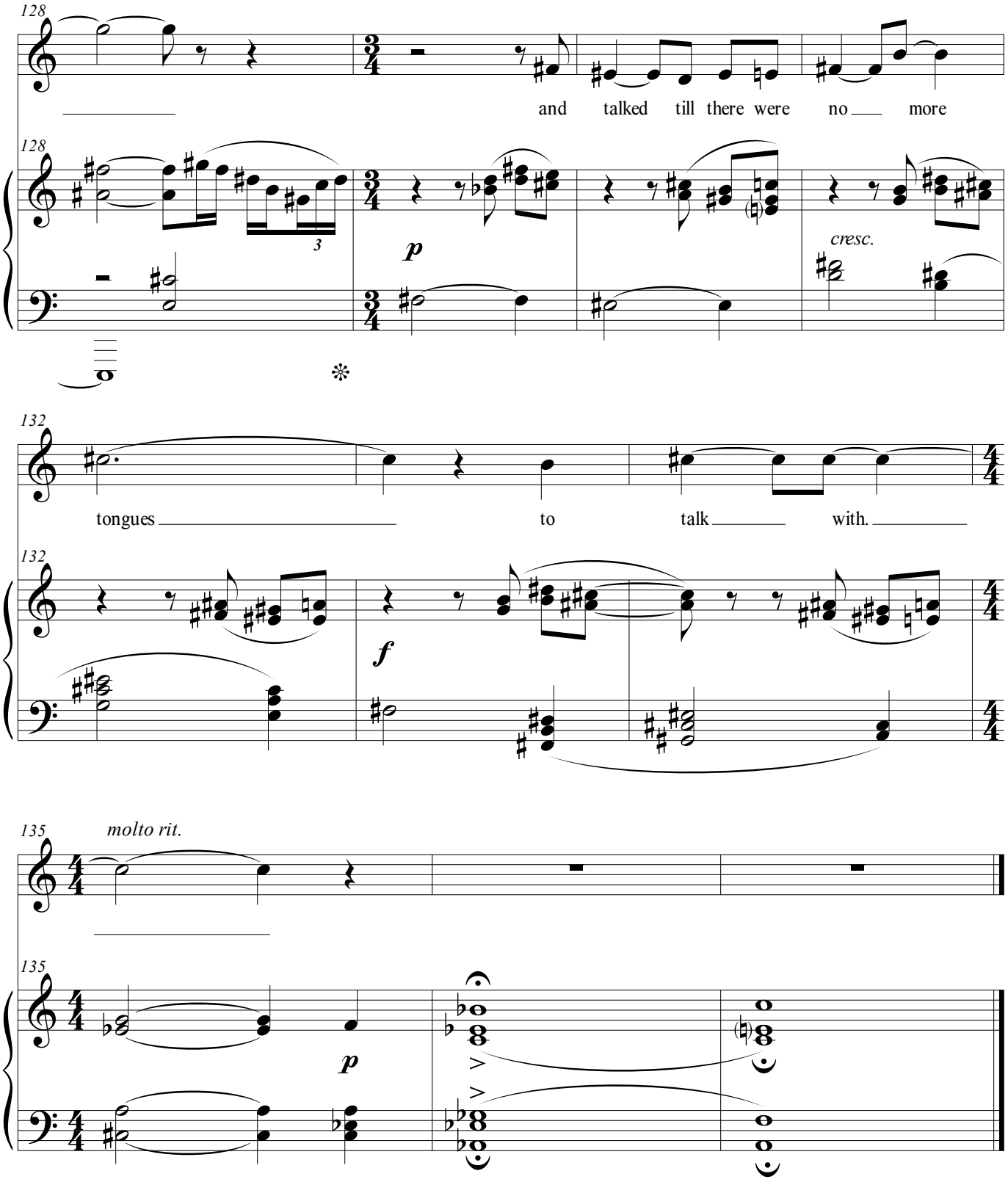

87
rit.
87
pp
p
p

We Might Have Lived Together . . .




104
un-der-the sea,
un-der-the sea,
8va
p
pp
p
pp
Ped.
108
♩ = 88
or played hide and seek in love and
p
cresc.
f
113
cob webs
And a lul-la-by on a tin pan


♩ = 66
118
118
p
pp
Ped.
121
121
and talked,
p
Ped.
Ped.
123
and talked, and talked
123
mp cresc.
f
Ped.
Ped.


128
and talked till there were no more
128
3
p
cresc.
132
tongues to talk with.
132
f
135
molto rit.
135
p

Three Lyrics

Medium Voice

XVIII
Out of the severing
Of hill from hill
The interim
Of star from star
The nascent
Static
Of night

from XIII
Come to me There is something
I have got to tell you and I can't tell
Something taking shape
Something that has a new name
A new dimension
A new use
A new illusion

It is ambient And it is in your eyes
Something shiny Something only for you
Something that I must not see

It is in my ears Something very resonant
Something that you must not hear
Something only for me

from XVI
We might have lived together
In the lights of the Arno
Or gone apple stealing under the sea
Or played
Hide and seek in love and cob-webs
And a lullaby on a tin-pan
And talked till there were no more tongues
To talk with

--Mina Loy, from "Poems to Johannes"

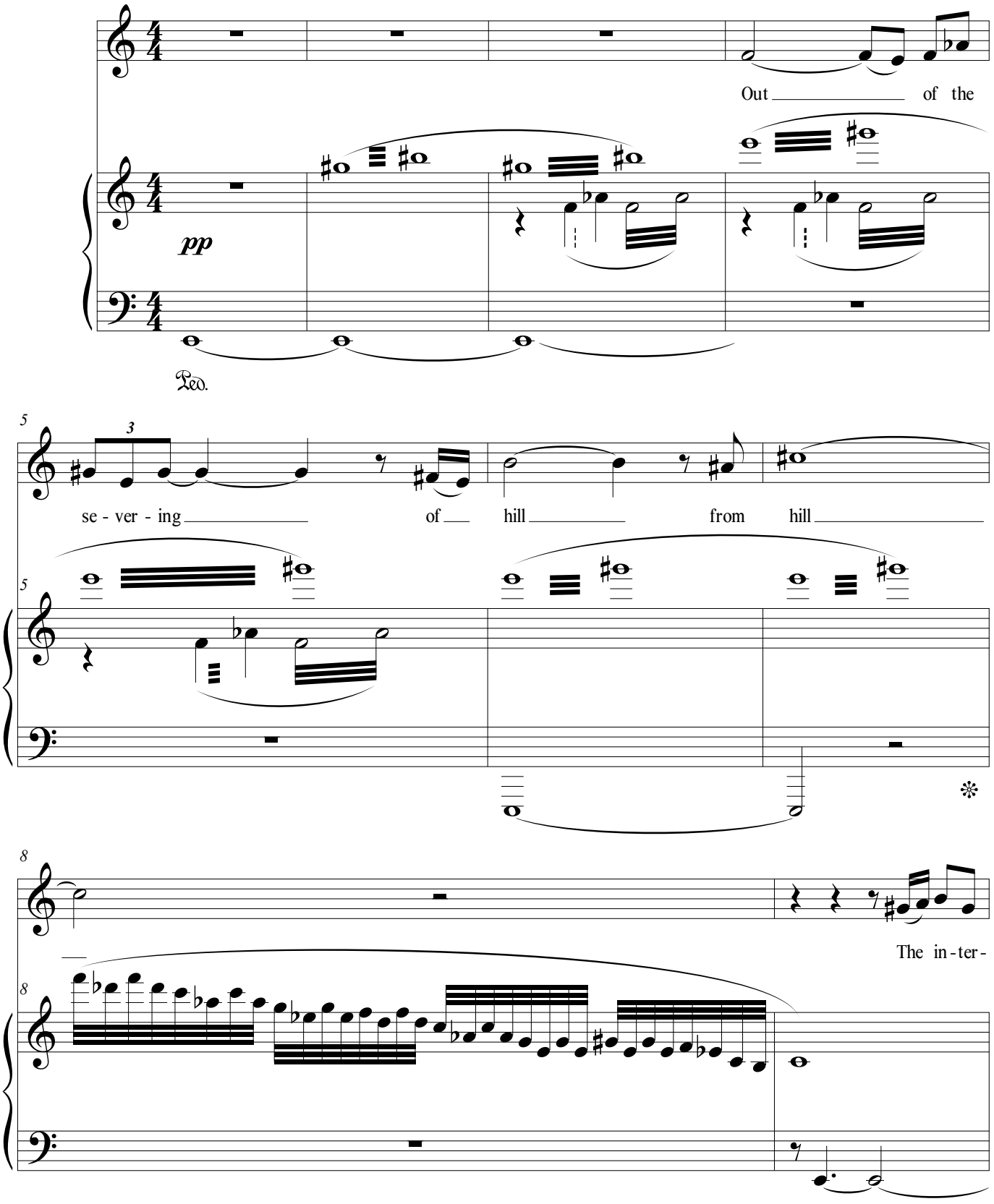
Written Voice Range: B3 - E5
Tessitura: E4 - D5
Duration 7:30

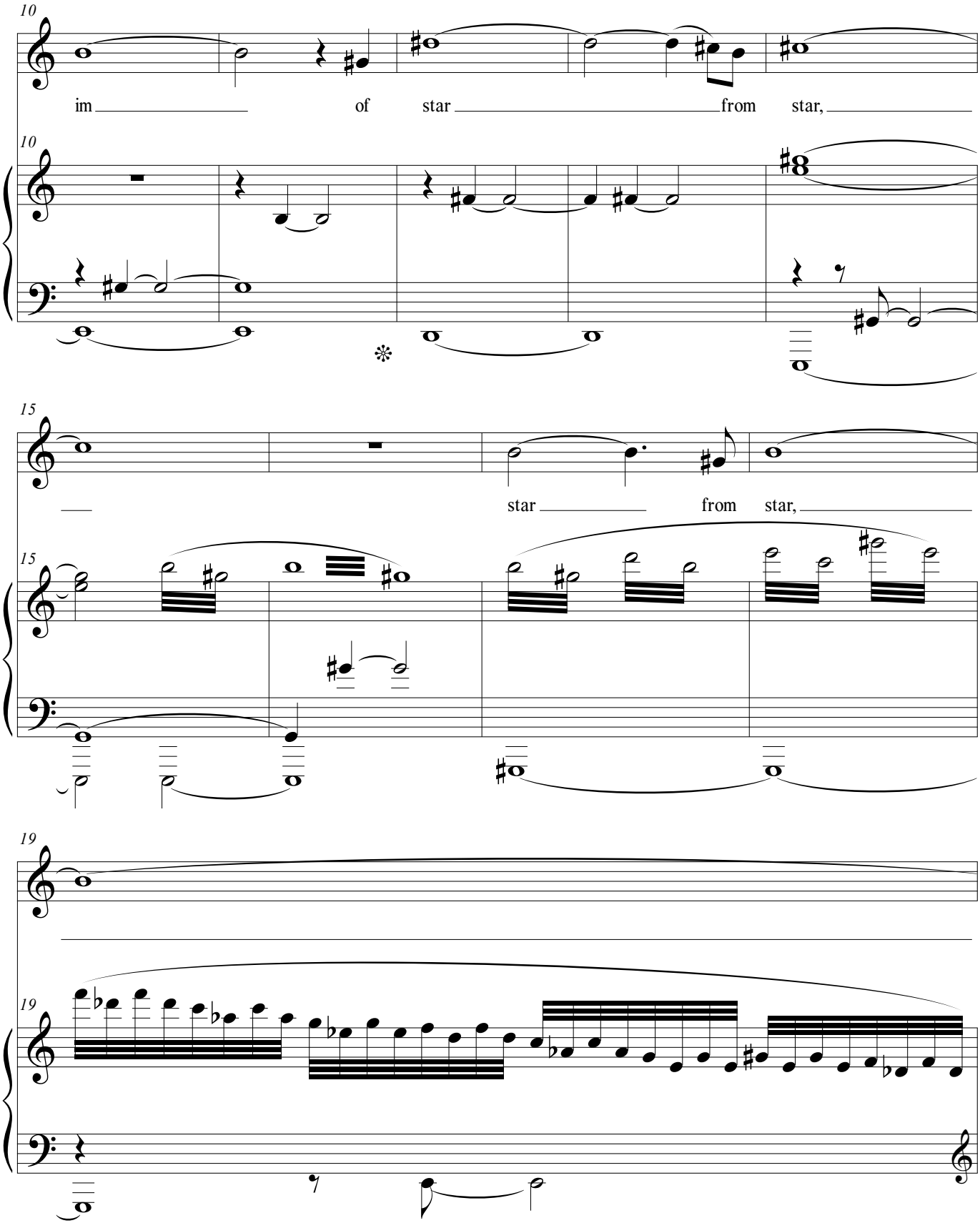
Composed 2020

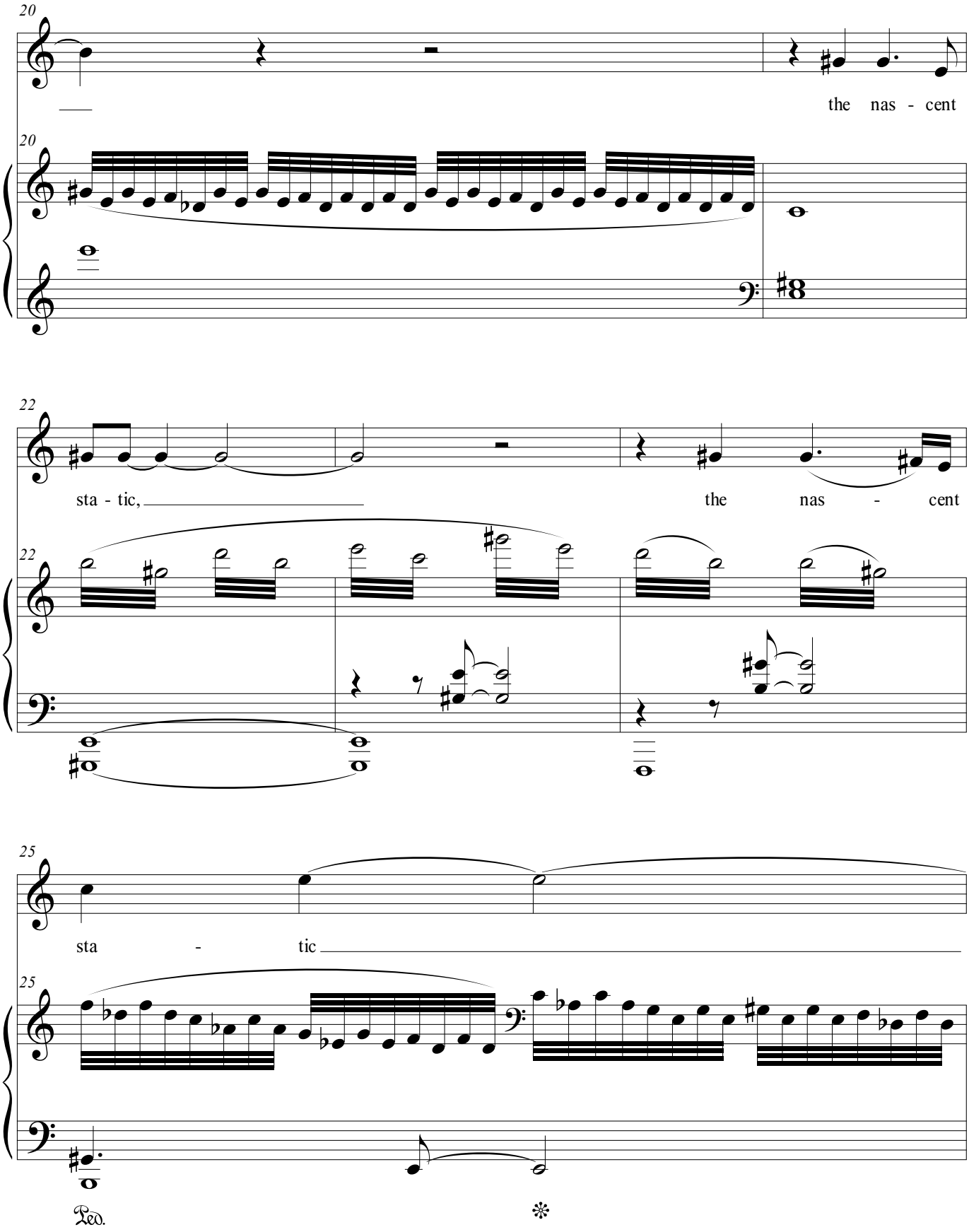
Out of the Severing

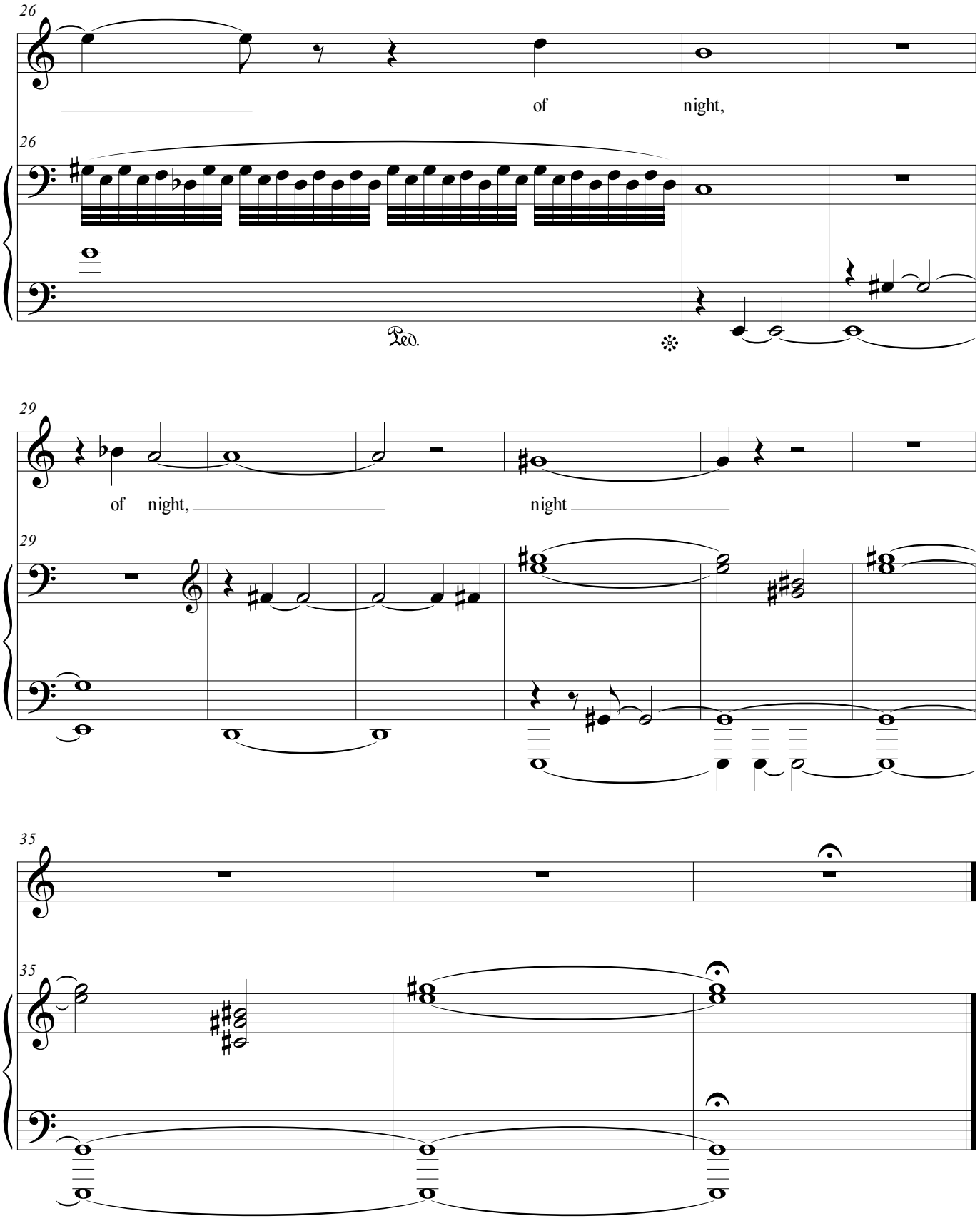
♩ = 76

Lawrence Kramer



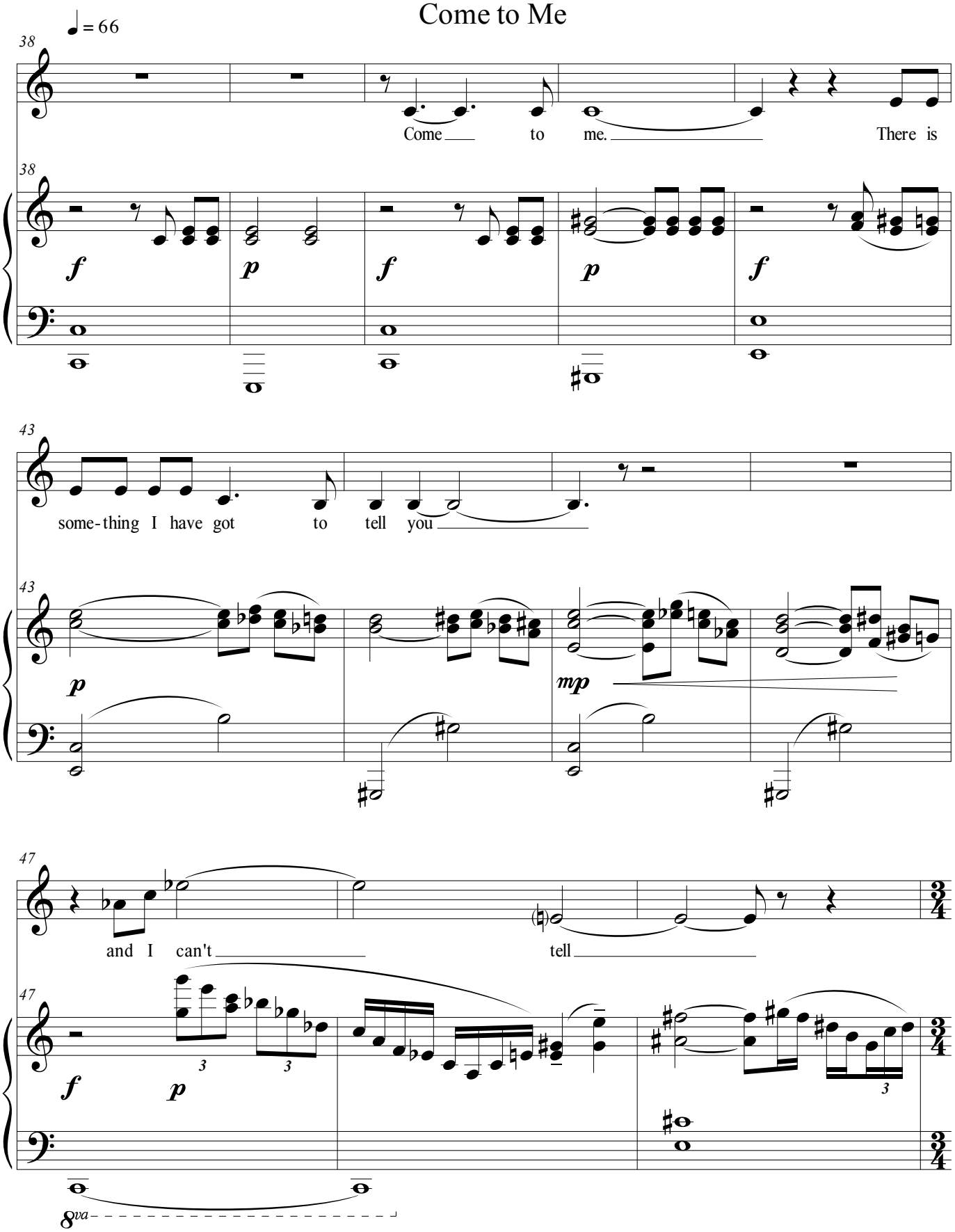

10
im of star from star,
10
15
star from star,
15
19
19

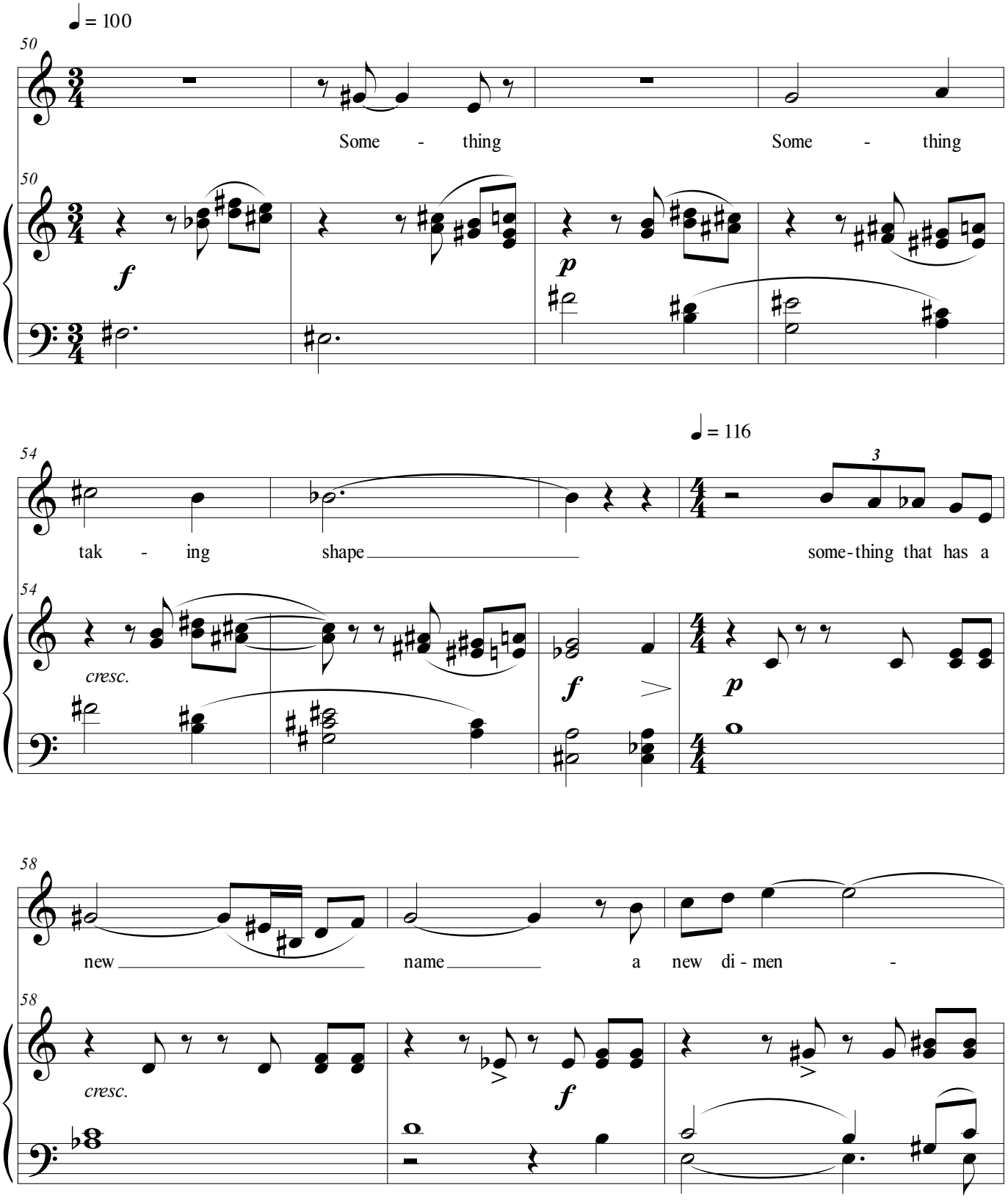

20
the nas - cent
20
22
sta - tic,
the nas - cent
22
25
sta - tic
25
Ped.
*

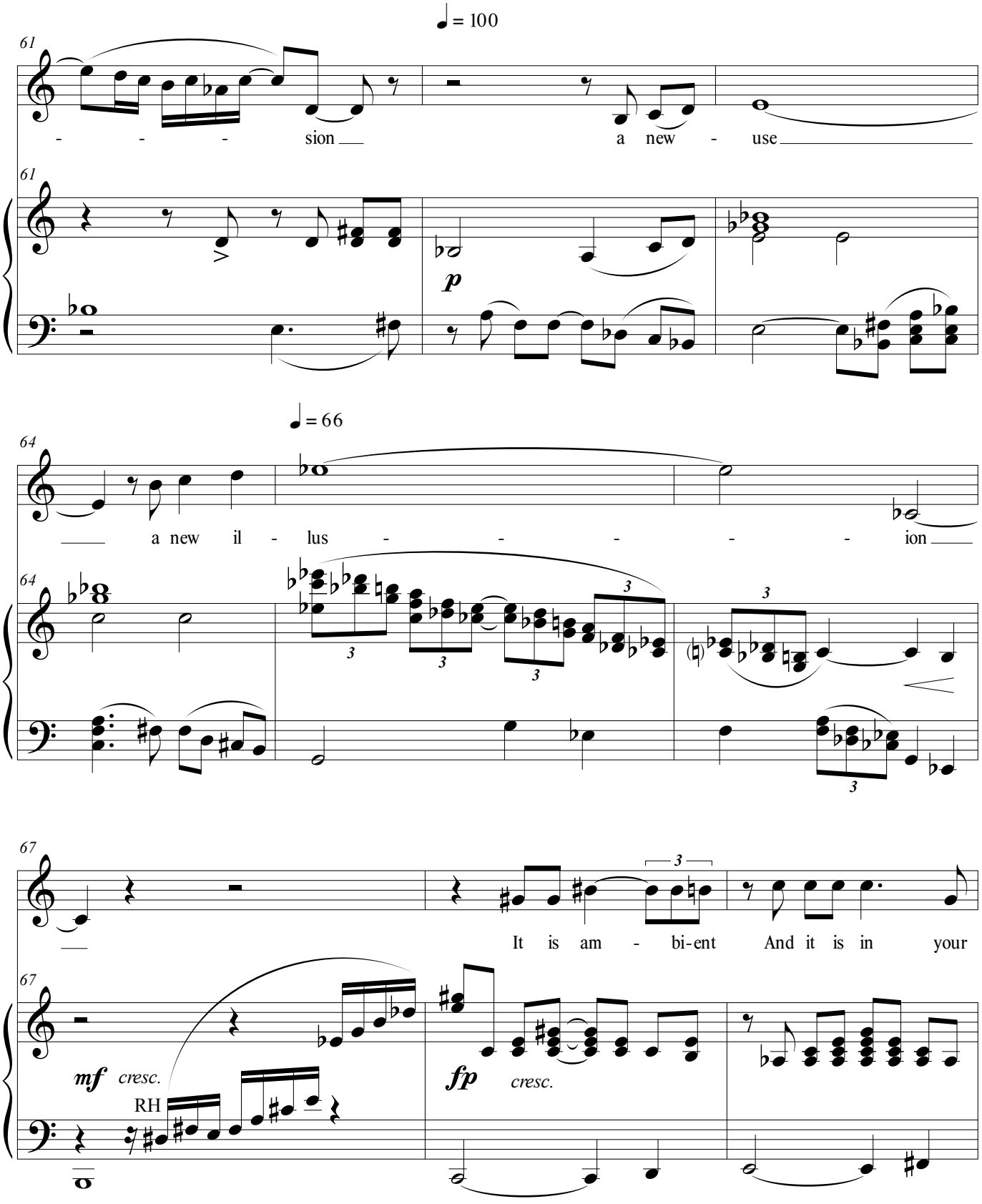

26
of night,
Ped.
29
of night, night
35

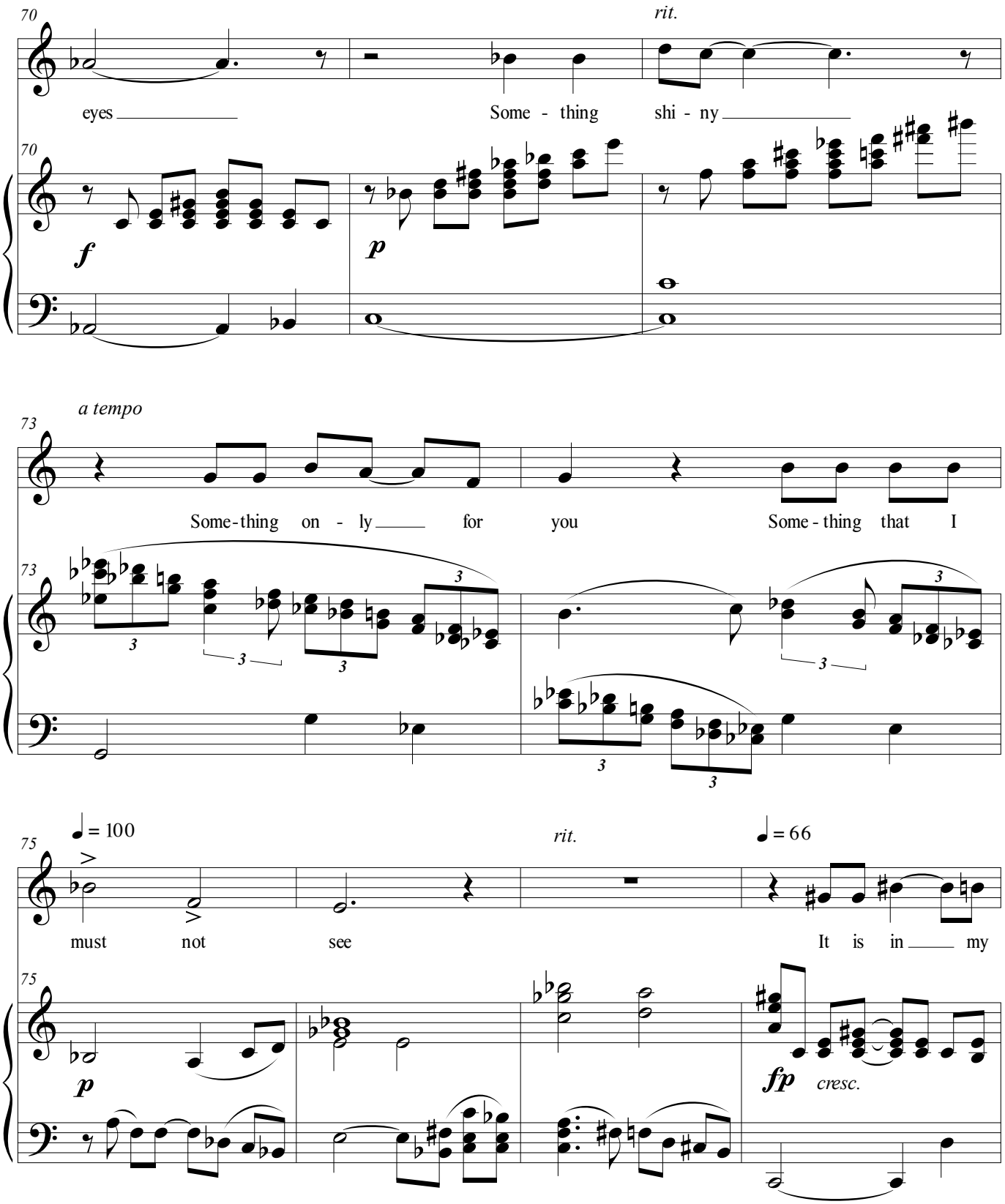
Three Lyrics

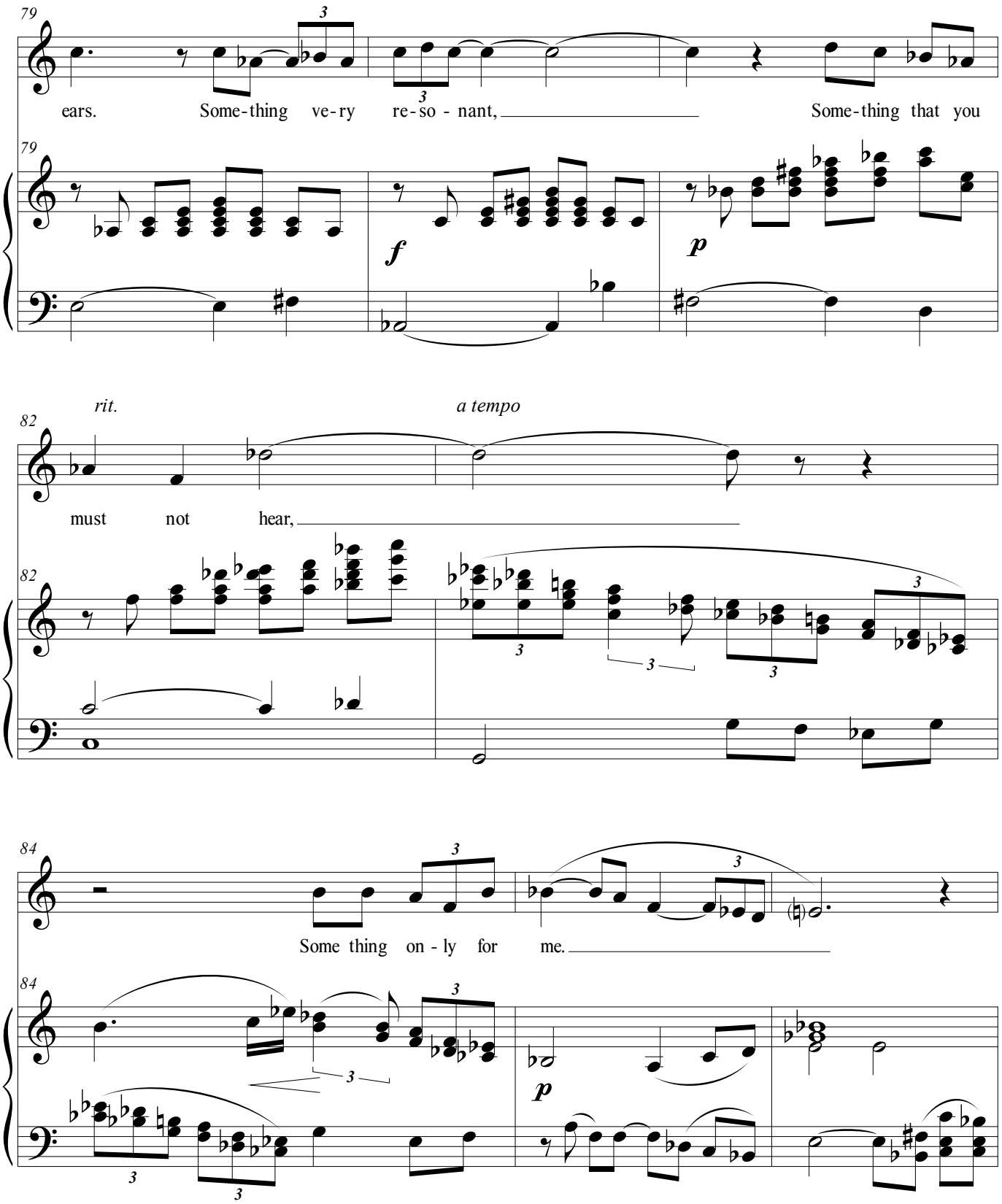
Come to Me

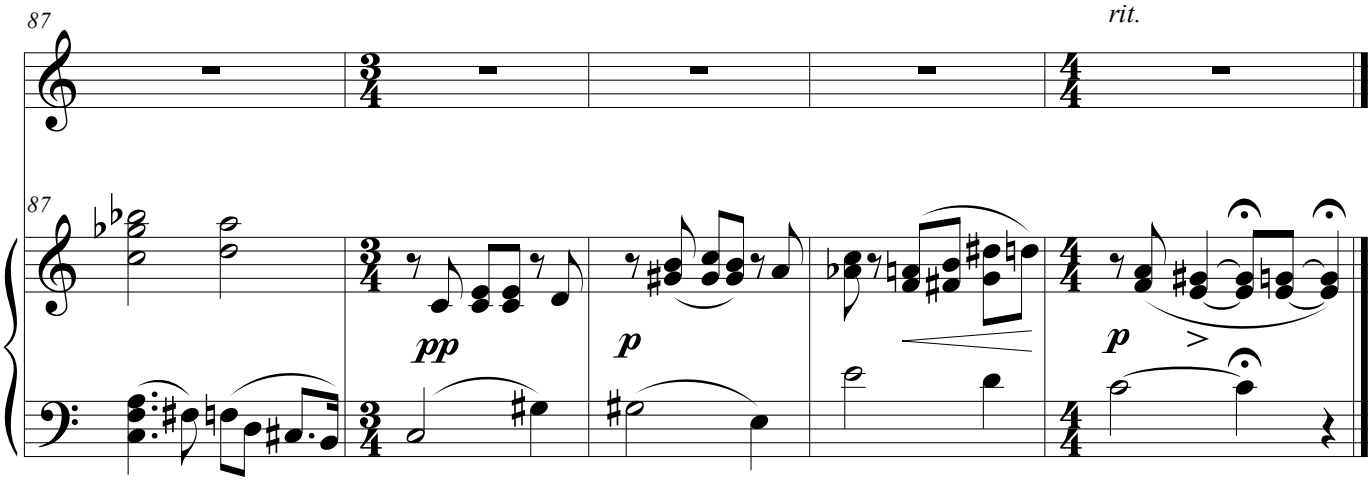



♩ = 100
50
Some - thing
Some - thing
f
p
54
♩ = 116
tak - ing
shape
some-thing that has a
cresc.
f
p
58
new
name
a new di - men -
cresc.
f

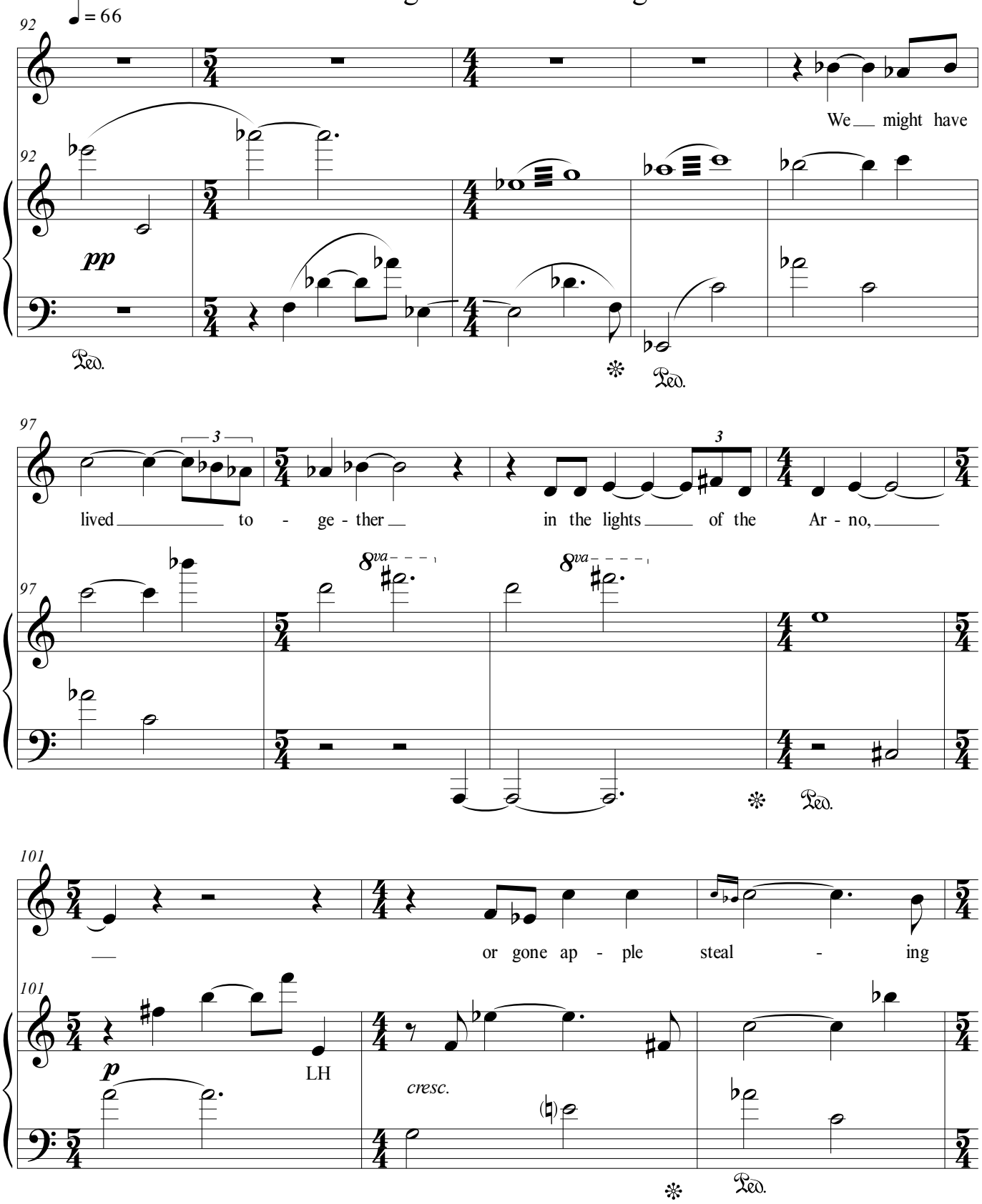

♩ = 100
61
- - - sion
a new - use
61
p
♩ = 66
64
a new il - lus - - - - - ion
64
3
3
3
3
67
It is am - bi-ent And it is in your
67
mf cresc.
RH
fp cresc.

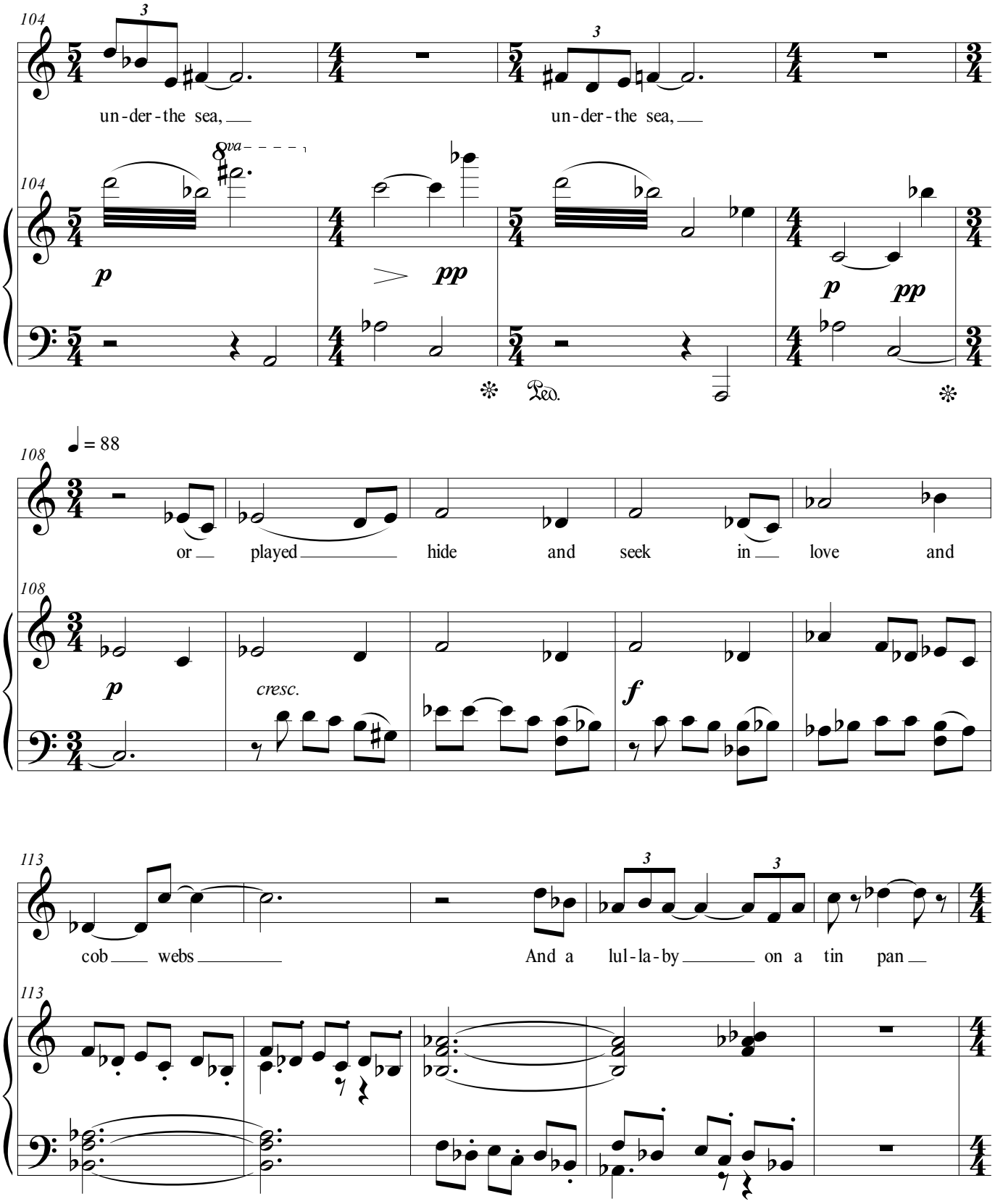

70
rit.
eyes
Some - thing
shi - ny
f
p
a tempo
73
Some-thing on - ly for you
Some - thing that I
3
= 100
= 66
75
must not see
It is in my
fp
cresc.

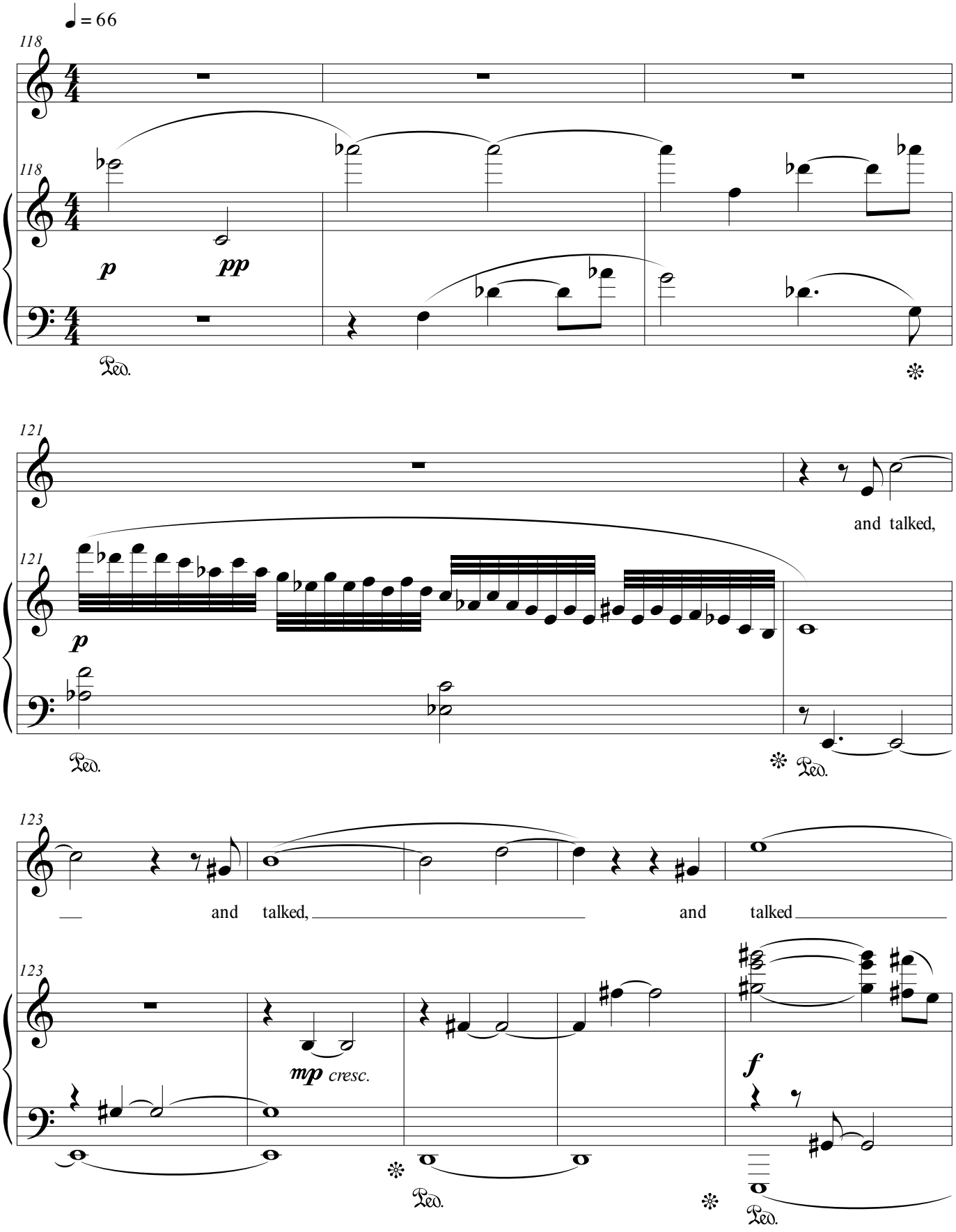

79
ears. Some-thing ve-ry re-so - nant, Some-thing that you
79
f
p
rit.
a tempo
82
must not hear,
82
84
Some thing on - ly for me.
84
p

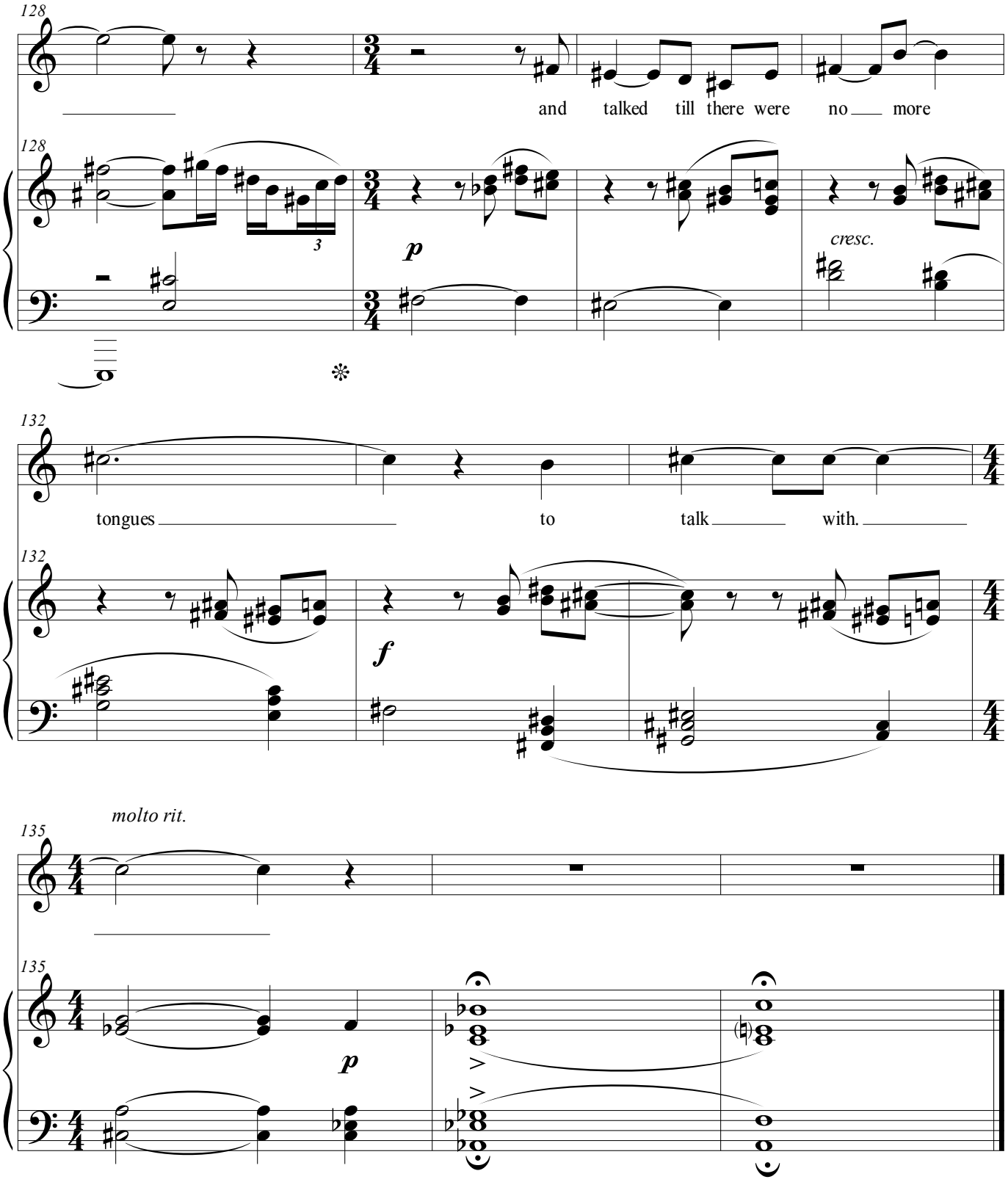

87
rit.
87
pp
p
p

We Might Have Lived Together . . .




104
un-der-the sea,
un-der-the sea,
8va
p
pp
p
pp
Ped.
108
♩ = 88
or played hide and seek in love and
p
cresc.
f
113
cob webs
And a lul-la-by on a tin pan


♩ = 66
118
118
p
pp
Ped.
121
121
and talked,
p
Ped.
Ped.
123
and talked, and talked
123
mp cresc.
f
Ped.
Ped.


128
and talked till there were no more
128
3
p
cresc.
132
tongues to talk with.
132
f
molto rit.
135
135
p

Two in One

Medium Voice

Both music and the mind are uniquely able to sustain different streams of awareness at the same time. Perhaps that is one reason why music so often acts as an image of inner experience. "Two in One" is a small sketch of this ability. It is a musical setting of two early poems by Hart Crane as if at the same time, in vocal counterpoint. The solo voice divides into two registers with only one note in common, assigns one poem to each register, which is also a distinct vocal persona, and moves between these text-register layers against a continuously developing piano part. The texts are different but not opposite in tone and theme; the movement between them sometimes seems to make a certain immediate sense and sometimes not.

Echoes

Slivers of rain upon the pane,
Jade-green with sunlight, melt and flow
Upward again:—they leave no stain
Of all the storm an hour ago.

Over the hill a last cloud dips
And disappears, and I should go
As silently but that your lips
Are warmed with a redder glow.

Fresh and fragile, your arms now
Are circles of cool roses,—so...
In opal pools beneath your brow
I dream we quarreled long, long ago.

A3 to A4

A Persuasion.

If she waits late at night
Hearing the wind,
It is to gather kindnesses
No world can offer.

She has drawn her hands away.
The wind plays andantes
Of lost hopes and regrets,—
And yet is kind.

Below the wind,
Waiting for morning
The hills lie curved and bent
As now her heart and mind.

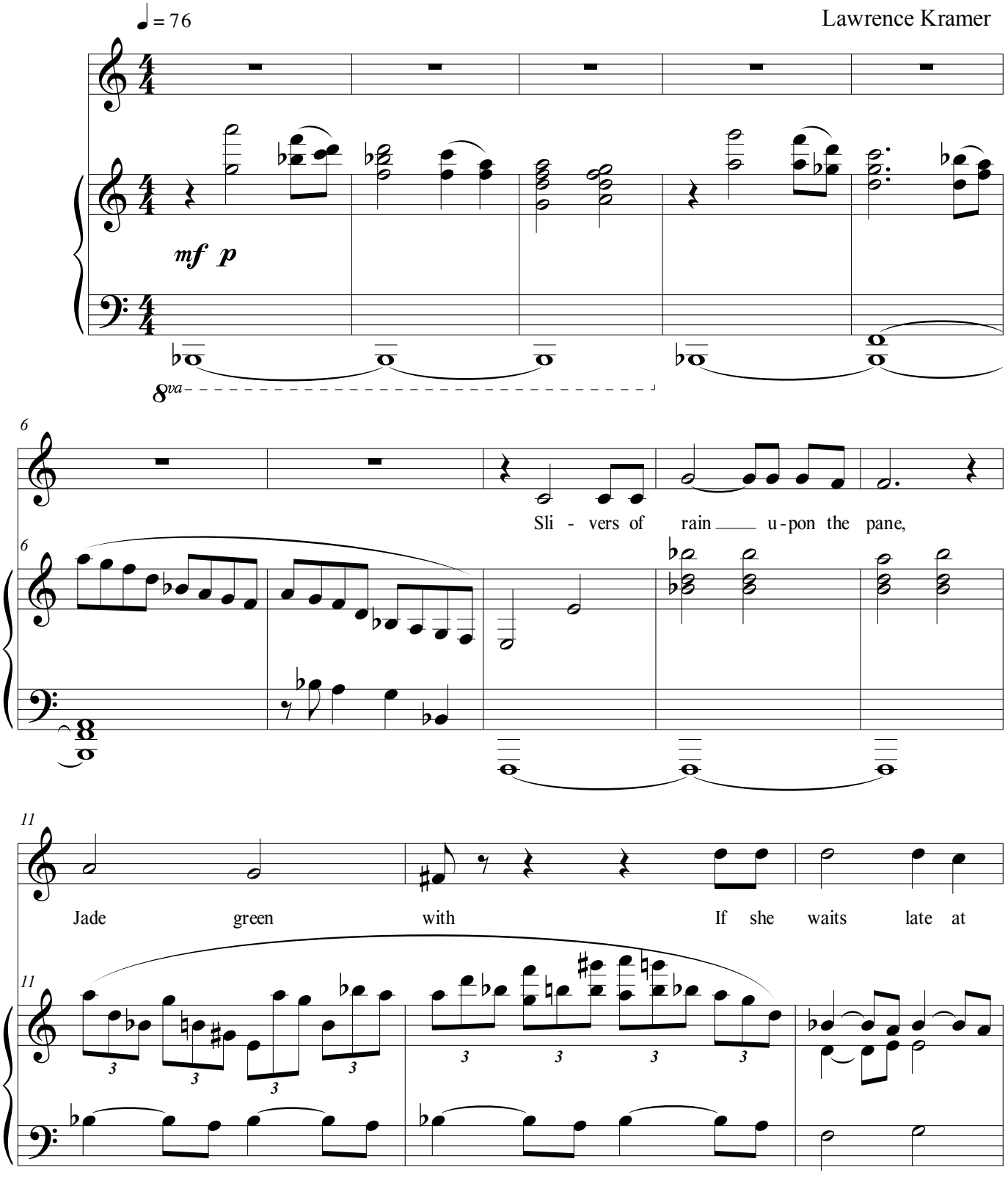
A4 to G-flat 5

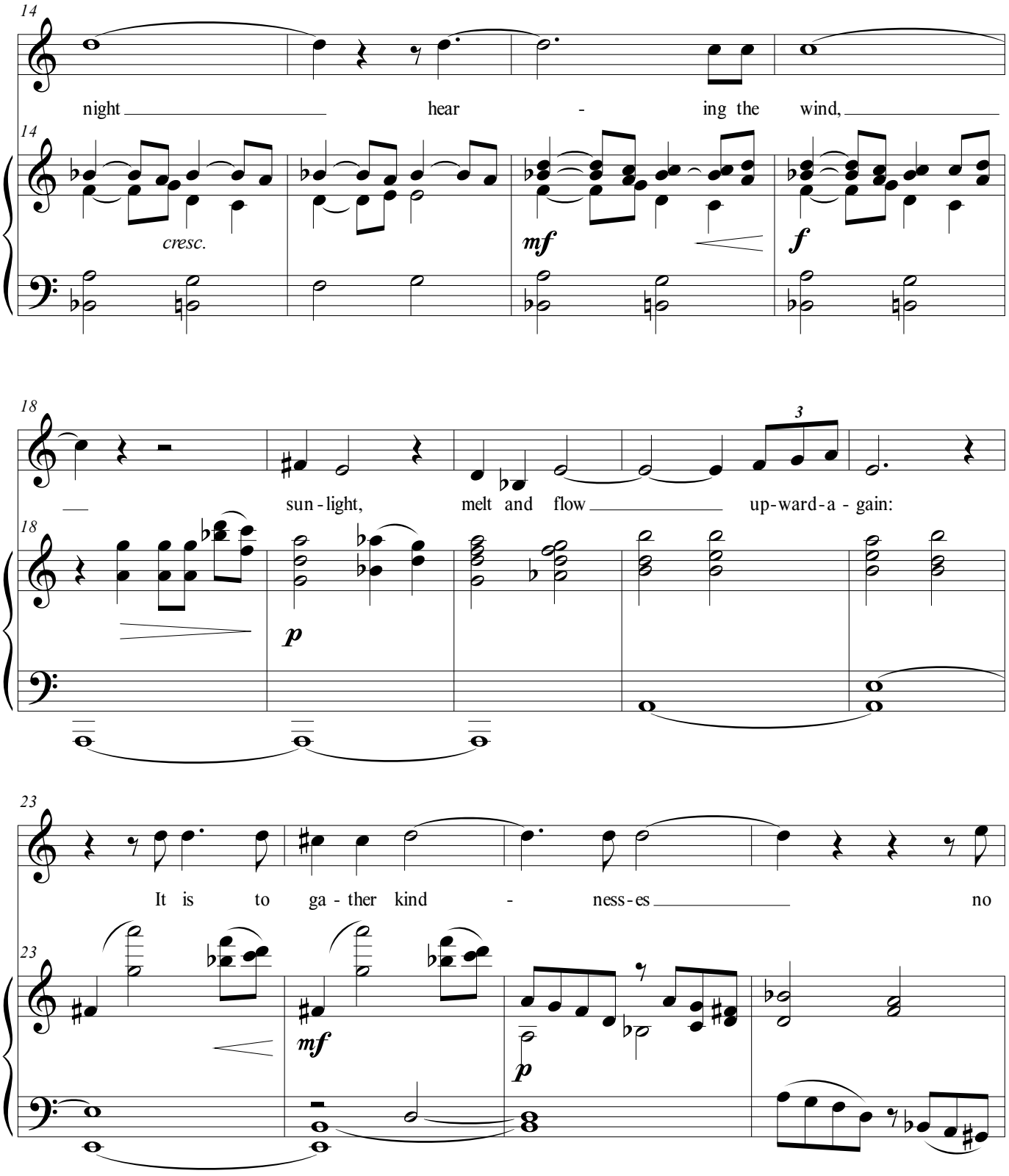
Written voice range: A3 - G♭5
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration: 7 minutes

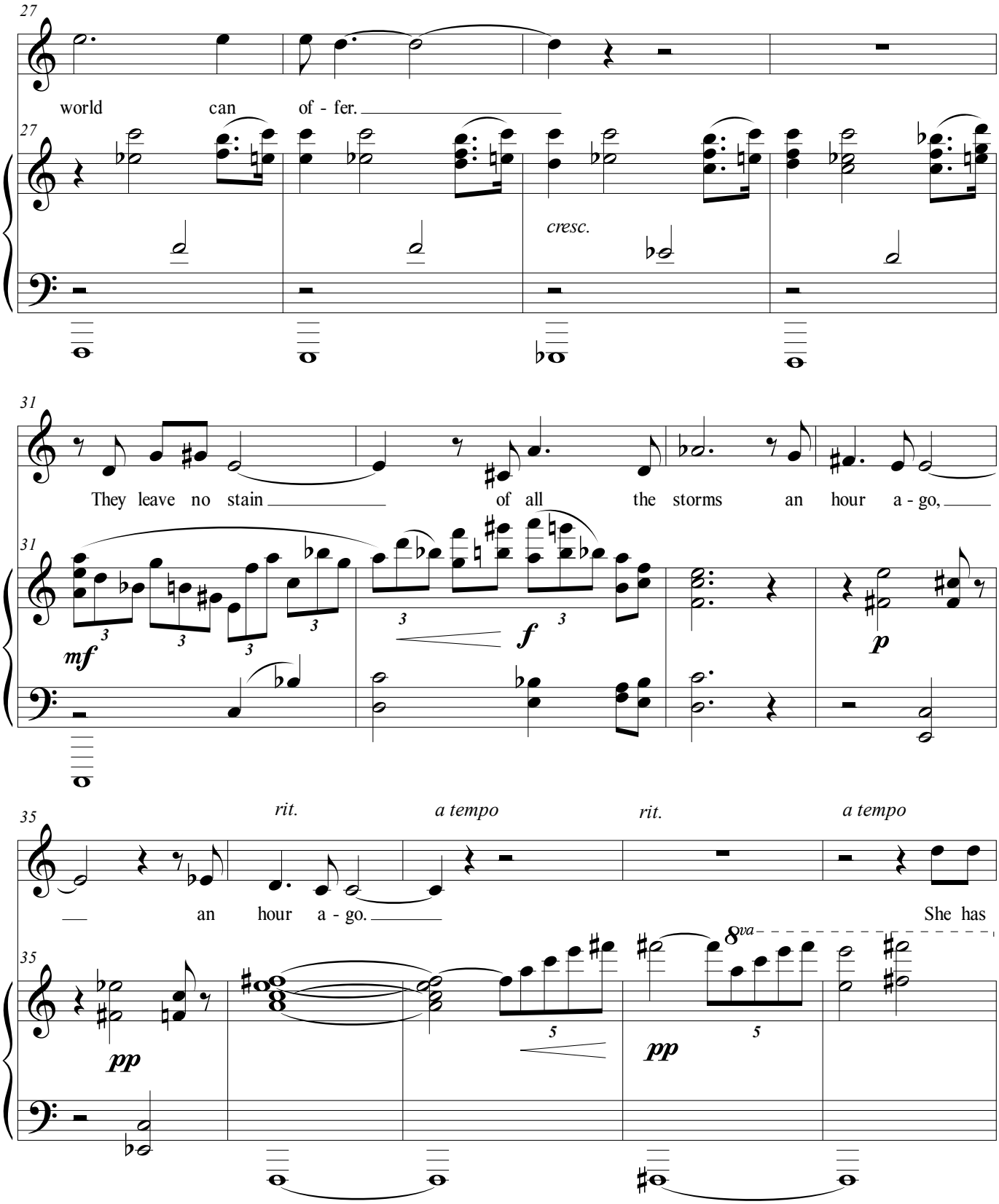
Composed 2016

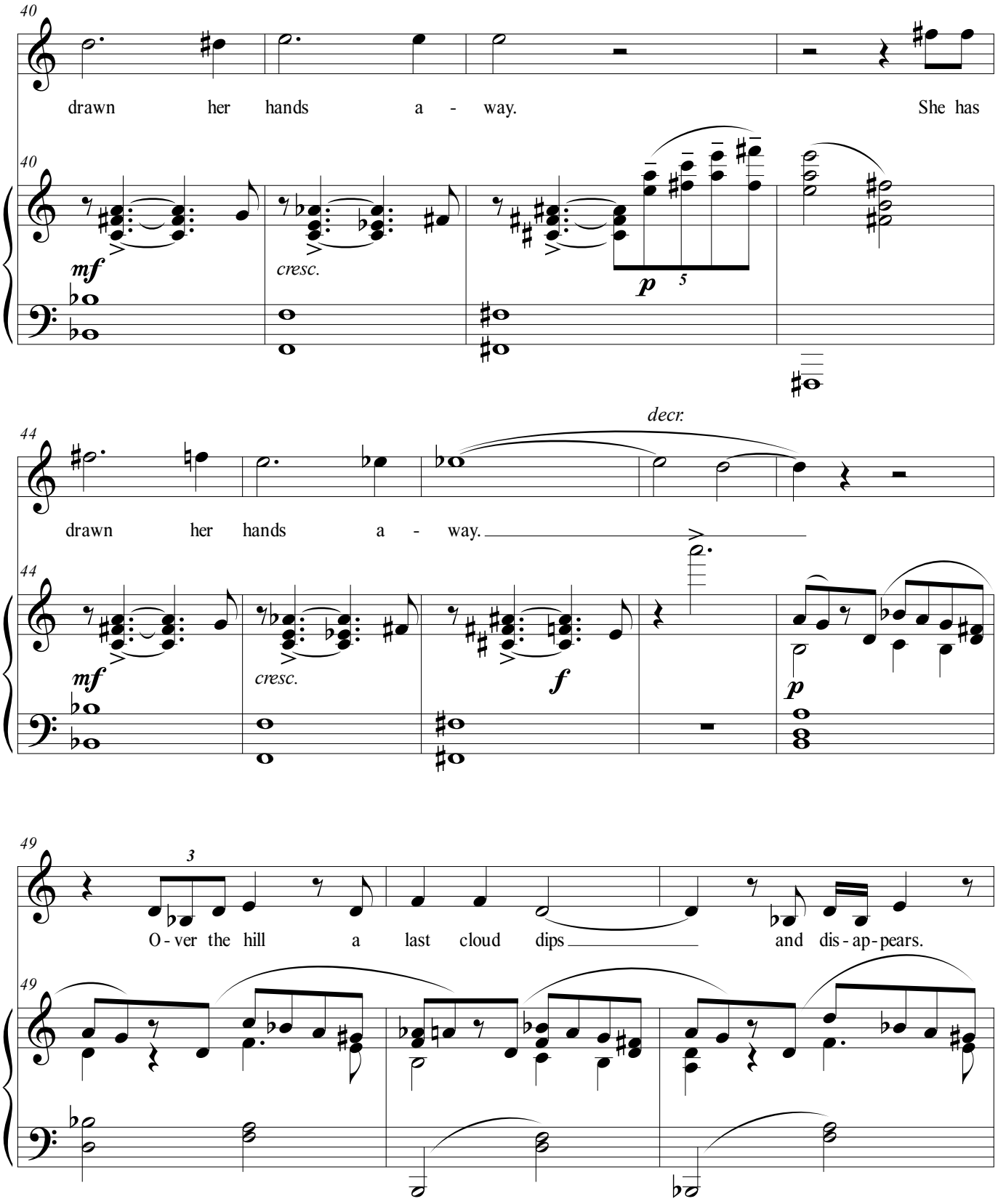
Echoes / Persuasion

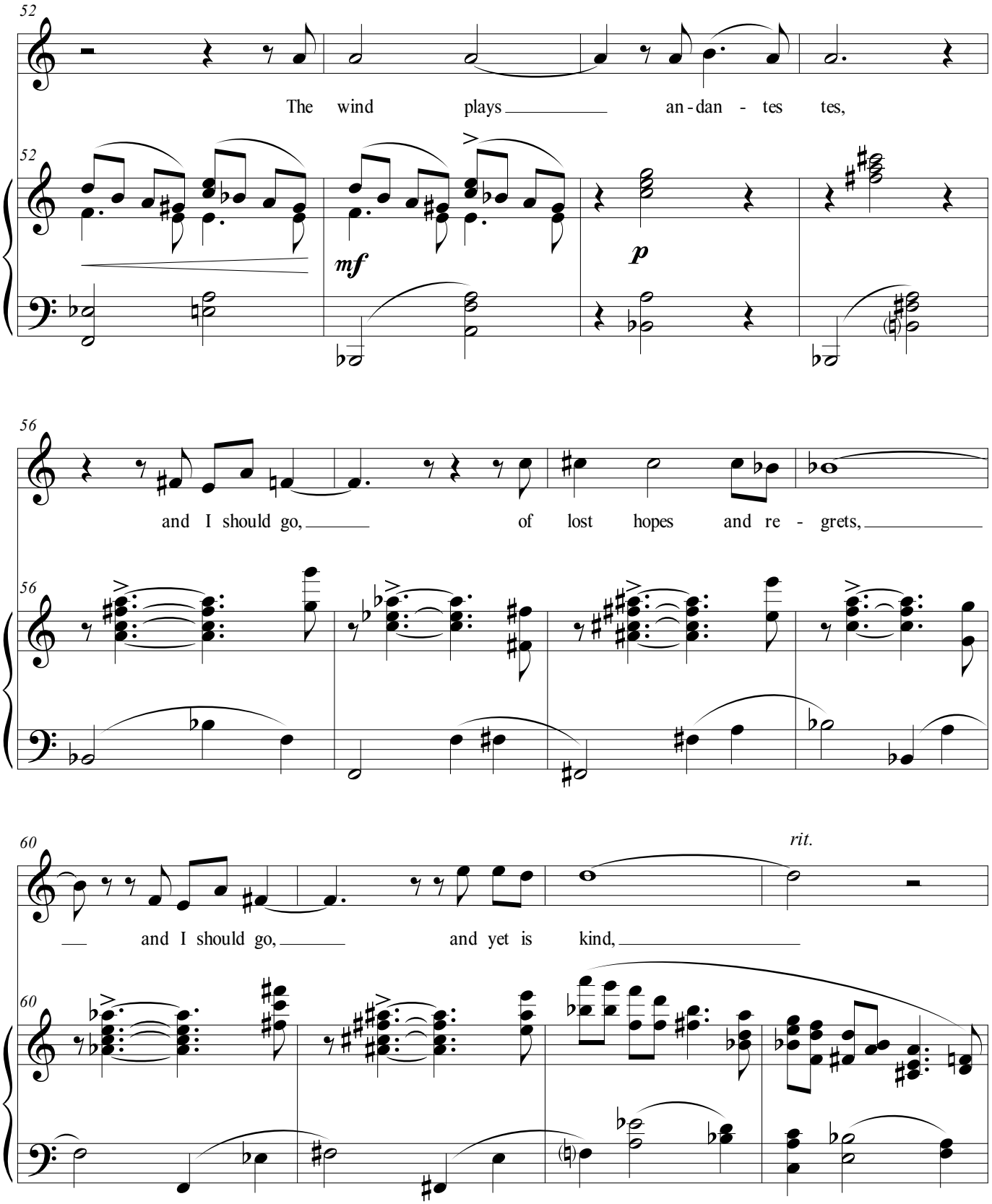
Lawrence Kramer

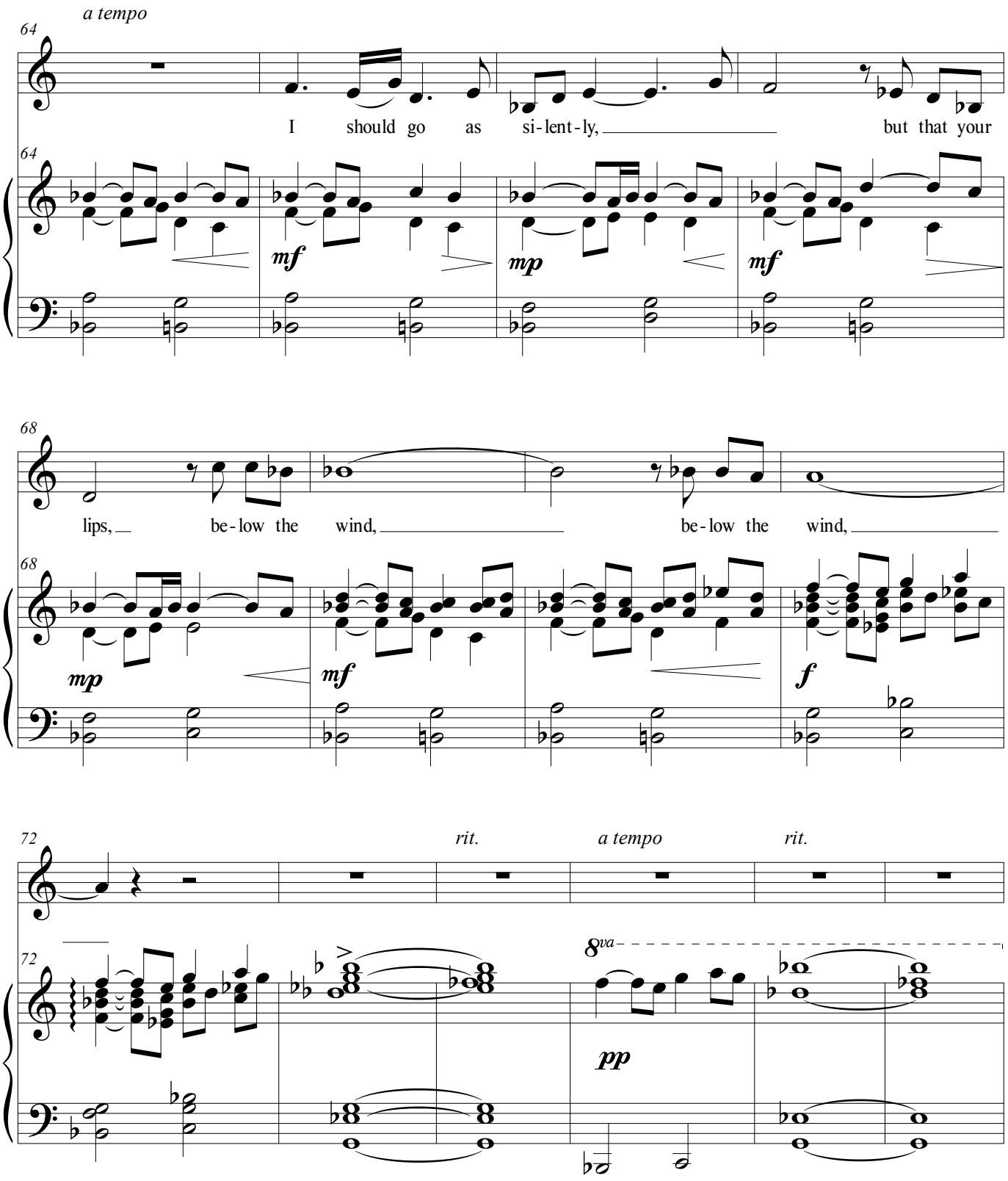


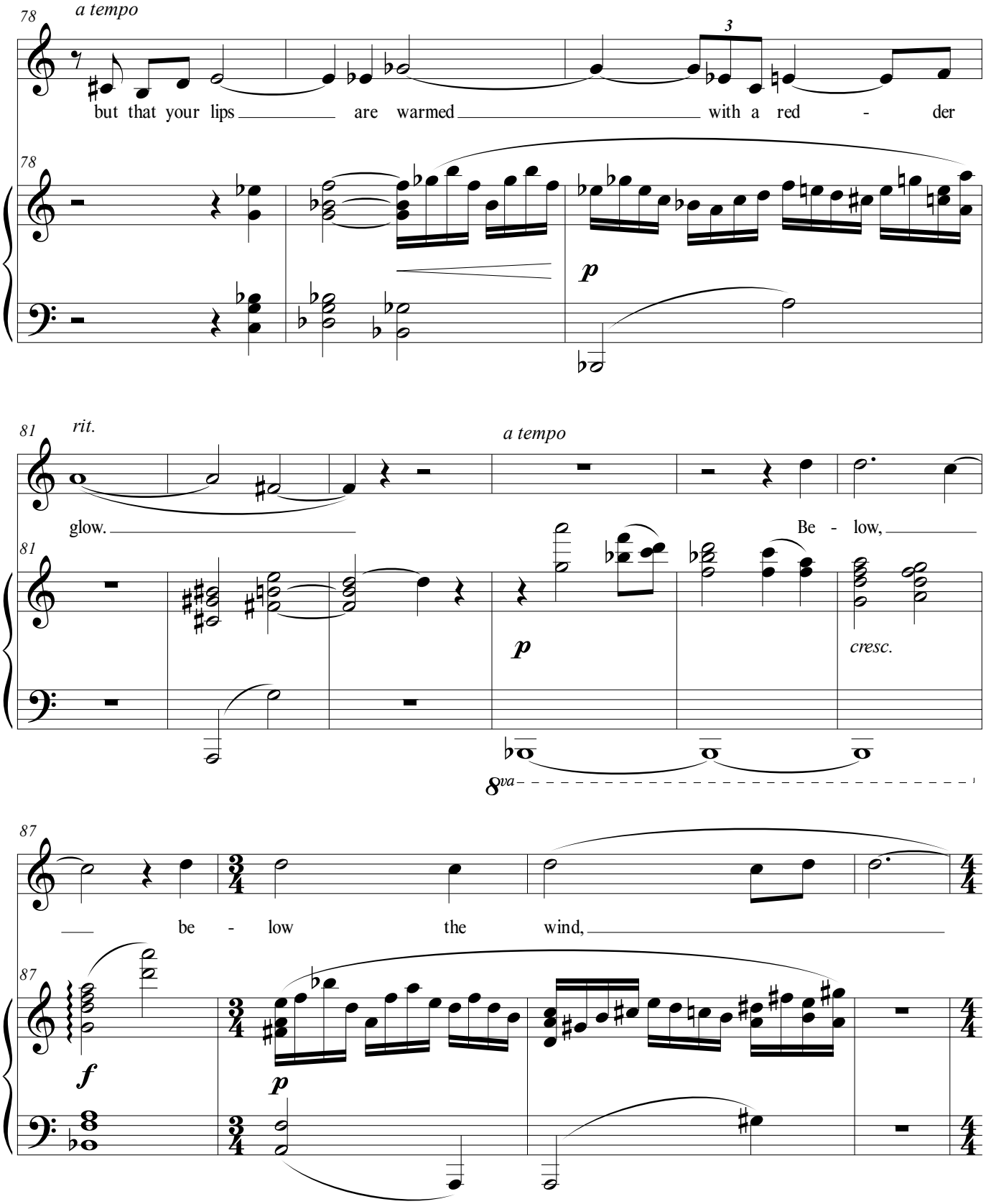

14
night hear - ing the wind,
14
cresc.
mf
f
18
sun - light, melt and flow up-ward-a - gain:
3
18
p
23
It is to ga - ther kind - ness-es no
23
mf
p

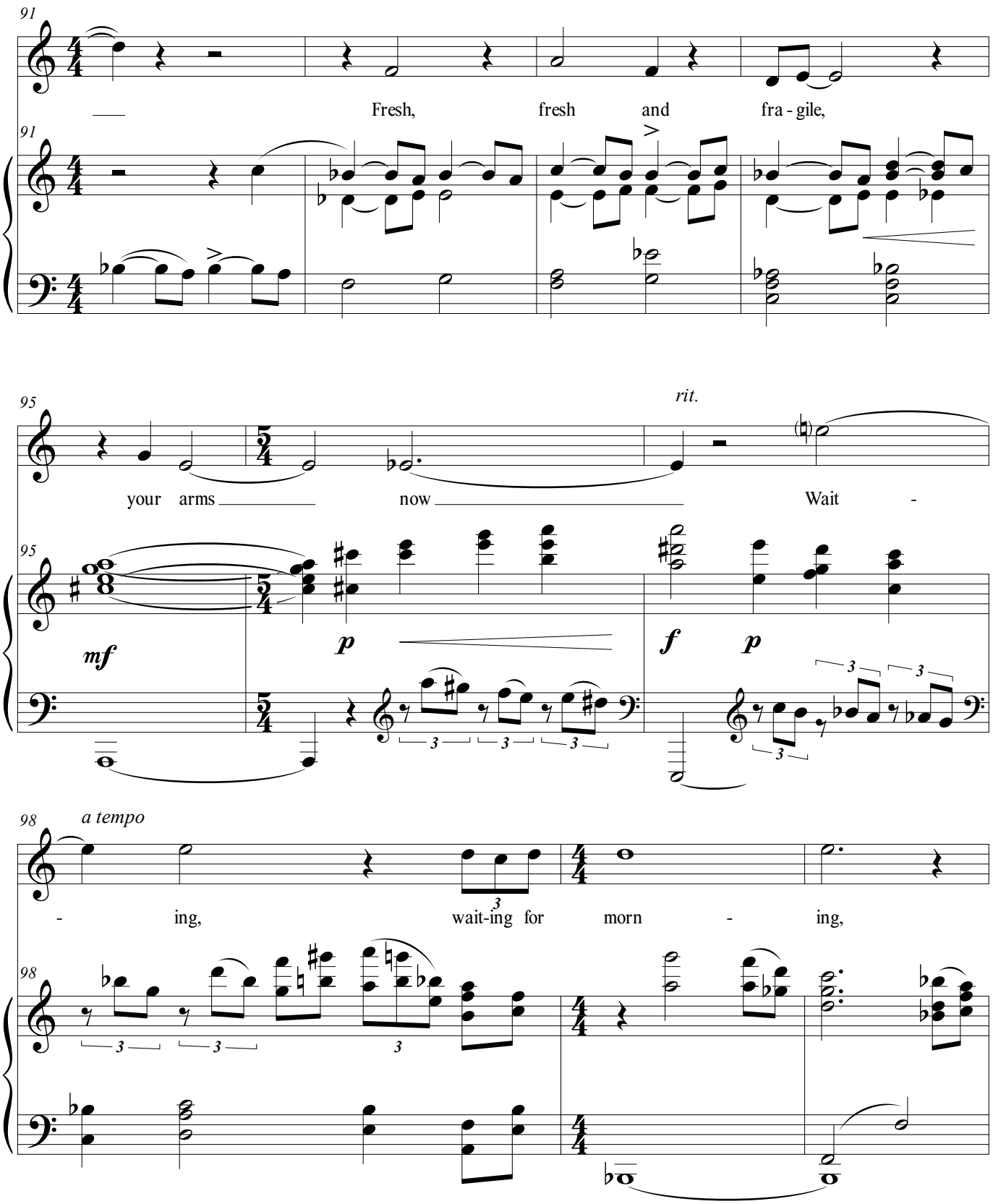

27
world can of - fer.
cresc.
31
They leave no stain of all the storms an hour a - go,
mf
f
p
35
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
an hour a - go.
She has
8va
pp
pp

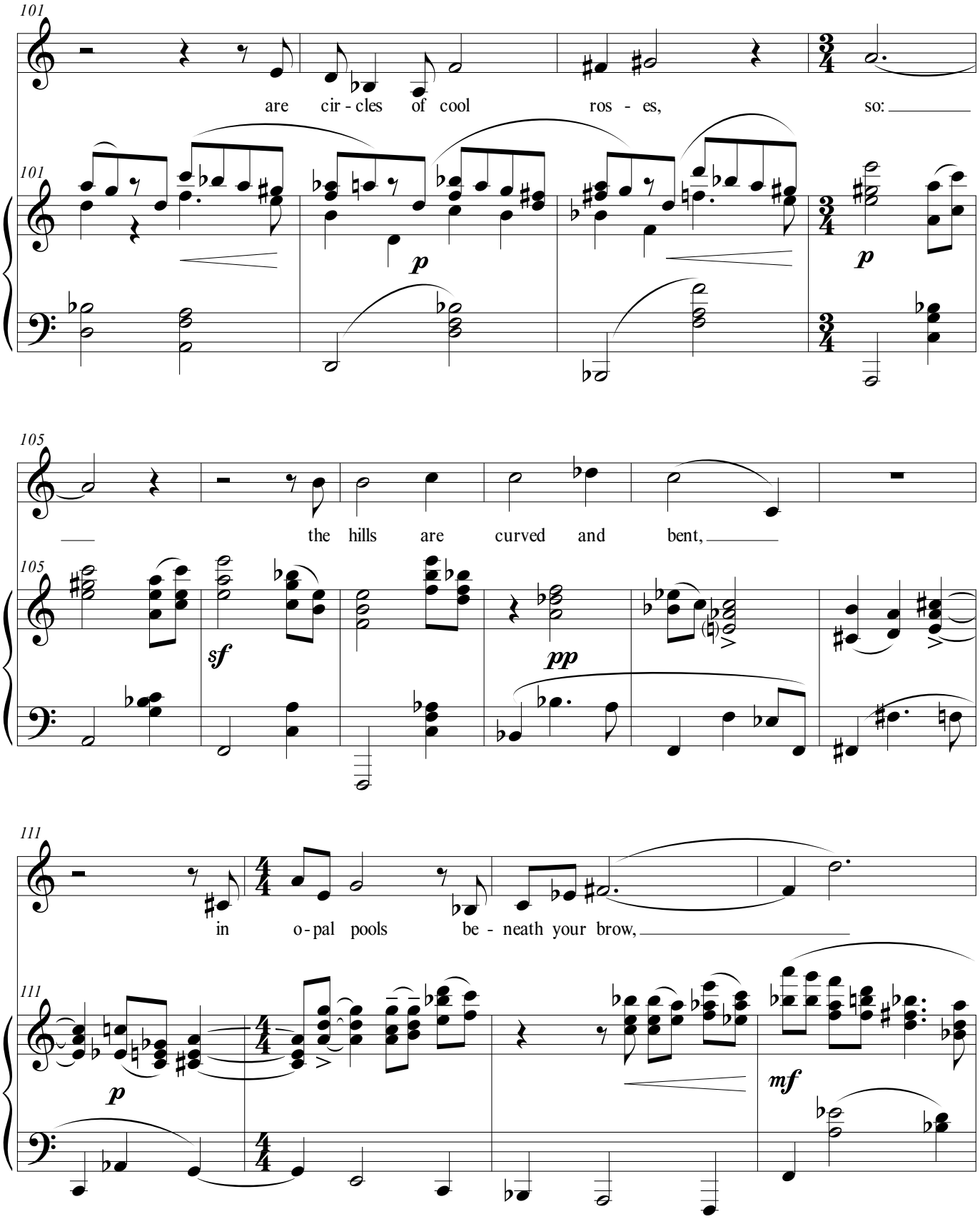

40
drawn her hands a - way. She has
mf
cresc.
p
5
44
decr.
drawn her hands a - way.
mf
cresc.
f
p
49
3
O - ver the hill a last cloud dips and dis - ap - pears.

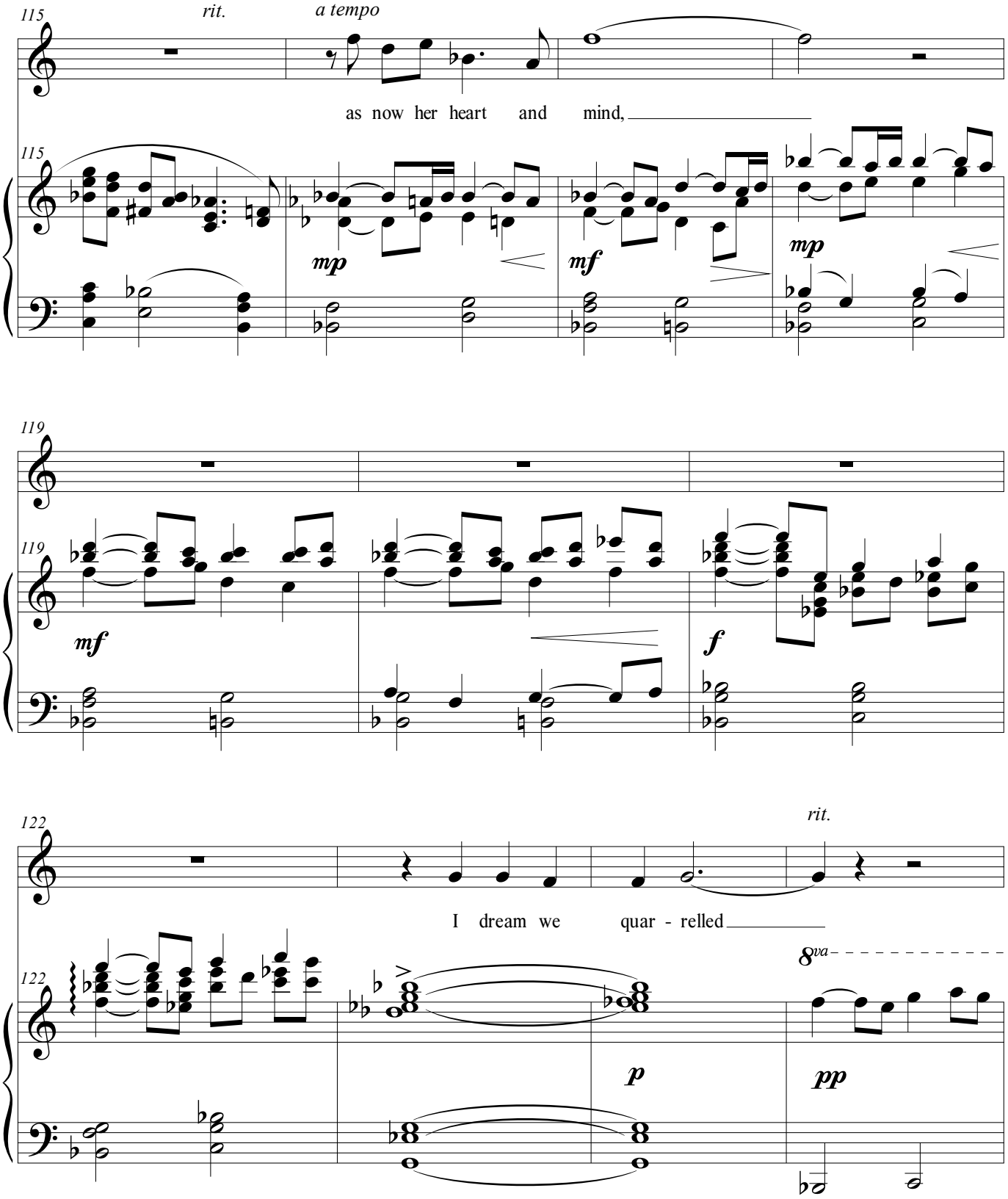

52
The wind plays an - dan - tes tes,
52
mf
p
56
and I should go, of lost hopes and re - grets,
56
60
rit.
and I should go, and yet is kind,
60

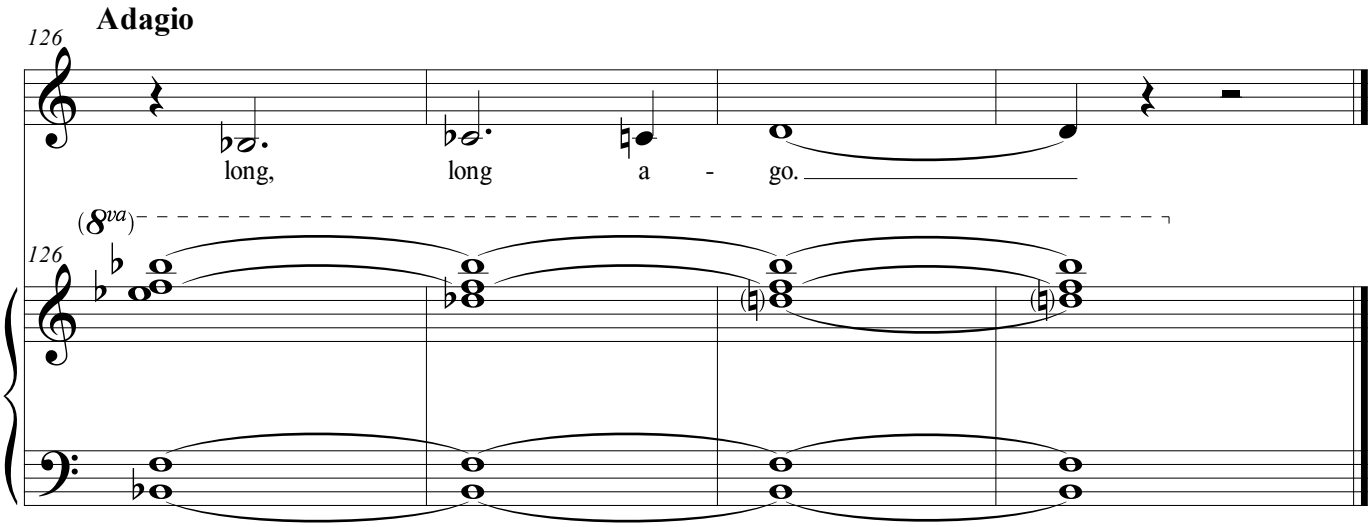

a tempo
64
I should go as si-lent-ly, but that your
mf
mp
mf
68
lips, be-low the wind, be-low the wind,
mp
mf
f
72
rit.
a tempo
rit.
8va
pp


78
a tempo
3
but that your lips are warmed with a red - der
78
p
81
rit.
a tempo
glow.
Be - low,
81
p
cresc.
8va
87
be - low the wind,
87
f
p


91
Fresh, fresh and fra - gile,
91
95
rit.
your arms now Wait -
95
mf
p
f
p
98
a tempo
- ing, wait-ing for morn - ing,
98


101
are cir - cles of cool ros - es, so:
101
p
p
105
the hills are curved and bent,
105
sf
pp
111
in o - pal pools be - neath your brow,
111
p
mf


115
rit.
a tempo
as now her heart and mind,
mp
mf
mp
119
mf
f
122
rit.
I dream we quar - relled
8va
p
pp


Adagio
126
long, long a - go.
(8va)
126

War

High Voice

When I was a child, certain skies refined my vision: all their characters nuanced my visage. The Phenomena roused up. Now the eternal inflection of moments and the infinity of mathematics thrust me out into the world, where I suffer every civil success, respected by strange childhood and tremedous affections. – I dream of a War of right or of might, of a logic unforeseen.

It is as simple as phrase of music.

Enfant, certains ciels ont affiné mon optique : tous les caractères nuancèrent ma physionomie. Les Phénomènes s'émurent. - À présent, l'inflexion éternelle des moments et l'infini des mathématiques me chassent par ce monde où je subis tous les succès civils, respecté de l'enfance étrange et des affections énormes. - Je songe à une Guerre de droit ou de force, de logique bien imprévue.

C'est aussi simple qu'une phrase musicale.

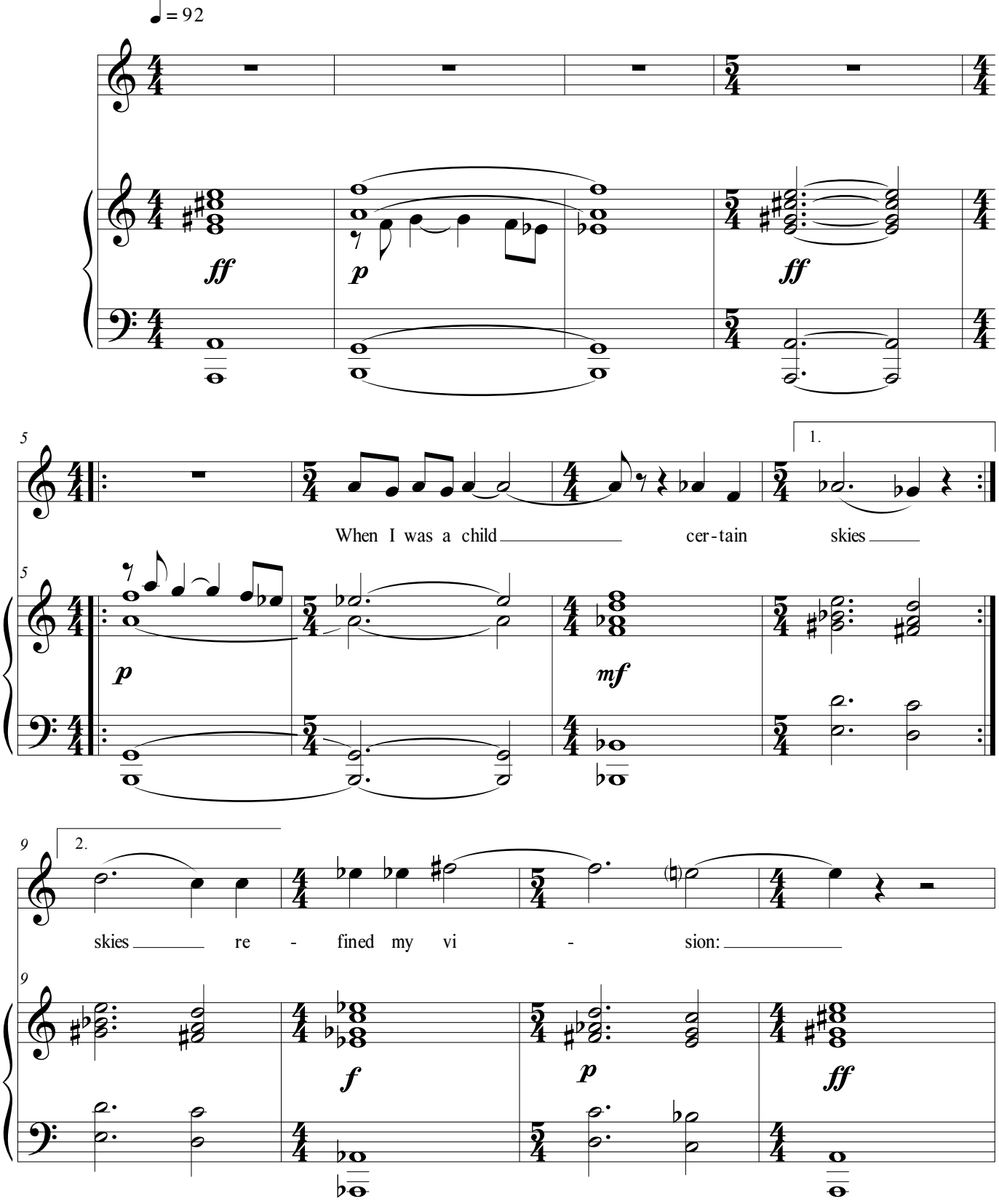
--Arthur Rimbaud

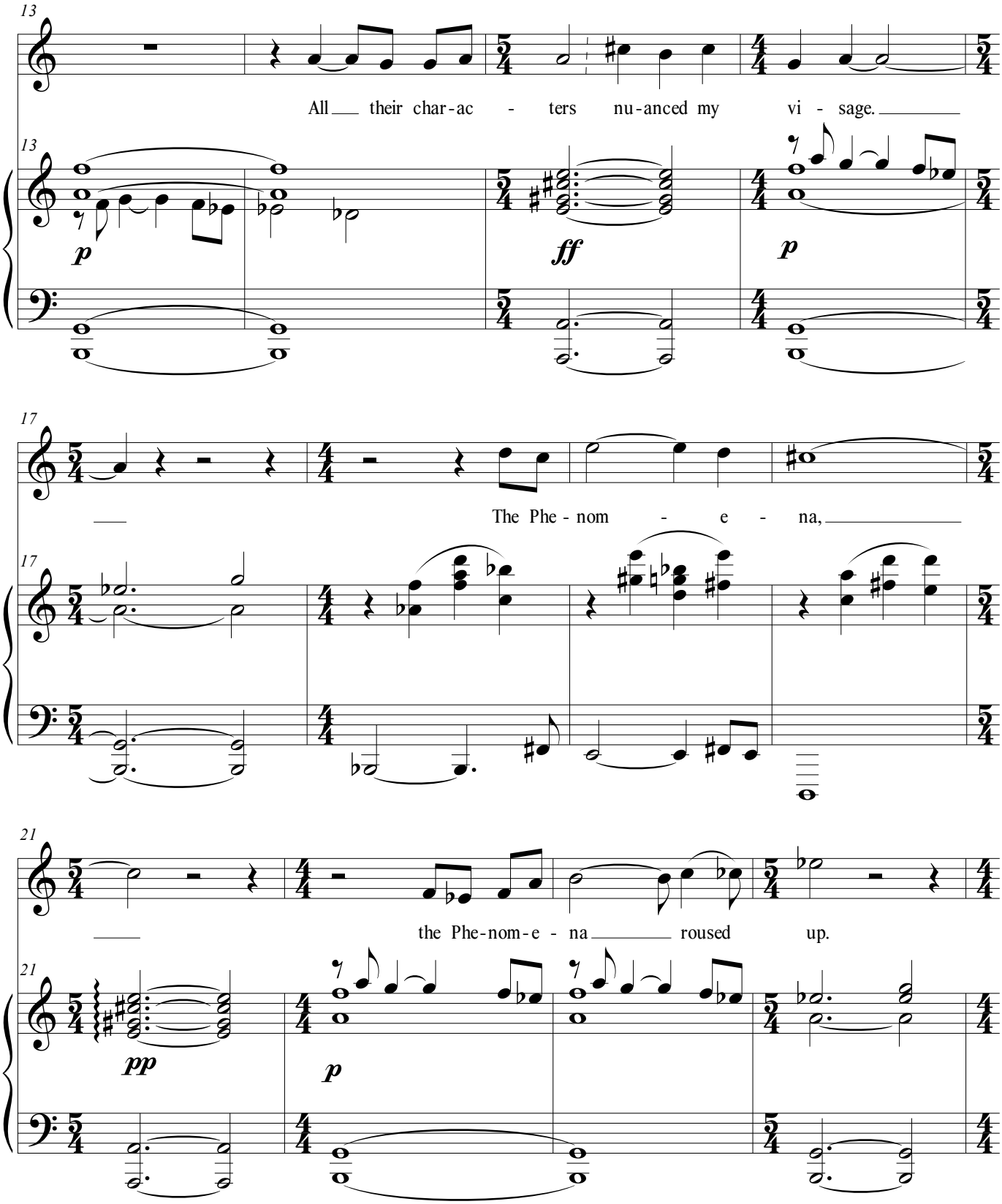
Translation by the composer.

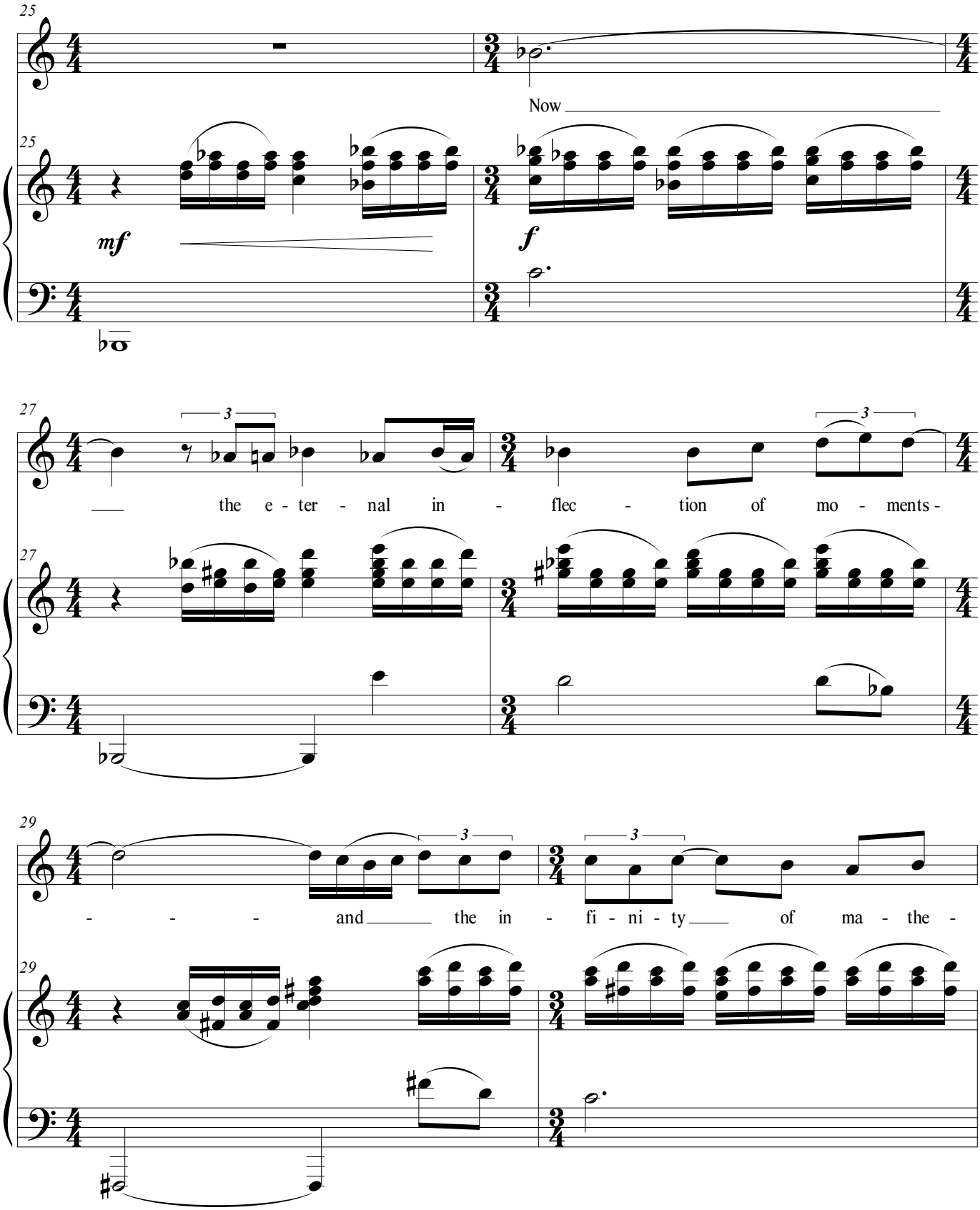
Written Voice Range: E♭4 - G5
Tessitutra: G4 - E5
Duration 3:40

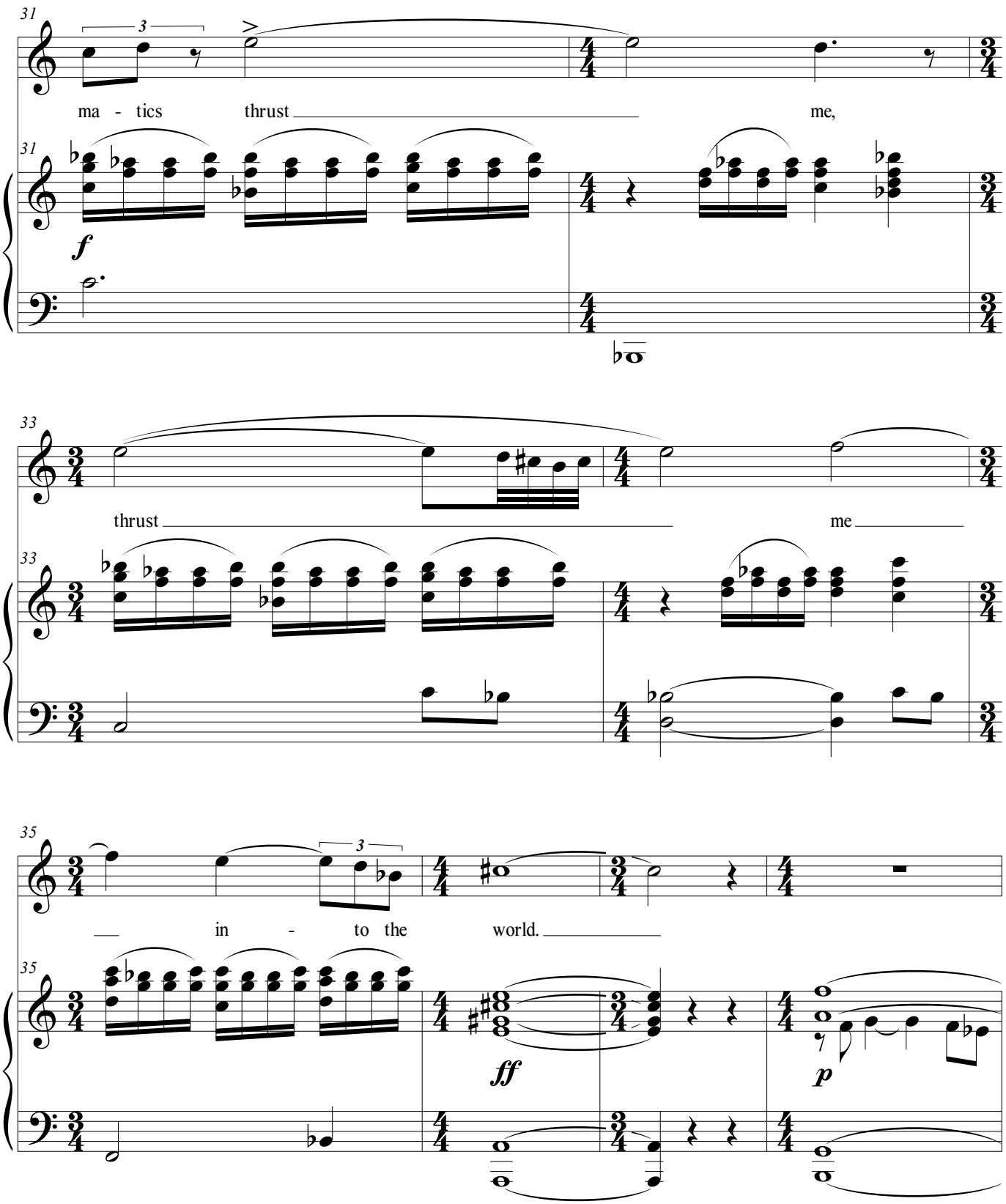
Composed 2019

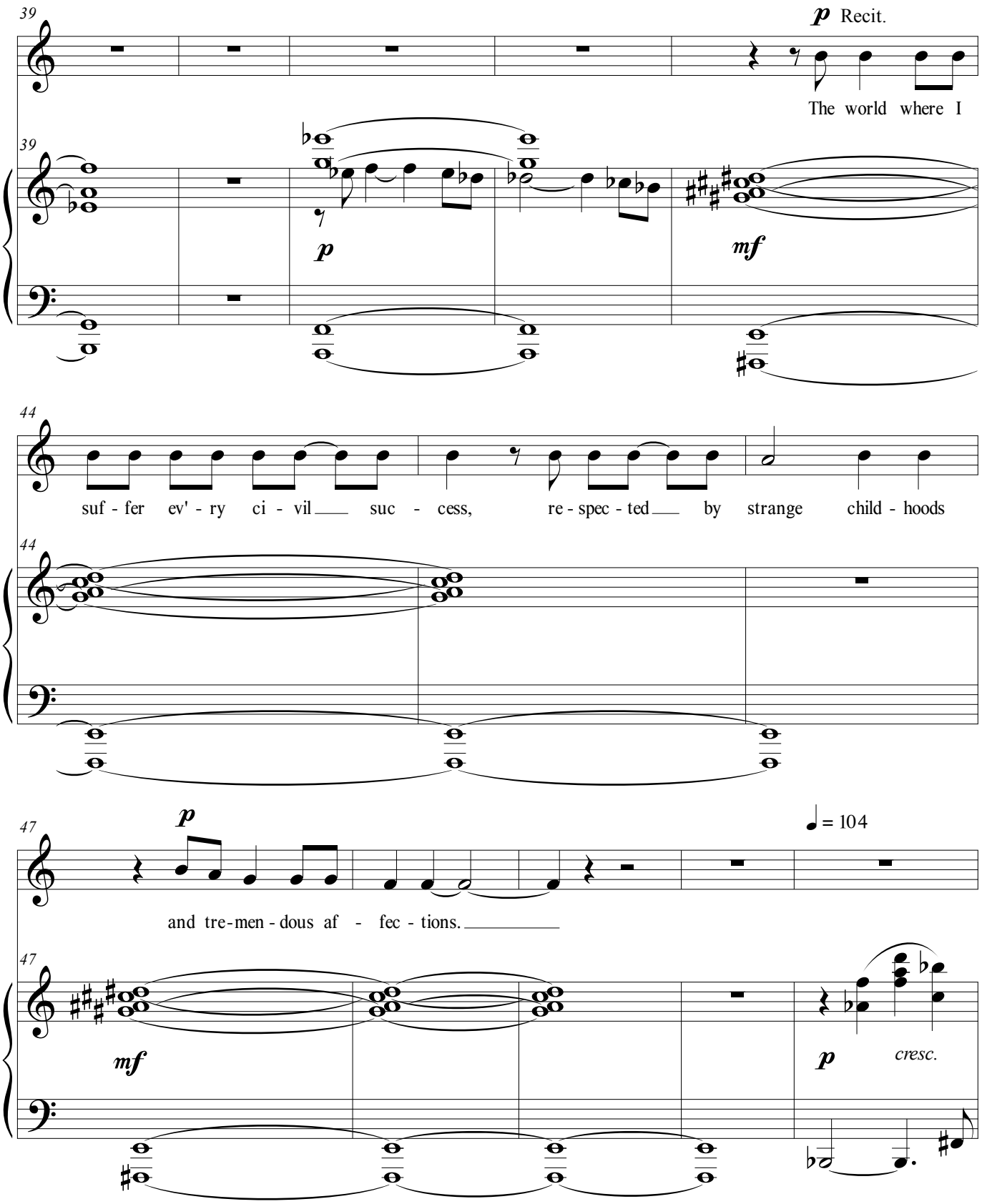
War

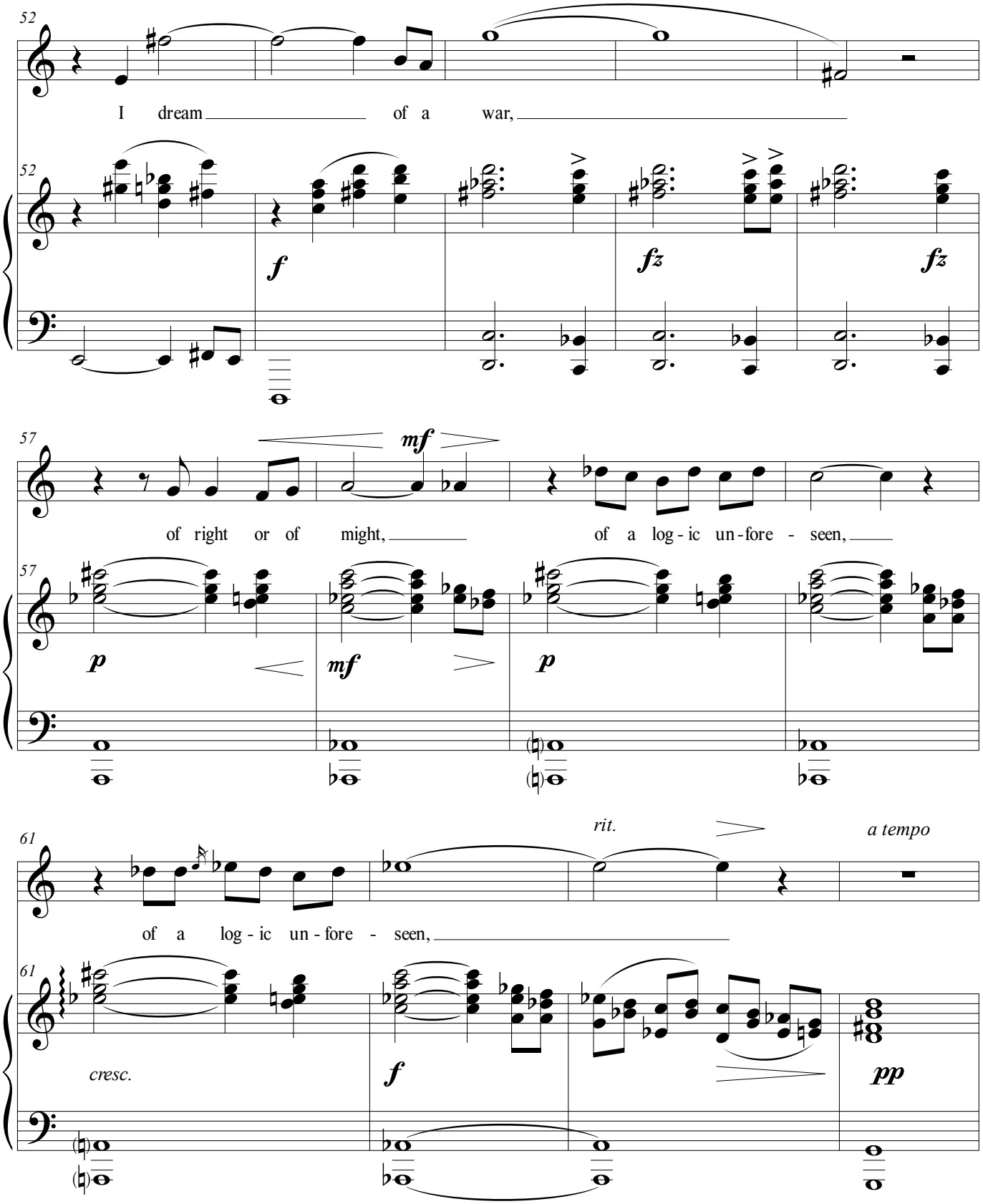

♩ = 92
ff
p
ff
5
1.
When I was a child
cer-tain
skies
p
mf
9
2.
skies
re - fined my vi - sion:
f
p
ff

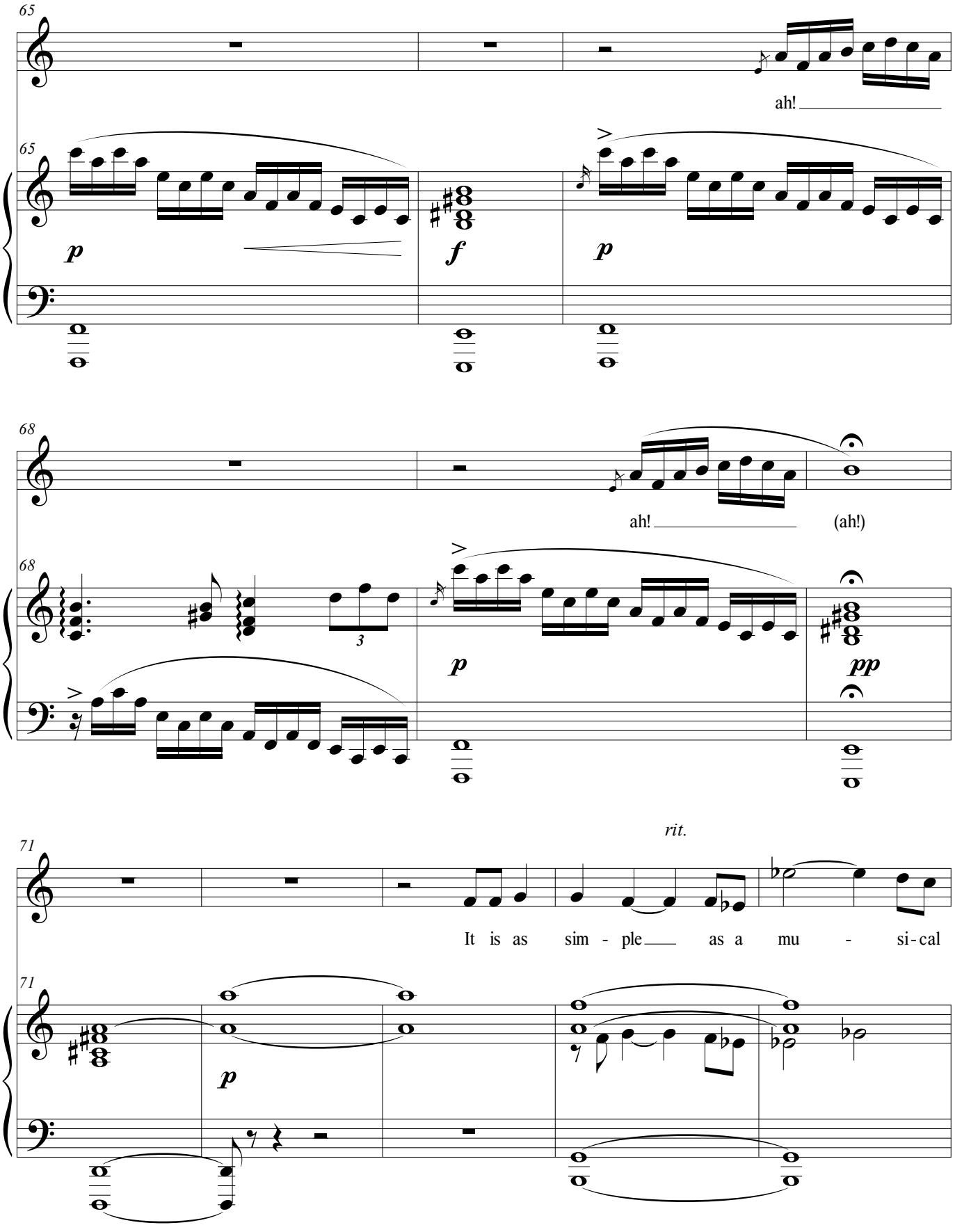

13
All their char-ac - ters nu-anced my vi - sage.
13
p
ff
p
17
The Phe - nom - e - na,
17
21
the Phe-nom-e - na roused up.
21
pp
p

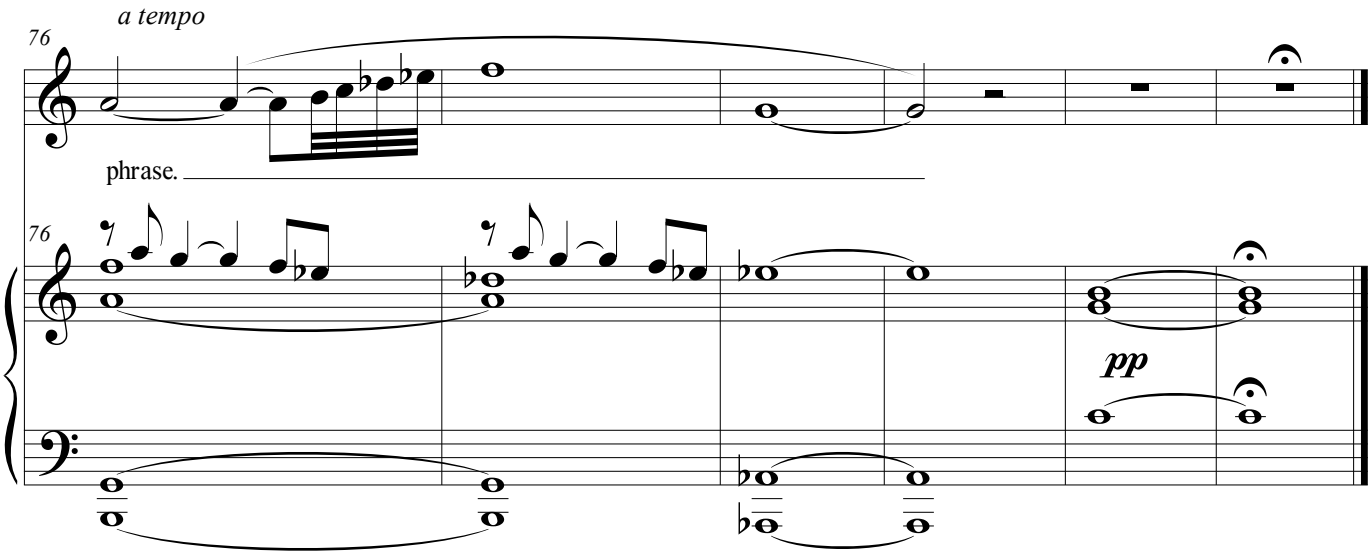

25
Now
mf
f
27
the e - ter - nal in - flec - tion of mo - ments -
29
- - - and the in - fi - ni - ty of ma - the -


31
3
ma - tics thrust me,
31
f
33
thrust me
33
35
3
in - to the world.
35
ff
p


39
p Recit.
The world where I
39
p
mf
44
suf - fer ev' - ry ci - vil suc - cess, re - spec - ted by strange child - hoods
44
47
p
♩ = 104
and tre-men - dous af - fec - tions.
47
mf
p
cresc.


52
I dream of a war,
52
f
fz
fz
57
mf
of right or of might, of a log - ic un - fore - seen,
57
p
mf
p
61
rit.
a tempo
of a log - ic un - fore - seen,
61
cresc.
f
pp


65
ah!
65
p
f
p
68
ah!
(ah!)
68
3
p
pp
71
rit.
It is as sim - ple as a mu - si-cal
71
p


a tempo
76
phrase.
76
pp

Windrose

Baritone

Fresh and rosy red the sun is mounting high,
On floats the sea in distant blue careering through its channels,
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea setting in toward land,
The great steady wind from west or west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea nor the red sun,
I am not the wind with girlish laughter,
Not the immense wind which strengthens, not the wind which lashes,
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death,
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,
And the shore-sands know and the hissing wave.

--Walt Whitman, from "Song of the Banner at Daybreak"

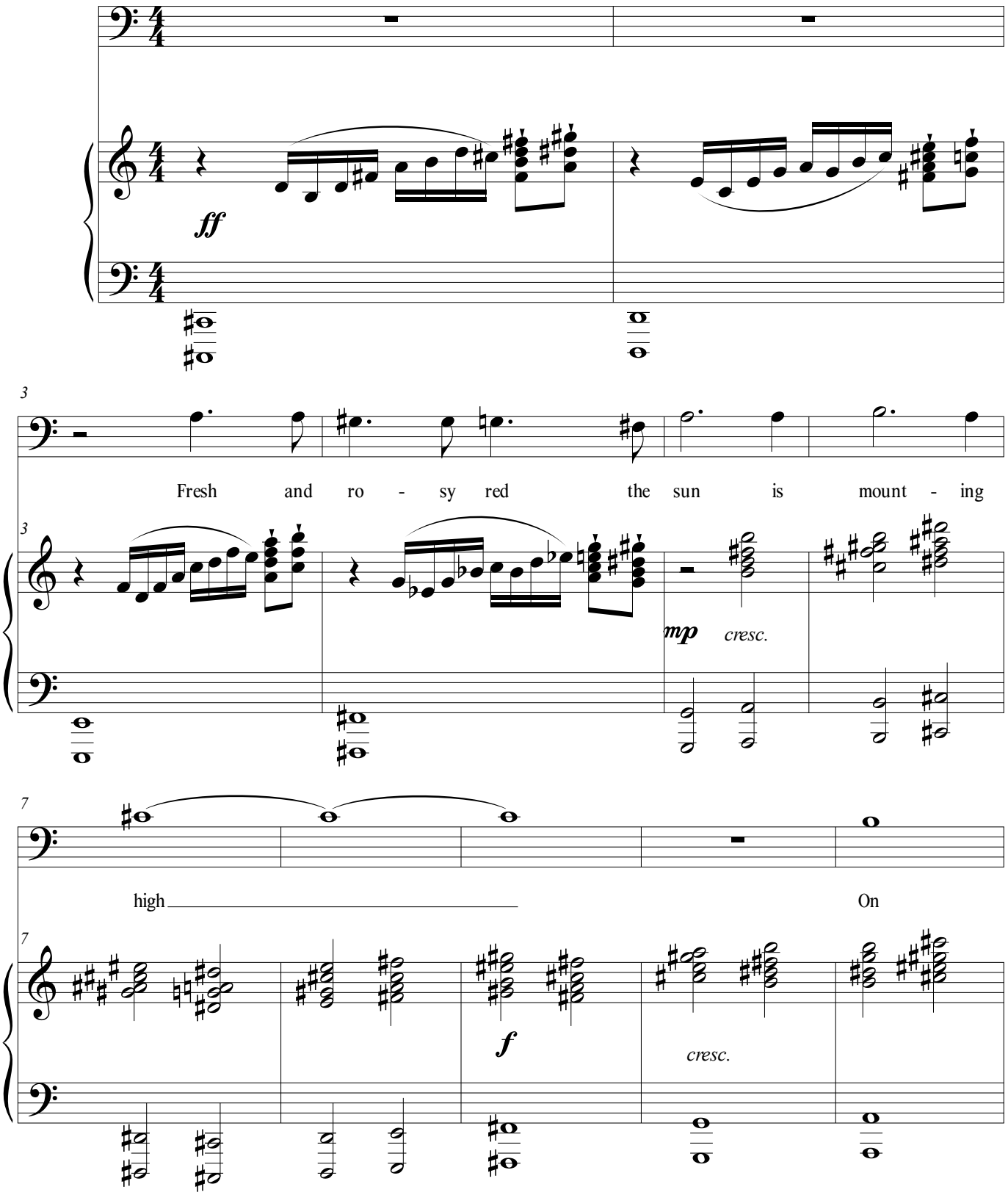
Voice range: B♭2-F♯4
Tessitura: F♯3 - D♯4
Duration: 4 minutes

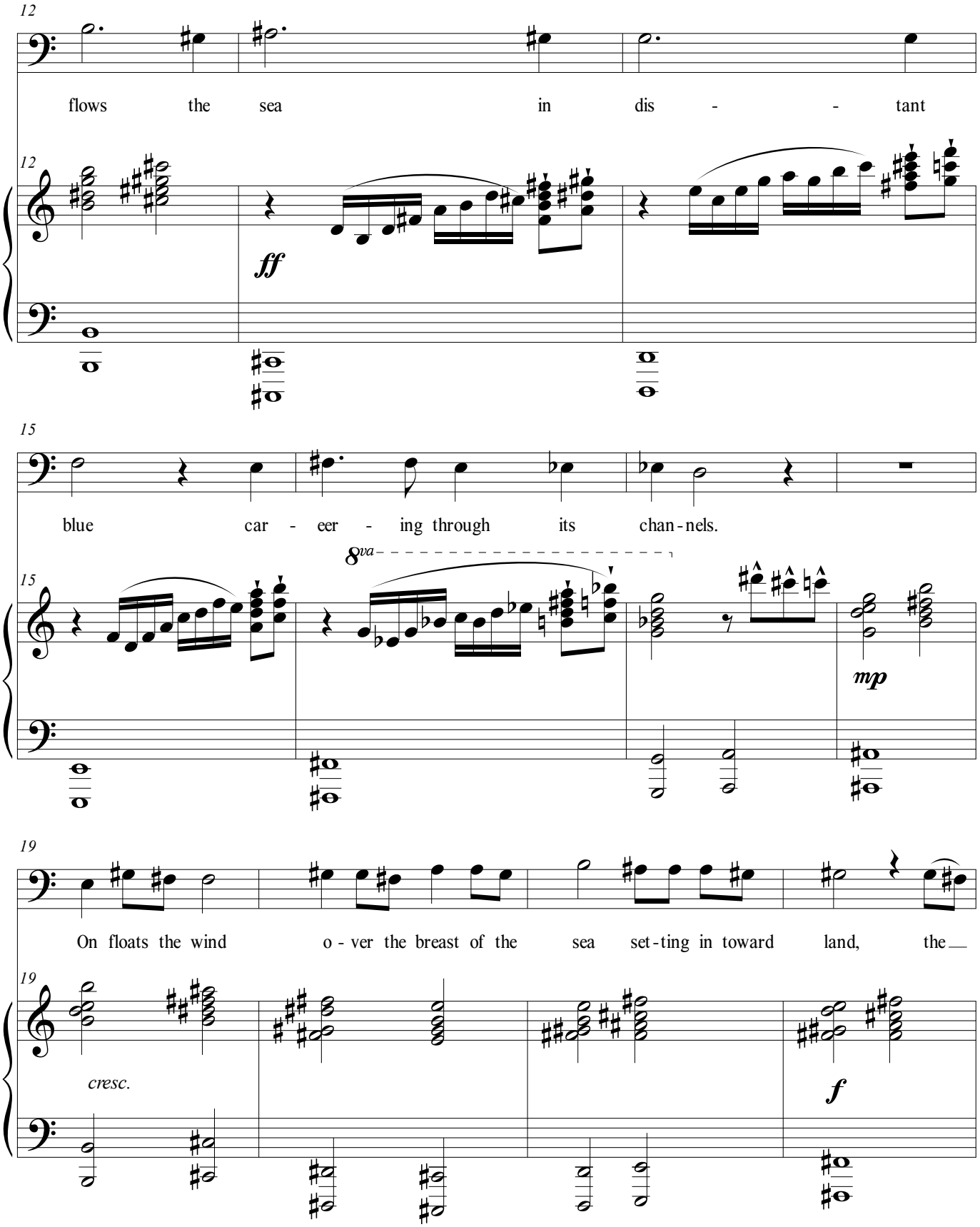
Composed 2017

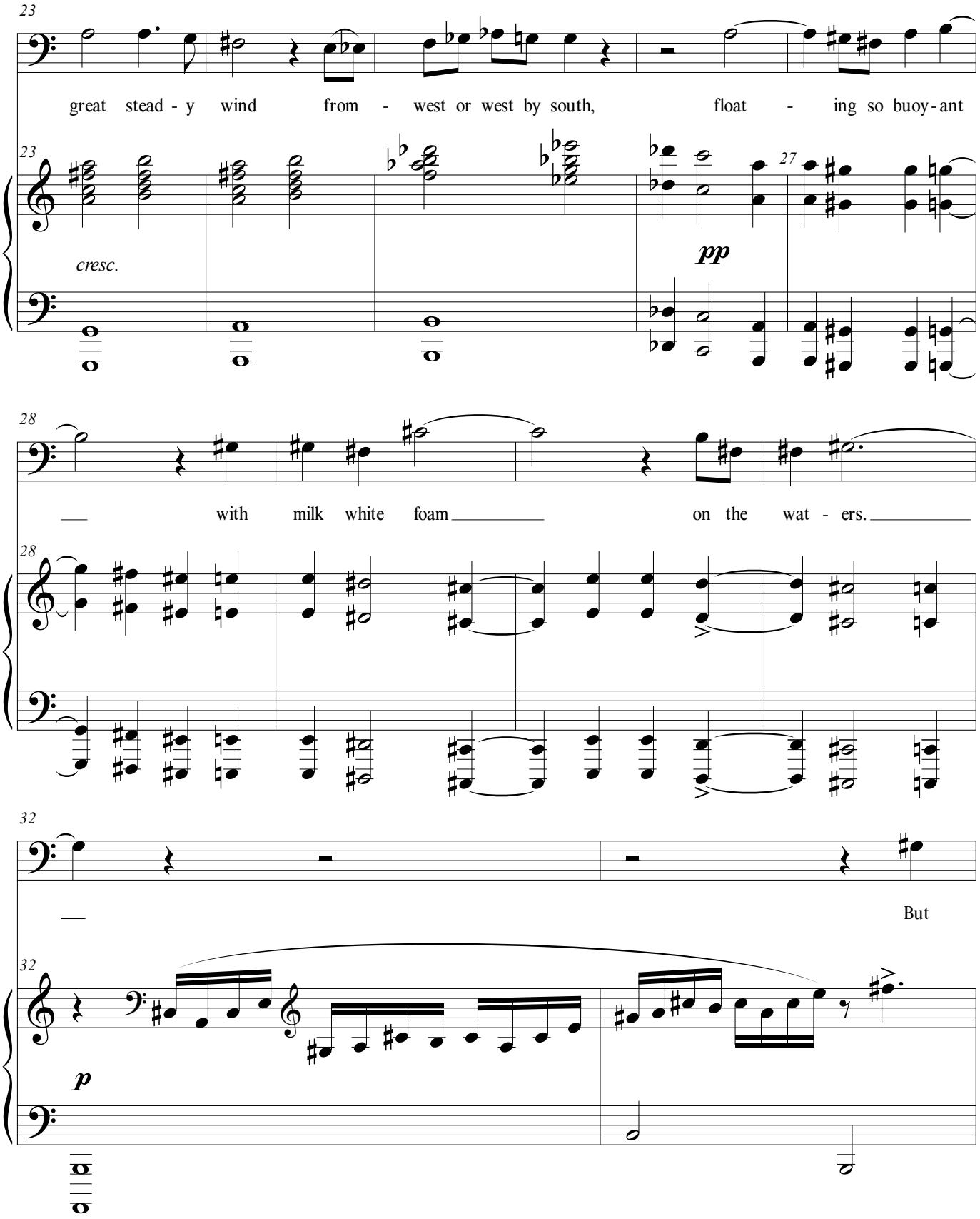
Windrose

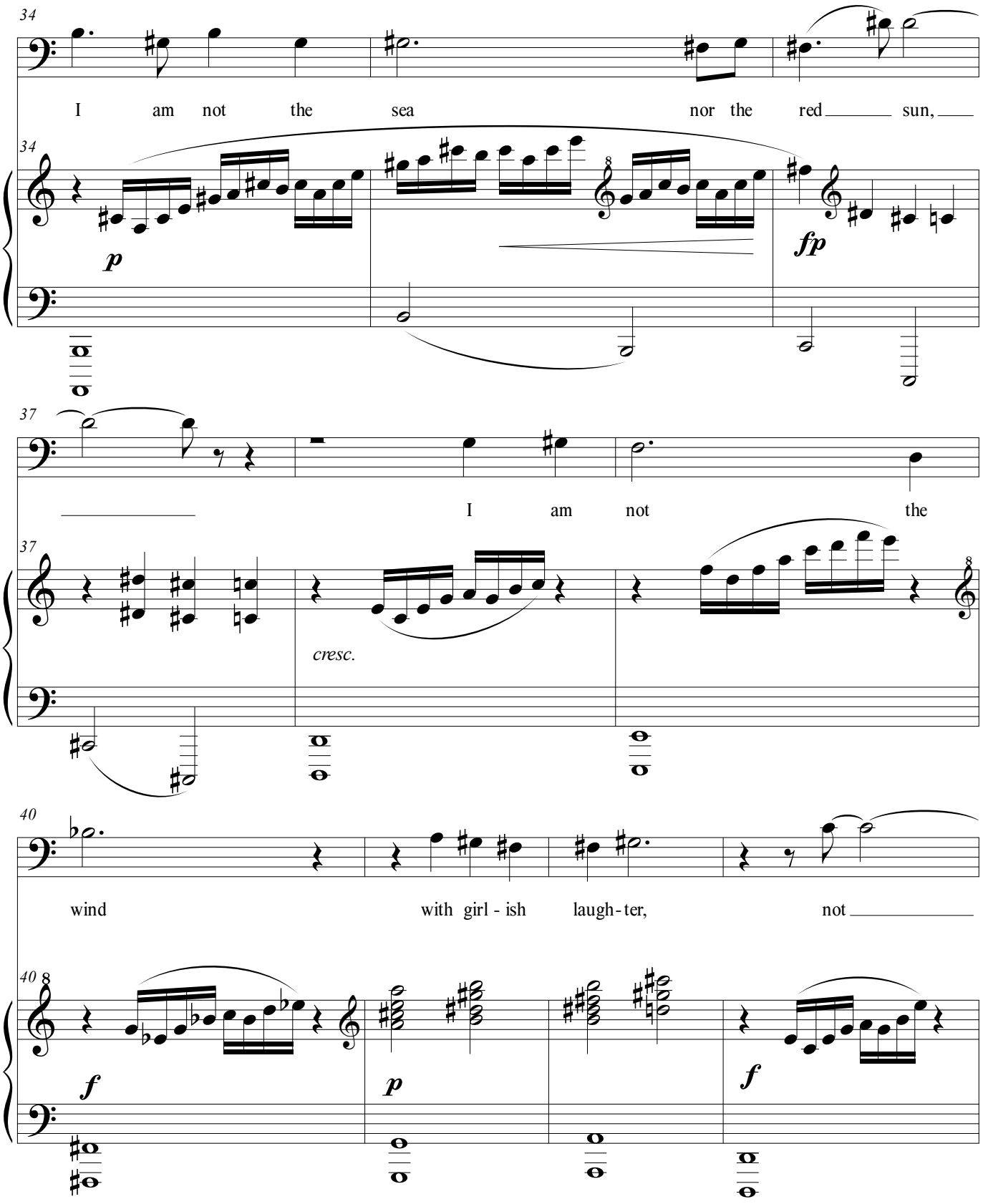
♩ = 126

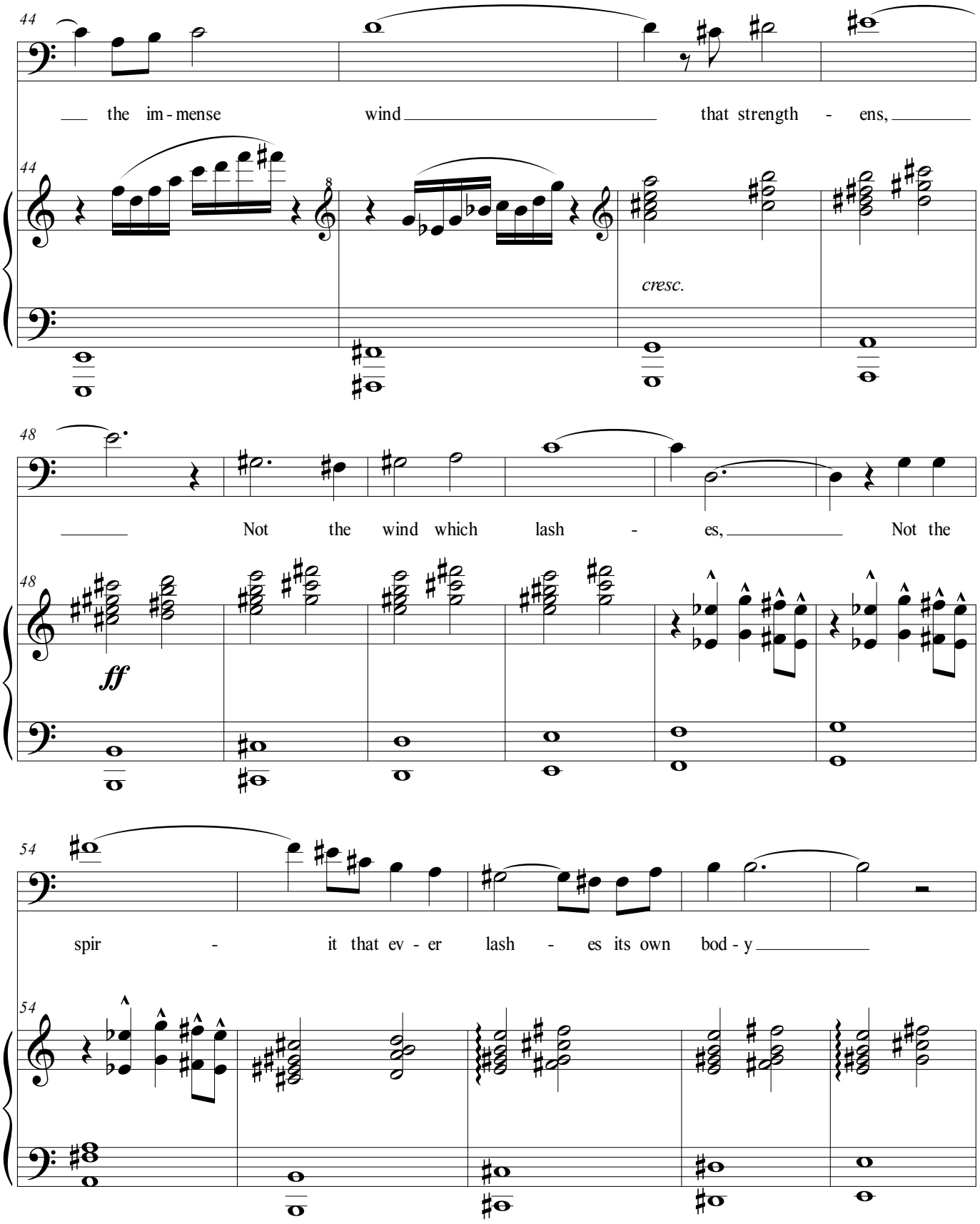
Lawrence Kramer

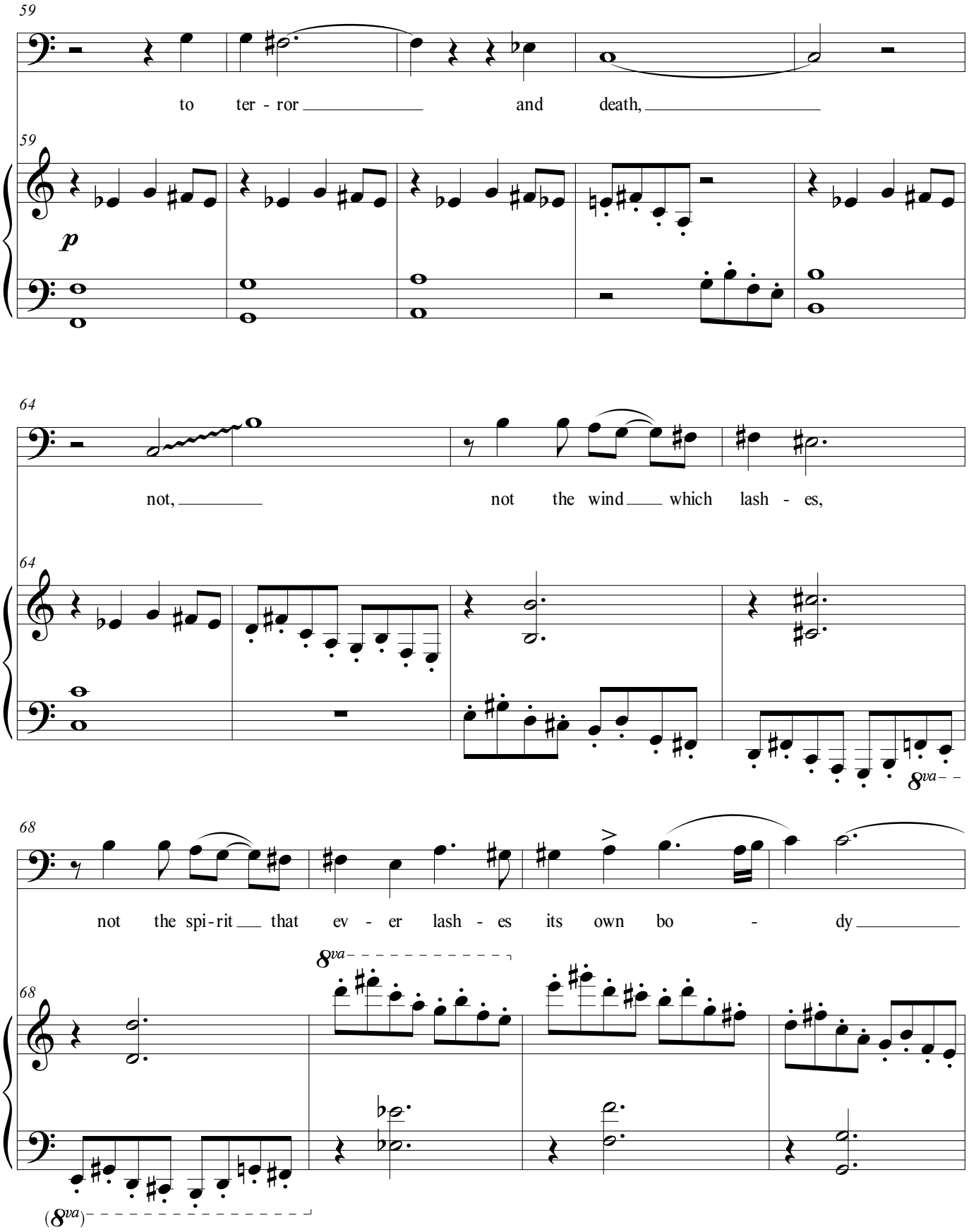


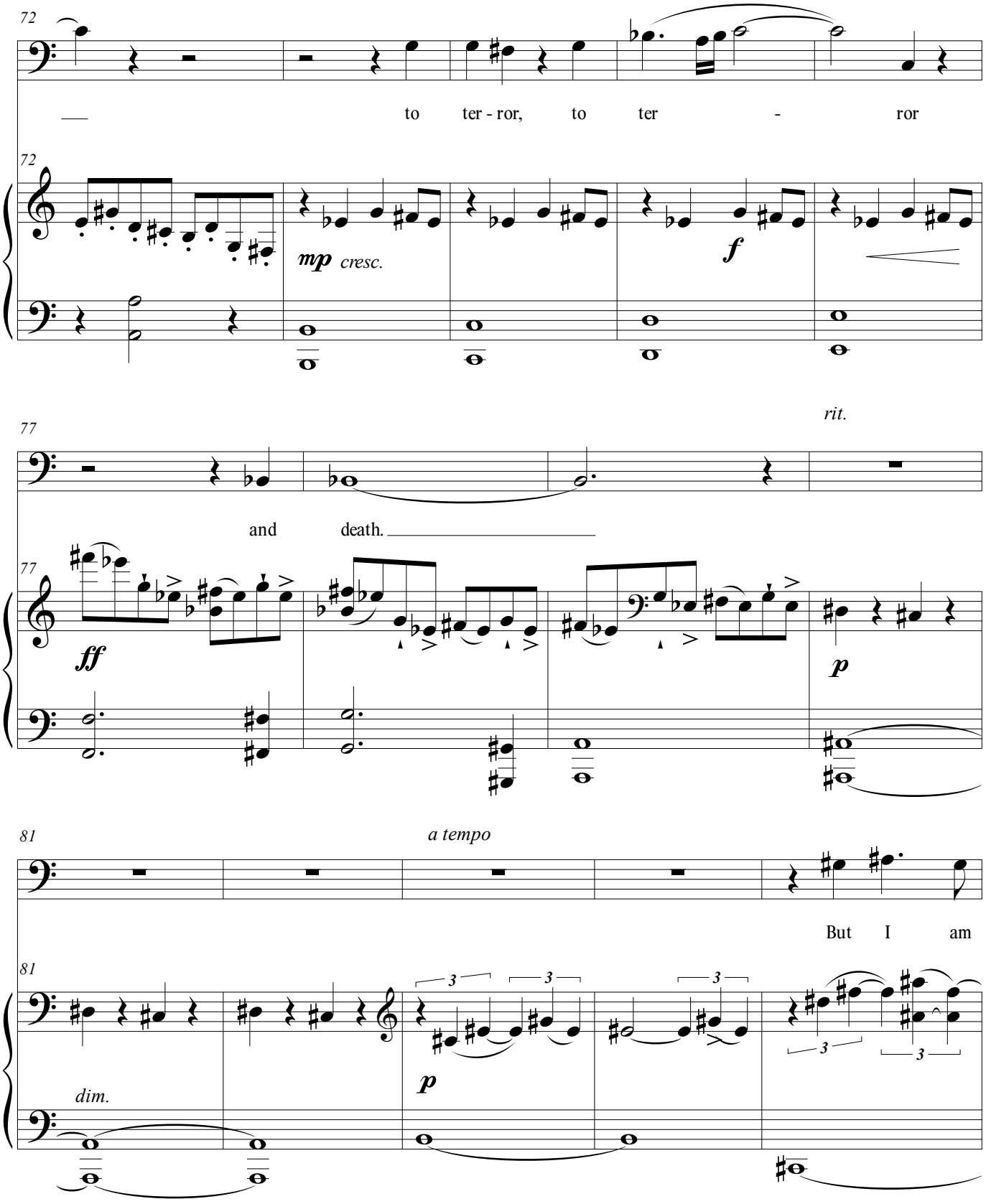

12
flows the sea in dis - - tant
ff
15
blue car - eer - ing through its chan - nels.
8va
mp
19
On floats the wind o - ver the breast of the sea set - ting in toward land, the
cresc.
f

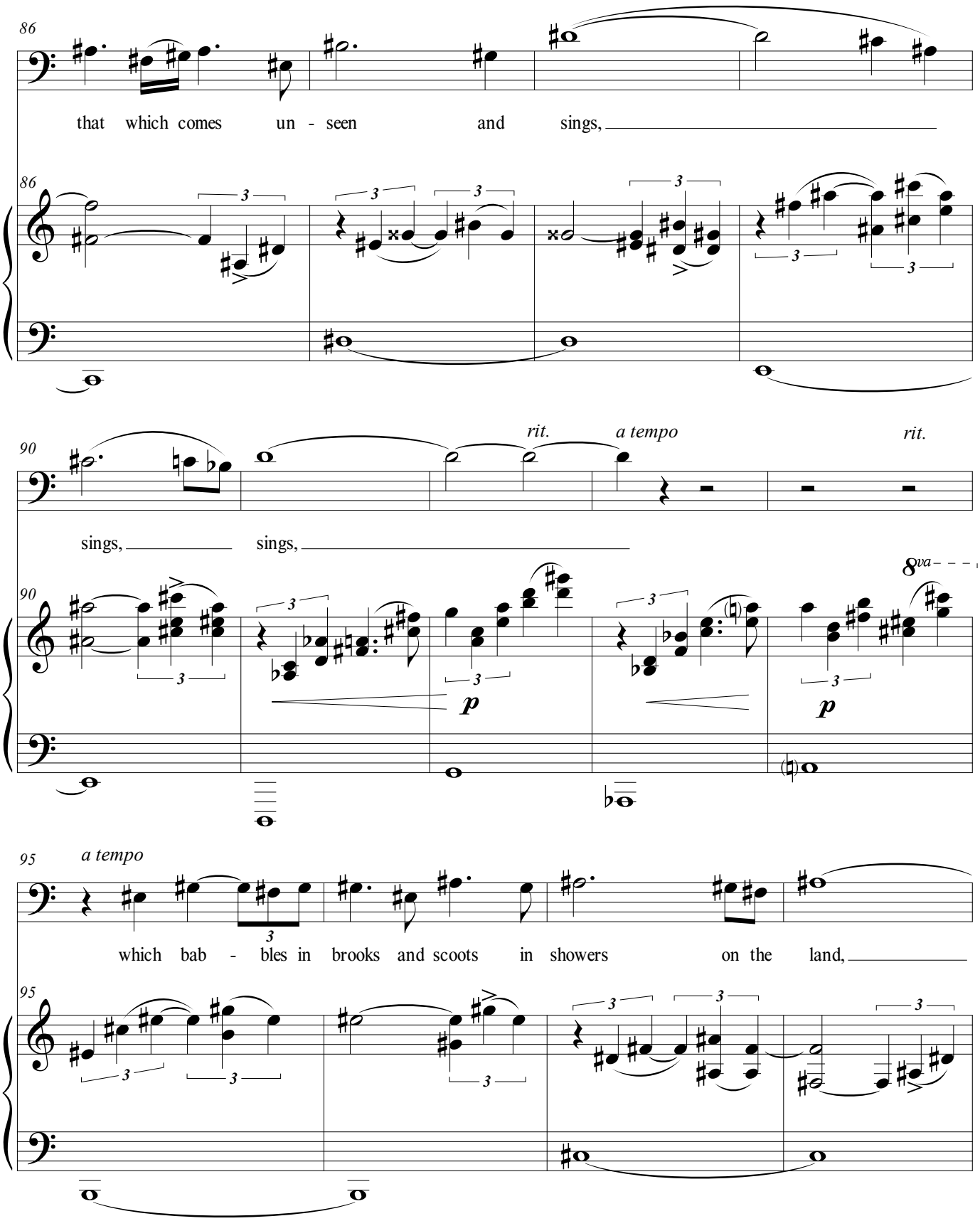

23
great stead - y wind from - west or west by south, float - ing so buoy - ant
23
cresc.
27
pp
28
with milk white foam on the wat - ers.
28
32
But
32
p

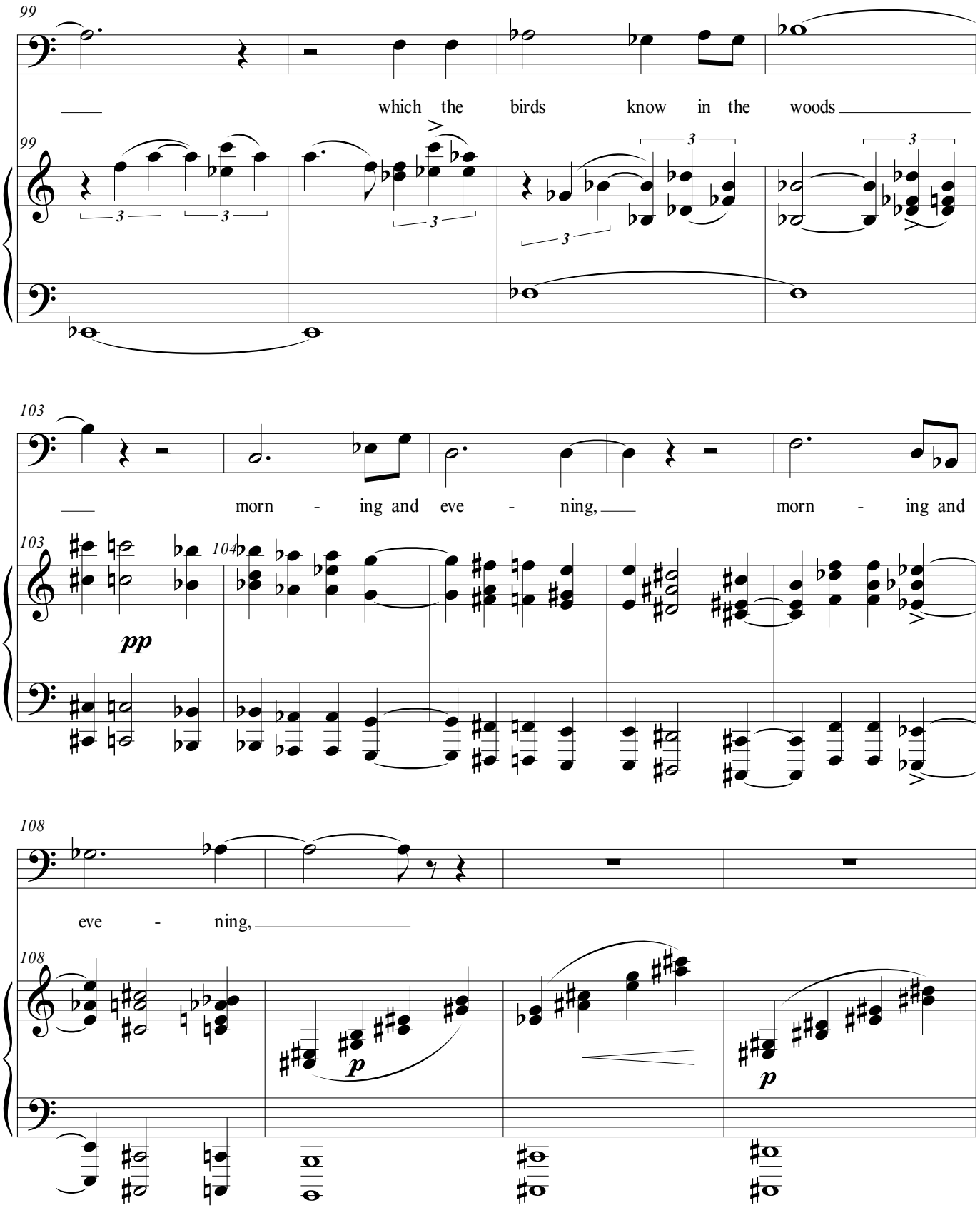

34
I am not the sea nor the red sun,
p
fp
37
I am not the
cresc.
40
wind with girl - ish laugh - ter, not
f
p
f

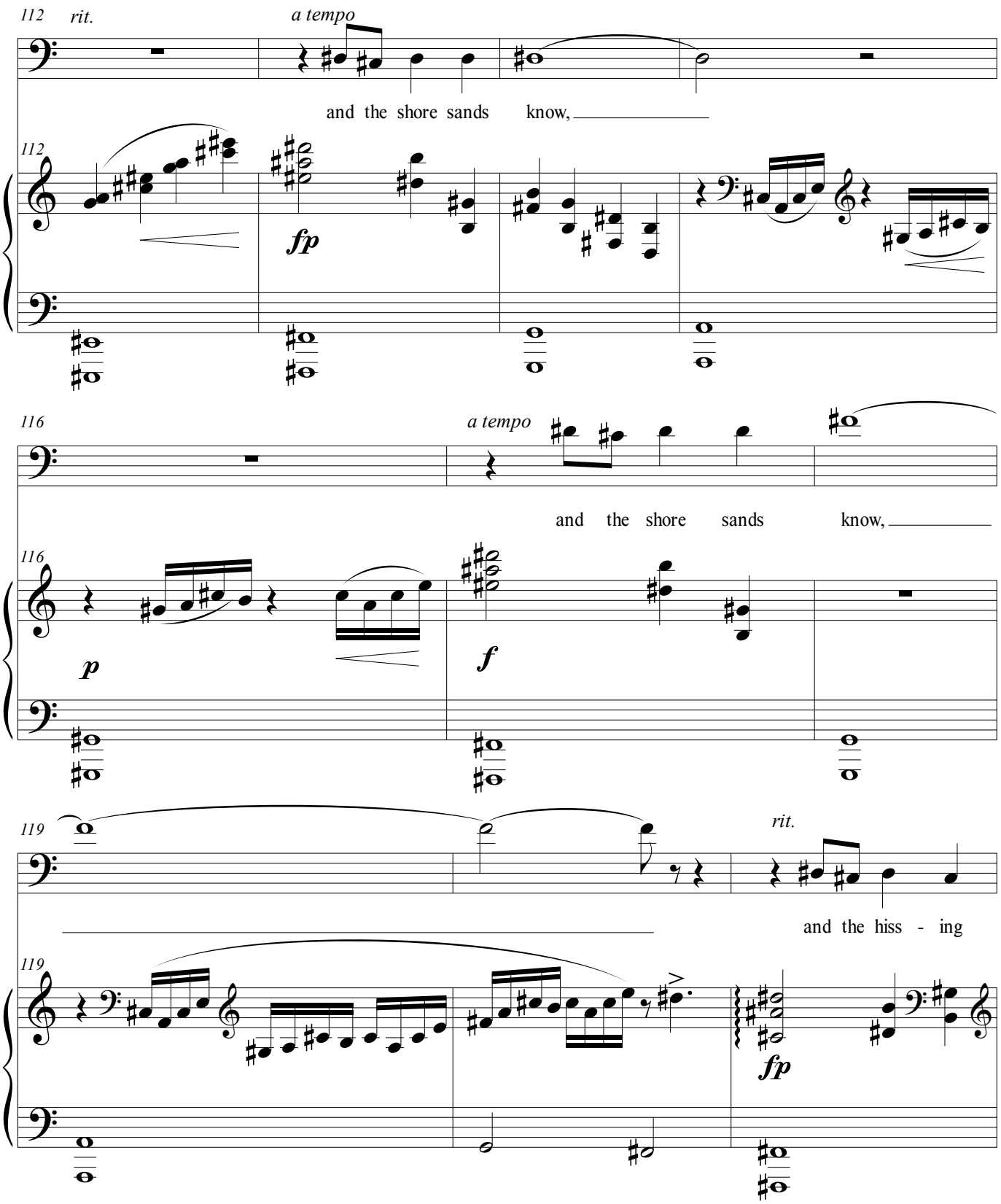

44
the im - mense wind that strength - ens,
44
8
cresc.
48
Not the wind which lash - es, Not the
48
ff
54
spir - it that ev - er lash - es its own bod - y
54

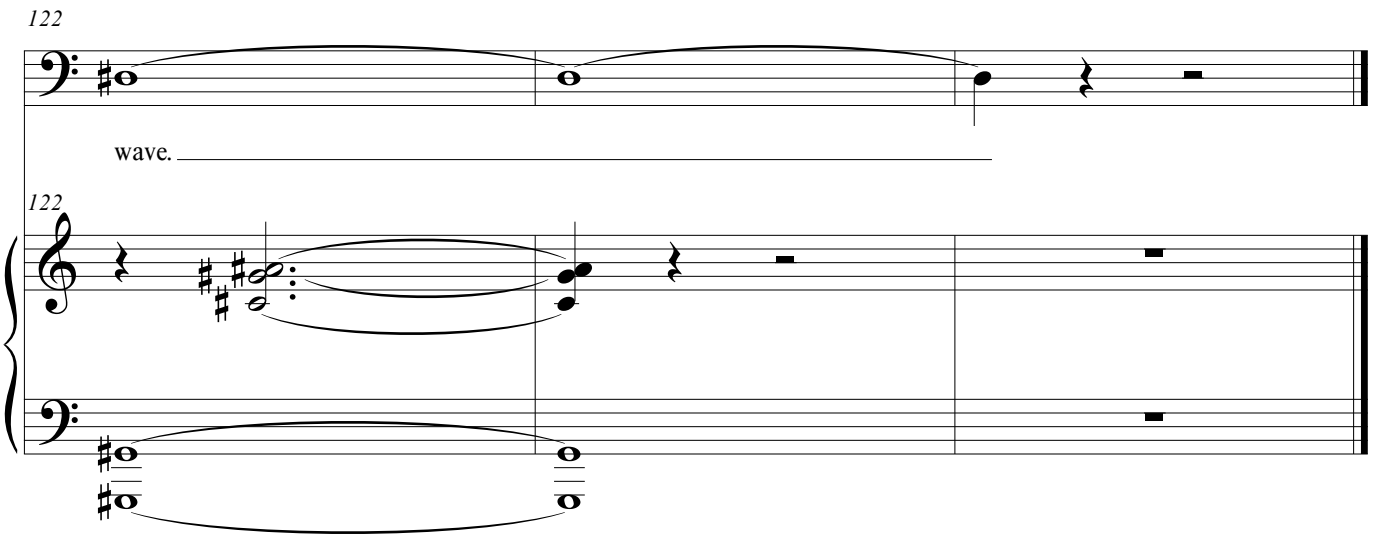

59
to ter - ror and death,
59
p
64
not, not the wind which lash - es,
64
8va
68
not the spi-rit that ev - er lash - es its own bo - dy
68
8va
(8va)


72
to ter - ror, to ter - ror
72
mp cresc.
f
77
rit.
and death.
77
ff
p
81
a tempo
But I am
81
3
3
3
3
3
p
dim.


86
that which comes un - seen and sings,
86
90
rit.
a tempo
rit.
sings, sings,
90
8va
p
p
95
a tempo
which bab - bles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
95


99
which the birds know in the woods
99
103
morn - ing and eve - ning, morn - ing and
103
104
pp
108
eve - ning,
108
p
p


112
rit.
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
112
fp
116
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
116
p
f
119
rit.
and the hiss - ing
119
fp


122
wave.
122

Windrose

High Voice

Fresh and rosy red the sun is mounting high,
On floats the sea in distant blue careering through its channels,
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea setting in toward land,
The great steady wind from west or west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea nor the red sun,
I am not the wind with girlish laughter,
Not the immense wind which strengthens, not the wind which lashes,
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death,
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,
And the shore-sands know and the hissing wave.

--Walt Whitman, from "Song of the Banner at Daybreak"

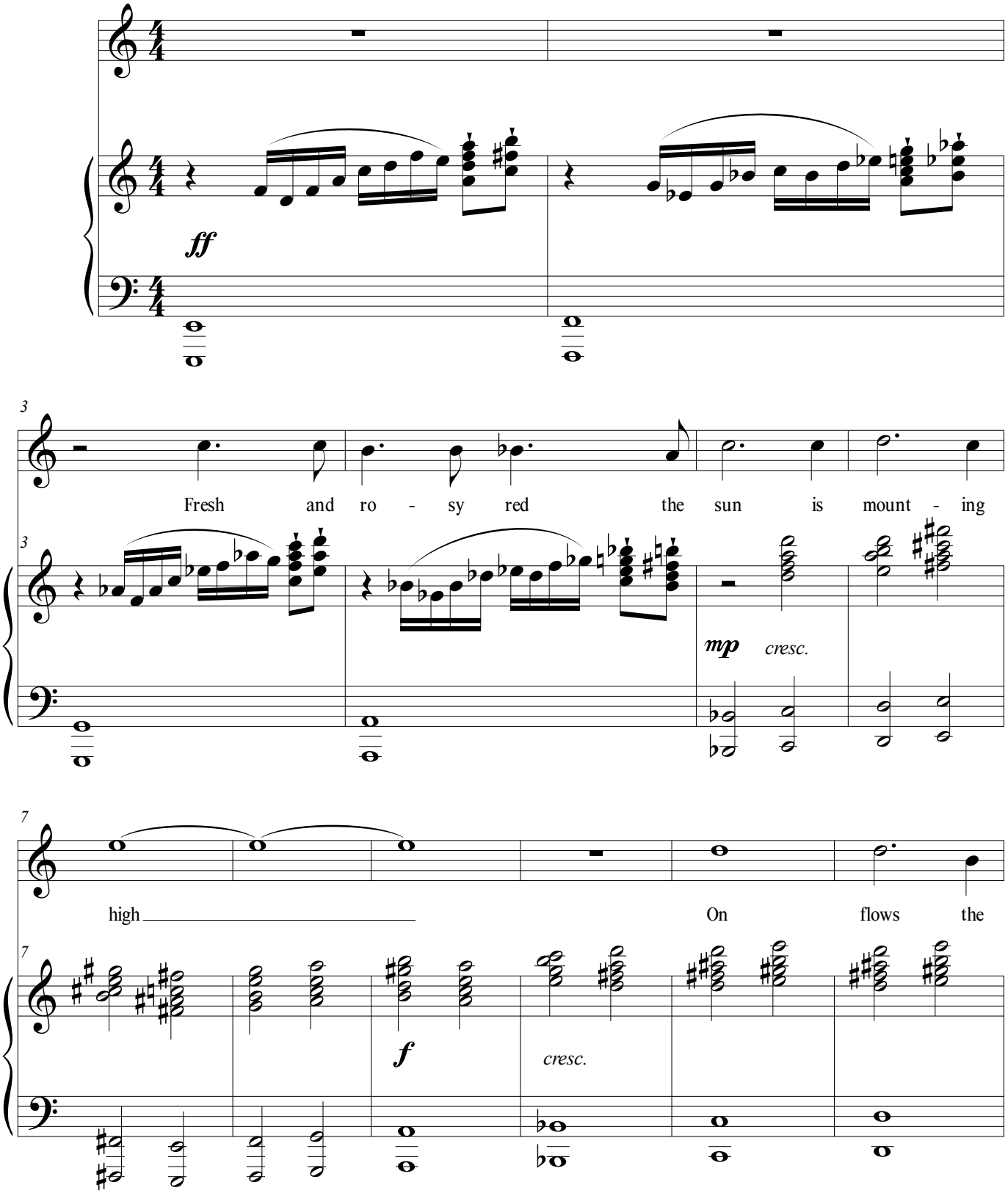
Written voice range: D♭4 - A5
Tessitura: A4 - F5
Duration: 4 minutes

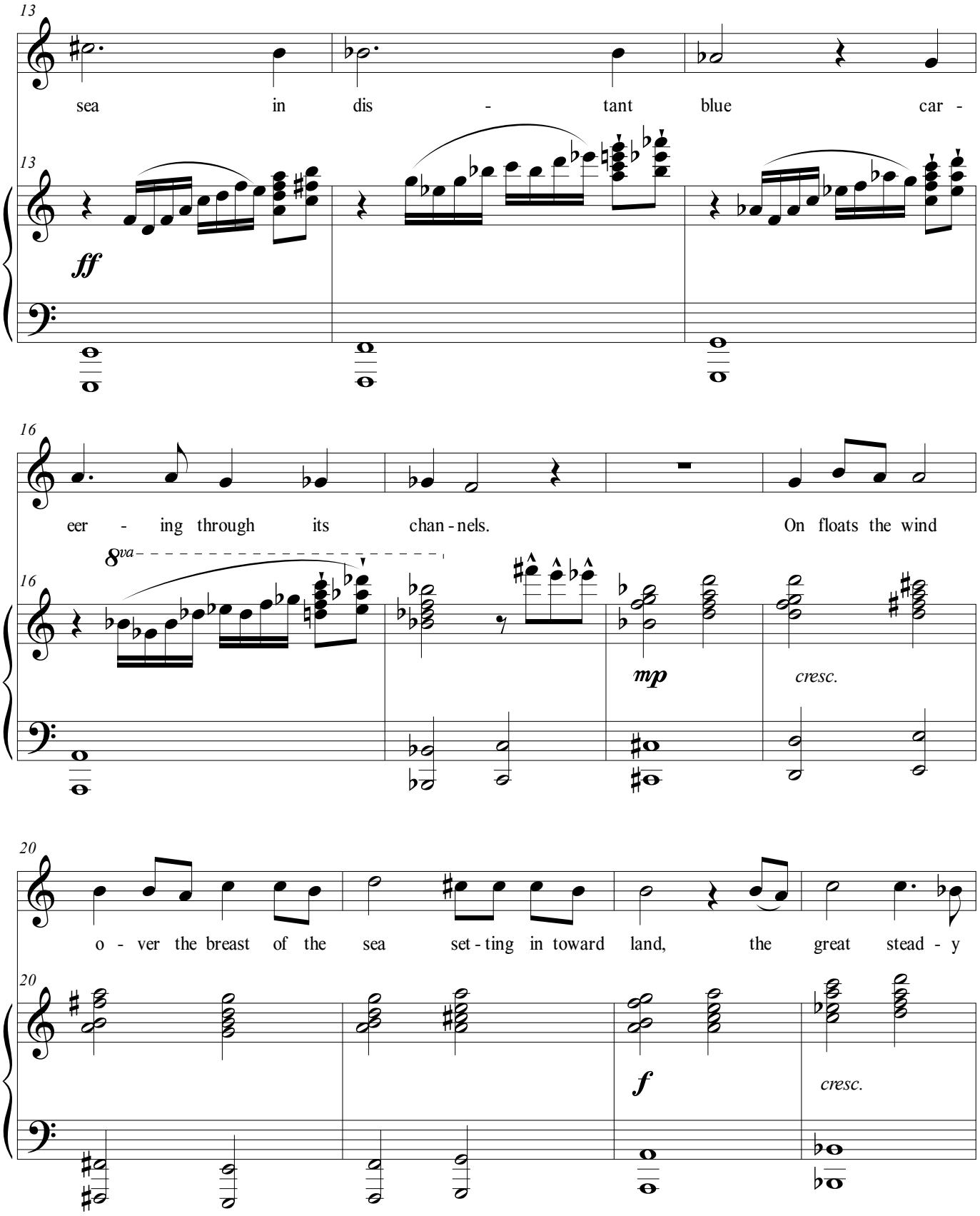
Composed 2017

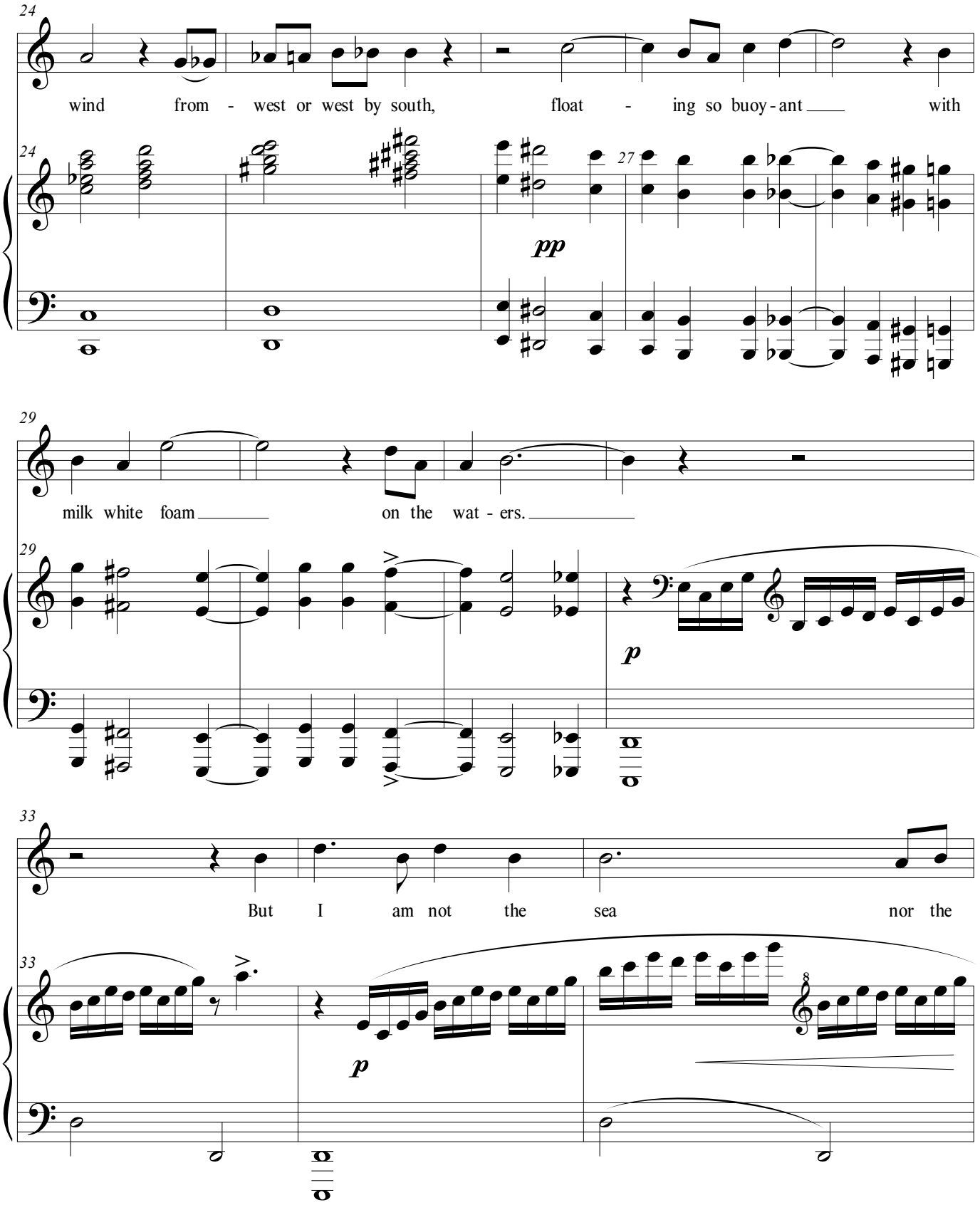
Windrose

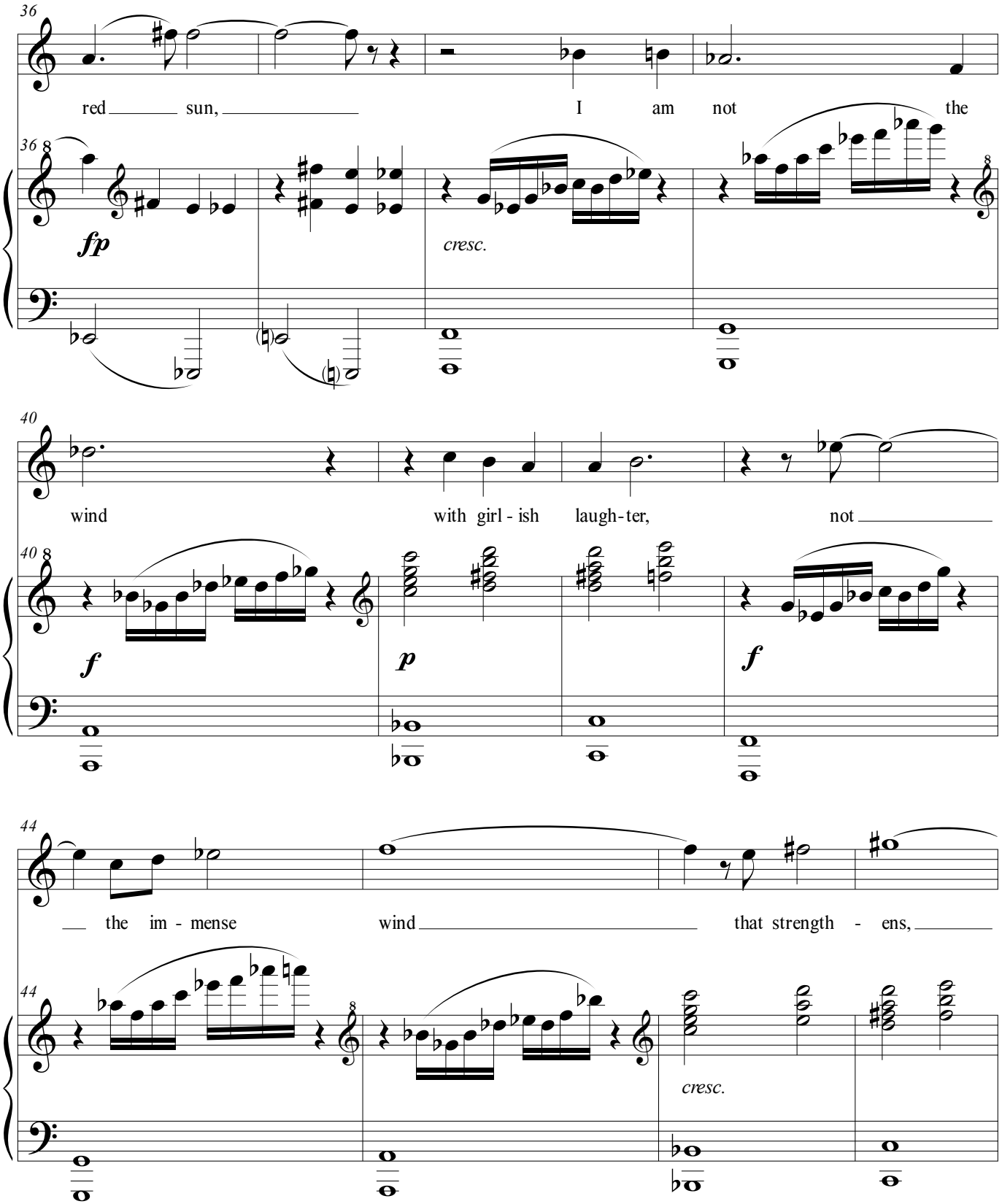
♩ = 126

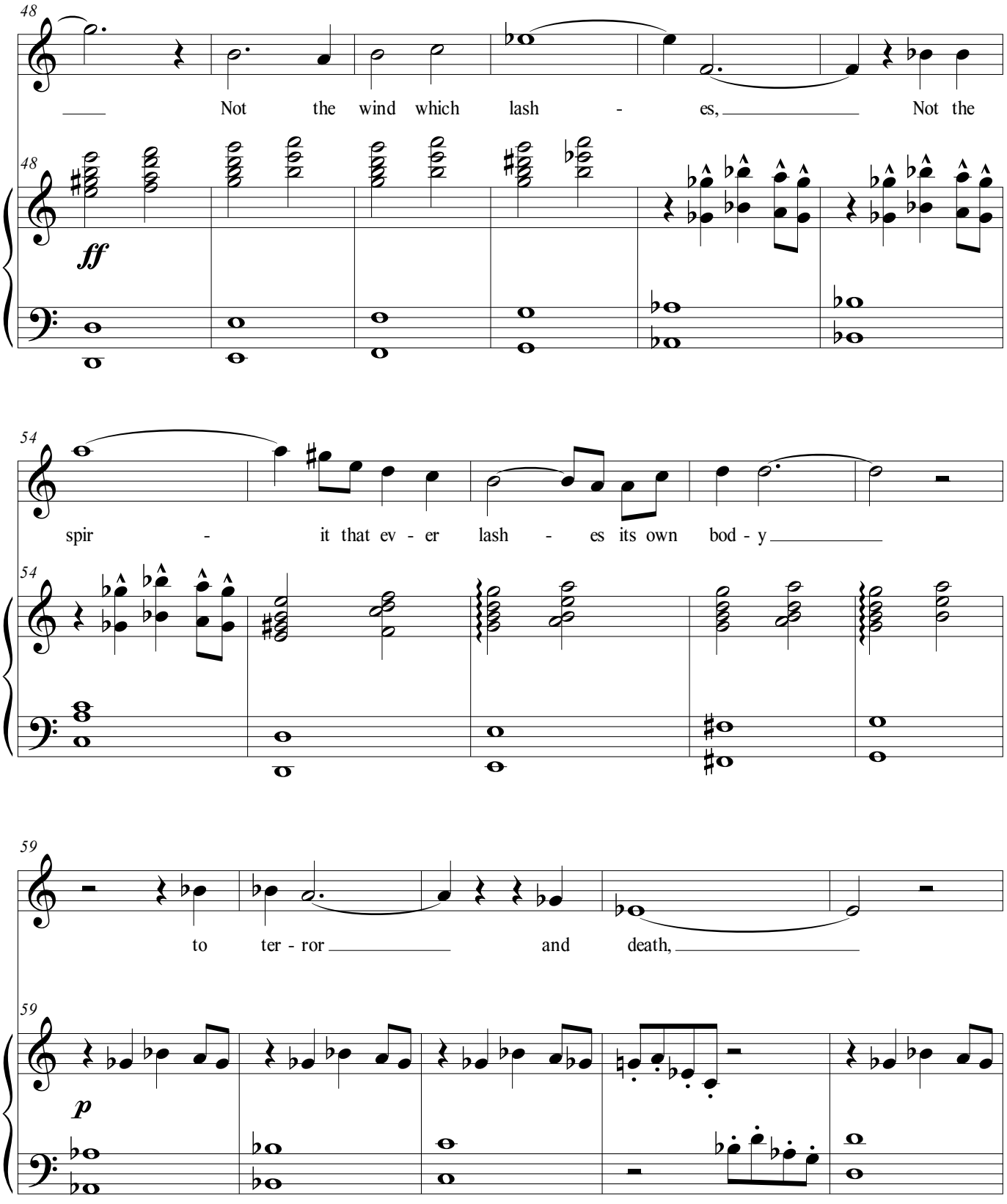
Lawrence Kramer

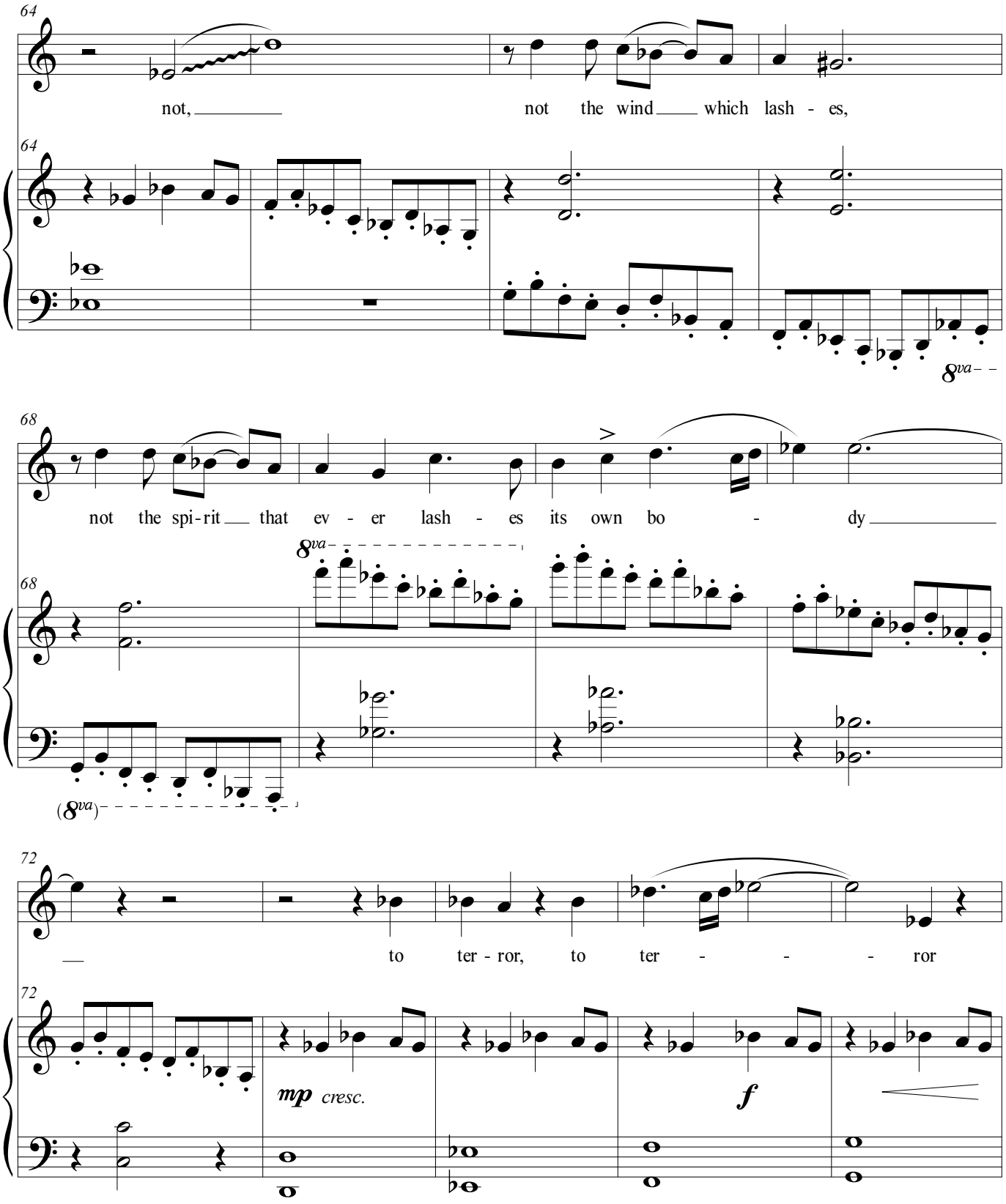


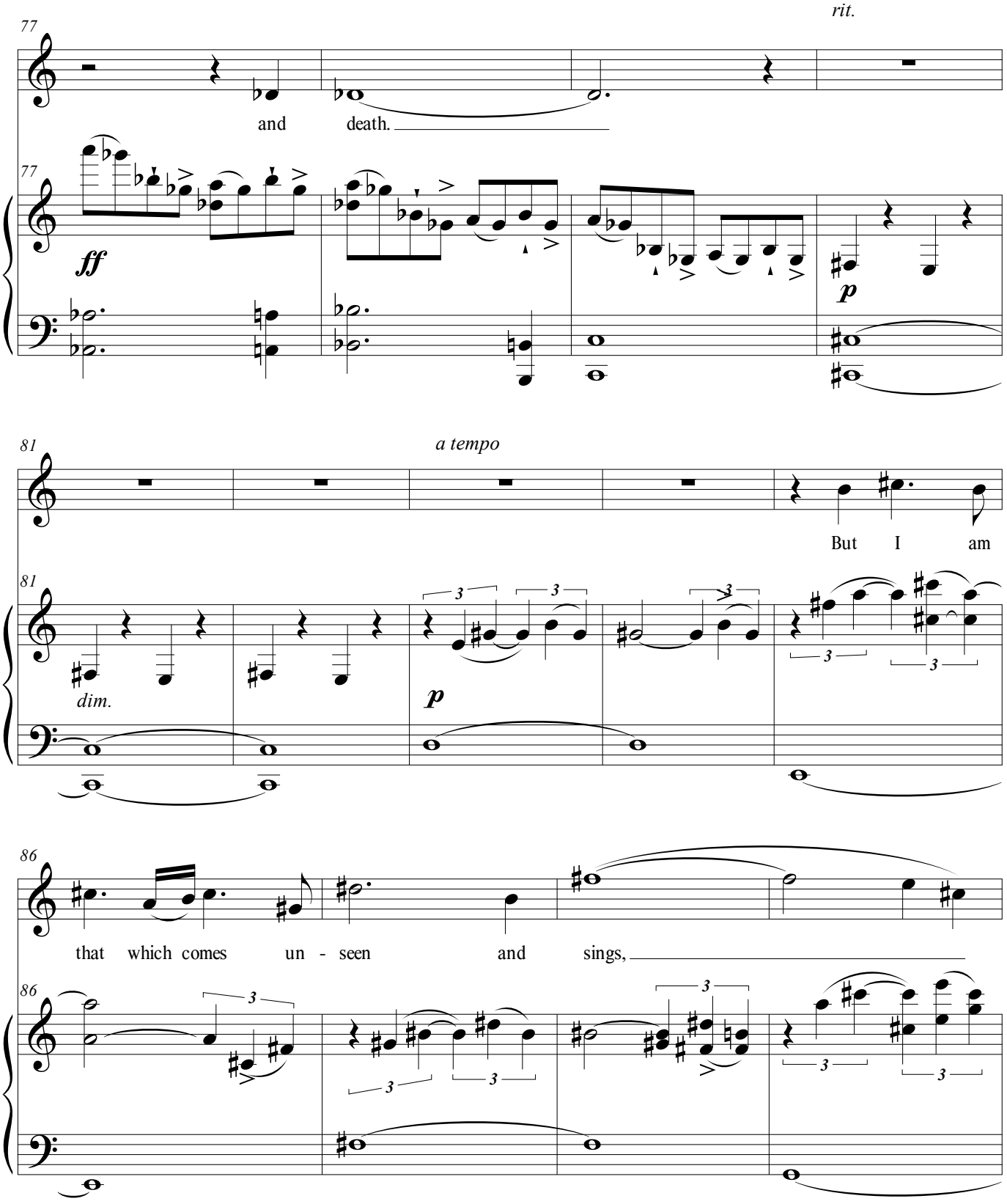

13
sea in dis - tant blue car -
13
ff
16
eer - ing through its chan - nels. On floats the wind
8va
16
mp
cresc.
20
o - ver the breast of the sea set - ting in toward land, the great stead - y
20
f
cresc.

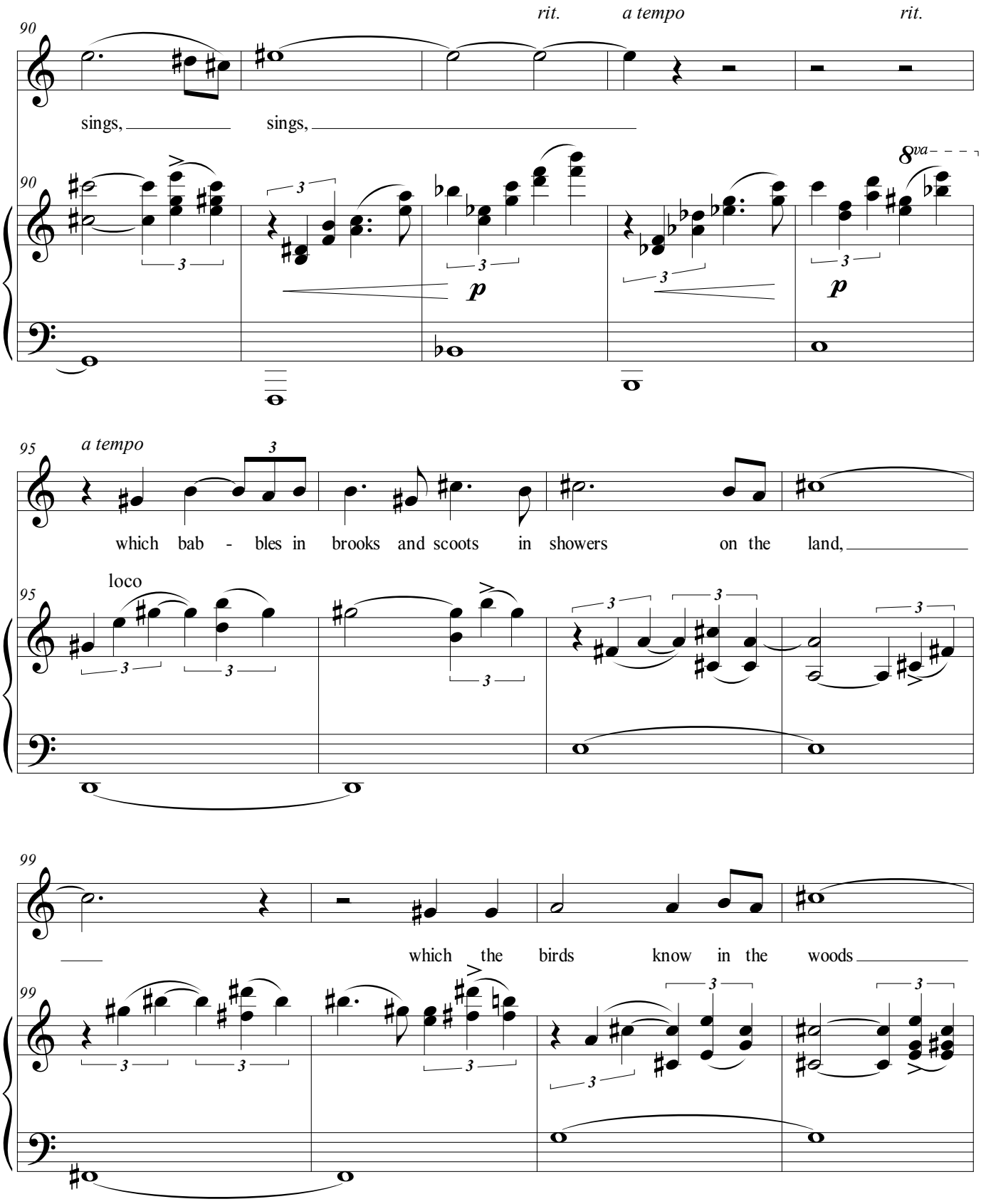

24
wind from - west or west by south, float - ing so buoy - ant with
pp
27
29
milk white foam on the wat - ers.
p
33
But I am not the sea nor the
p

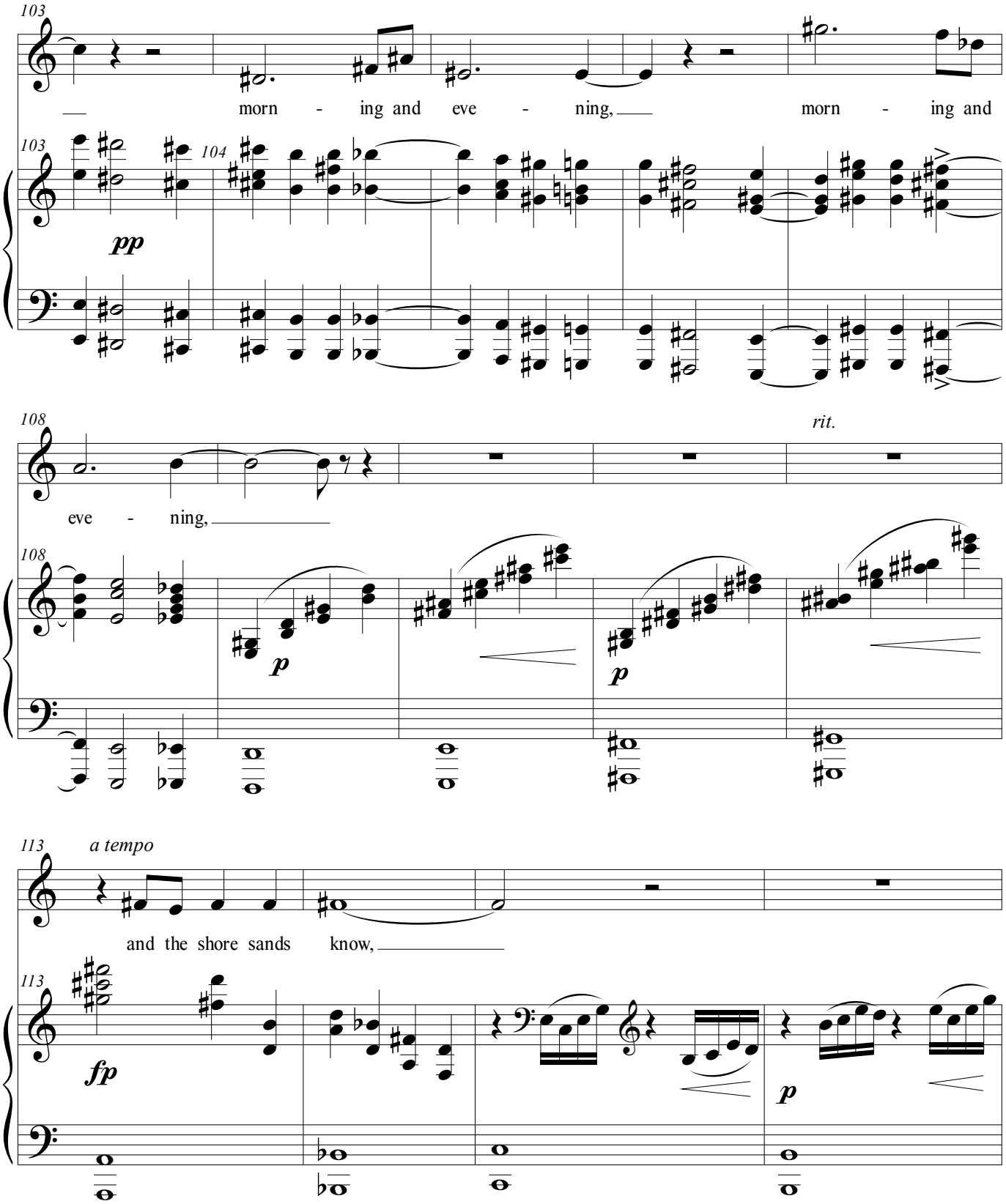

36
red sun, I am not the
fp
cresc.
40
wind with girl - ish laugh - ter, not
f
p
f
44
the im - mense wind that strength - ens,
cresc.

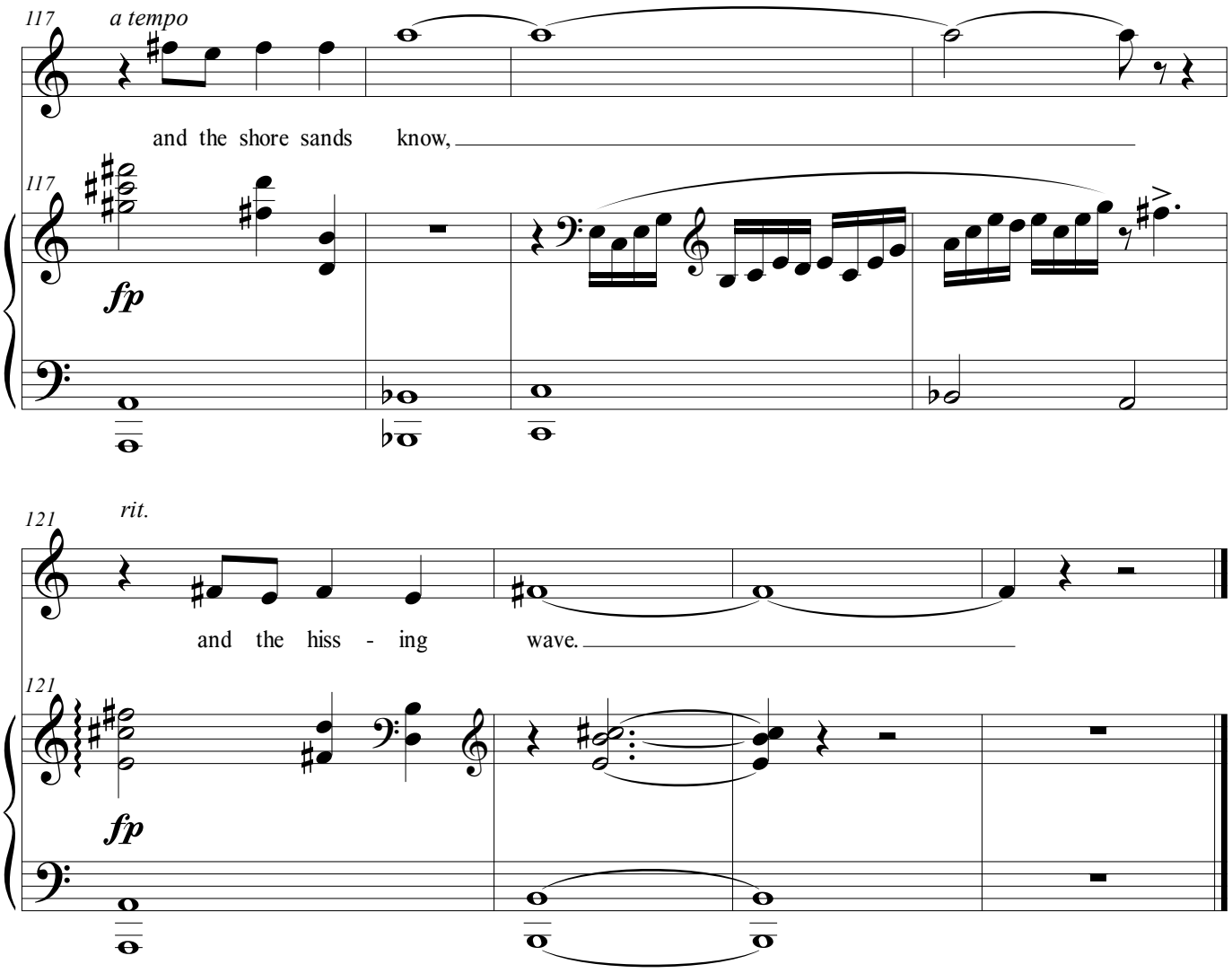

48
Not the wind which lash - es, Not the
ff
54
spir - it that ev - er lash - es its own bod - y
59
to ter - ror and death,
p


64
not, not the wind which lash - es,
8va
68
not the spi-rit that ev - er lash - es its own bo - dy
8va
(8va)
72
to ter - ror, to ter - - - ror
mp cresc.
f


rit.
77
and death.
77
ff
p
81
a tempo
But I am
81
dim.
p
86
that which comes un - seen and sings,
86


90
rit.
a tempo
rit.
sings,
sings,
8va
p
p
95
a tempo
which bab - bles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
loco
99
which the birds know in the woods


103
morn - ing and eve - ning, morn - ing and
103
104
pp
108
eve - ning,
rit.
108
p
p
113
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
113
fp
p


117
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
117
fp
121
rit.
and the hiss - ing wave.
121
fp

Windrose

Mezzo Soprano

Fresh and rosy red the sun is mounting high,
On floats the sea in distant blue careering through its channels,
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea setting in toward land,
The great steady wind from west or west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea nor the red sun,
I am not the wind with girlish laughter,
Not the immense wind which strengthens, not the wind which lashes,
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death,
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,
And the shore-sands know and the hissing wave.

--Walt Whitman, from "Song of the Banner at Daybreak"

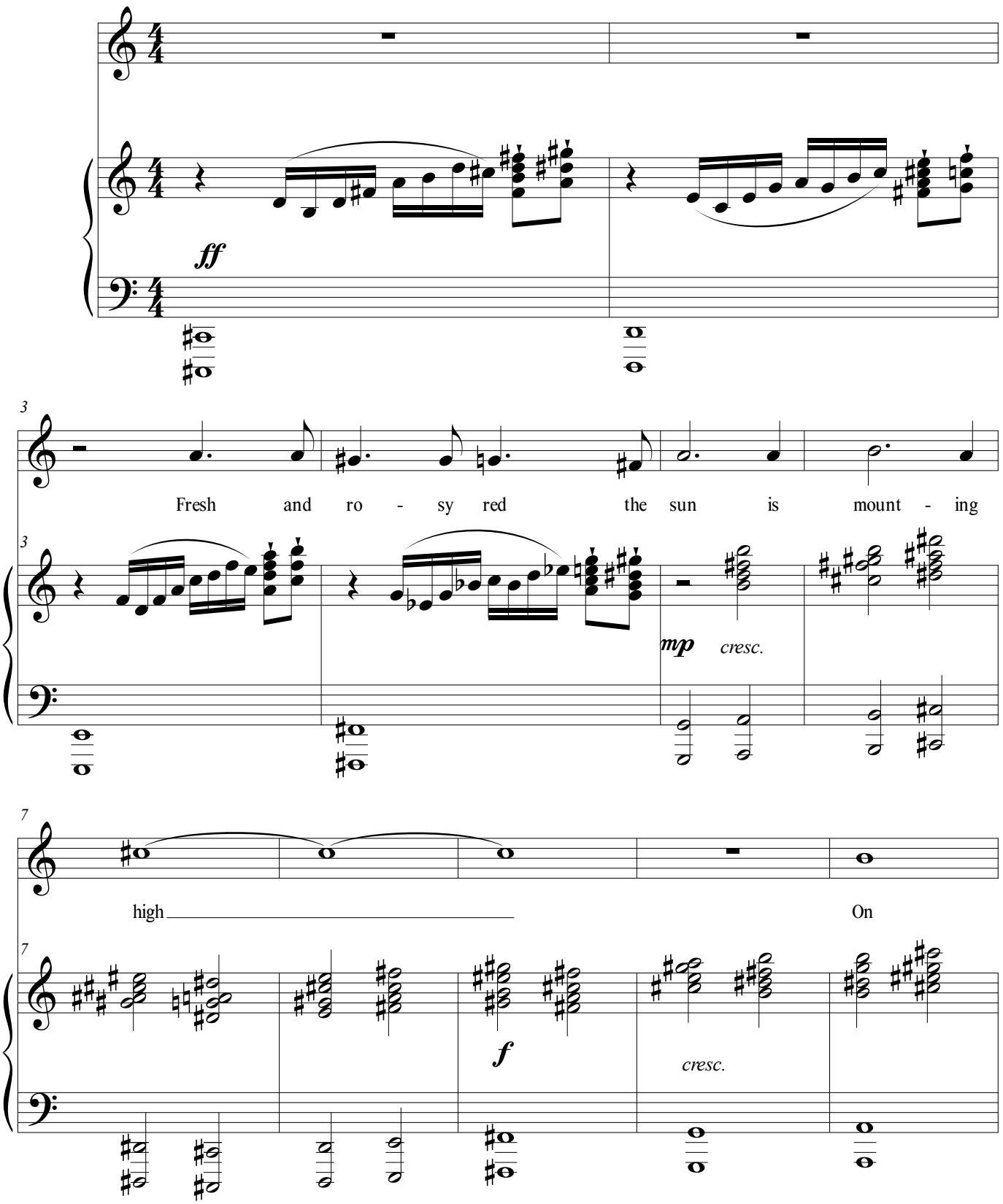
Written voice range: B♭3-F♯5
Tessitura: F♯4 - D♯5
Duration: 4 minutes

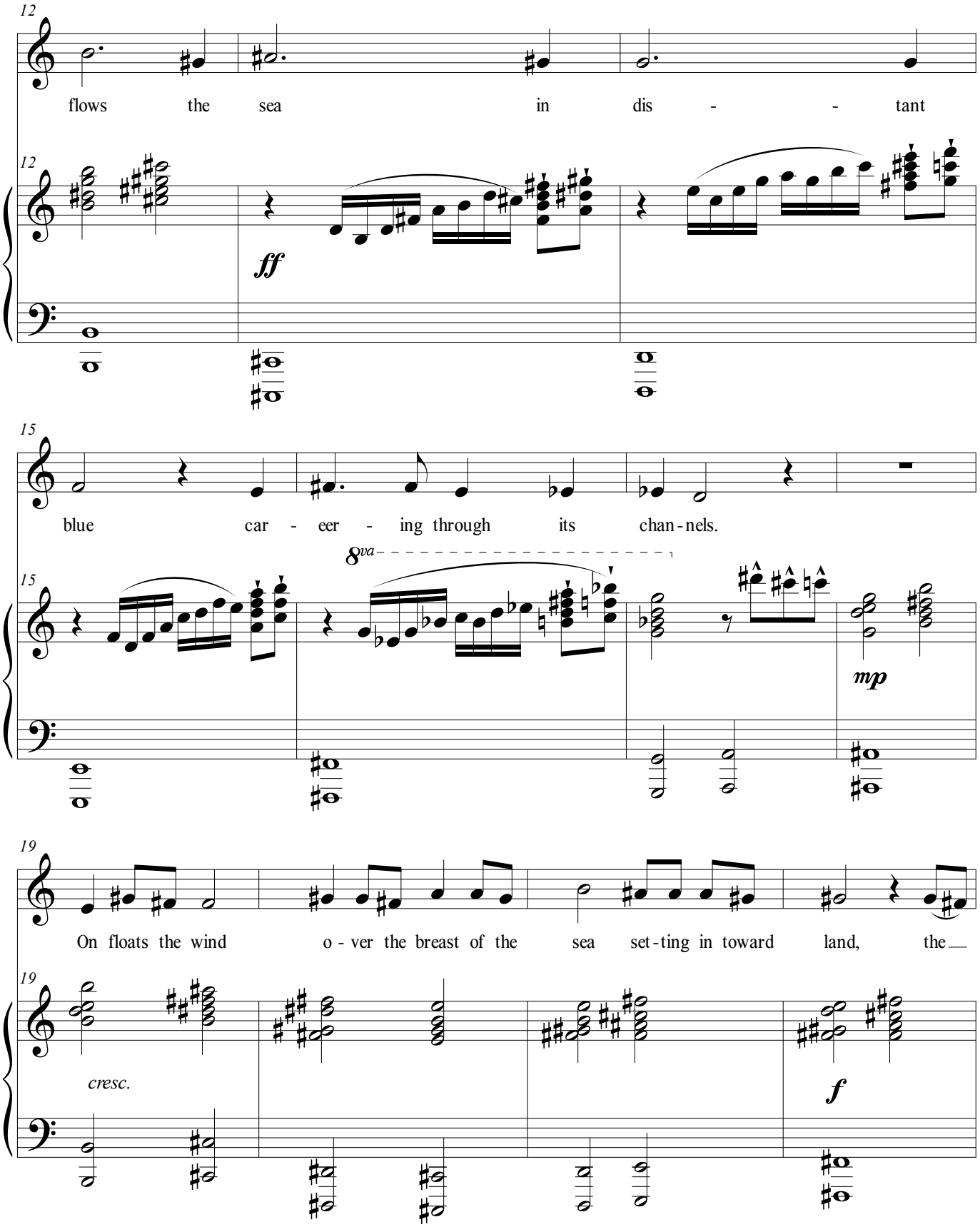
Composed 2017

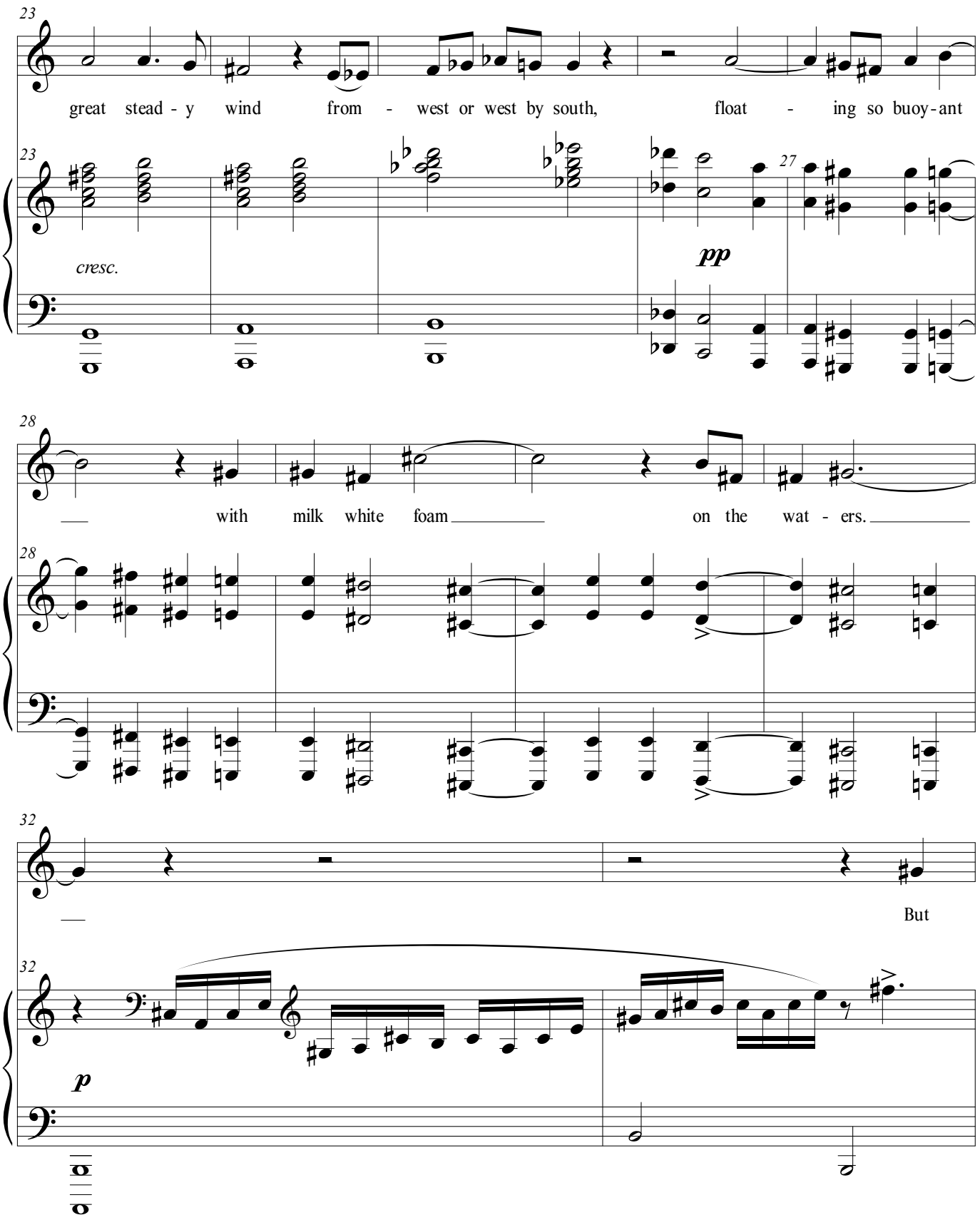
Windrose

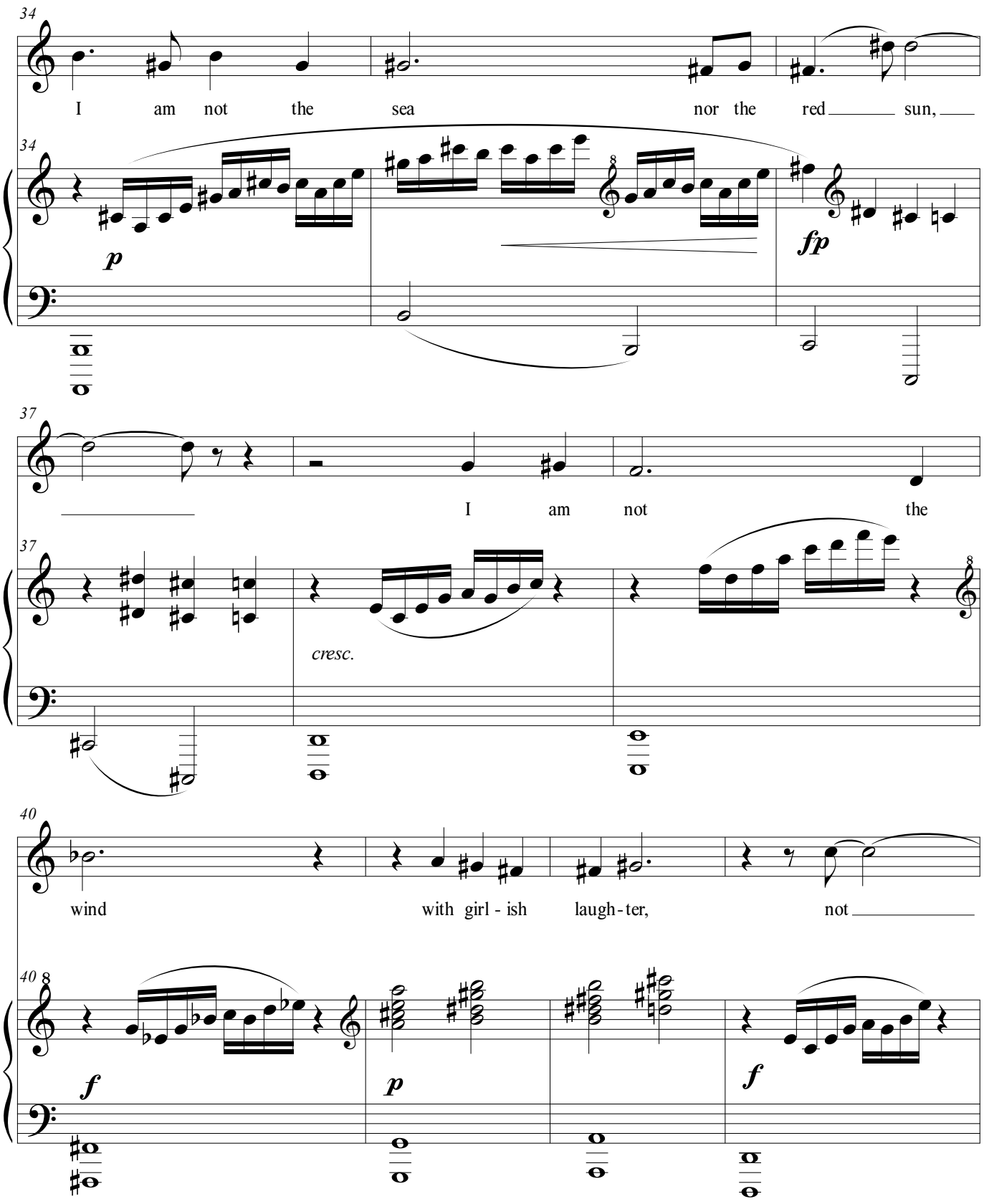
♩ = 126

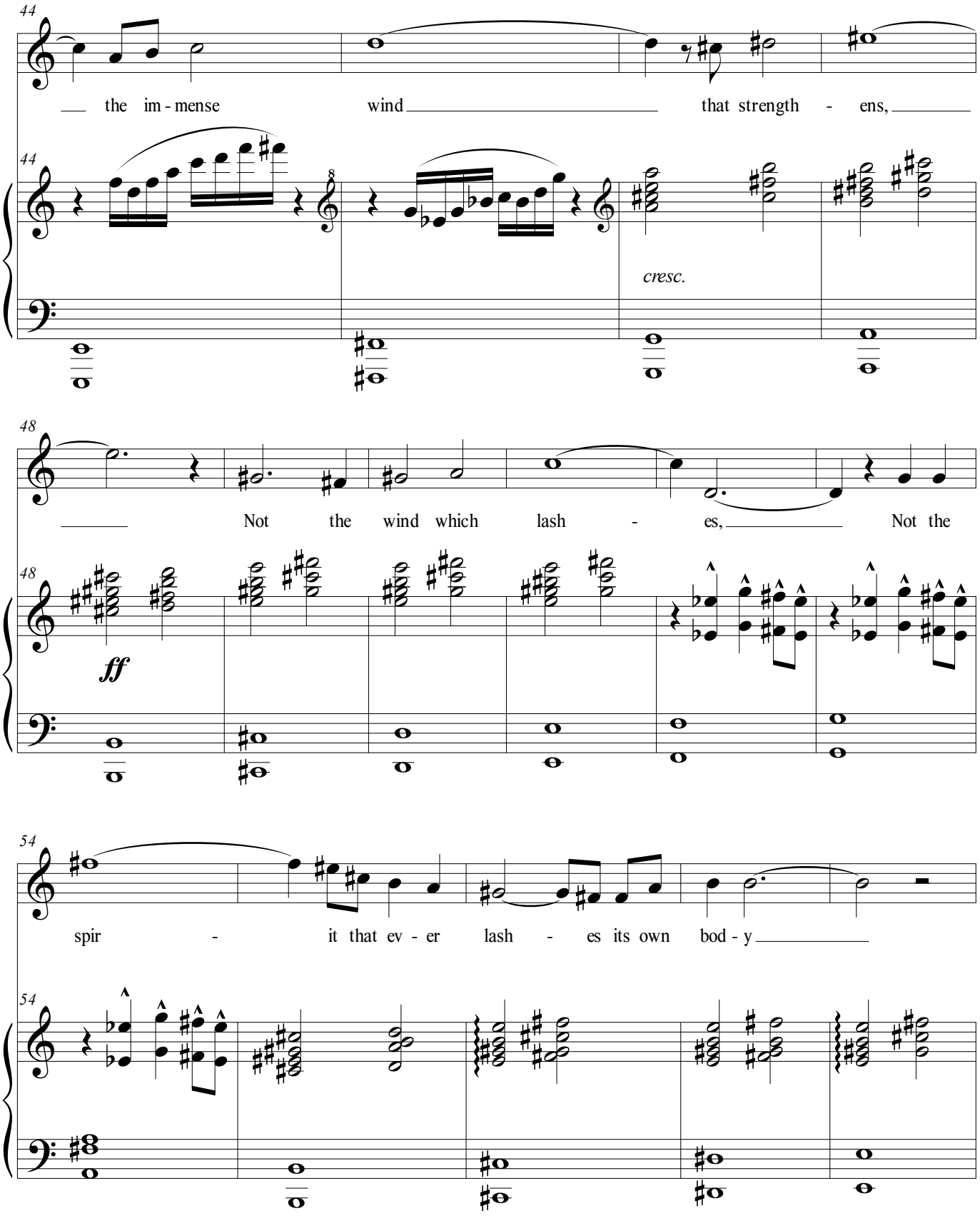
Lawrence Kramer

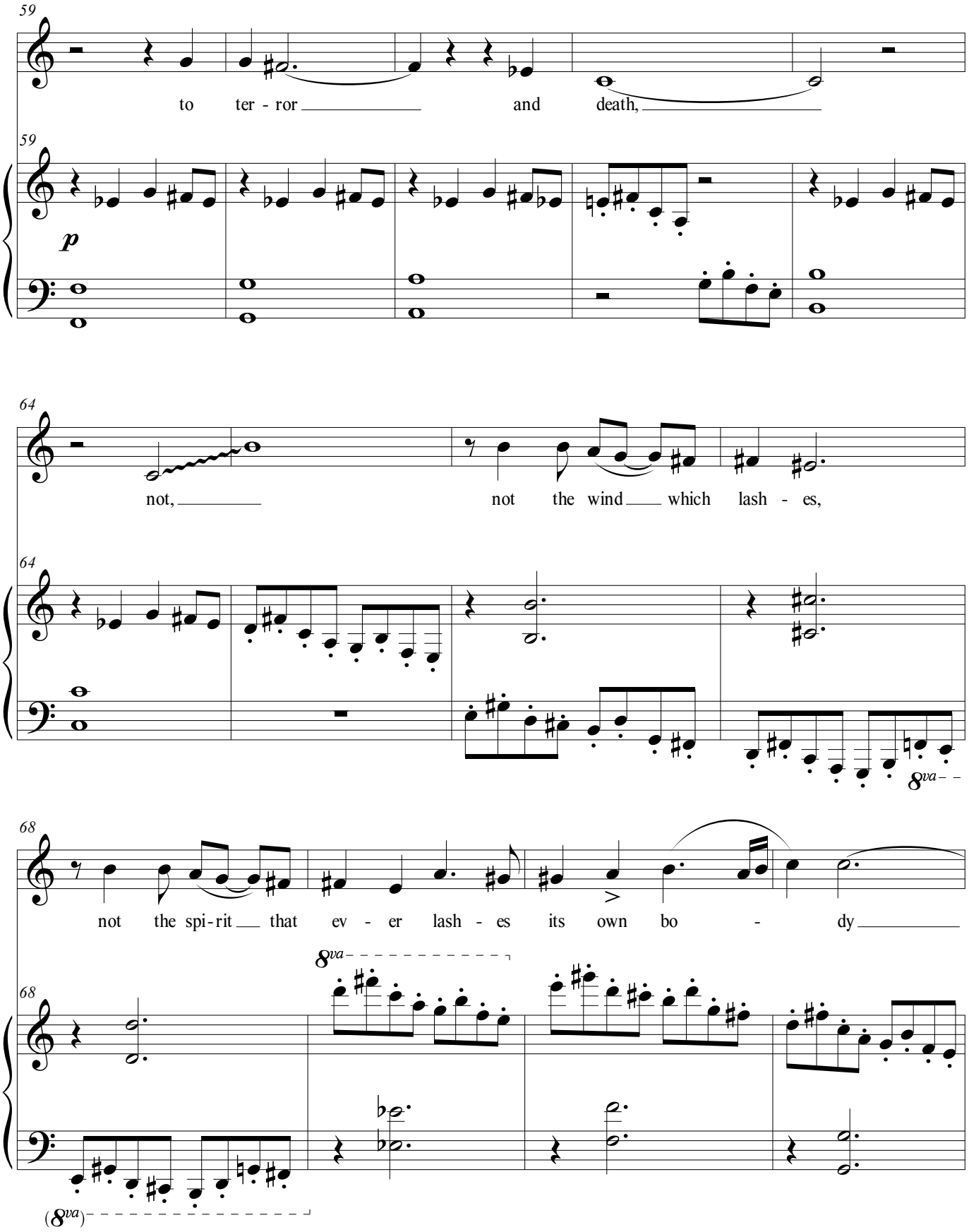


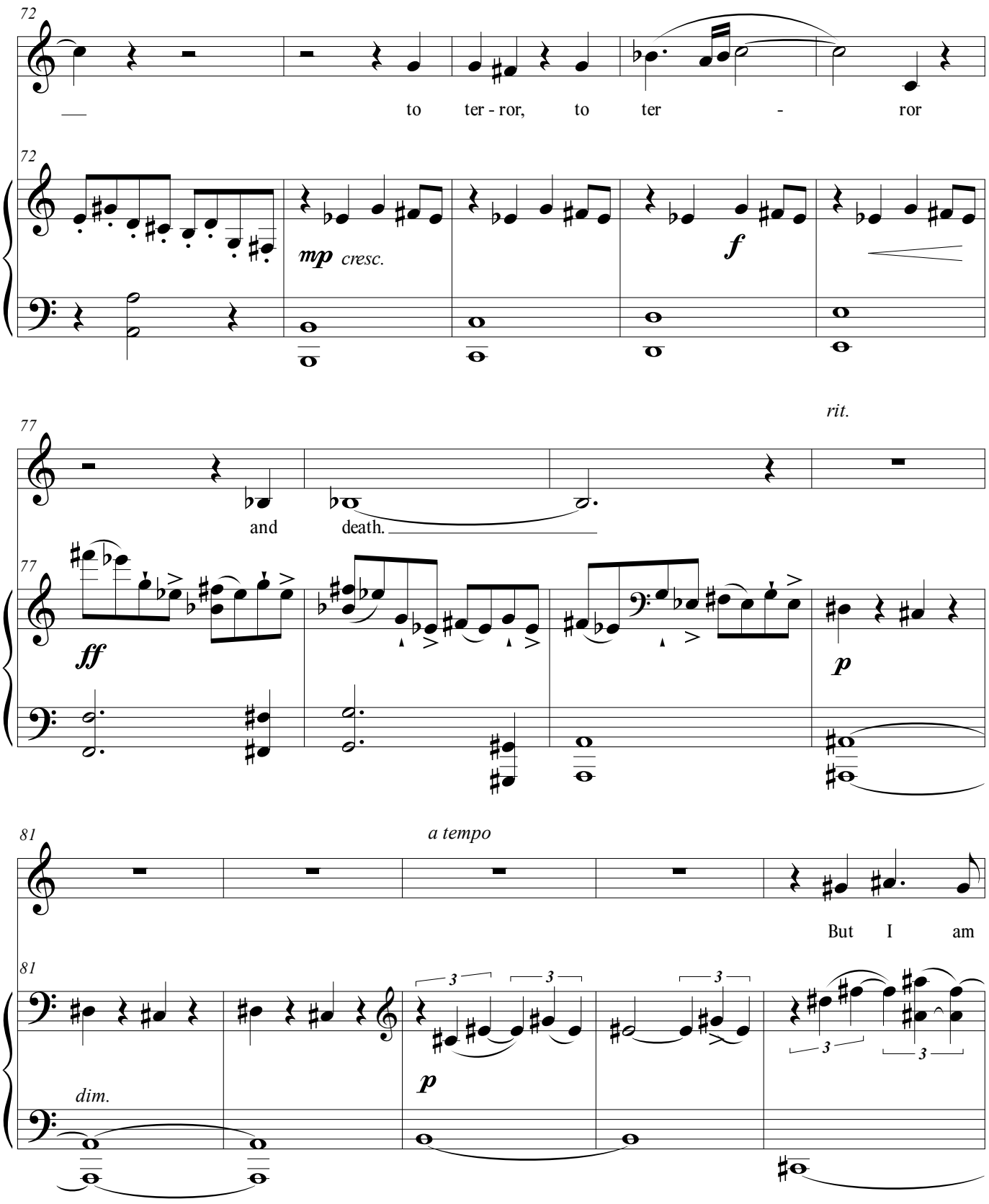

12
flows the sea in dis - - tant
ff
15
blue car - eer - ing through its chan - nels.
8va
mp
19
On floats the wind o - ver the breast of the sea set - ting in toward land, the
cresc.
f

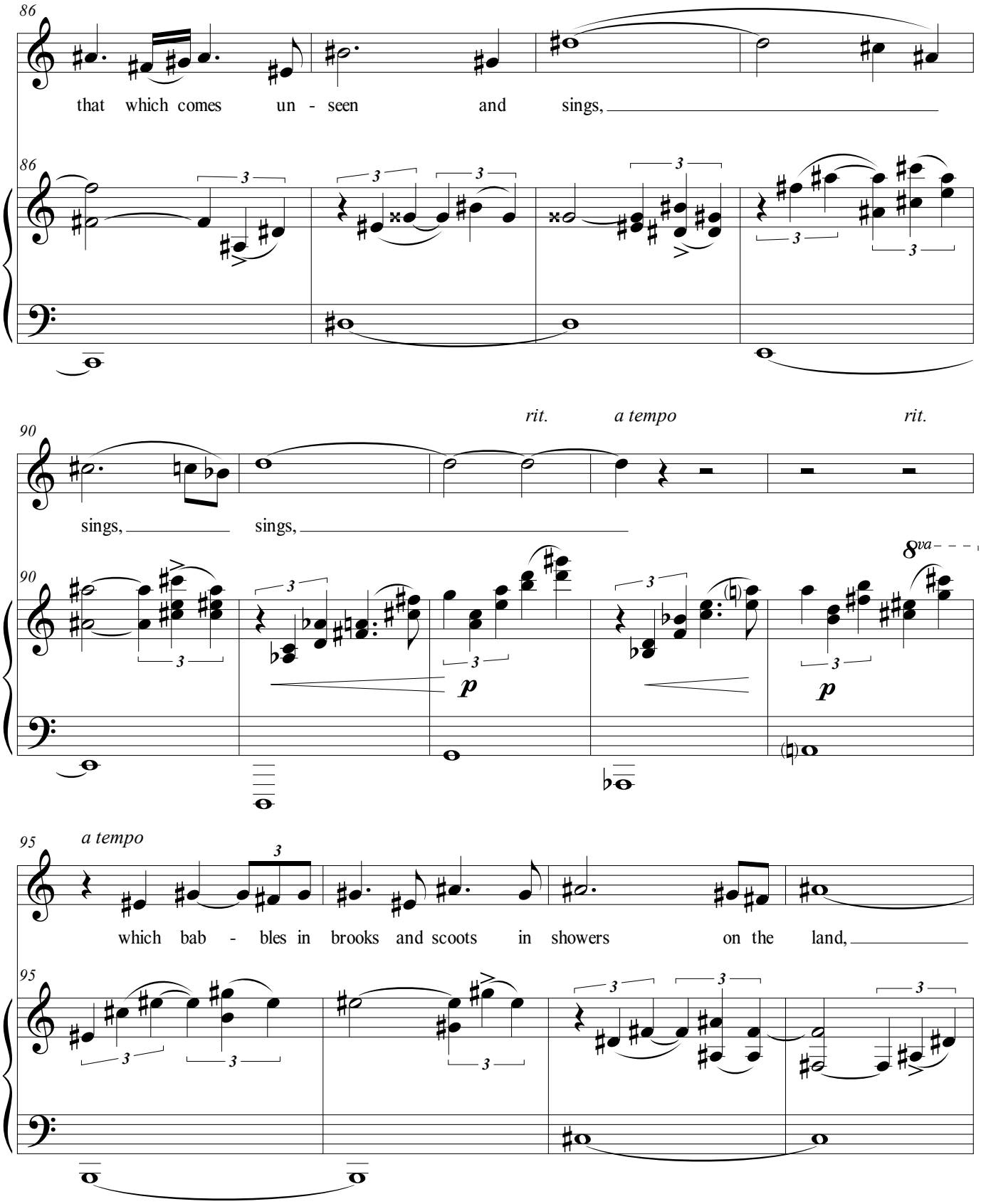

23
great stead - y wind from - west or west by south, float - ing so buoy - ant
23
cresc.
27
pp
28
with milk white foam on the wat - ers.
28
32
But
32
p

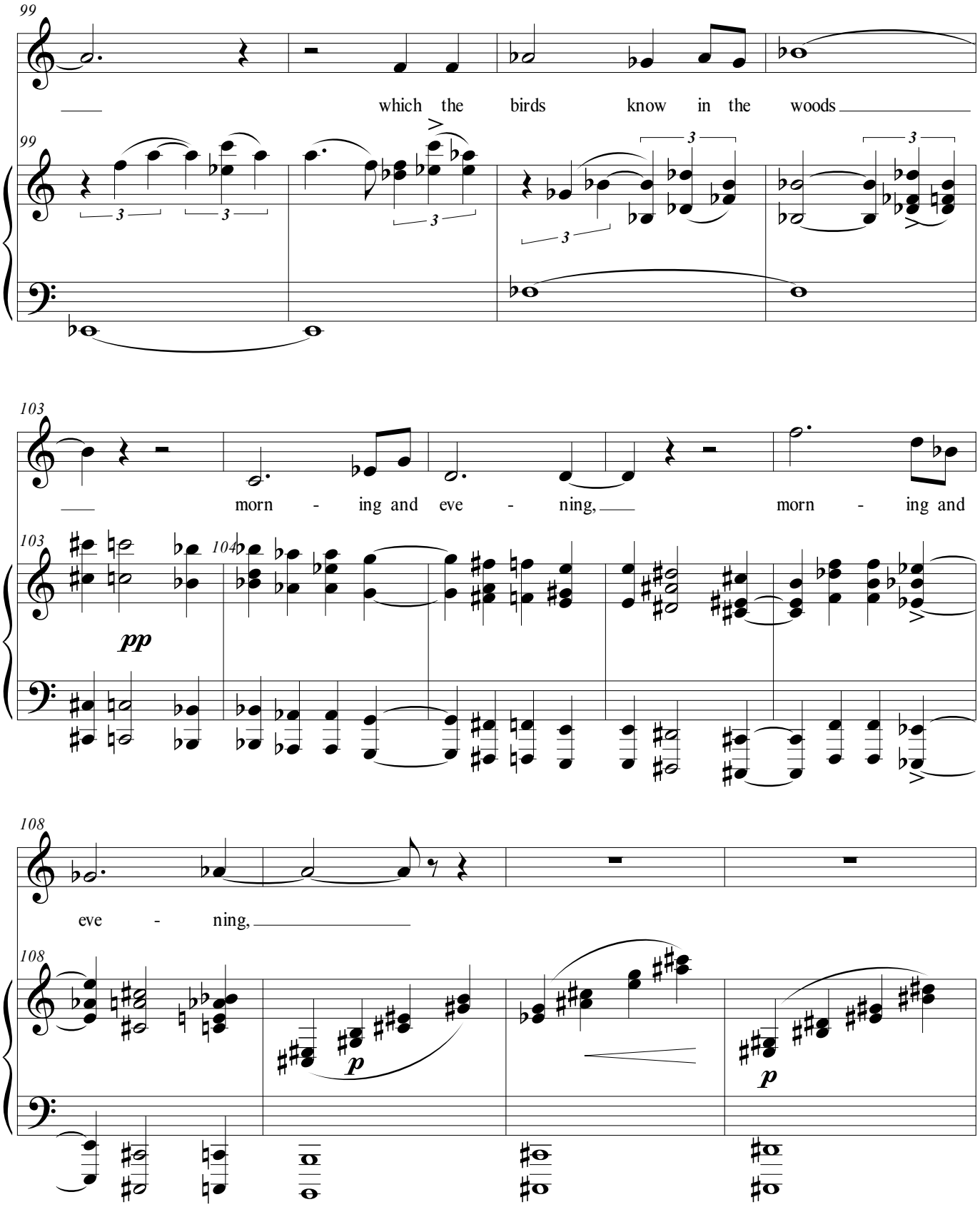

34
I am not the sea nor the red sun,
p
fp
37
I am not the
cresc.
40
wind with girl - ish laugh - ter, not
f
p
f

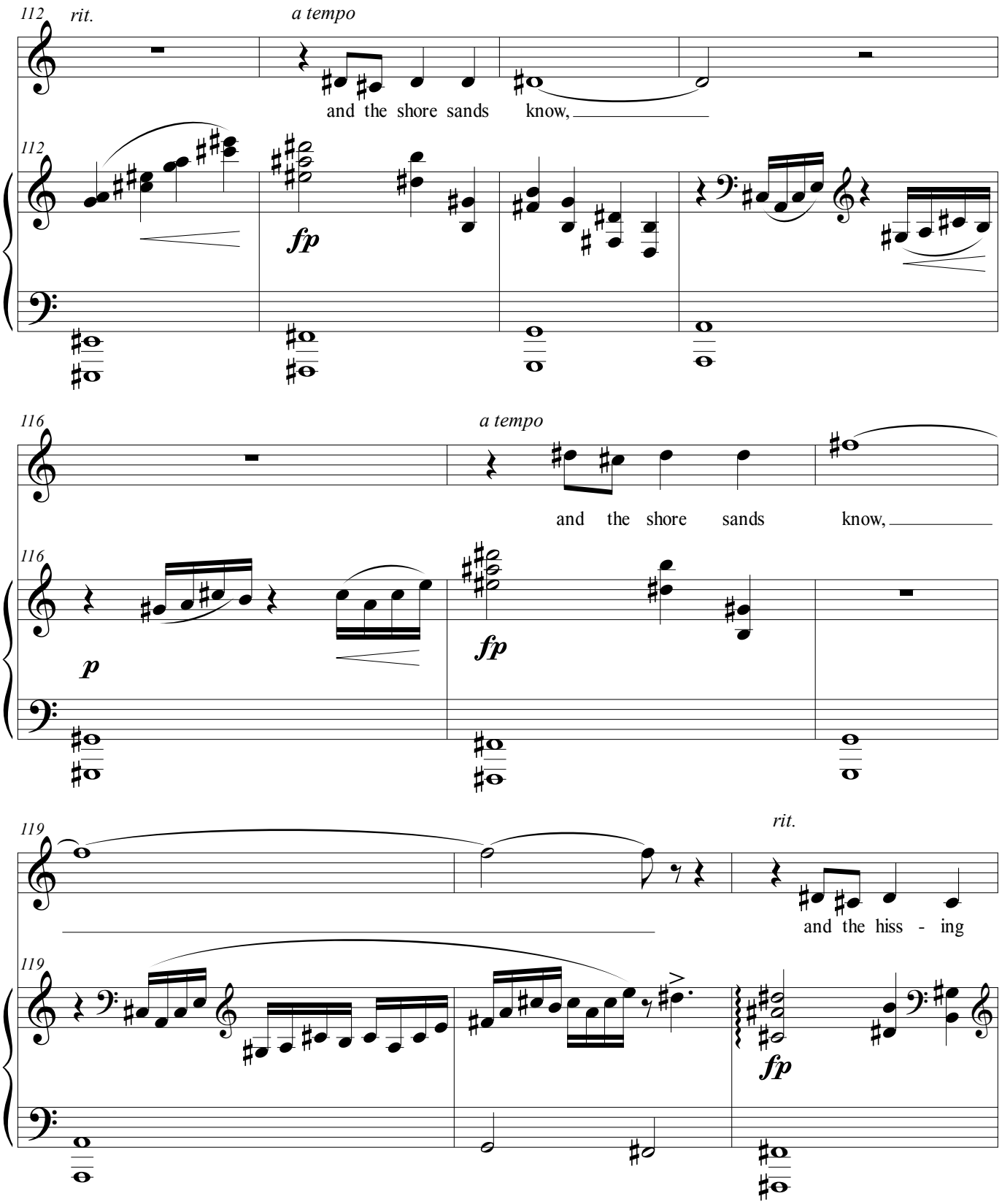

44
the im - mense wind that strength - ens,
cresc.
48
Not the wind which lash - es, Not the
ff
54
spir - it that ev - er lash - es its own bod - y

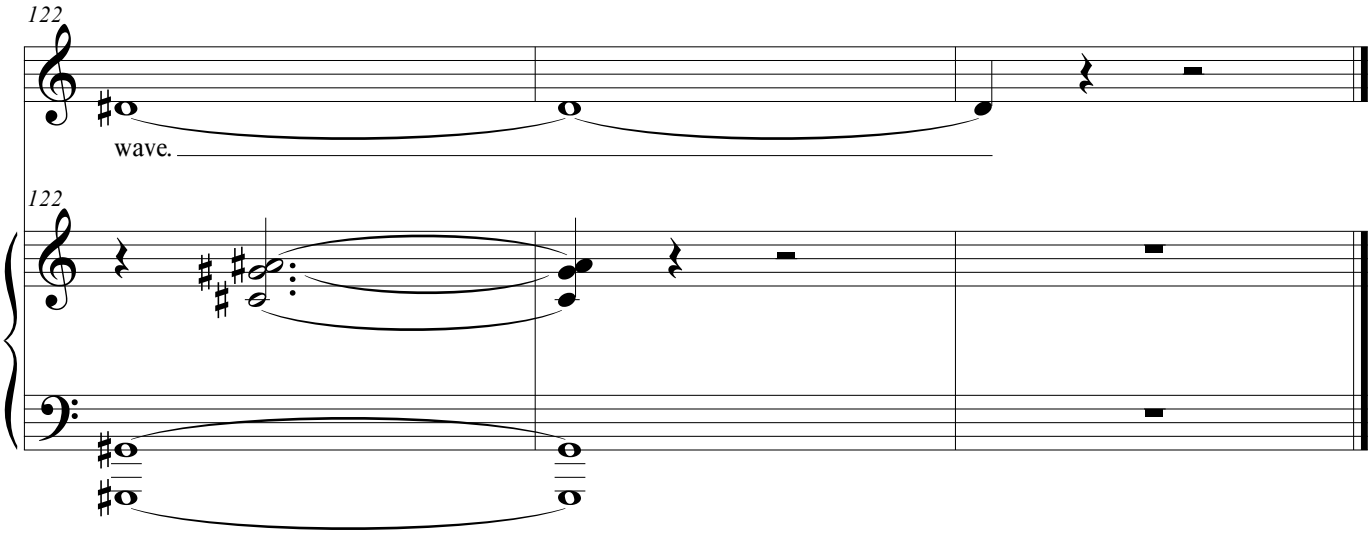

59
to ter - ror and death,
59
p
64
not, not the wind which lash - es,
64
8va
68
not the spi-rit that ev - er lash - es its own bo - dy
68
8va
(8va)


72
to ter - ror, to ter - ror
72
mp cresc.
f
77
rit.
and death.
77
ff
p
81
a tempo
But I am
81
3
3
3
3
3
p
dim.


86
that which comes un - seen and sings,
86
90
rit.
a tempo
rit.
sings, sings,
90
8va
p
p
95
a tempo
which bab - bles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
95


99
which the birds know in the woods
99
103
morn - ing and eve - ning, morn - ing and
103
104
pp
108
eve - ning,
108
p
p


112
rit.
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
fp
116
a tempo
and the shore sands know,
p
fp
119
rit.
and the hiss - ing
fp


122
wave.
122

A Winter Walk

Baritone

I had for my winter evening walk--
No one at all with whom to talk,
But I had the cottages in a row
Up to their shining eyes in snow.
And I thought I had the folk within:
I had the sound of a violin;
I had a glimpse through curtain laces
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.
I had such company outward bound.
I went till there were no cottages found.
I turned and repented, but coming back
I saw no window but that was black.
Over the snow my creaking feet
Disturbed the slumbering village street
Like profanation, by your leave,
At ten o'clock of a winter eve.

--Robert Frost

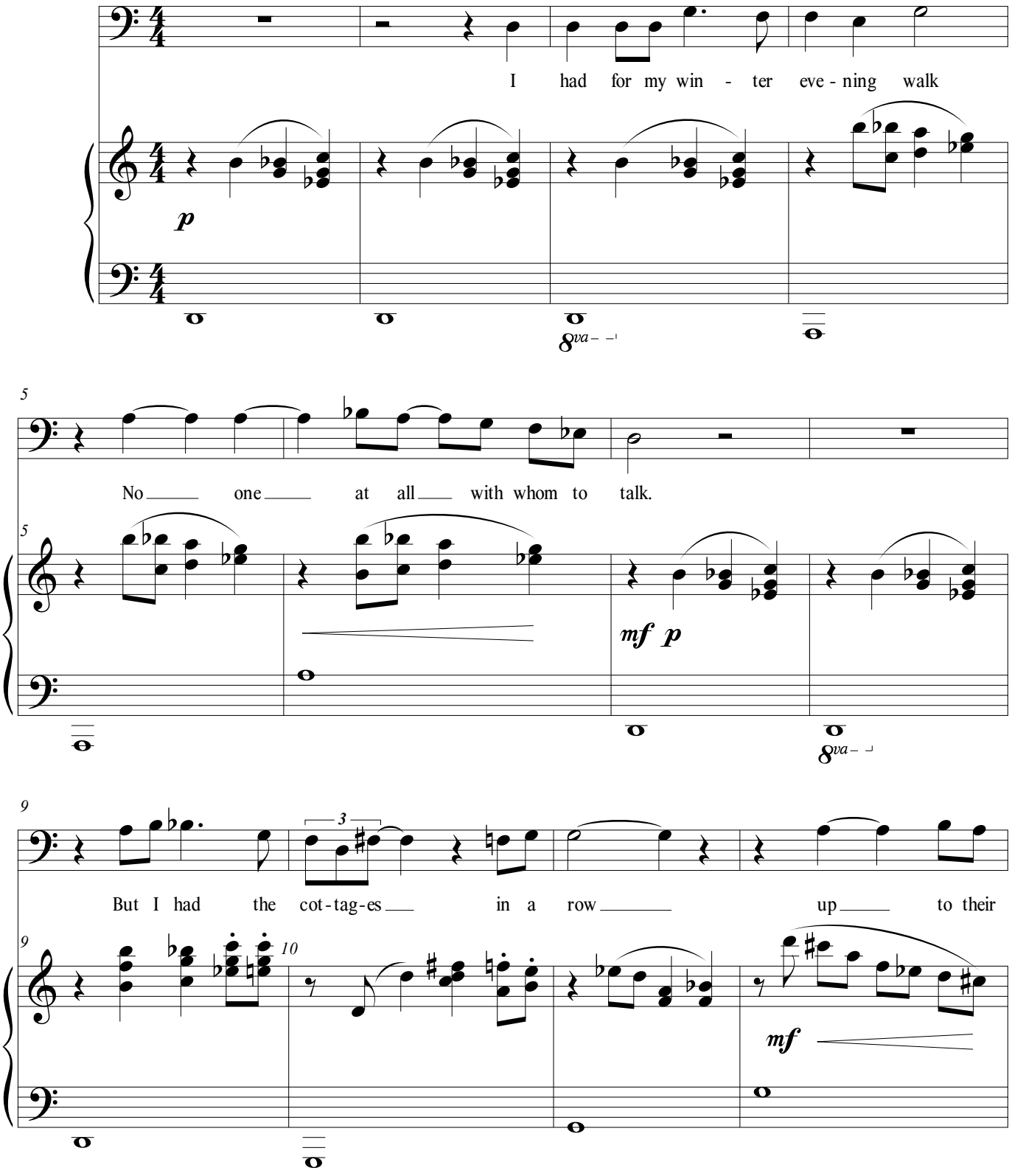
Voice range: A2-D4
Tessitura: Tessitura: D3 - B4
Duration 3:15

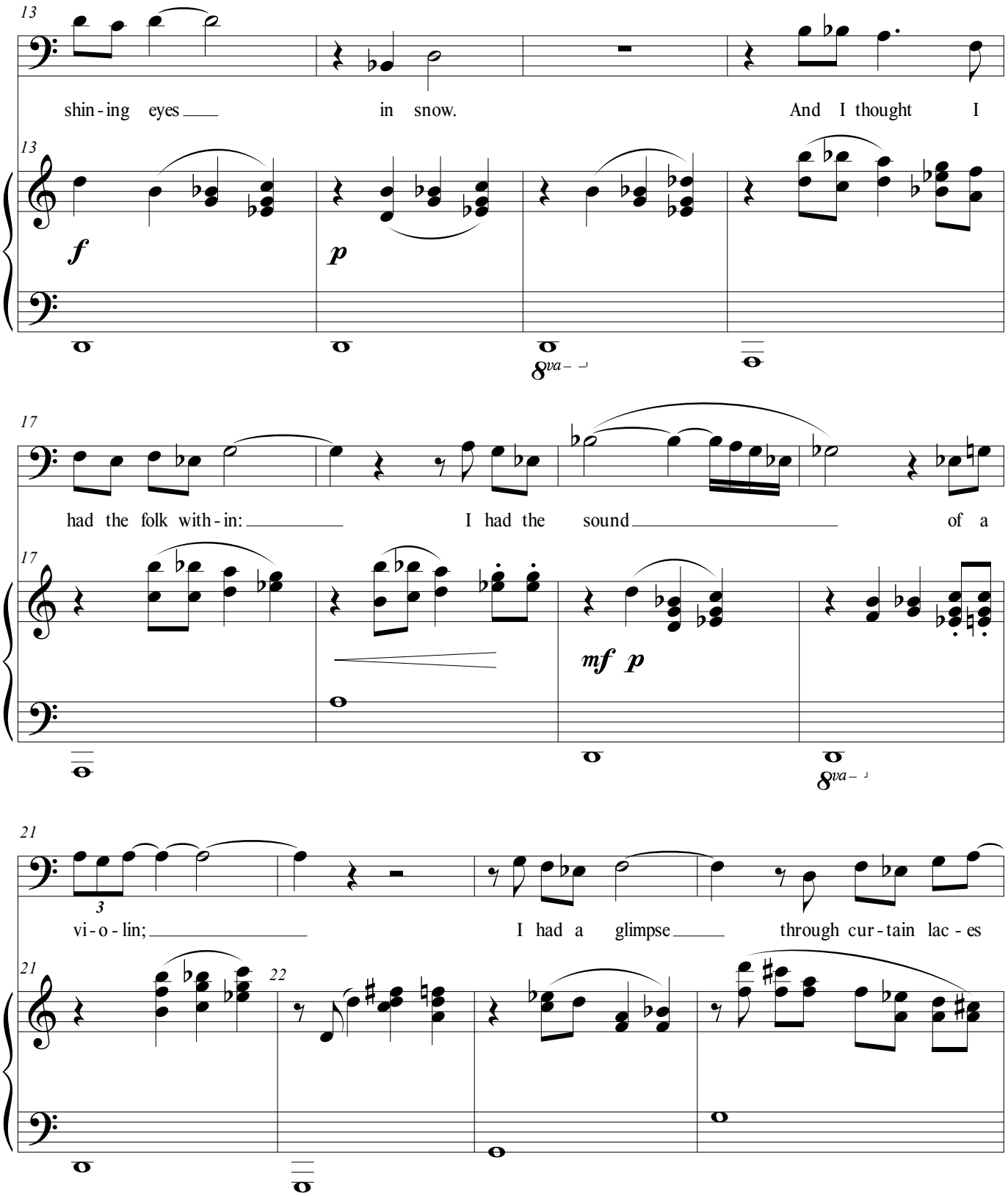
Composed 2020

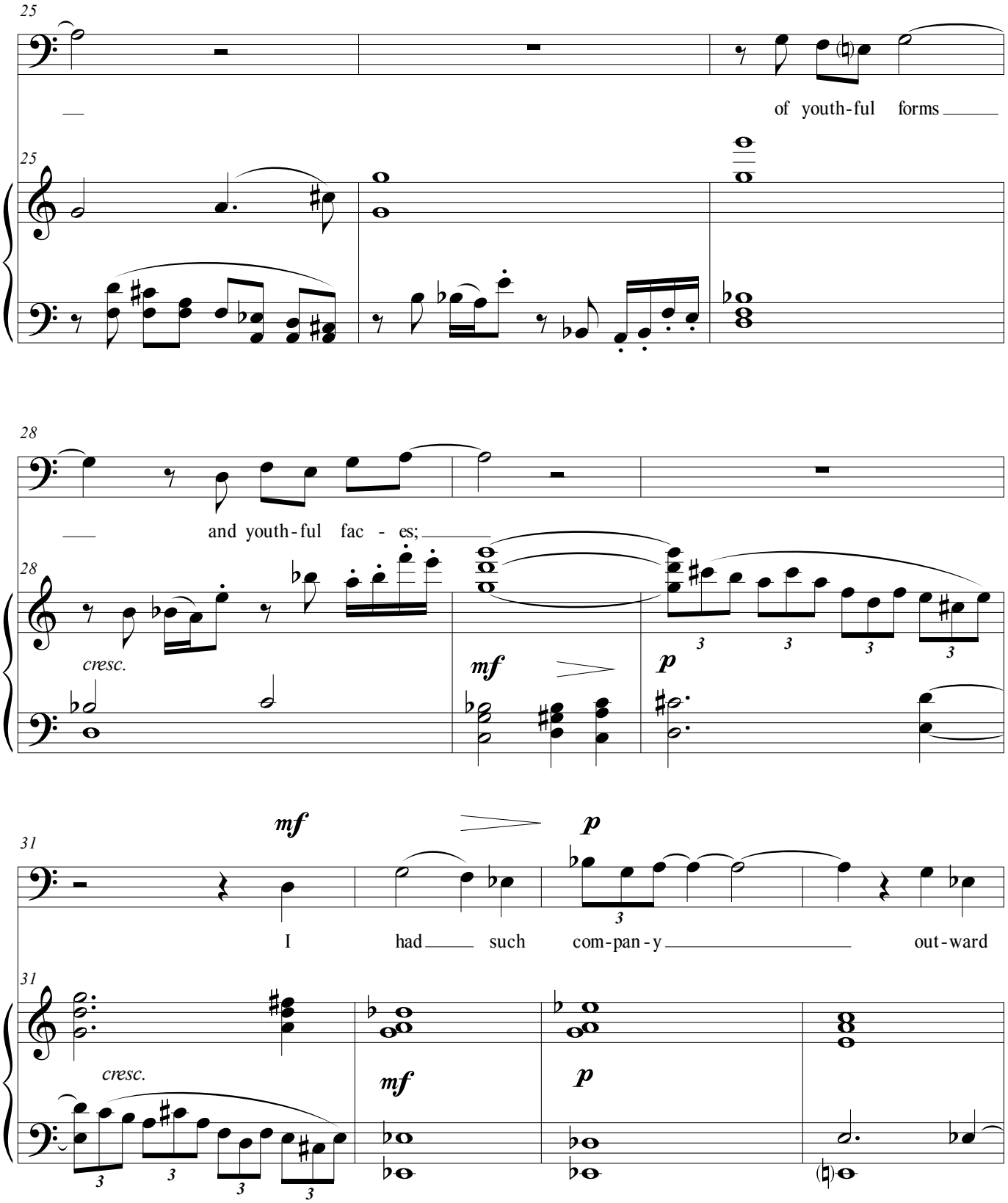
A Winter Walk

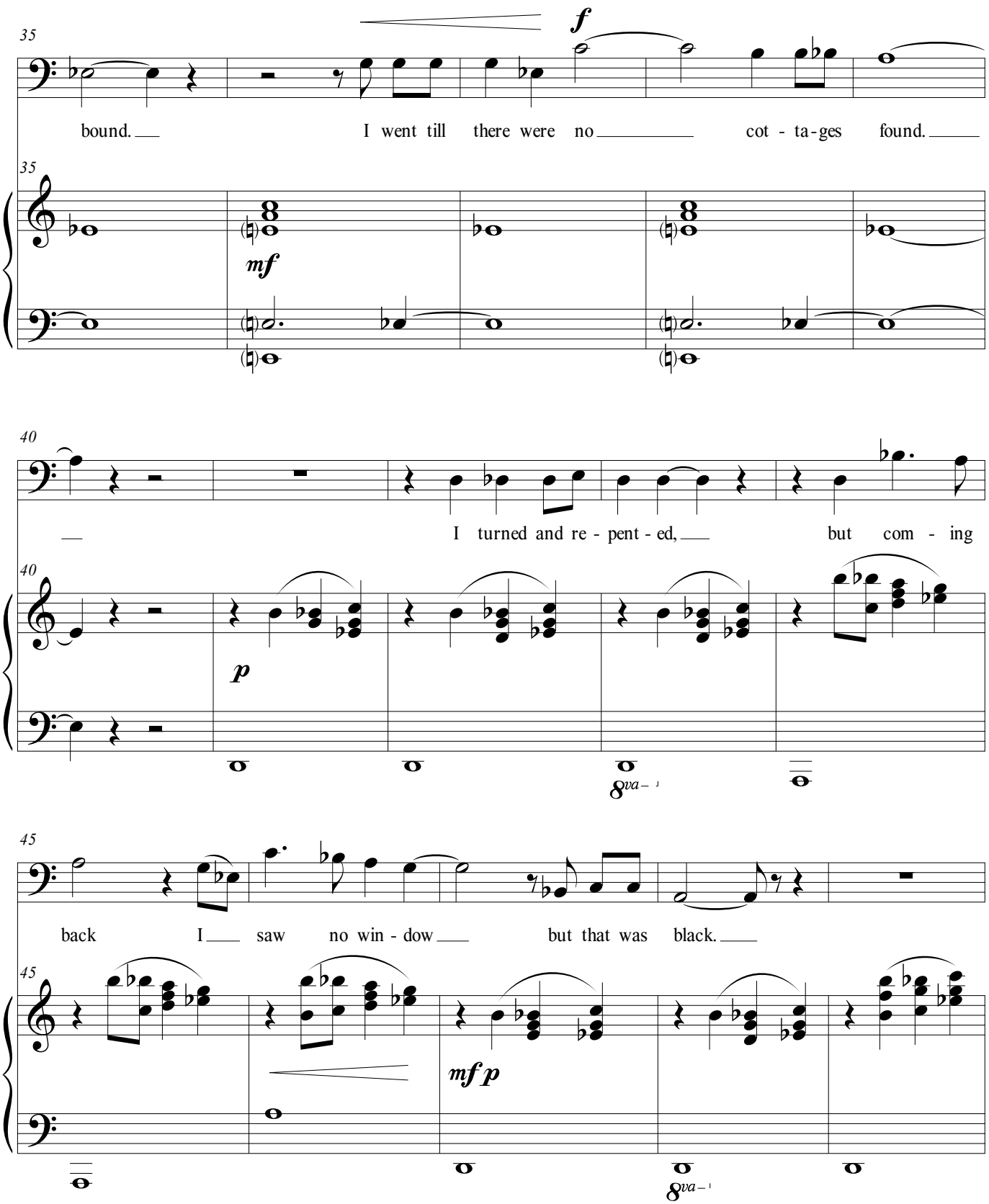
♩ = 80

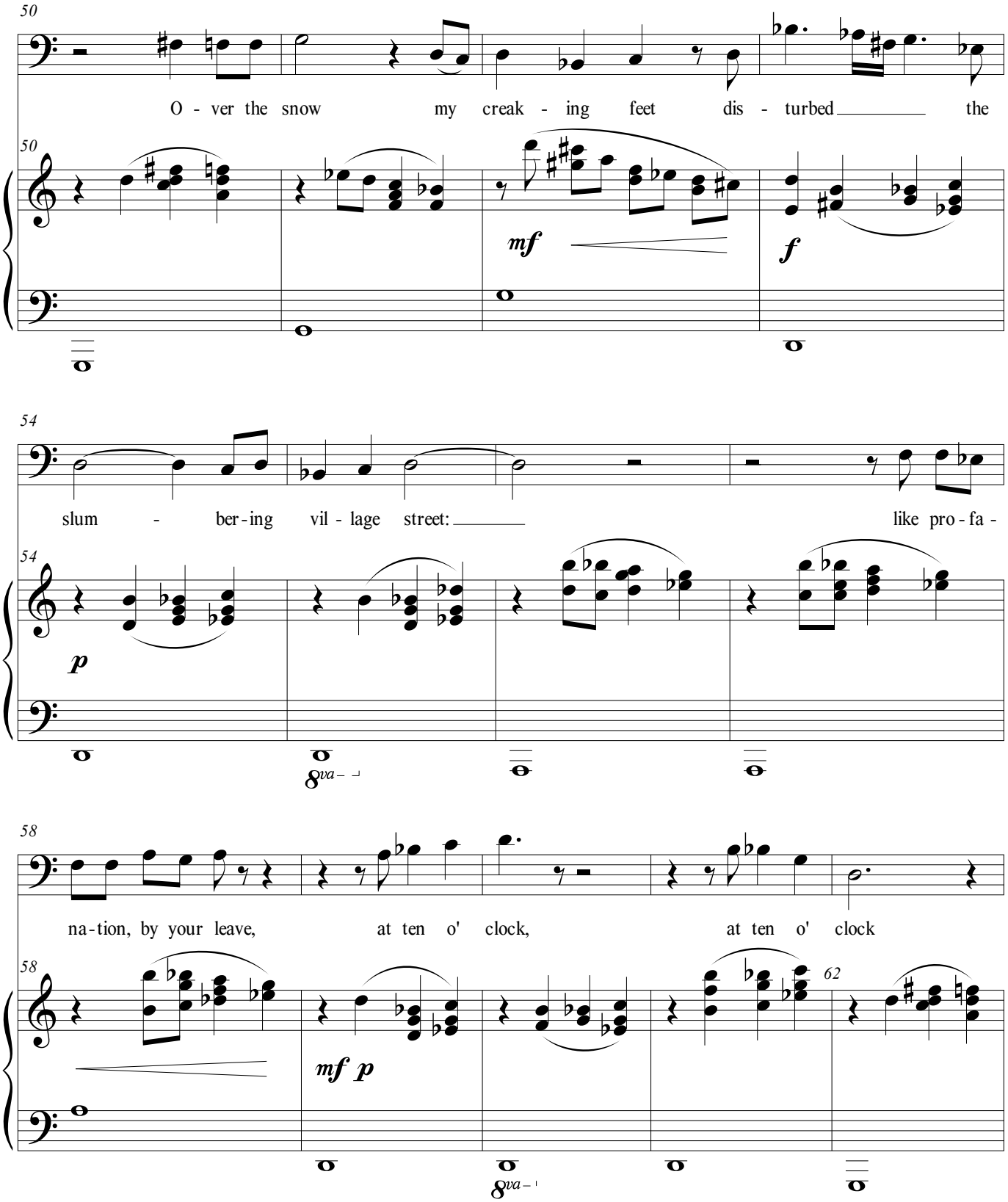
Lawrence Kramer

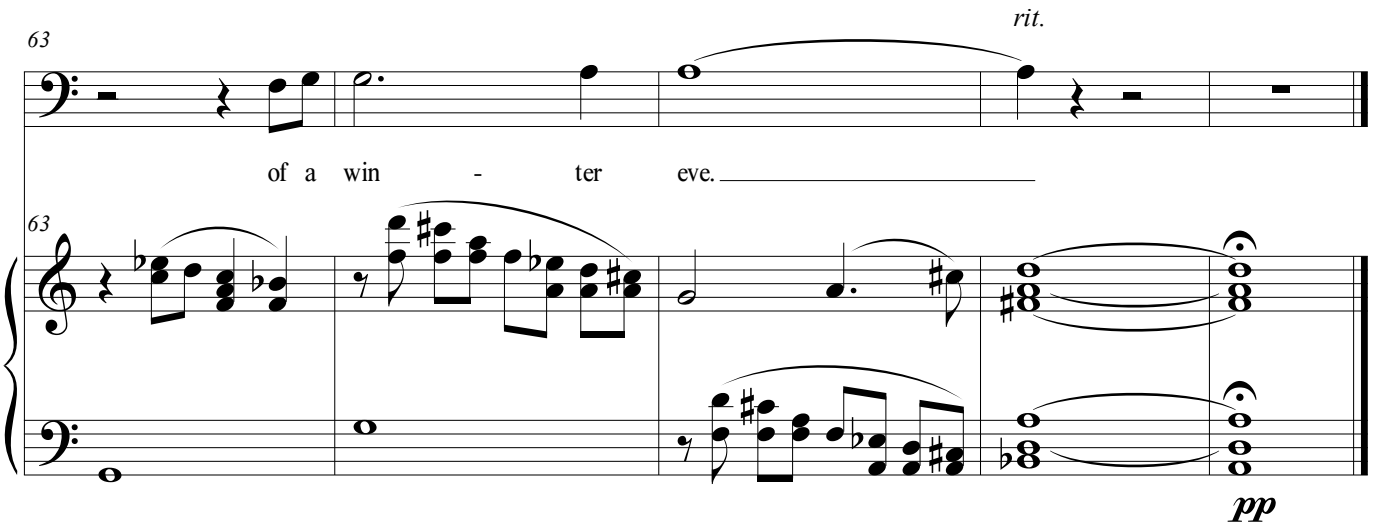



13
shin - ing eyes
in snow.
And I thought I
f
p
8va
17
had the folk with - in:
I had the sound
of a
mf p
8va
21
3
vi - o - lin;
I had a glimpse
through cur - tain lac - es
22


25
of youth-ful forms
25
28
and youth-ful fac - es;
28
cresc.
mf
p
31
mf
p
I had such com-pan-y out-ward
31
cresc.
mf
p


35
f
bound. I went till there were no cot - ta - ges found.
35
mf
40
I turned and re - pent - ed, but com - ing
40
p
8va
45
back I saw no win - dow but that was black.
45
mf p
8va


50
O - ver the snow my creak - ing feet dis - turbed the
mf
f
54
slum - ber-ing vil - lage street: like pro - fa -
p
8va
58
na-tion, by your leave, at ten o' clock, at ten o' clock
mf p
8va
62


63
rit.
of a win - ter eve.
63
pp