A Modern Songbook

Volume Two

Twenty Four Songs for Medium Voice and Piano

Lawrence Kramer

Juan Gris, “The Open Window.” Public Domain.

Contents

Acrobats (Guillaume Apollinaire)

Autumn Rain (Thomas Hardy)

Cande and Thorn (William Butler Yeats)

Childhood (Arthur Rimbaud)

Digging (Edward Thomas)

Indian Summer (Babette Deutsch)

May Day (Sara Teasdale)

Moonlight (Guillaume Apollinaire)

On the Way (Thomas Hardy)

Plaza Santa Ana (John Dos Passos)

Range Finding (Robert Frost)

She Sweeps with Many-Colored Broom (Emily Dickinson)
Song of the Old Mother (William Butler Yeats)

Spring and All (William Carlos Williams)

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (Robert Frost)

Sunday (Alfred Kreymborg)

The Corner of Night and Morning (Amy Lowell)

The Panther (Rainer Maria Rilke)

The Veritable Night (William Carlos Williams)

The Wind Shifts (Wallace Stevens)

To Waken an Old Lady (William Carlos Williams)

Two in One (Hart Crane)

Two Willows (William Carlos Williams)

Winter Trees (William Carlos Williams)

Preface

A Modern Songbook is a three-volume collection of songs for high voice, medium voice, and baritone, respectively. The songs were composed between 2016 and 2024. Several of them appear in multiple versions to accommodate different voice types. Several others are assigned to specific voices.

Most of the poems set here date from the early twentieth century. In part this is because the years between 1900 and 1928 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.

Acrobats

Medium Voice

Saltimbanques

Dans la plaine les baladins
S'éloignent au long des jardins
Devant l'huis des auberges grises
Par les villages sans églises

Et les enfants s'en vont devant
Les autres suivent en rêvant
Chaque arbre fruitier se résigne
Quand de très loin il lui font signe

Ils ont des poids ronds ou carrés
Des tambours des cerceaux dorés
L'ours et le singe animaux sages
Quêtent des sous sur leurs passage

--Guillaume Apollinare

Acrobats

Across the plain the wandering troupe
Recedes along the sides of the gardens
Before the doors of gray auberges
Through villages with no churches

And the children go out in front of them
The others following in a dream
Every fruit tree yields itself up
When they give the sign from very far away

They have weights round or square
And tambourines and hoops of gold
The bear and the ape, wise animals,
Beg for pennies as they wend their way.

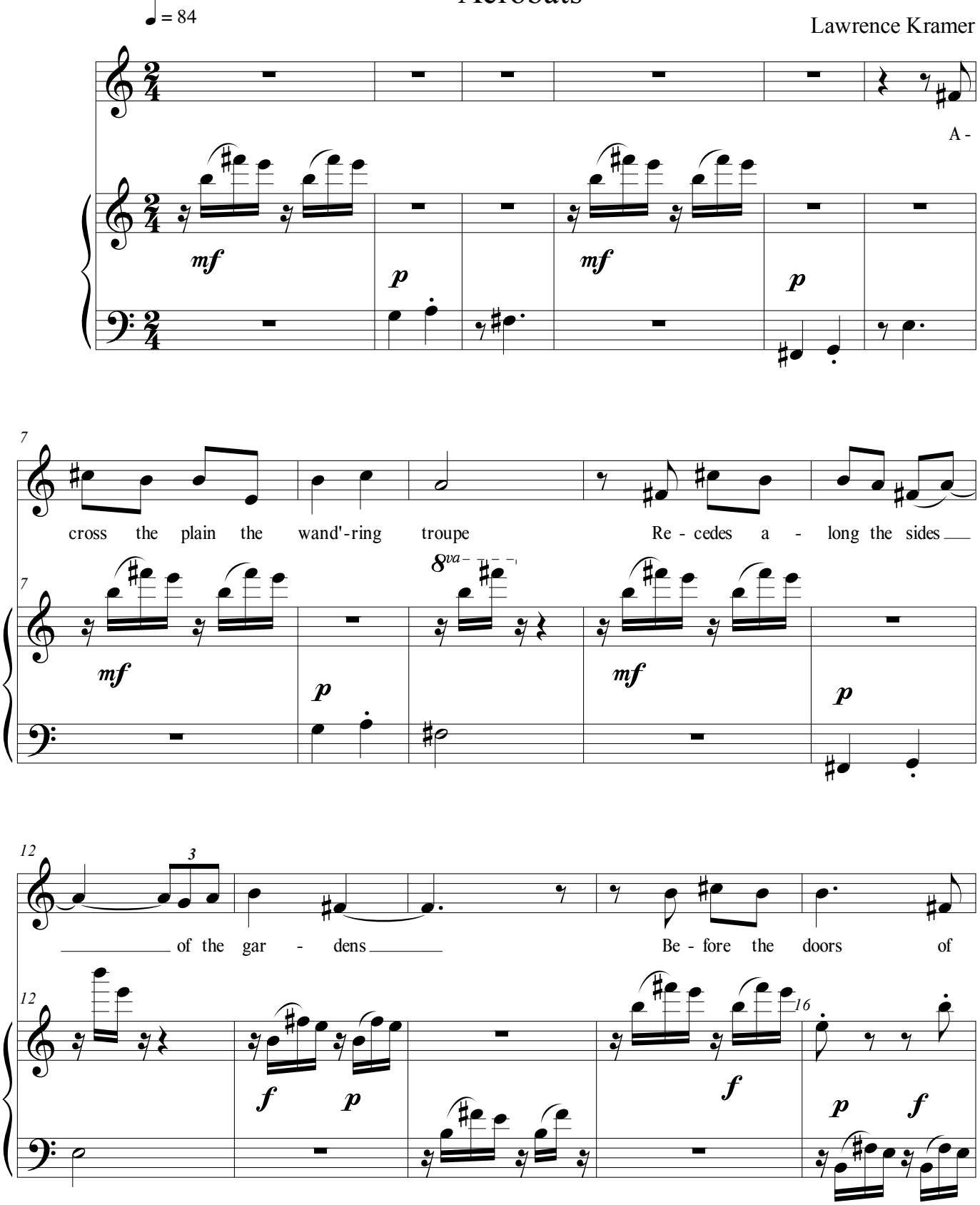
--Translation by the composer

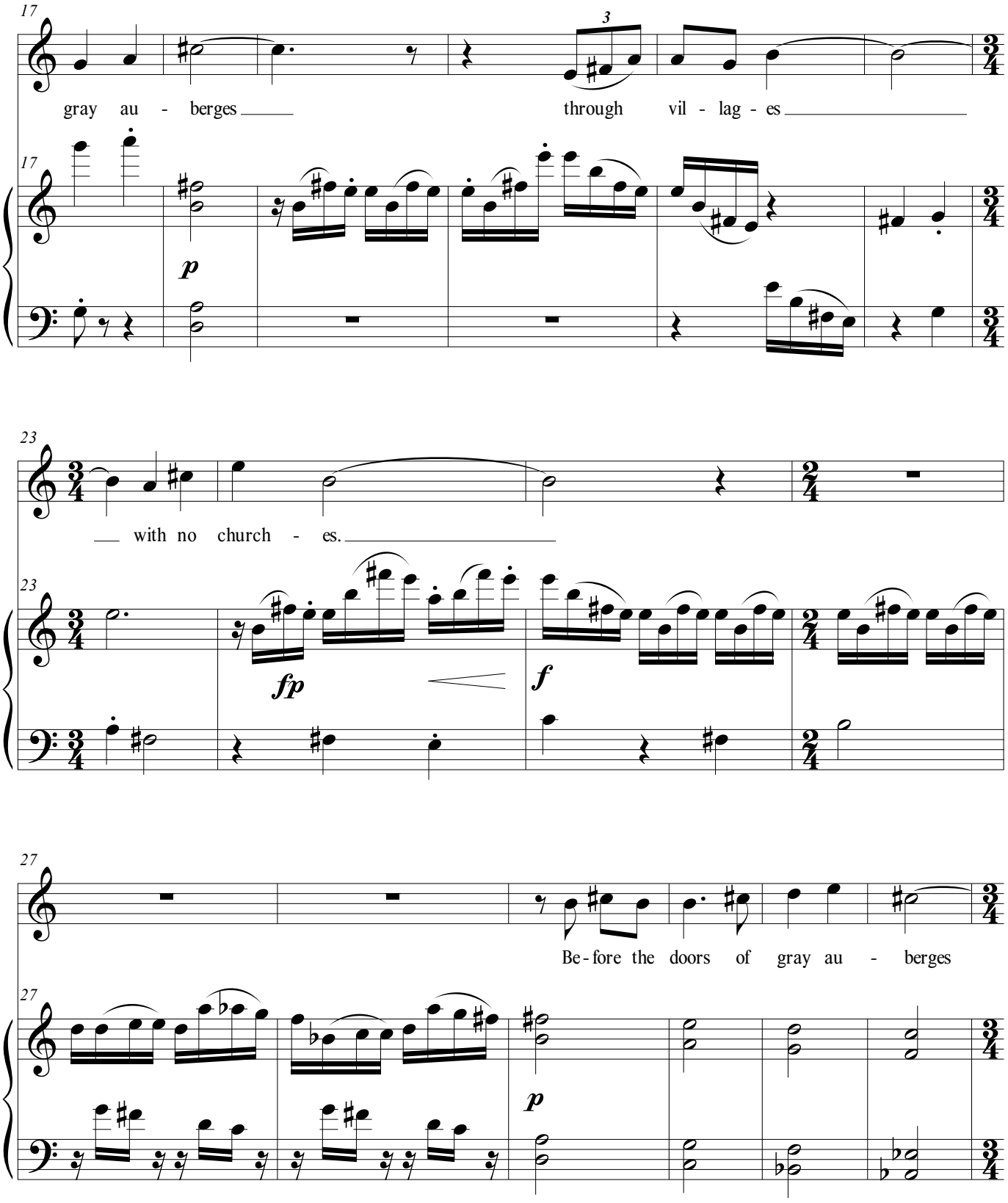
Written voice range: E4-F#5
Tessitura: F#4 - E5
Duration: 3:20

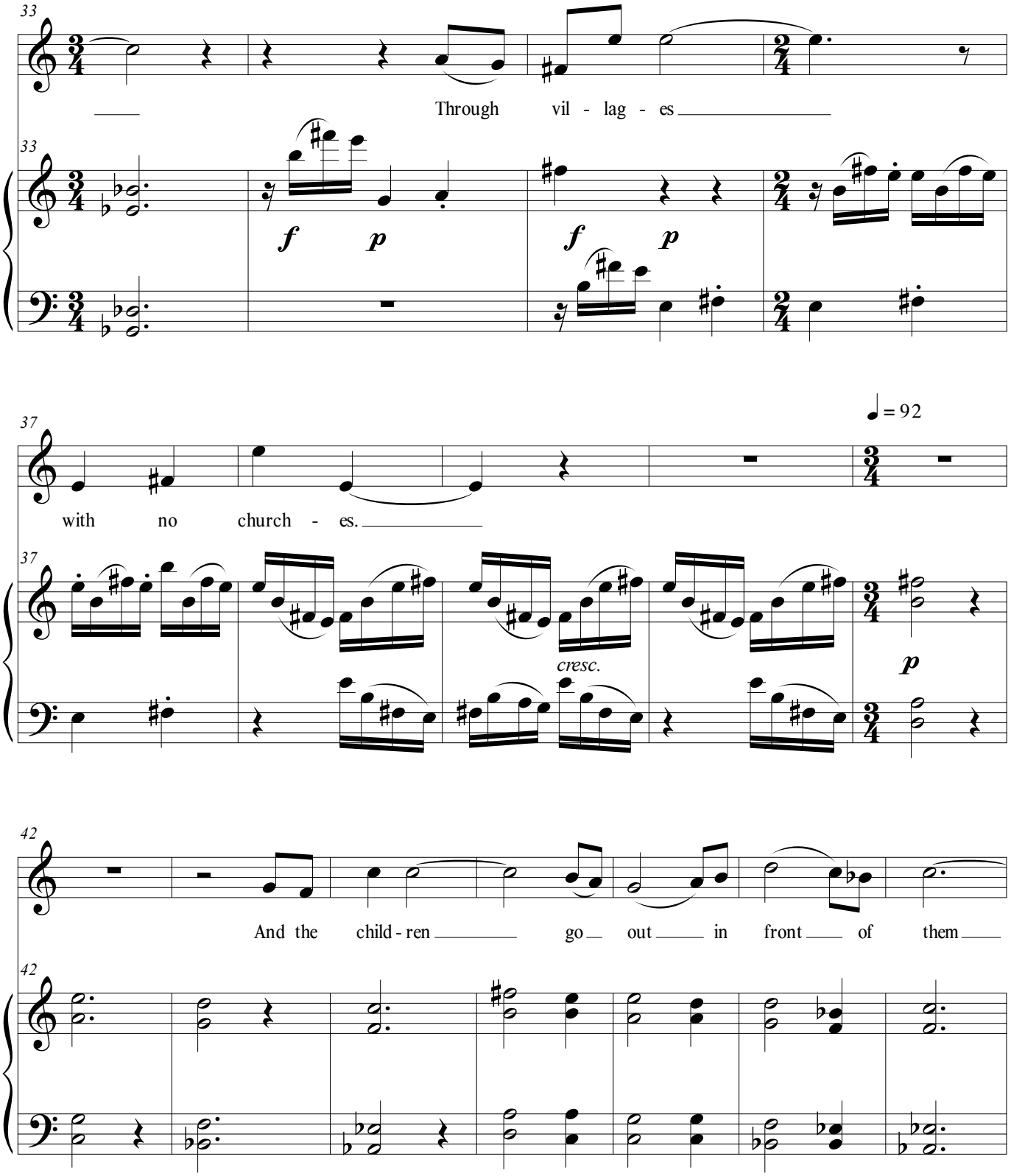
Composed 2017

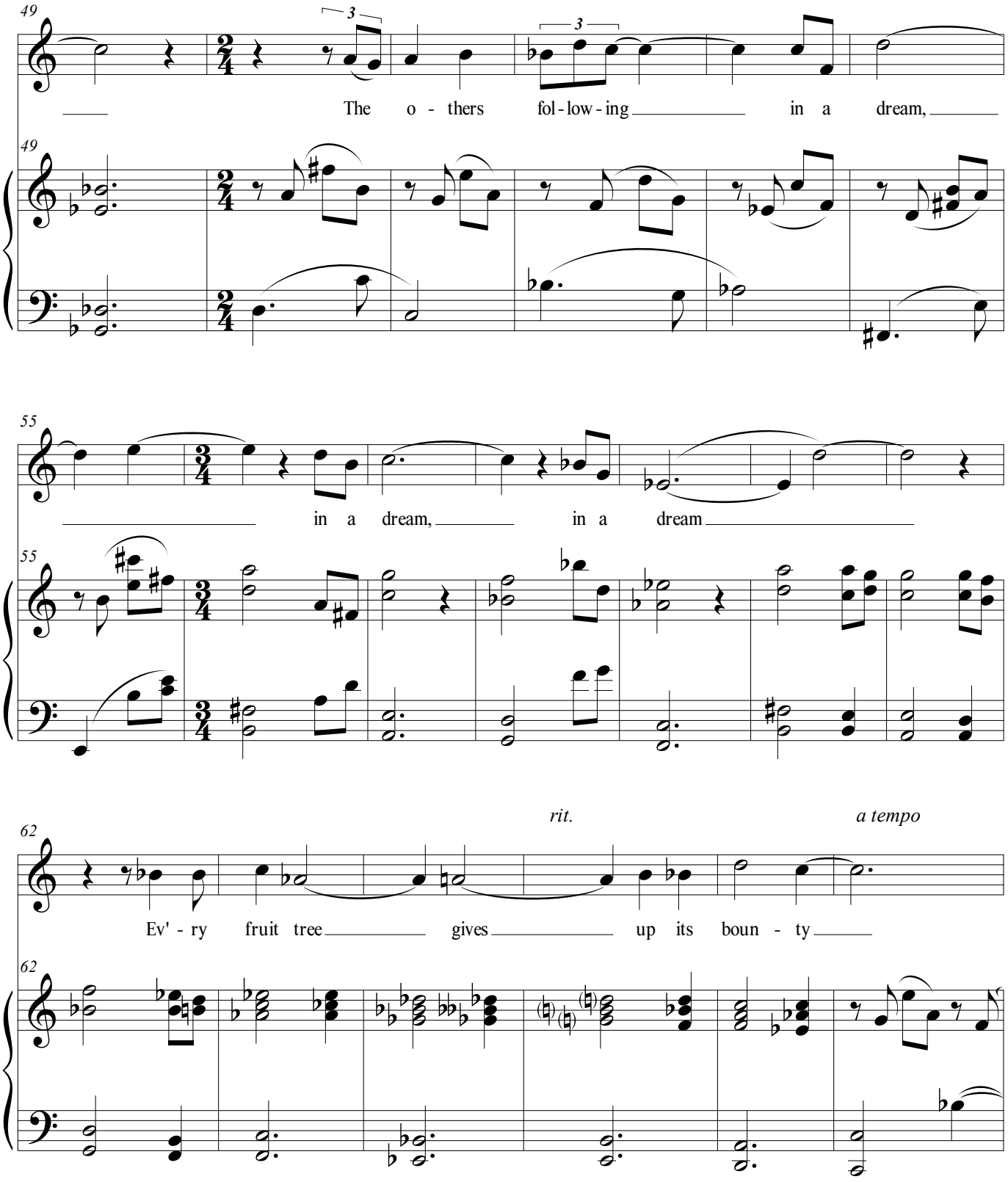
Acrobats

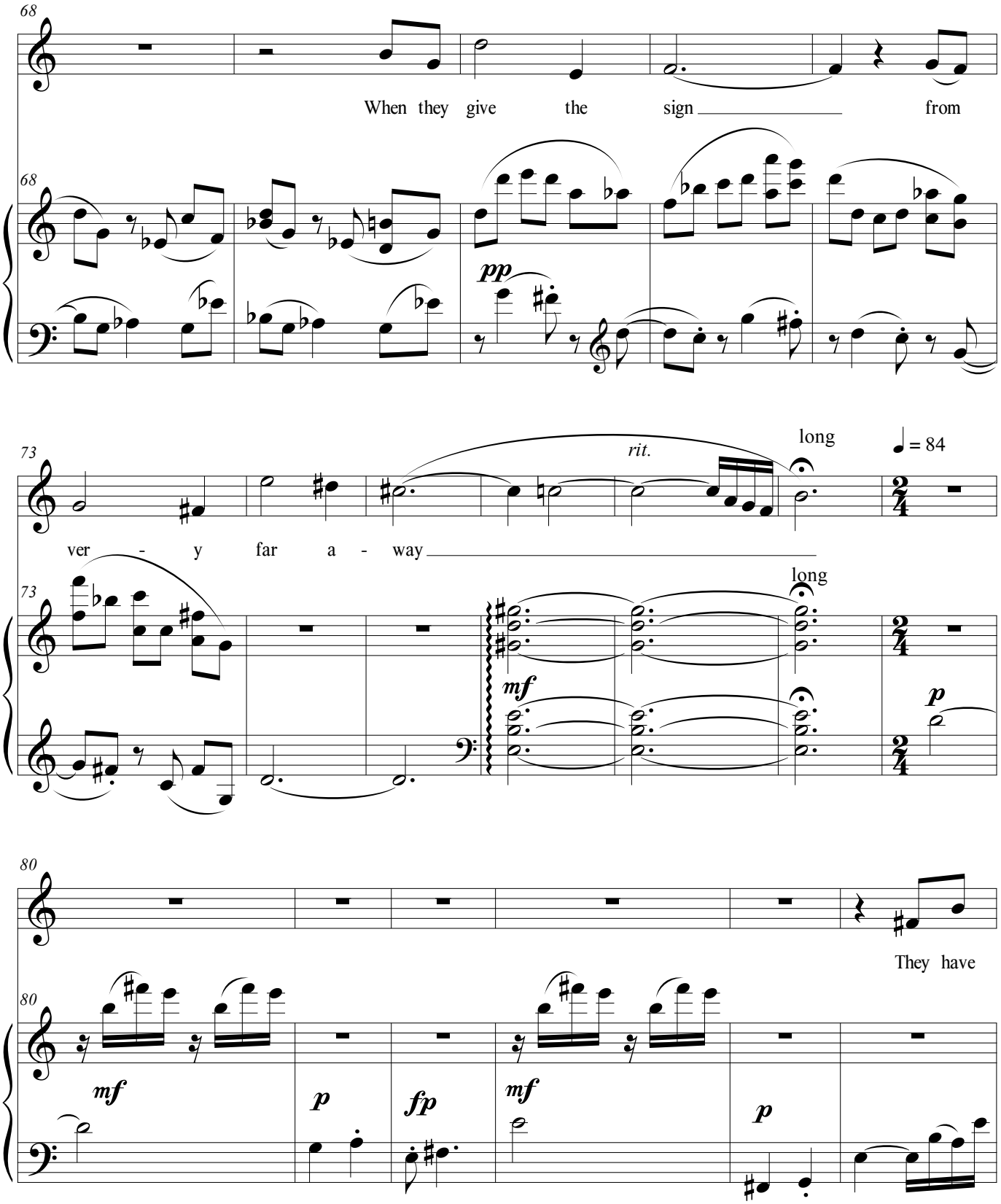
Lawrence Kramer

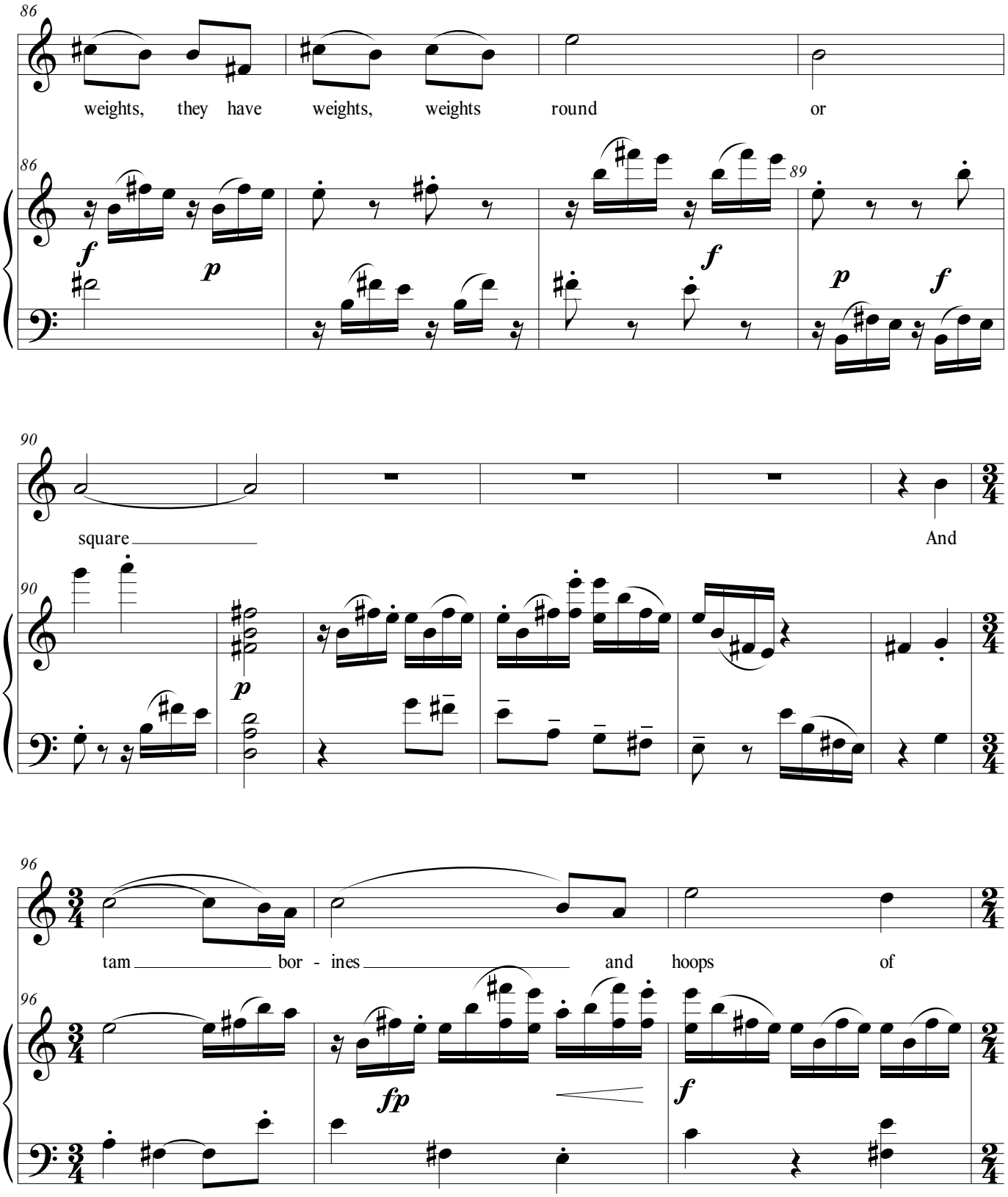


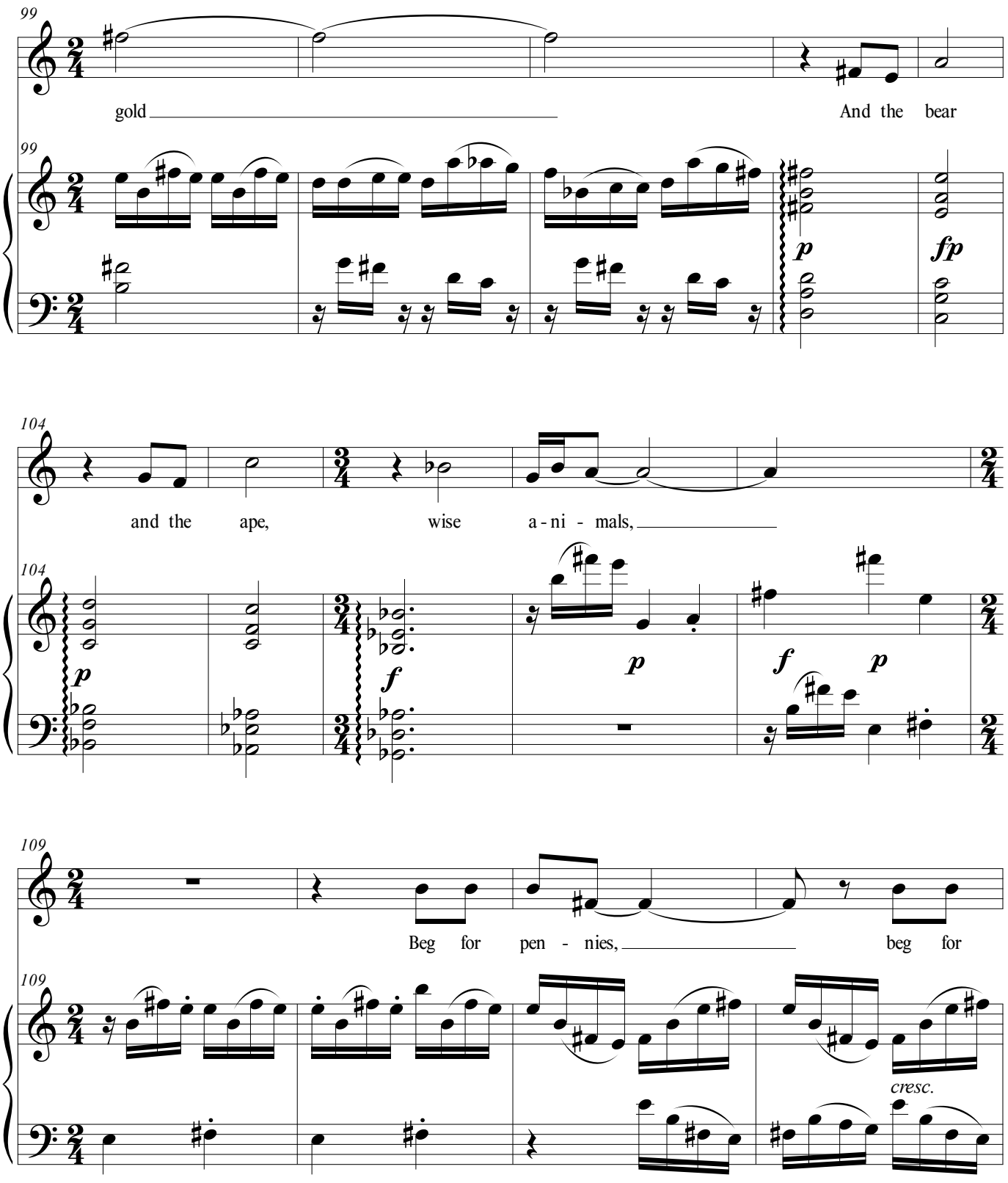

17
gray au - berges
3
through vil - lag - es
p
23
with no church - es.
fp
f
27
Be - fore the doors of gray au - berges
p

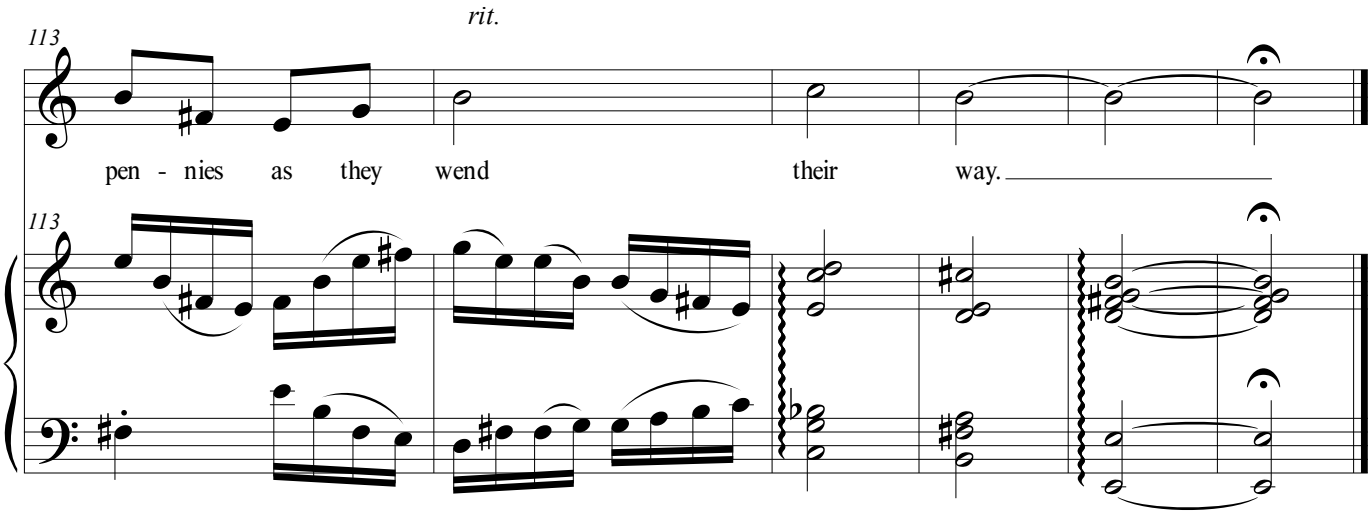

33
Through vil - lag - es
33
f p f p
37
♩ = 92
with no church - es.
37
cresc.
p
42
And the child - ren go out in front of them
42


49
The o - thers fol - low - ing in a dream,
55
in a dream, in a dream
62
rit.
a tempo
Ev' - ry fruit tree gives up its boun - ty


68
When they give the sign from
68
pp
73
rit.
long
♩ = 84
ver - y far a - way
73
long
mf
p
80
They have
80
mf
p
fp
mf
p


86
weights, they have weights, weights round or
86
89
f
p
f
p
f
90
square
And
90
p
96
tam bor - ines and hoops of
96
fp
f


99
gold
And the bear
p
fp
104
and the ape,
wise
a - ni - mals,
p
f
p
f
p
109
Beg for pen - nies,
beg for
cresc.


rit.
113
pen - nies as they wend their way.
113

Autumn Rain

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
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

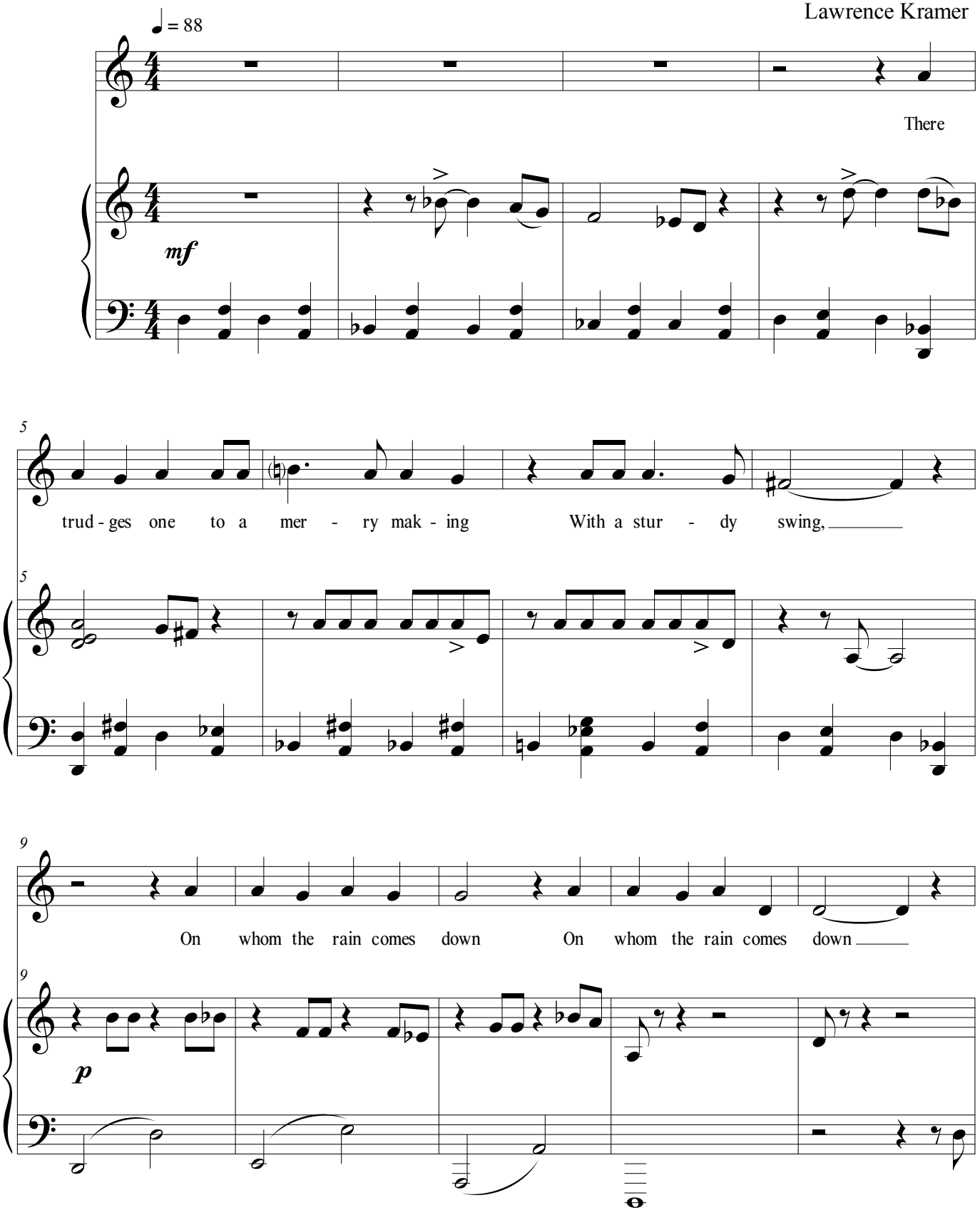
Written voice range: D4 - F5
Tessitura: F4 - D5
Duration: 4 minutes.

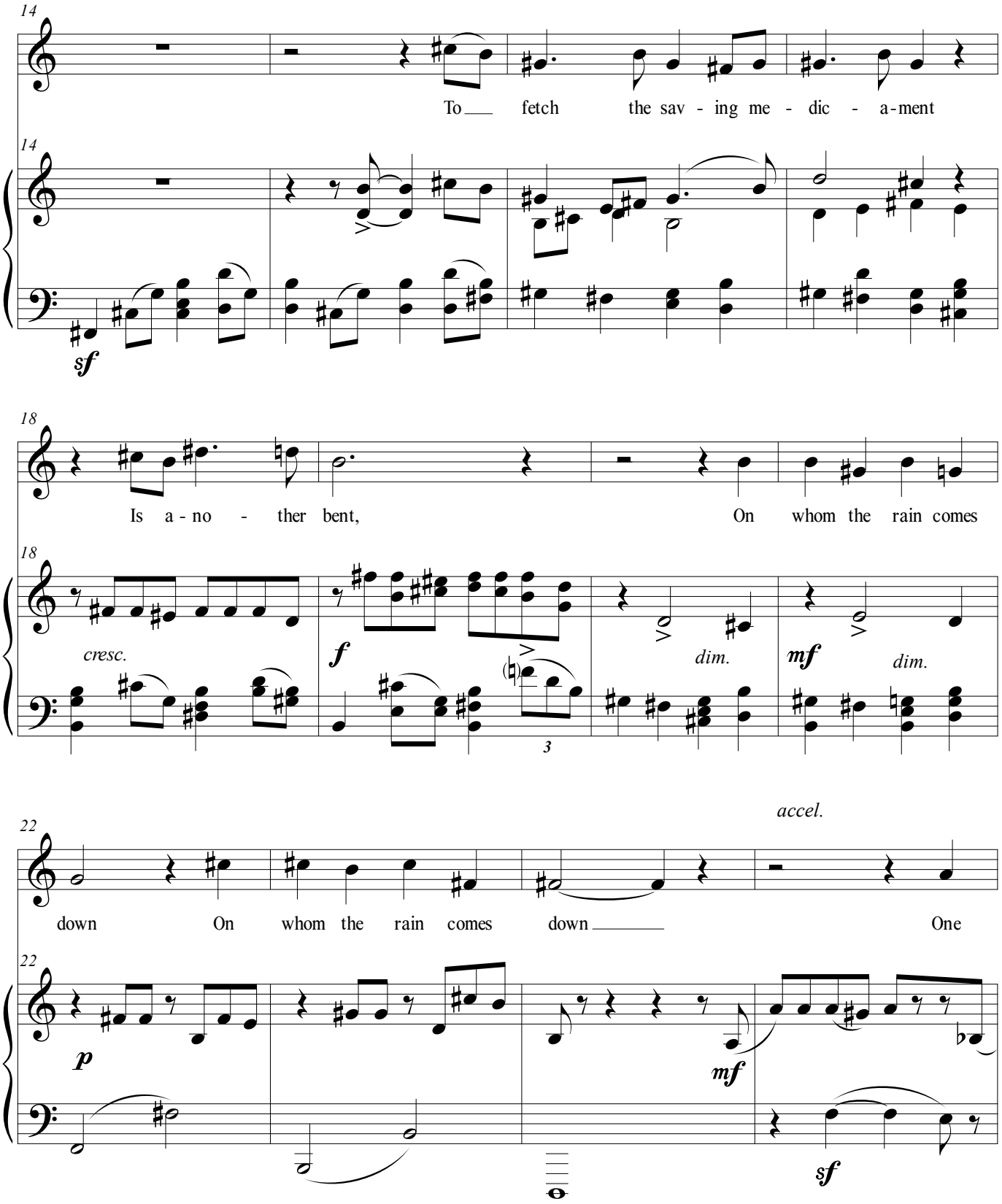
Composed 2020

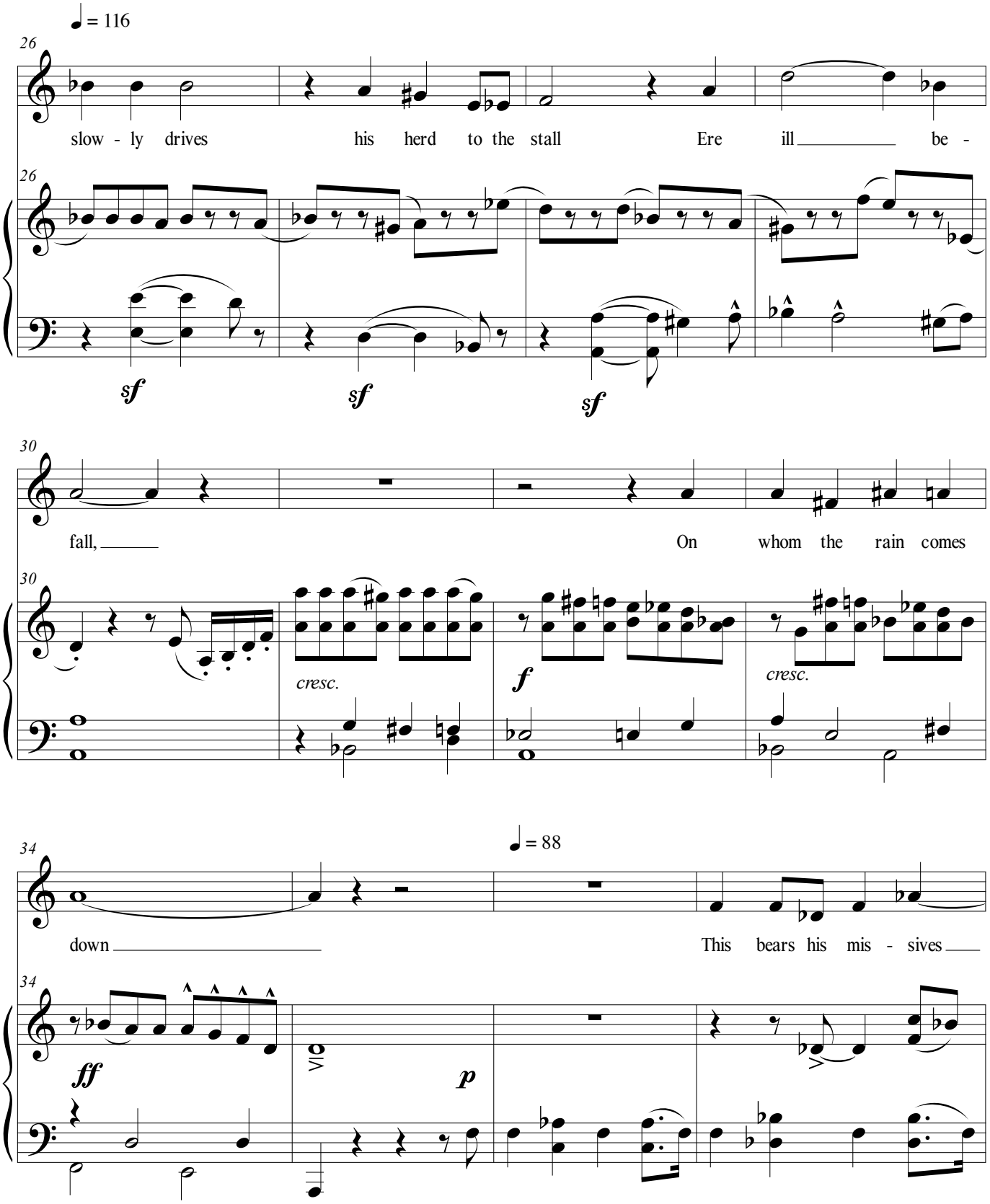
Autumn Rain

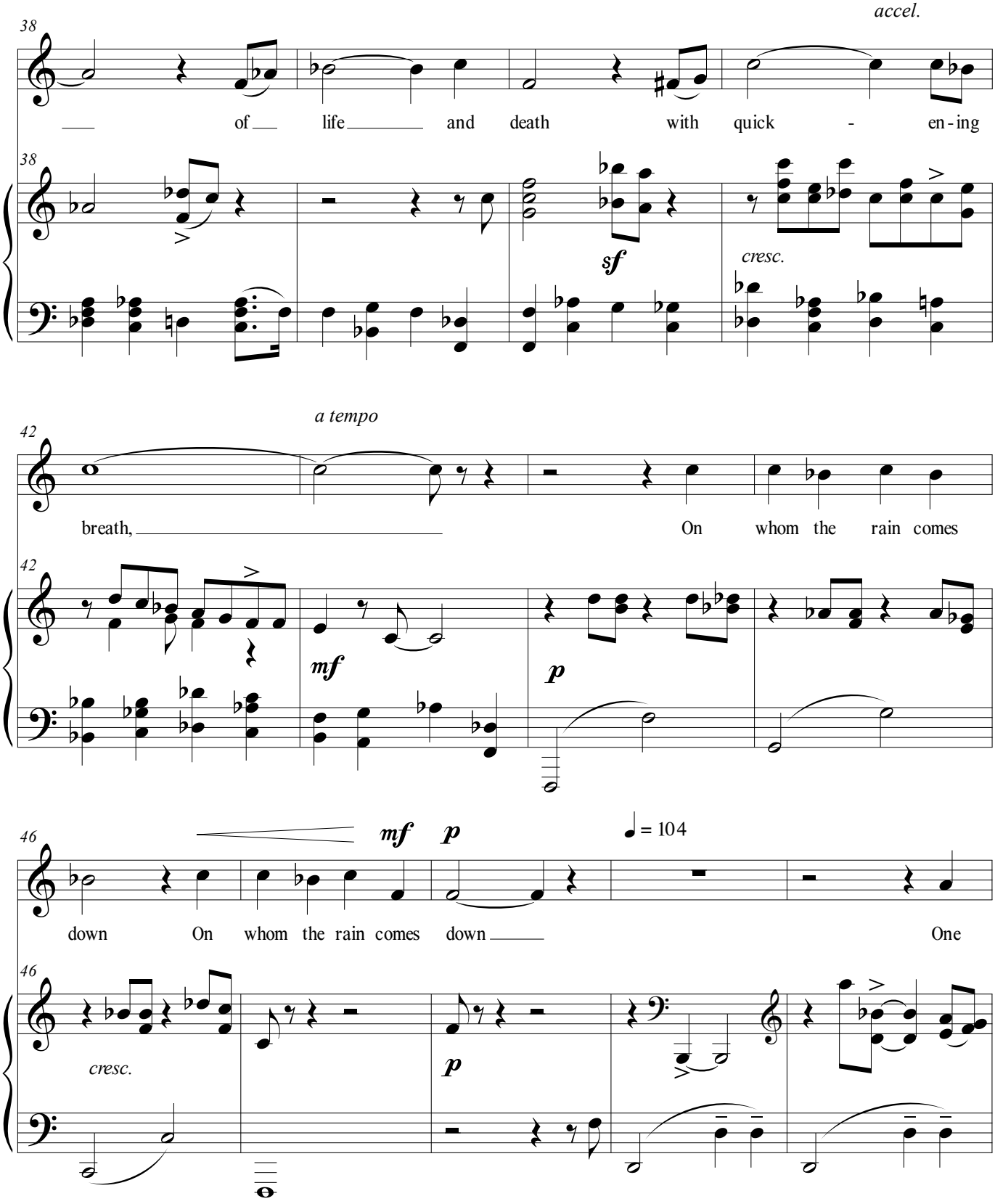
Like an old ballad.

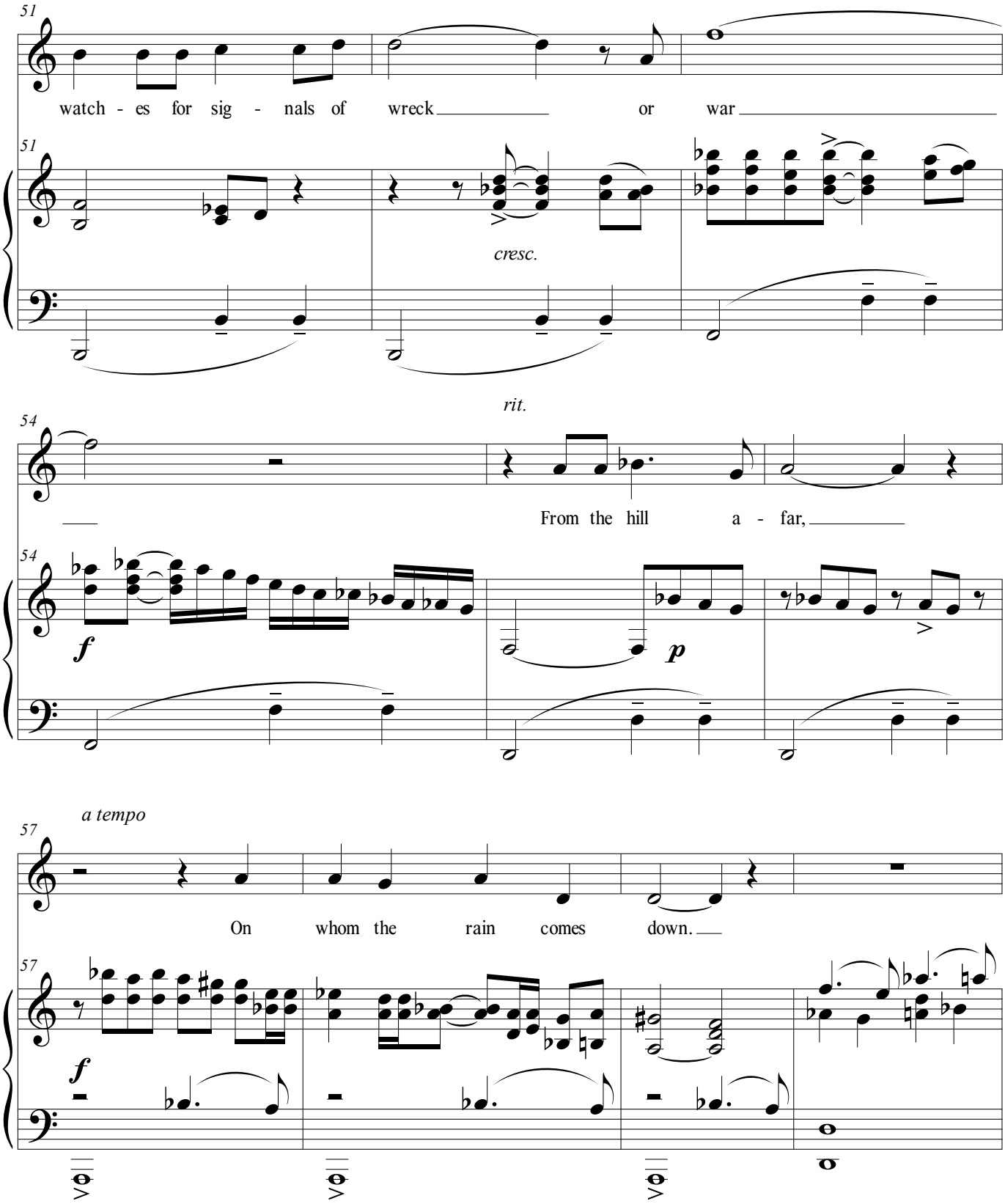
Lawrence Kramer

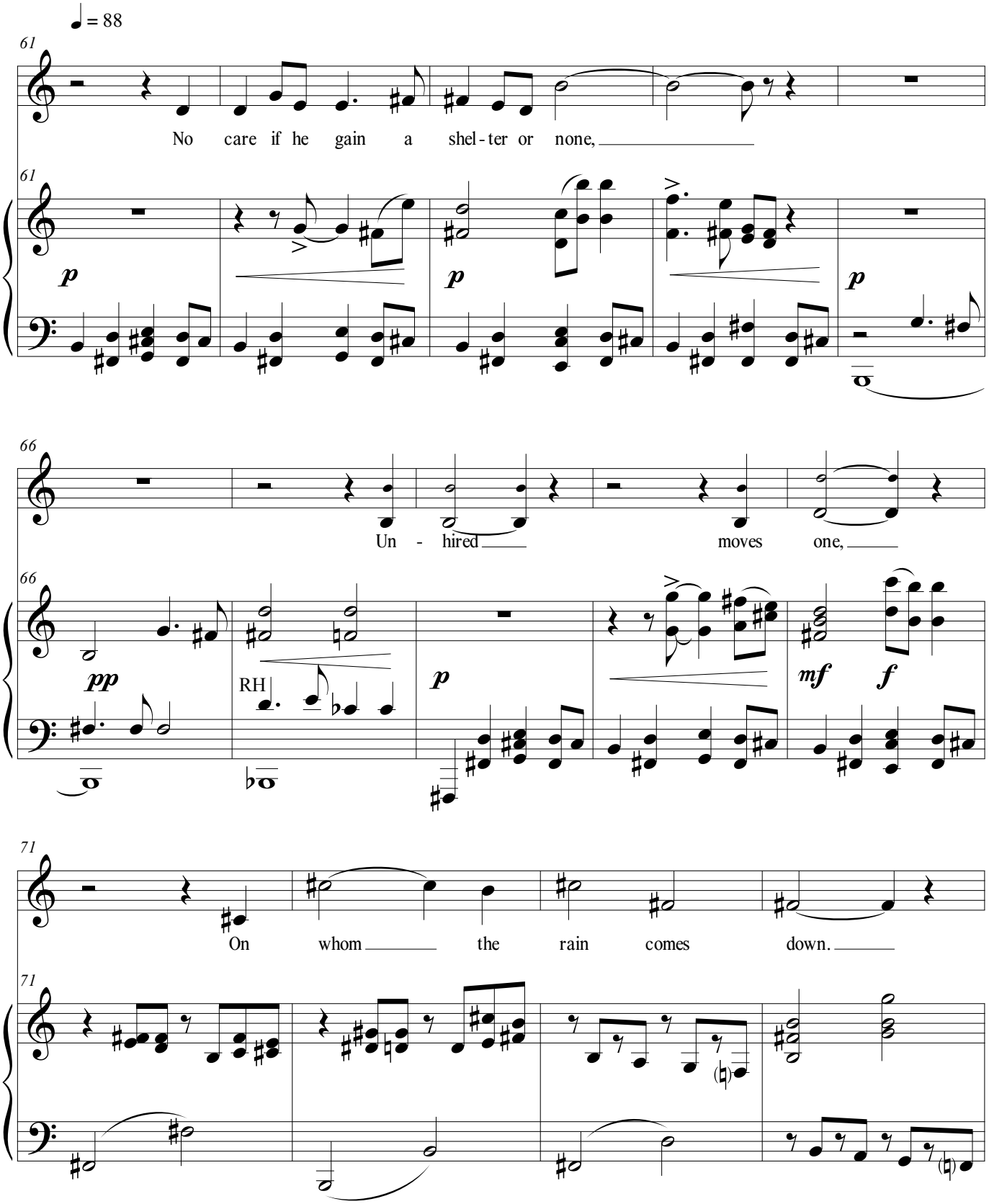


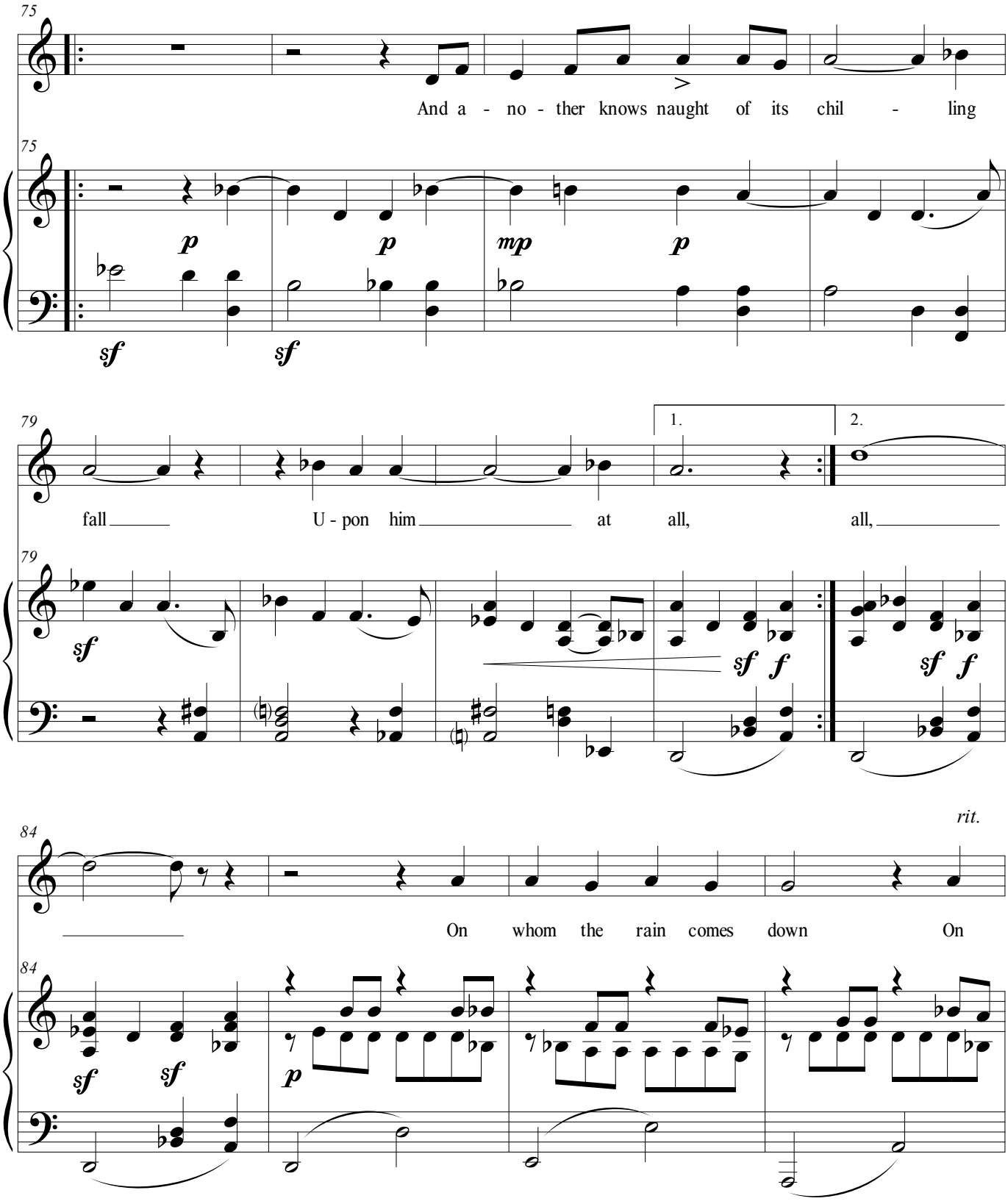

14
To fetch the sav - ing me - dic - a-ment
14
sf
18
Is a - no - ther bent, On whom the rain comes
18
cresc.
f
dim.
mf
dim.
3
accel.
22
down On whom the rain comes down One
22
p
mf
sf

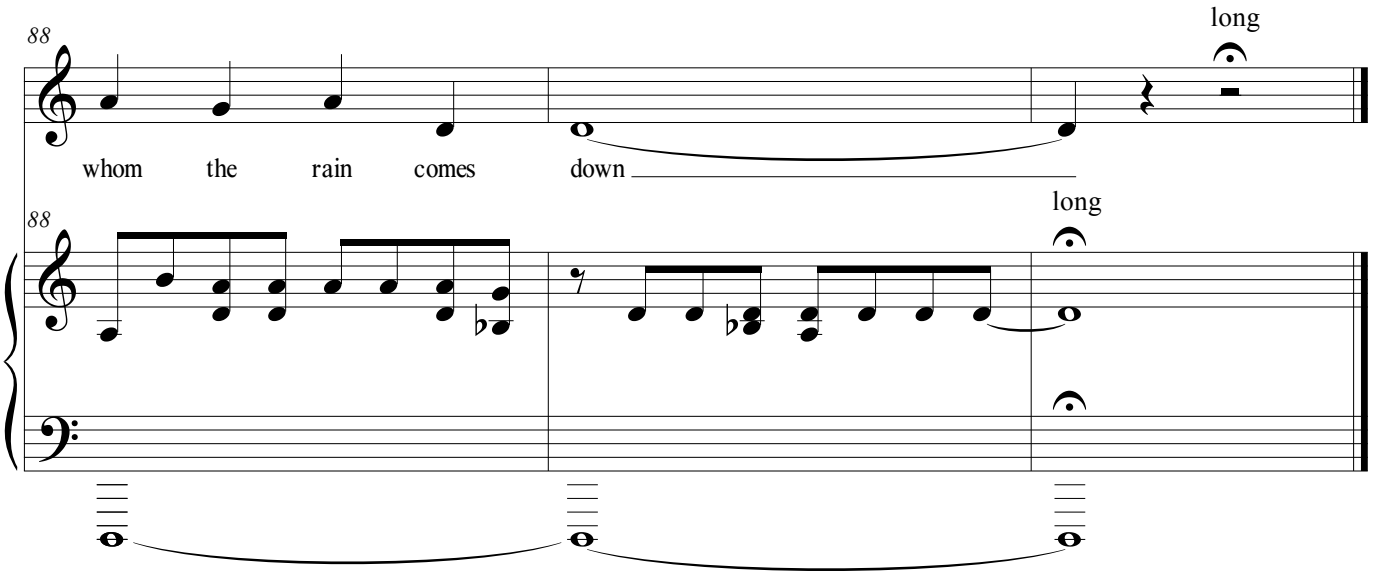

♩ = 116
26
slow - ly drives his herd to the stall Ere ill be -
26
sf
sf
sf
30
fall, On whom the rain comes
30
cresc.
f
cresc.
34
♩ = 88
down This bears his mis - sives
34
ff
p


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


♩ = 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


88
long
whom the rain comes down
88
long

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."

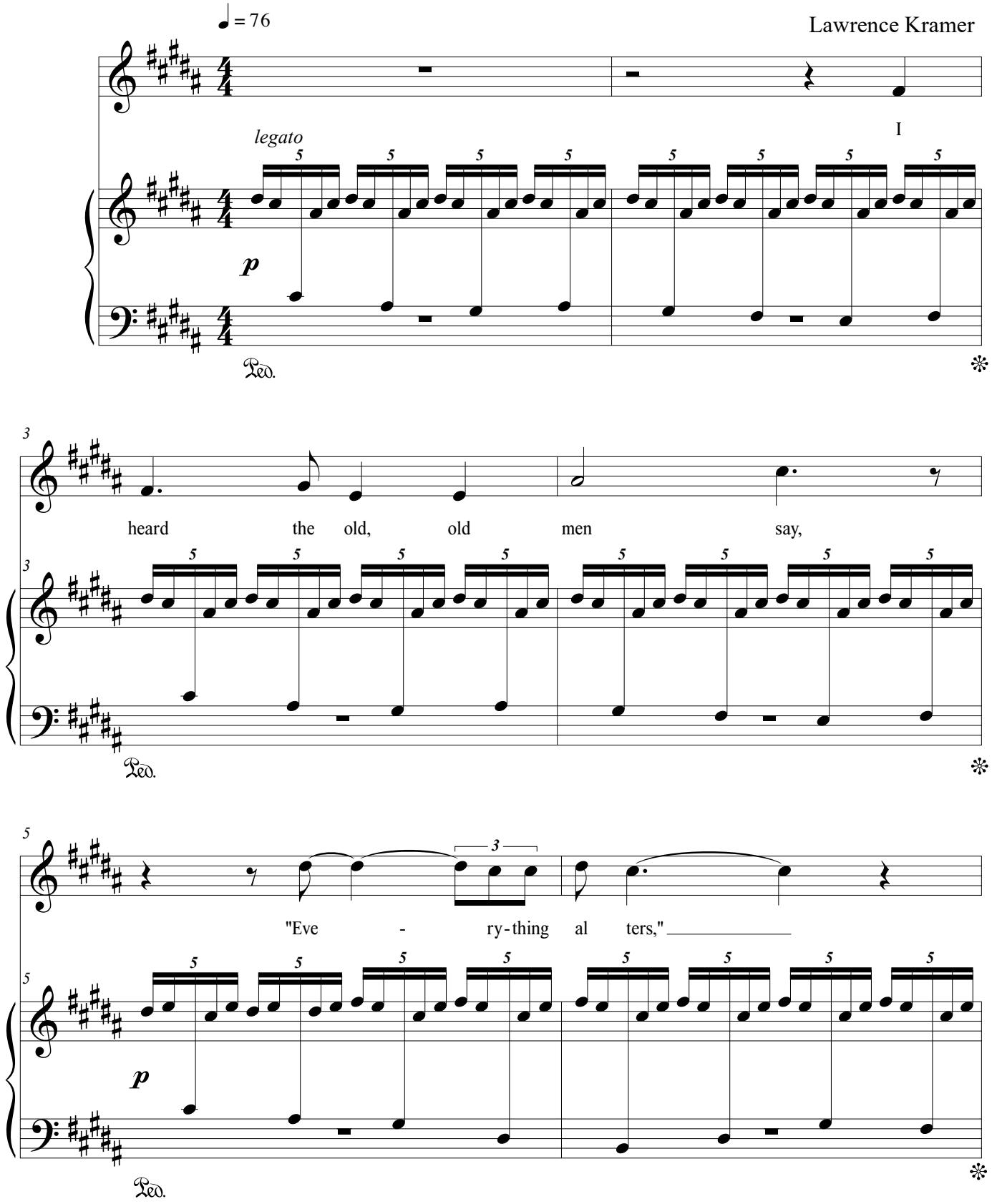
Candle and Thorn takes its title from key images in the two poems by W. B. Yeats that the composition sets to music in a single movement. The poems are reflections on lost time and old age, topics that famously preoccupied Yeats from his earliest youth. The setting interweaves and fragments the two texts 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.

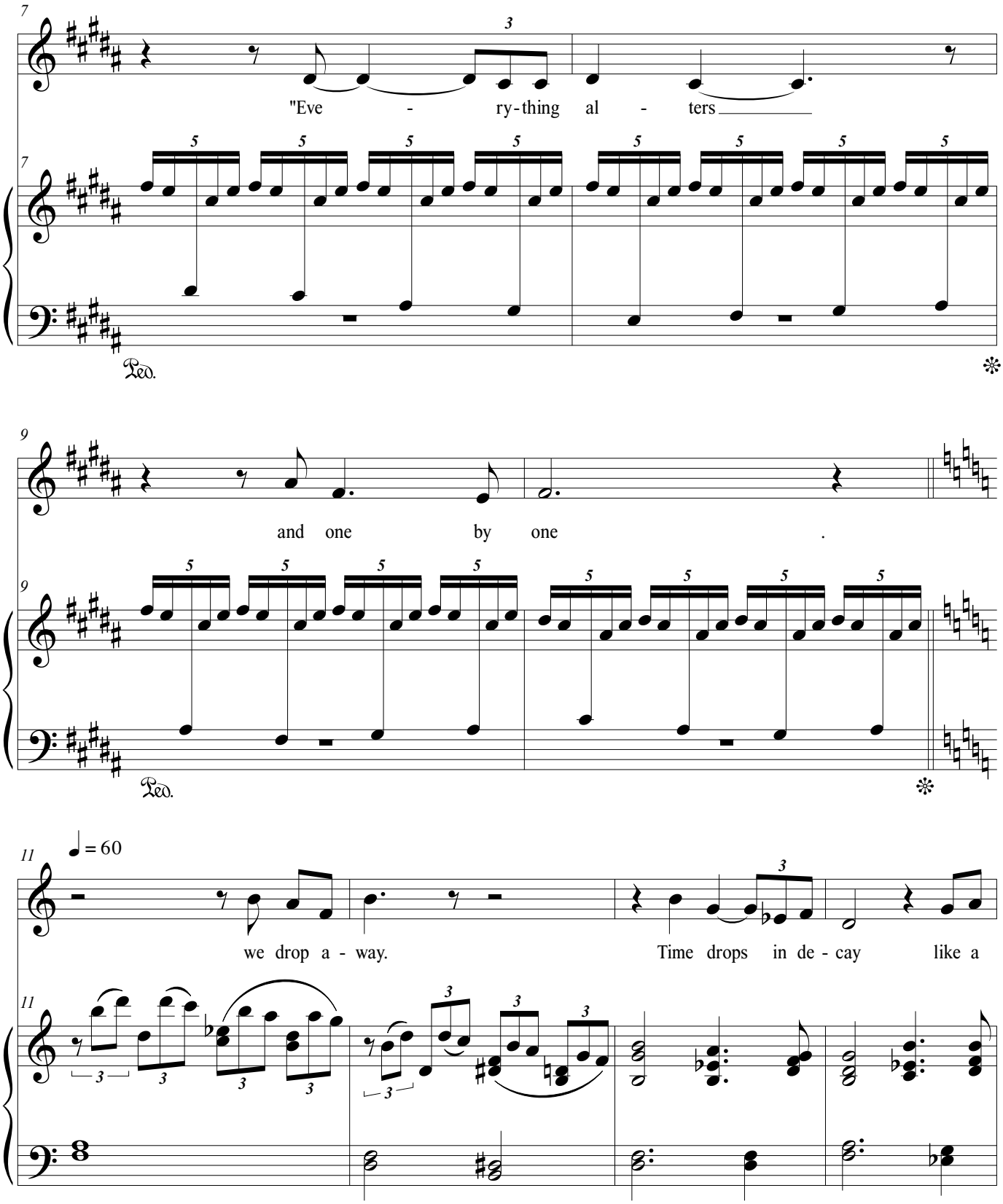
Written voice range: B3 - F♯5.
Tessitura: D♯4 - D♯5
Duration: 6.5 minutes.

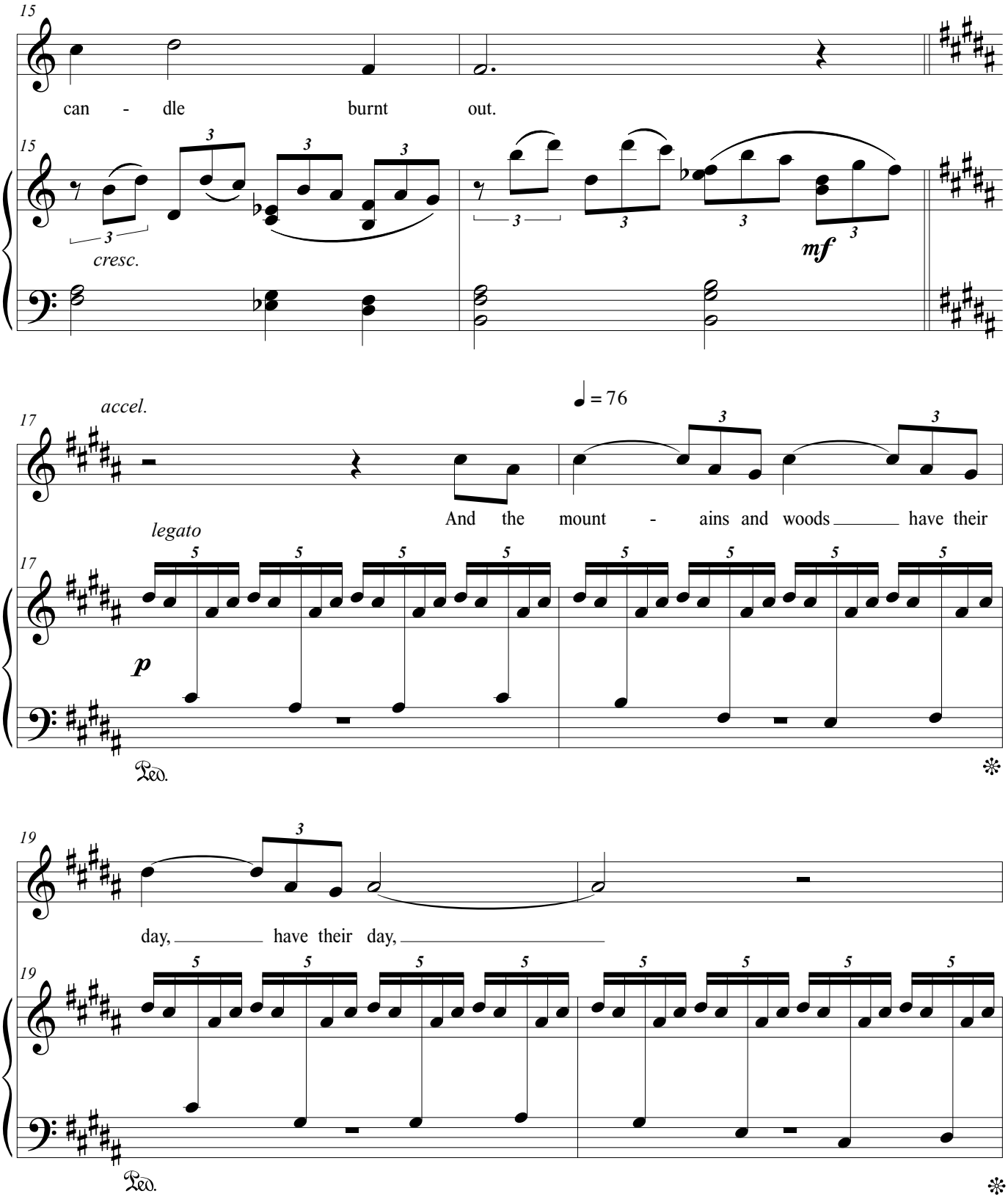
Composed 2016

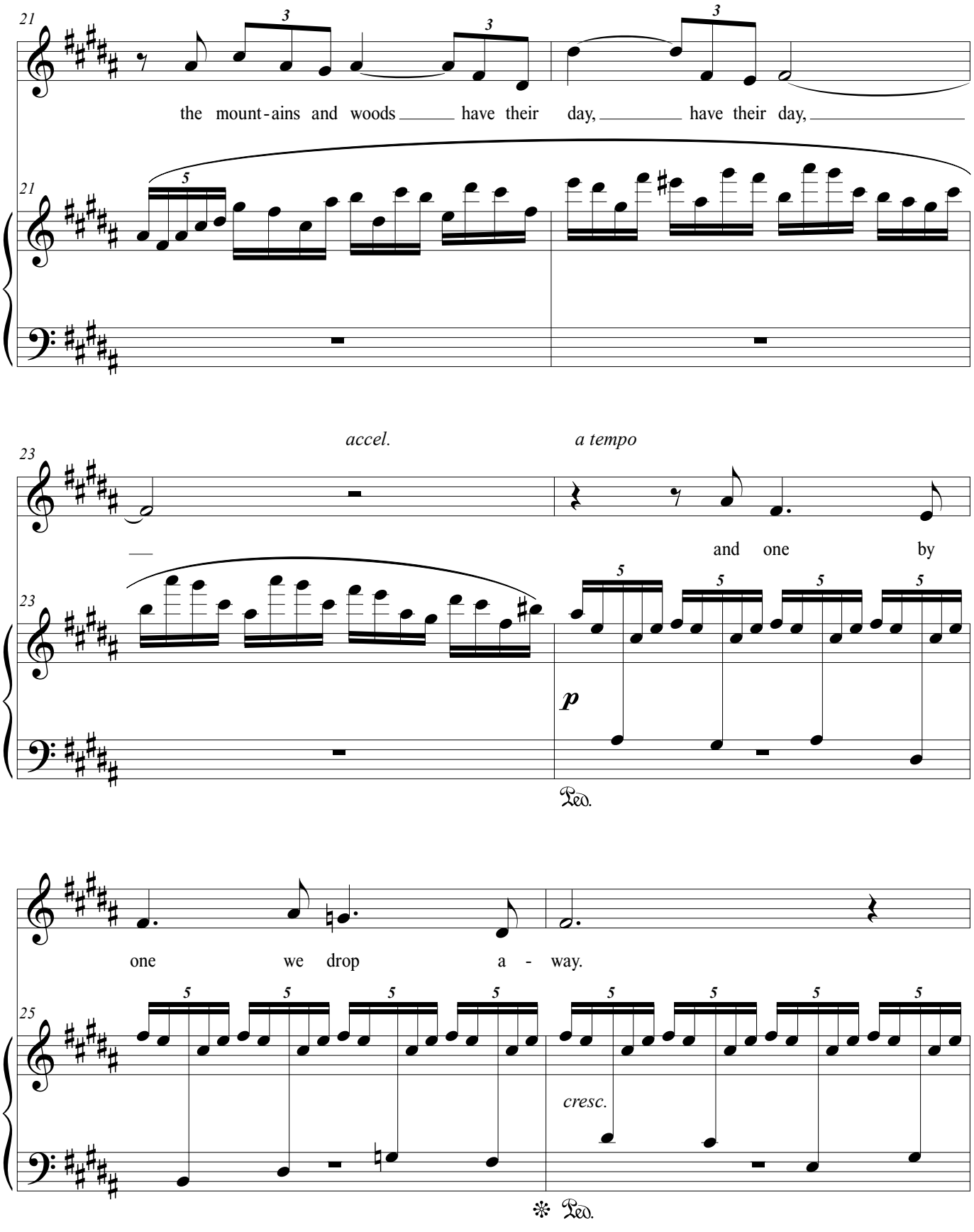
Candle and Thorn

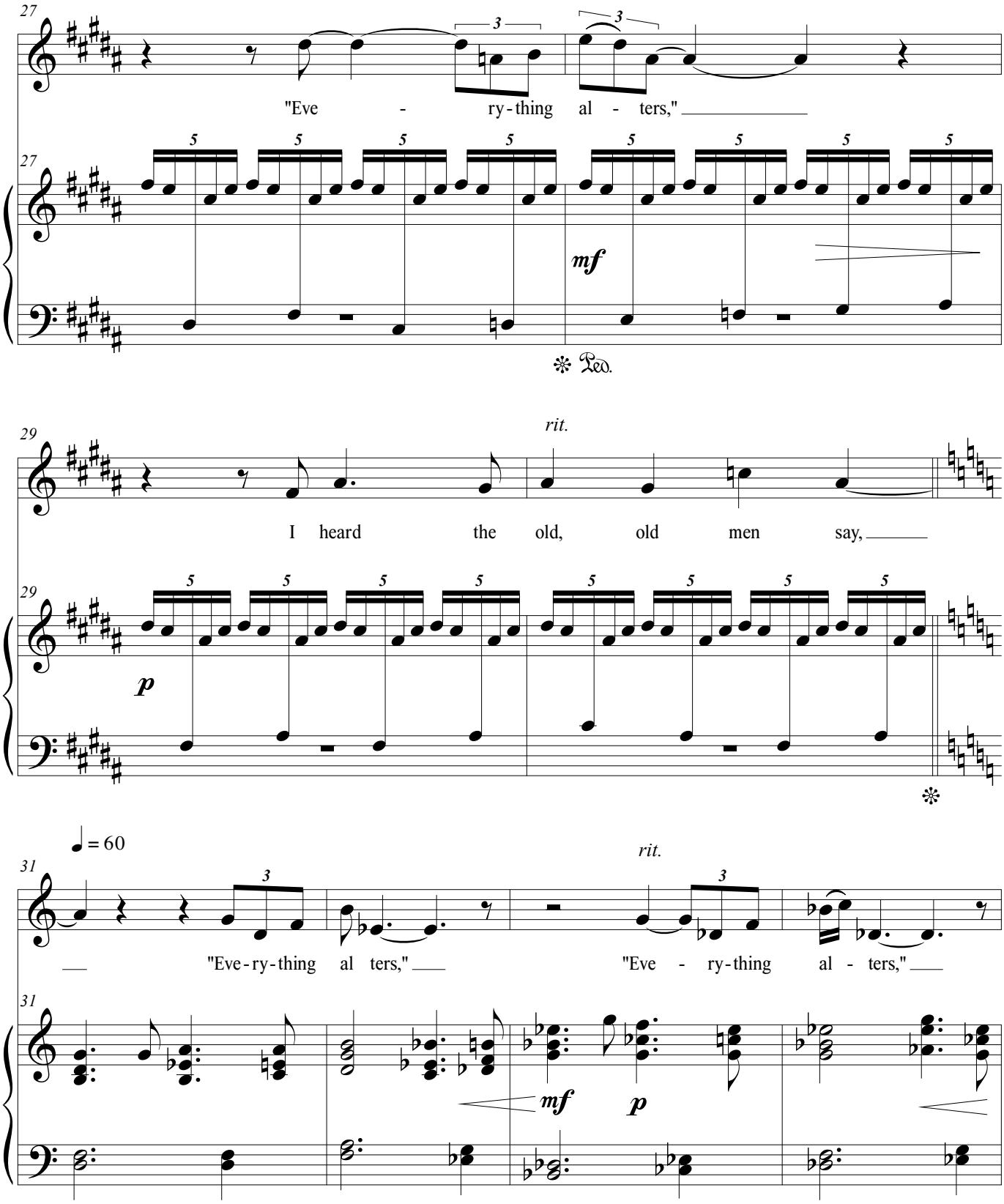
Lawrence Kramer

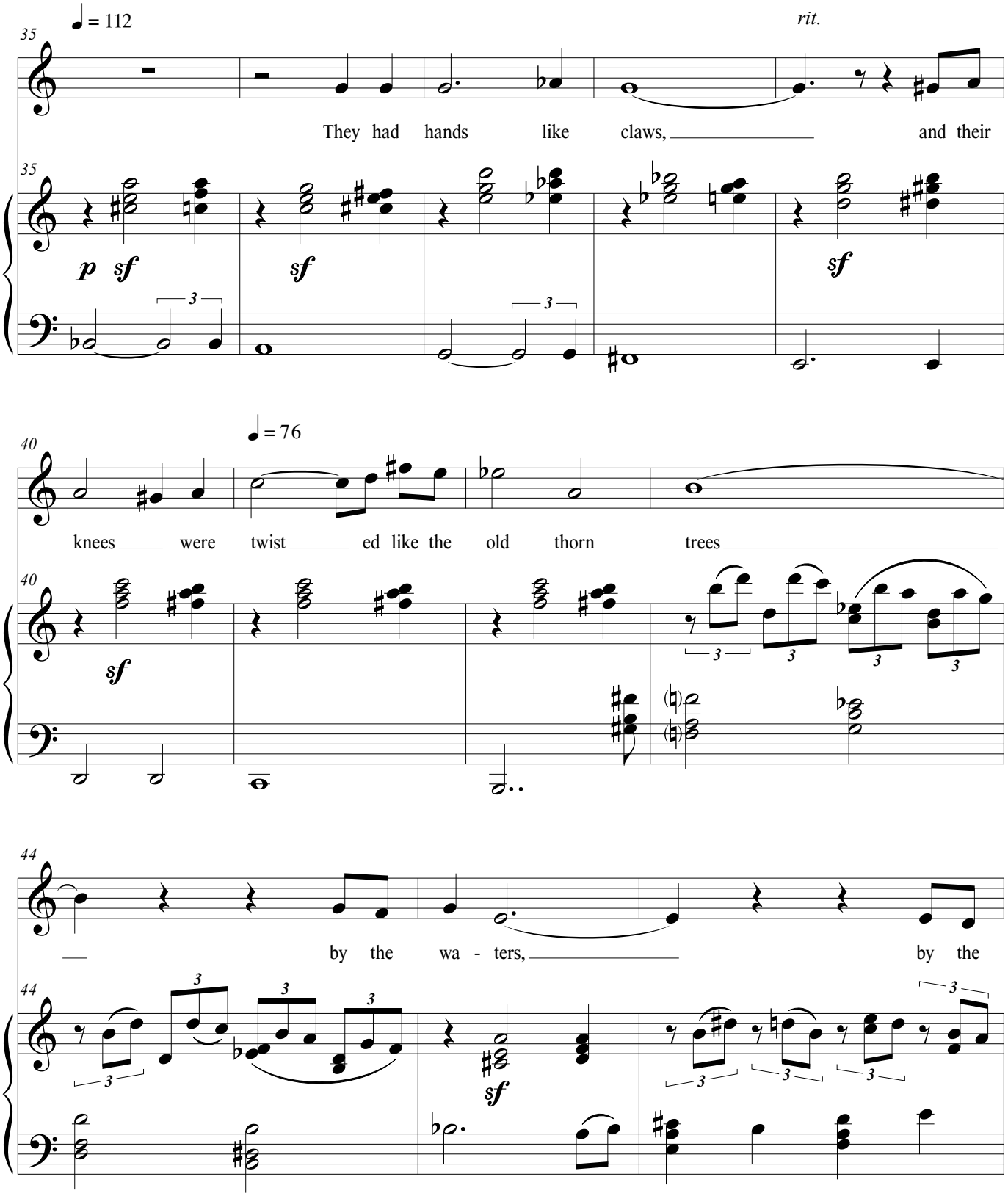


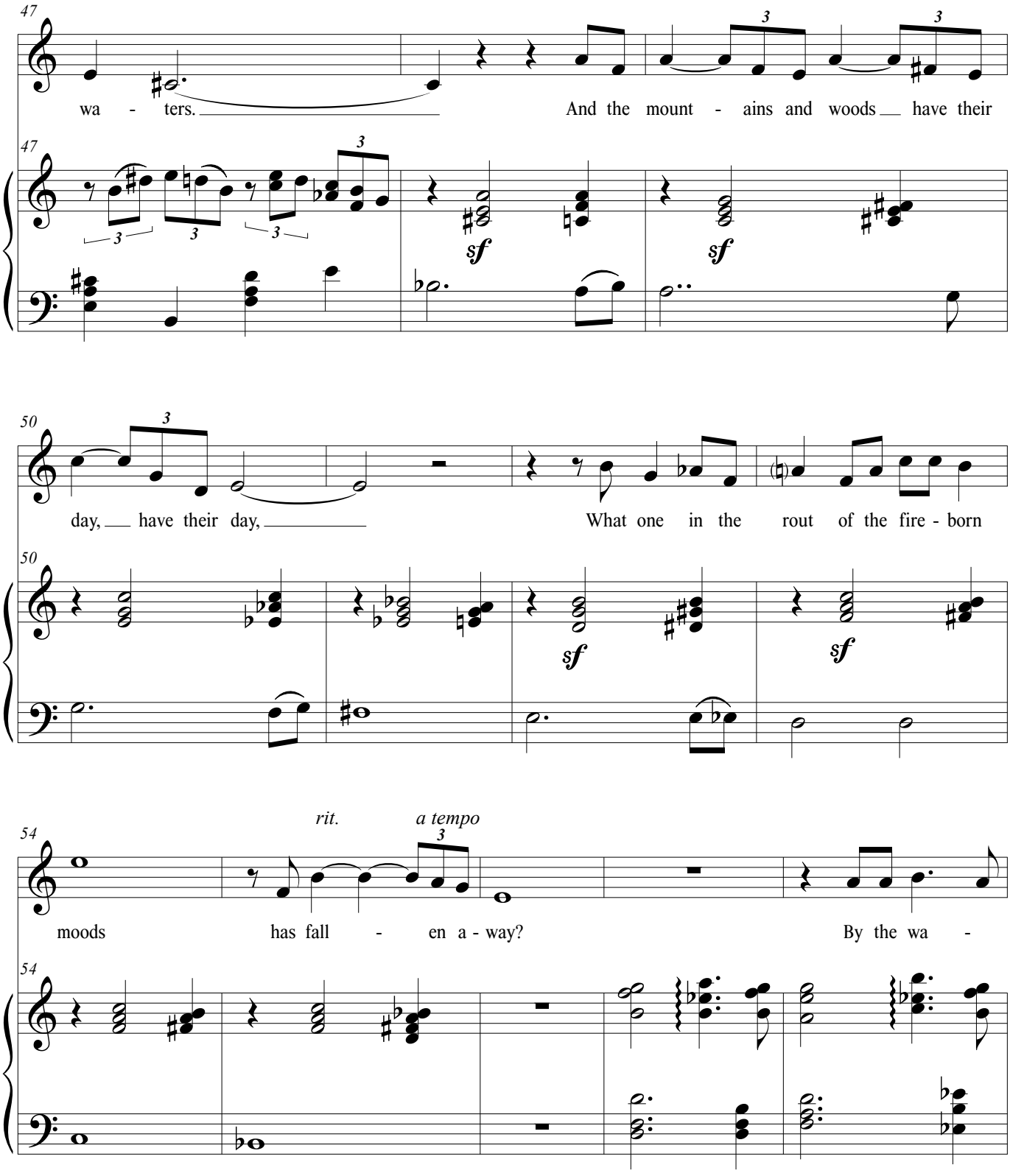

7
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters
Ped.
9
and one by one .
Ped.
11
♩ = 60
we drop a - way. Time drops in de - cay like a

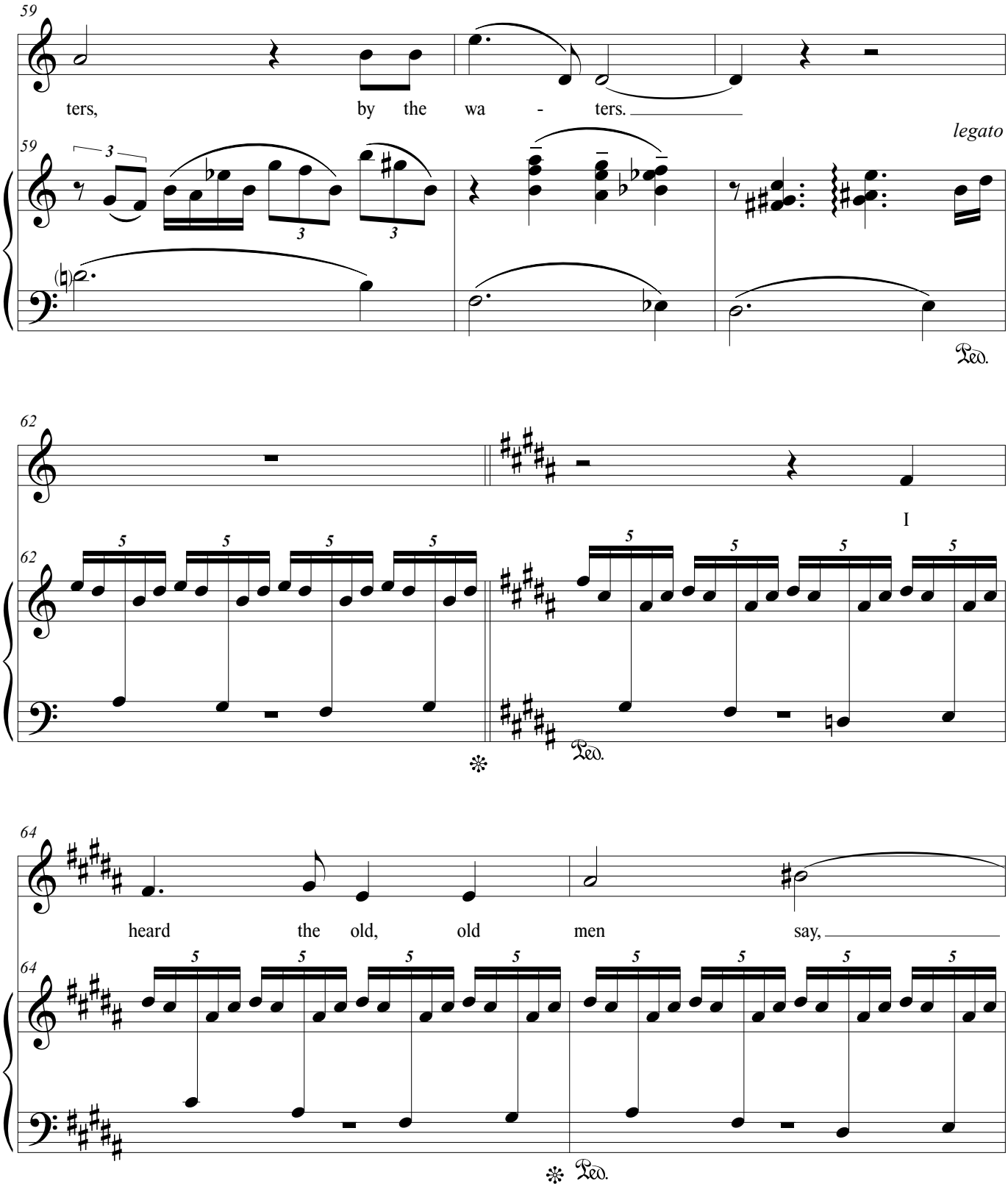

15
can - dle burnt out.
15
cresc.
mf
accel.
17
♩ = 76
And the mount - ains and woods have their
legato
17
p
Ped.
19
day, have their day,
19
Ped.

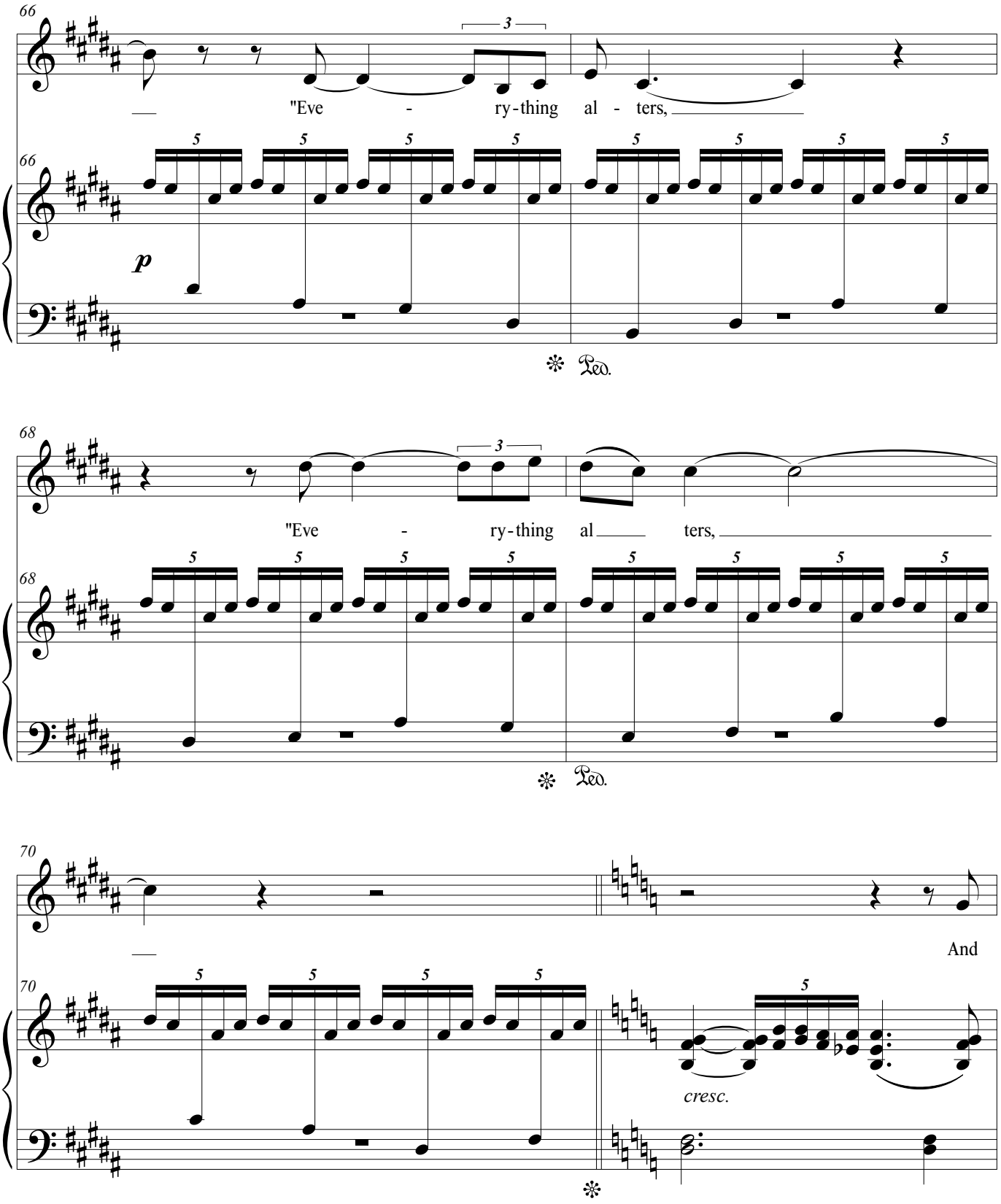

21
the mount-ains and woods have their day, have their day,
21
accel.
a tempo
23
and one by
23
p
Ped.
one we drop a - way.
25
cresc.
Ped.

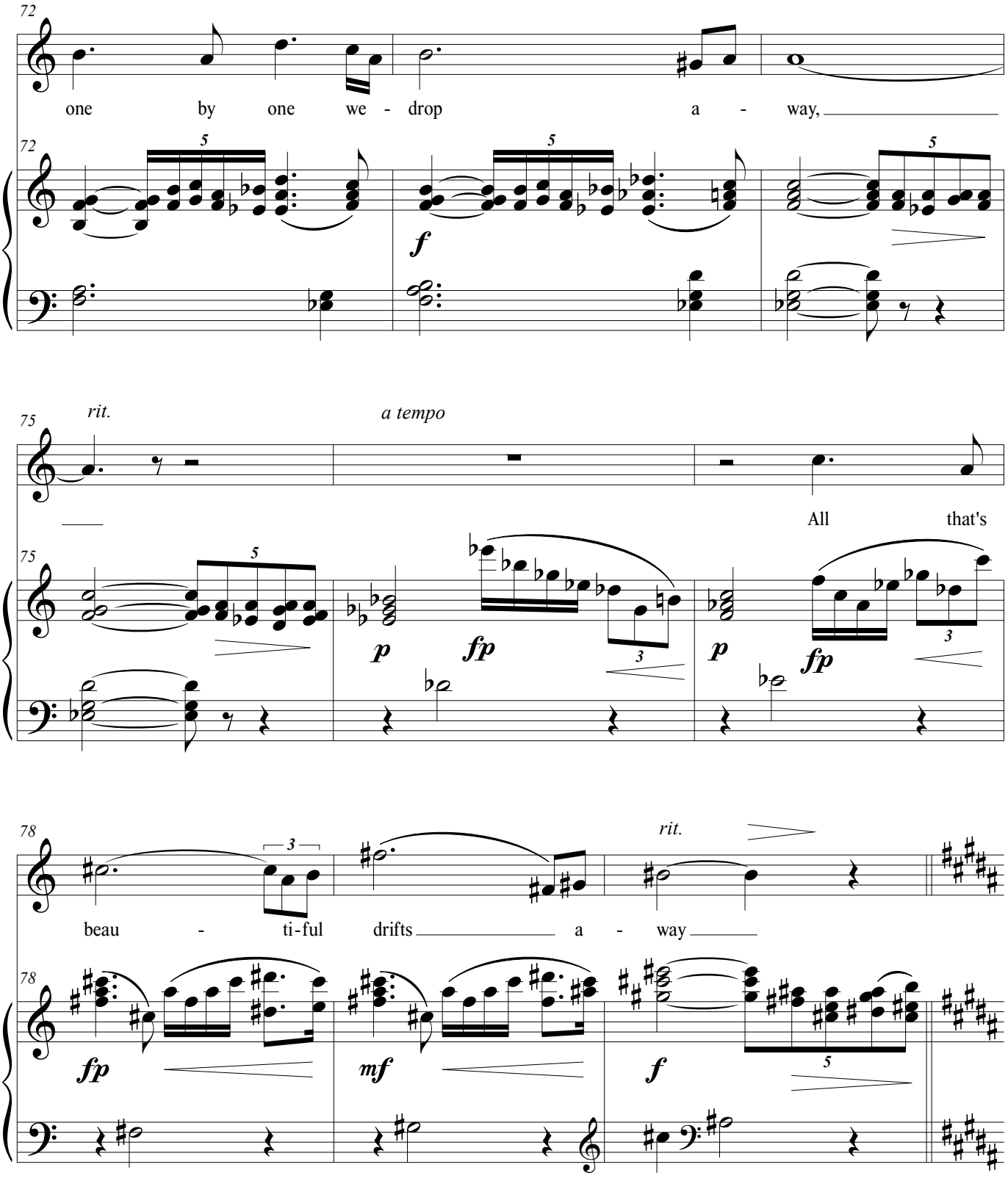

27
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,"
mf
Ped.
rit.
29
I heard the old, old men say,
p
= 60
31
"Eve-ry-thing al ters,"
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,"
mf
p

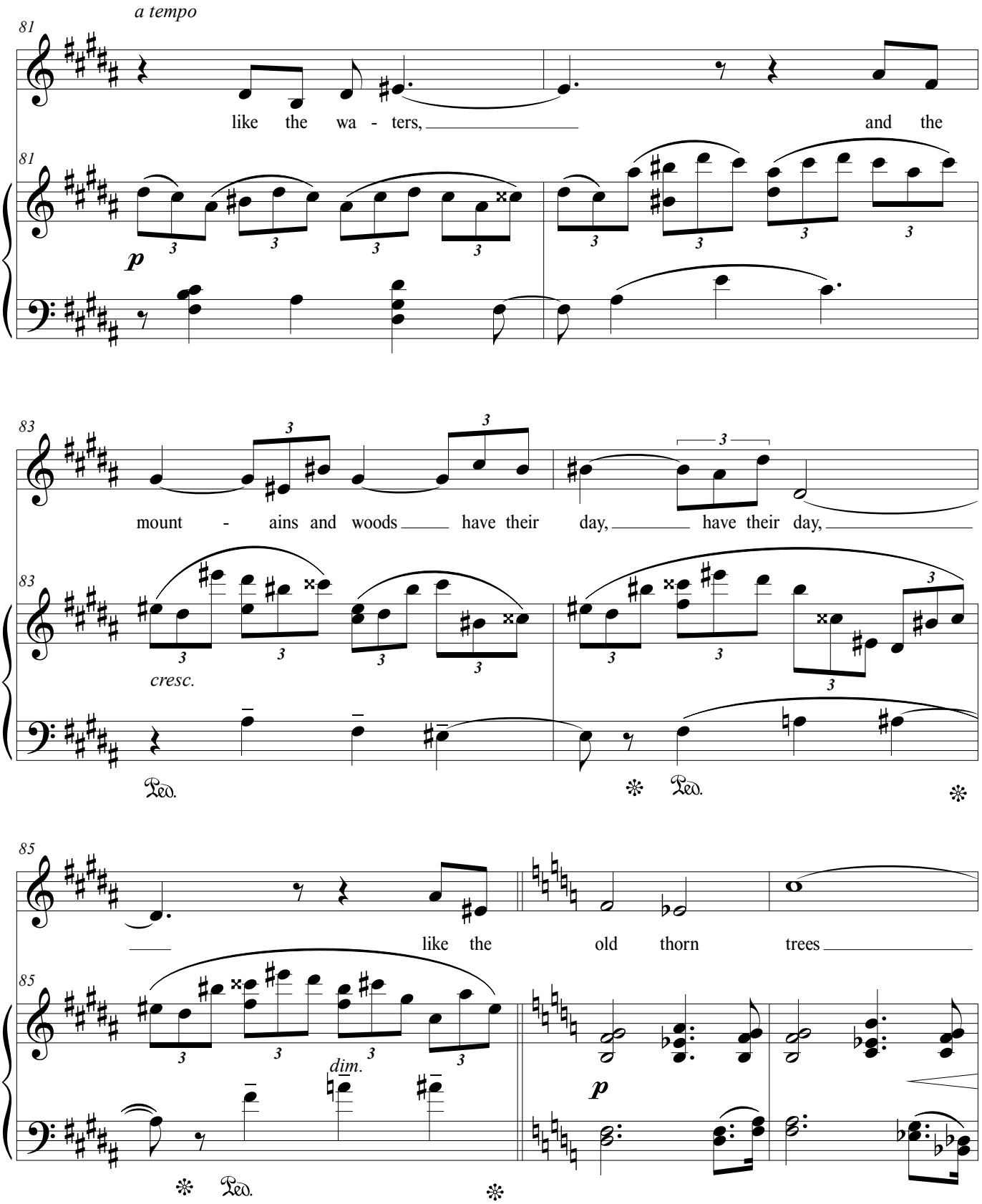

35
♩ = 112
rit.
They had hands like claws, and their
p sf
sf
sf
40
♩ = 76
knees were twist ed like the old thorn trees
sf
44
by the wa - ters, by the
sf

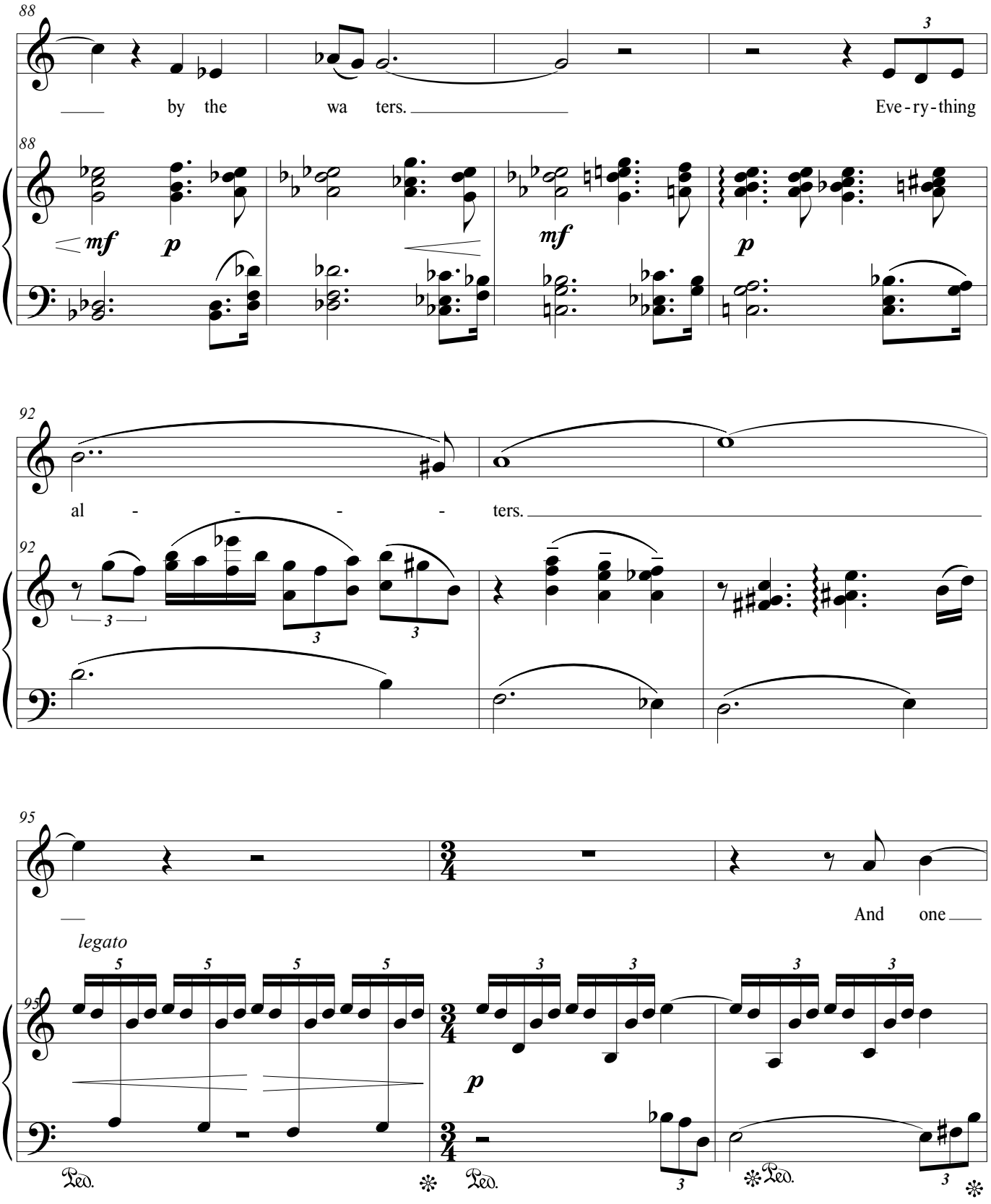

47
wa - ters.
And the mount - ains and woods have their
sf
sf
50
day, have their day,
What one in the rout of the fire - born
sf
sf
54
rit.
a tempo
moods has fall - en a - way?
By the wa -

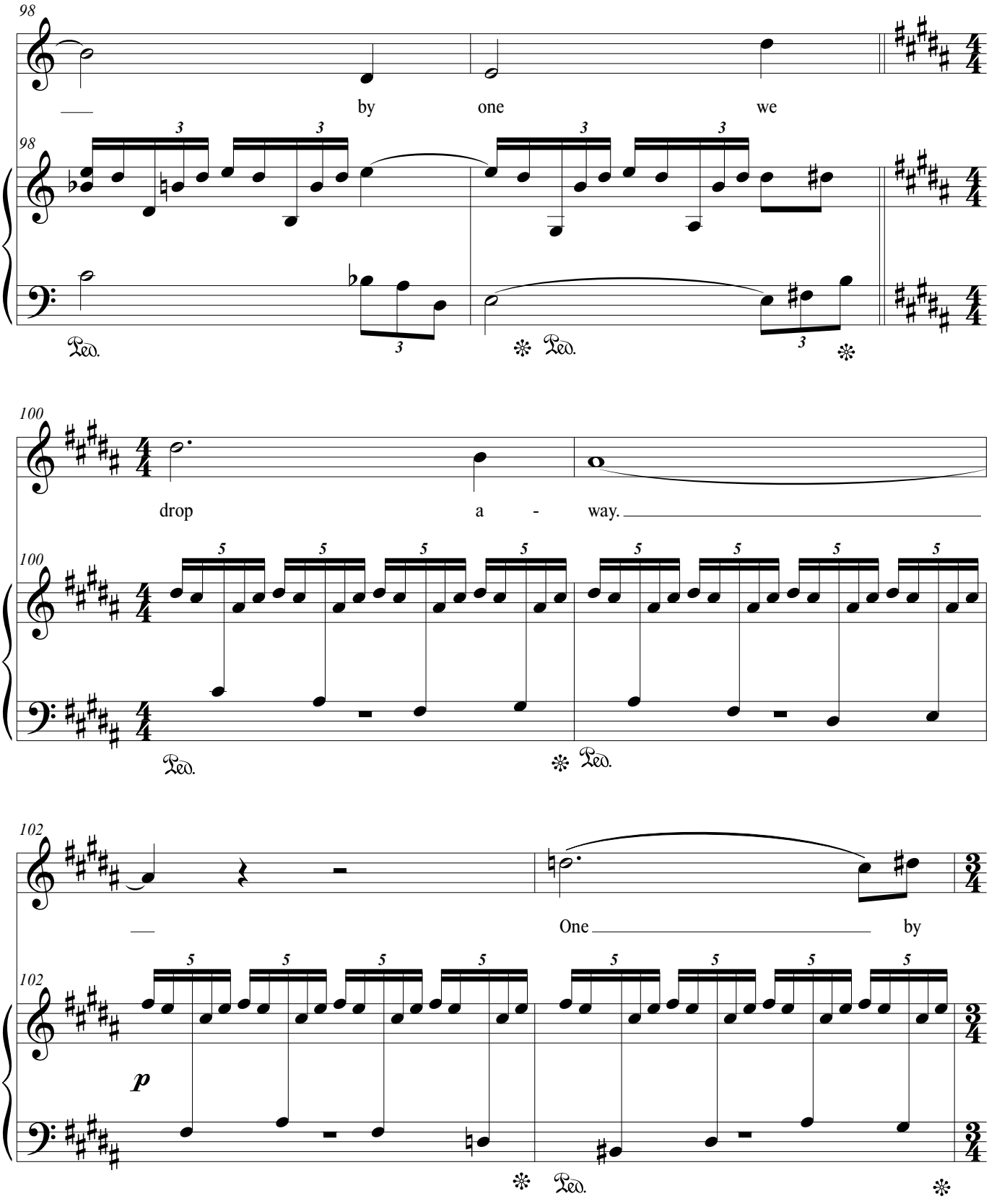

59
ters, by the wa - ters.
legato
Ped.
62
I
Ped.
64
heard the old, old men say,
Ped.

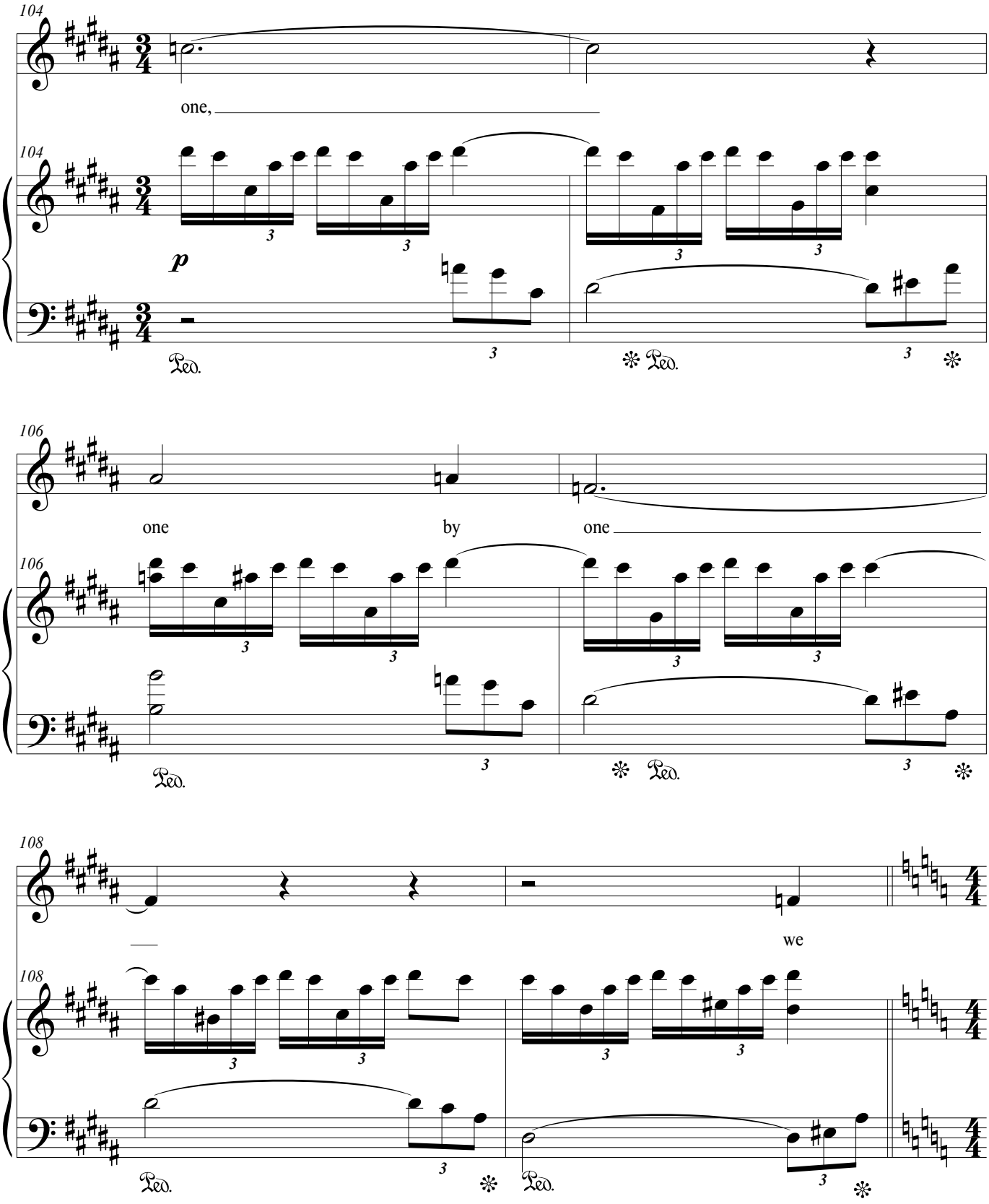

66
"Eve - ry-thing al - ters,
p
Ped.
68
"Eve - ry-thing al ters,
Ped.
70
And
cresc.

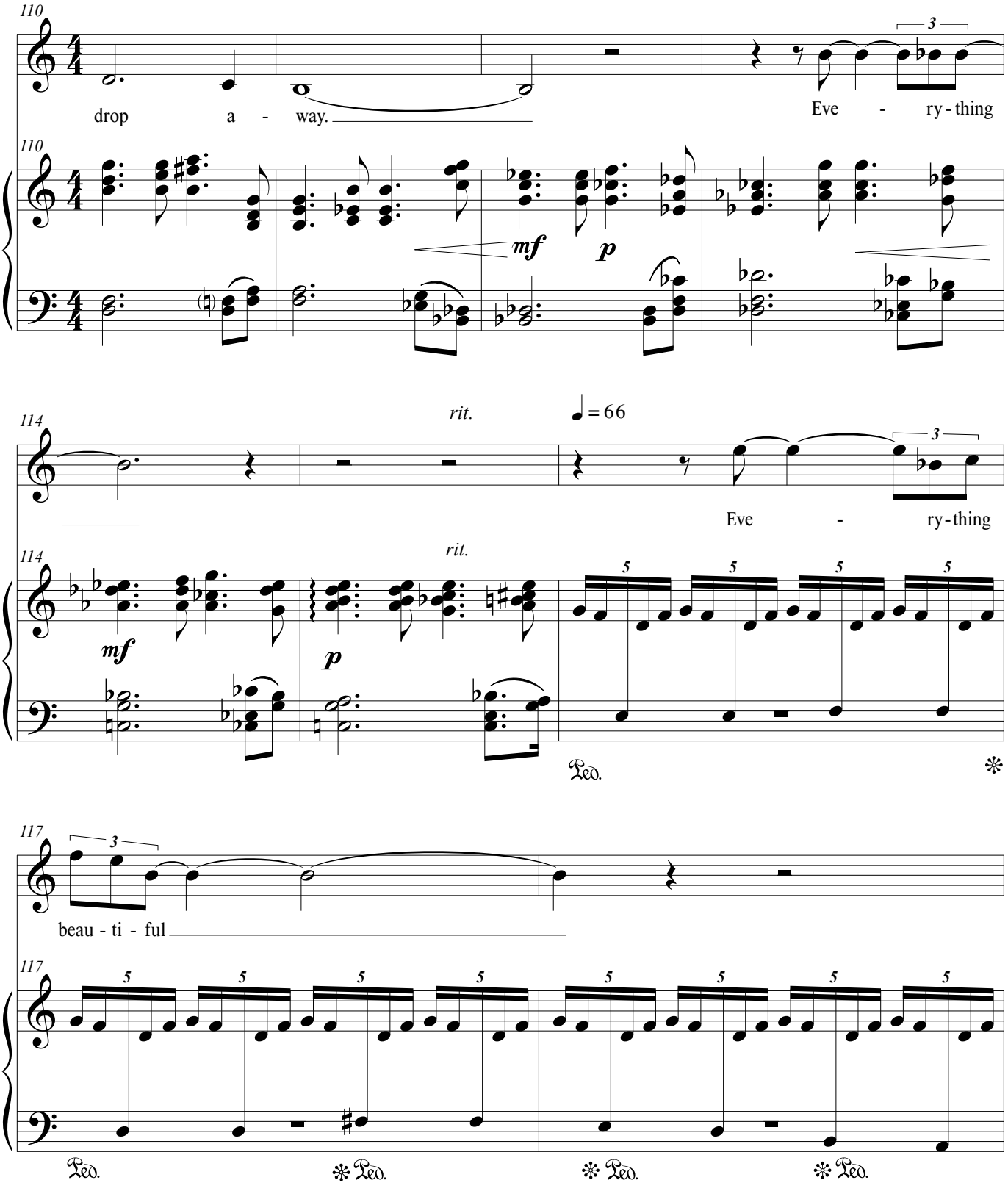

72
one by one we - drop a - way,
72
f
75
rit.
a tempo
All that's
75
p
fp
p
fp
78
beau - ti-ful drifts a - way
rit.
78
fp
mf
f

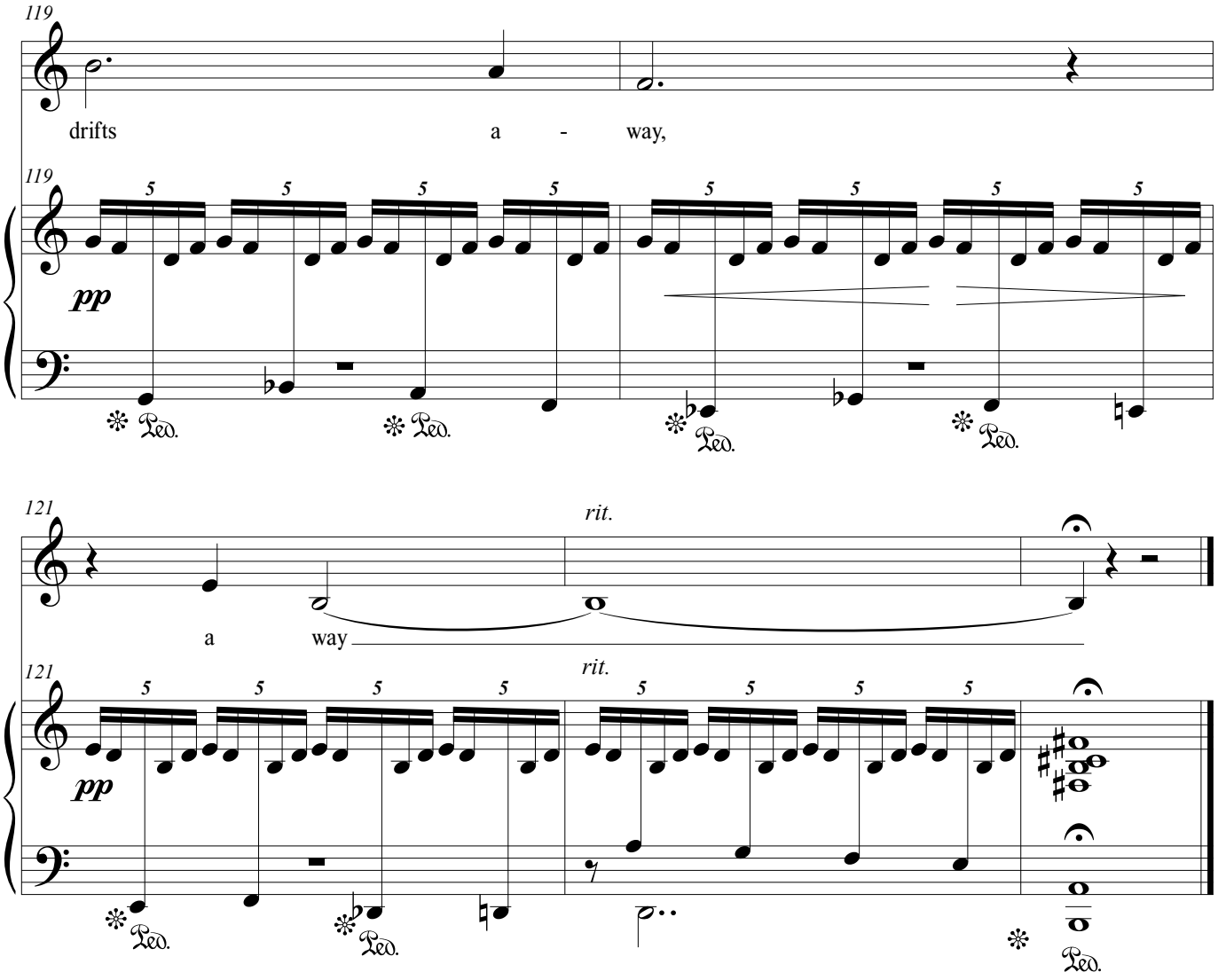

a tempo
81
like the wa - ters,
and the
p
83
mount - ains and woods have their day, have their day,
cresc.
Ped.
85
like the old thorn trees
dim.
p


88
by the wa ters.
Eve-ry-thing
mf
p
mf
p
92
al - - - -
ters.
95
And one
legato
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.
3
Eve - ry - thing
mf
p
114
rit.
♩ = 66
Eve - ry - thing
5
Ped.
117
beau - ti - ful


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

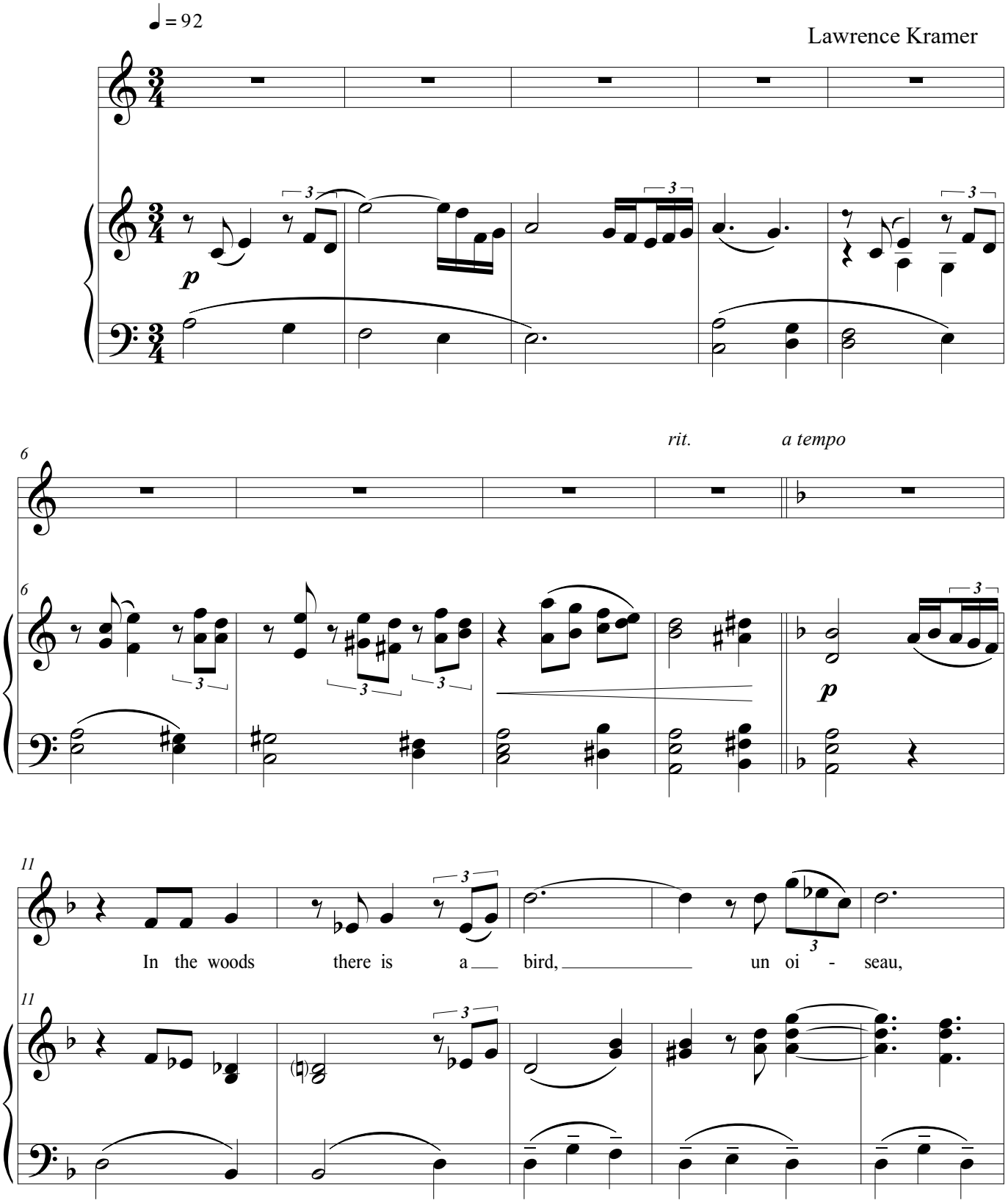
Translation by the composer.

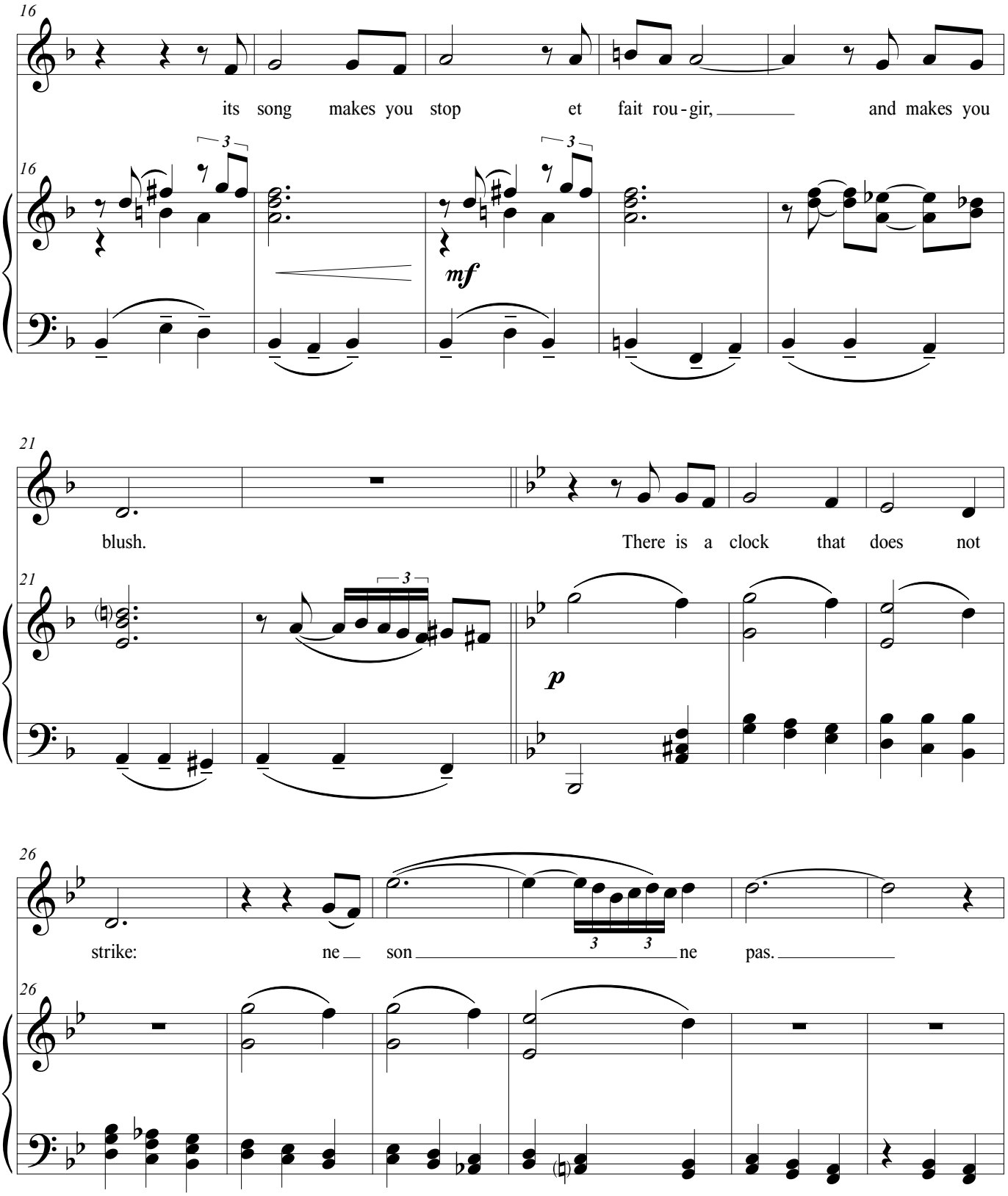
Written Voice Range: A3 - F5 (with one brief G5)
Tessitura: F4 - D5
Duration 3:15

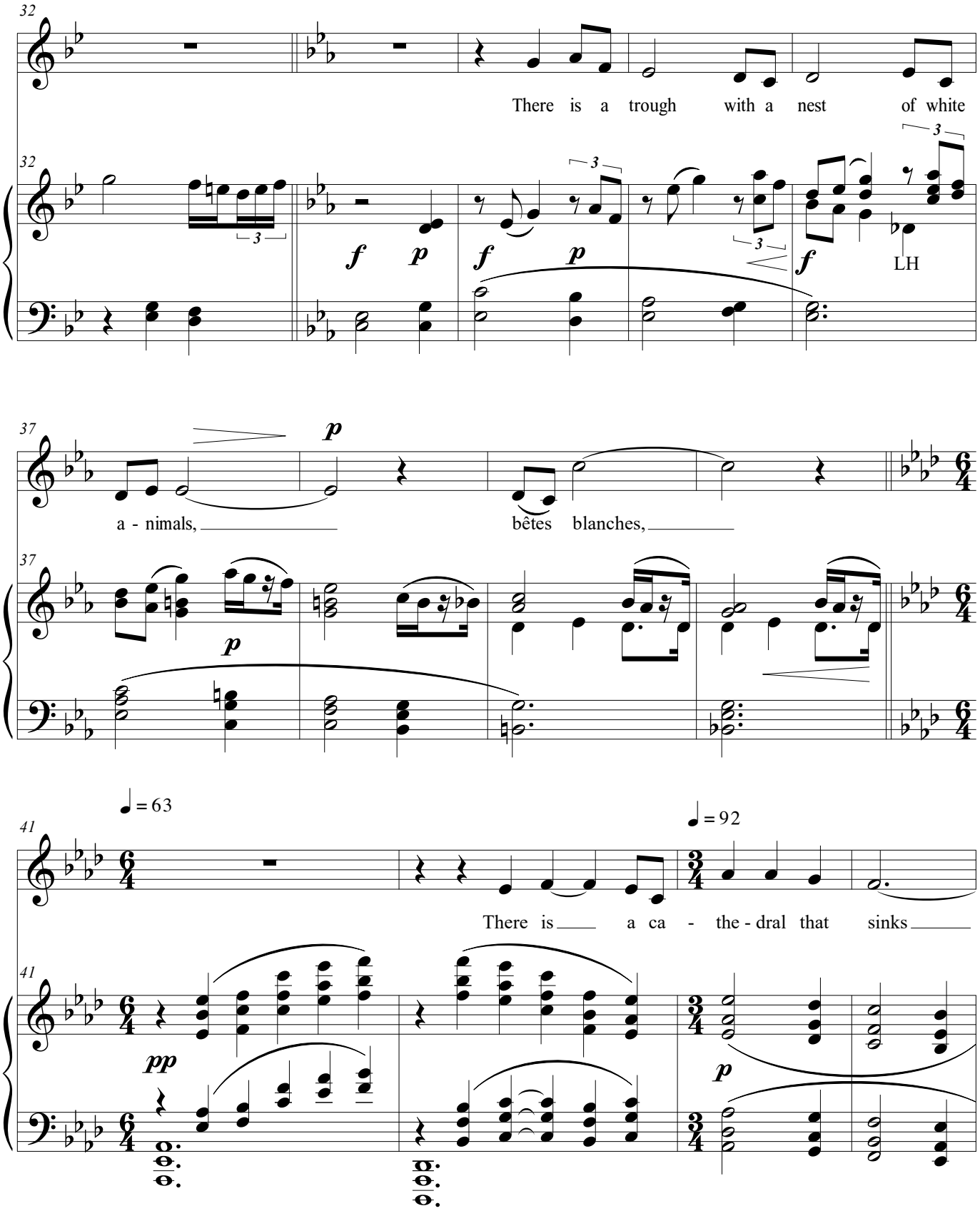
Composed 2020

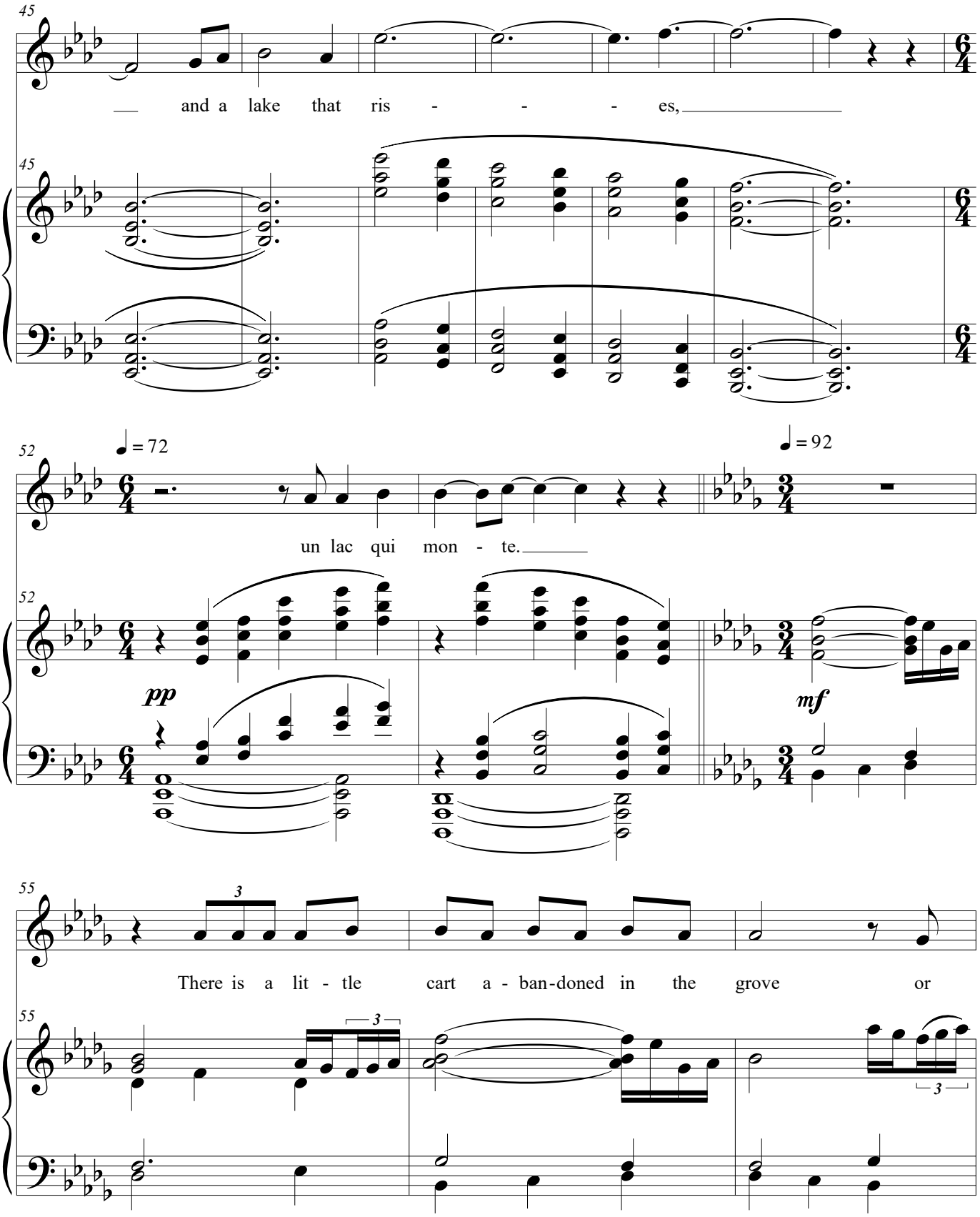
Childhood

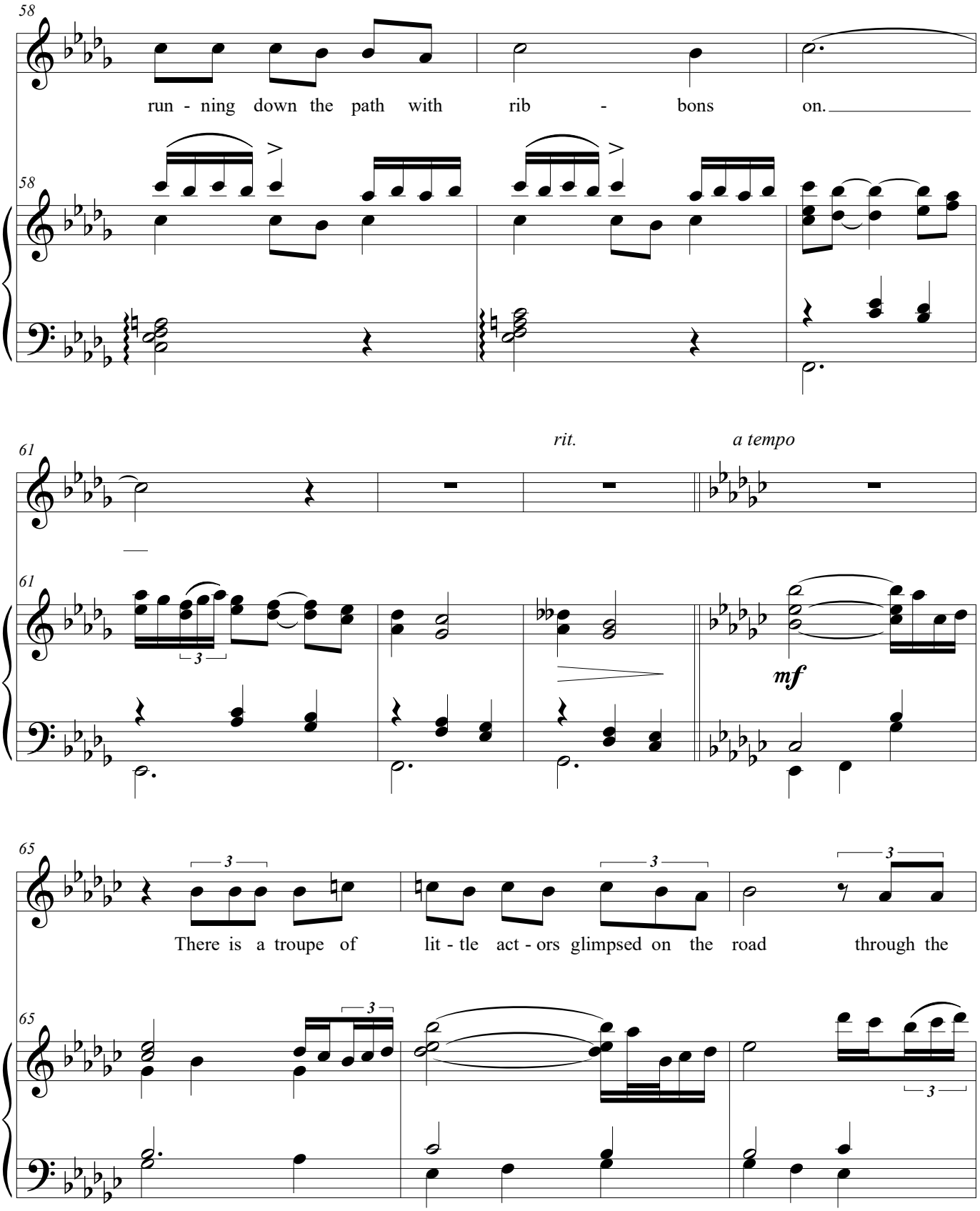
Lawrence Kramer

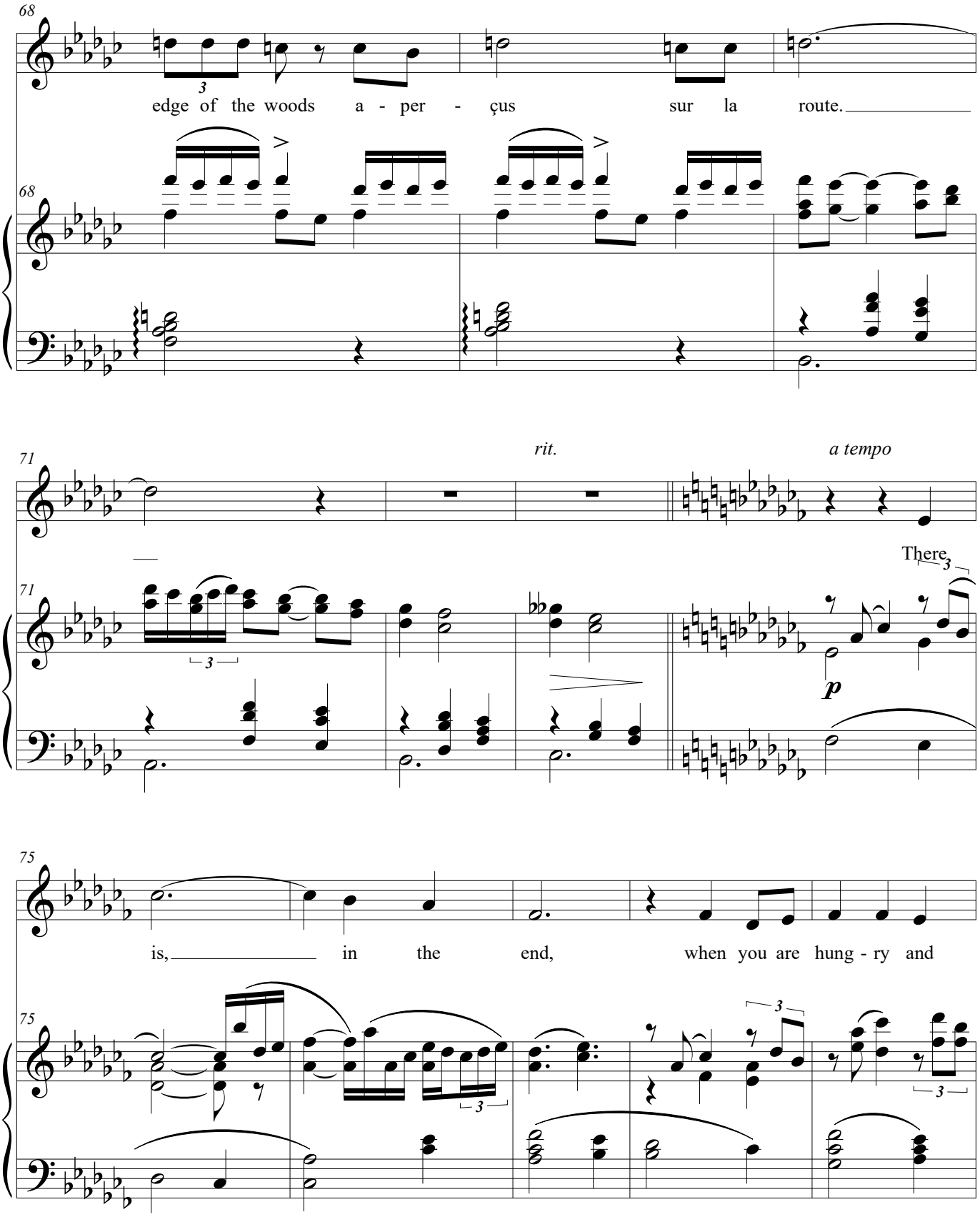


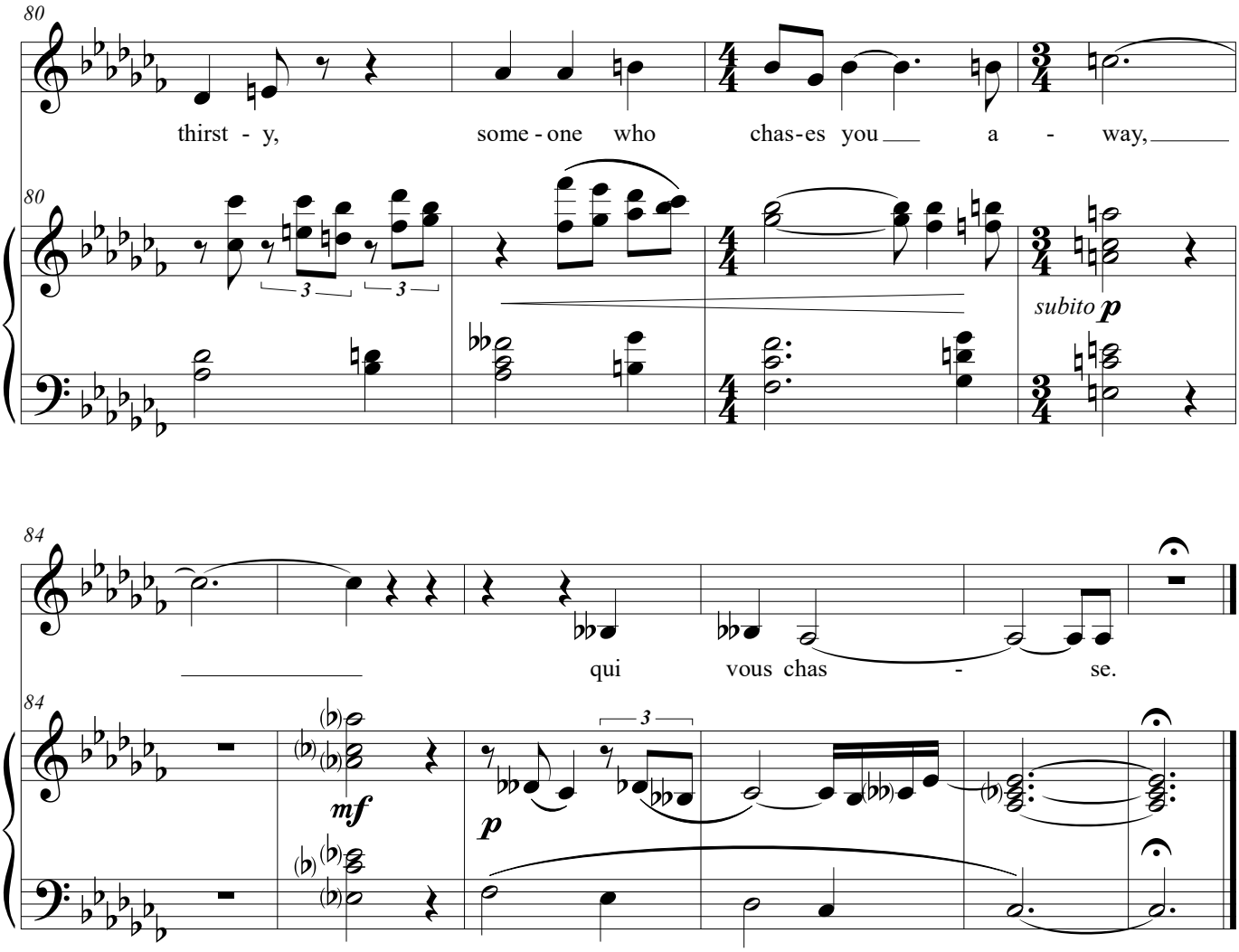

16
its song makes you stop et fait rou - gir, and makes you
16
3
3
mf
21
blush.
There is a clock that does not
21
3
p
26
strike:
ne son ne pas.
26
3
3


There is a trough with a nest of white
LH
a - nimals, bêtes blanches,
♩ = 63
♩ = 92
There is a ca - the - dral that sinks


45
and a lake that ris - - - es,
45
52
♩ = 72
un lac qui mon - te.
♩ = 92
52
pp
mf
55
3
There is a lit - tle cart a - ban-doned in the grove or
55
3
3


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
subito p
84
qui vous chas - se.
84
mf
p

Digging

Mezzo Soprano

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.

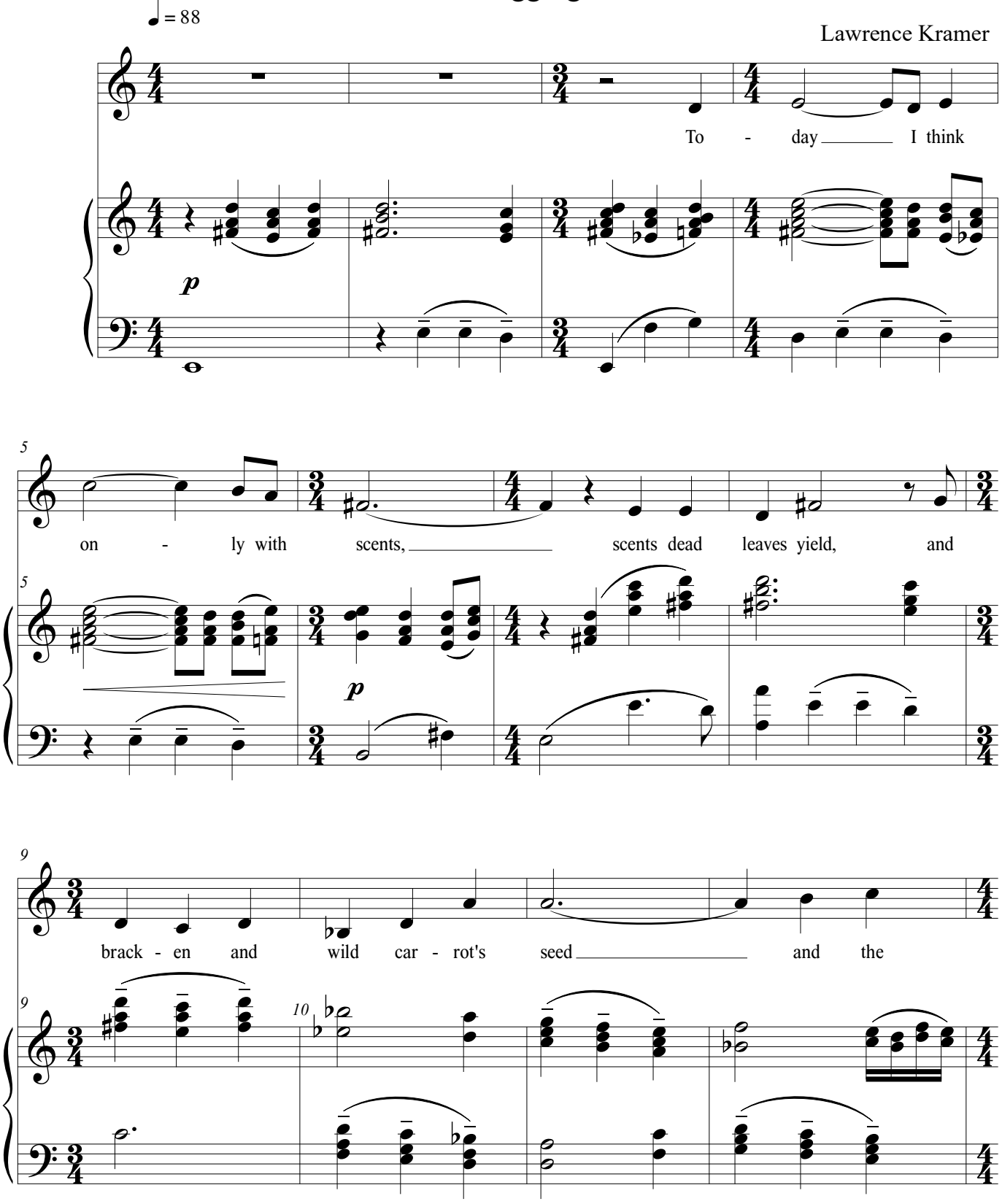
It is enough
To smell, to crumble the dark earth,
While the robin sings over again
Sad songs of Autumn mirth.

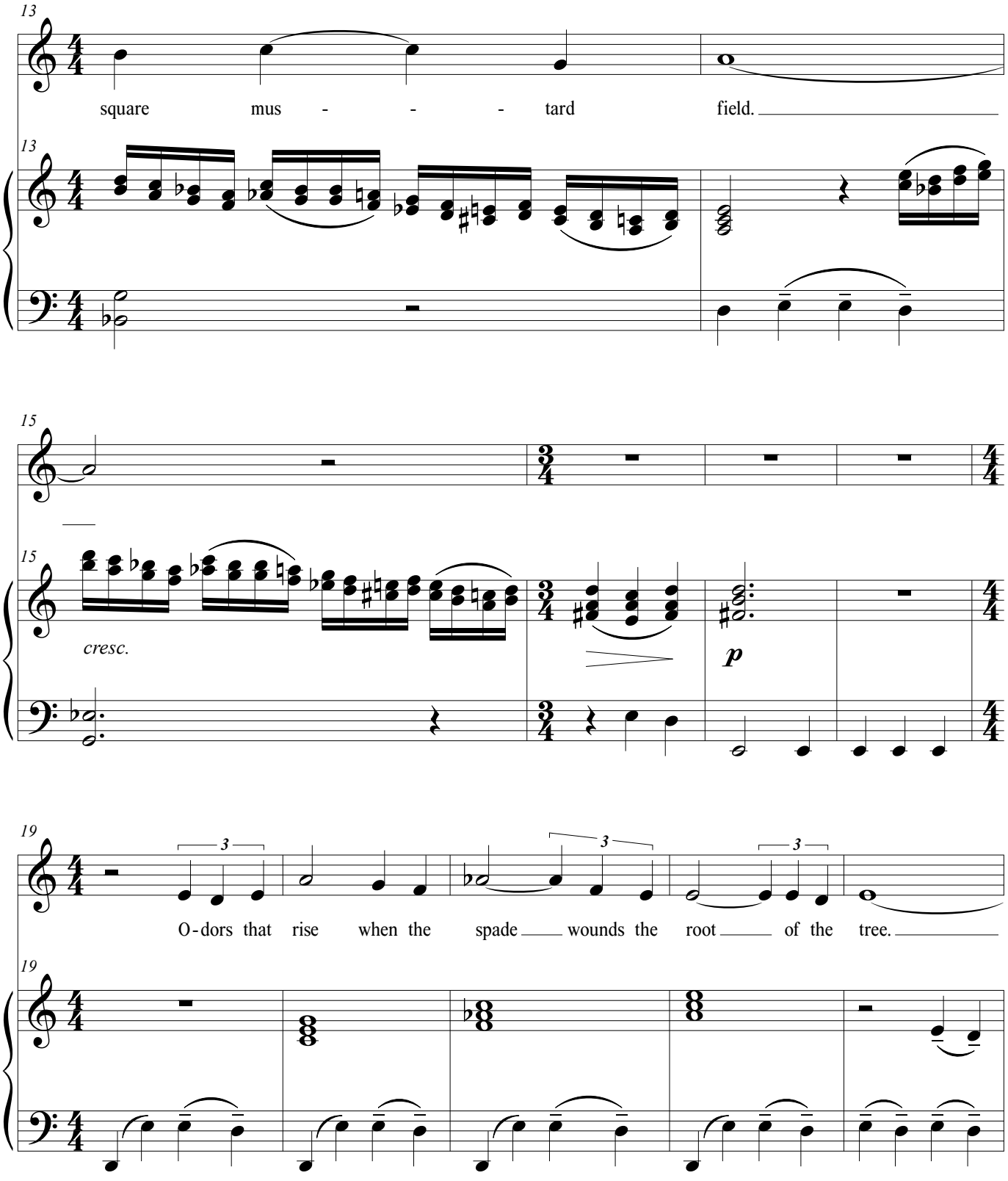
--Edward Thomas

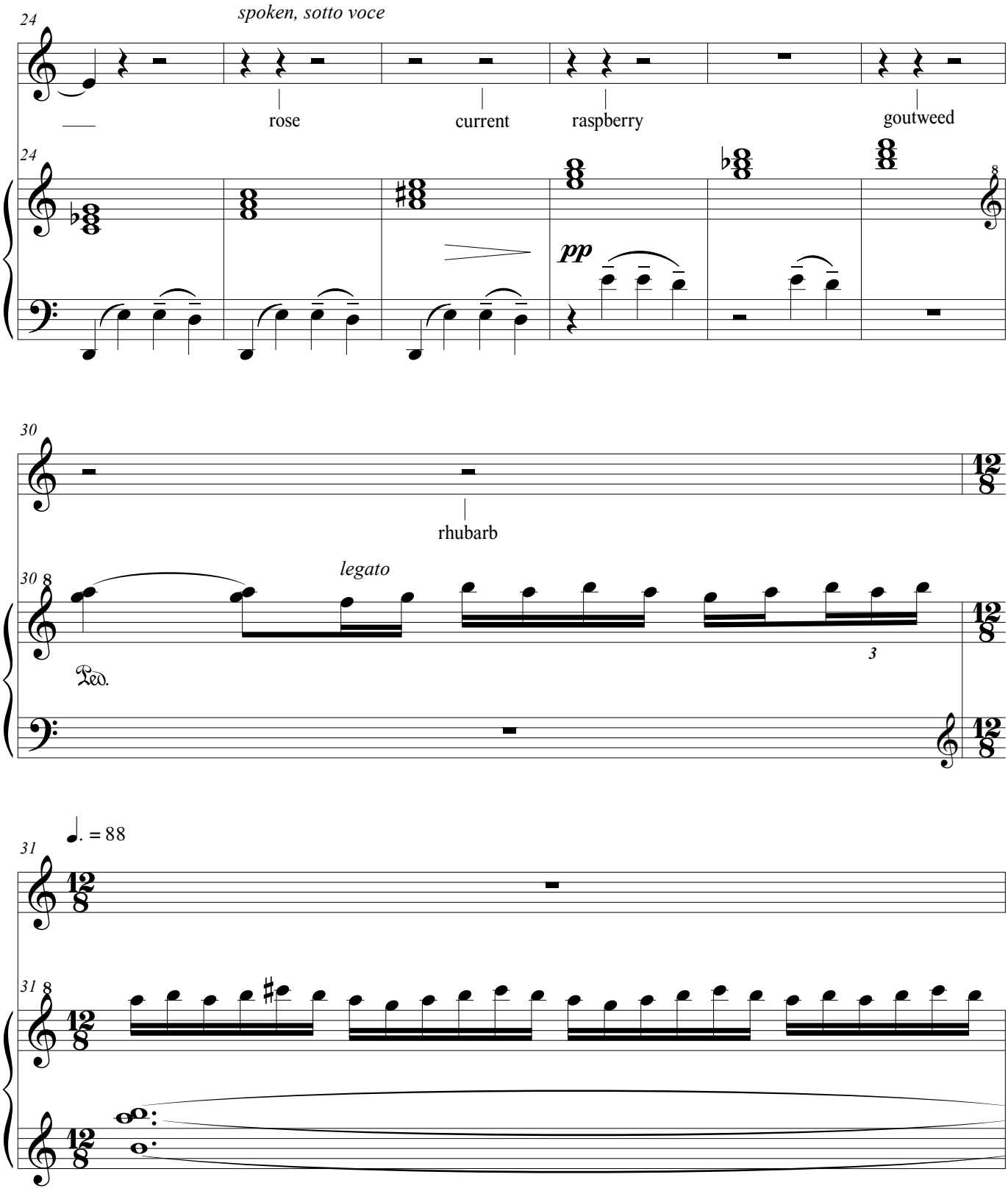
Written voice range: A3 - D5
Tessitura: E4 - C5
Duration 3:00

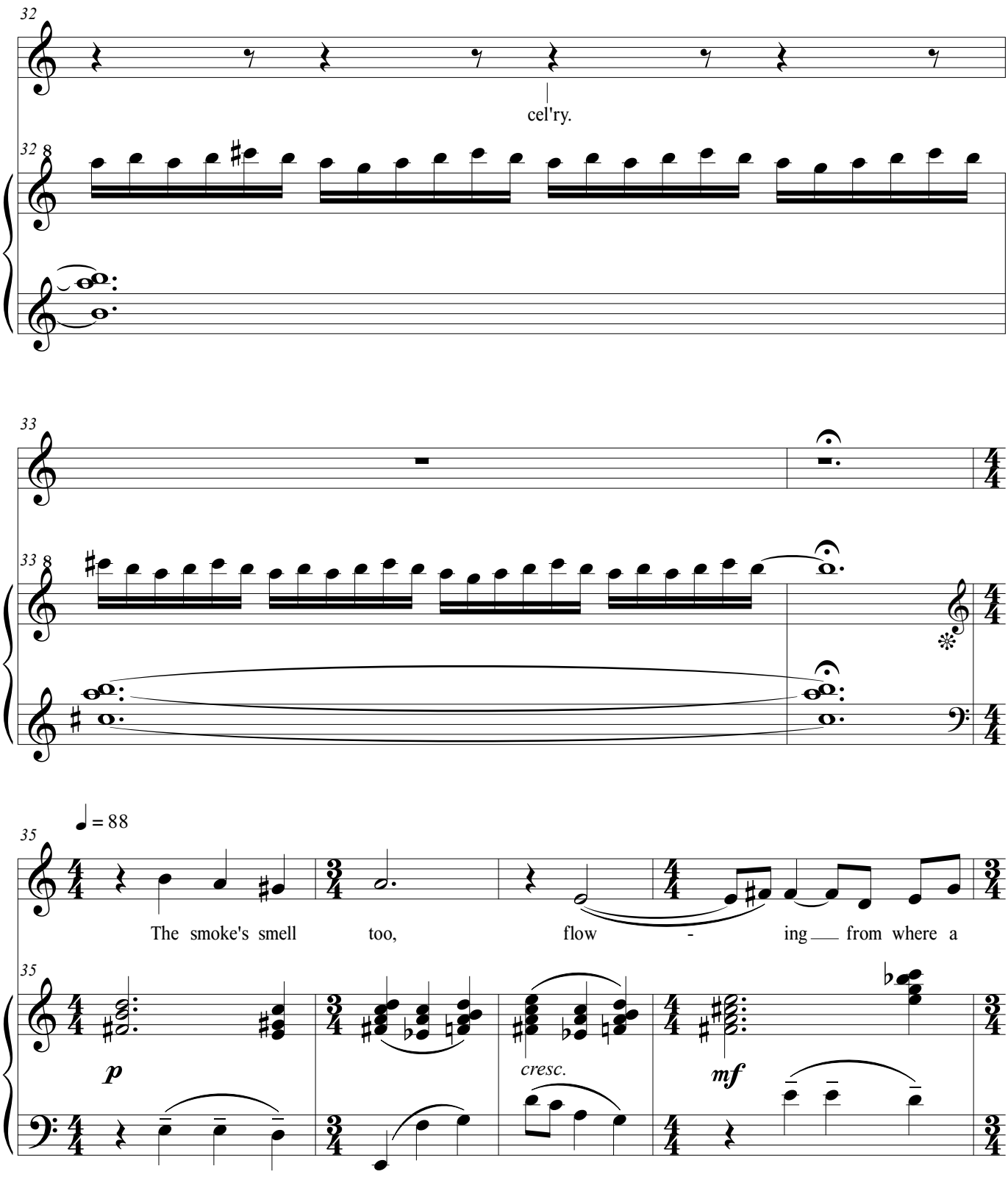
Composed 2019

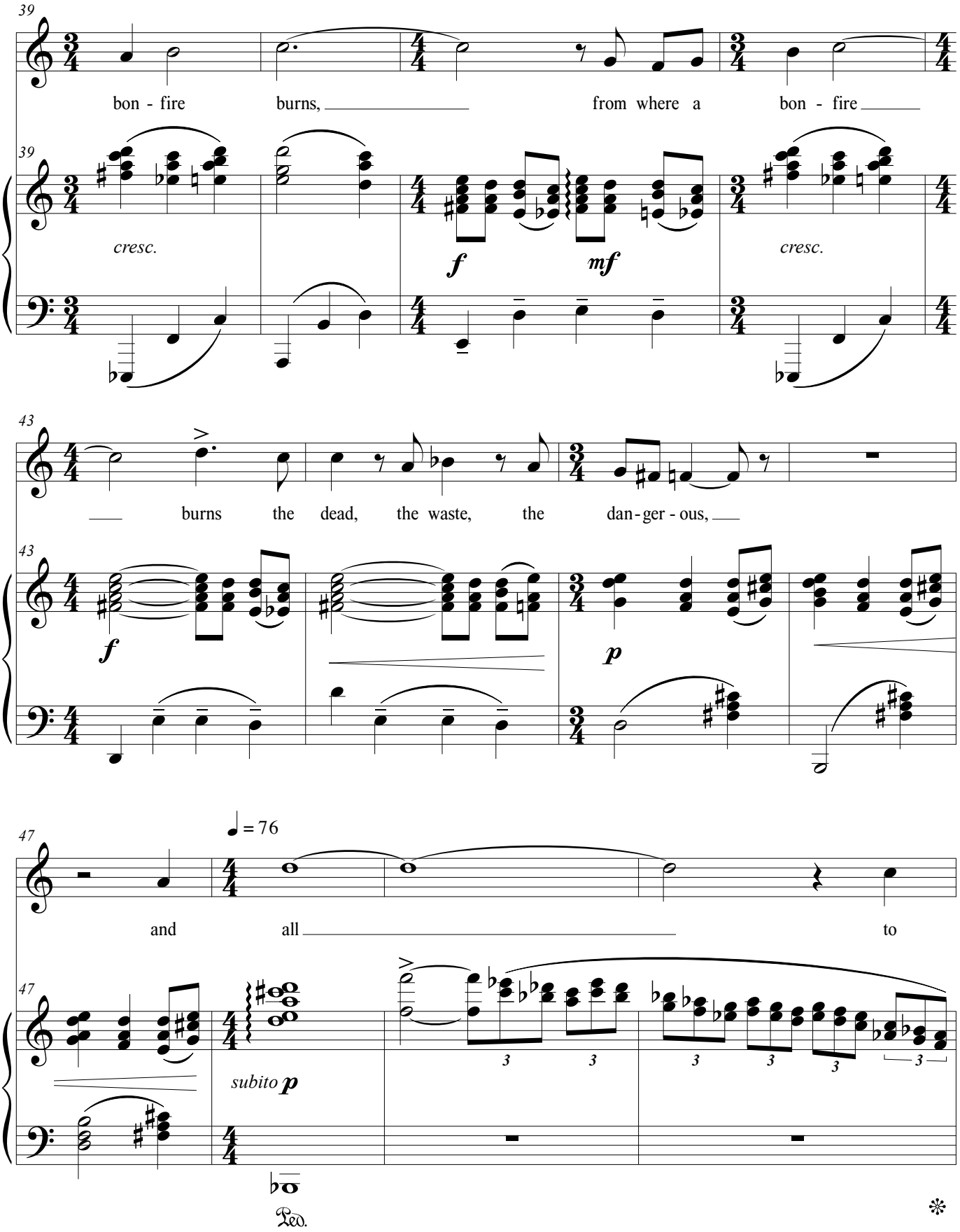
Digging

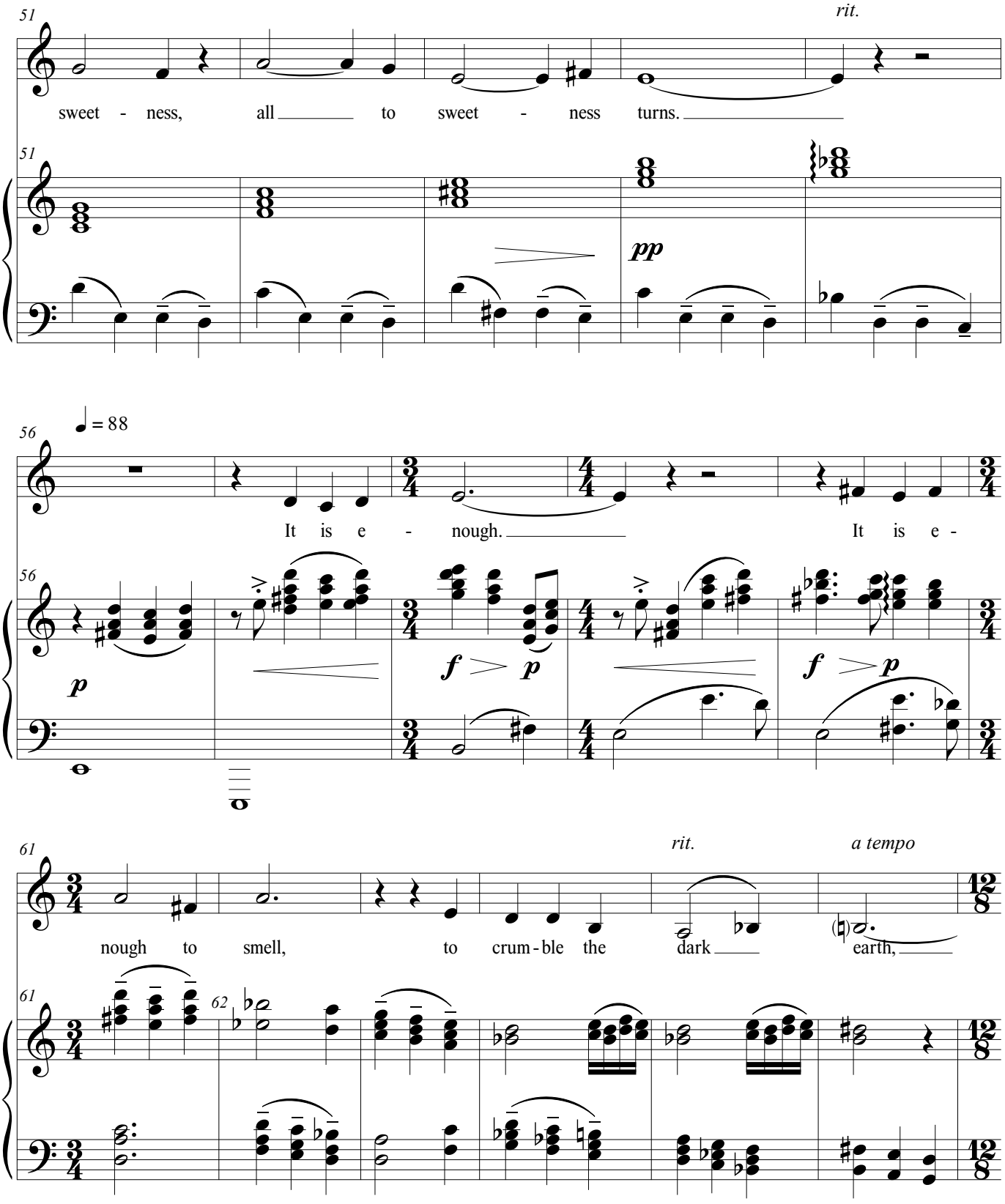

♩ = 88
Lawrence Kramer
To - day I think
p
5
on - ly with scents, scents dead leaves yield, and
p
9
brack - en and wild car - rot's seed and the
10

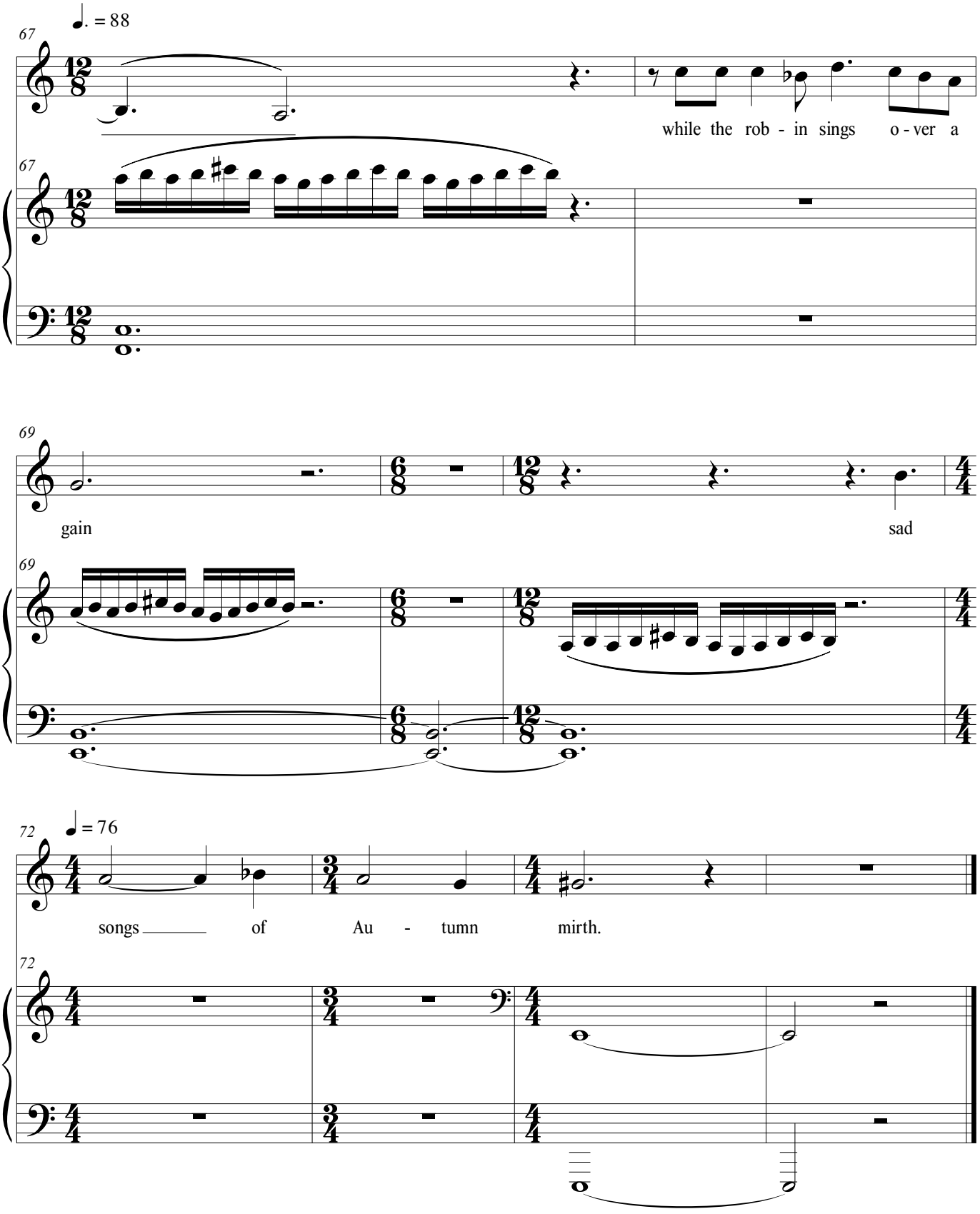

13
square mus - - - tard field.
13
15
cresc.
p
15
19
3
3
3
O - dors that rise when the spade wounds the root of the tree.
19


24
spoken, sotto voce
rose
current
raspberry
goutweed
24
pp
30
rhubarb
30
legato
Ped.
3
31
♩. = 88
31


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.


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


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

Indian Summer

Medium Voice

Silent as moving shadow, Indian summer
Comes down the mountains as it ever came,
Breathing once more the forests' kindled incense,
Lighting the waters with a sombre flame.

Now in the burdened, apple-scented orchards
The hours like resting herds drink up the sun.
Night presses upon twilight like a lover;
A little while she [lingers], and has done.

Now earth broods darkly as a pregnant mother
Whose heart is hushed to hear a new heart beat;
And to behold the yet ungathered harvest
Some man may stay his graveward-hurrying feet.

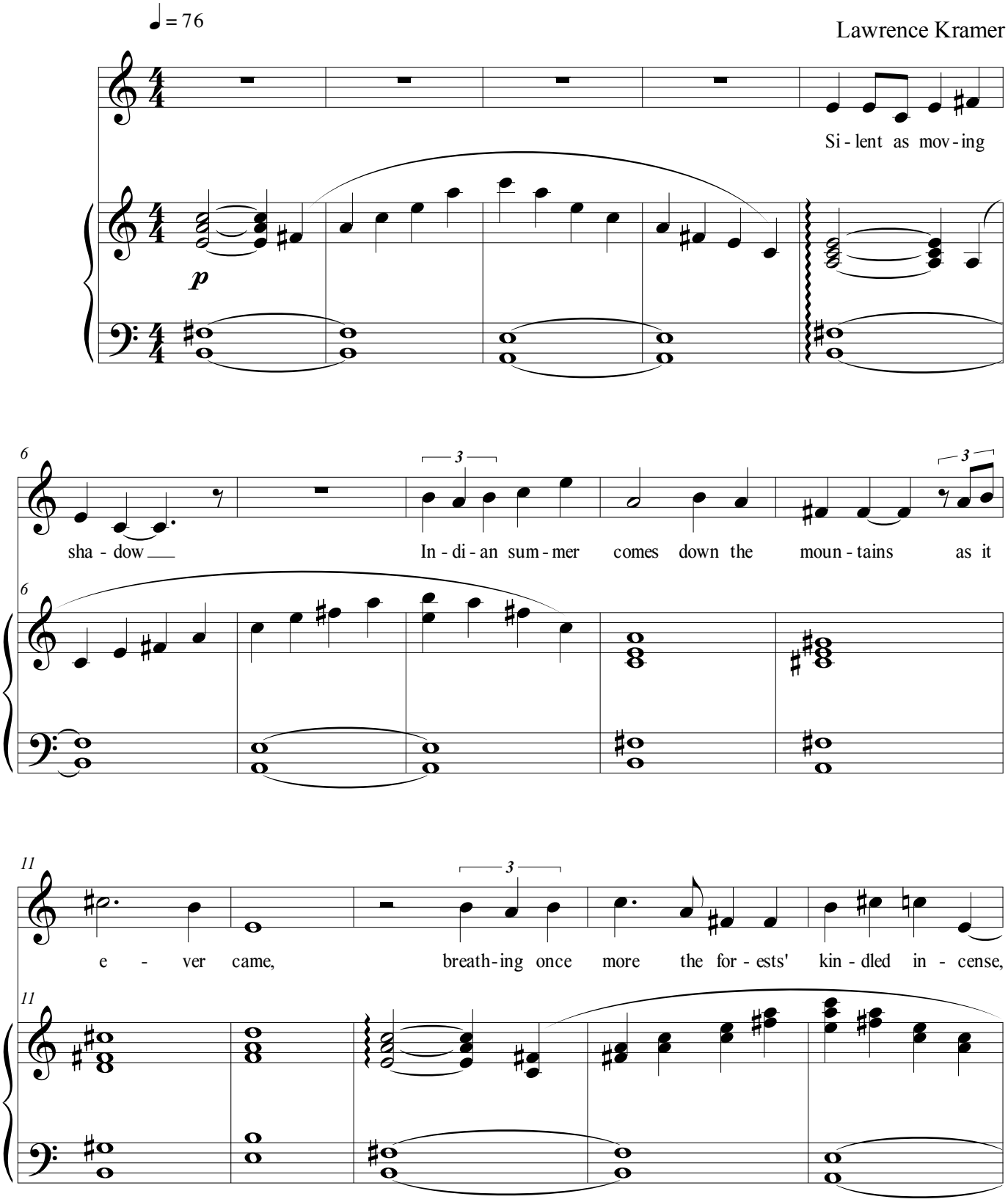
--Babette Deutsch

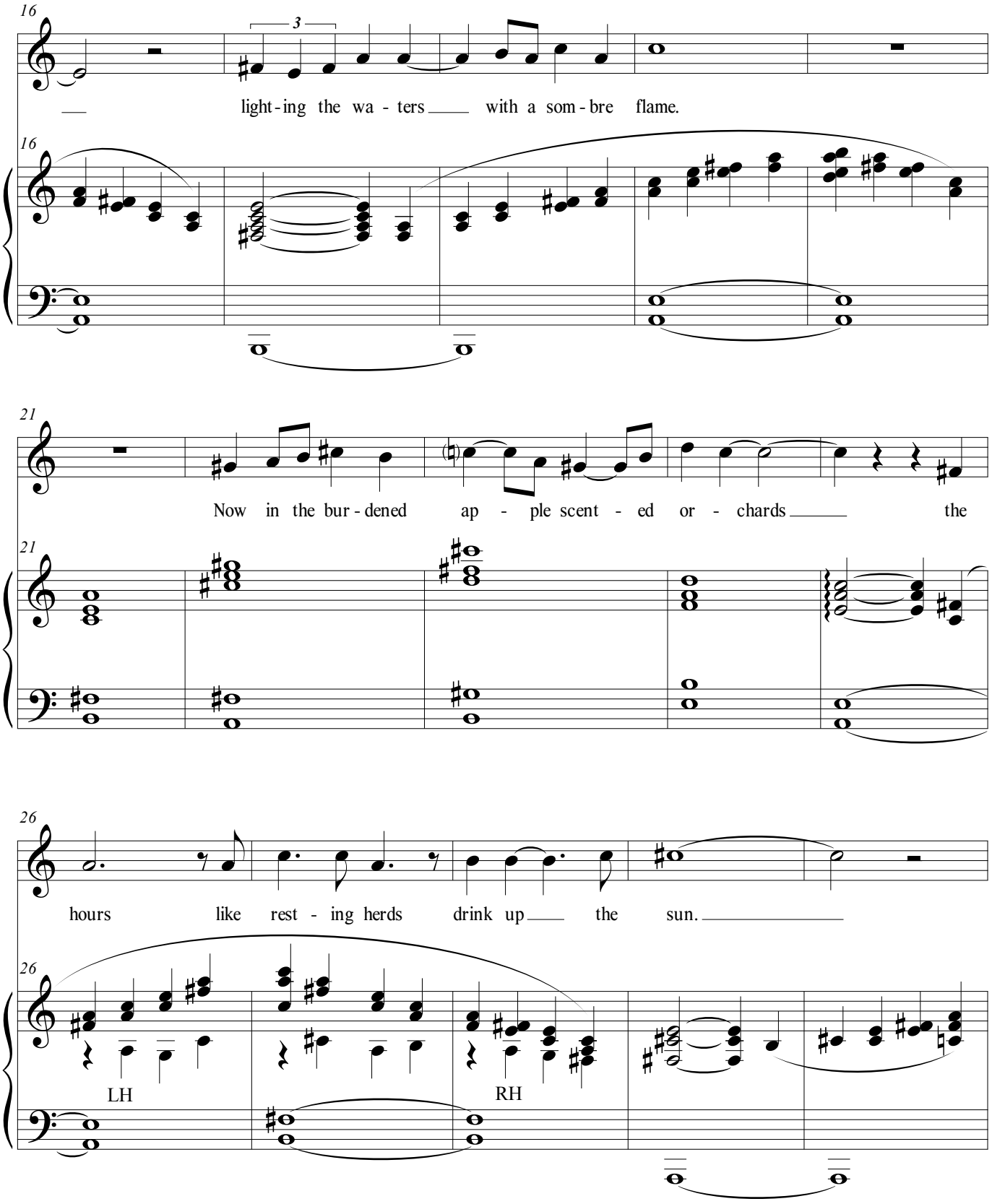
Written voice range: A3-F♯5
Tessitura: E4-C#5
Duration: 3:30

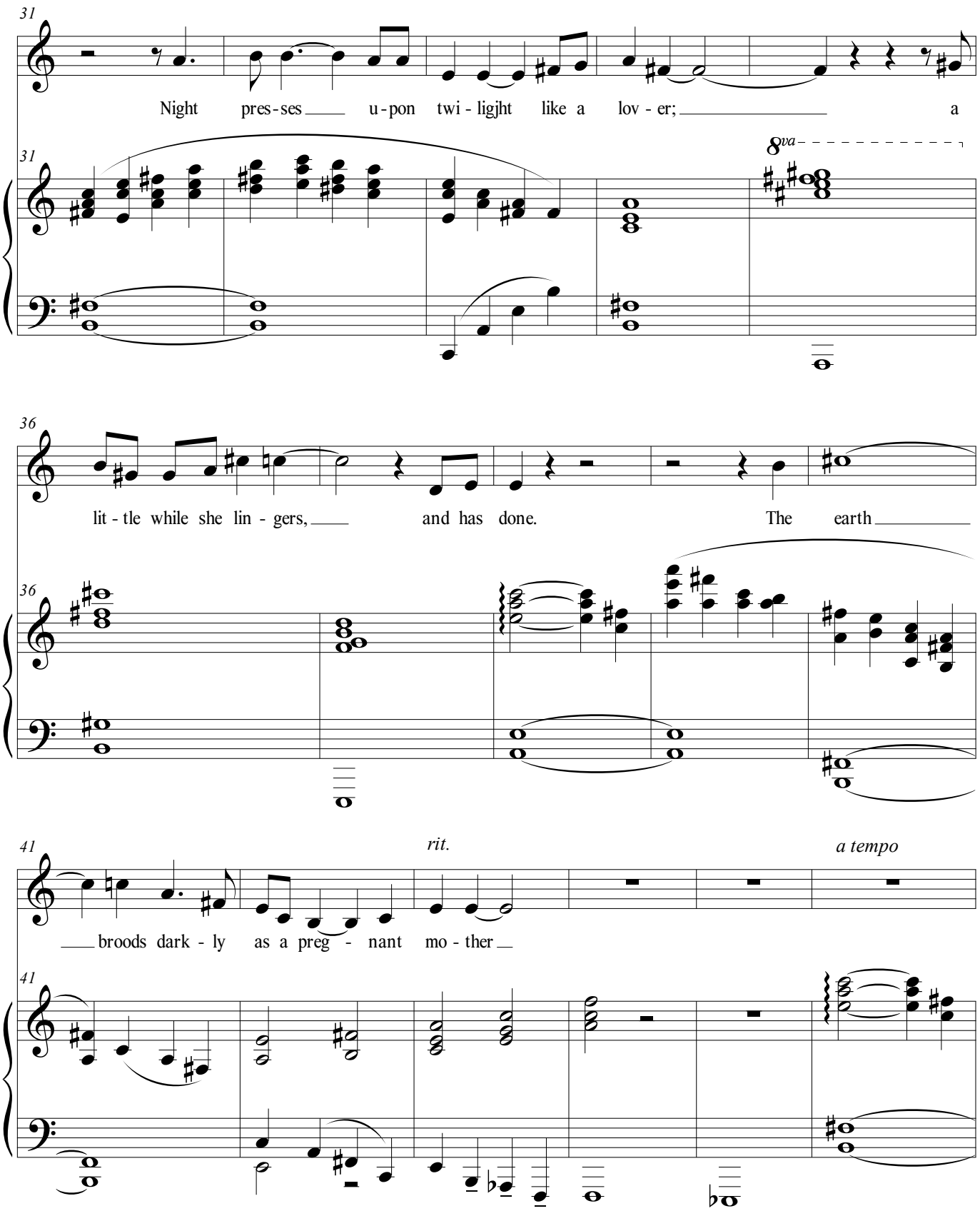
Composed 2022.

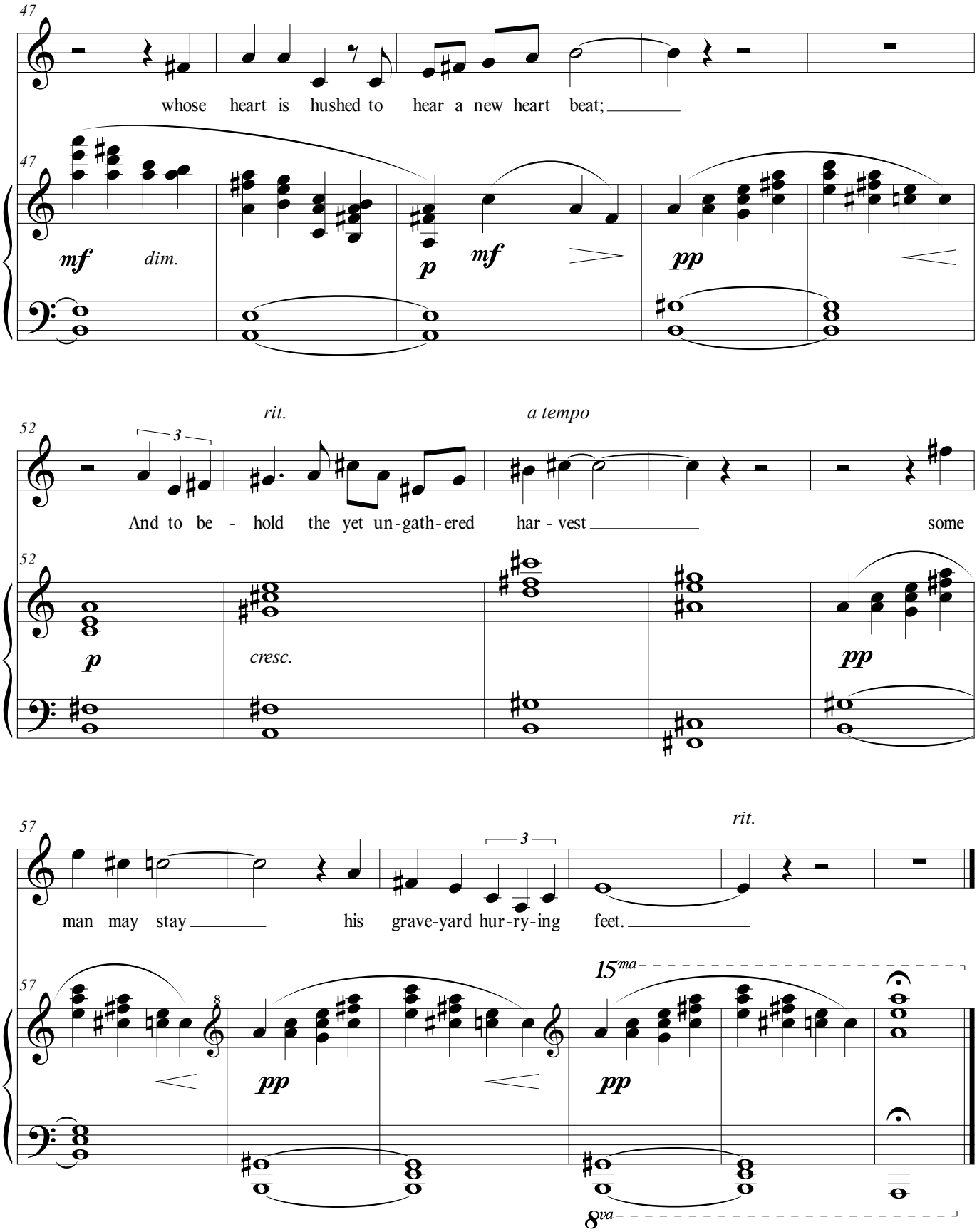
Indian Summer

Lawrence Kramer




16
3
light-ing the wa - ters with a som - bre flame.
16
21
Now in the bur - dened ap - ple scent - ed or - chards the
21
26
hours like rest - ing herds drink up the sun.
26
LH
RH


31
Night pres-ses u-pon twi-ligjht like a lov-er; a
8va
36
lit-tle while she lin-gers, and has done. The earth
41
rit.
a tempo
broods dark-ly as a preg-nant mo-ther


47
whose heart is hushed to hear a new heart beat;
47
mf
dim.
p
mf
pp
rit.
a tempo
52
3
And to be - hold the yet un-gath-ered har - vest
some
52
p
cresc.
pp
57
rit.
3
man may stay
his grave-yard hur-ry-ing feet.
57
8
pp
pp
15ma
8va

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

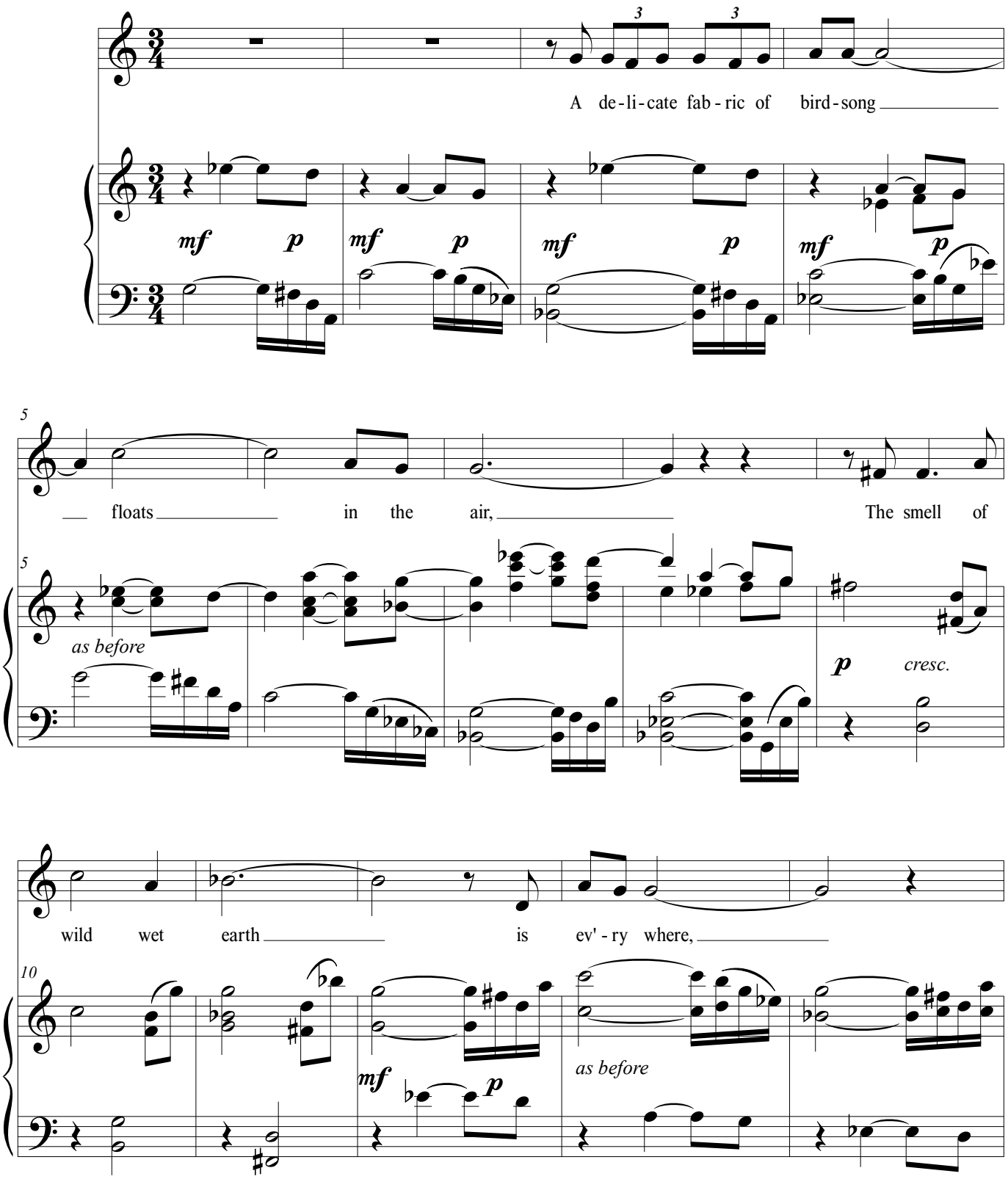
Written voice range: D♭4 - F♯5
Tessitura: G4 - E♭5
Duration 3:20

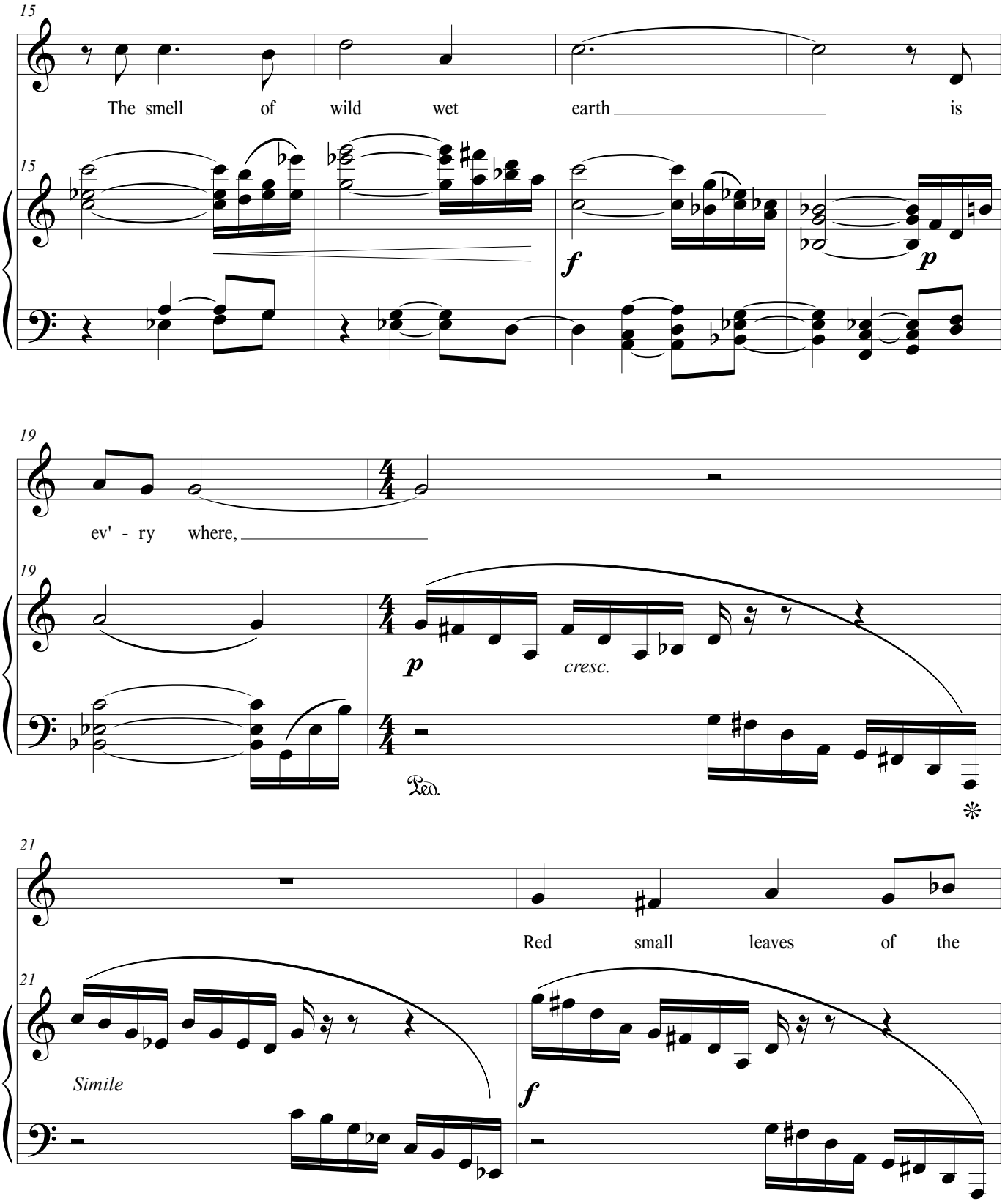
Composed 2017

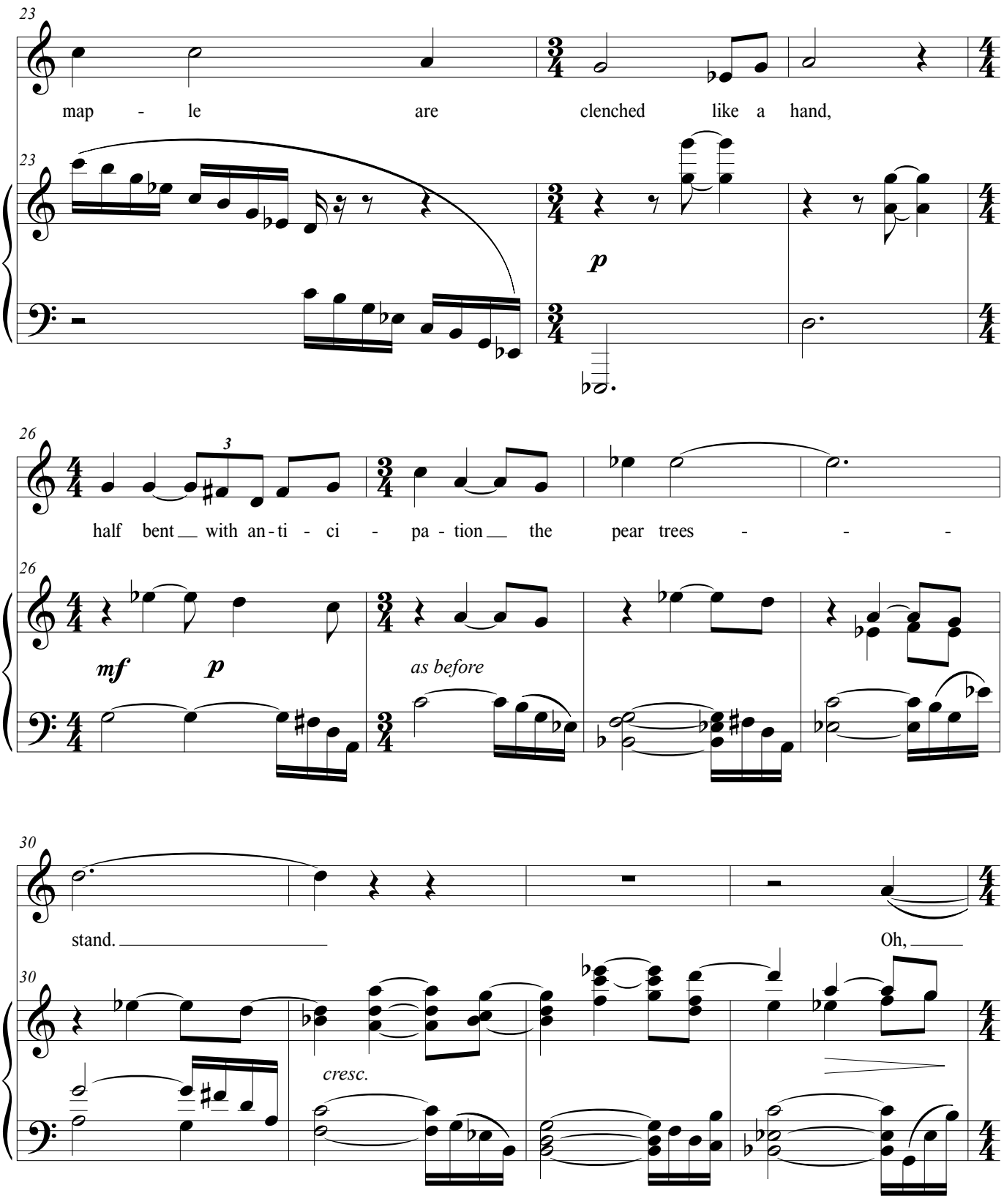
May Day

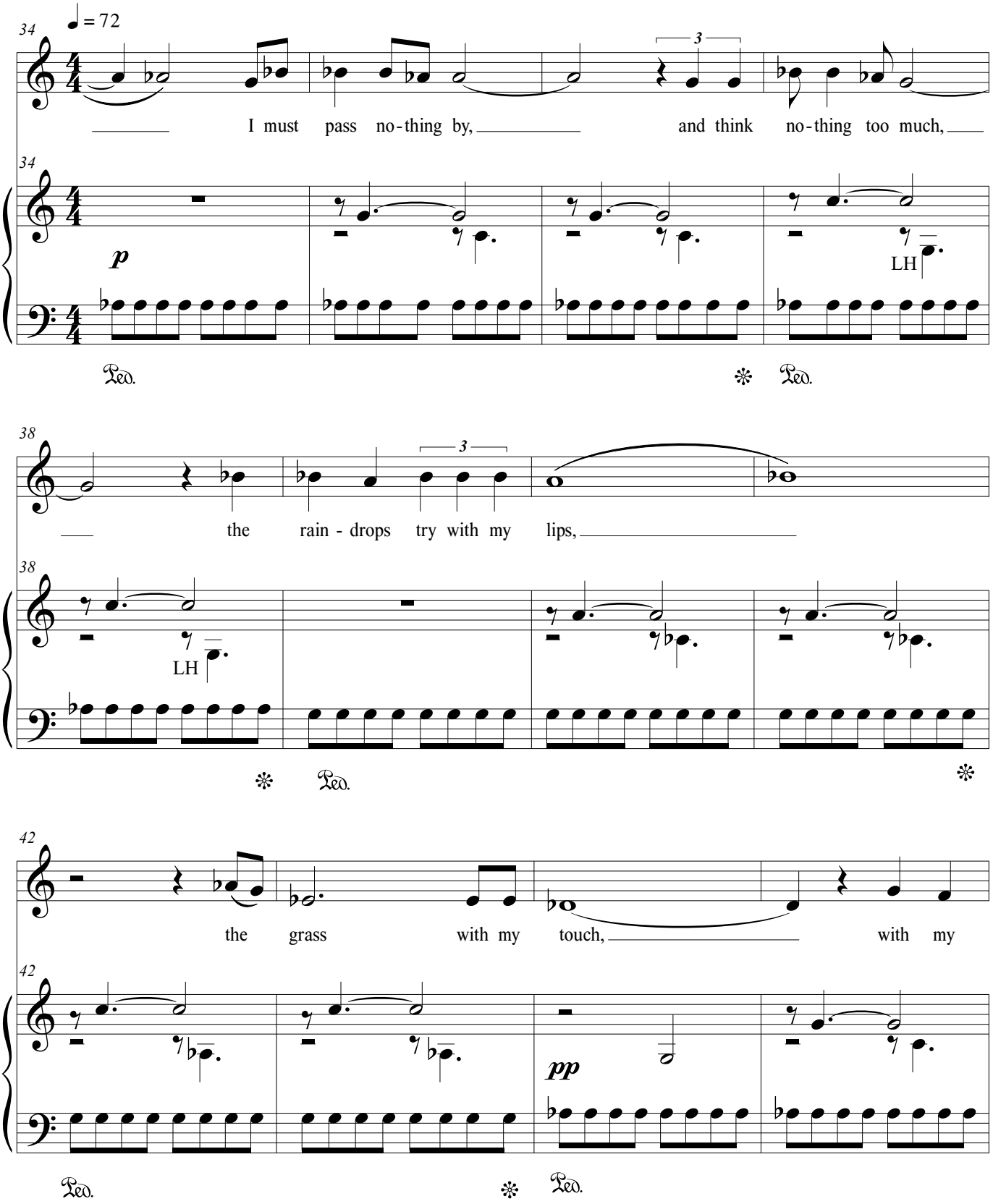
♩ = 80

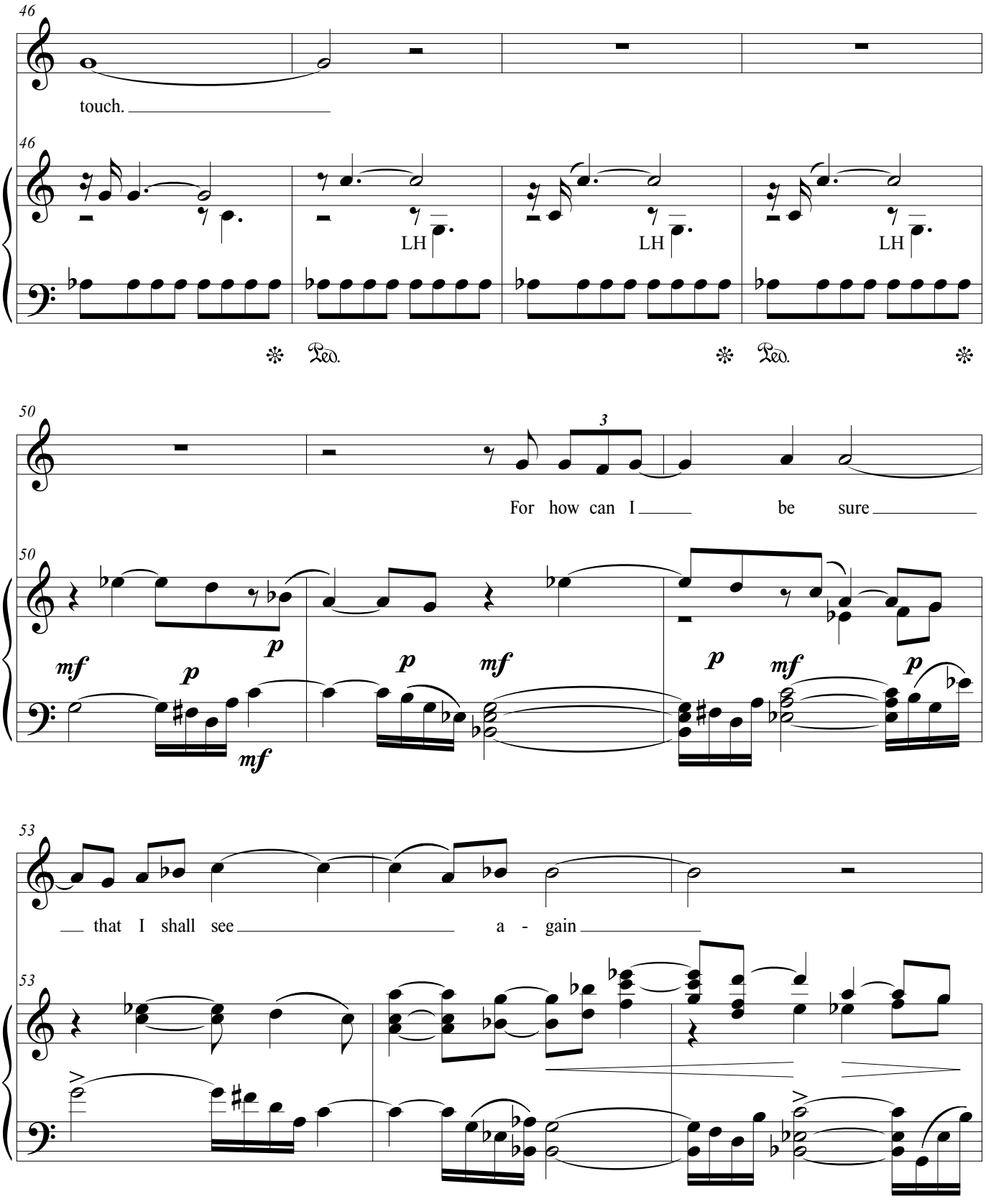
Lawrence Kramer

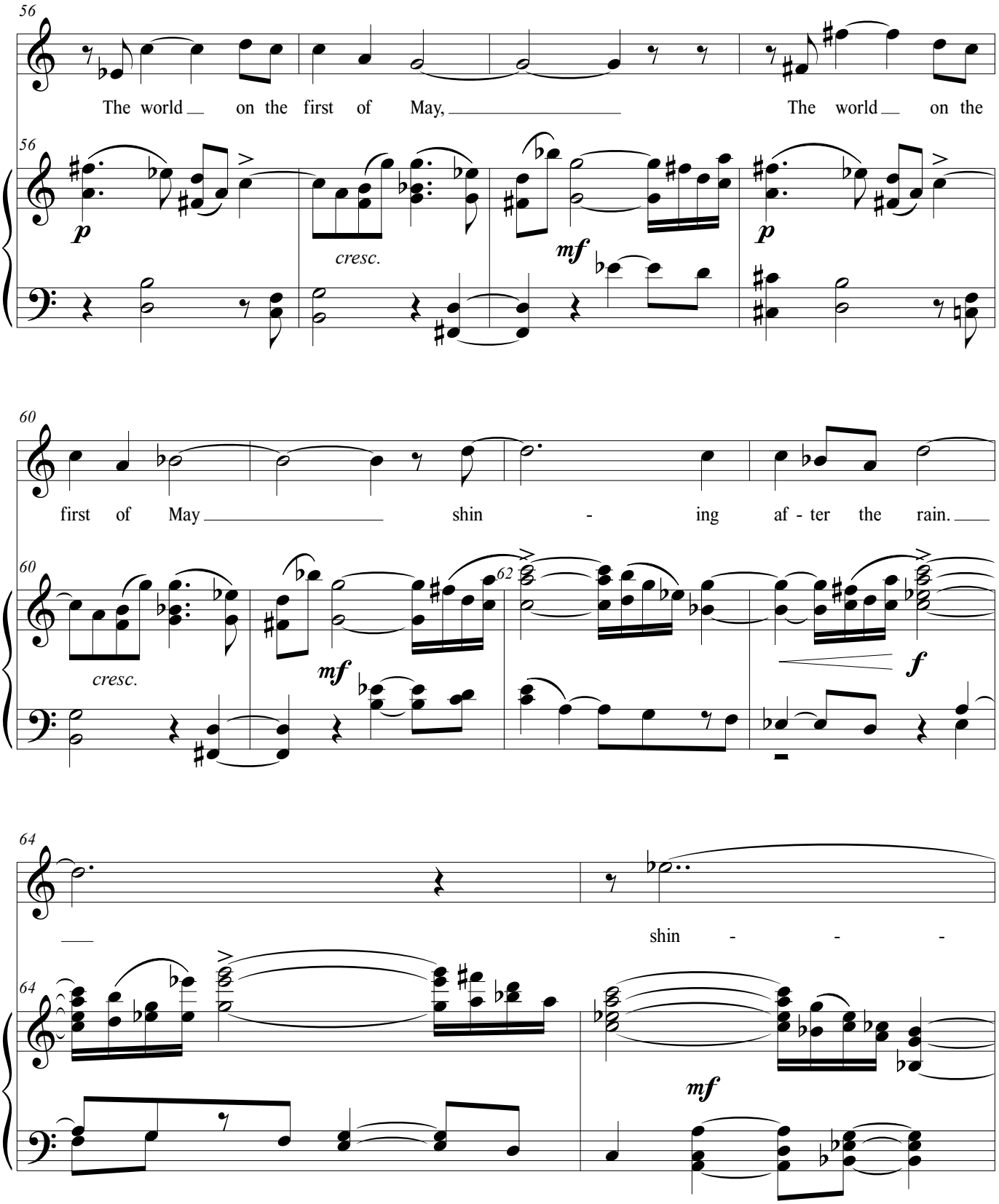


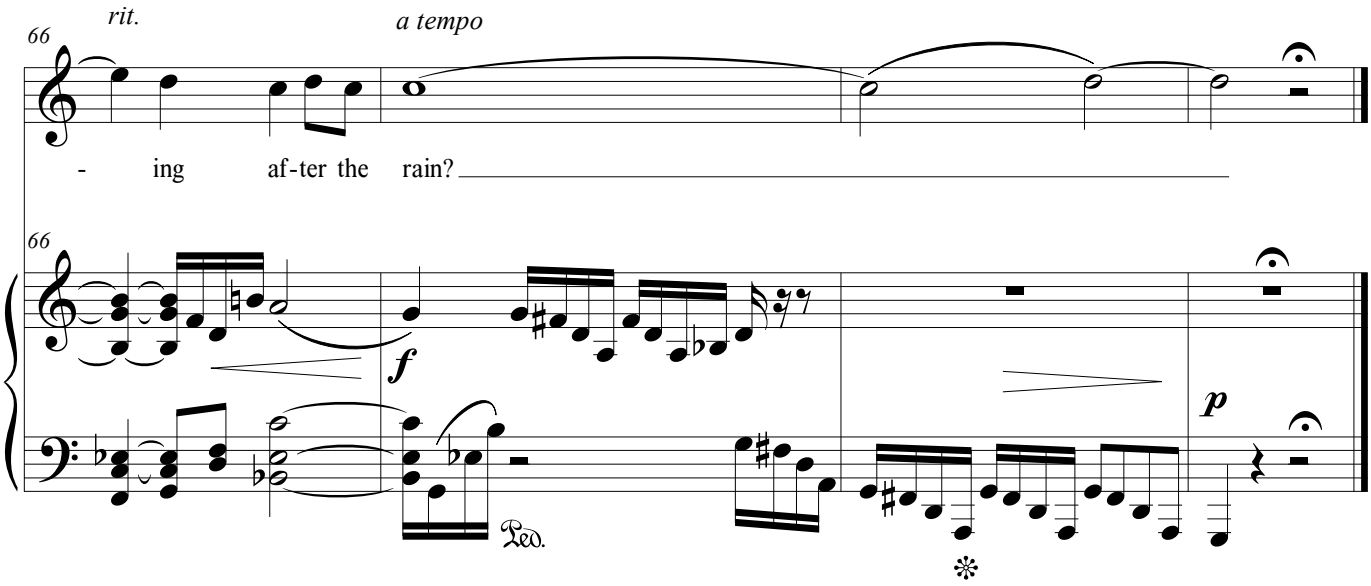

15
The smell of wild wet earth is
15
f
p
19
ev' - ry where,
19
p
cresc.
Ped.
21
Red small leaves of the
21
Simile
f


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


56
The world on the first of May, The world on the
56
p
cresc.
mf
p
60
first of May shin - ing af - ter the rain.
60
cresc.
mf
62
f
64
shin - - -
64
mf


66
rit.
a tempo
- ing af-ter the rain?
66
f
p
Ped.

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

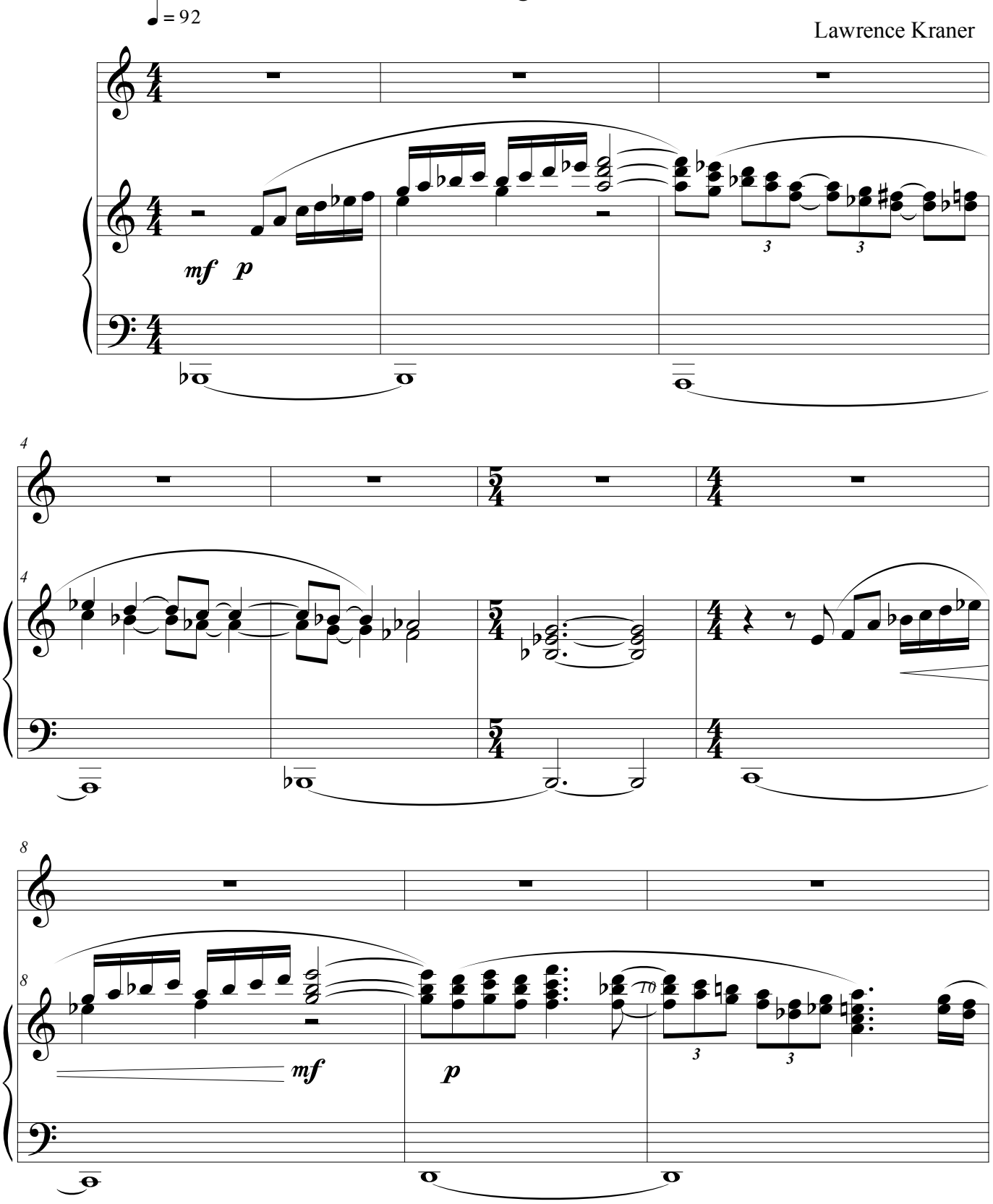
Translation by the composer

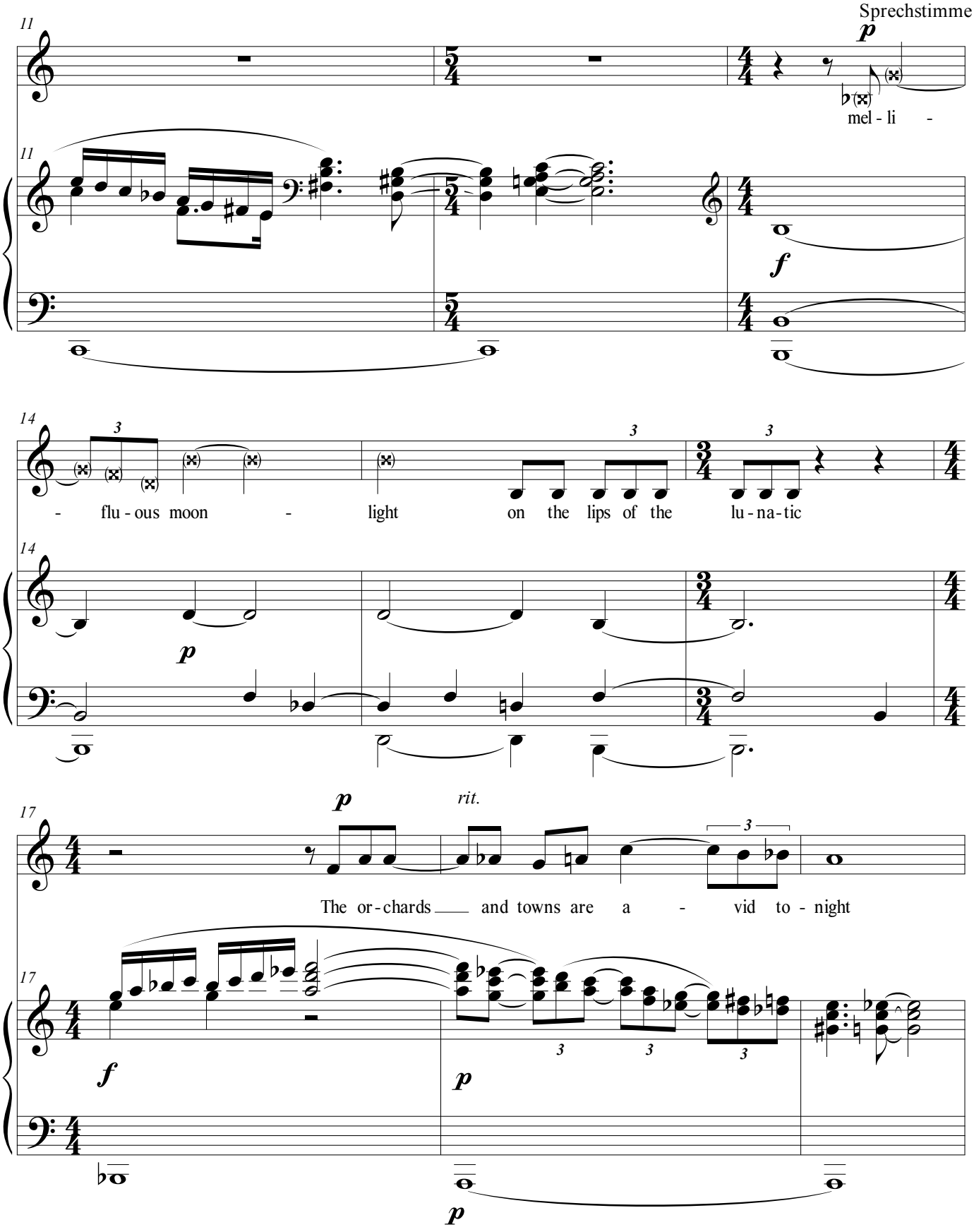
Voice range: B♭3 - F5
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration 3:25

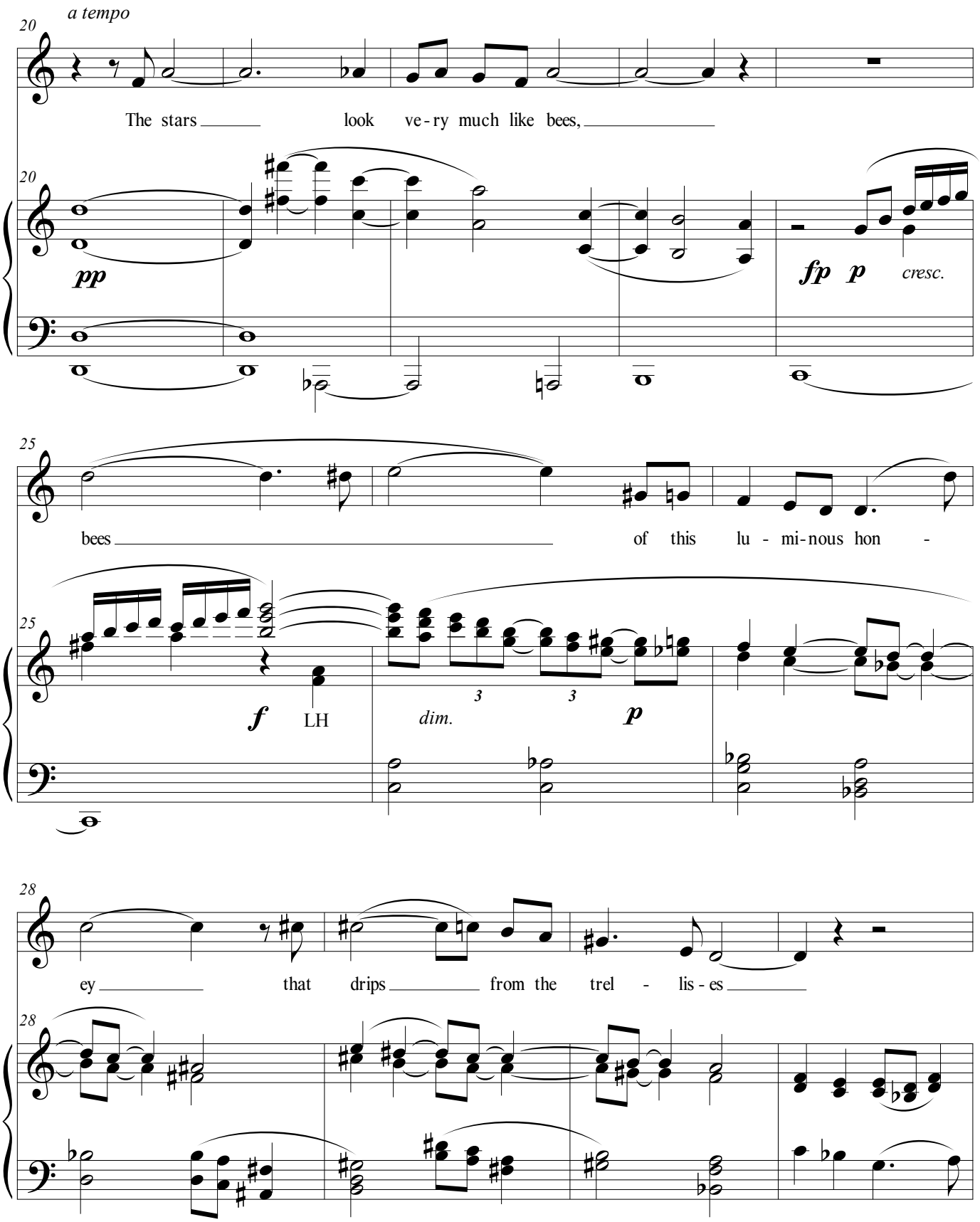
Composed 2020

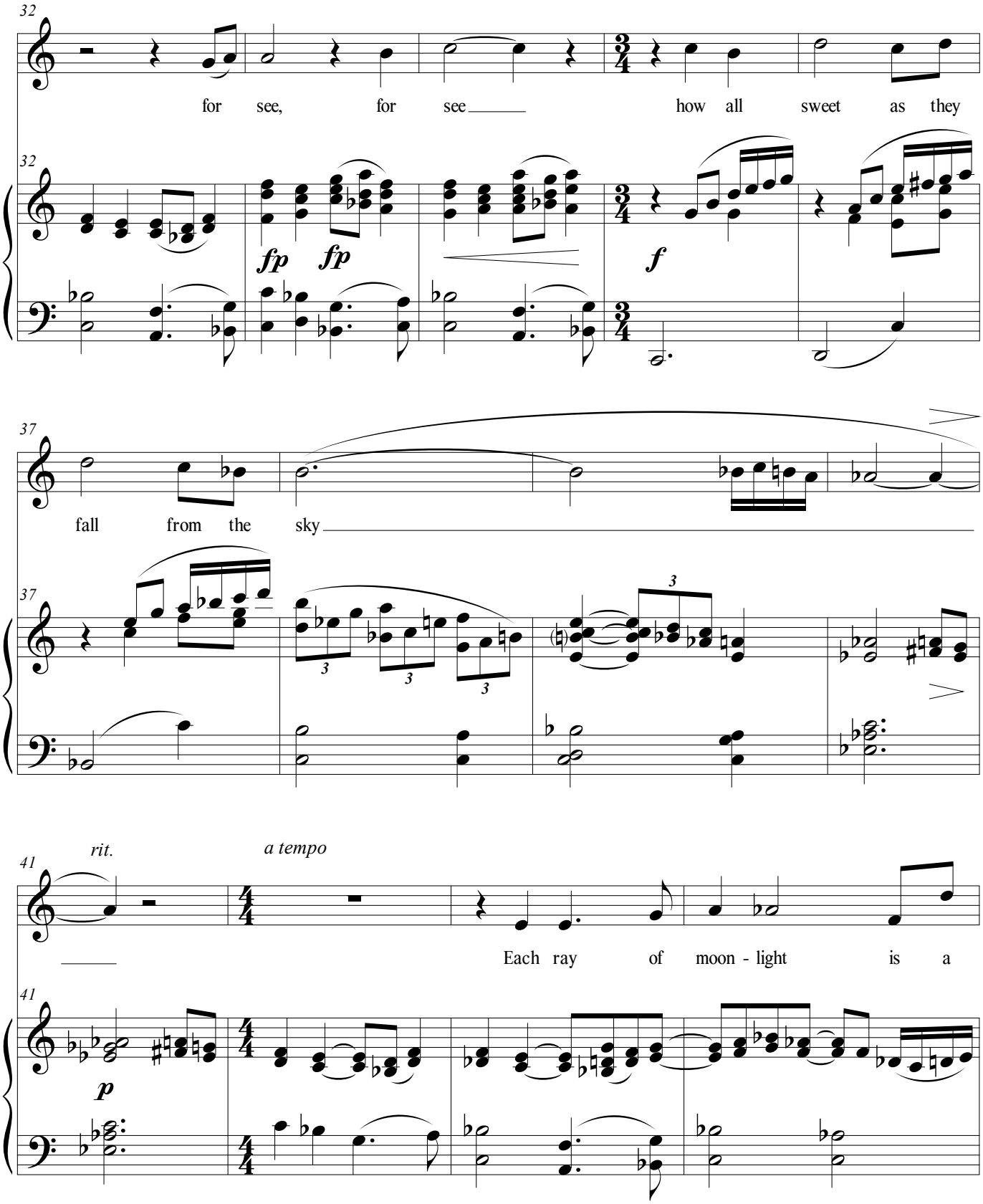
Moonlight

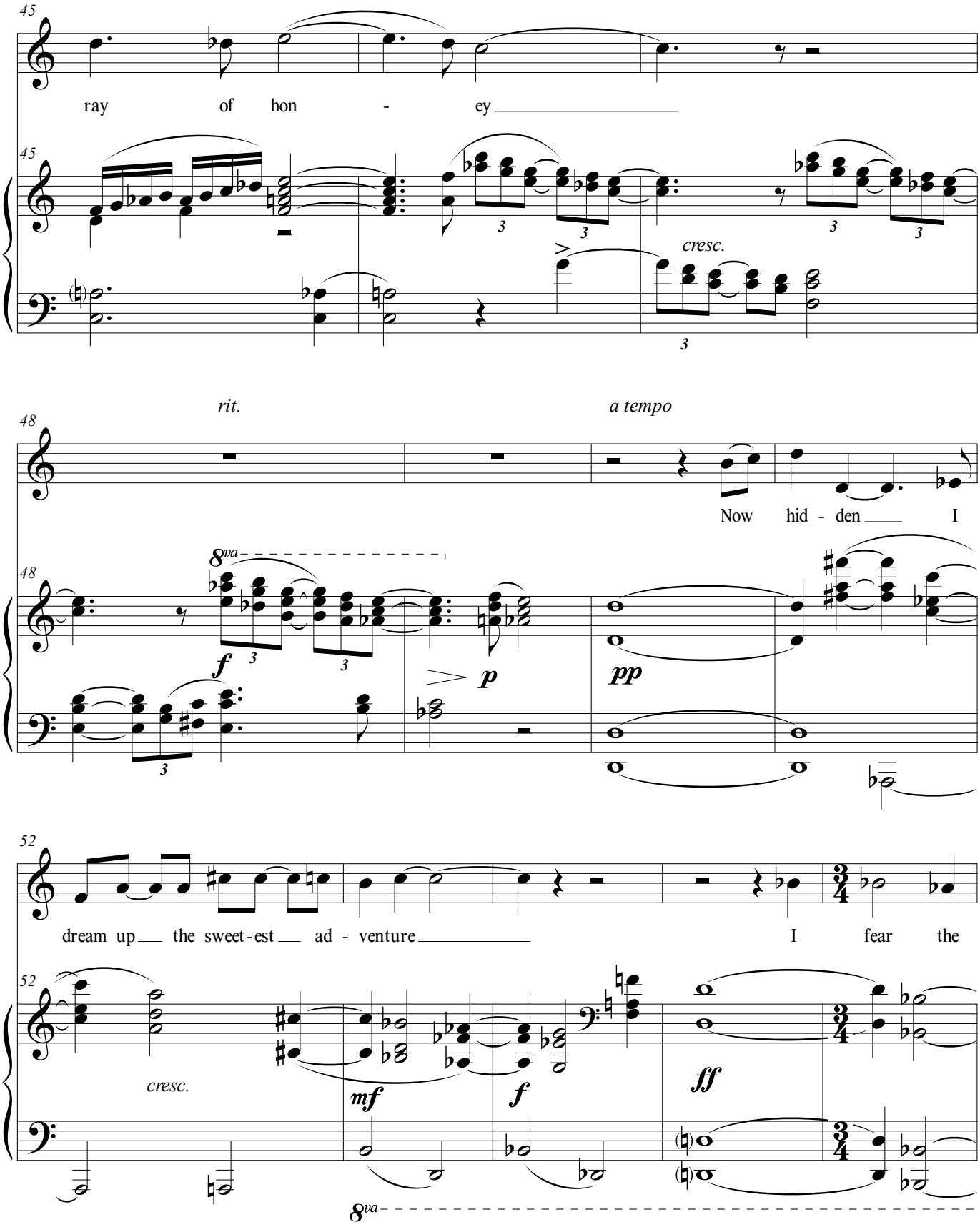
Lawrence Kraner

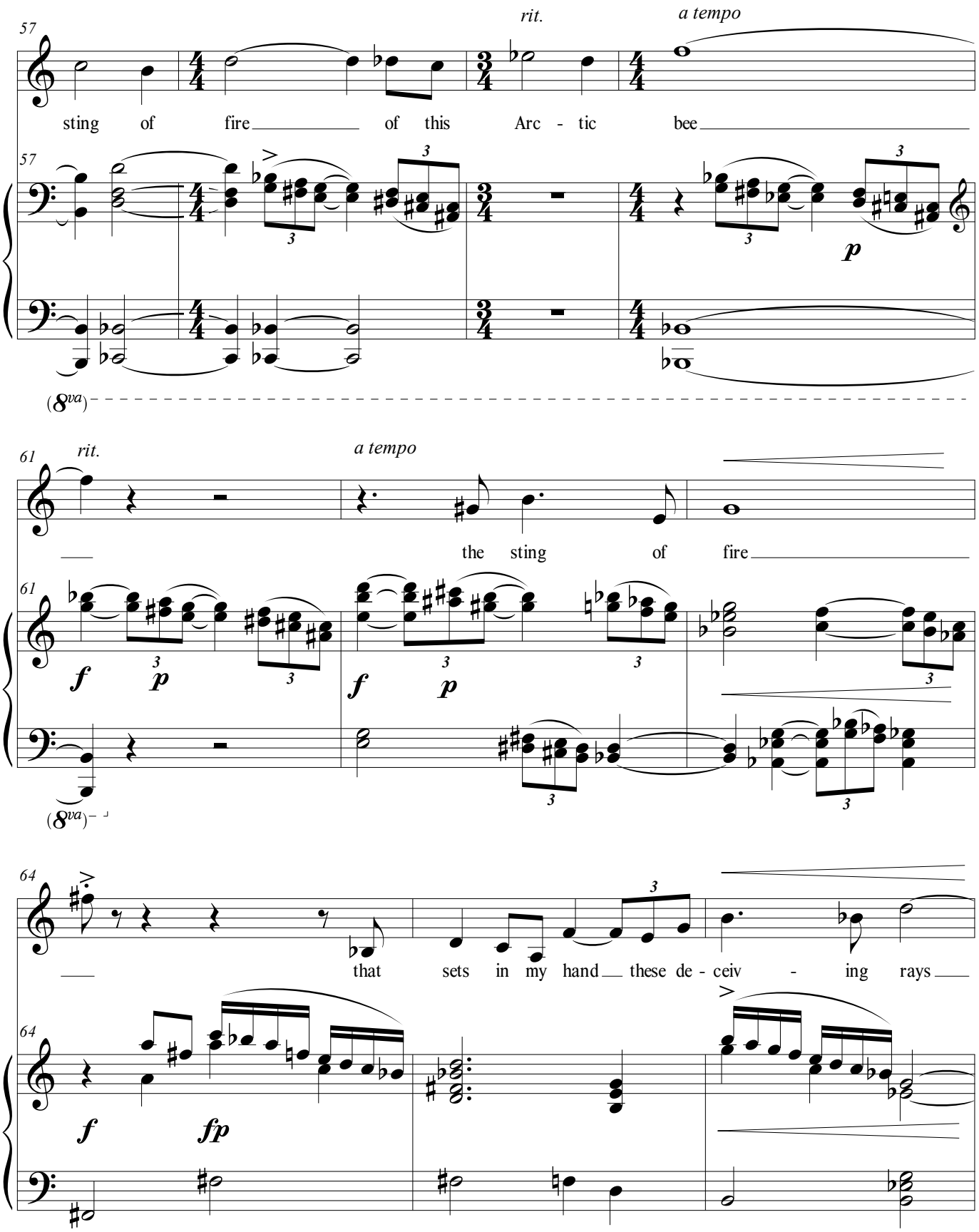


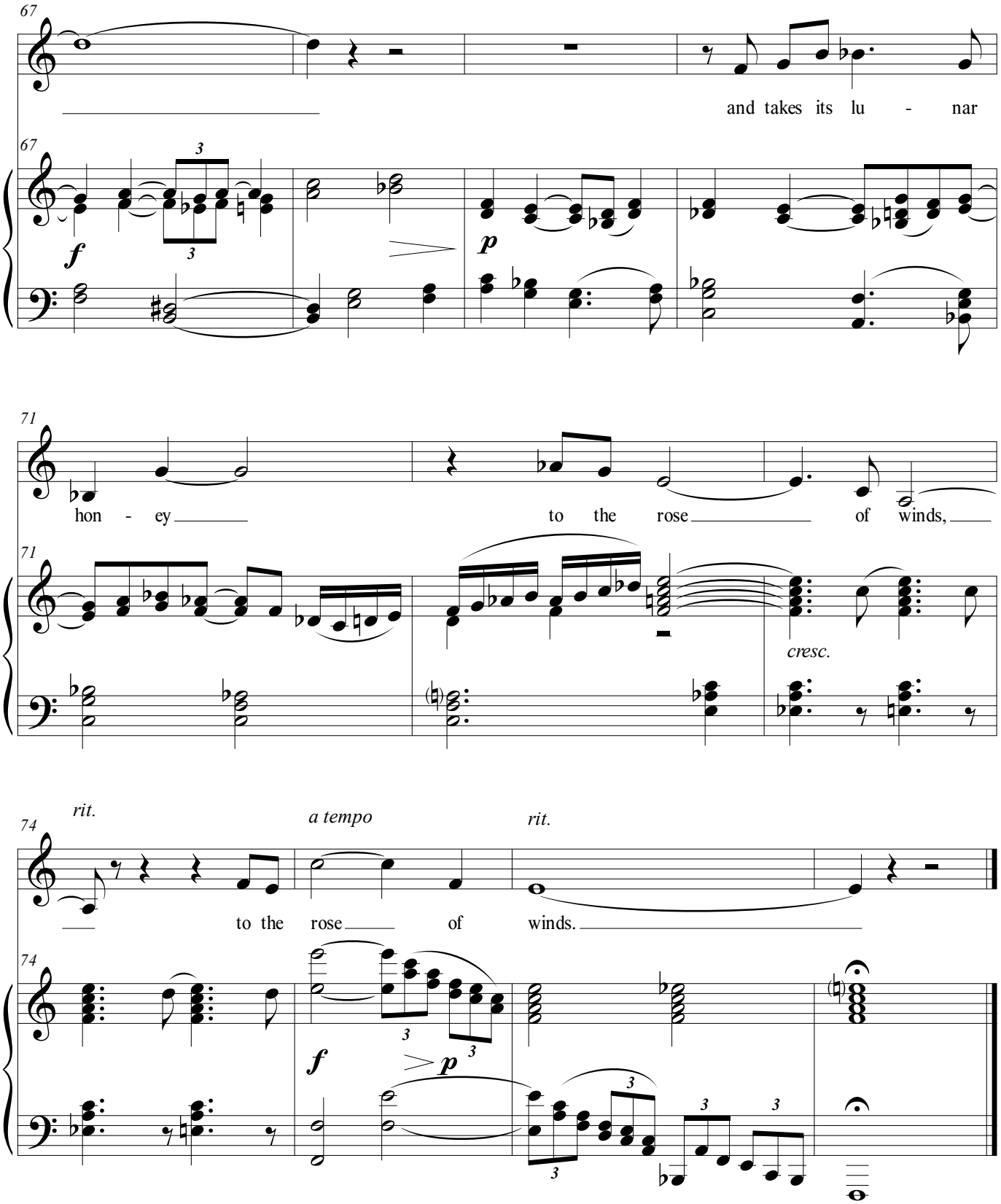

Sprechstimme
11
p
mel - li -
11
f
14
3
- flu - ous moon - light on the lips of the lu - na - tic
14
p
17
p
rit.
The or - chards and towns are a - vid to - night
17
f
p
p


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
rit.
a tempo
41
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
57
p
(8va)
61
rit.
a tempo
the sting of fire
61
f
p
f
p
(8va)
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
rit.
to the rose
of winds.
74
f
p

On the Way

Mezzo Soprano

The trees fret fitfully and twist,
  Shutters rattle and carpets heave,
  Slime is the dust of yestereve,
    And in the streaming mist
Fishes might seem to fin a passage if they list.

      But to his feet,
      Drawing nigh and nigher
      A hidden seat,
      The fog is sweet
      And the wind a lyre.

  A vacant sameness grays the sky,
  A moisture gathers on each knop
  Of the bramble, rounding to a drop,
    That greets the goer-by
With the cold listless lustre of a dead man's eye.

      But to her sight,
      Drawing nigh and nigher
      Its deep delight,
      The fog is bright
      And the wind a lyre.

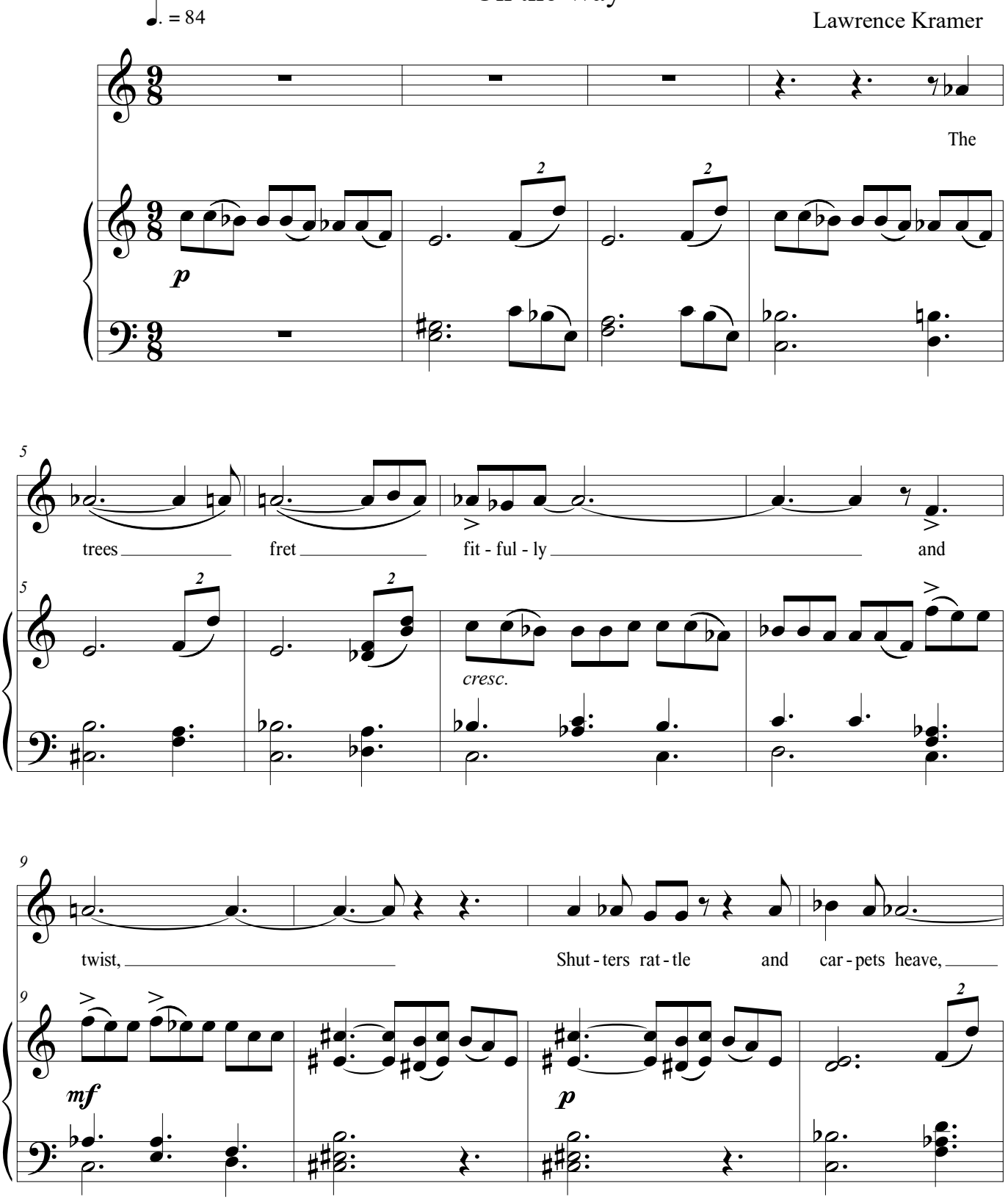
--Thomas Hardy

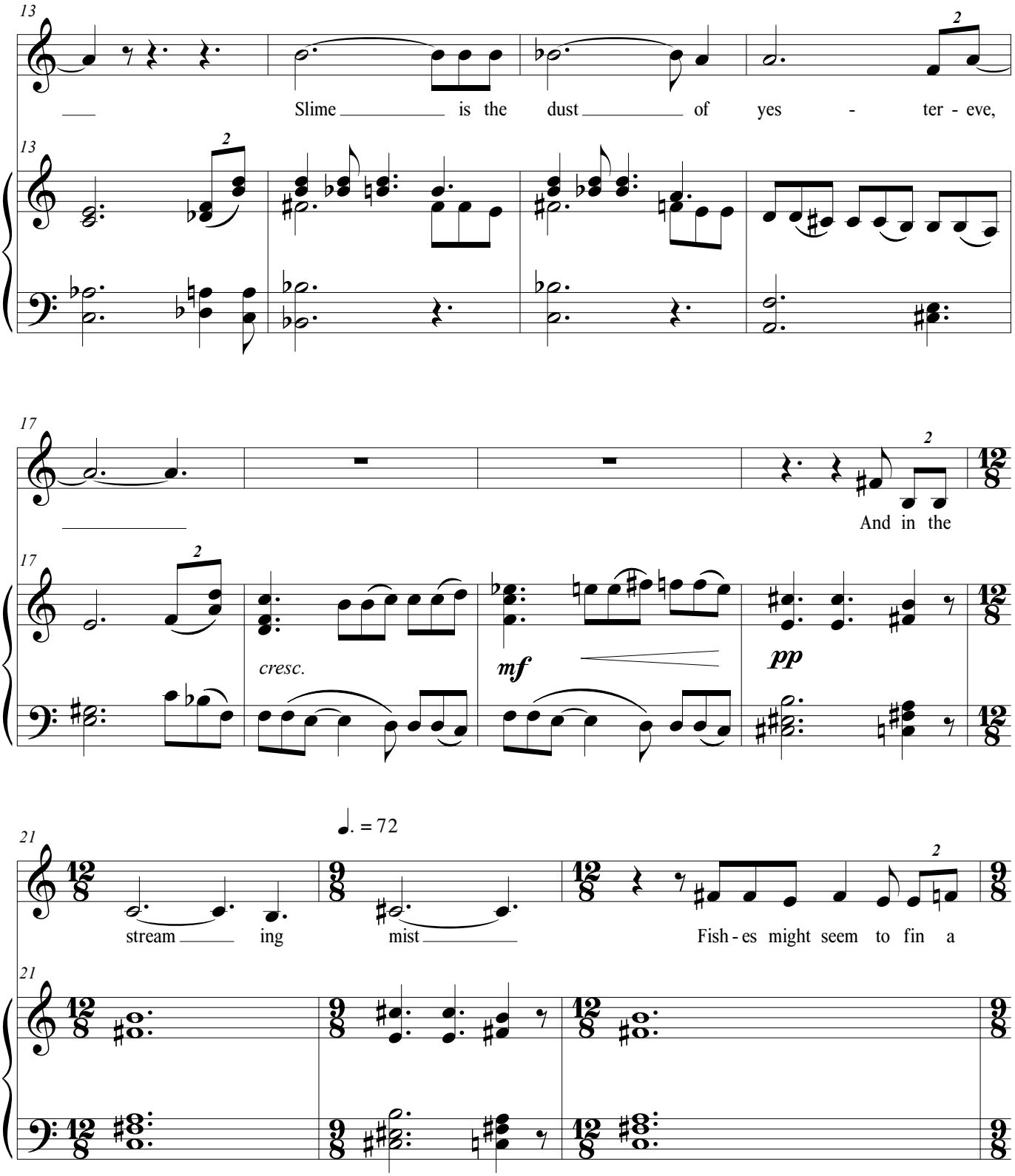
Voice Range: A3 - F5
Tessitura: E4 - D5
Duration 4:15

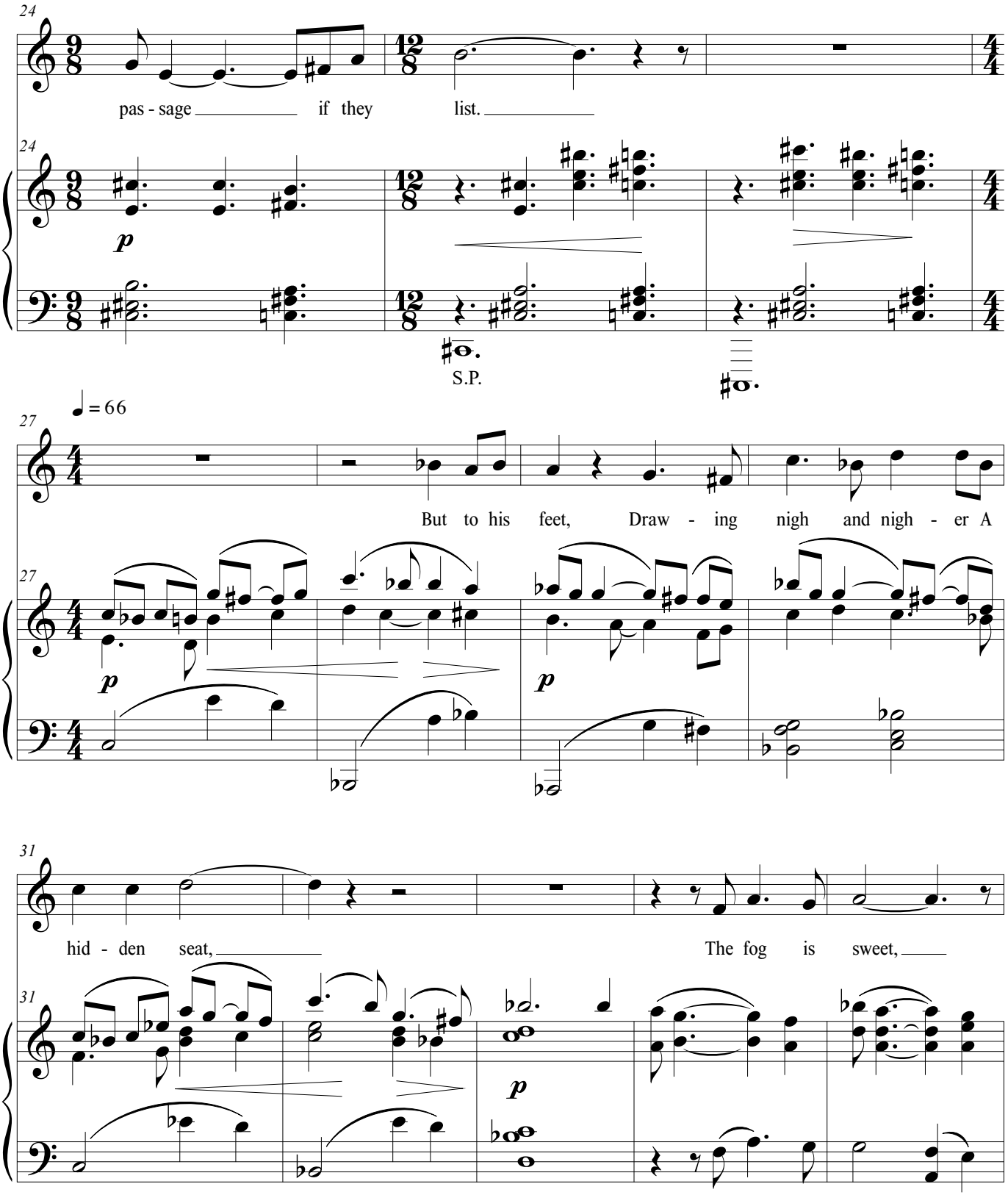
Composed 2021

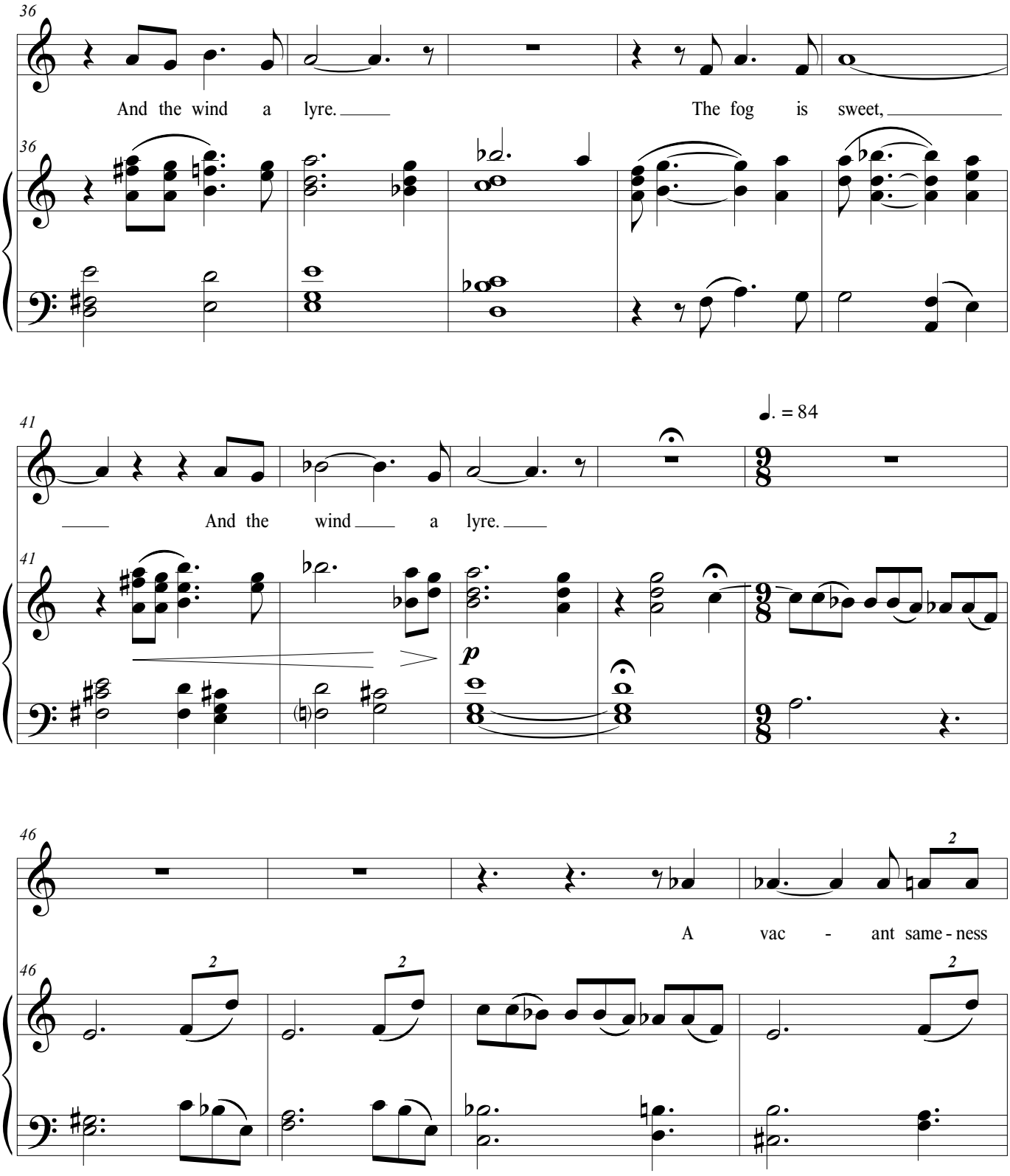
On the Way

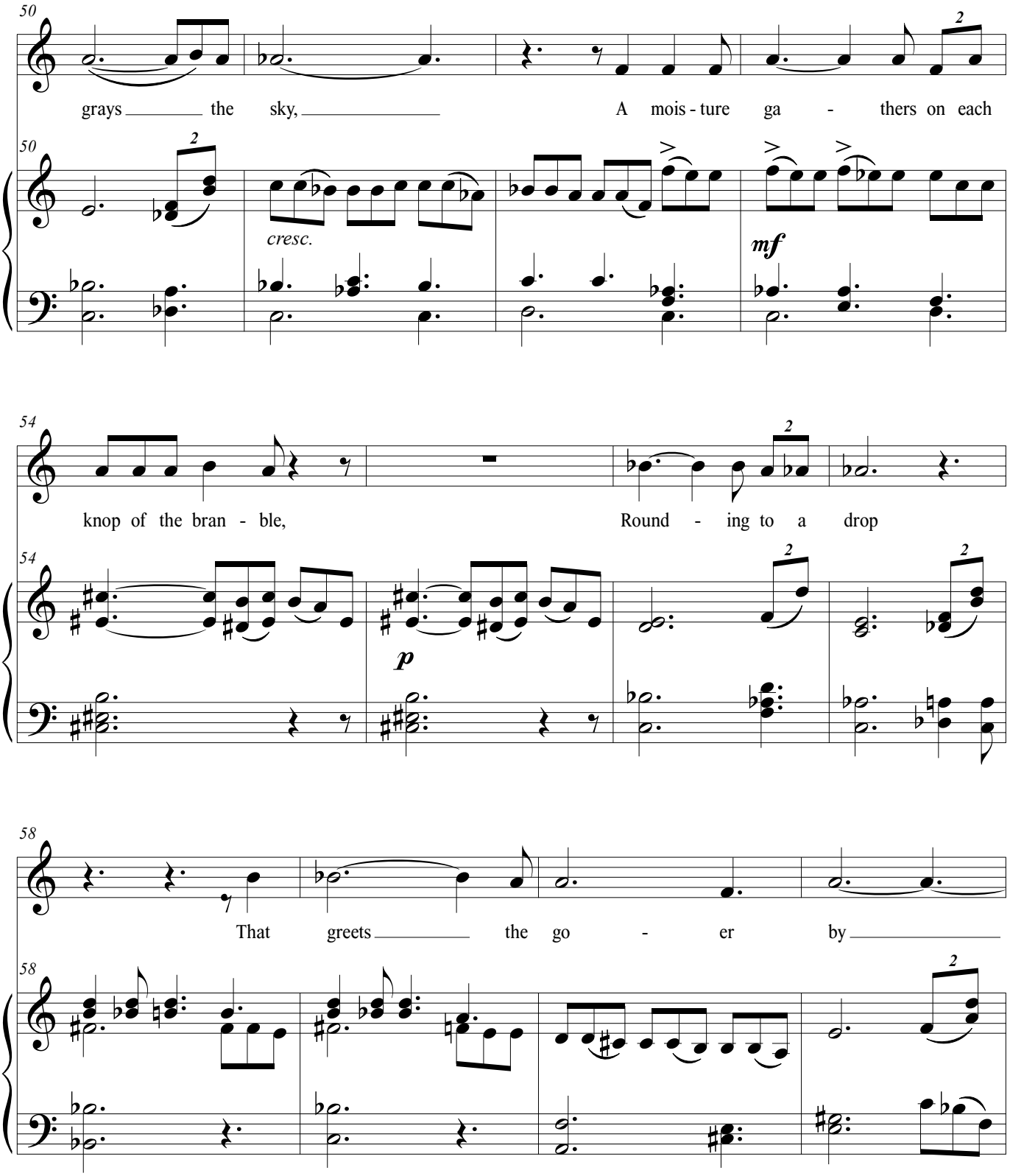
Lawrence Kramer

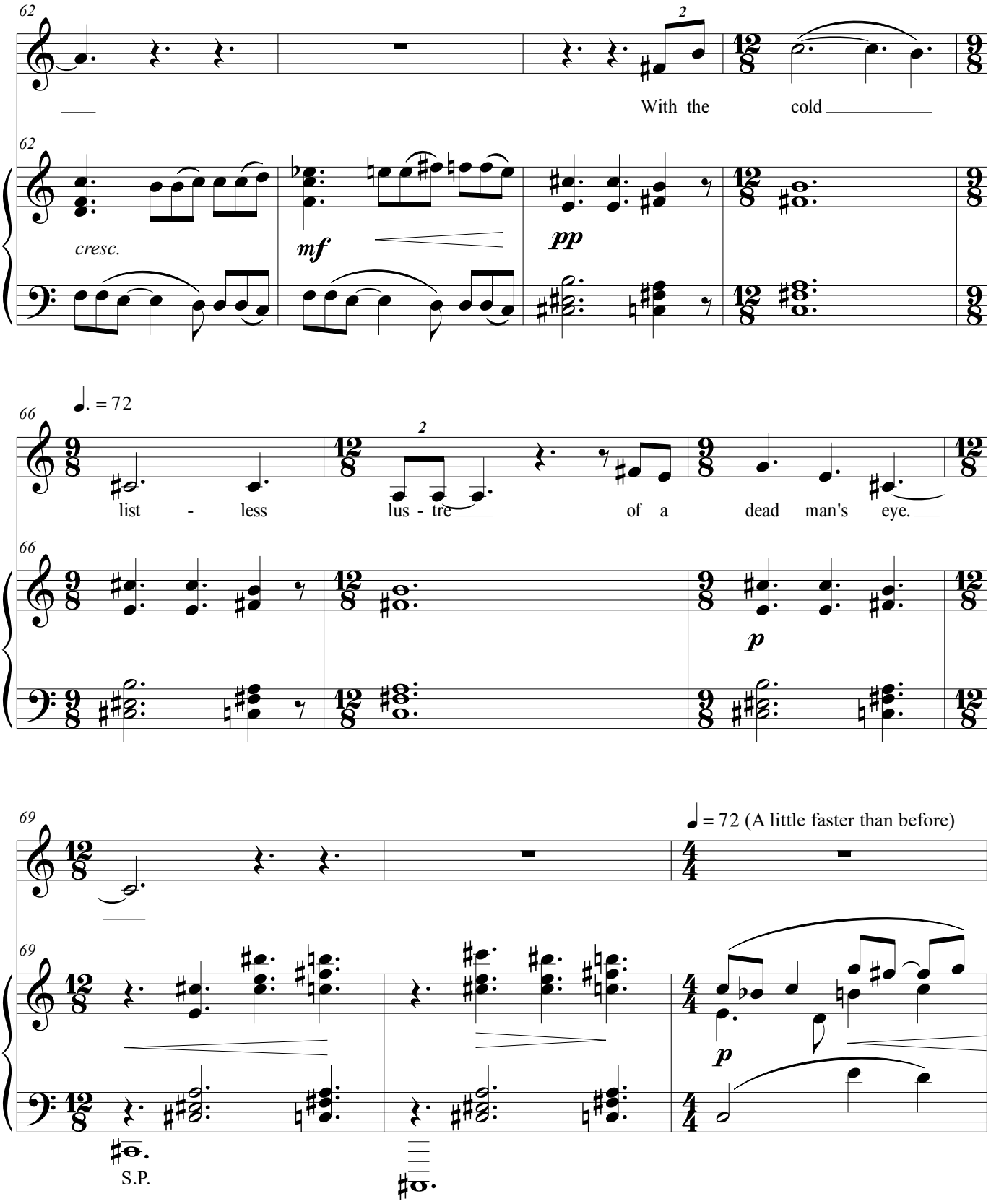


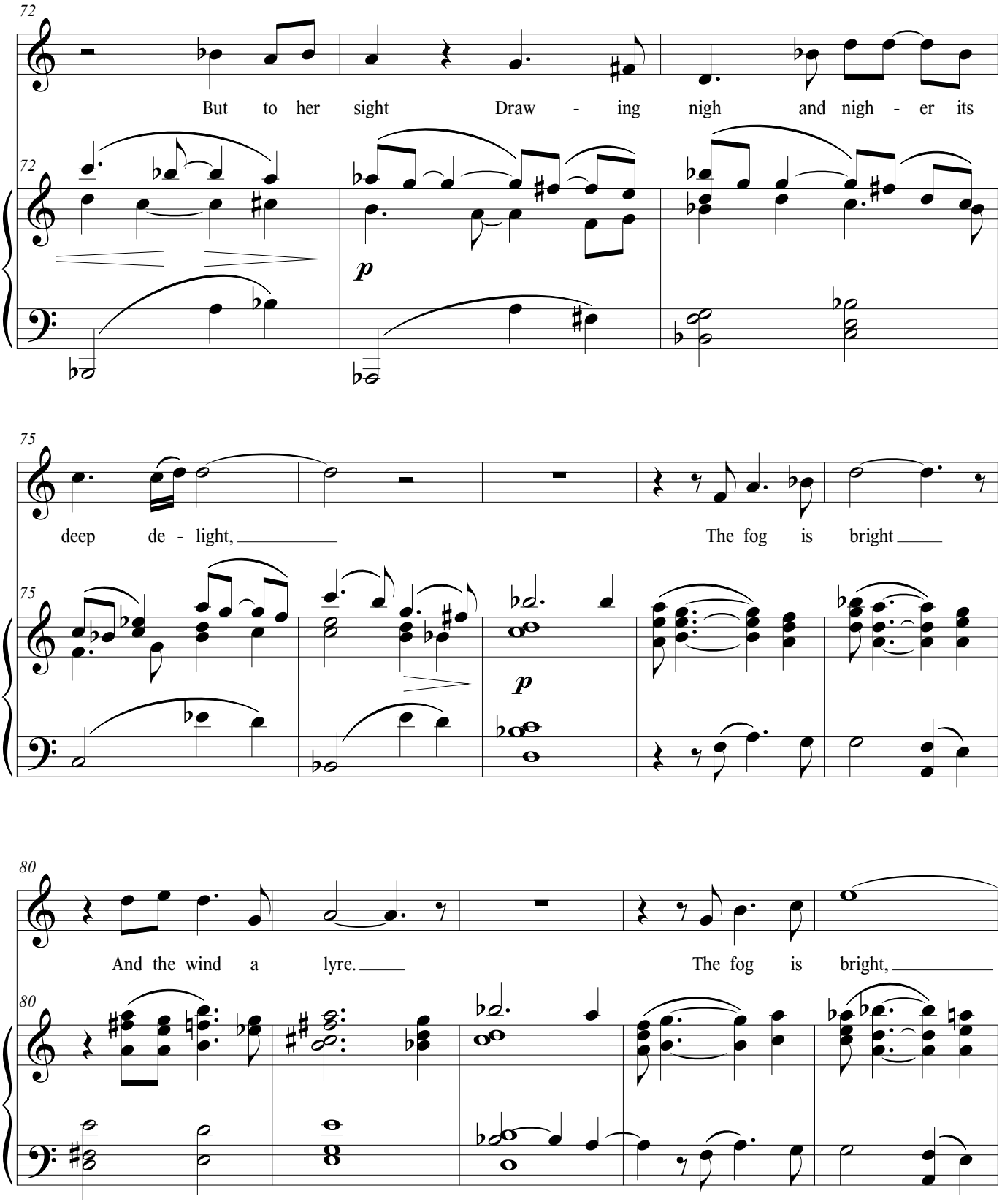

13
Slime is the dust of yes - ter - eve,
17
And in the
cresc.
mf
pp
21
stream ing mist
Fish - es might seem to fin a

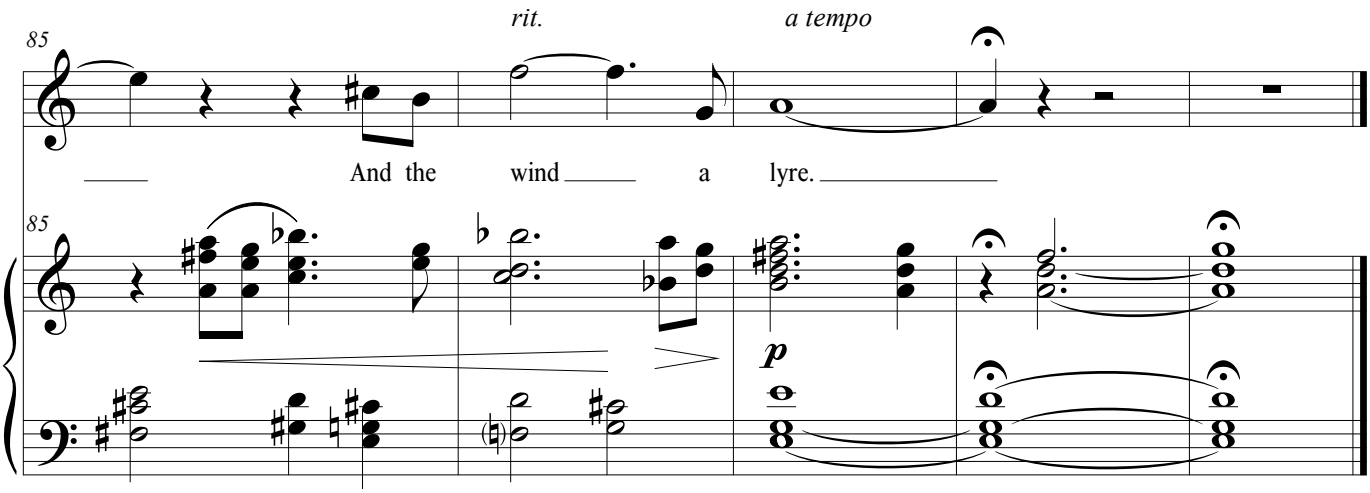

24
pas - sage if they list.
24
p
S.P.
27
♩ = 66
But to his feet, Draw - ing nigh and nigh - er A
27
p
p
31
hid - den seat, The fog is sweet,
31
p


36
And the wind a lyre.
The fog is sweet,
41
And the wind a lyre.
♩. = 84
p
46
A vac - ant same - ness
2


50
grays the sky, A mois - ture ga - thers on each
cresc.
mf
54
knop of the bran - ble, Round - ing to a drop
p
58
That greets the go - er by


62
With the cold
cresc.
mf
pp
66
♩. = 72
list - less lus - tre of a dead man's eye.
p
69
♩ = 72 (A little faster than before)
p
S.P.


72
But to her sight Draw - ing nigh and nigh - er its
72
p
75
deep de - light, The fog is bright
75
p
80
And the wind a lyre. The fog is bright,
80


85
rit.
a tempo
And the wind a lyre.
85
p

Plaza Santa Ana

Medium Voice

Rain slants on an empty square.

Across the expanse of cobbles
rides an old shawl-muffled woman
black on a donkey with pert ears
that places carefully
his tiny sharp hoofs
as if the cobbles were eggs.

The paniers are full
of bright green lettuces
and purple cabbages,
and shining red bellshaped peppers,
dripping, shining, a band in marchtime,
in the grey rain,
in the grey city.

--John Dos Passos

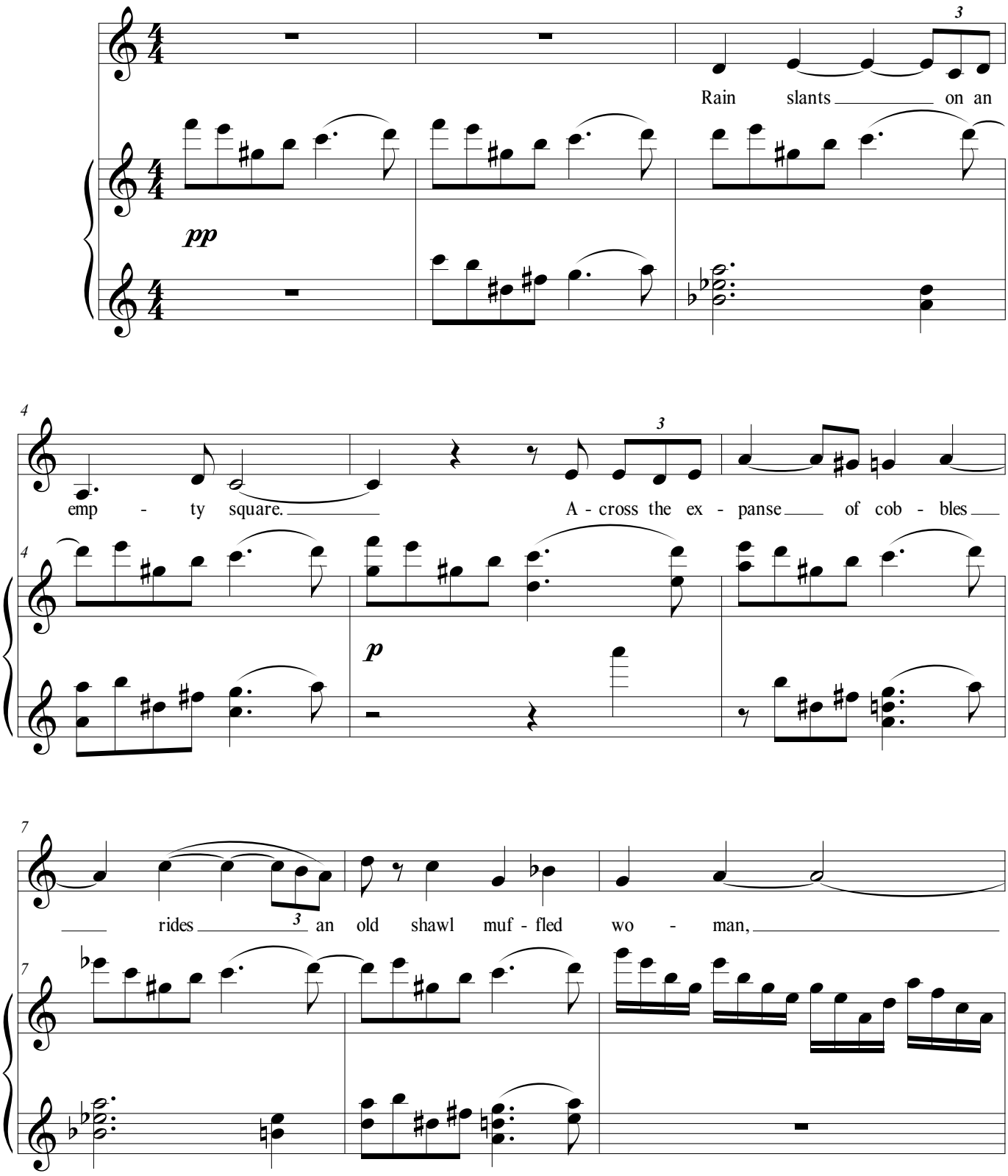
Written pitch range: A3 - E5
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration: 2:45

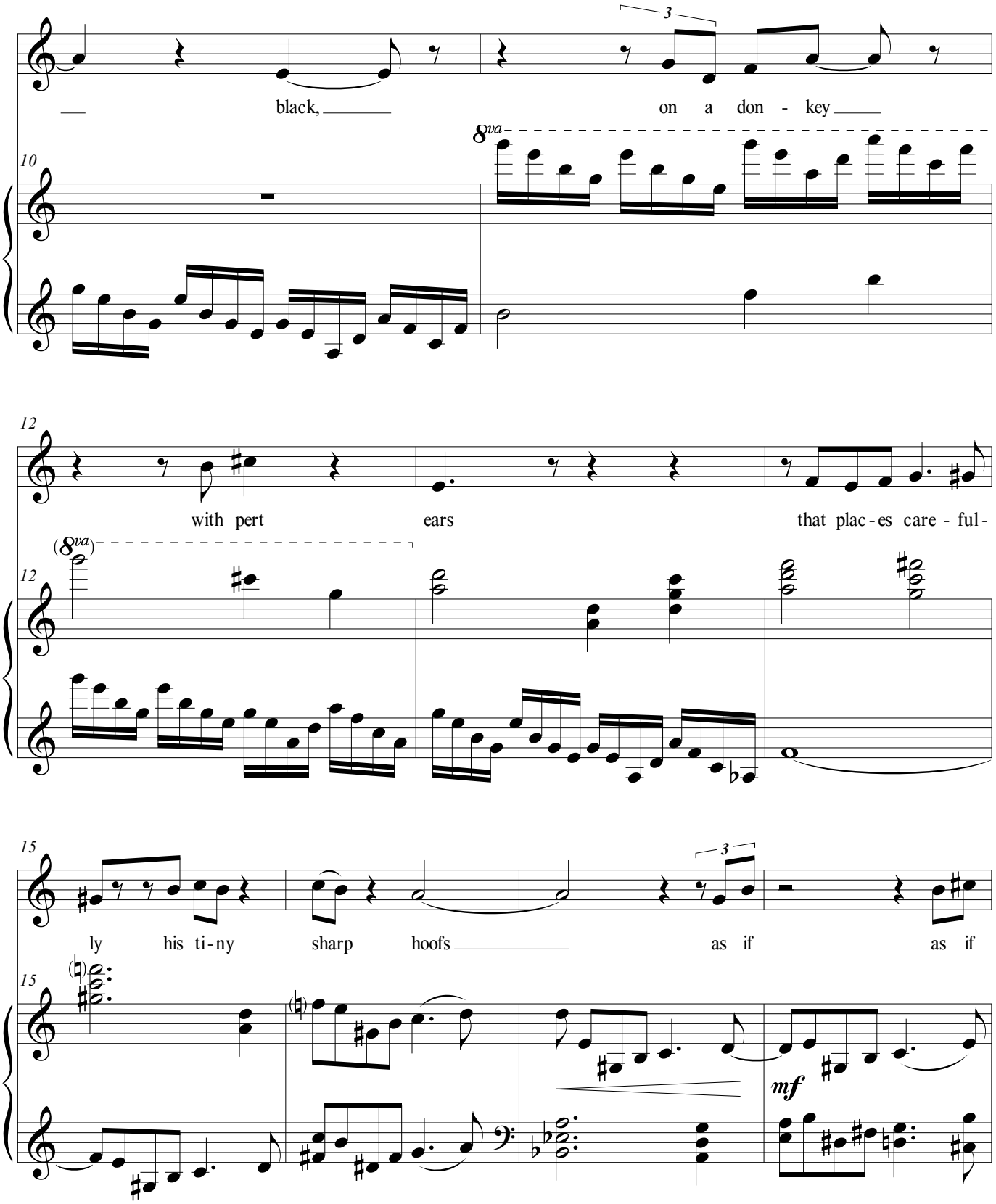
Composed 2018

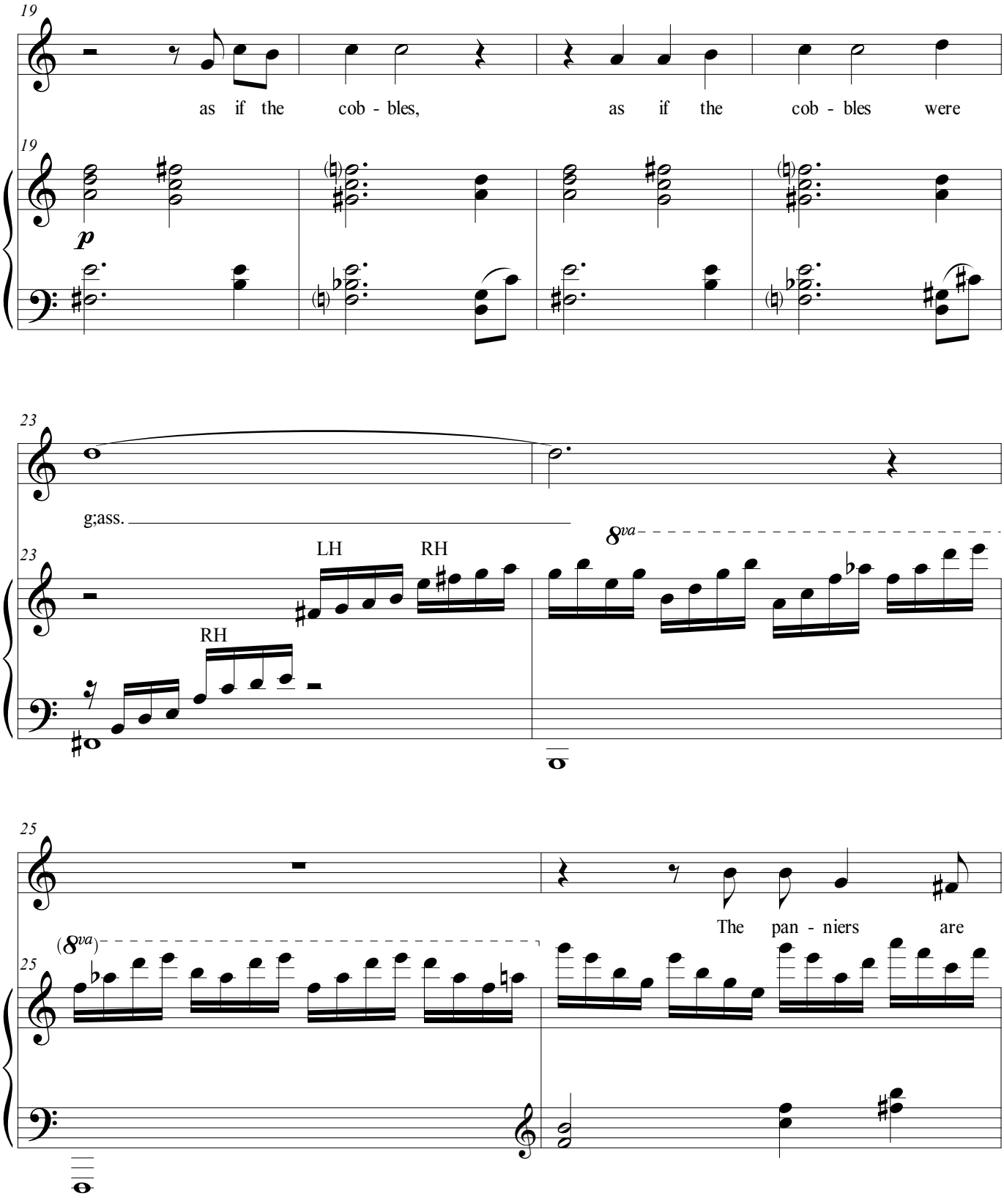
Plaza Santa Ana

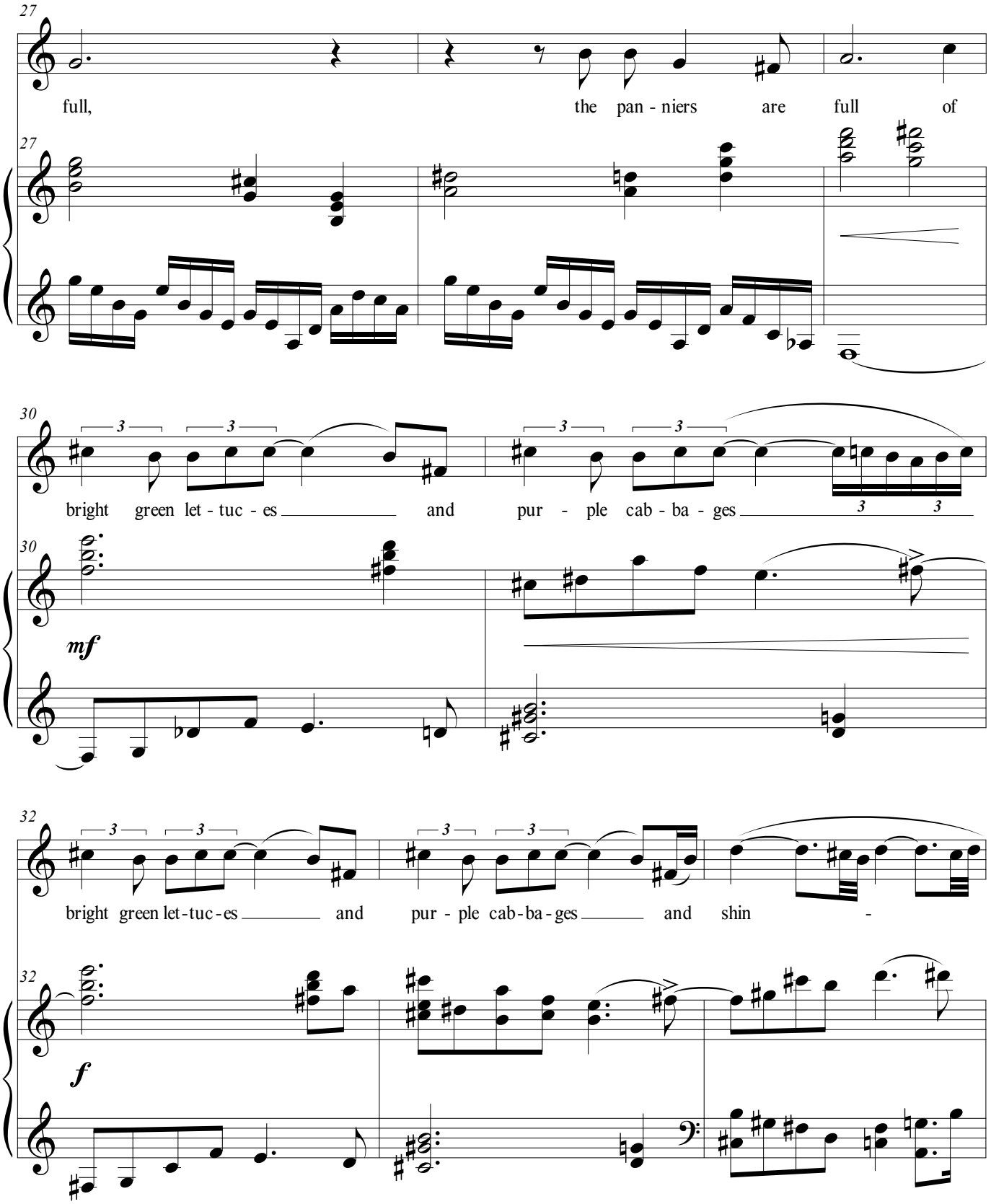
♩ = 80

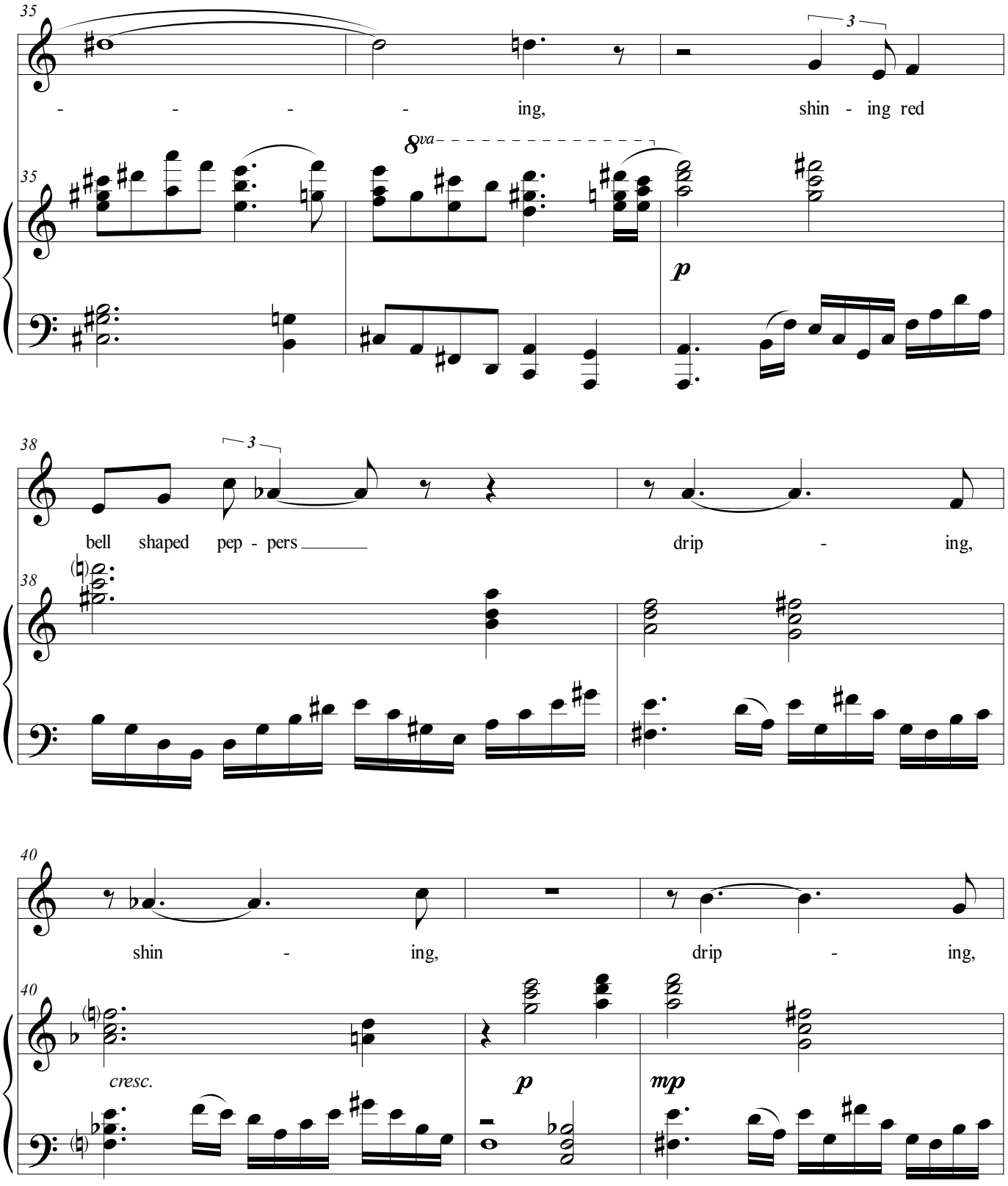
Lawrence Kramer

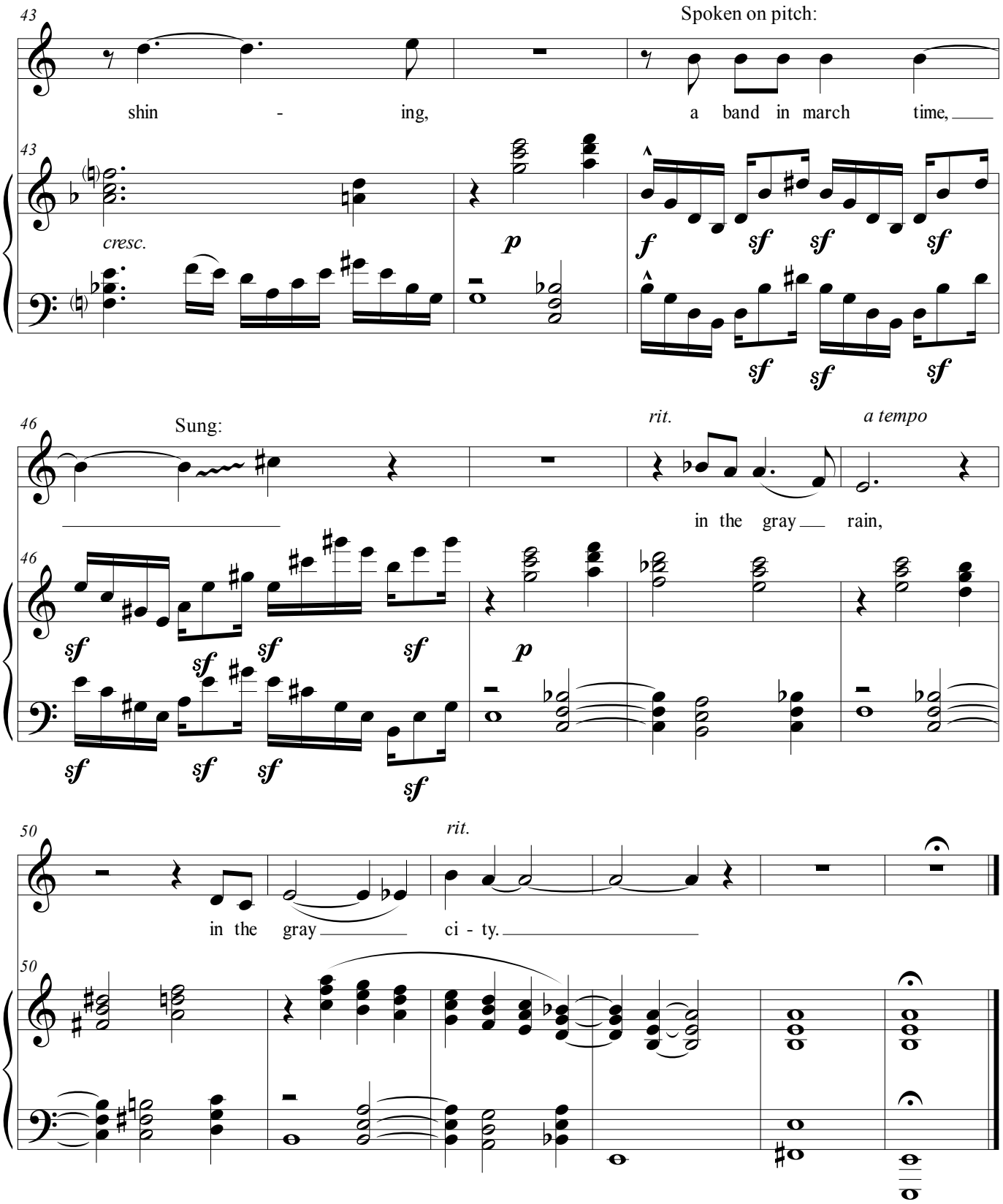



black, on a don - key
8va
10
with pert ears that plac - es care - ful -
(8va)
12
ly his ti - ny sharp hoofs as if as if
15
mf


19
as if the cob - bles, as if the cob - bles were
19
p
23
g;ass.
23
LH
RH
RH
8va
25
The pan - niers are
(8va)
25


27
full,
the pan - niers are full of
27
30
bright green let - tuc - es and pur - ple cab - ba - ges
30
mf
32
bright green let-tuc-es and pur - ple cab-ba-ges and shin -
32
f


35
- - - - ing,
shin - ing red
3
8va
p
38
bell shaped pep - pers
drip - ing,
3
40
shin - ing,
drip - ing,
cresc.
p
mp


43
Spoken on pitch:
shin - ing,
a band in march time,
cresc.
p
f
sf
43
46
Sung:
rit.
a tempo
in the gray rain,
46
50
rit.
in the gray
ci - ty.
50

Range Finding

Medium Voice

The battle rent a cobweb diamond-strung
And cut a flower beside a ground bird's nest
Before it stained a single human breast.
The stricken flower bent double and so hung.
And still the bird revisited her young.
A butterfly its fall had dispossessed
A moment sought in air his flower of rest,
Then lightly stooped to it and fluttering clung.

On the bare upland pasture there had spread
O'ernight 'twixt mullein stalks a wheel of thread
And straining cables wet with silver dew.
A sudden passing bullet shook it dry.
The indwelling spider ran to greet the fly,
But finding nothing, sullenly withdrew.

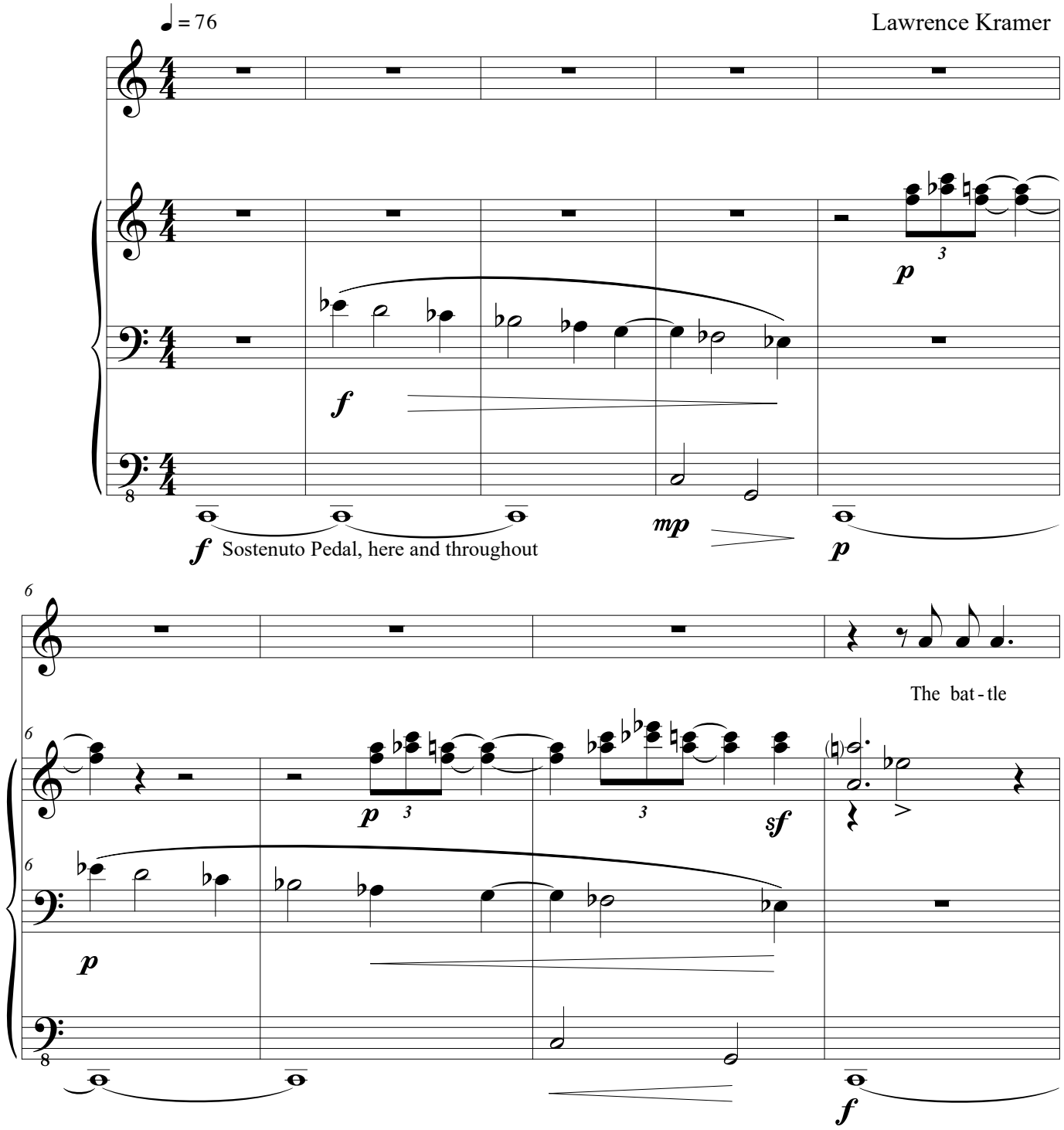
--Robert Frost

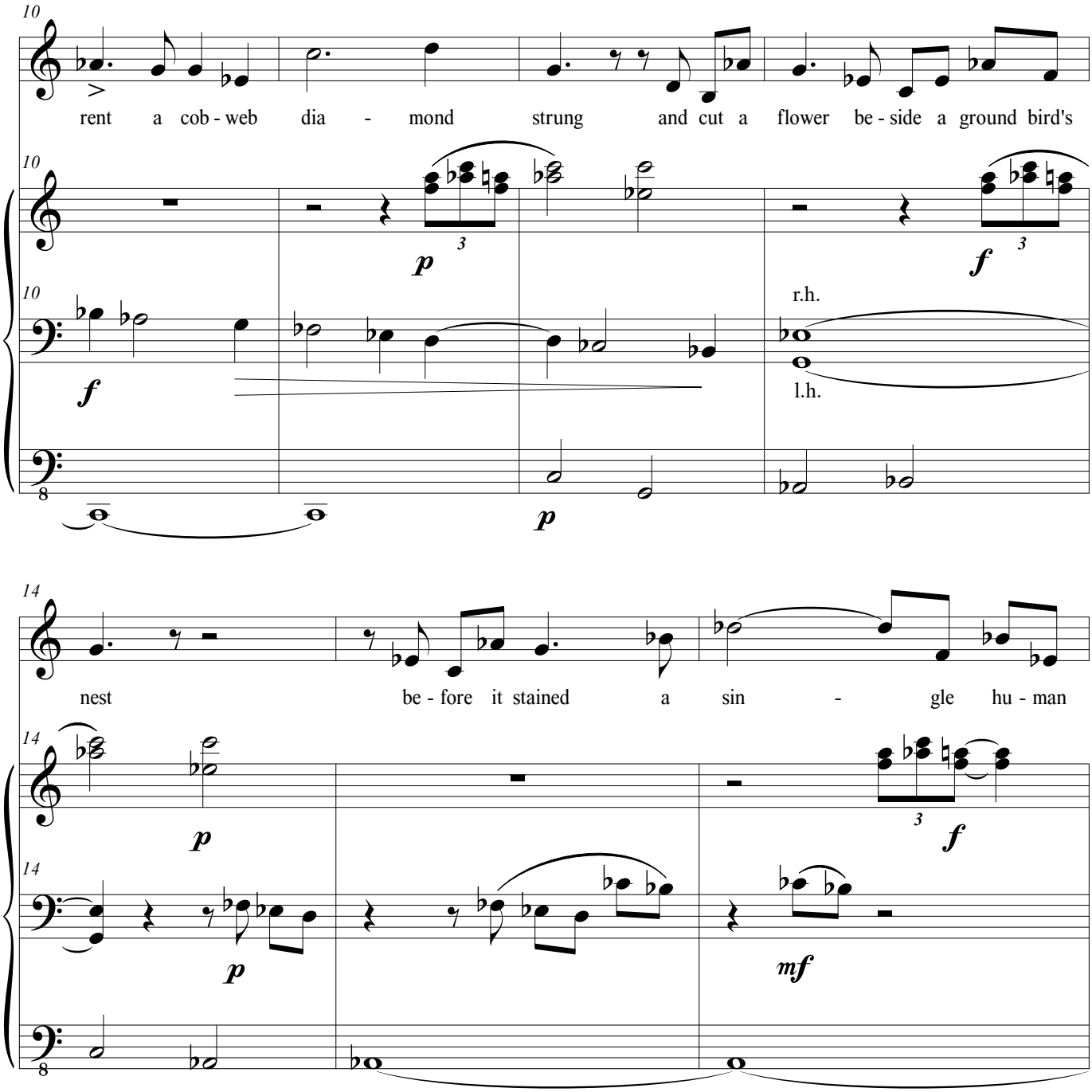
This setting changes the poeticism "O'ernight 'twixt"
to "Between the" in keeping with the otherwise modern
idiom of the poem (first drafted in 1911).

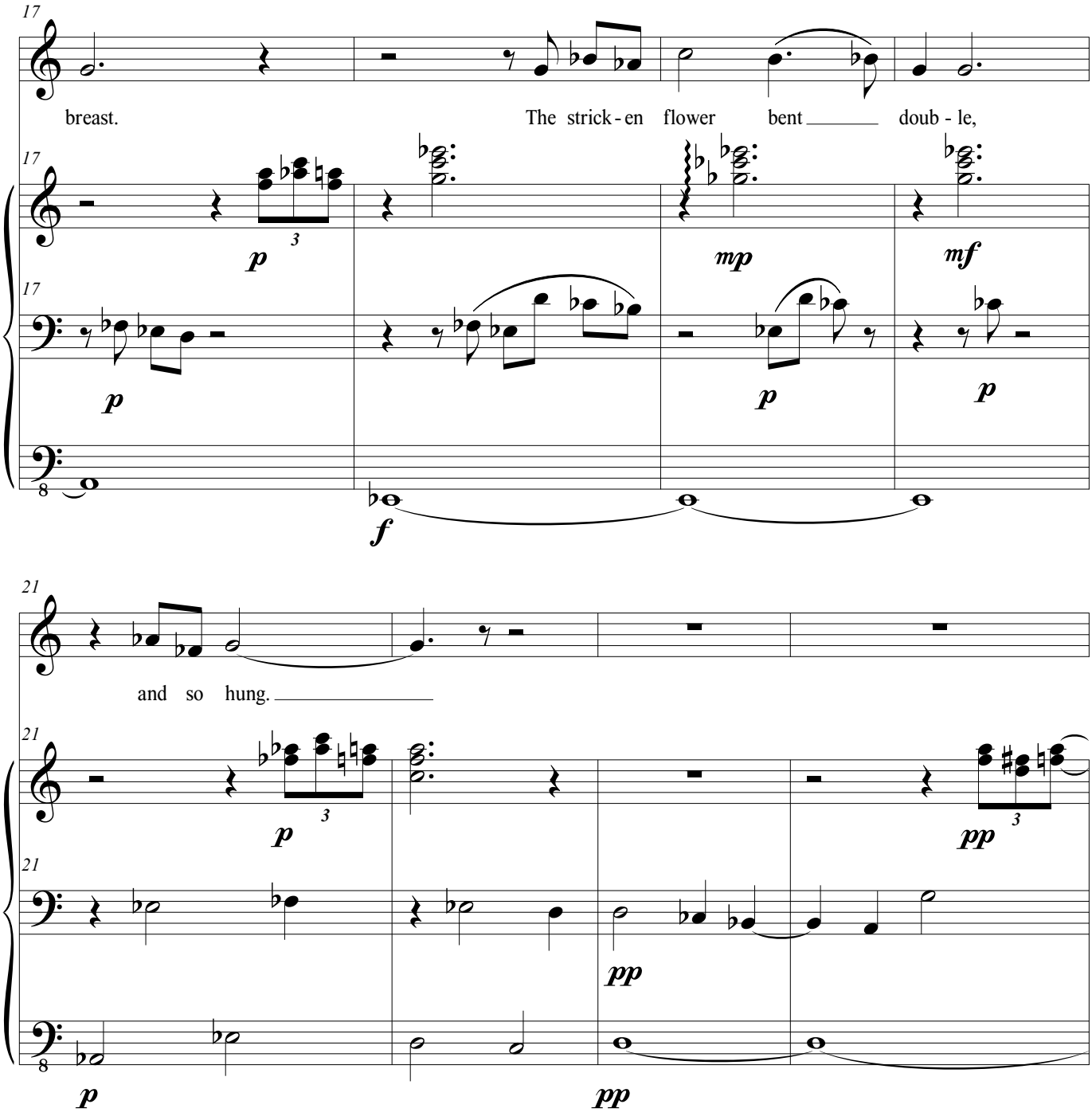
Written voice range: B3-E♭5
Tessitura: E♭4 - D5
Duration: 5:00

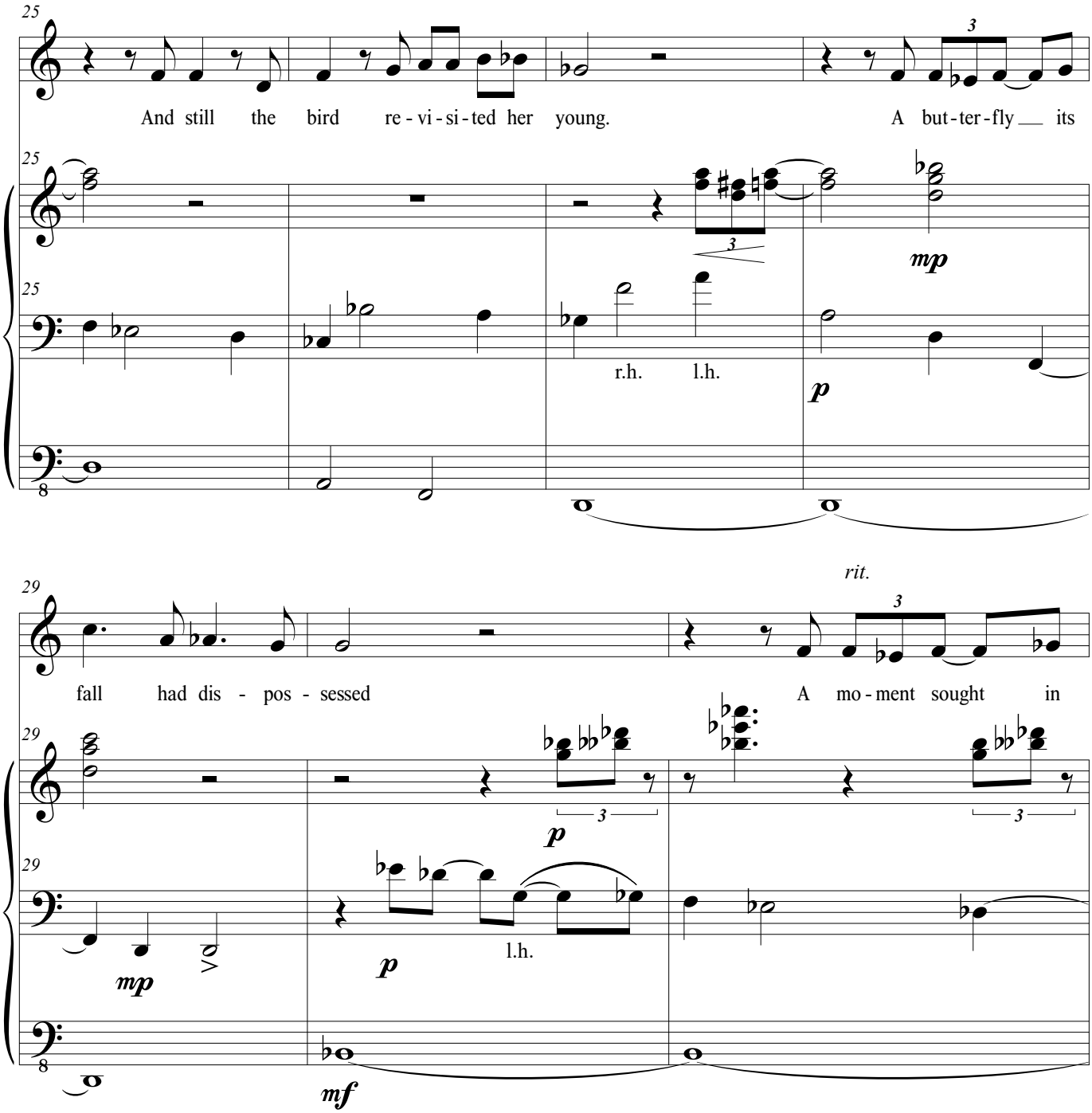
Composed 2016

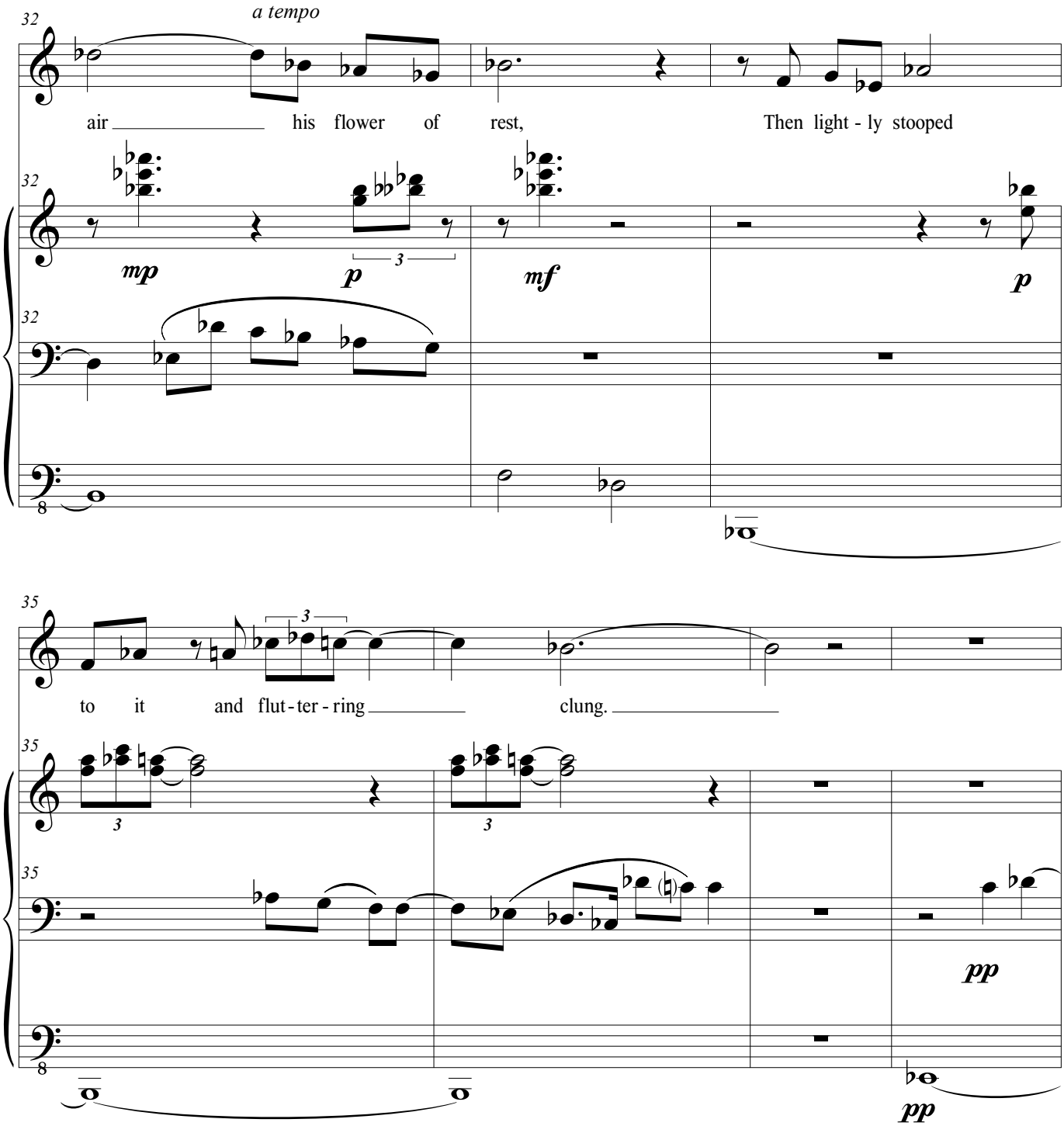
Range Finding

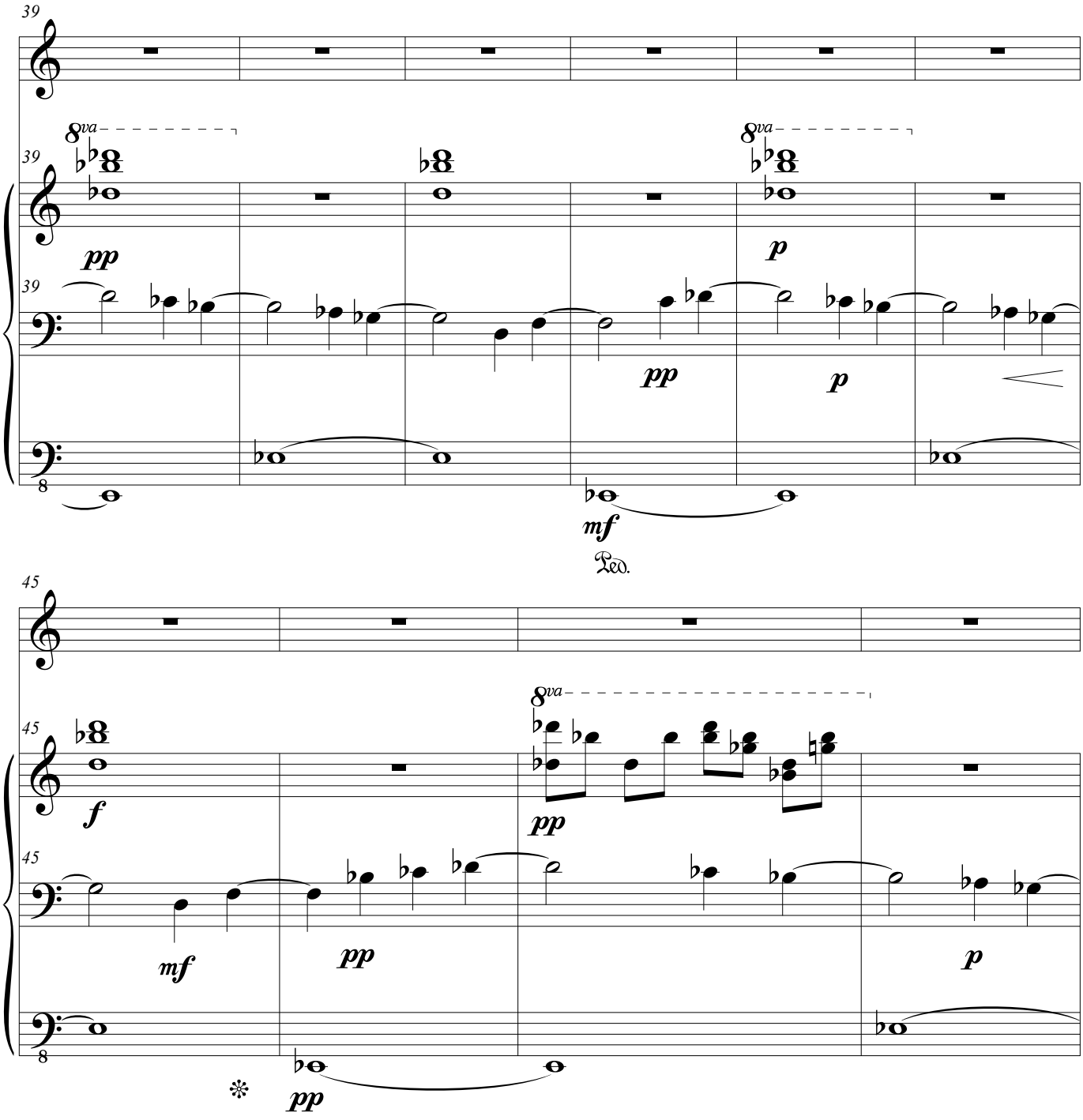


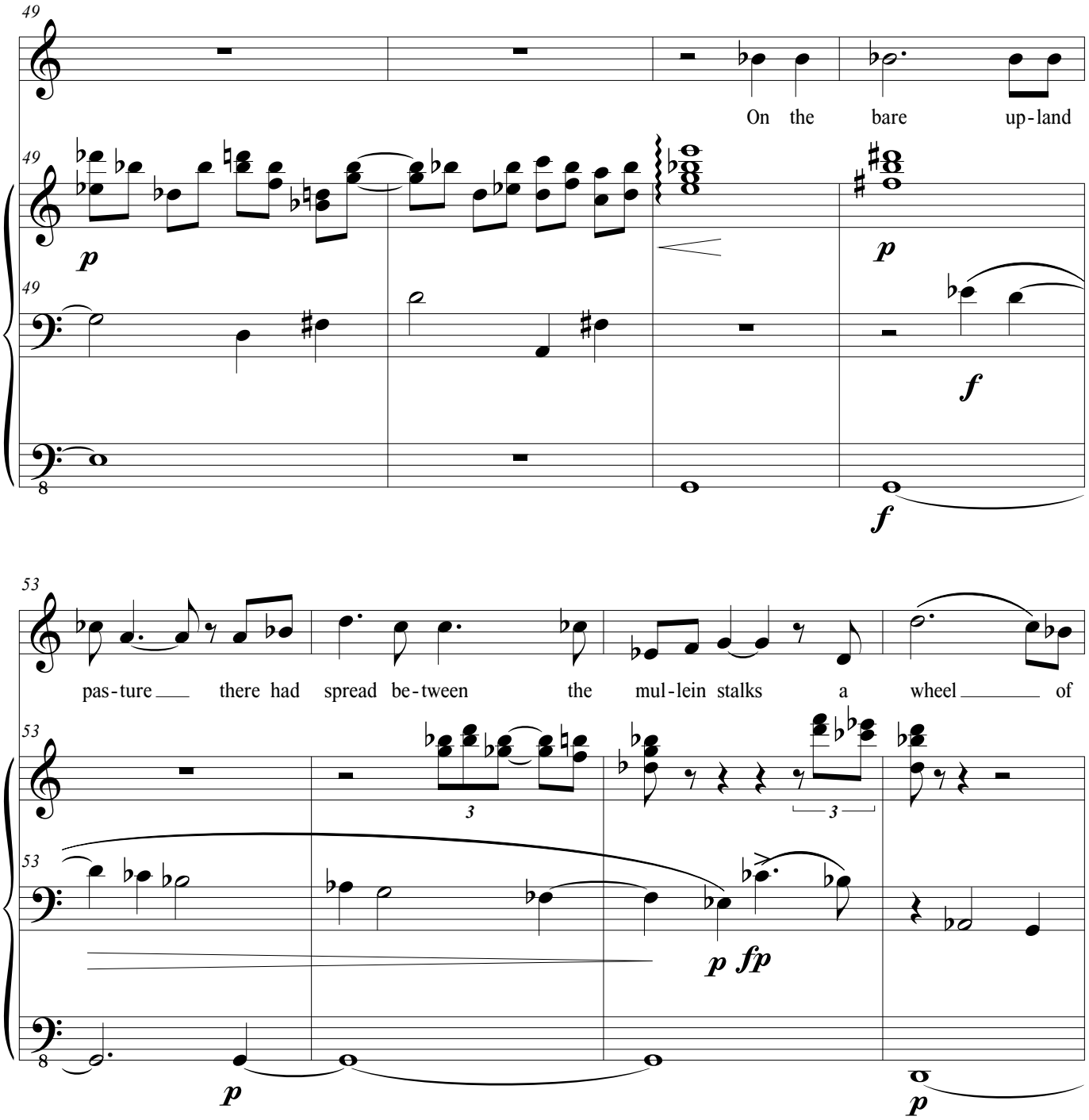

10
rent a cob - web dia - mond strung and cut a flower be - side a ground bird's
p
f
r.h.
l.h.
14
nest be - fore it stained a sin - gle hu - man
p
f
mf

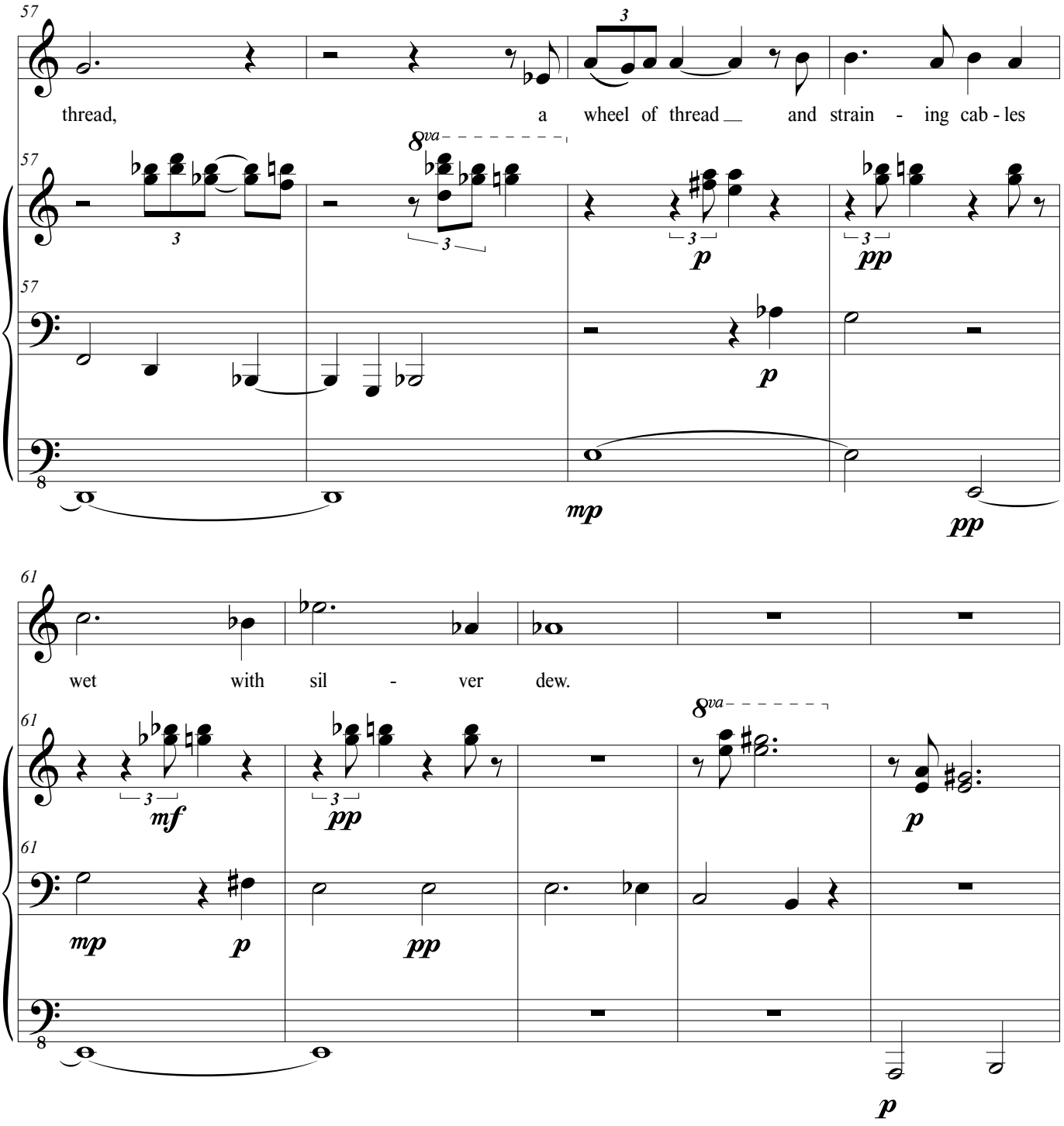

17
breast.
The strick - en flower bent doub - le,
p
mp
mf
f
21
and so hung.
pp

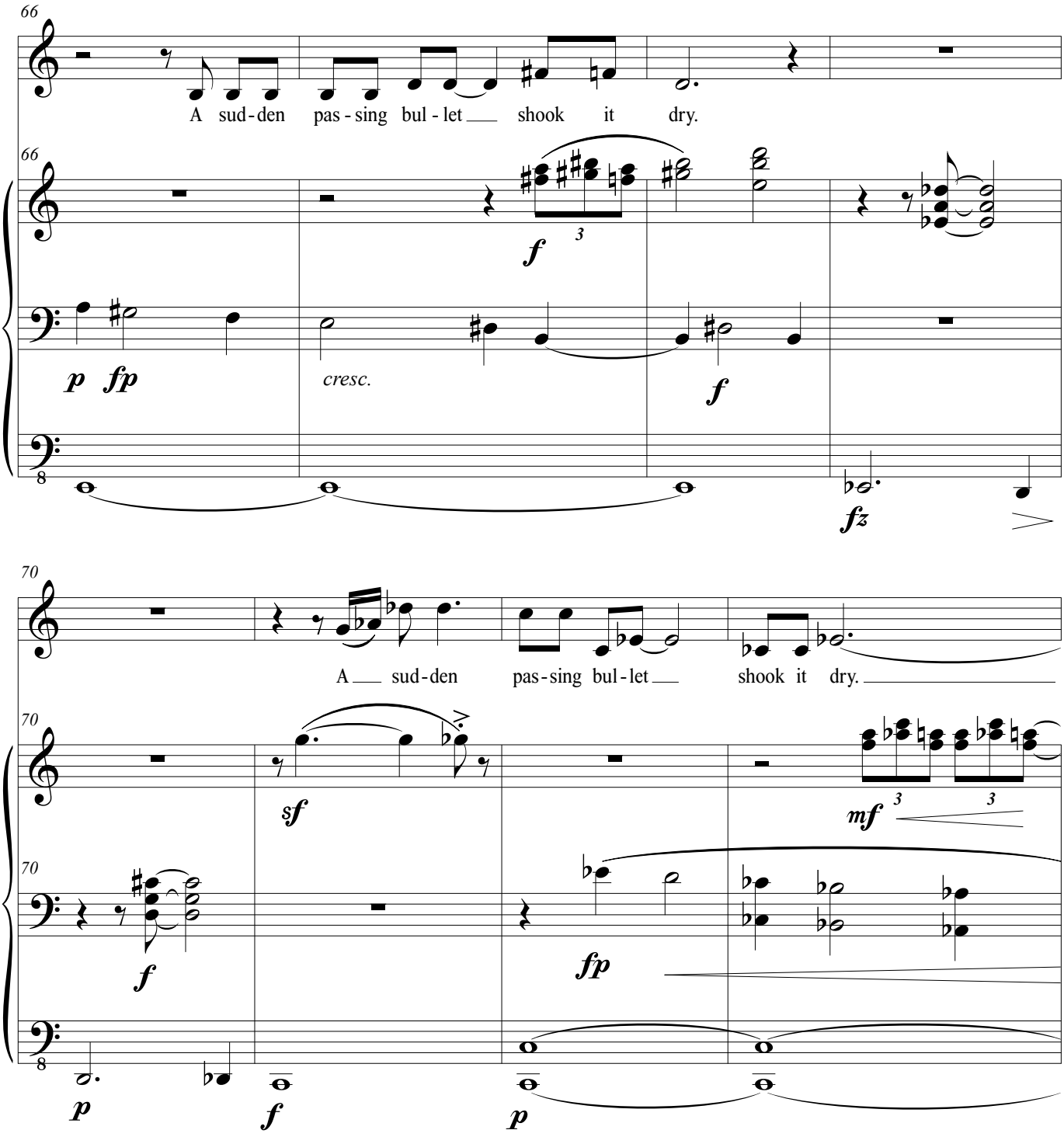

25
And still the bird re - vi - si - ted her young.
A but - ter - fly its
3
mp
r.h. l.h.
p
29
rit.
fall had dis - pos - sessed
A mo - ment sought in
3
p
mp
l.h.
mf

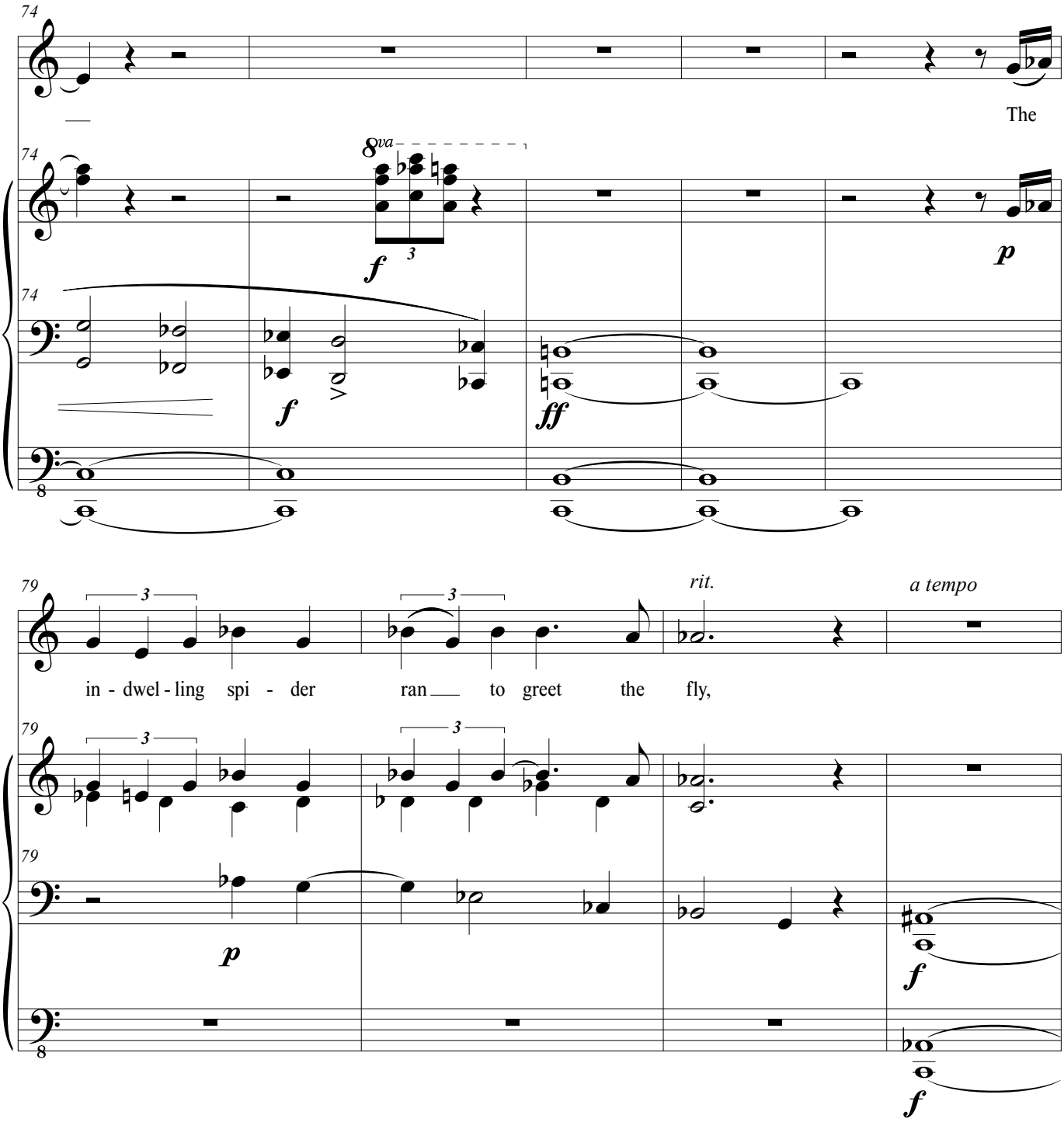

32
a tempo
air his flower of rest, Then light - ly stooped
mp
p
mf
p
35
to it and flut - ter - ring clung.
pp
pp

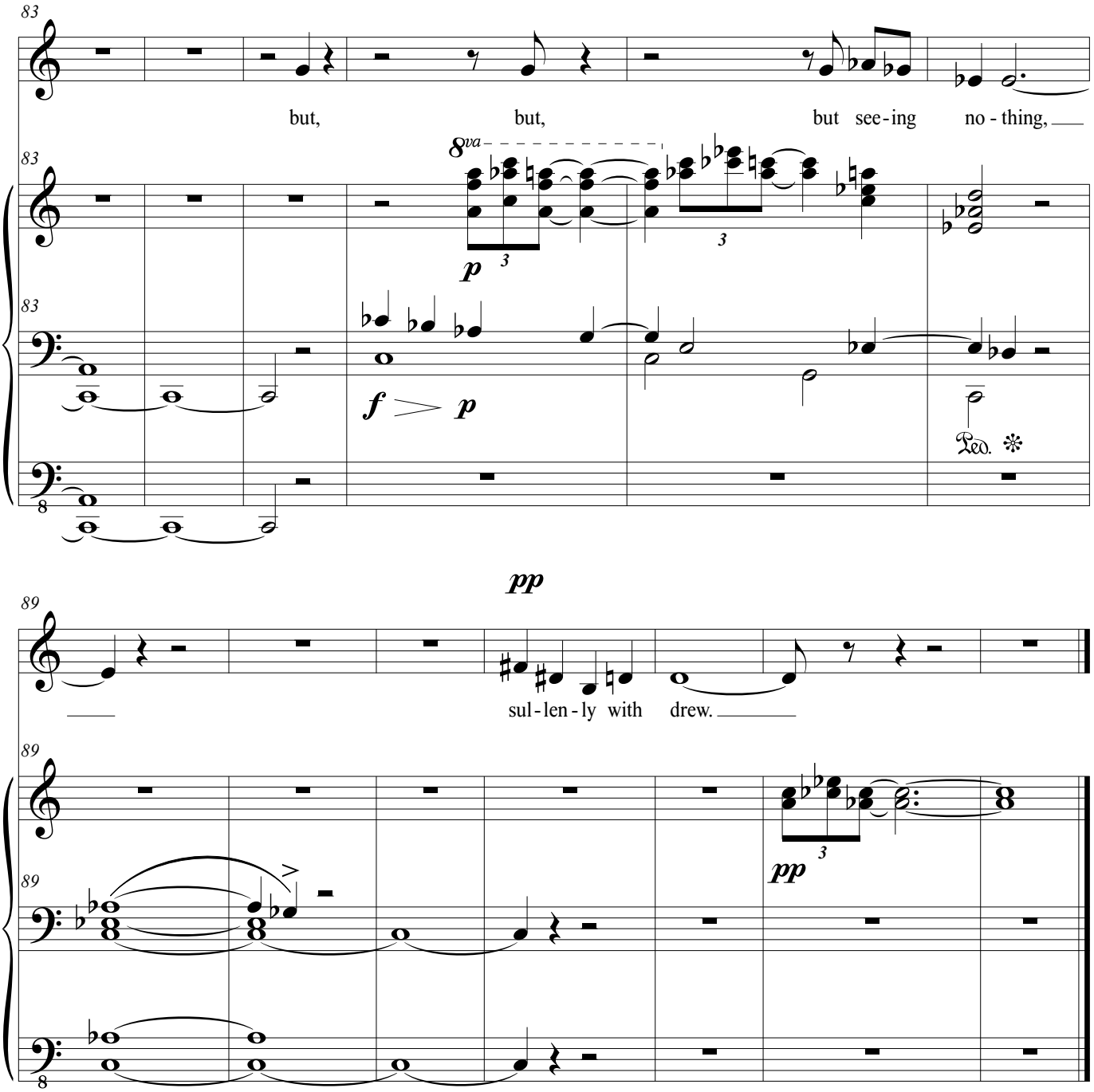

39
8va
pp
p
mf
Ped.
45
f
mf
pp
p


49
On the bare up-land
p
p
f
f
53
pas-ture there had spread be-tween the mul-lein stalks a wheel of
3
3
p fp
p
p


57
thread, a wheel of thread and strain - ing cab - les
8va
mp
pp
61
wet with sil - ver dew.
mf
pp
mp
p


66
A sud-den pas-sing bul-let shook it dry.
66
p fp
cresc.
f
f
fz
70
A sud-den pas-sing bul-let shook it dry.
70
sf
mf
70
f
fp
p
f
p


74
The
8va
f
3
p
ff
79
rit.
a tempo
in - dwel - ling spi - der ran to greet the fly,


83
but, but, but see-ing no-thing,
8va
p
f p
Ped.
pp
89
sul-len-ly with drew.
pp

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.

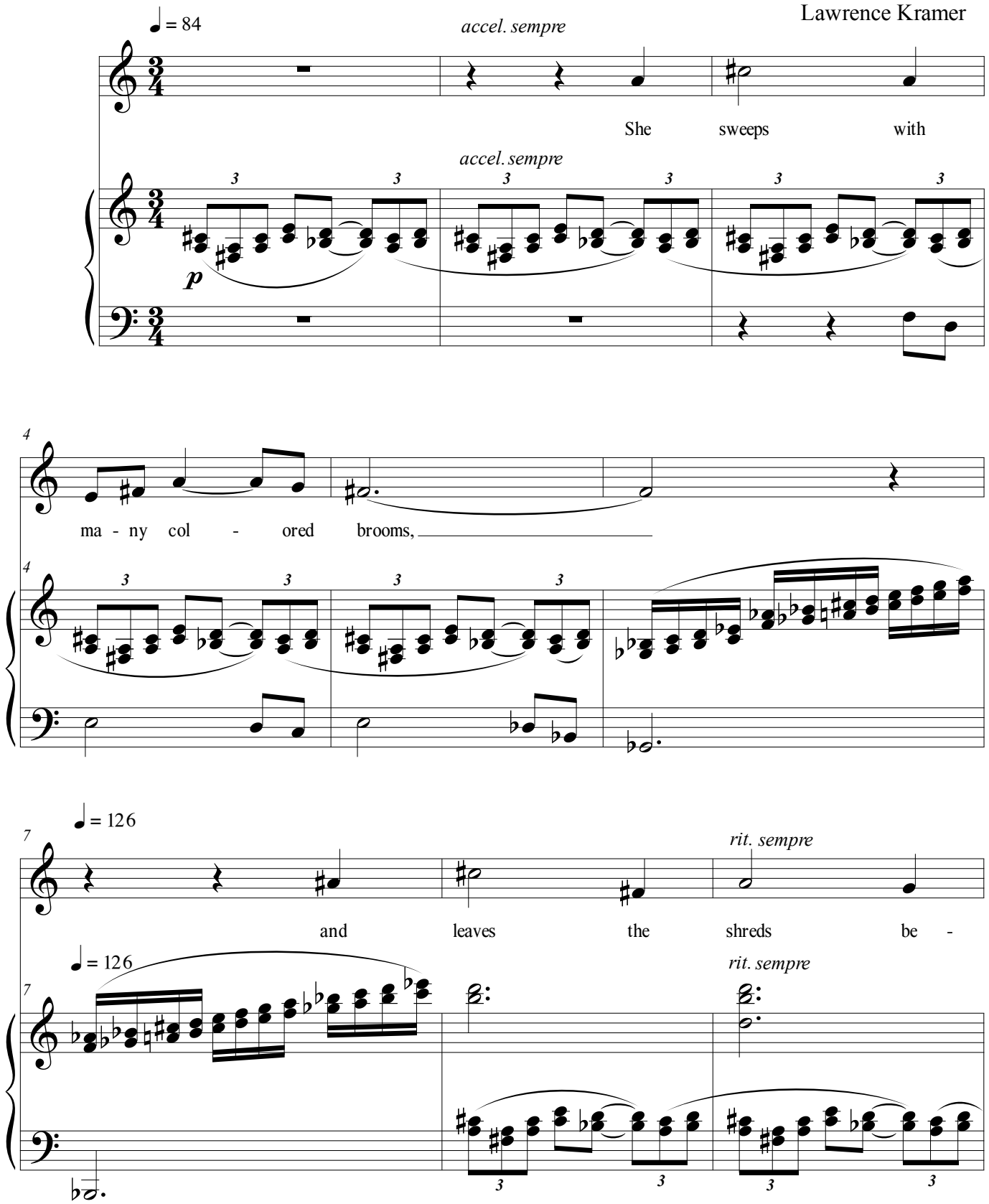
--Emily Dickinson

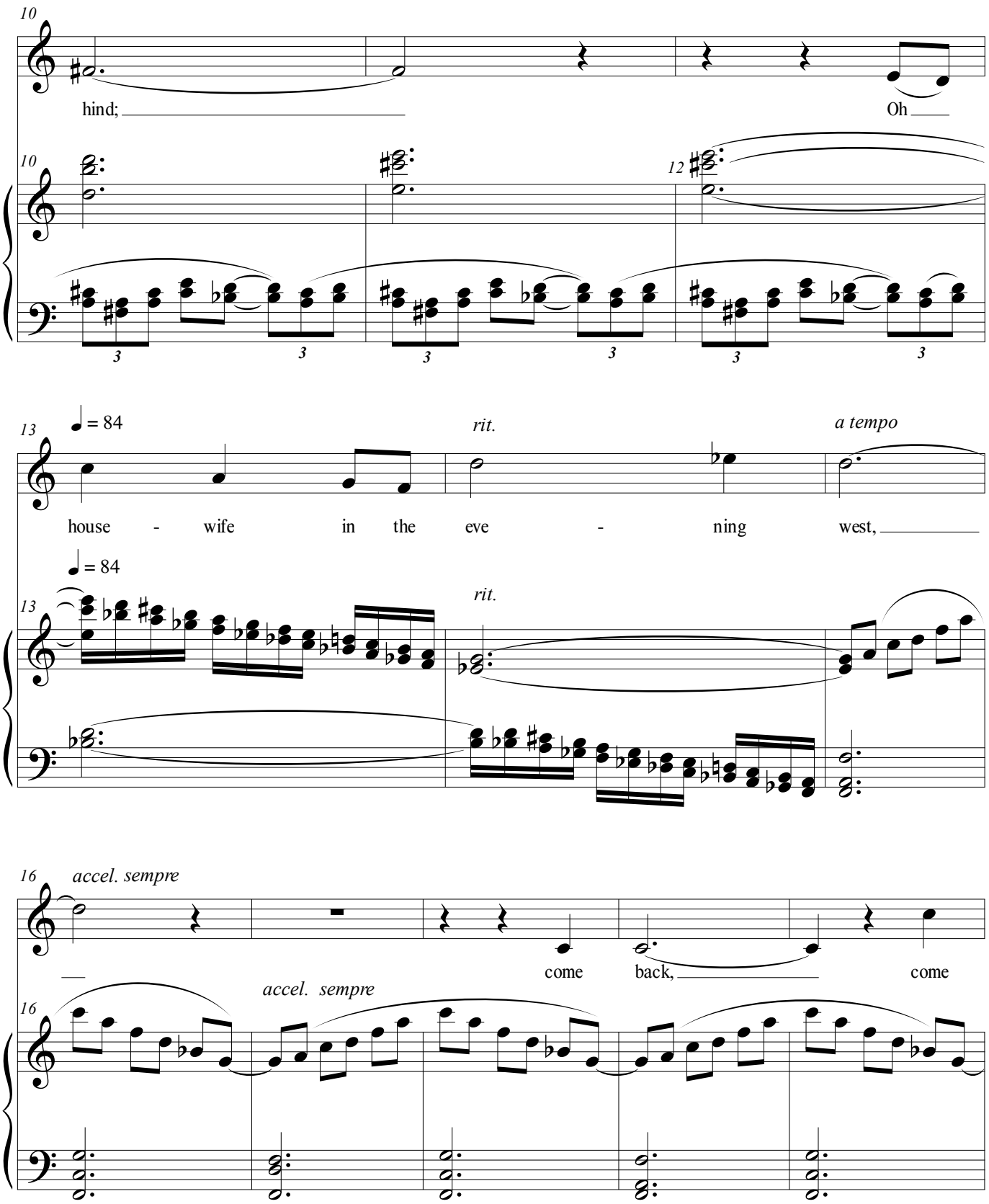
Voice Range: C4 - G5
Tessitura: F♯ - D5
Duration: 3:30

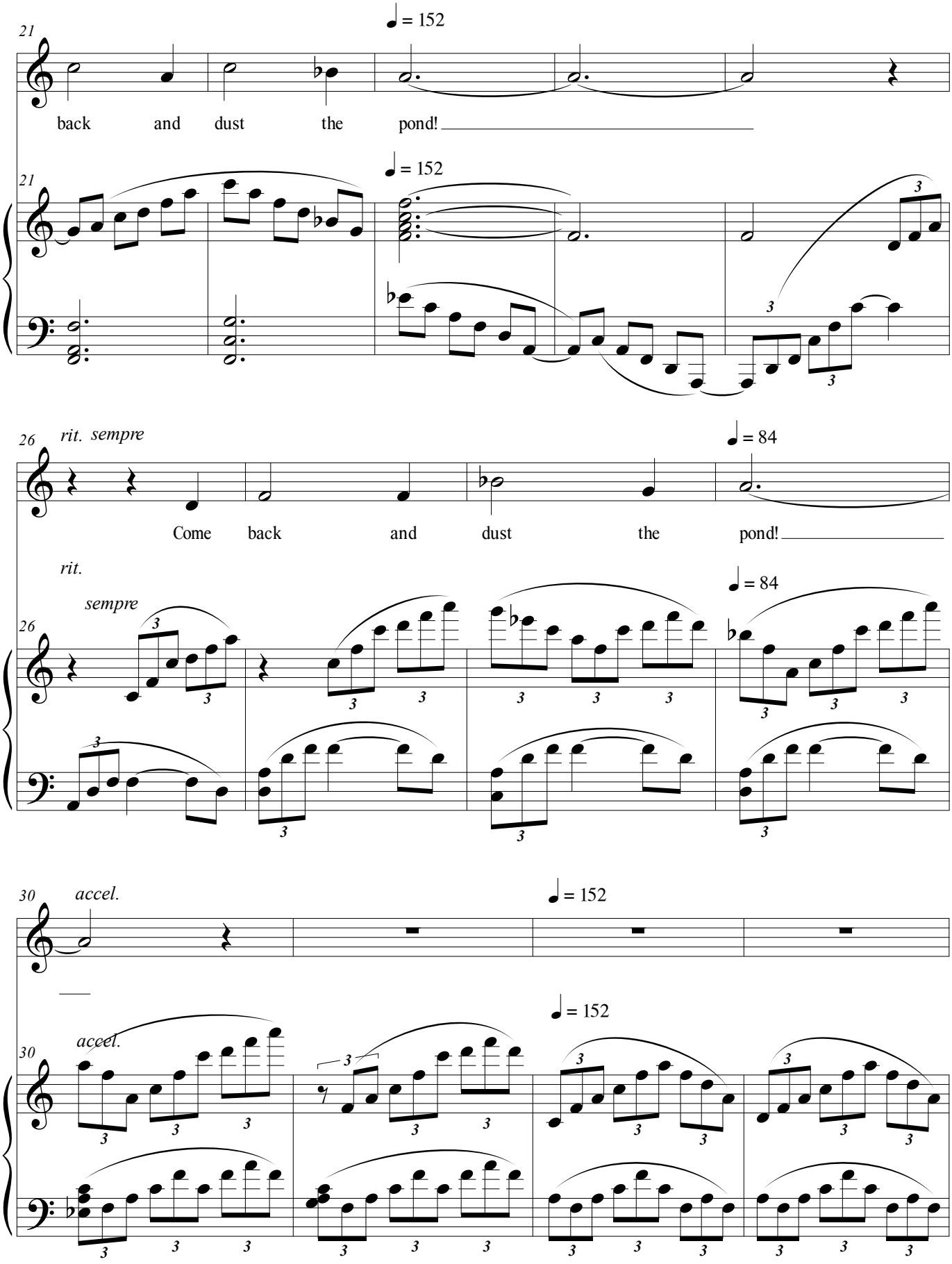
Composed 2017

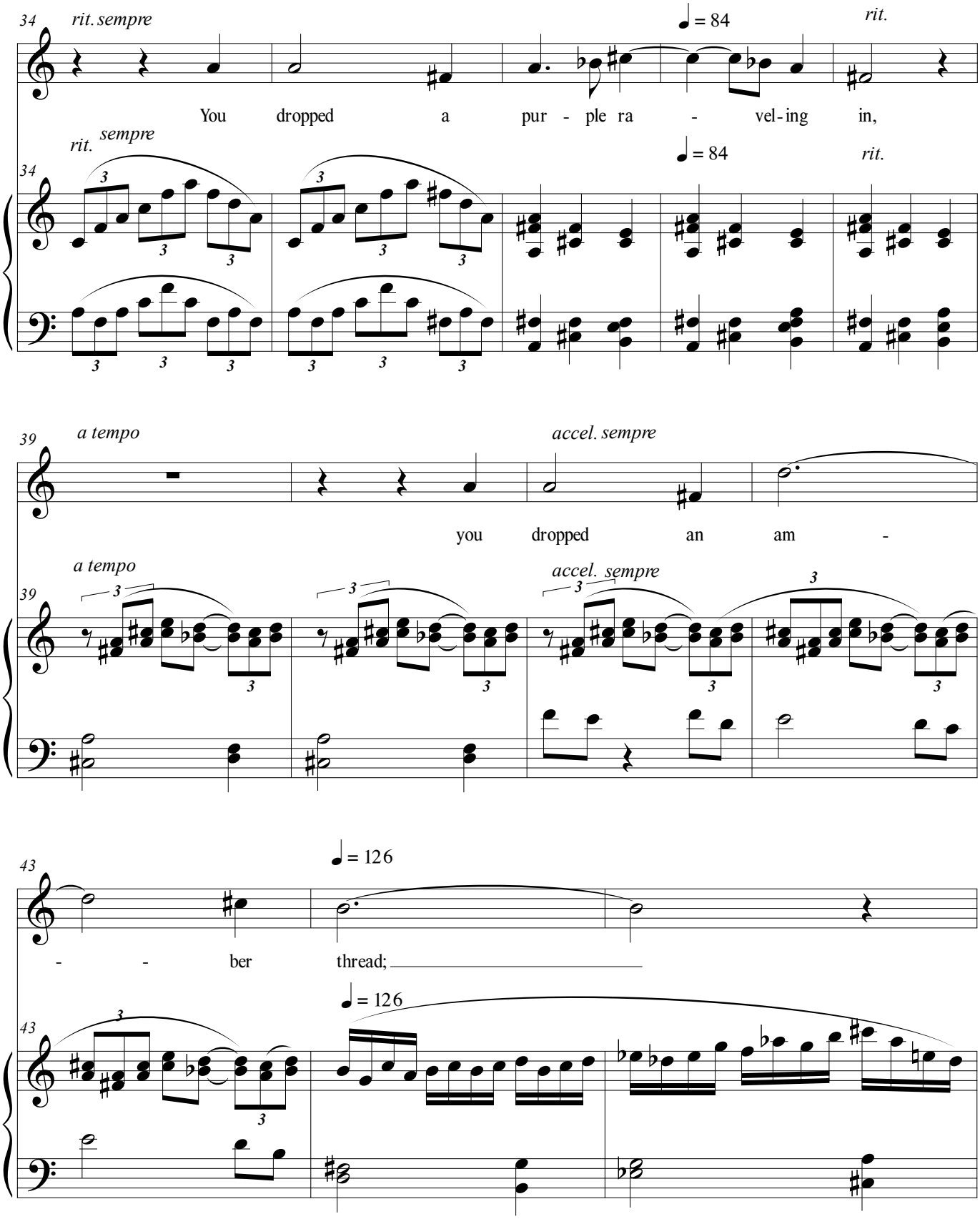
She Sweeps with Many-Colored Brooms

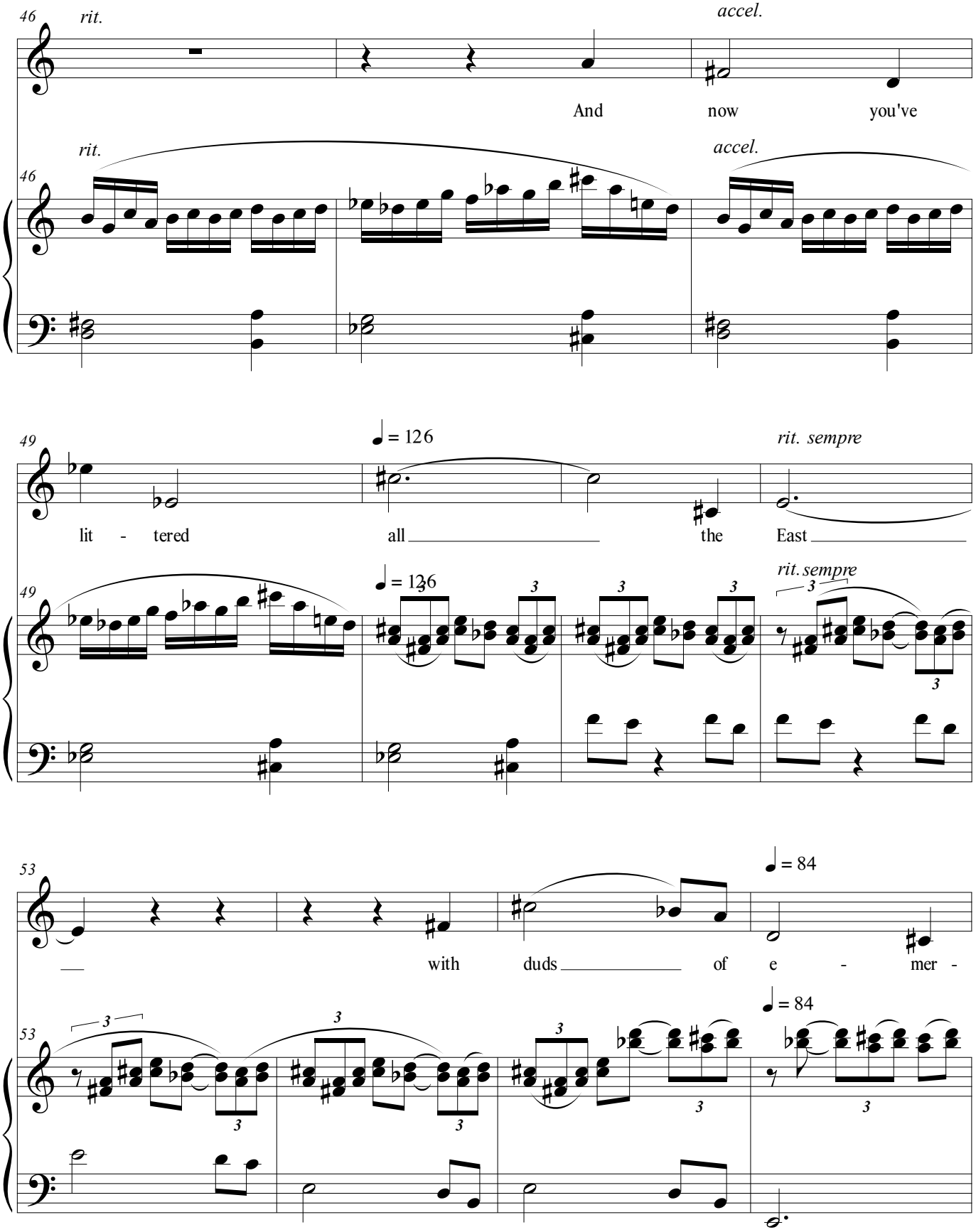
Lawrence Kramer

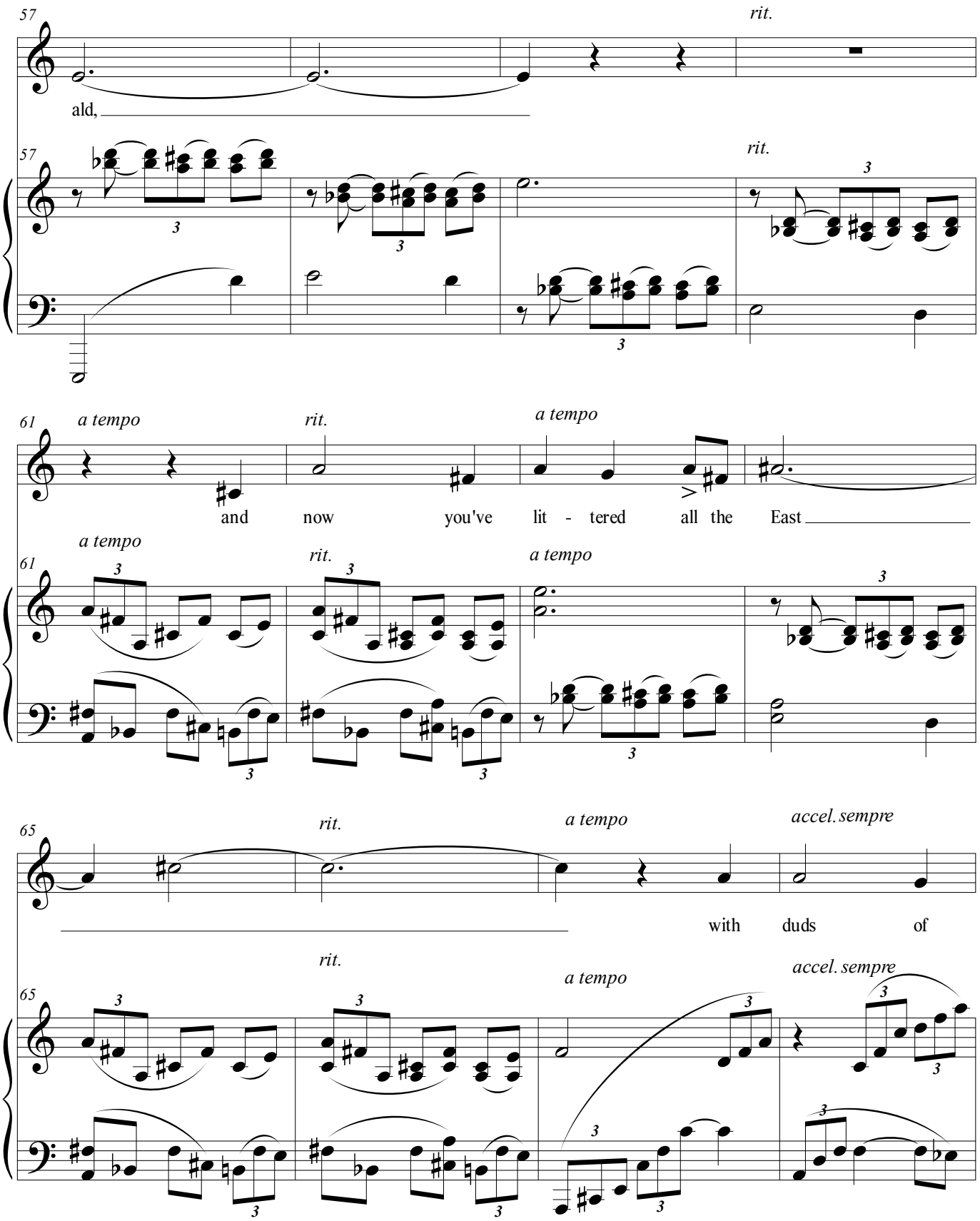


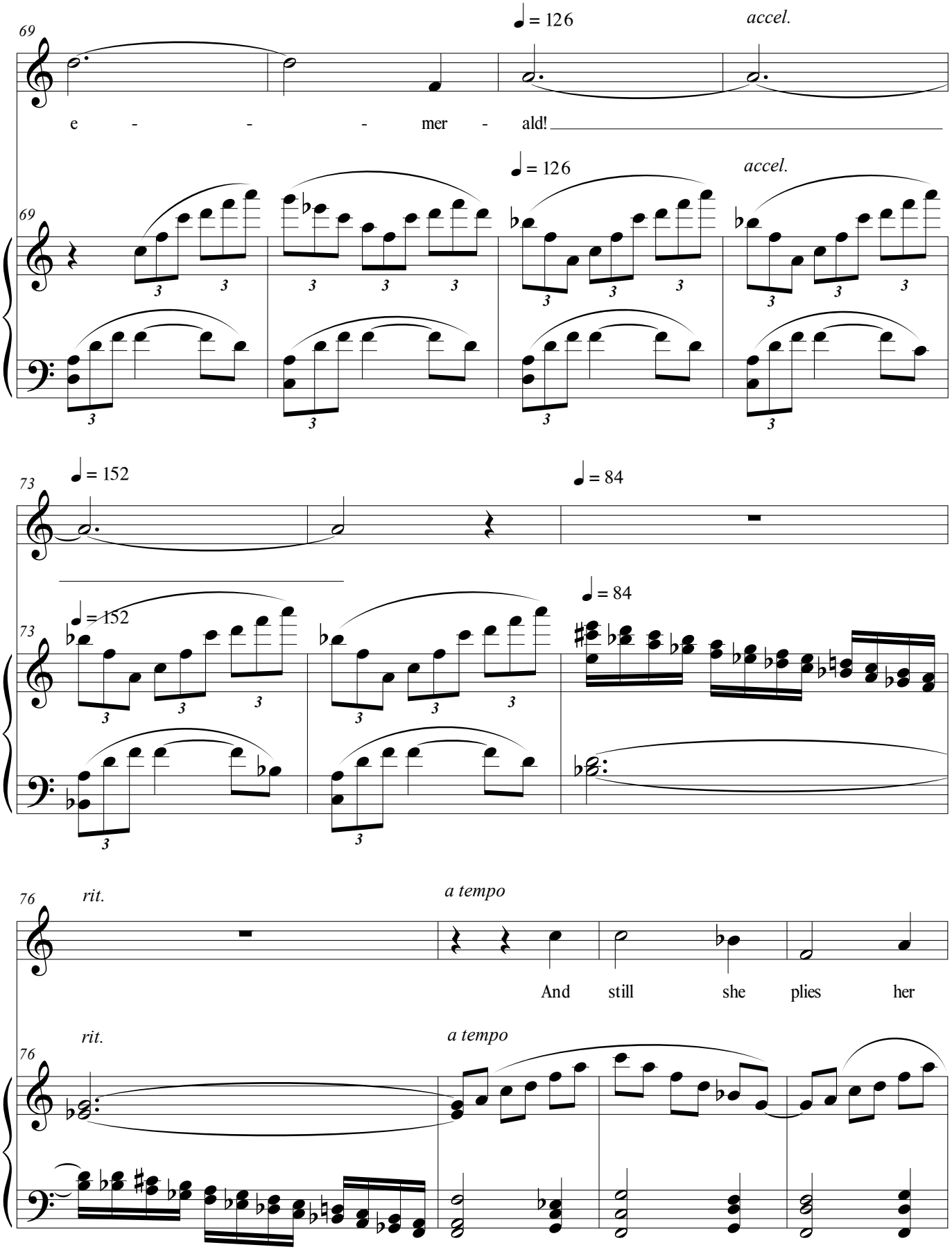

10
hind;
Oh
10
12
13
♩ = 84
rit.
a tempo
house - wife in the eve - ning west,
13
♩ = 84
rit.
16
accel. sempre
come back, come
16
accel. sempre

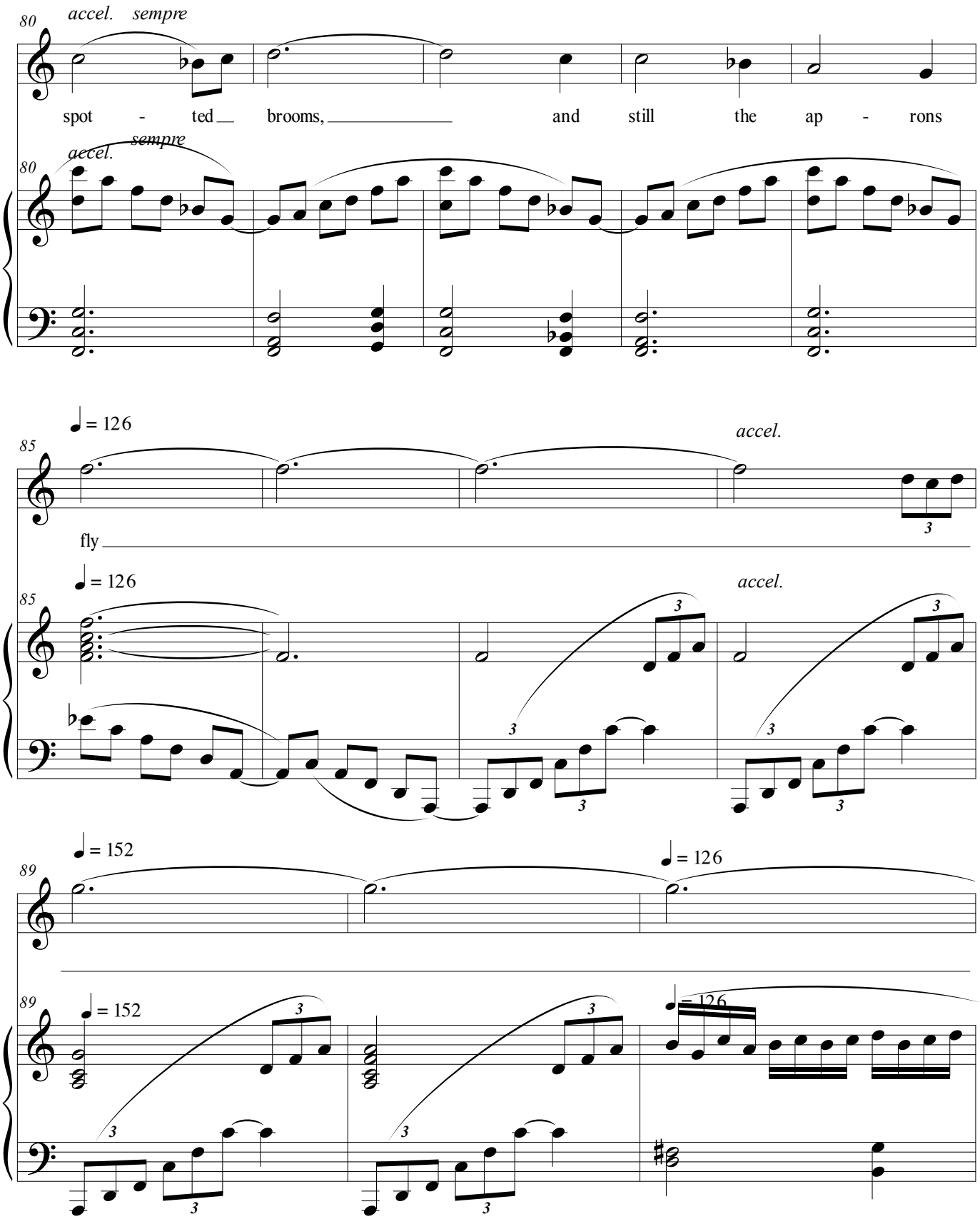

21
♩ = 152
back and dust the pond!
21
♩ = 152
26
rit. sempre
♩ = 84
Come back and dust the pond!
rit.
sempre
26
♩ = 84
30
accel.
♩ = 152
30
accel.
♩ = 152

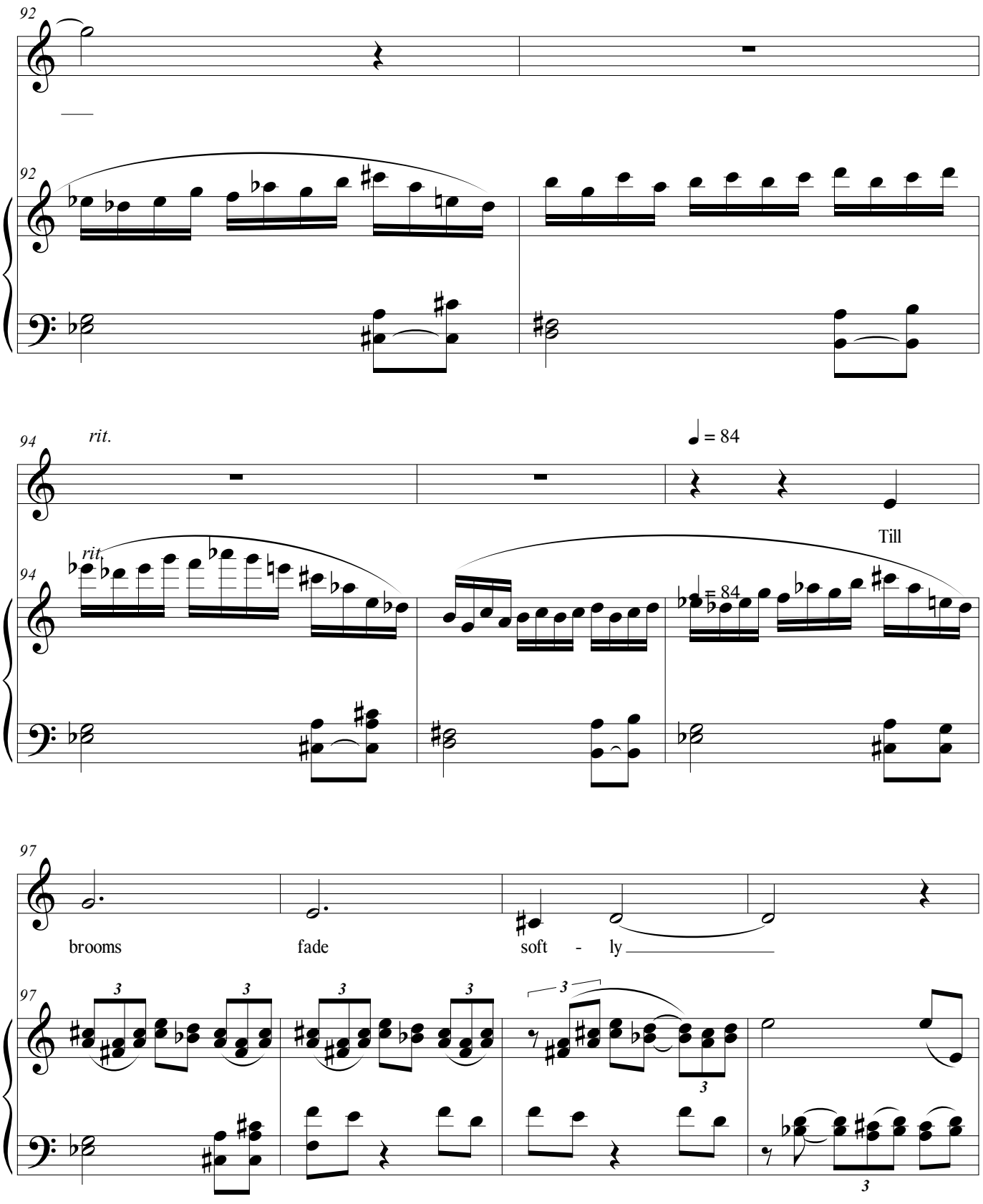

34
rit. sempre
♩ = 84
rit.
You dropped a pur - ple ra - vel-ing in,
rit. sempre
34
♩ = 84
rit.
39
a tempo
accel. sempre
you dropped an am -
a tempo
39
accel. sempre
43
♩ = 126
- - ber thread;
♩ = 126
43

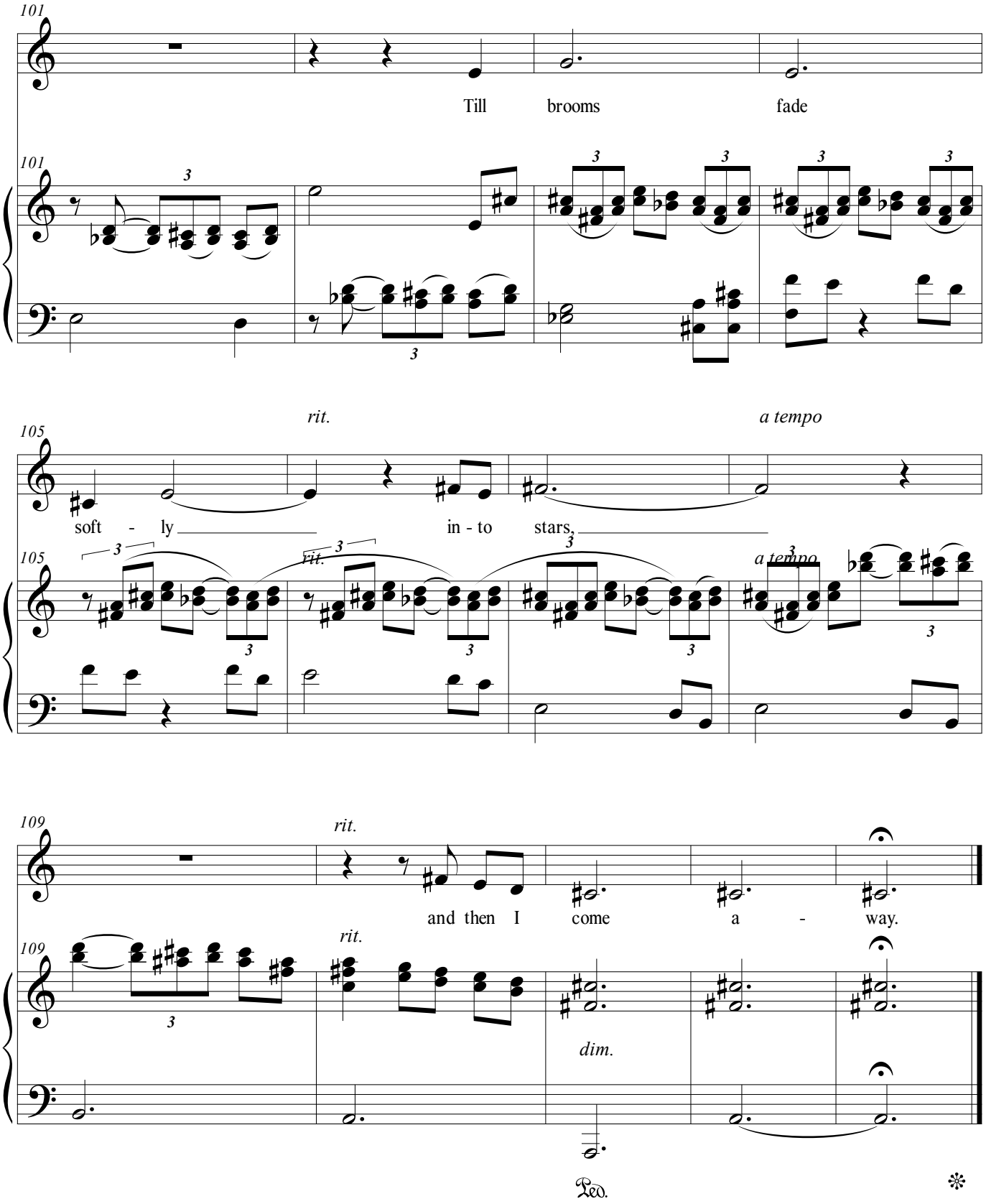

46
rit.
accel.
And now you've
rit.
accel.
46
49
♩ = 126
rit. sempre
lit - tered all the East
49
♩ = 126
rit. sempre
53
♩ = 84
with duds of e - mer -
53
♩ = 84


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
accel. sempre
80
85
♩ = 126
accel.
fly
85
♩ = 126
accel.
89
♩ = 152
♩ = 126
89
♩ = 152
♩ = 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.

Song of the Old Mother

Mezzo Soprano

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow;
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
And the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head,
And their days go over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

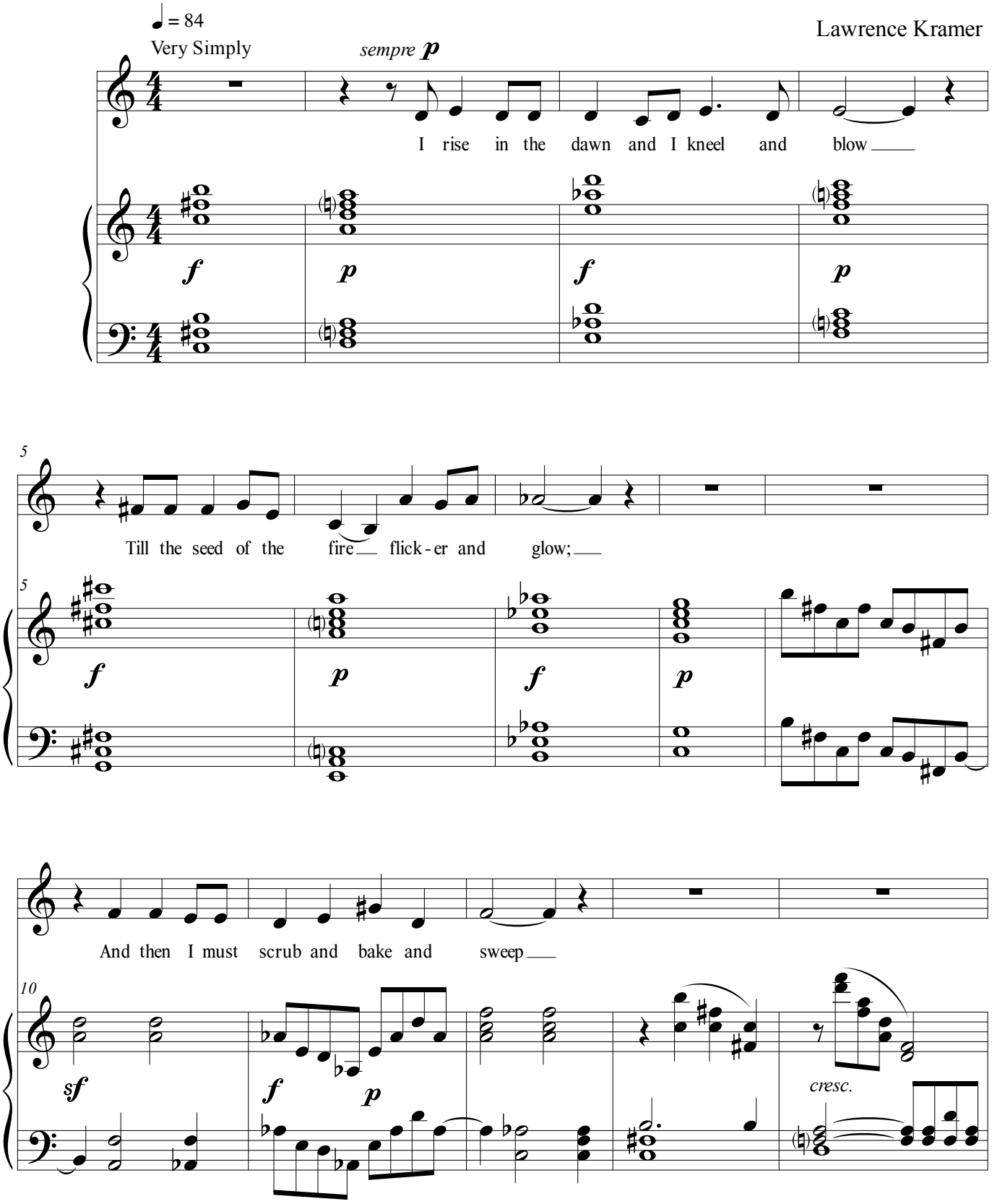
--W. B. Yeats

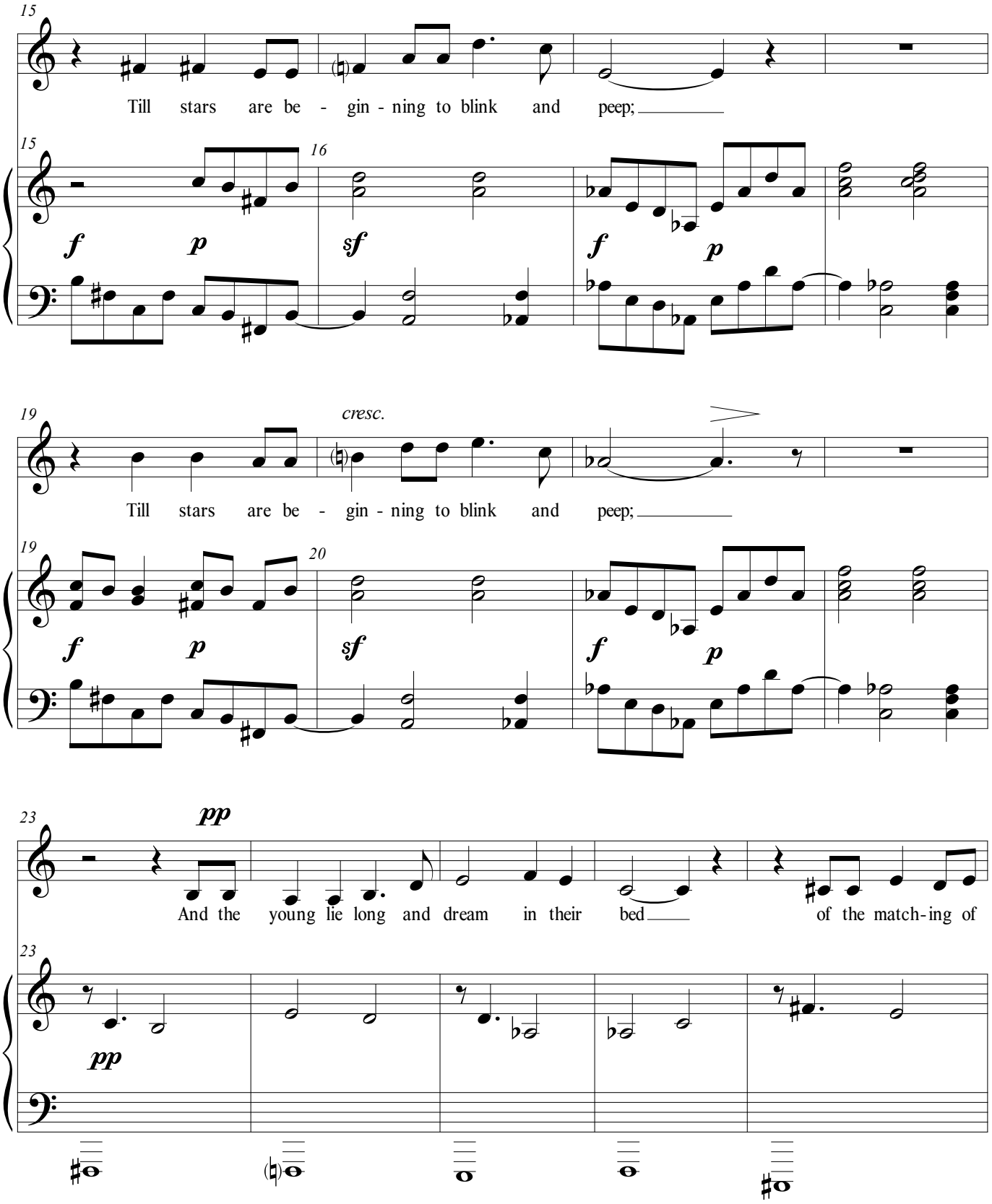
Voice range: G#3 - E5
Tessitura: D4 - B4
Duration 3:00.

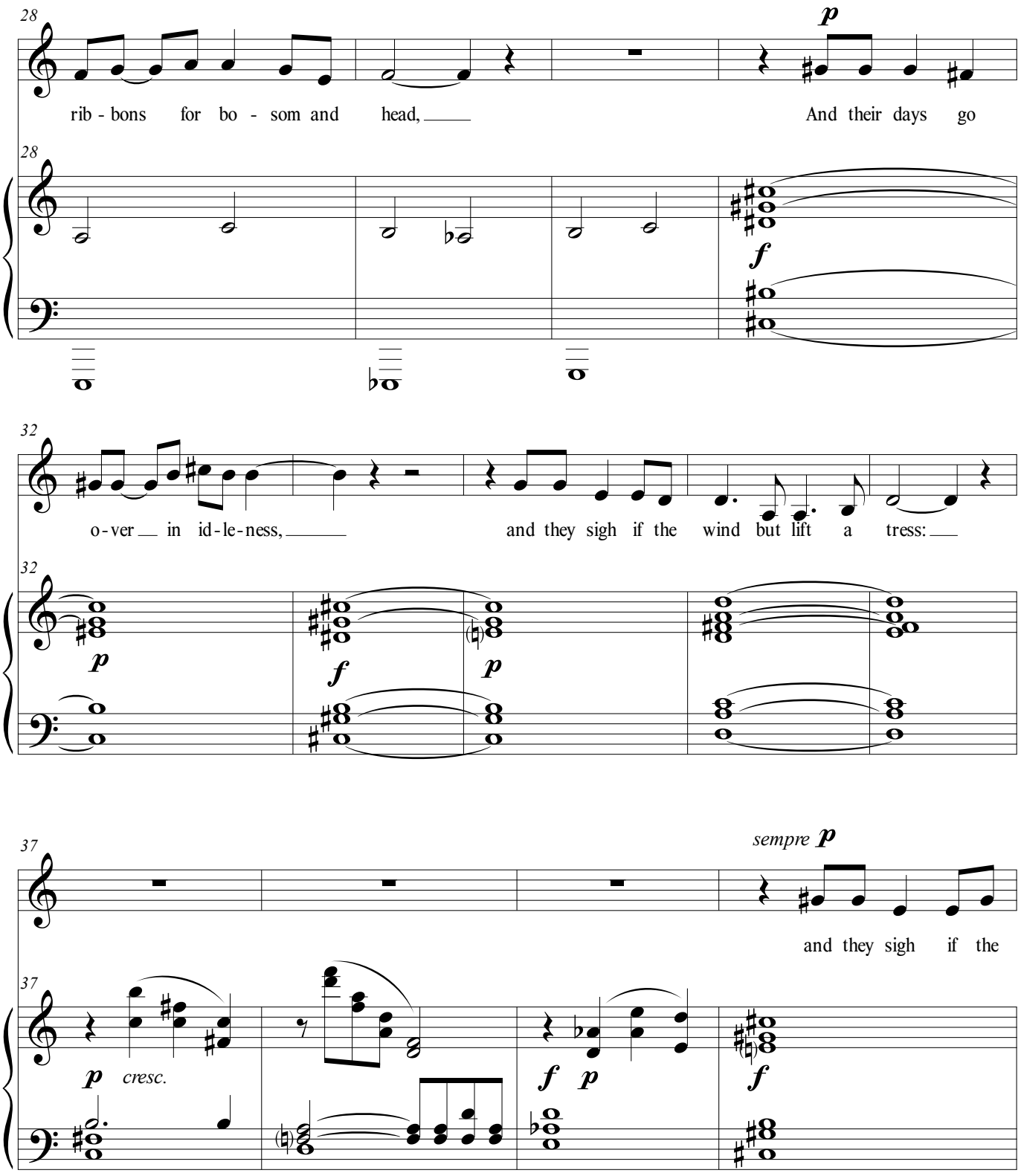
Composed 2019

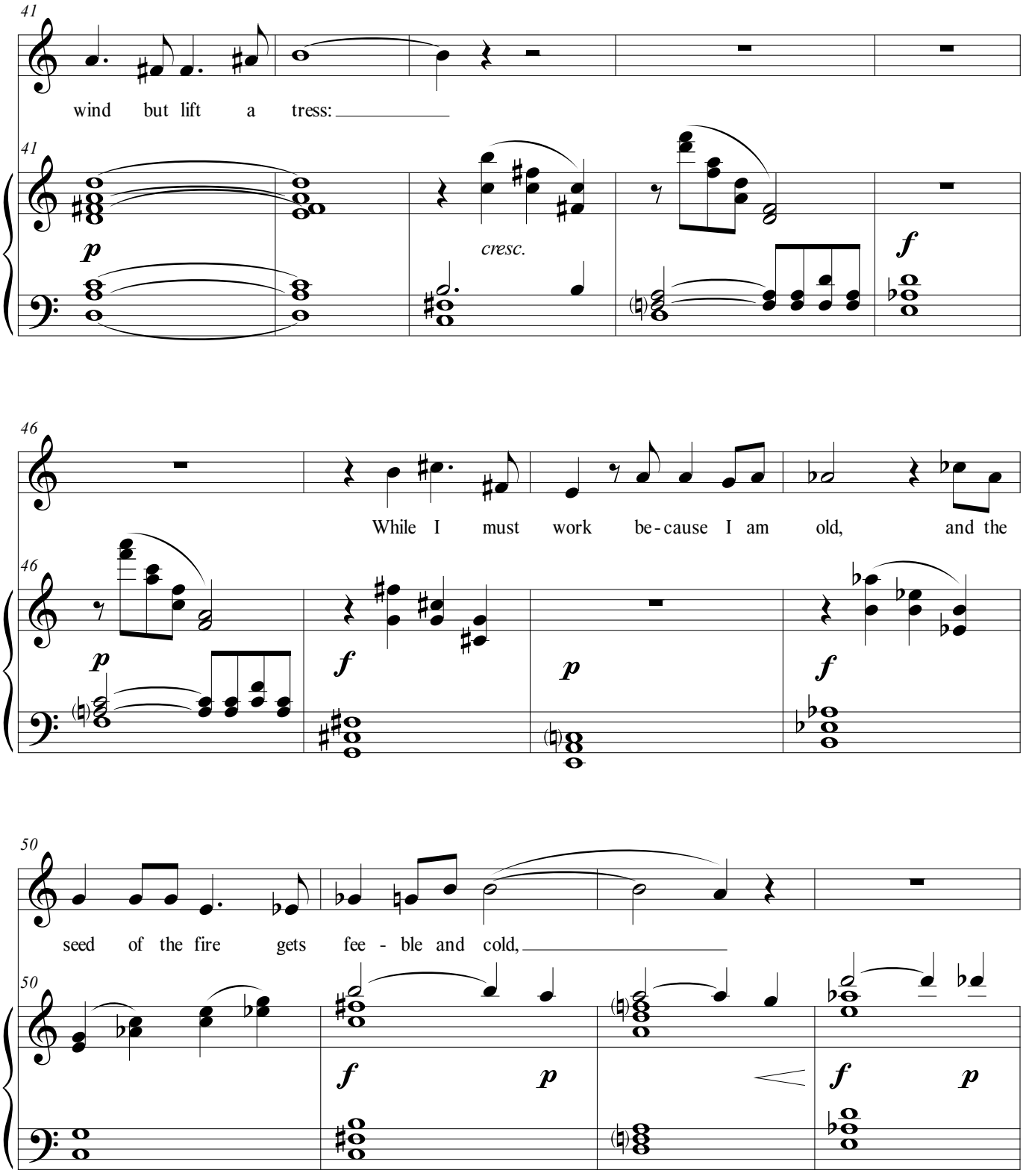
Song of the Old Mother

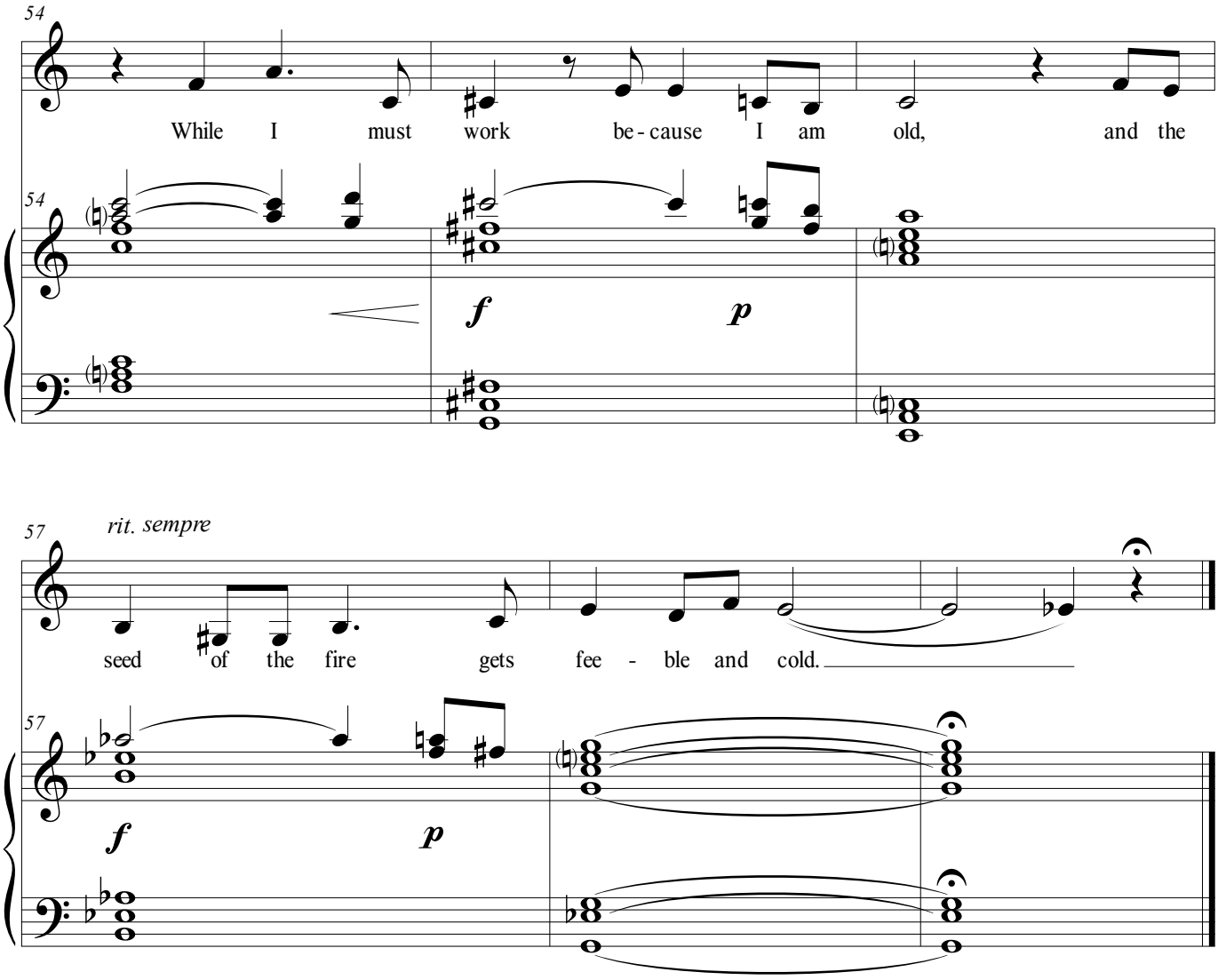
Lawrence Kramer




15
Till stars are be - gin - ning to blink and peep;
15
16
f
p
sf
f
p
19
cresc.
Till stars are be - gin - ning to blink and peep;
19
20
f
p
sf
f
p
23
pp
And the young lie long and dream in their bed of the match-ing of
23
pp


28
p
rib - bons for bo - som and head,
And their days go
28
f
32
o - ver in id - le - ness,
and they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
32
p
f
p
37
sempre p
and they sigh if the
37
p cresc.
f p
f


41
wind but lift a tress:
41
p
cresc.
f
46
While I must work be-cause I am old, and the
46
p
f
p
f
50
seed of the fire gets fee - ble and cold,
50
f
p
f
p


54
While I must work be - cause I am old, and the
54
f
p
57
rit. sempre
seed of the fire gets fee - ble and cold.
57
f
p

Spring and All

Medium Voice

By the road to the contagious hospital
under the surge of the blue
mottled clouds driven from the
northeast-a cold wind. Beyond, the
waste of broad, muddy fields
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen

patches of standing water
the scattering of tall trees

All along the road the reddish
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
stuff of bushes and small trees
with dead, brown leaves under them
leafless vines-

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish
dazed spring approaches-

They enter the new world naked,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold, familiar wind-

Now the grass, tomorrow
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf
One by one objects are defined-
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of
entrance--Still, the profound change
has come upon them: rooted, they
grip down and begin to awaken

--William Carlos Williams

Written voice range: A3 - E5
Tessitura: D4 - C5
Duration 5:30

Composed 2021

Spring and All

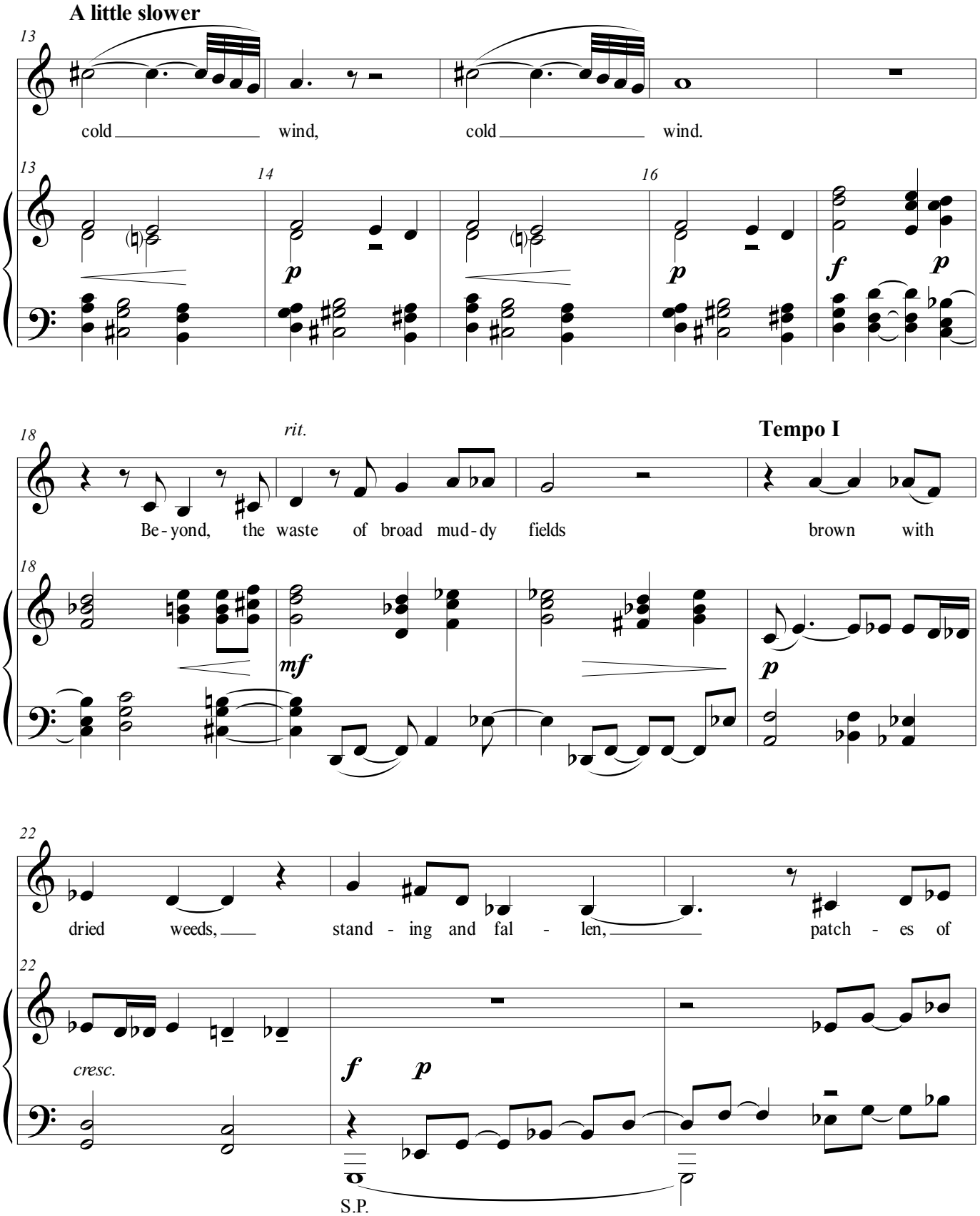
♩ = 84

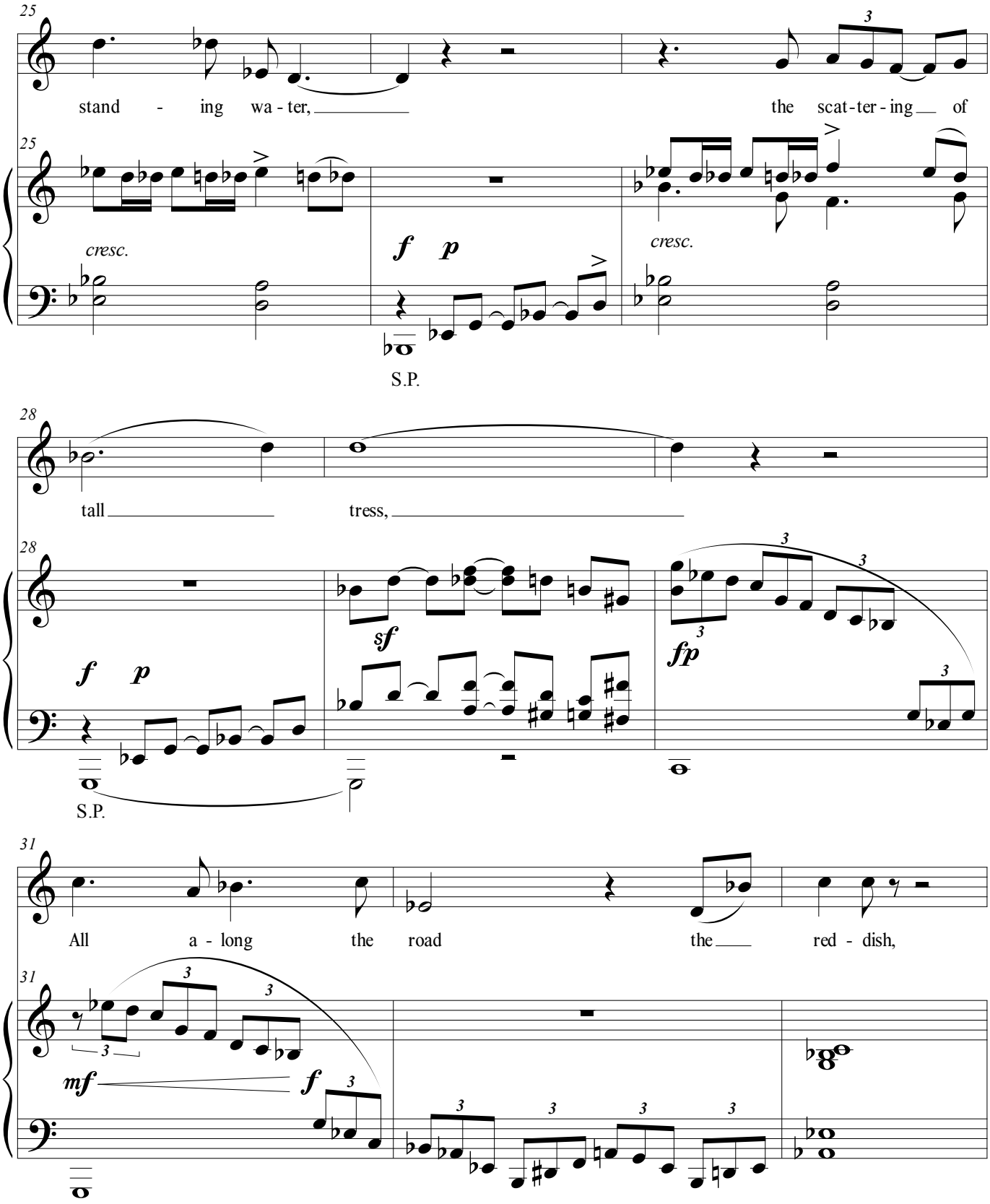
Lawrence Kramer

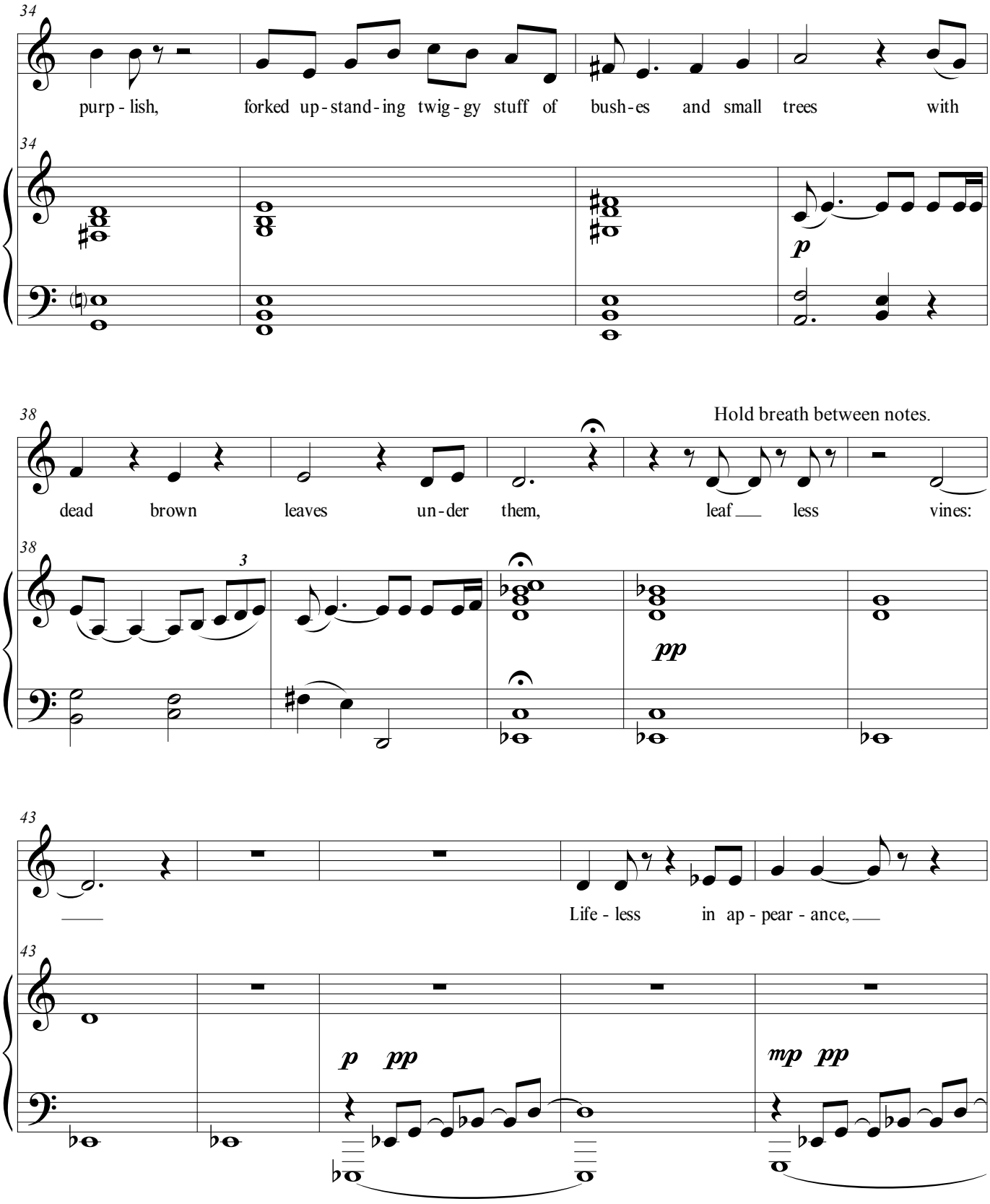
By the

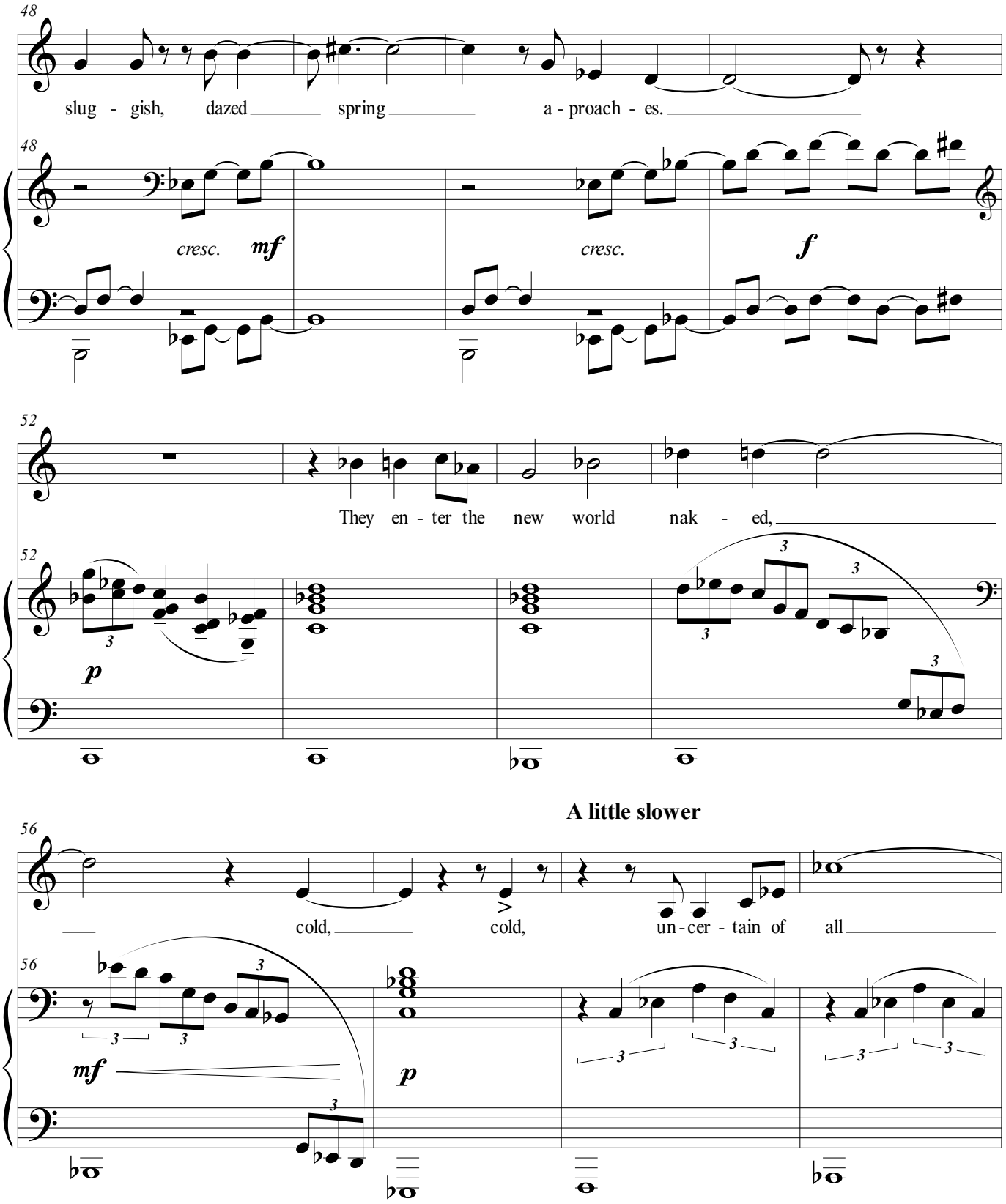
road to the con - tag - ious hos - pi - tal, un - der the surge of the

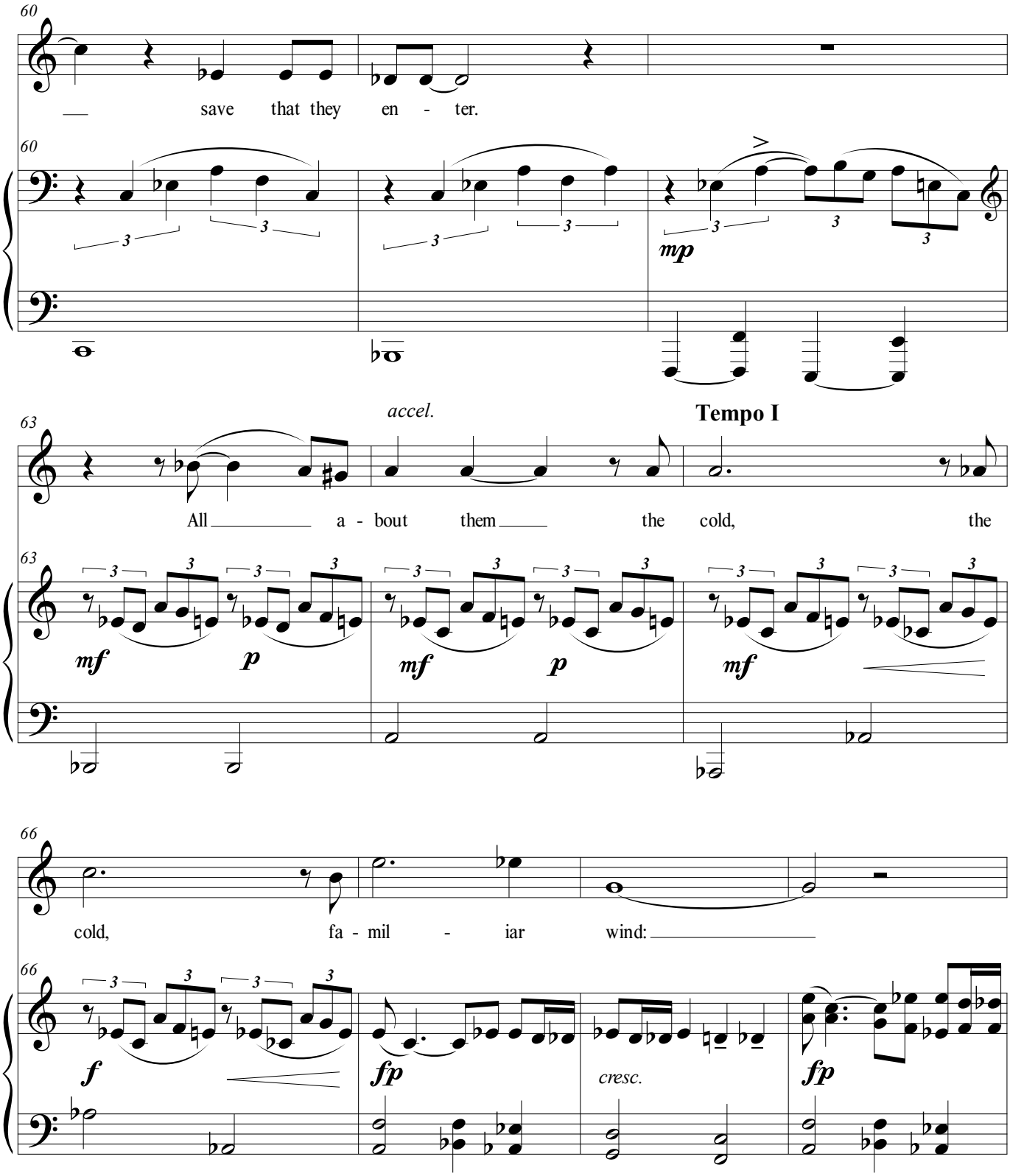
blue mot - tled clouds dri - ven from tthe north - east: a

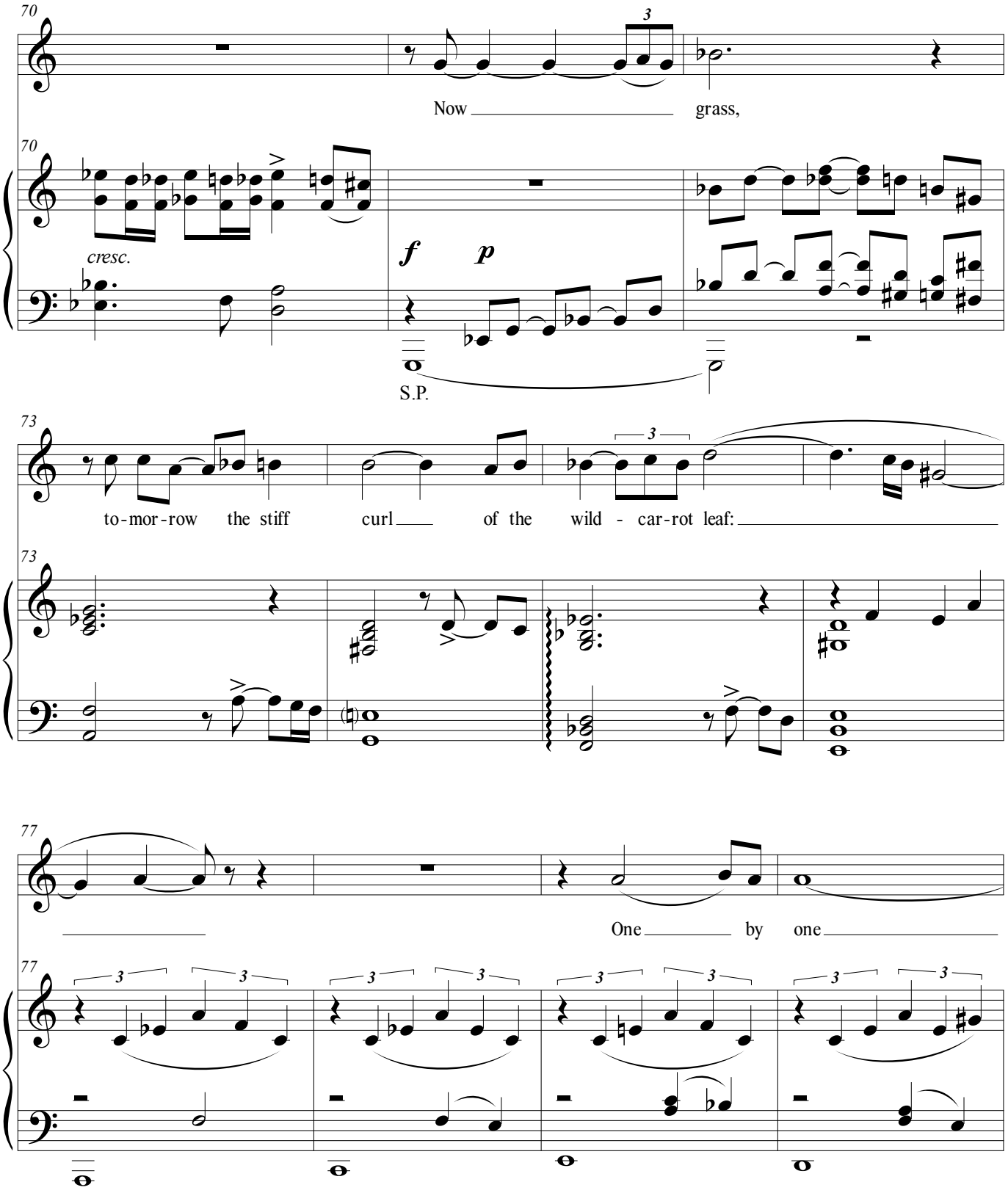

A little slower
cold wind, cold wind.
Be-yond, the waste of broad mud-dy fields brown with
rit.
Tempo I
dried weeds, stand-ing and fal-len, patch-es of
cresc.
S.P.

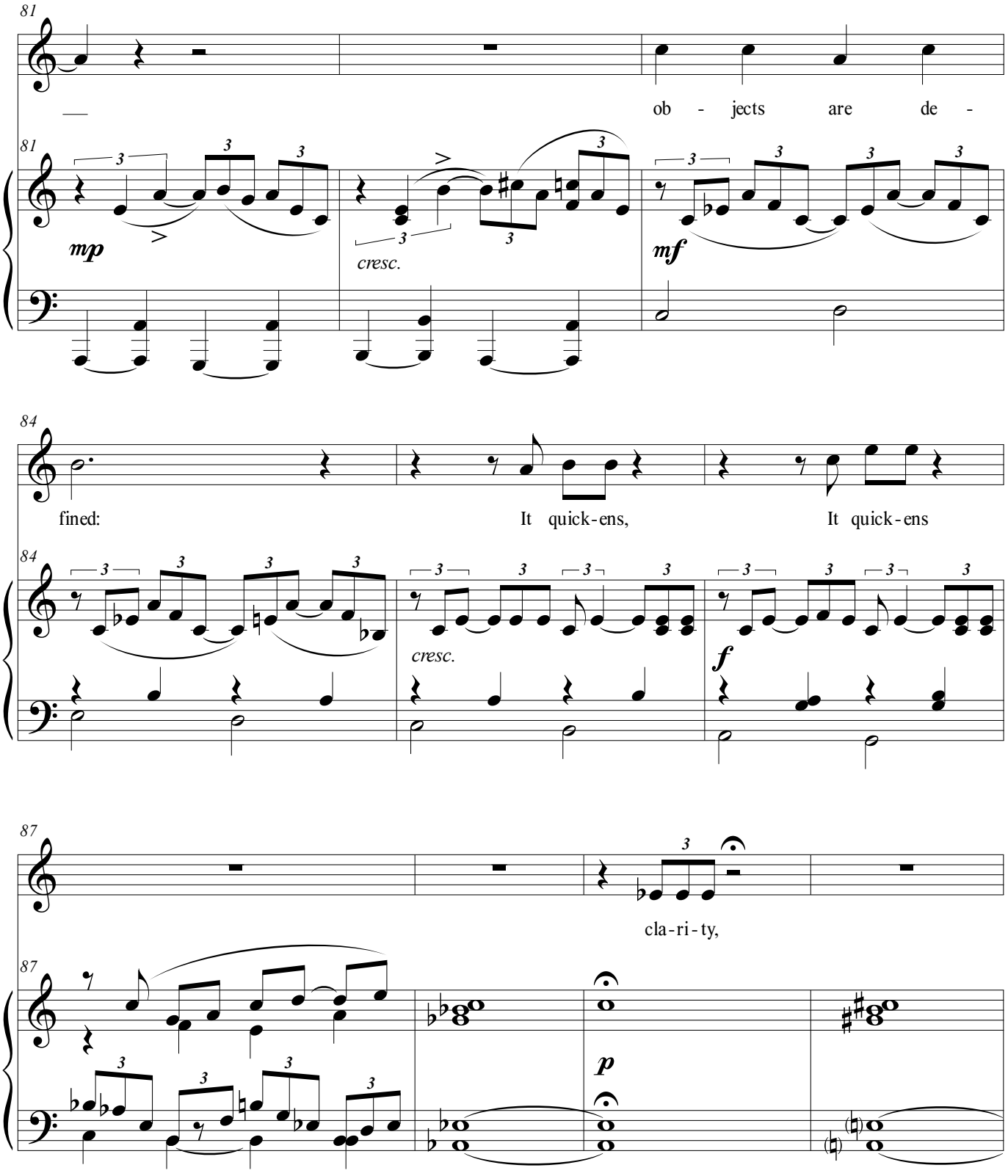

25
stand - ing wa - ter,
the scat - ter - ing of
cresc.
f p
cresc.
S.P.
28
tall
tress,
f p
sf
fp
S.P.
31
All a - long the road
the red - dish,
mf
f

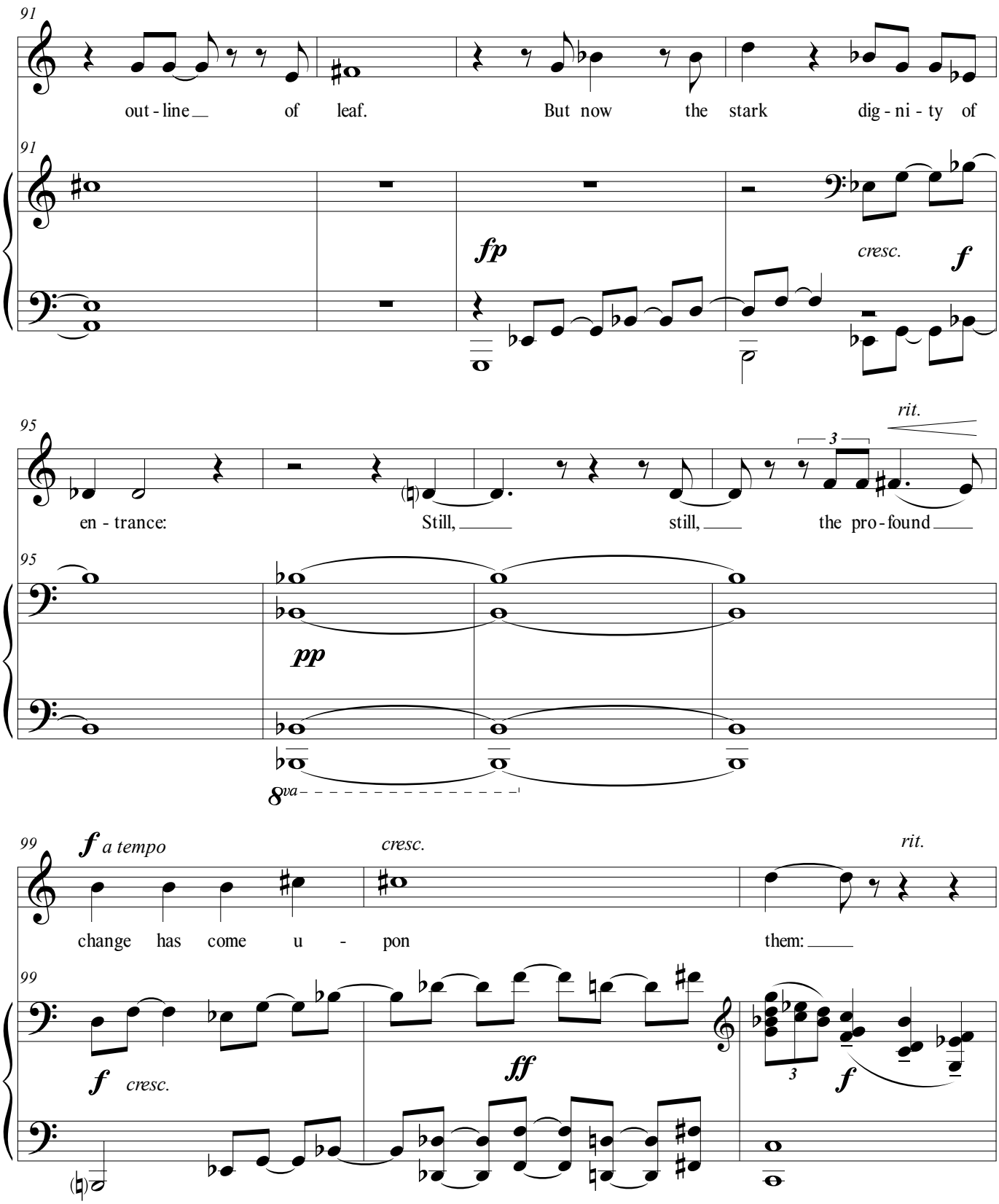

34
purp - lish, forked up - stand - ing twig - gy stuff of bush - es and small trees with
34
p
38
Hold breath between notes.
dead brown leaves un - der them, leaf less vines:
38
3
pp
43
Life - less in ap - pear - ance,
43
p pp
mp pp

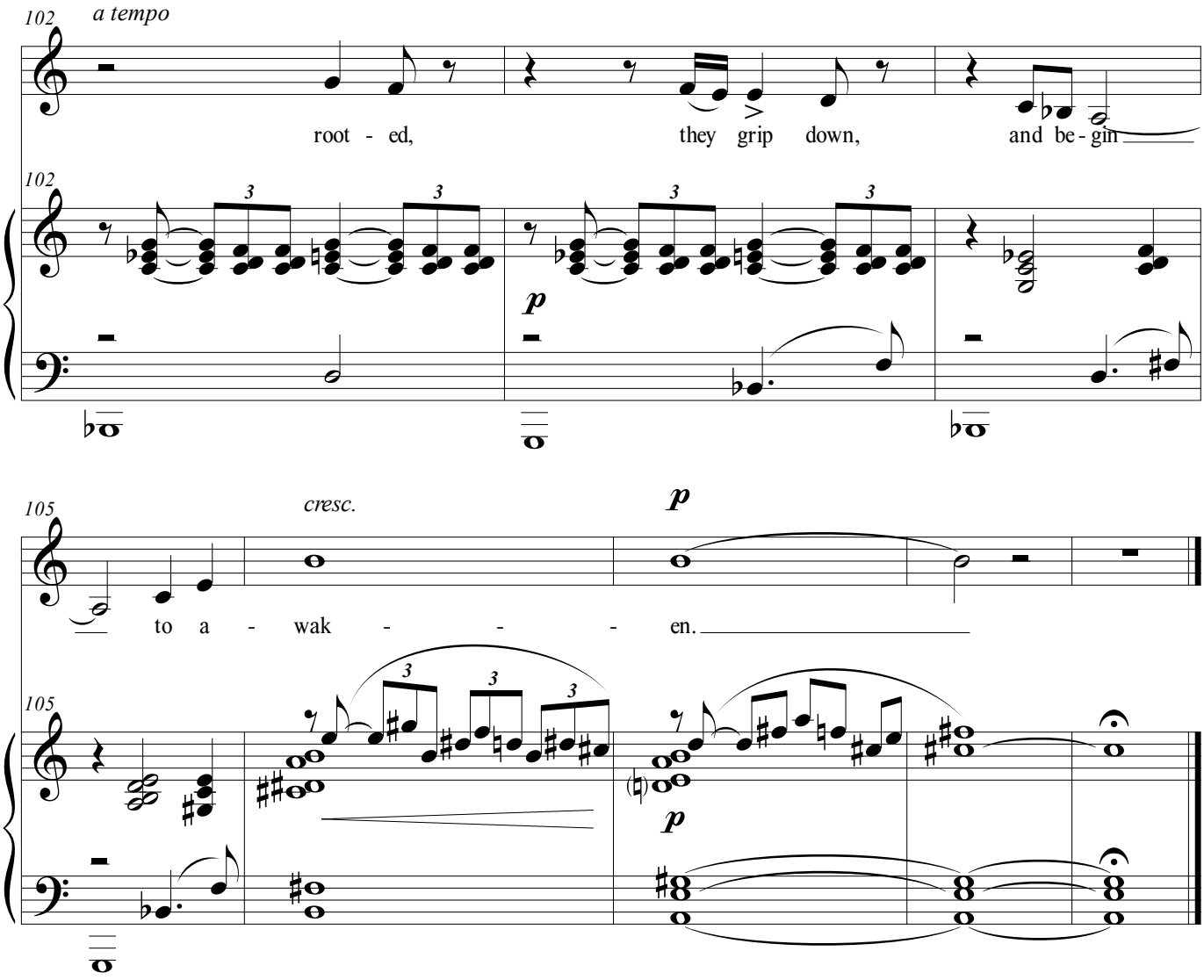

48
slug - gish, dazed spring a - proach - es.
48
cresc.
mf
cresc.
f
52
They en - ter the new world nak - ed,
52
p
A little slower
56
cold, cold, un - cer - tain of all
56
mf
p


60
save that they en - ter.
mp
accel.
Tempo I
63
All a - bout them the cold, the
mf p mf p mf
66
cold, fa - mil - iar wind:
f fp cresc. fp


70
Now grass,
cresc.
f p
S.P.
73
to-mor-row the stiff curl of the wild - car-rot leaf:
77
One by one


81
ob - jects are de -
81
mp
cresc.
mf
84
fined:
It quick-ens,
It quick-ens
84
cresc.
f
87
cla-ri-ty,
87
p


91
out - line of leaf. But now the stark dig - ni - ty of
fp
cresc.
f
95
en - trance: Still, still, the pro - found
rit.
3
pp
8va
99
f a tempo
cresc.
rit.
change has come u - pon them:
f cresc.
ff
3
f


102
a tempo
root - ed,
they grip down,
and be - gin
102
3
3
3
3
p
105
cresc.
p
to a - wak - - - en.
105
3
3
3
p

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.

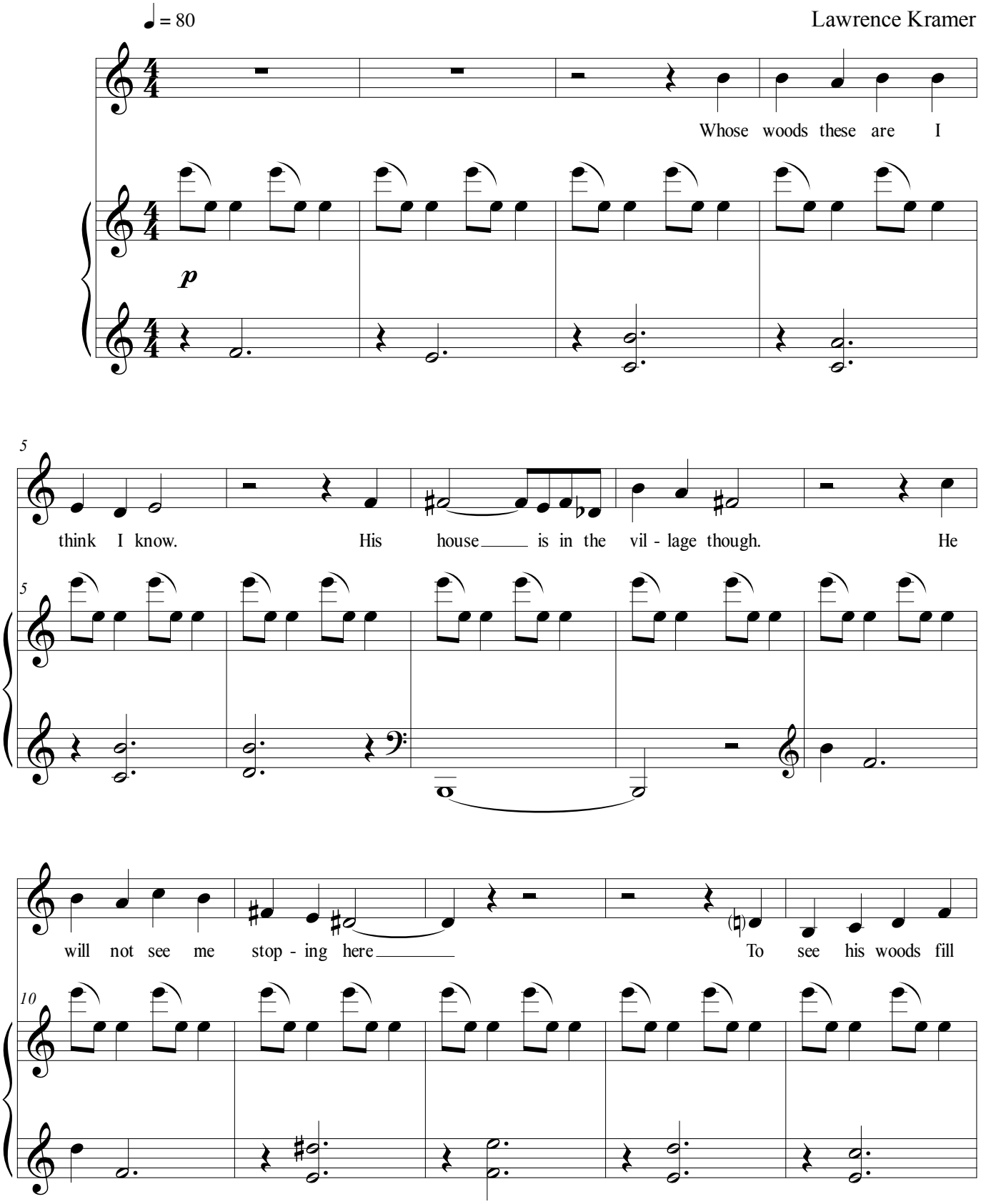
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

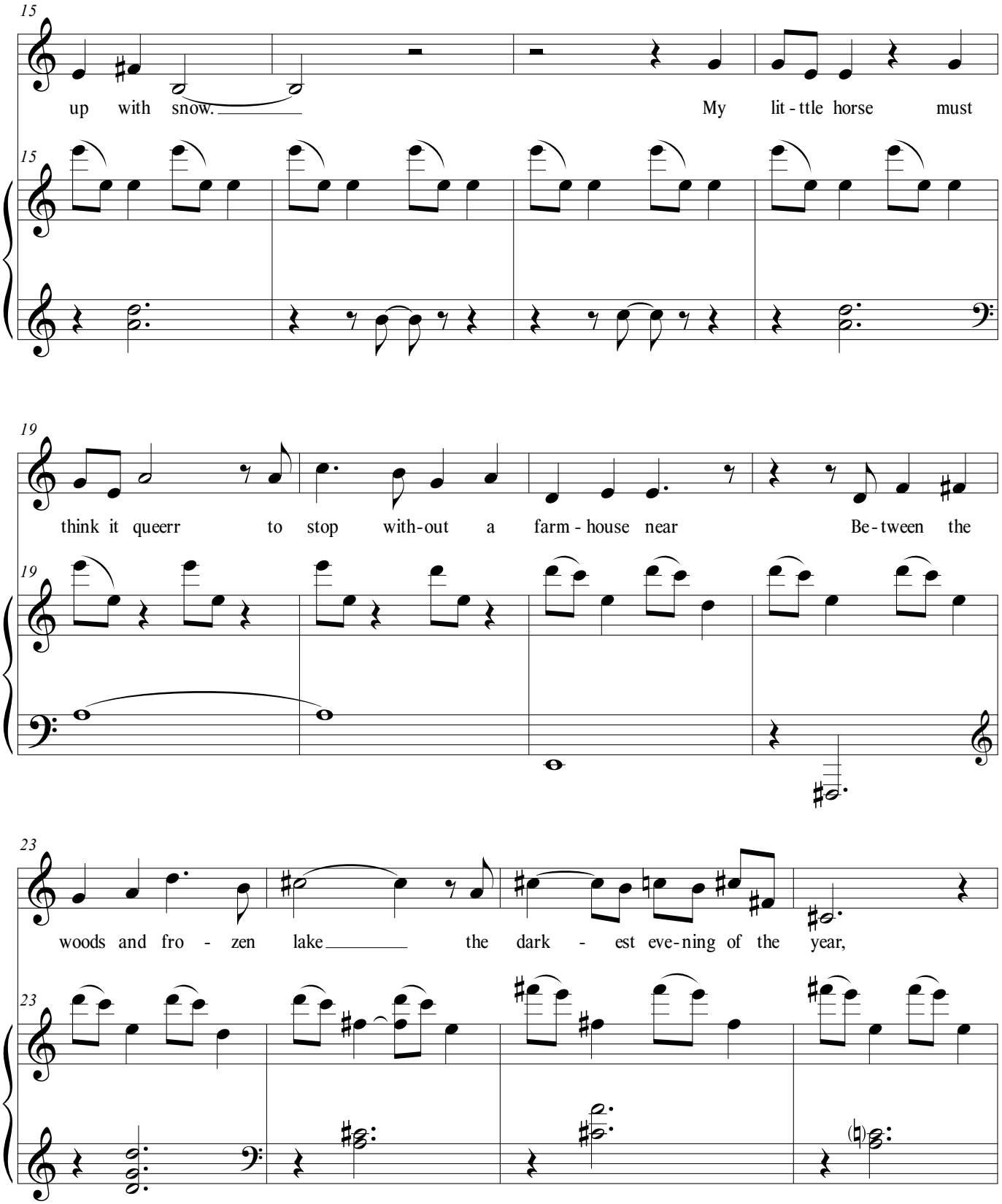
--Robert Frost

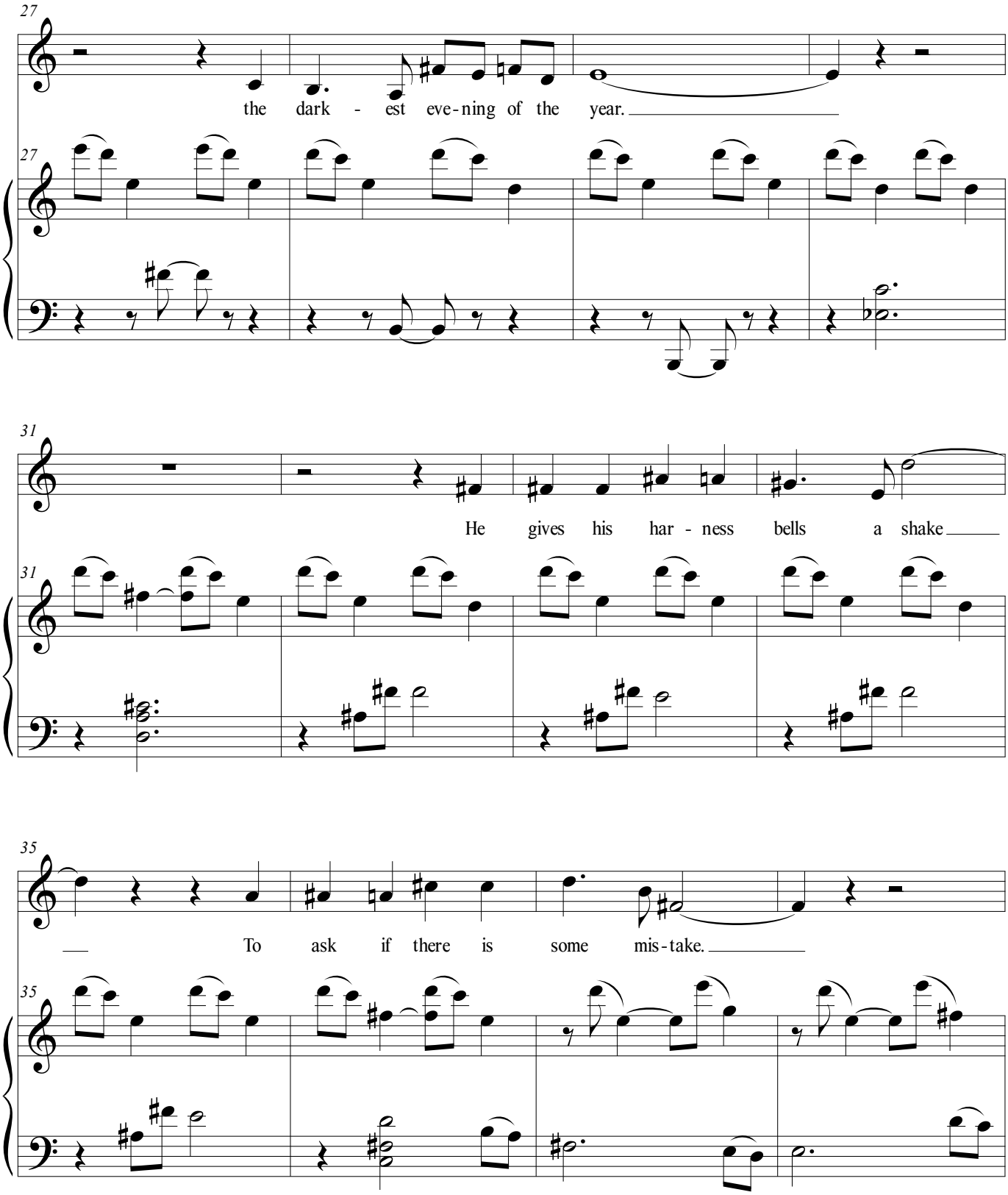
Written voice range: A3 - F#5
Tessitura: E4 - C♯5
Duration 3:40

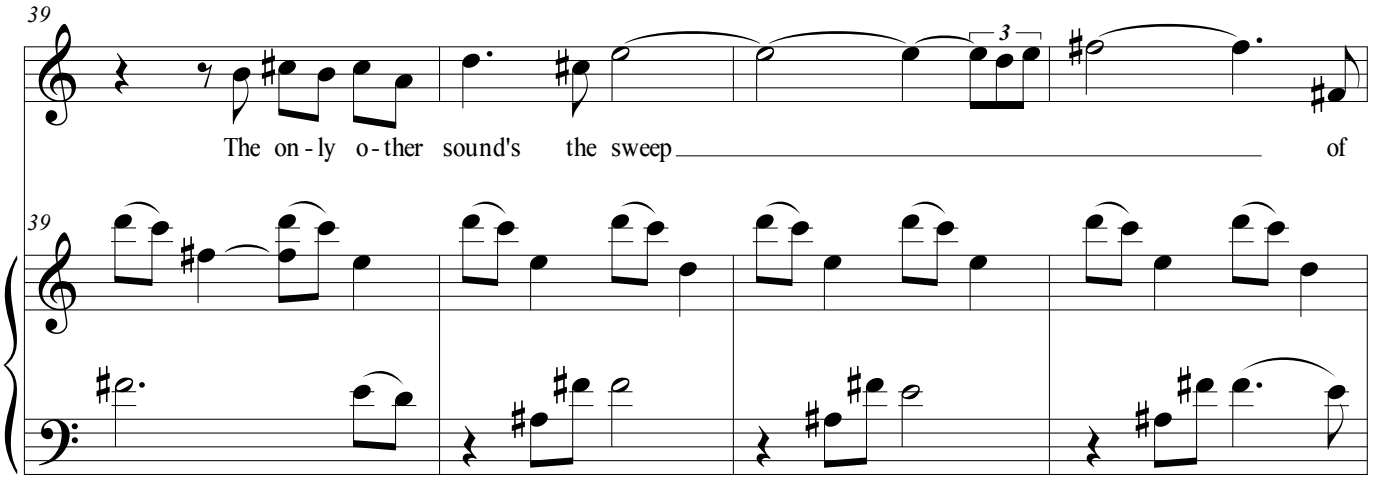
Composed January 1, 2019

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

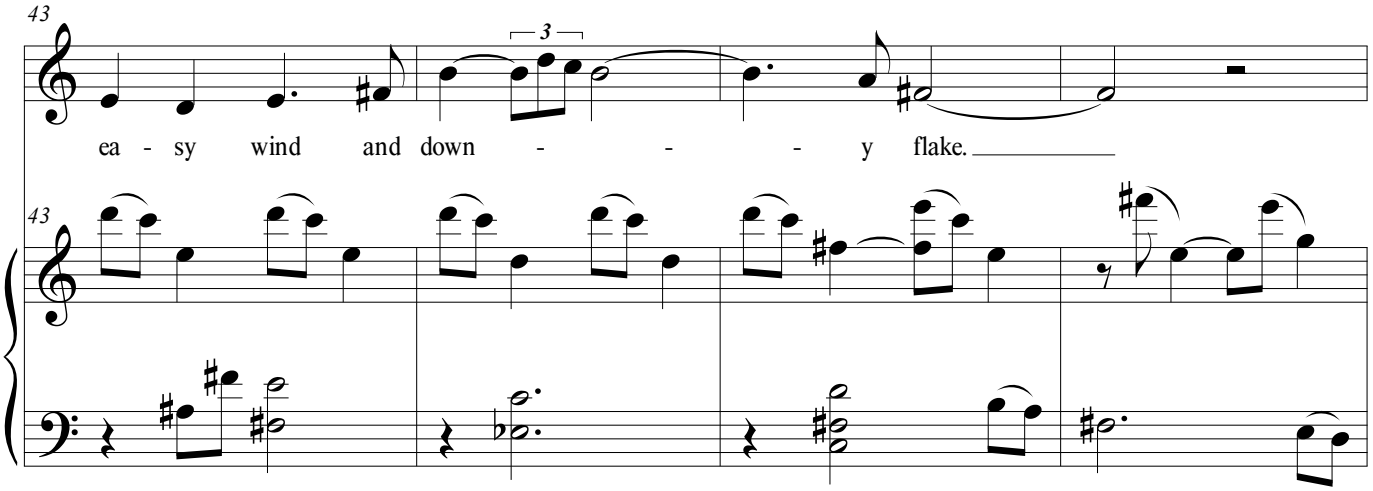


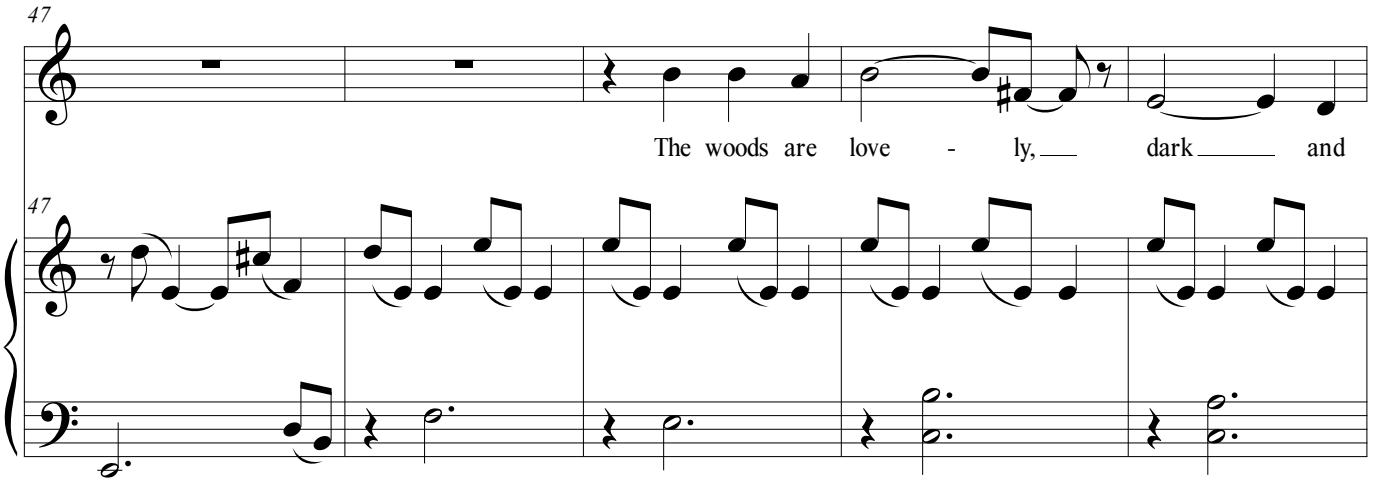

15
up with snow.
My lit - ttle horse must
19
think it queerr to stop with-out a farm - house near
Be - tween the
23
woods and fro - zen lake
the dark - est eve-ning of the year,

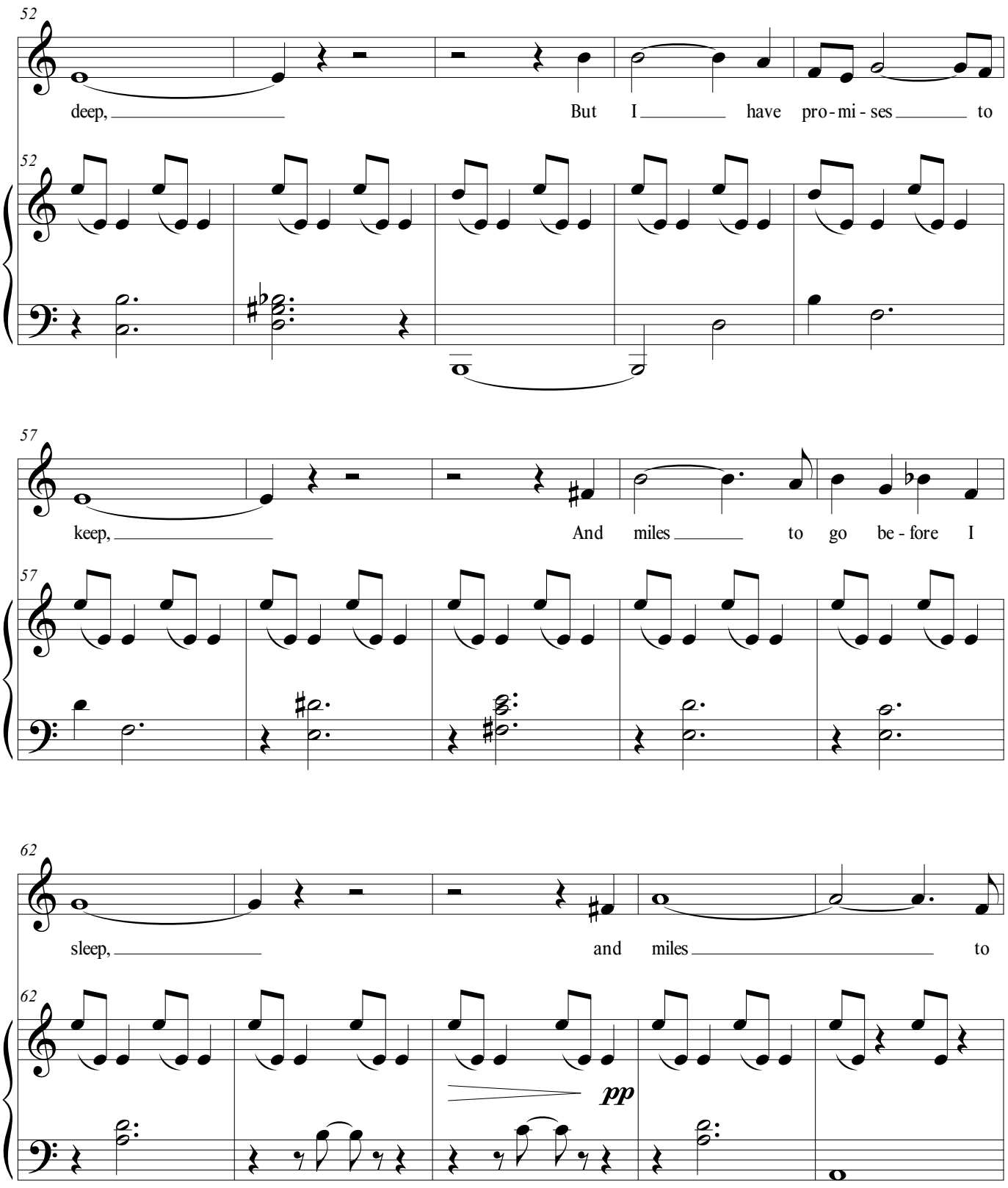

27
the dark - est eve-ning of the year.
27
31
He gives his har - ness bells a shake
31
35
To ask if there is some mis-take.
35

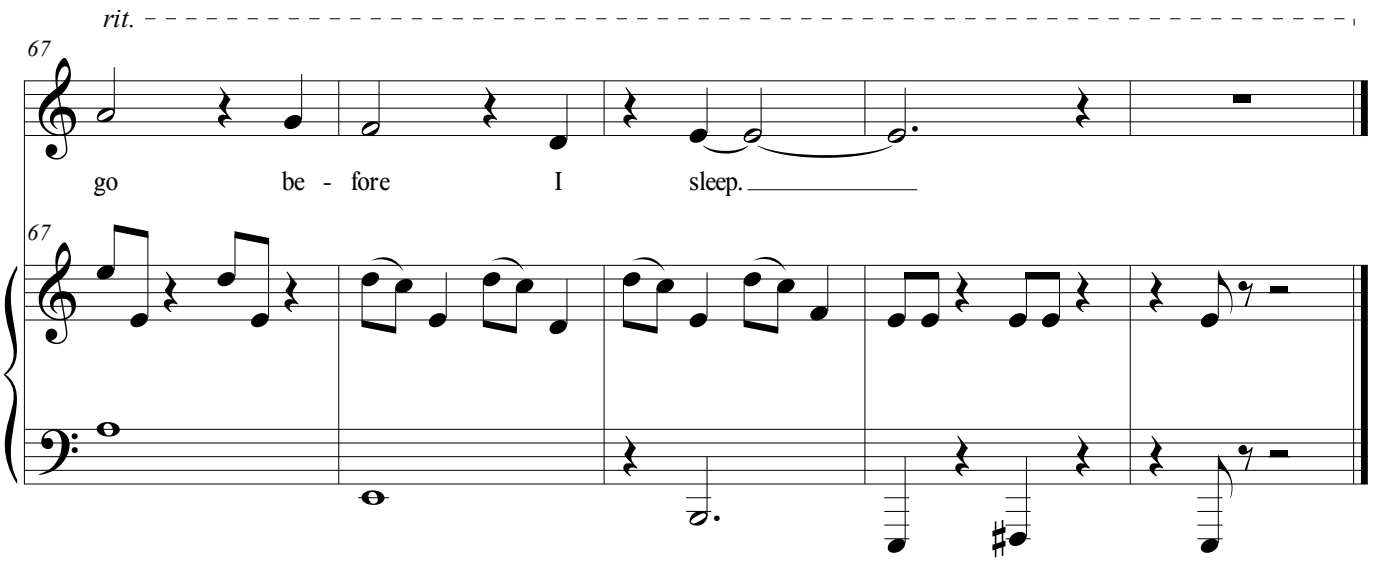


Mm. 39-42: dynamics follow voice.






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


rit.
67
go be - fore I sleep.
67

Sunday

Medium Voice

There came along
down the lane
waddling genially,
nodding amiably,
like a girl
on her way to Sunday school
with her prayer book,
(save
that he led a small cart
quite as inoffensive as himself
laden with corn and potatoes and cauliflower
and cheerful beets)
his rhomboid head
mounted by a pyramidal straw hat —
there came
an old thin horse,
alone
and so absent-minded,
he did not return my bow,
but waddled on,
veered off into another lane
and disappeared.

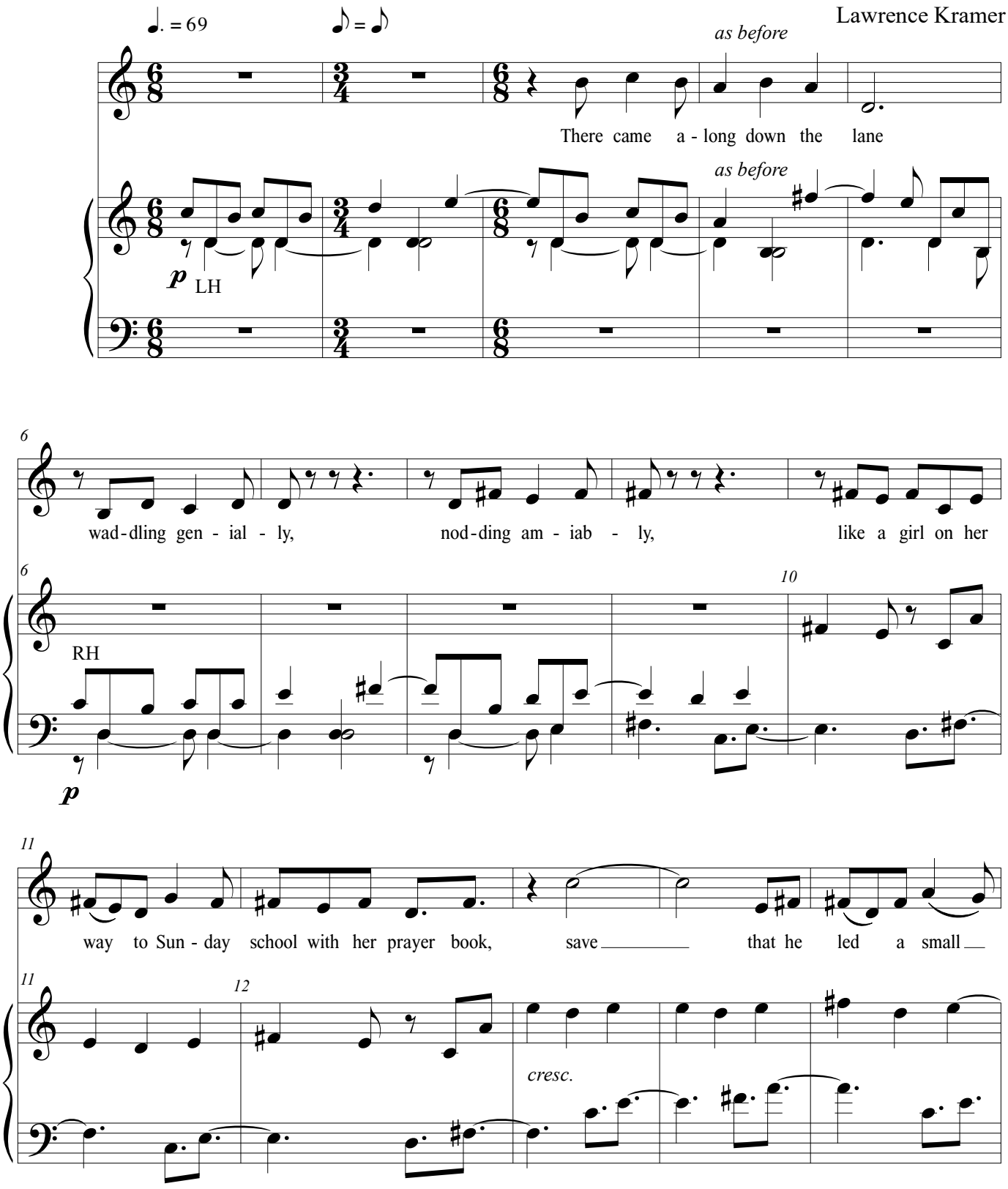
-Alfred Kreymborg

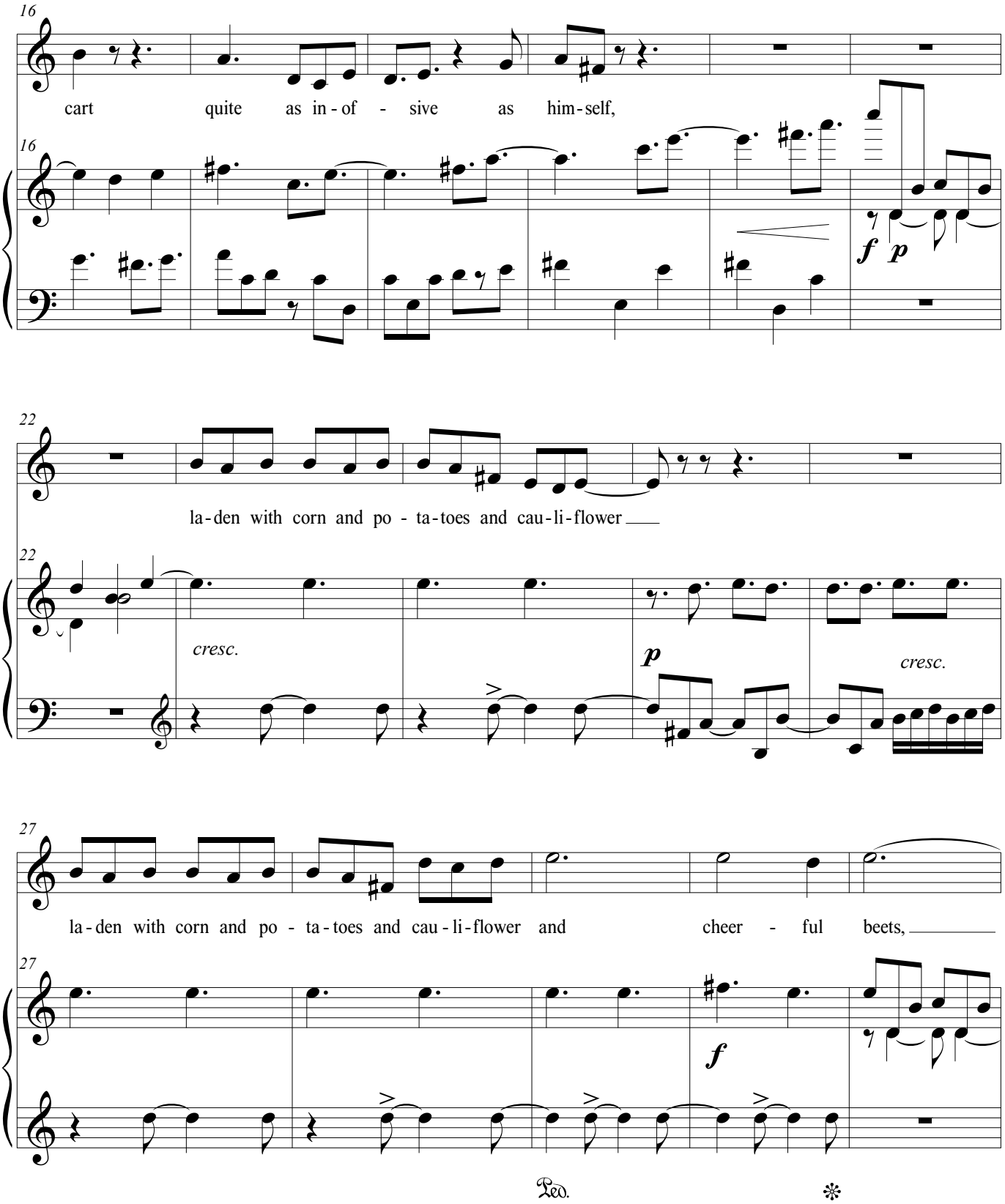
Written voice range: B3-F#5
Tessitura: B3 - E5
Duration: 3 minutes

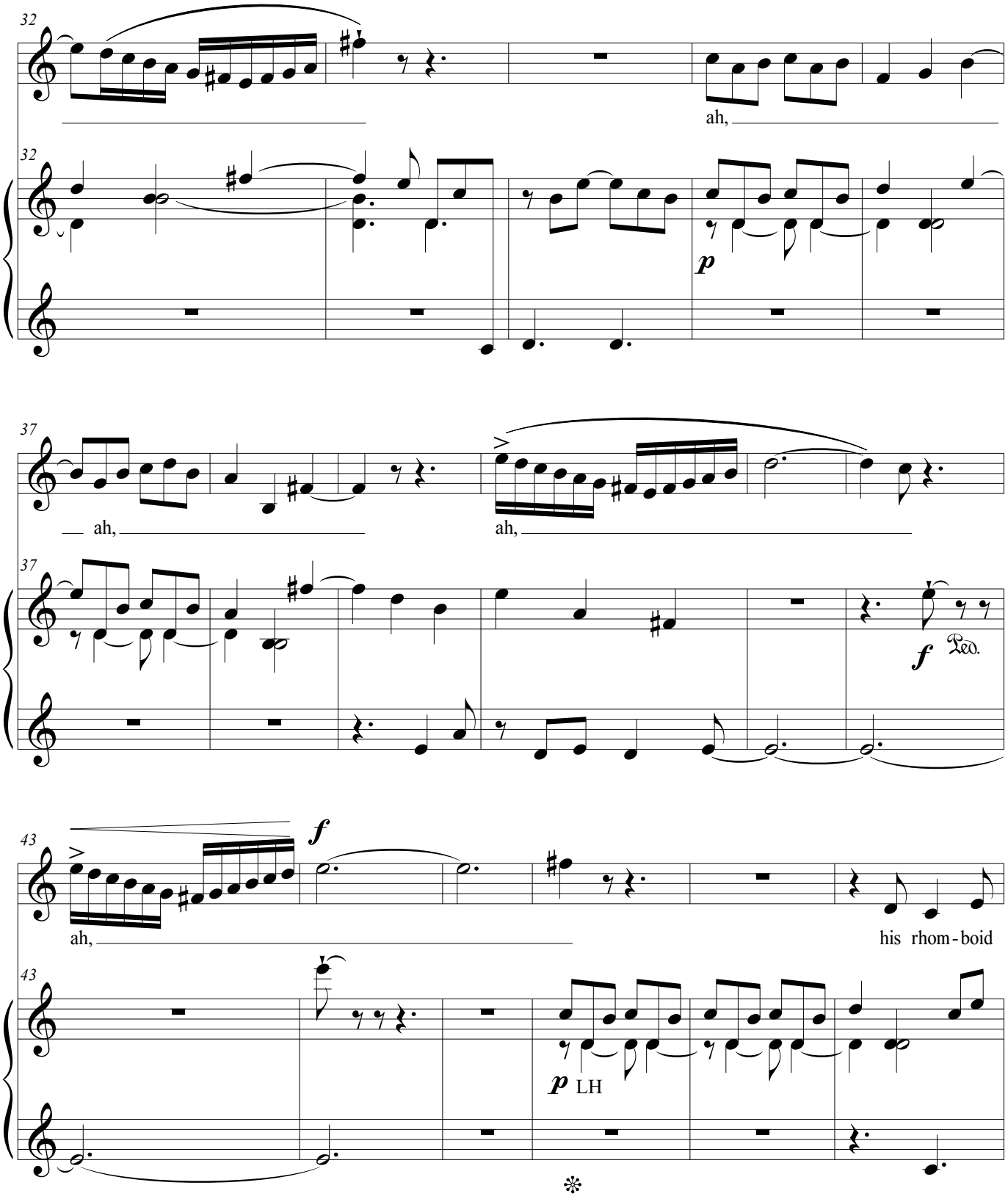
Composed 2018

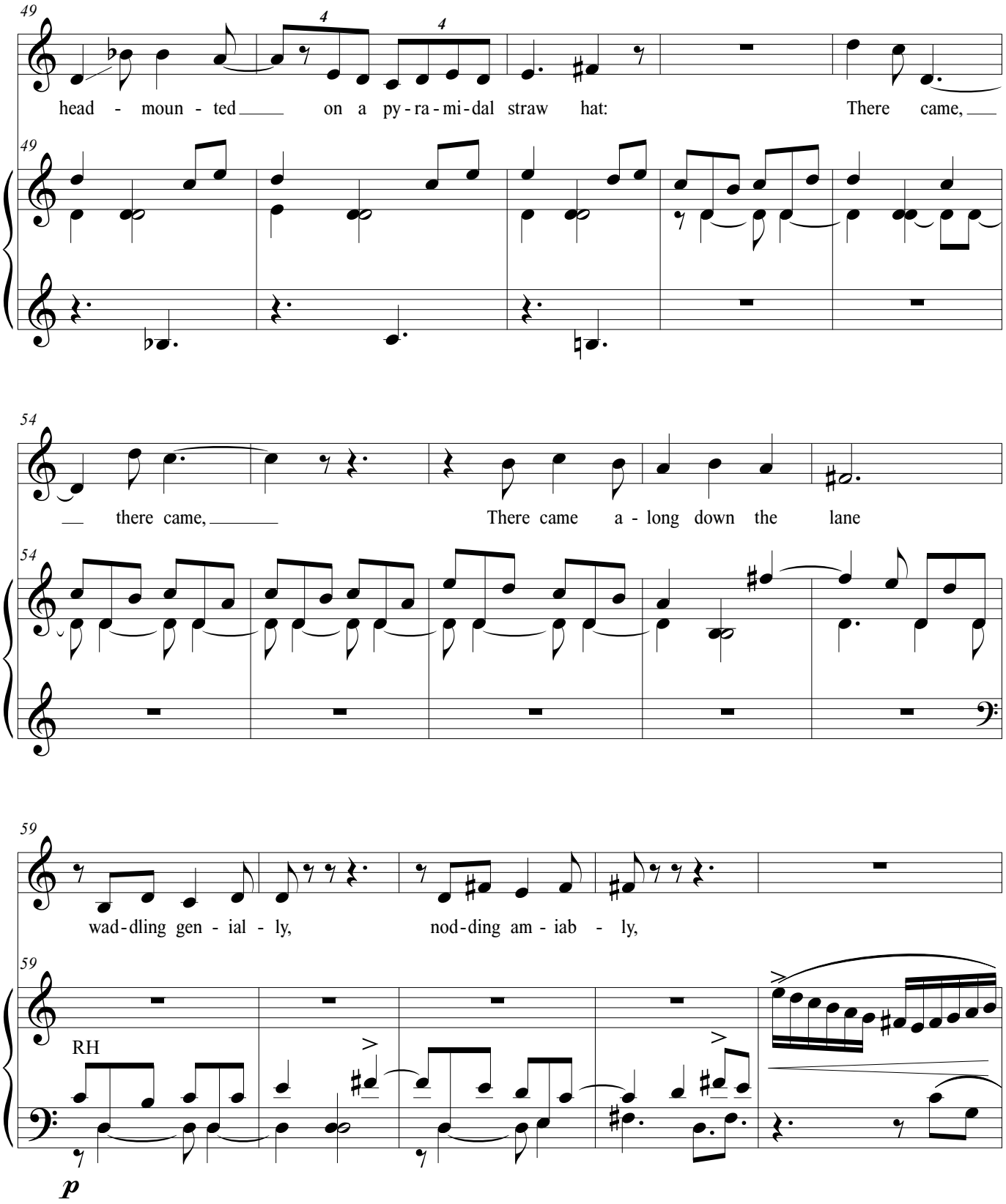
Sunday

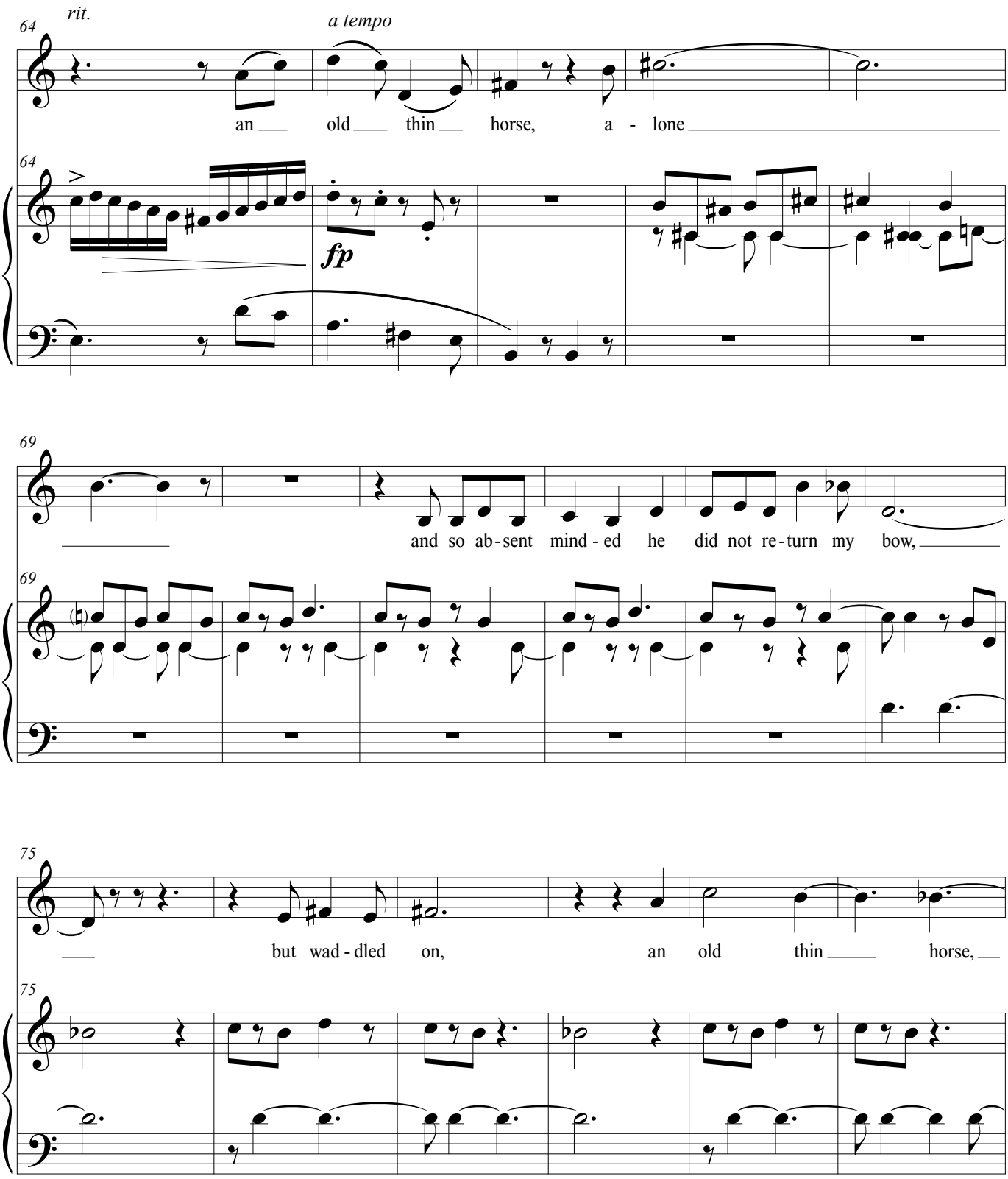
Lawrence Kramer

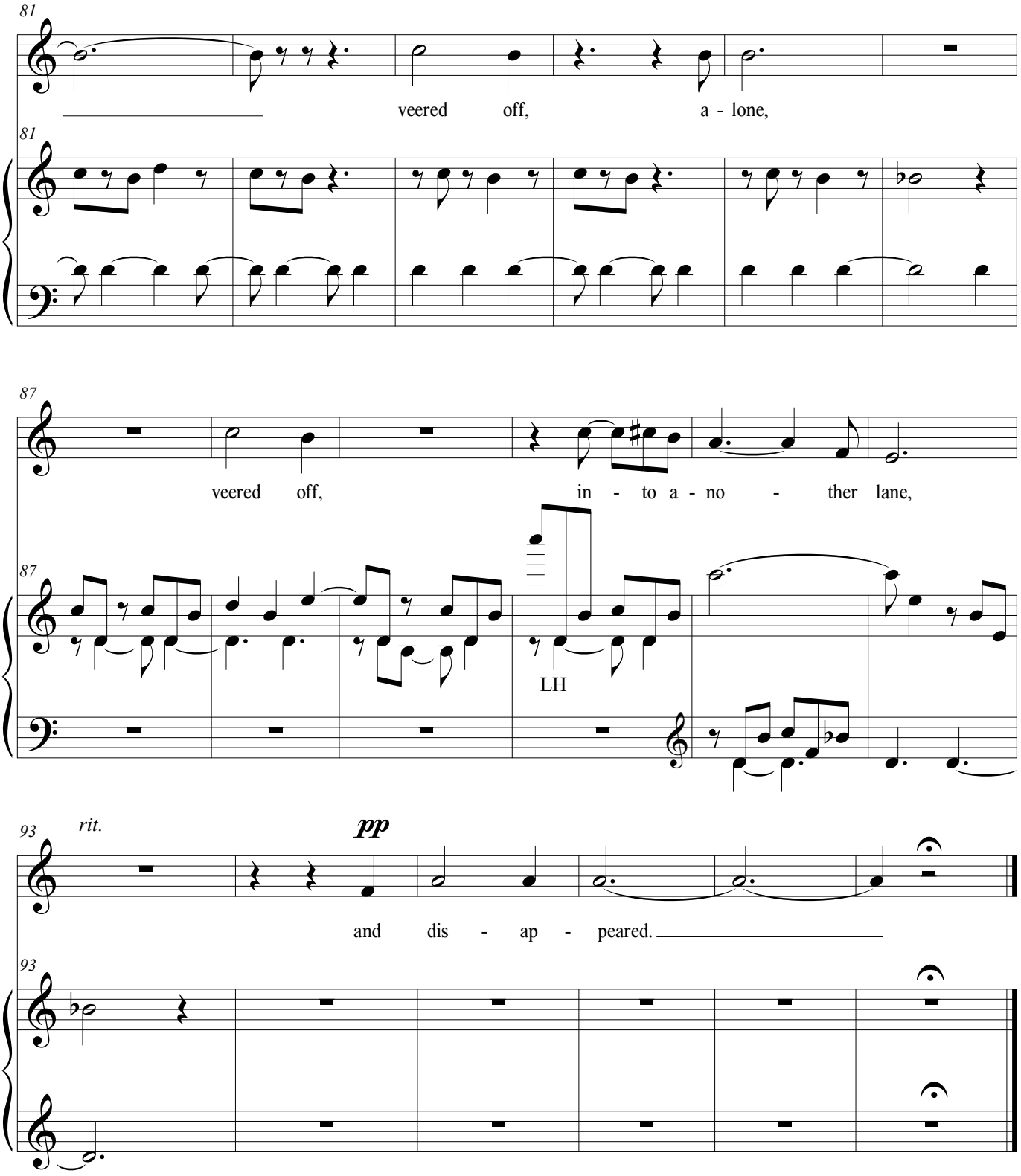



16
cart quite as in - of - sive as him - self,
16
f p
22
la - den with corn and po - ta - toes and cau - li - flower
22
cresc.
p
cresc.
27
la - den with corn and po - ta - toes and cau - li - flower and cheer - ful beets,
27
f
Ped.
*


32
ah,
32
p
37
ah,
ah,
37
f
Ped.
43
f
ah,
his rhom - boid
43
p LH


49
head - moun - ted on a py - ra - mi - dal straw hat: There came,
49
54
there came, There came a - long down the lane
54
59
wad - dling gen - ial - ly, nod - ding am - iab - ly,
59
RH
p


64
rit.
a tempo
an old thin horse, a - lone
64
fp
69
and so ab-sent mind-ed he did not re-turn my bow,
69
75
but wad-dled on, an old thin horse,
75


81
veered off, a - lone,
87
veered off, in - to a - no - ther lane,
LH
93
rit.
pp
and dis - ap - peared.

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.

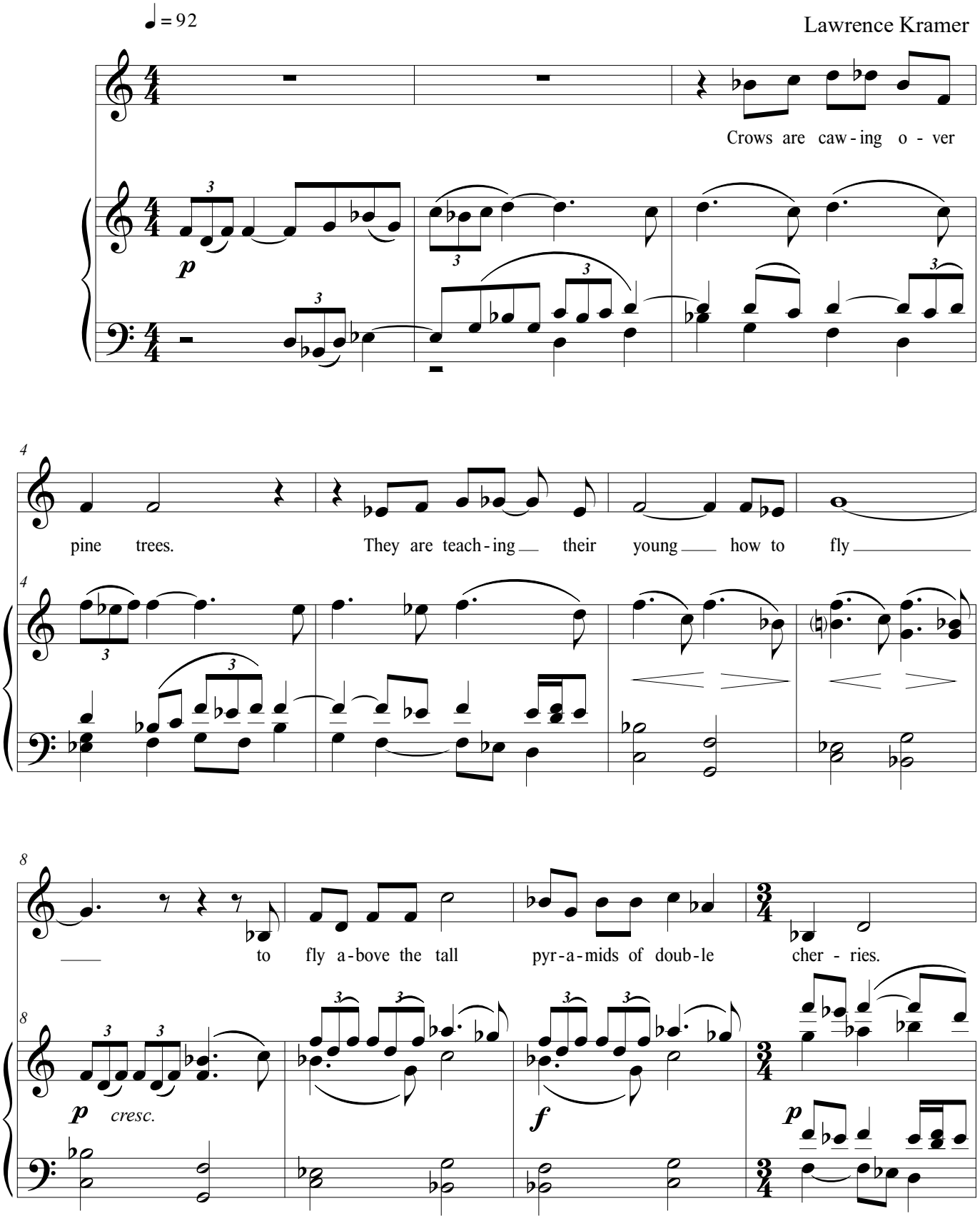
--Amy Lowell

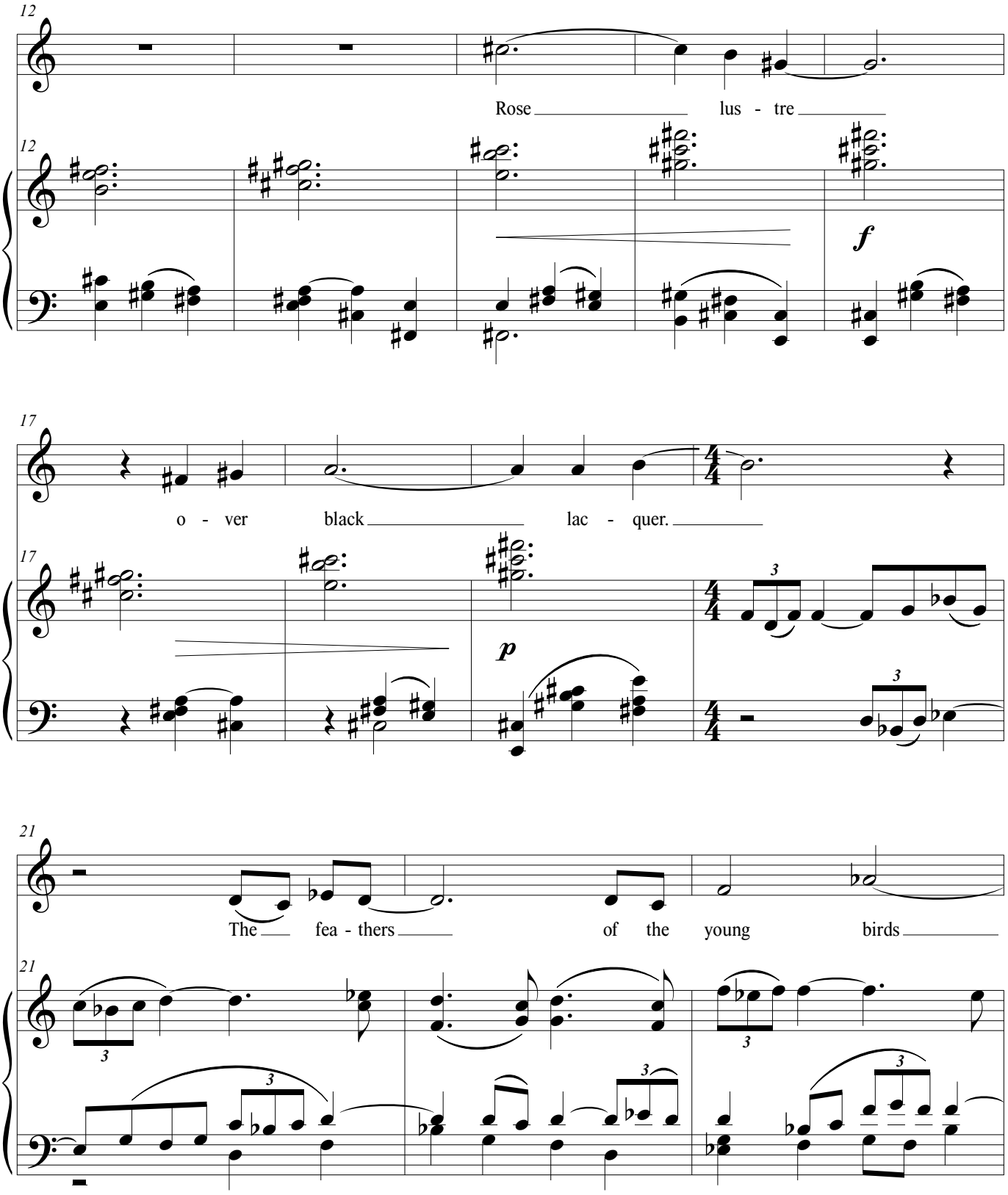
Written voice range: A3-E5
Tessitura: D4 - C♯5
Duration: 3:15

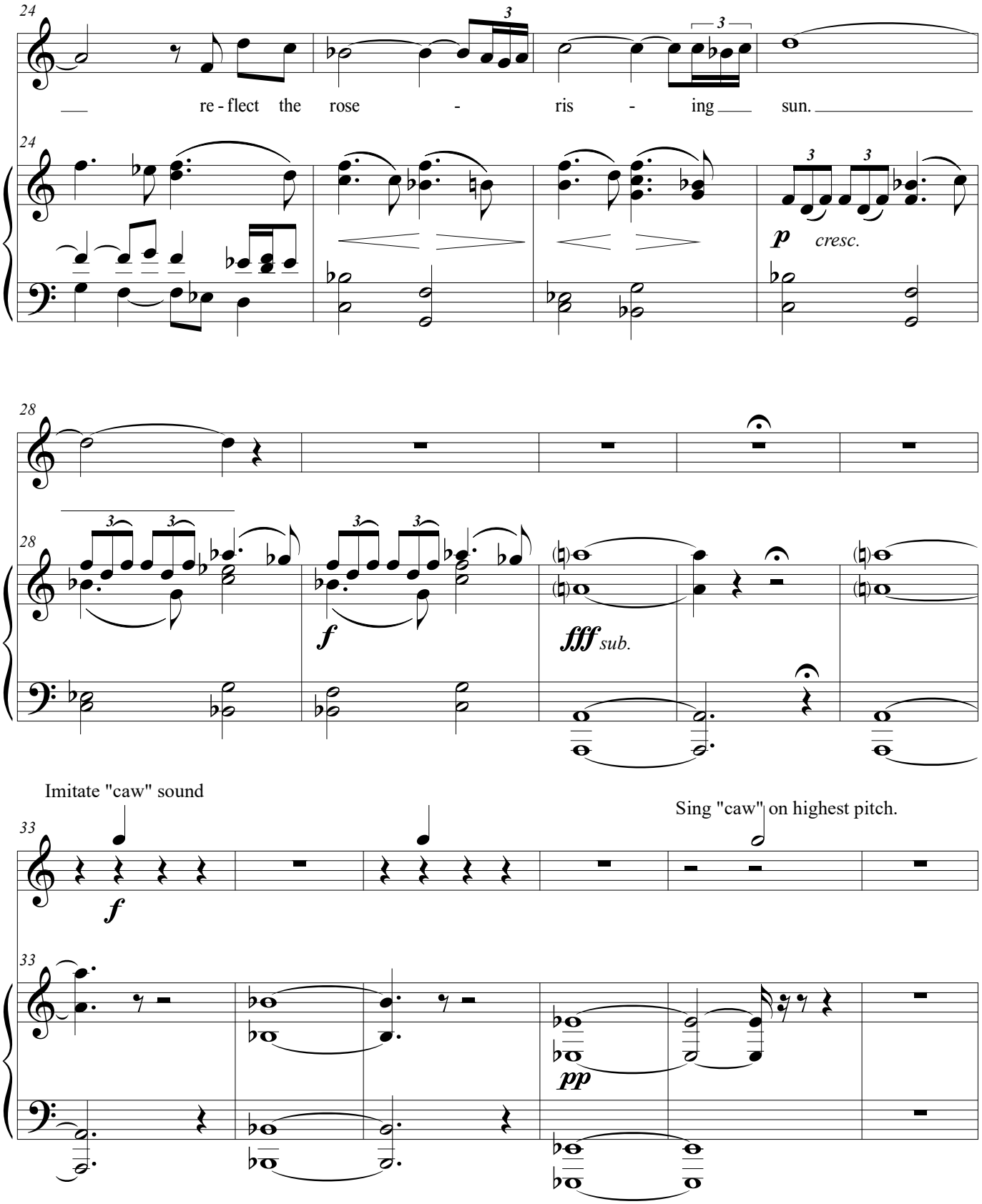
Composed 2018

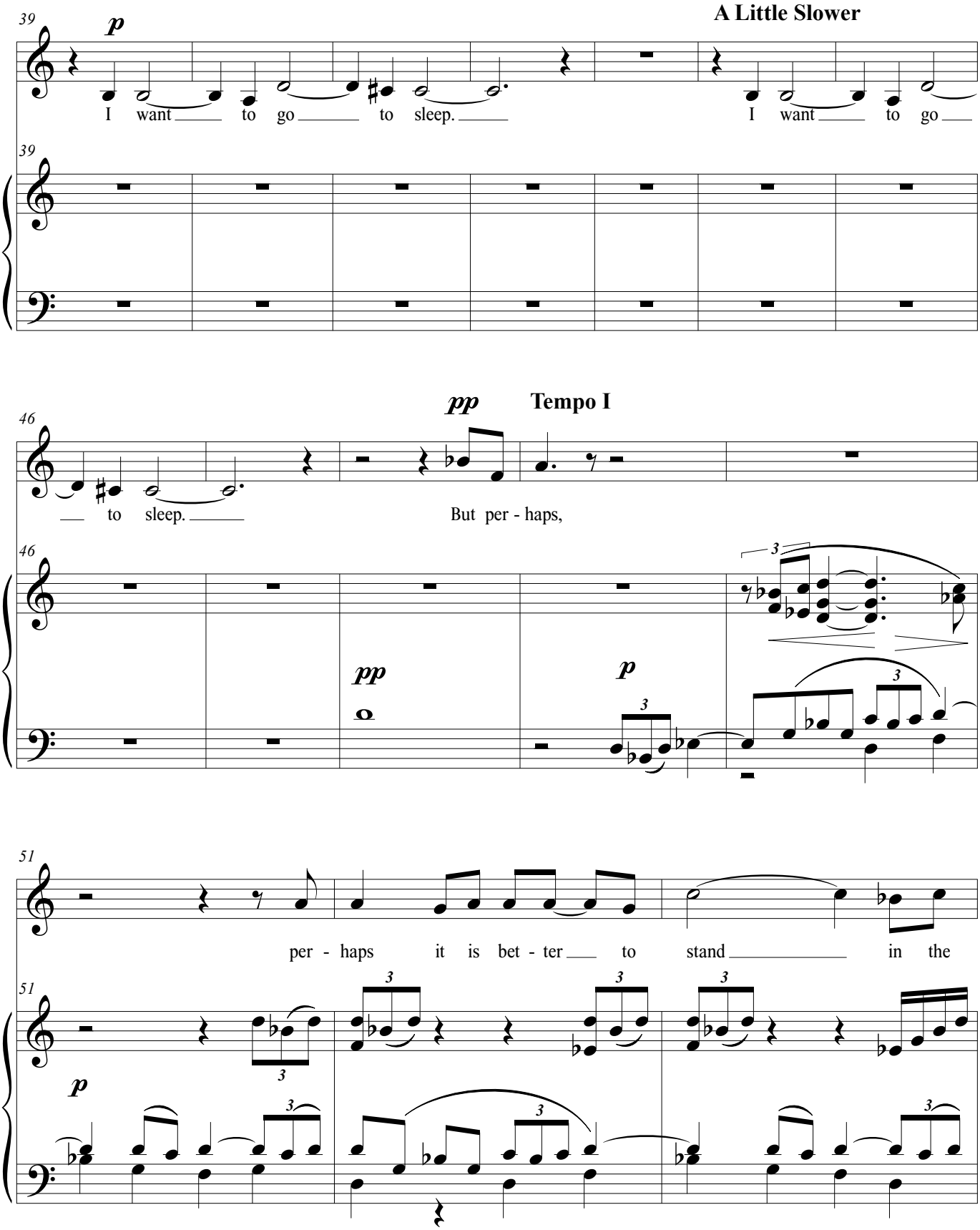
The Corner of Night and Morning

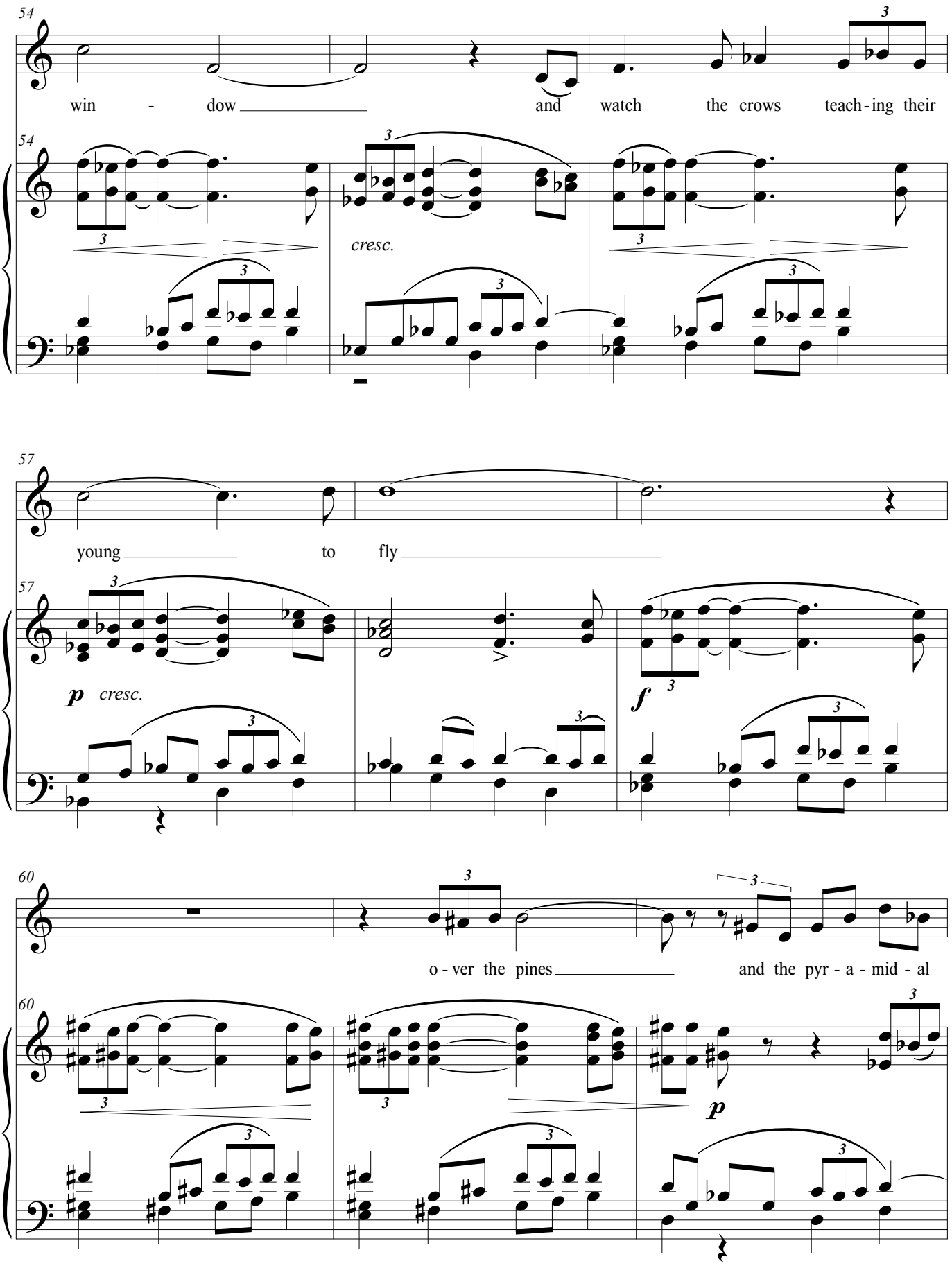
Lawrence Kramer

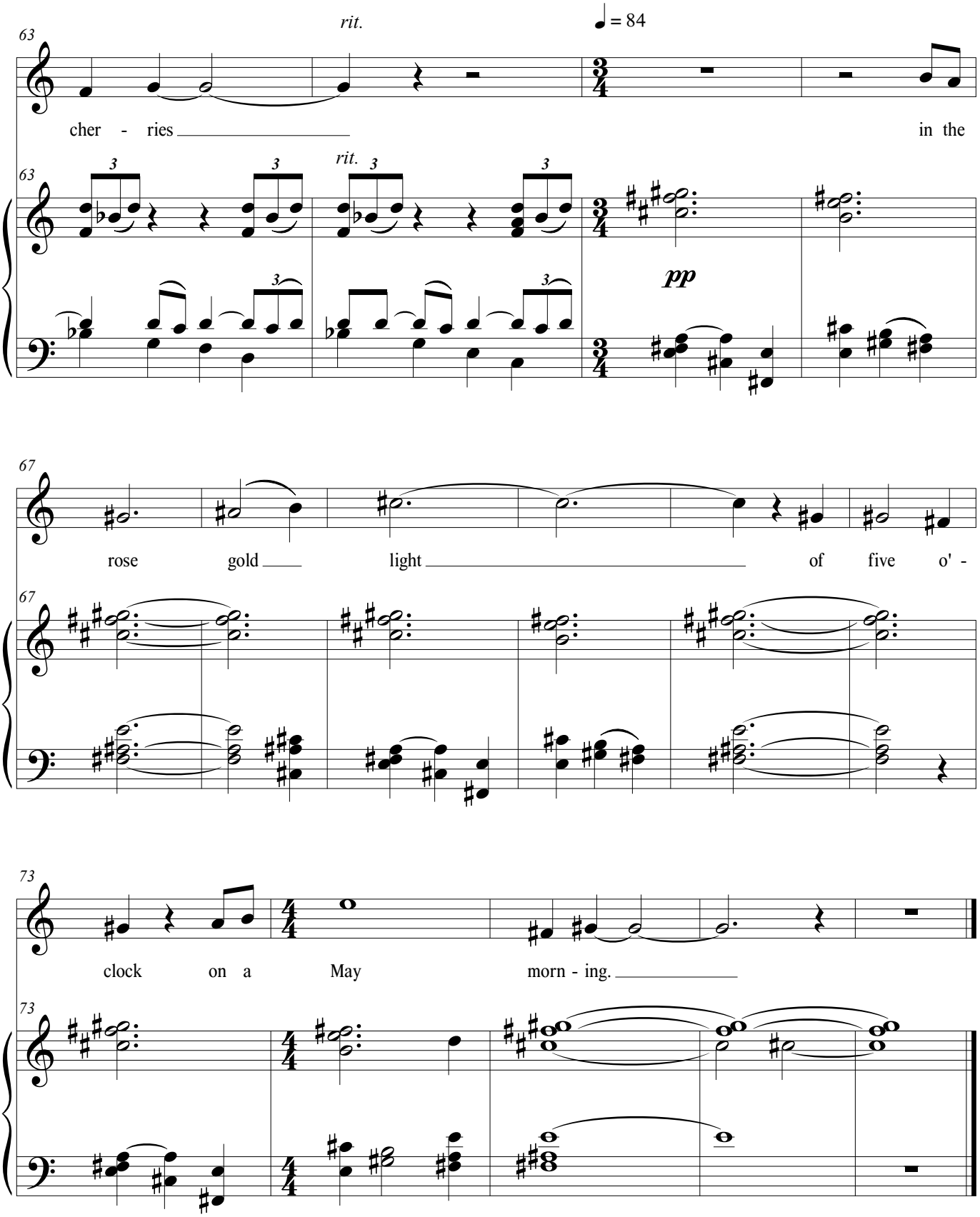



12
Rose lus - tre
12
f
17
o - ver black lac - quer.
17
p
21
The fea - thers of the young birds
21


24
re - flect the rose - ris - ing sun.
p cresc.
28
f
fff sub.
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.

The Panther

Medium Voice

Der Panther (Im Jardin des Plantes, Paris) (1902)

Sein Blick ist von Vorübergehn der Stäbe
so müd geworden, daß er nichts mehr hält.
Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf—. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille—
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

The Panther (In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris)

His gaze is from the pacing past the bars
So tired now that it holds nothing more,
As if for him there were a thousand bars
And past the thousand bars no world to see.

The quiet tread of strong and agile steps
That turn in circles growing ever smaller
Is like a dance of force around a center
In which a great will stands there paralyzed.

Only at times the curtain of his pupils
Silently parts—and then in glides an image,
Glides through the high-strung stillness of his limbs--
And in his heart gives up its being.

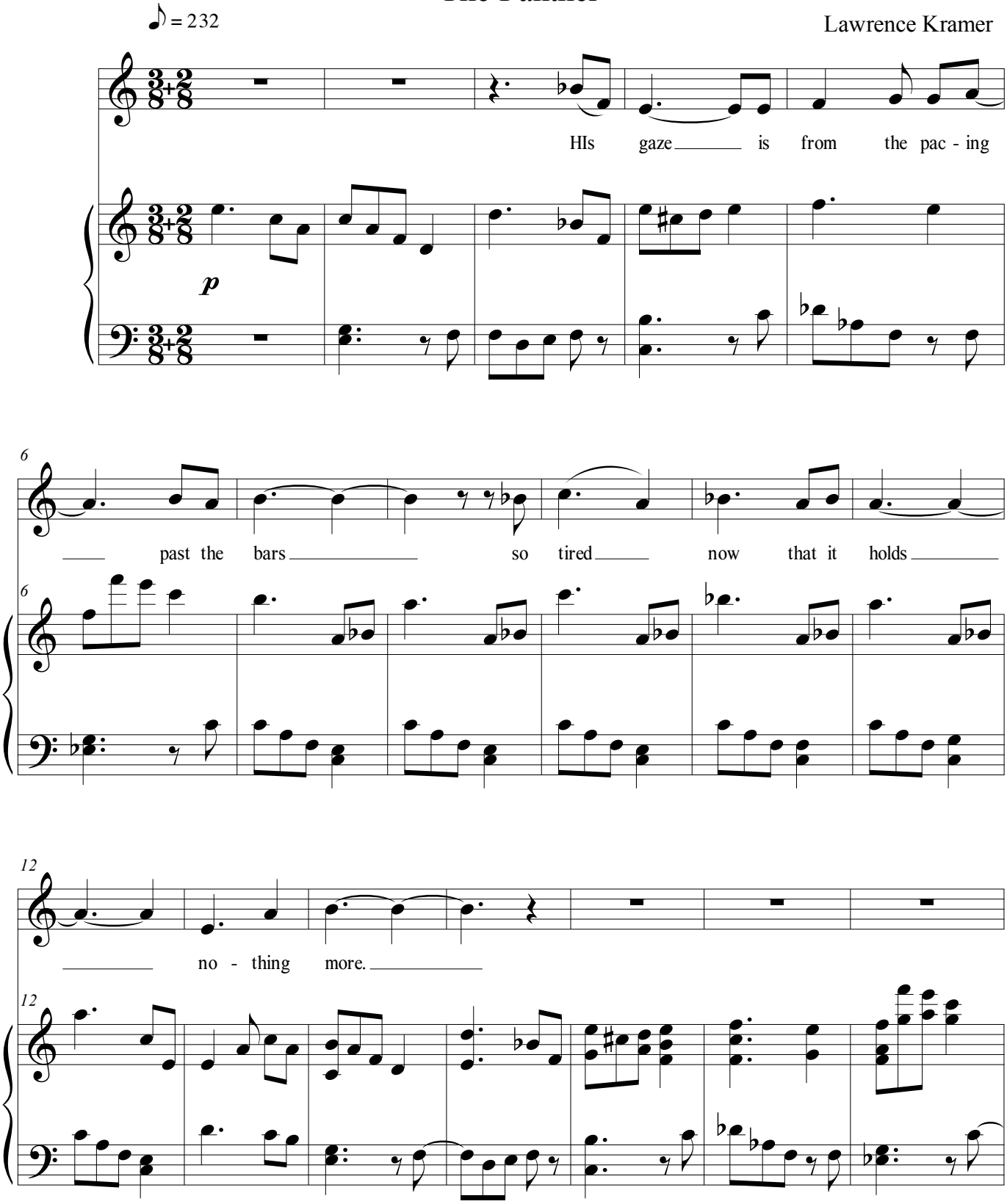
--Translation by the composer.

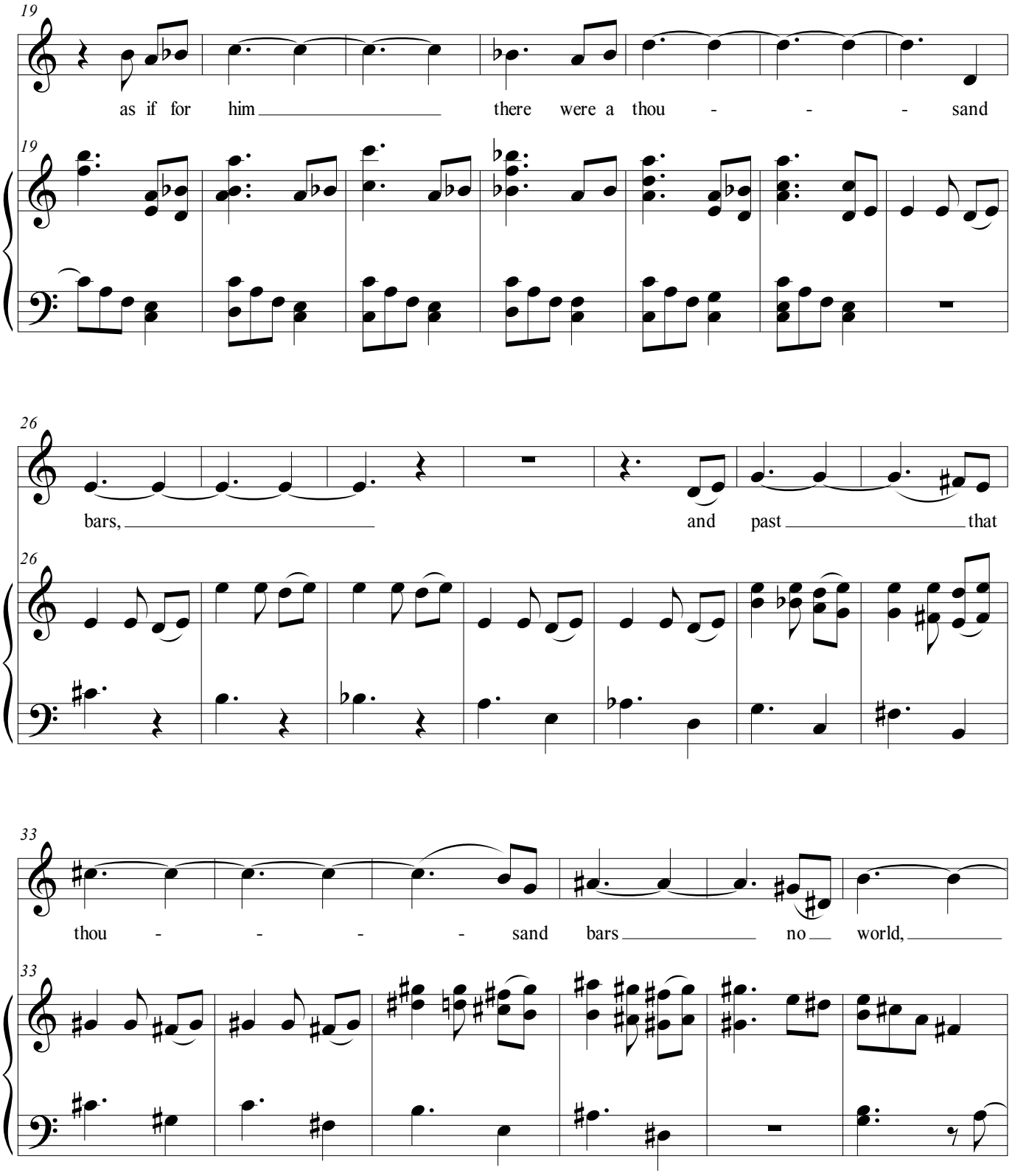
Voice range: B♭3-E5, with one optional A3
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration 3:15

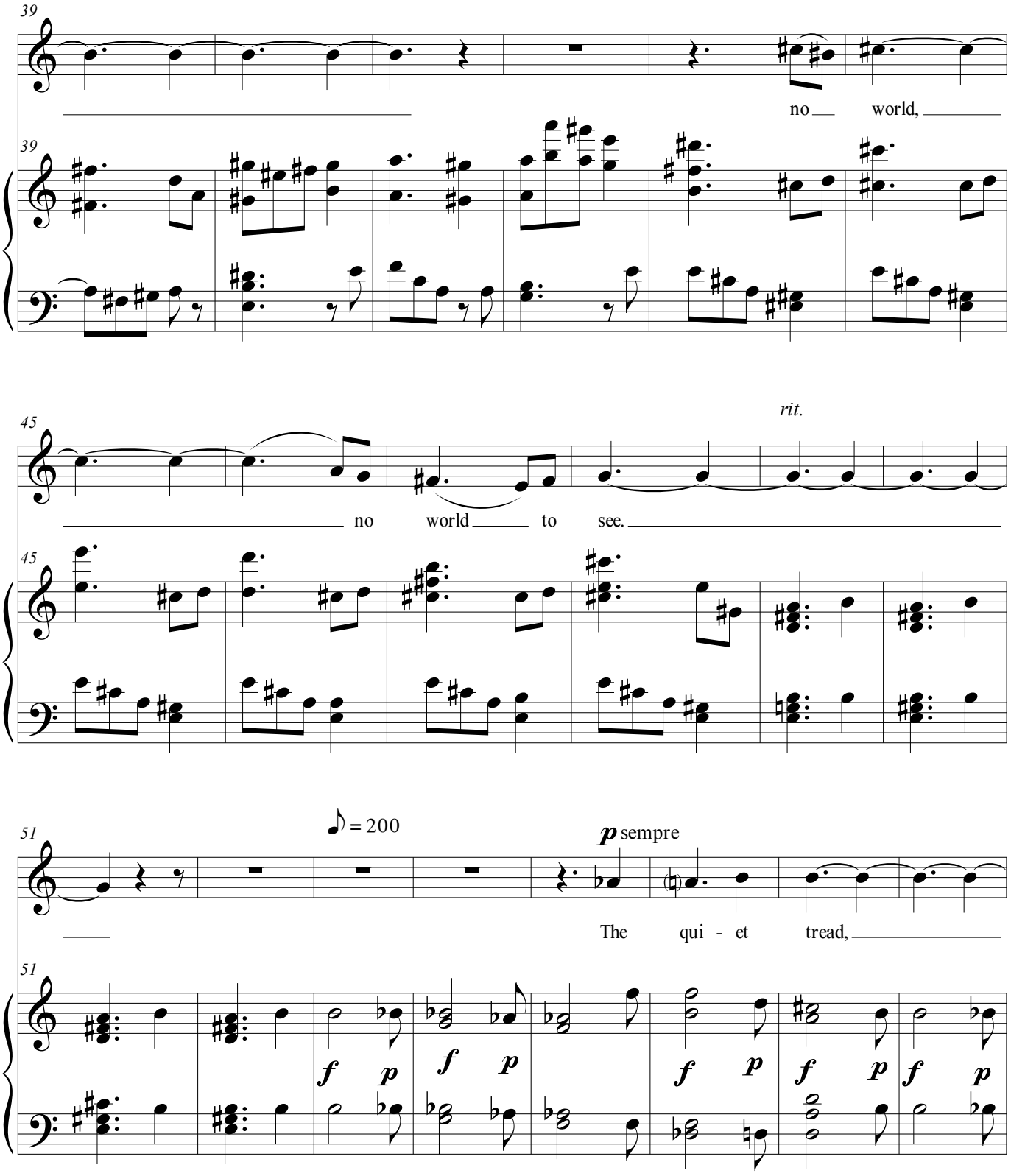
Composed 2017

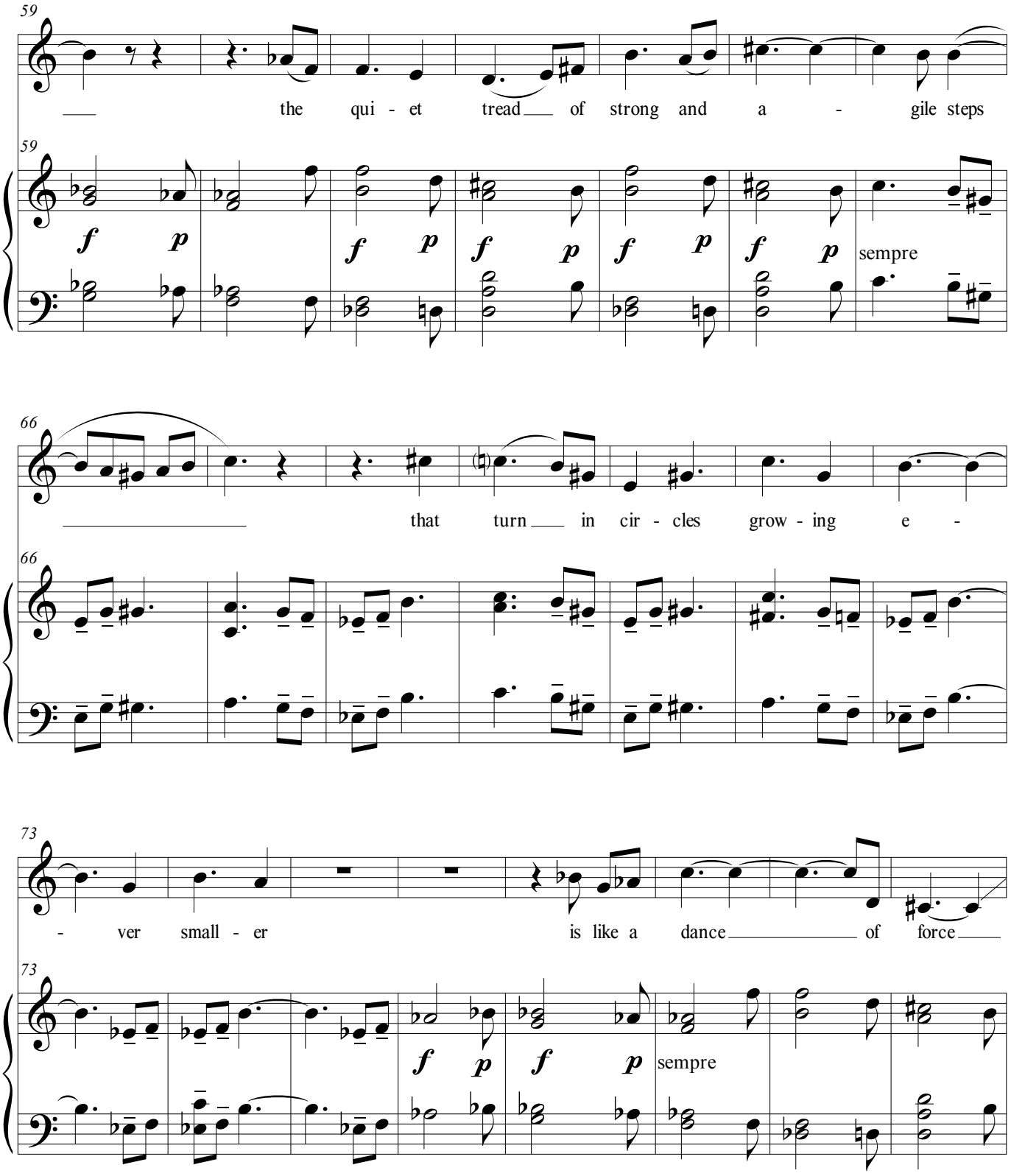
The Panther

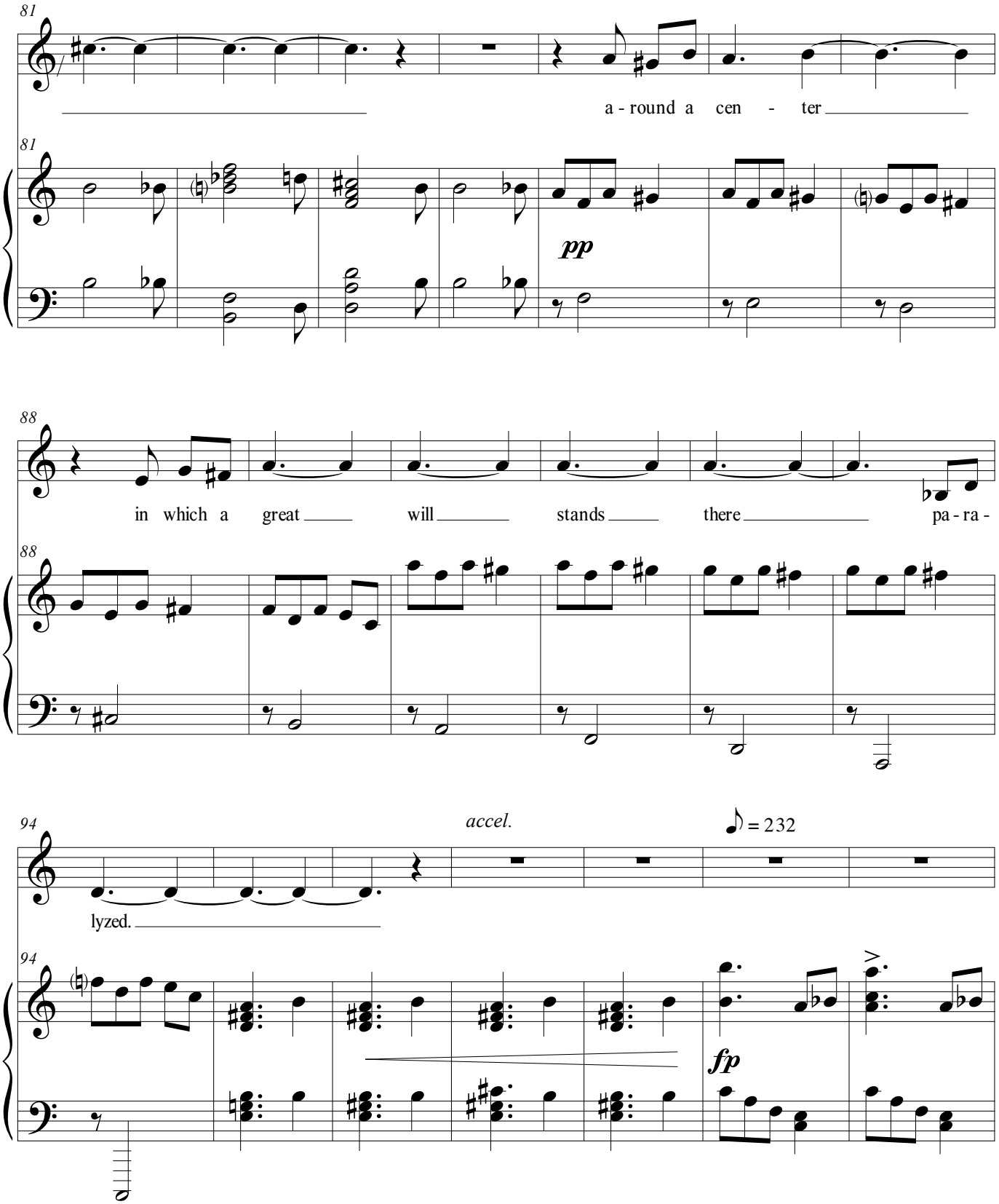
Lawrence Kramer

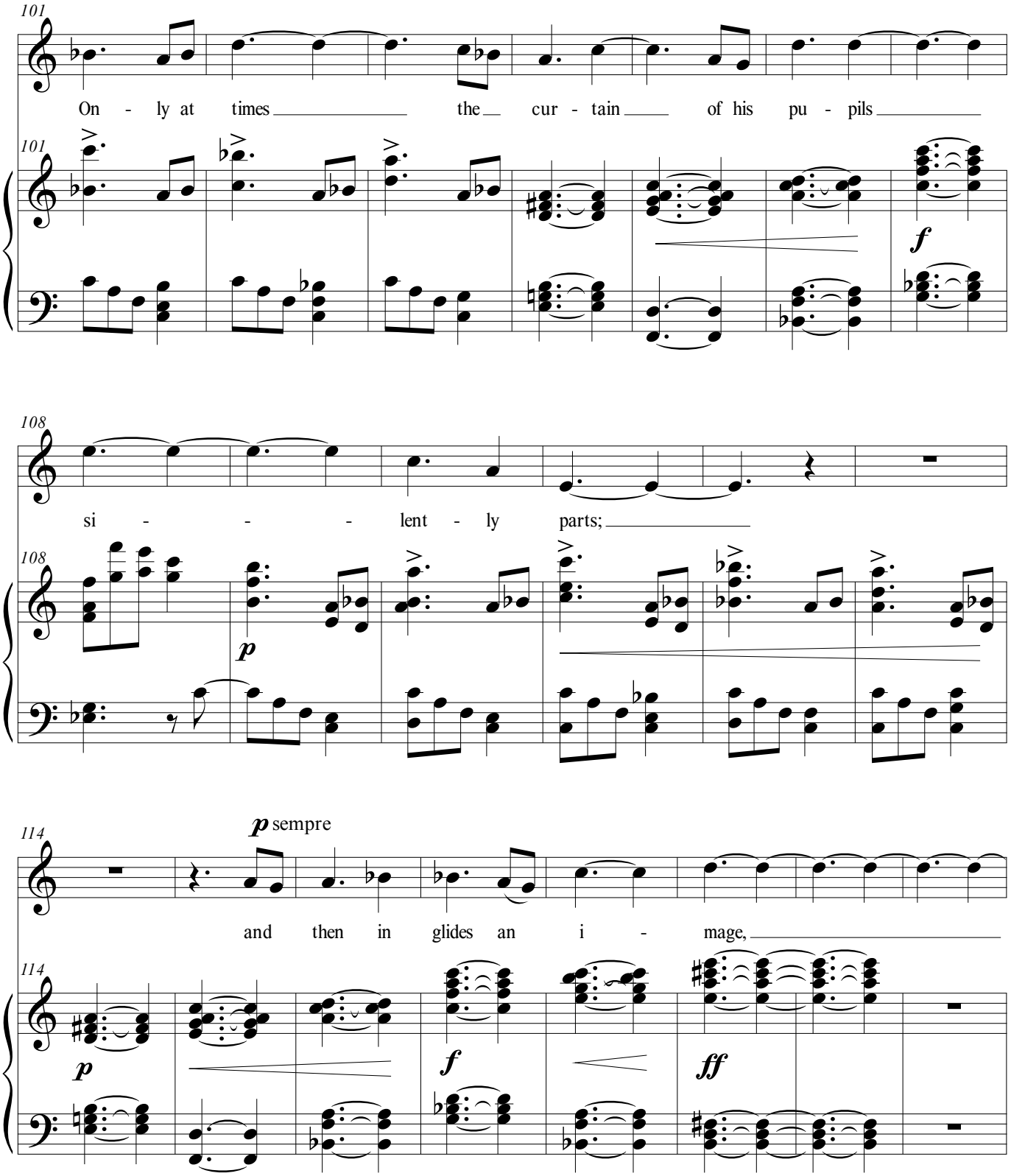


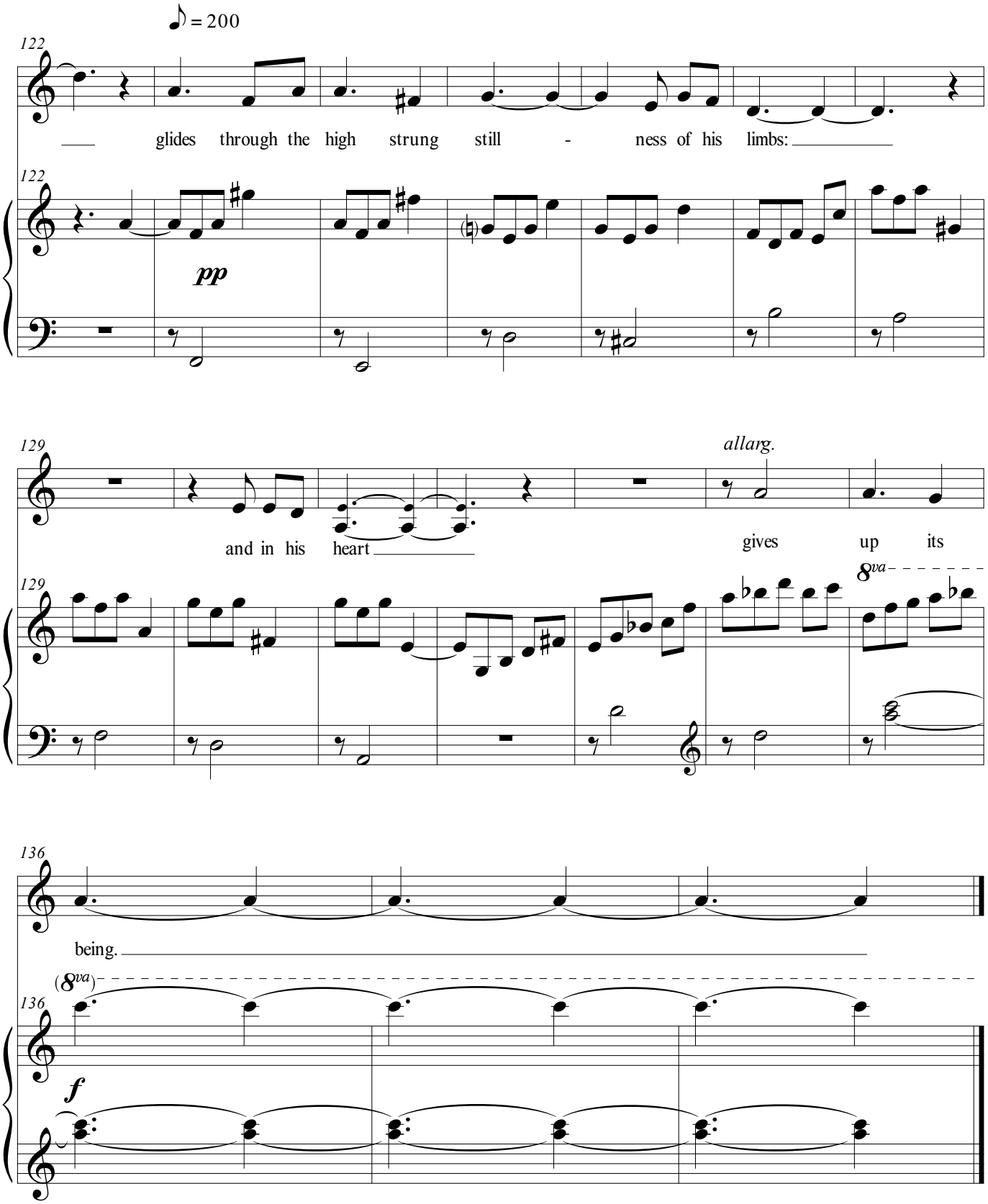

19
as if for him there were a thou - - - sand
19
26
bars, and past that
26
33
thou - - - - sand bars no world,
33


39
no world,
45
rit.
no world to see.
51
♪ = 200
p sempre
The qui - et tread,
f p f p f p f p f p


59
the qui - et tread of strong and a - gile steps
f p f p f p f p f p sempre
66
that turn in cir - cles grow - ing e -
73
- ver small - er is like a dance of force
f p f p sempre


81
a - round a cen - ter
81
pp
88
in which a great will stands there pa - ra -
88
94
accel.
♪ = 232
lyzed.
94
fp


101
On - ly at times the cur - tain of his pu - pils
101
f
108
si - - - lent - ly parts;
108
p
114
p sempre
and then in glides an i - mage,
114
p
f
ff


♪ = 200
122
glides through the high strung still - ness of his limbs:
122
pp
129
allarg.
and in his heart
gives up its
8va
129
136
being.
(8va)
136
f

The Veritable Night

Mezzo Soprano

From *Spring and All*

The veritable night
of wires and stars

the moon is in
the oak tree's crotch

and sleepers in
the windows cough

athwart the round
and pointed leaves

and insects sting
while on the grass

the whitish moonlight
tearfully

assumes the attitudes
of afternoon —

But it is real
where peaches hang

recalling death's
long promised symphony

whose tuneful wood
and stringish undergrowth

are ghosts existing
without being

save to come with juice
and pulp to assuage

the hungers which
the night reveals

so that now at last
the truth's aglow

with devilish peace
forestalling day

which dawns tomorrow
with dreadful reds

the heart to predicate
with mists that loved

the ocean and the fields —
Thus moonlight

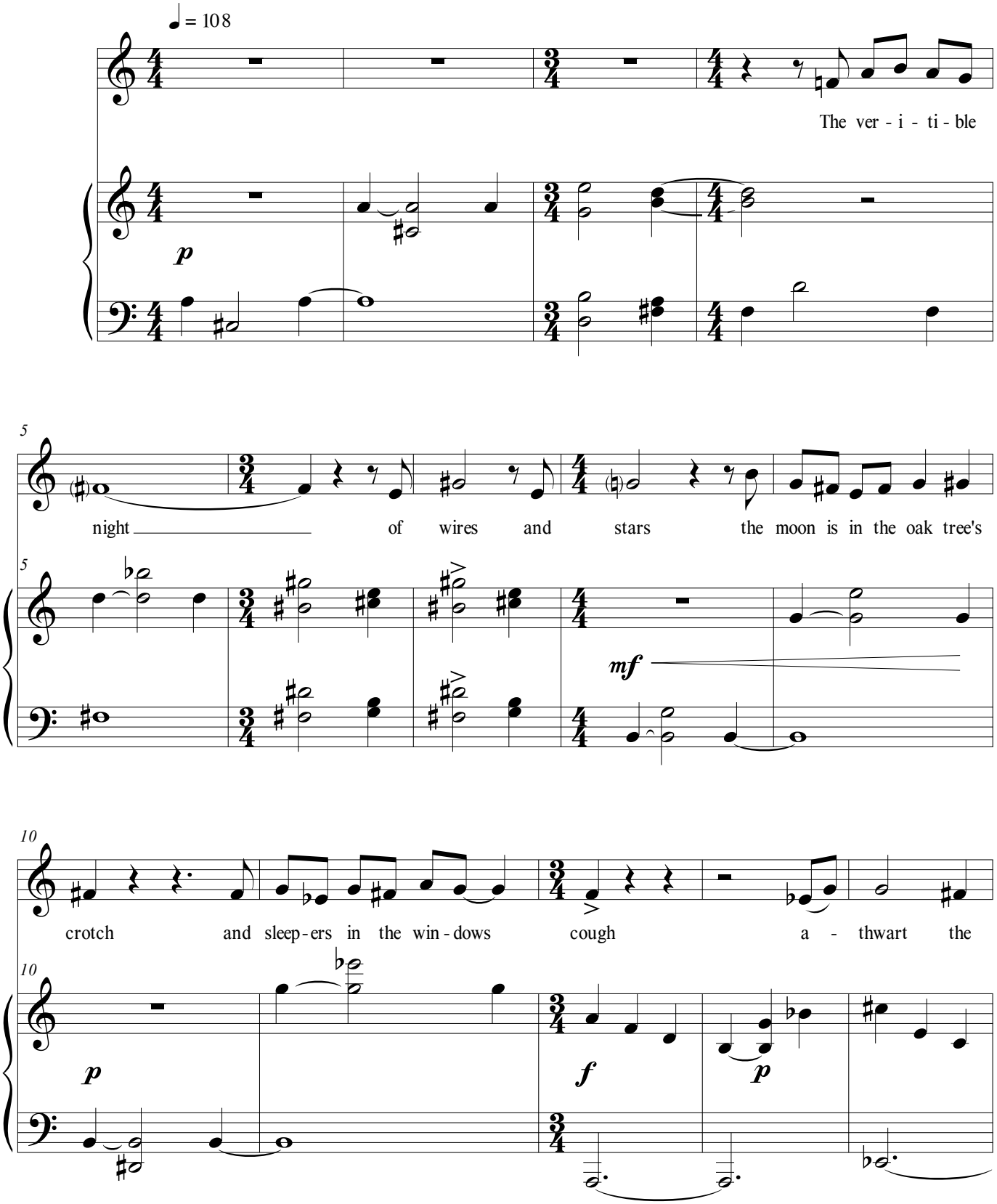
is the perfect
human touch

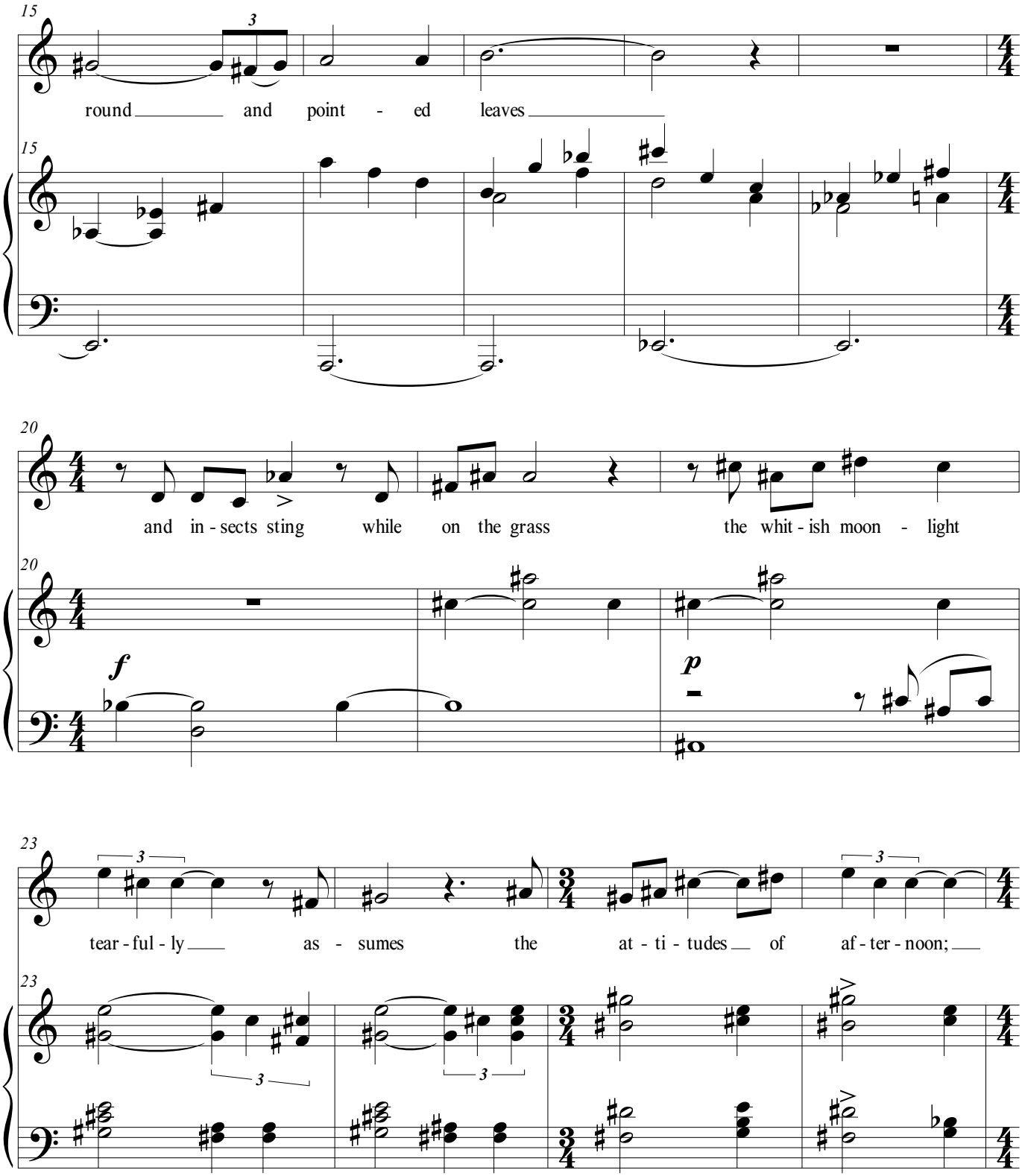
--William Carlos Williams

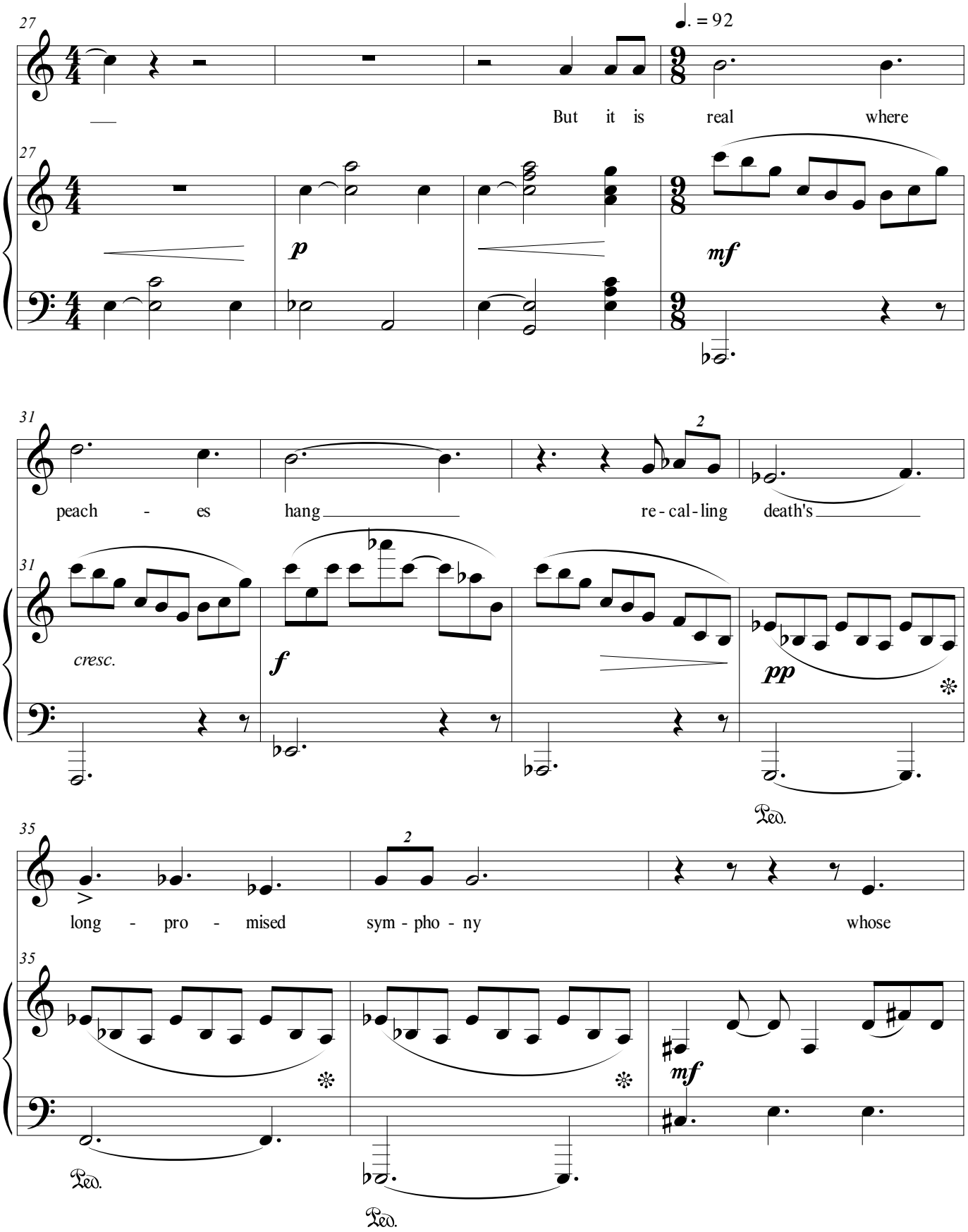
Range: A2 - F♯4
Tessitura: E♭3 - E♭4
Duration 3:40

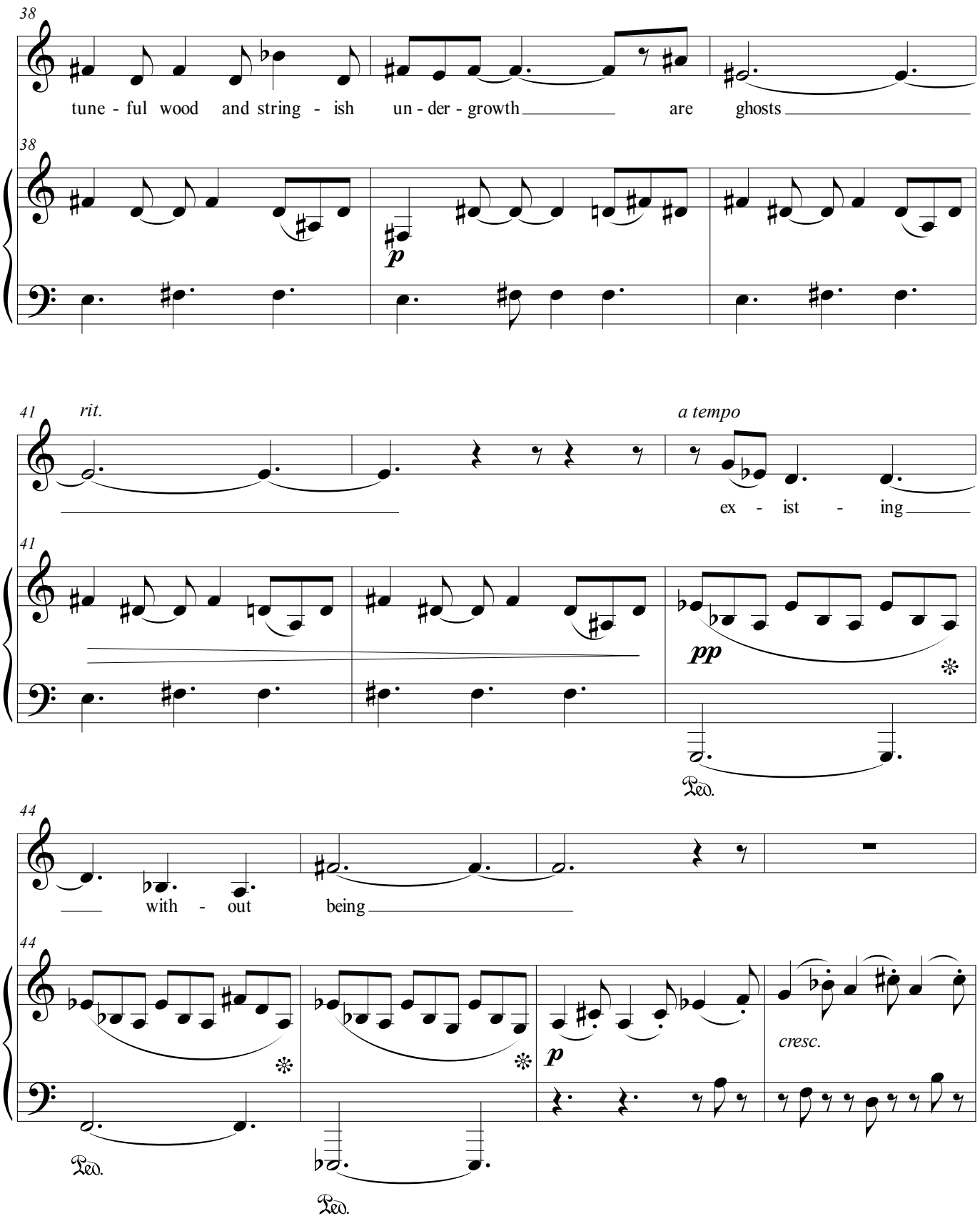
Composed 2022

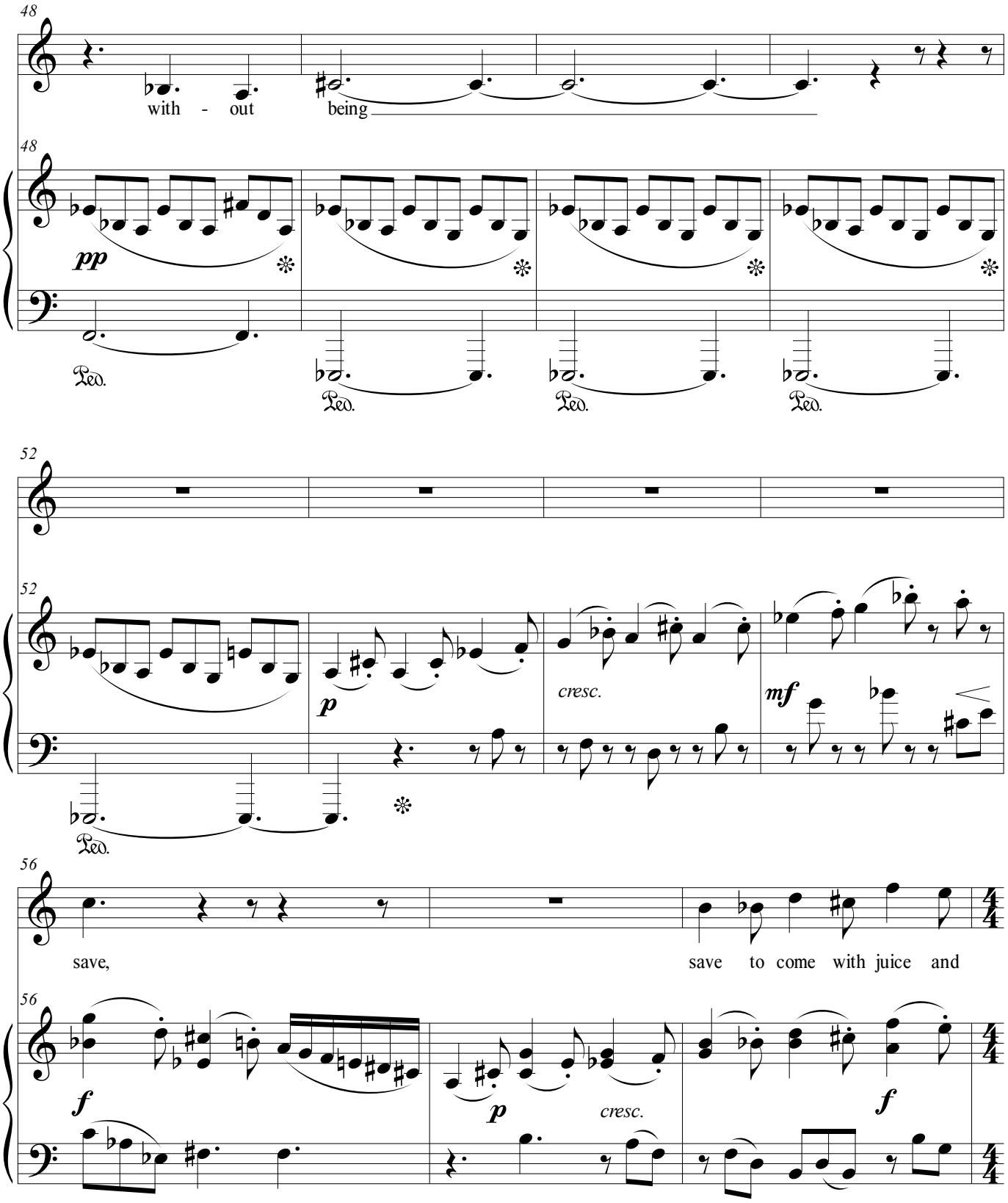
The Veritable Night

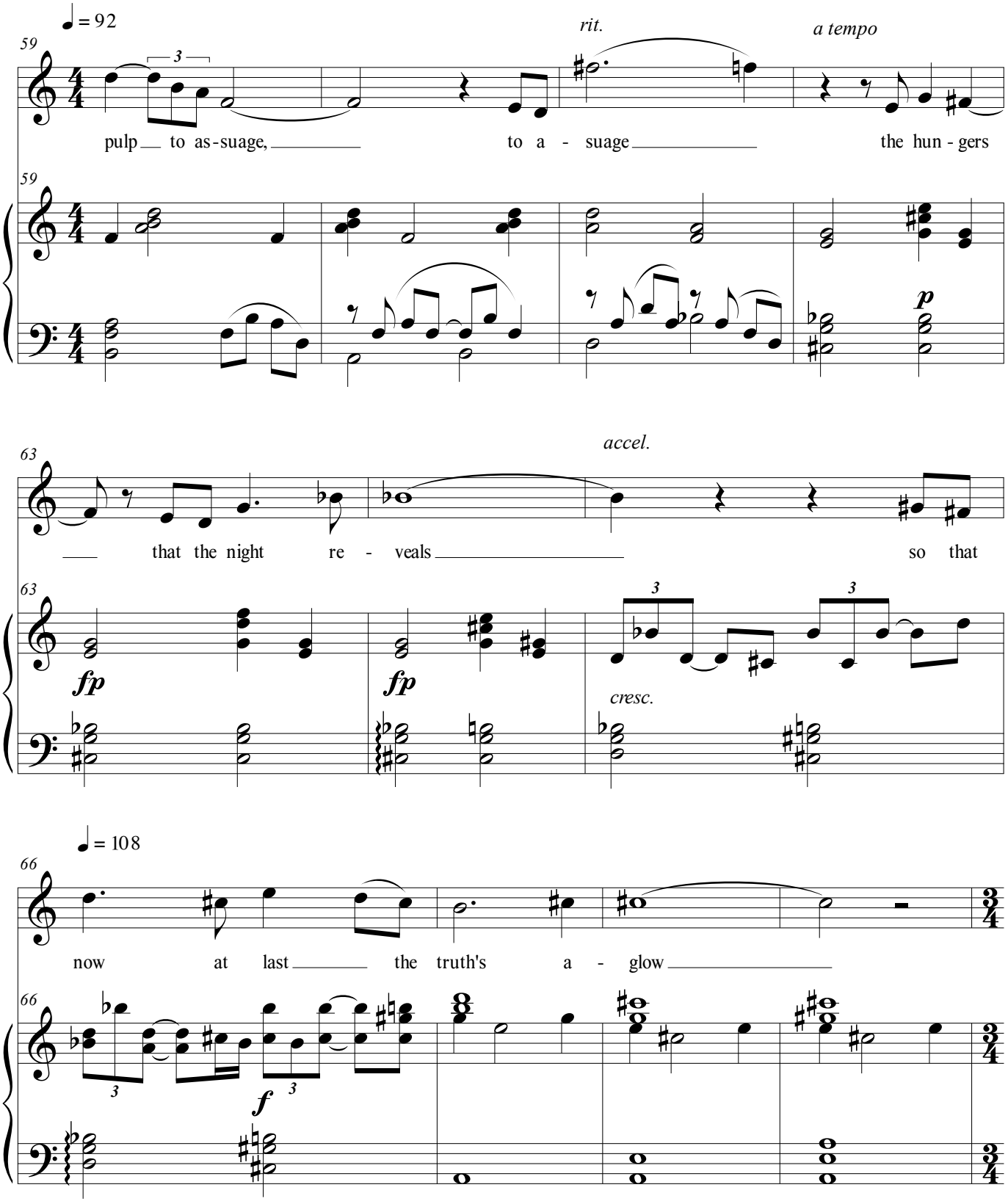


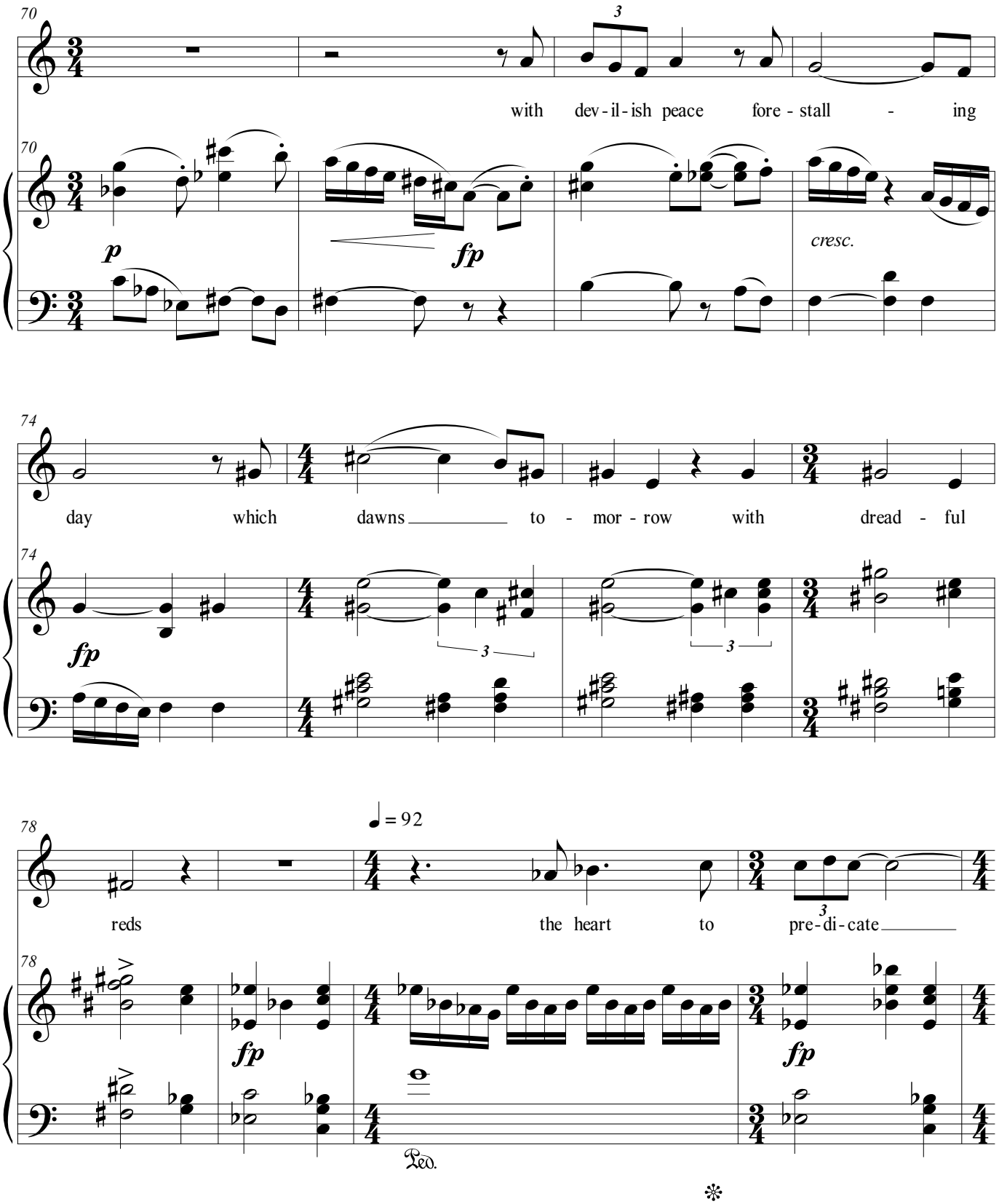

15
round and point - ed leaves
15
20
and in - sects sting while on the grass the whit - ish moon - light
20
f
p
23
tear - ful - ly as - sumes the at - ti - tudes of af - ter - noon;
23

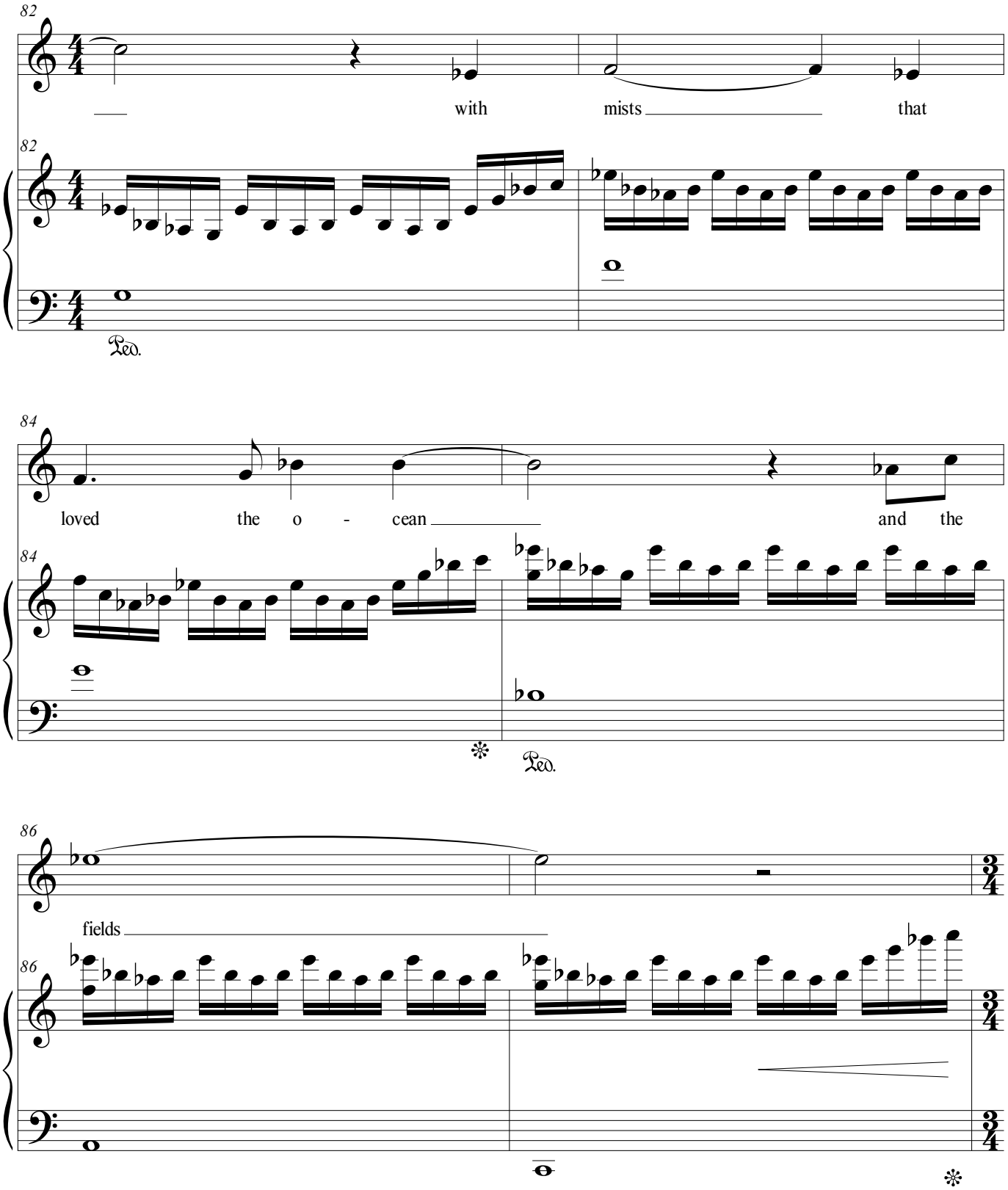

27
♩. = 92
But it is real where
p
mf
31
peach - es hang re - cal - ling death's
cresc.
f
pp
Ped.
35
long - pro - mised sym - pho - ny whose
mf
Ped.
Ped.

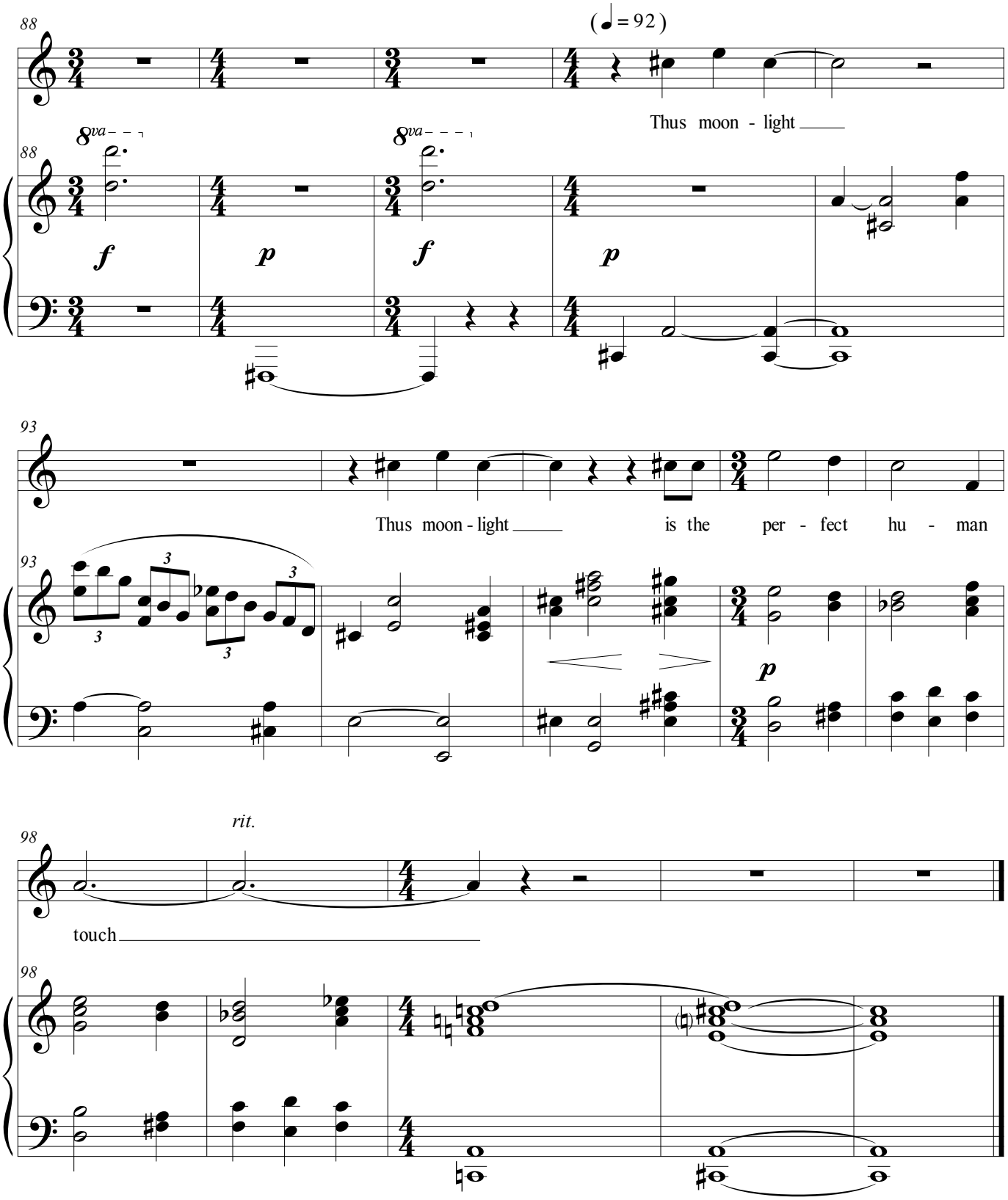

38
tune - ful wood and string - ish un - der - growth are ghosts
38
p
41
rit.
a tempo
ex - ist - ing
41
pp
Ped.
44
with - out being
44
cresc.
p
Ped.
Ped.


48
with - out being
48
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
52
52
p
cresc.
mf
Ped.
56
save,
save to come with juice and
56
f
p
cresc.
f
4/4
4/4


♩ = 92
59
rit.
a tempo
pulp to as-suage, to a - suage the hun - gers
59
p
63
accel.
that the night re - veals so that
63
fp
fp
cresc.
♩ = 108
66
now at last the truth's a - glow
66
f


70
with dev - il - ish peace fore - stall - ing
p
fp
cresc.
74
day which dawns to - mor - row with dread - ful
fp
78
♩ = 92
reds the heart to pre - di - cate
fp
fp
Ped.


82
with
mists
that
82
Ped.
84
loved
the
o
-
cean
and
the
84
Ped.
86
fields
86


88
(♩= 92)
8va
Thus moon - light
f
p
f
p
93
Thus moon - light
is the per - fect hu - man
3
3
3
p
98
rit.
touch

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

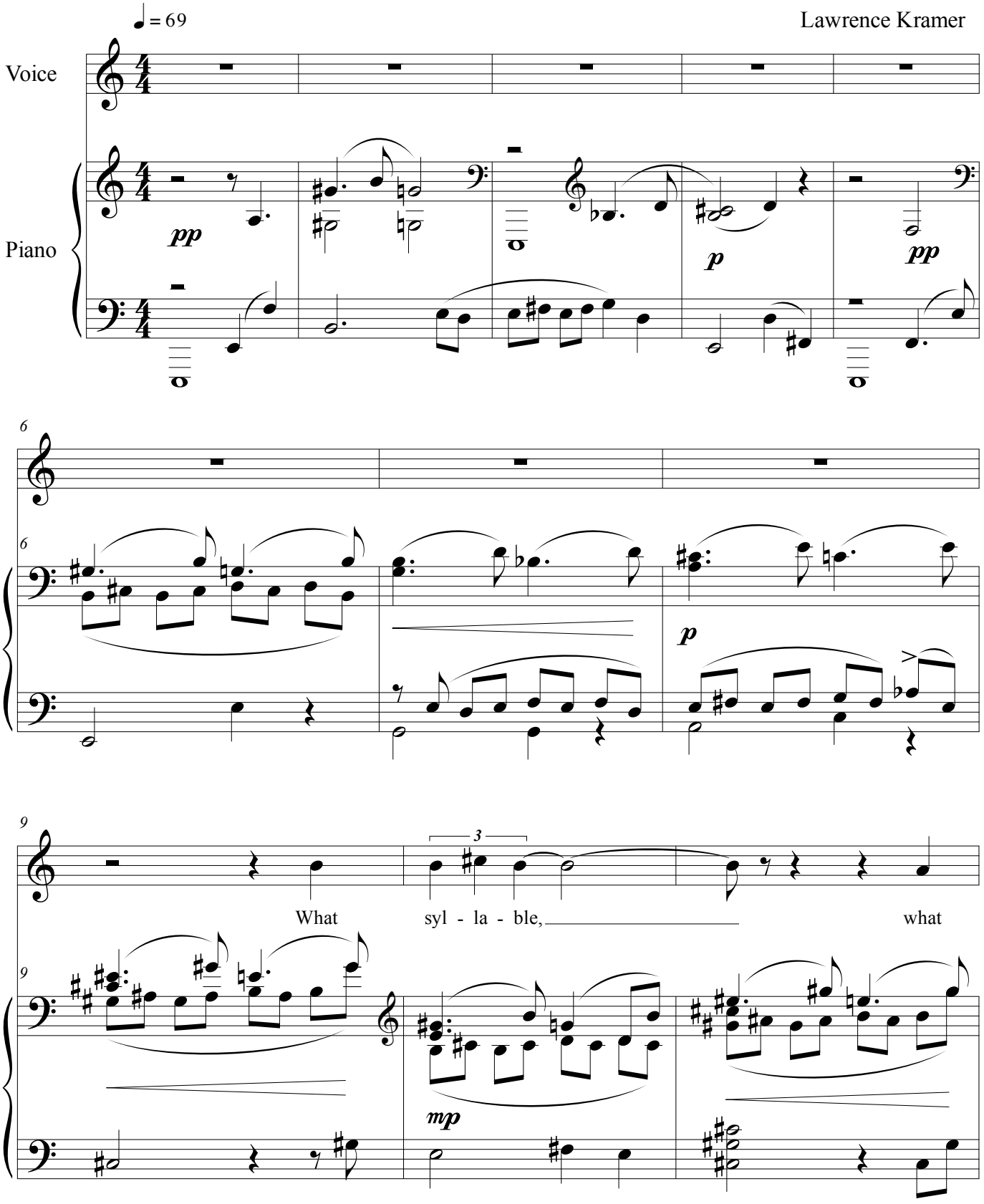
What syllable are you seeking,
Vocalissimus,
In the distances of sleep?
Speak it.

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."

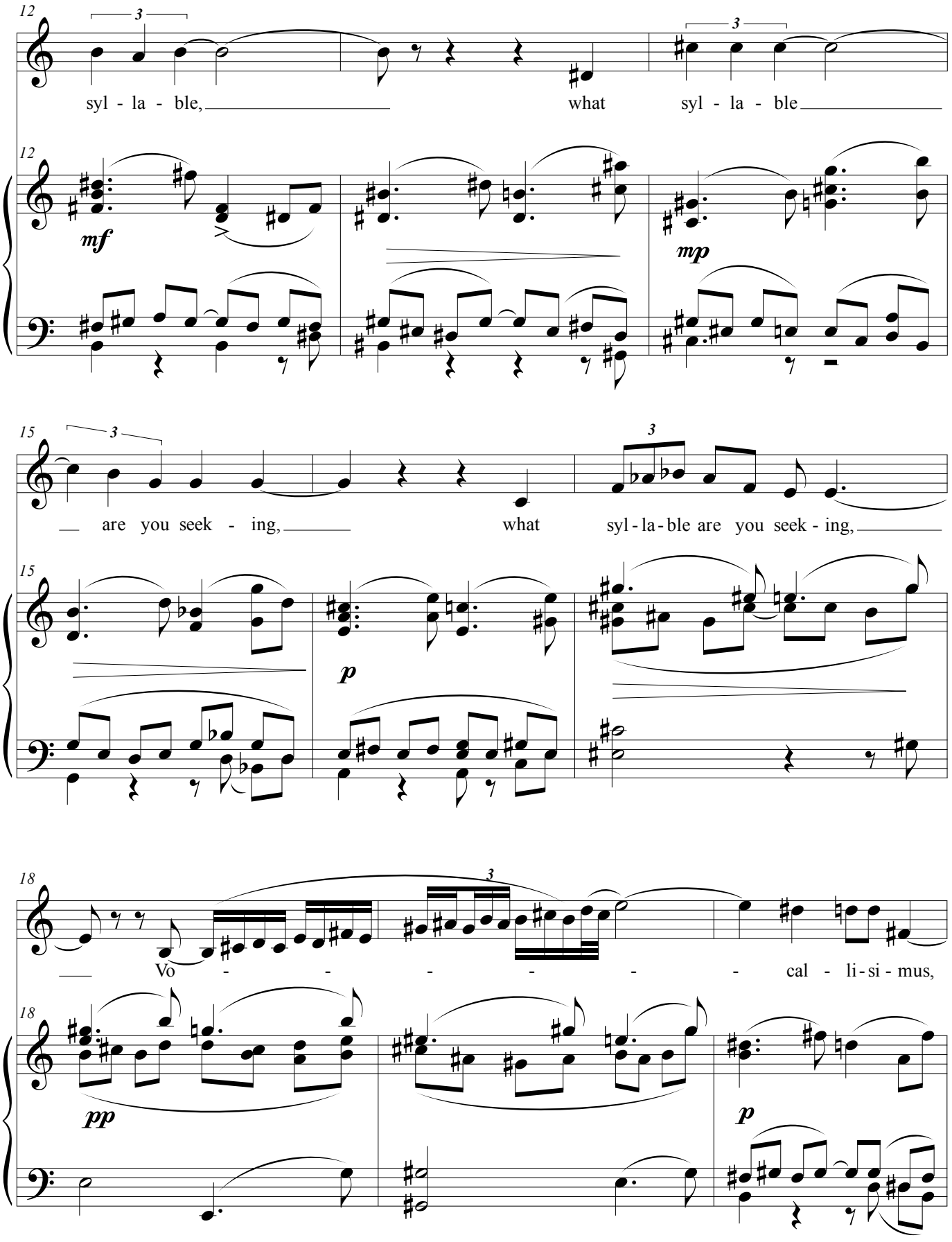
Voice range: B♭3-F♯5 with optional G♯3
Tessitura: C4 - D5
Duration 9:30

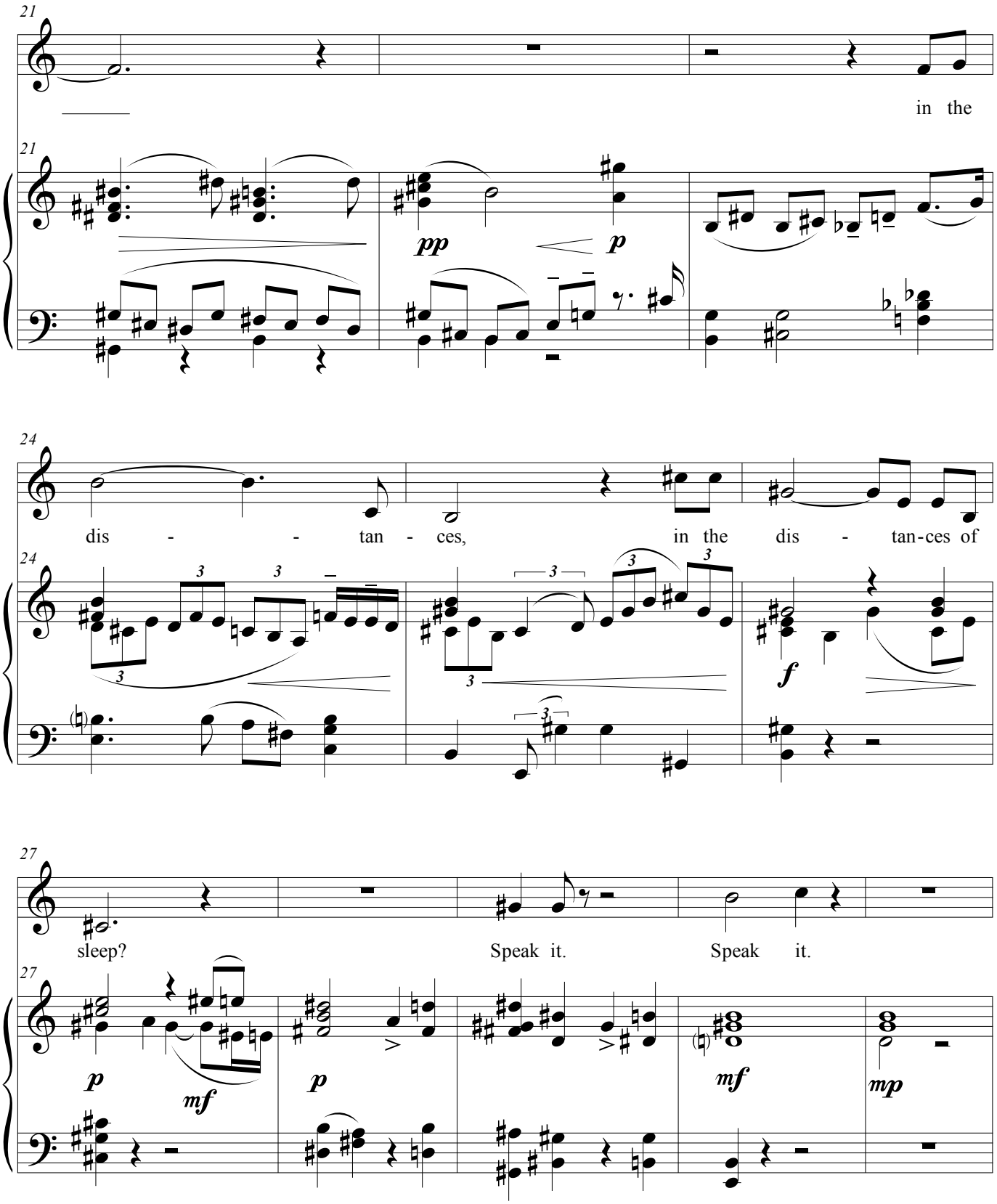
Composed 2011, 2017

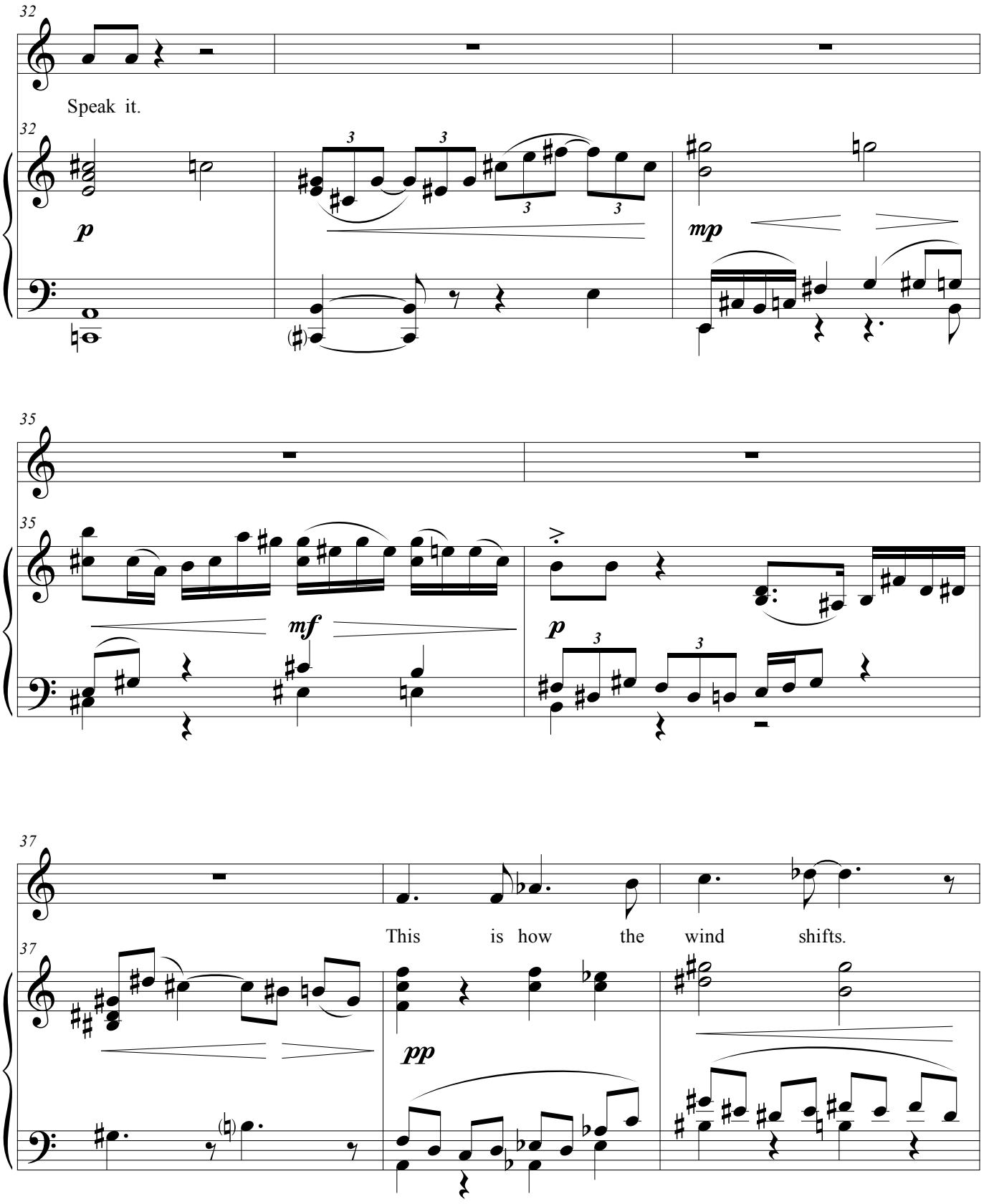
The Wind Shifts

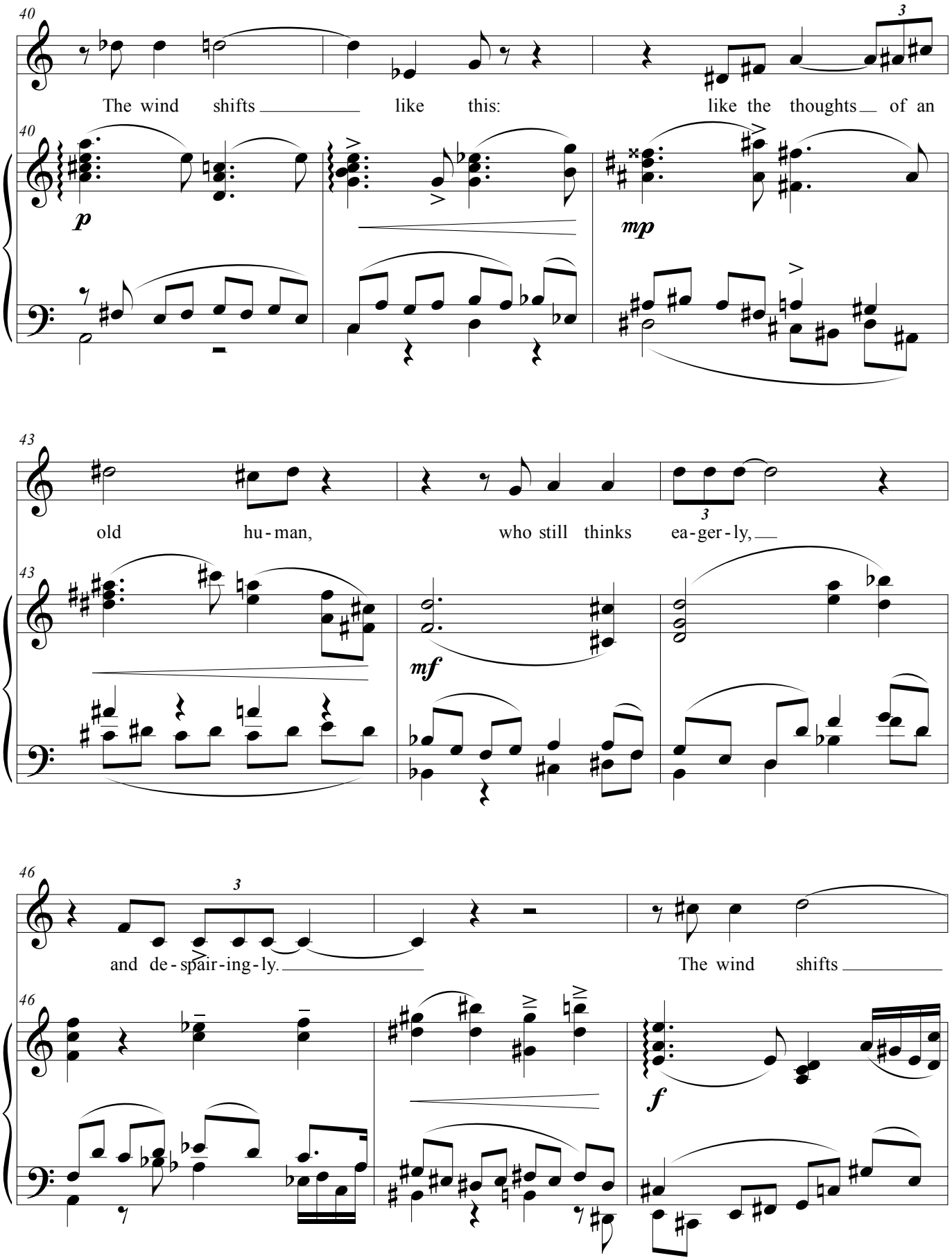


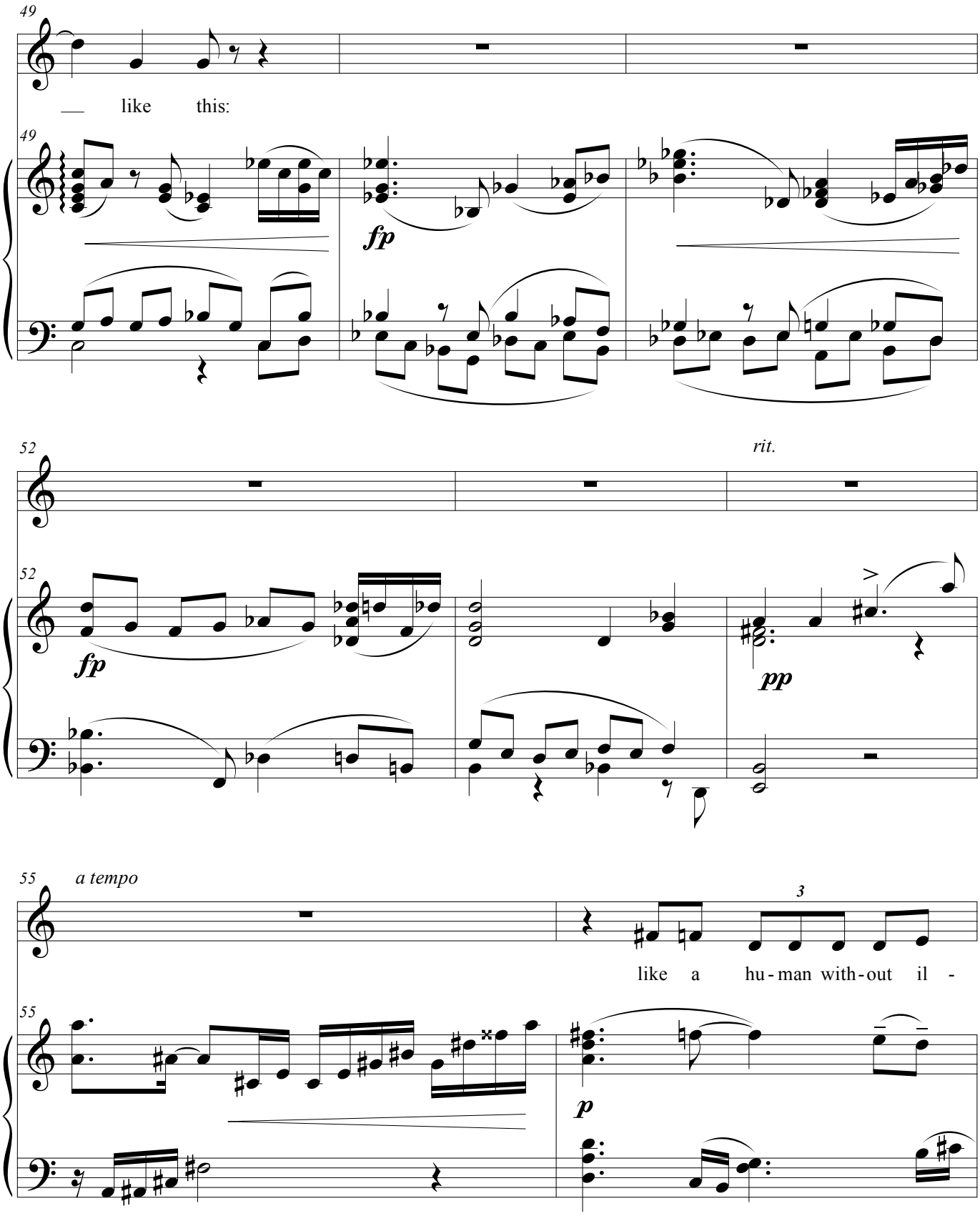
© 2017

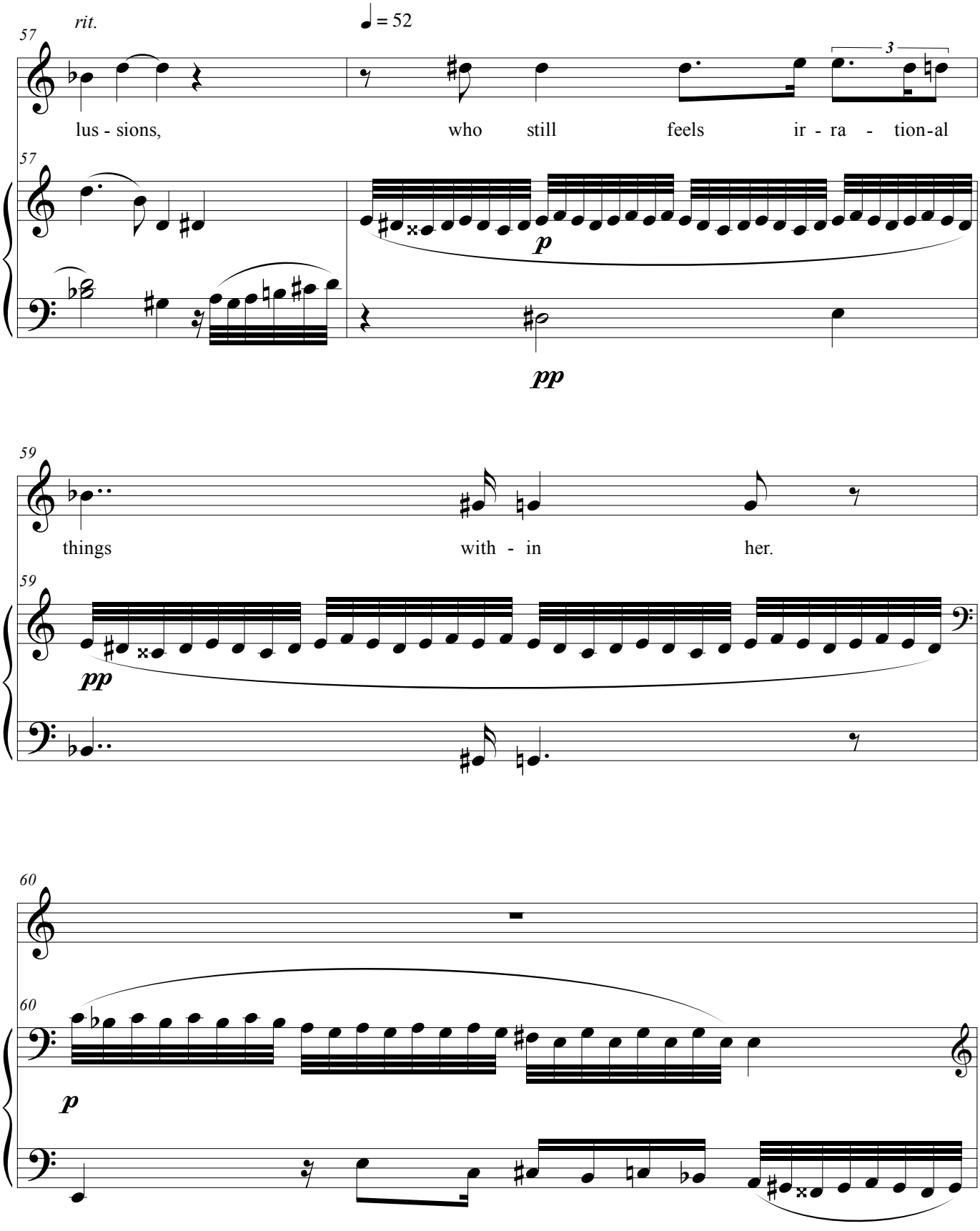

12
3
syl - la - ble, what syl - la - ble
mf
mp
15
are you seek - ing, what syl - la - ble are you seek - ing,
p
18
Vo - - - - - - cal - li - si - mus,
pp
p

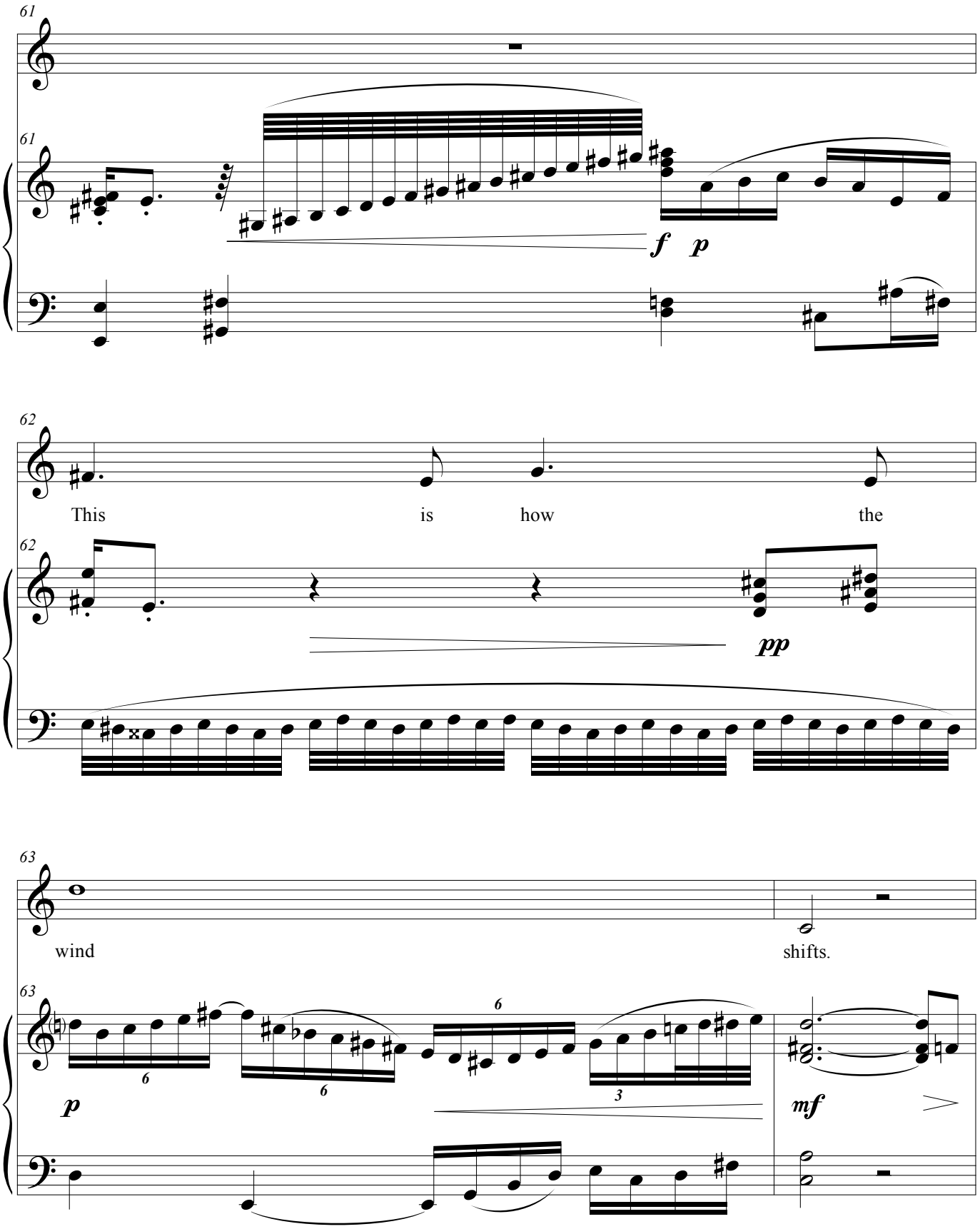

21
in the
pp
p
24
dis - - tan - ces,
in the dis - tan-ces of
f
27
sleep?
Speak it.
Speak it.
p
mf
p
mf
mp

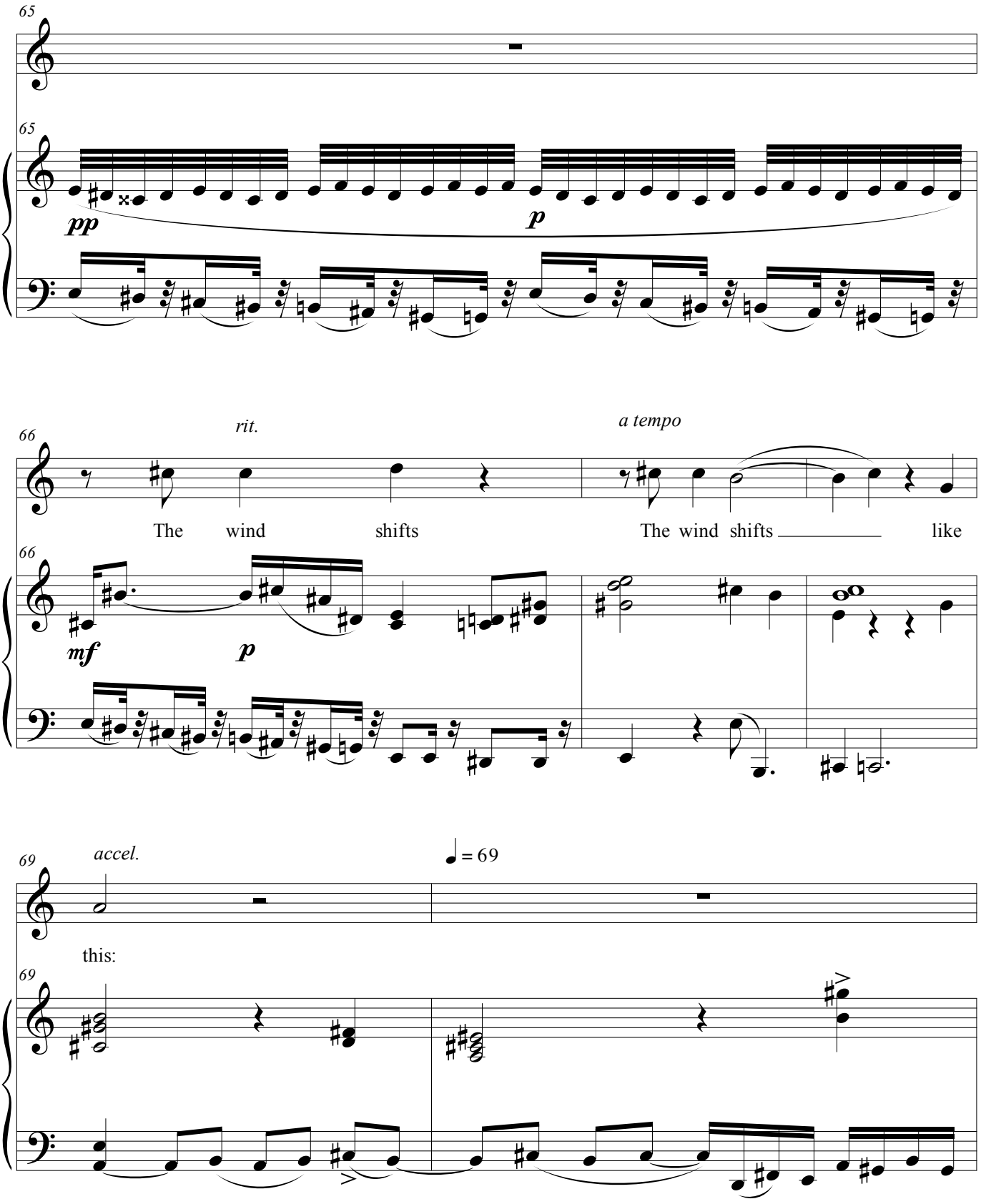

32
Speak it.
32
p
mp
35
35
mf
p
37
This is how the wind shifts.
37
pp

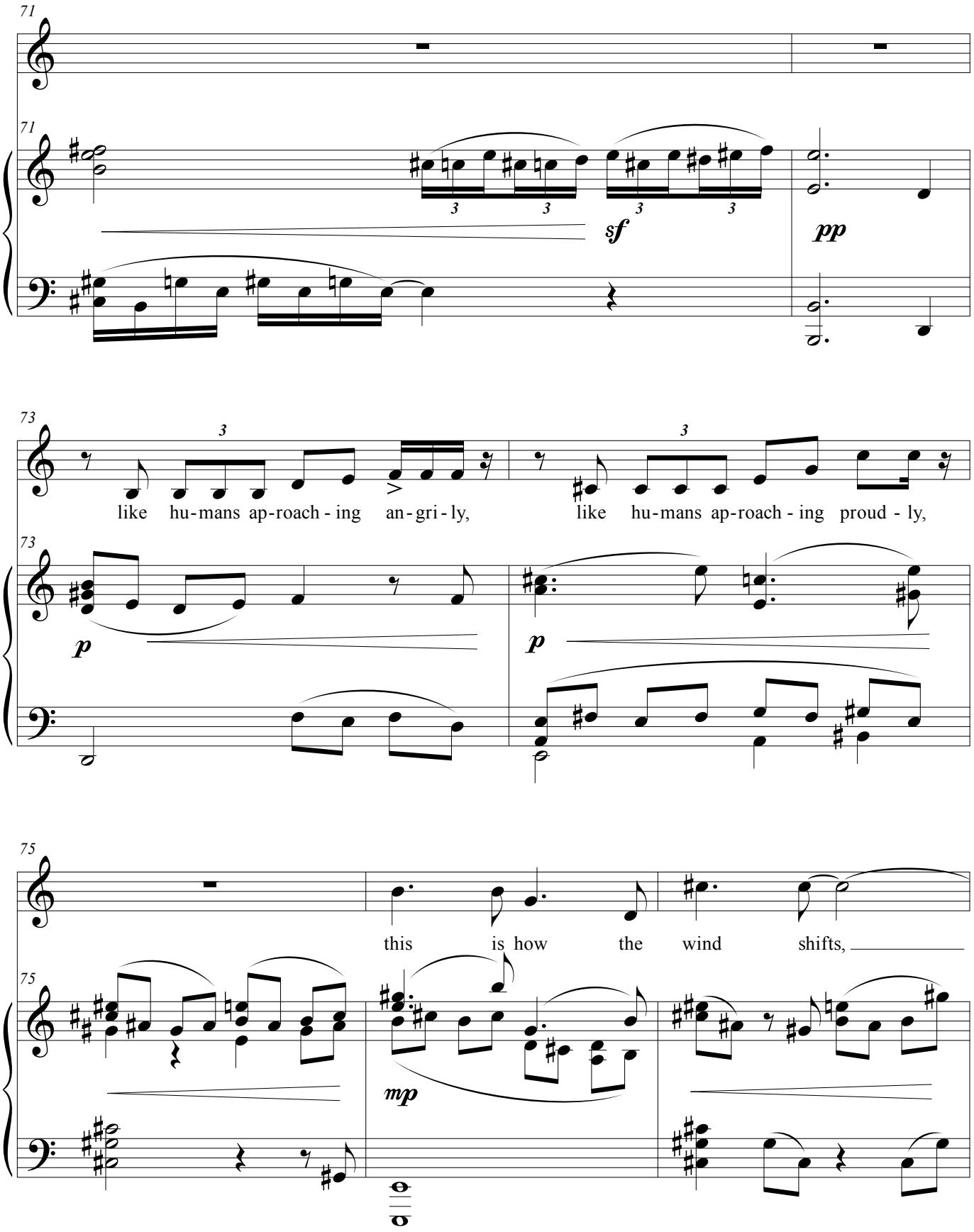

40
The wind shifts like this: like the thoughts of an
p
mp
43
old hu-man, who still thinks ea-ger-ly,
mf
46
and de-spair-ing-ly. The wind shifts
f

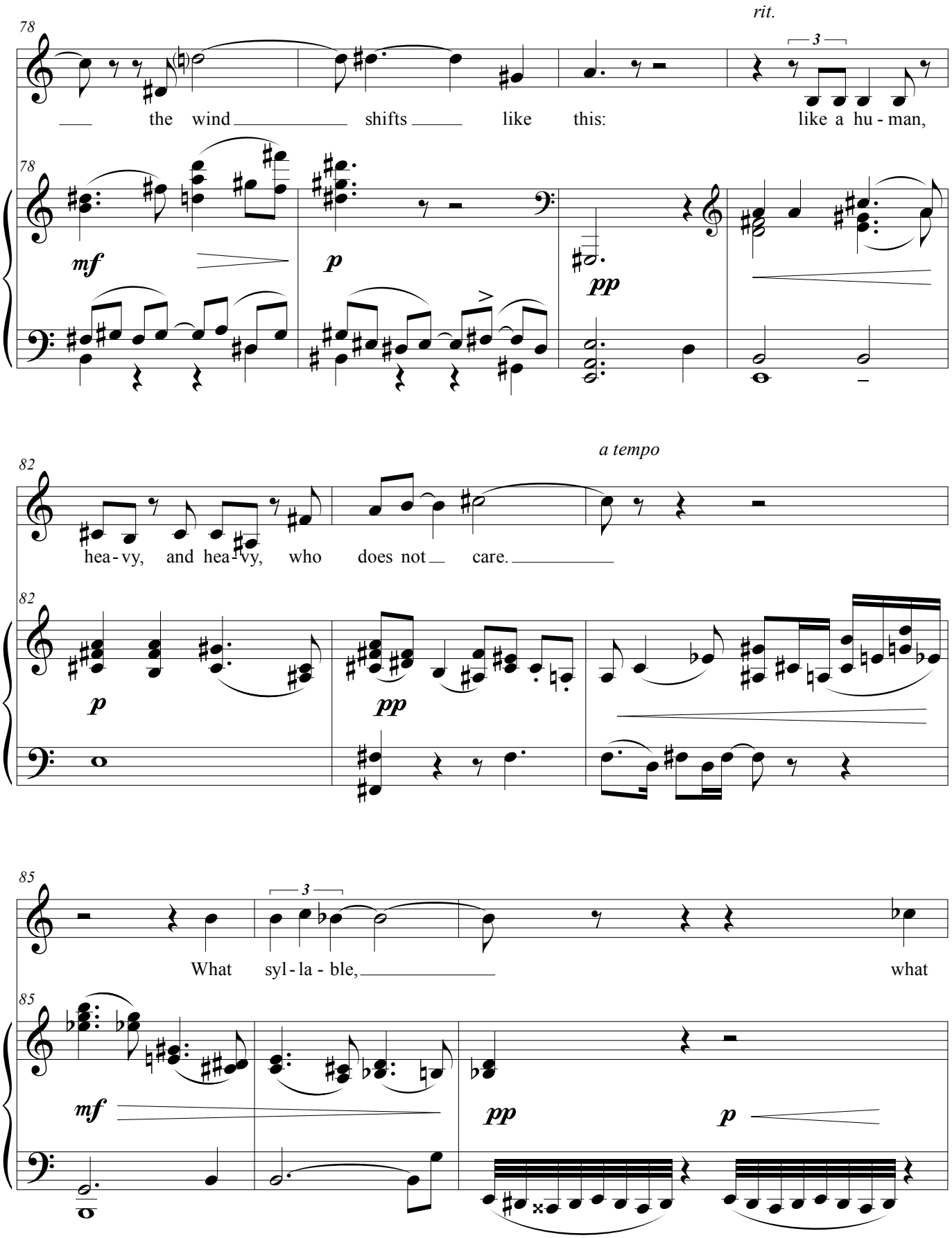

49
like this:
fp
52
rit.
fp
pp
55
a tempo
3
like a hu-man with-out il-
p

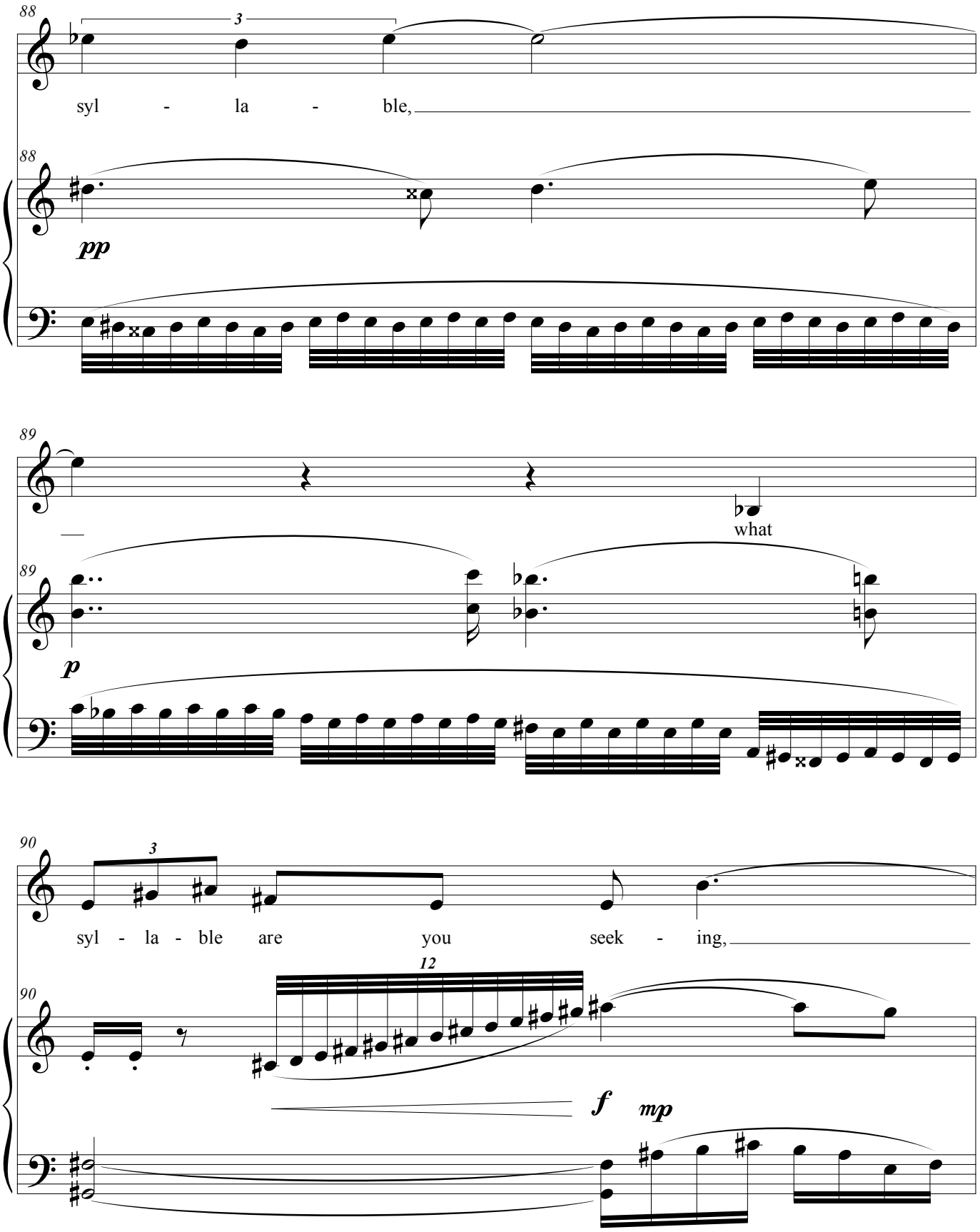

rit.
♩ = 52
57
lus - sions,
who still feels ir - ra - tion-al
p
pp
59
things with - in her.
pp
60
p

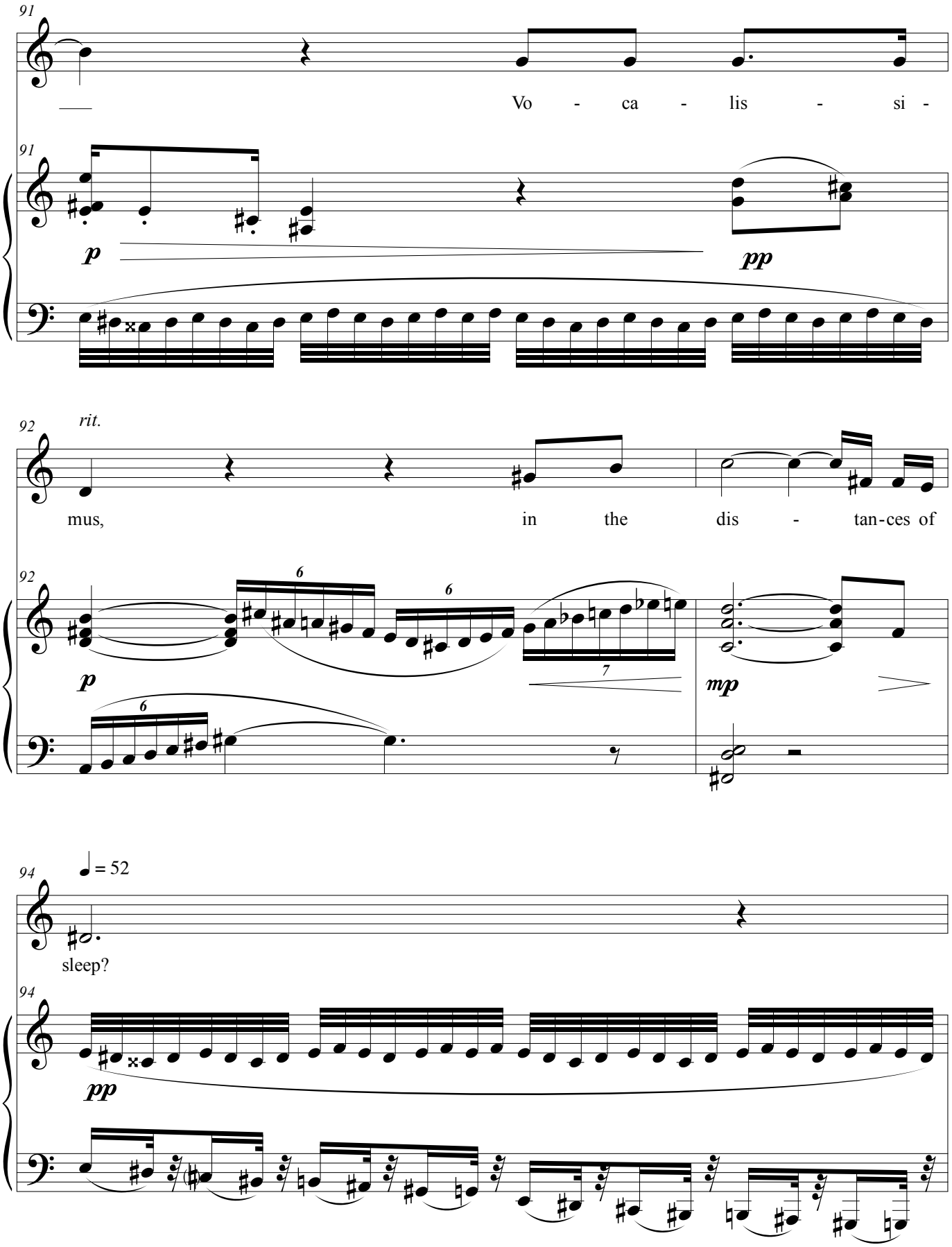

61
61
f p
62
This is how the
62
pp
63
wind shifts.
63
p
6
6
6
3
mf

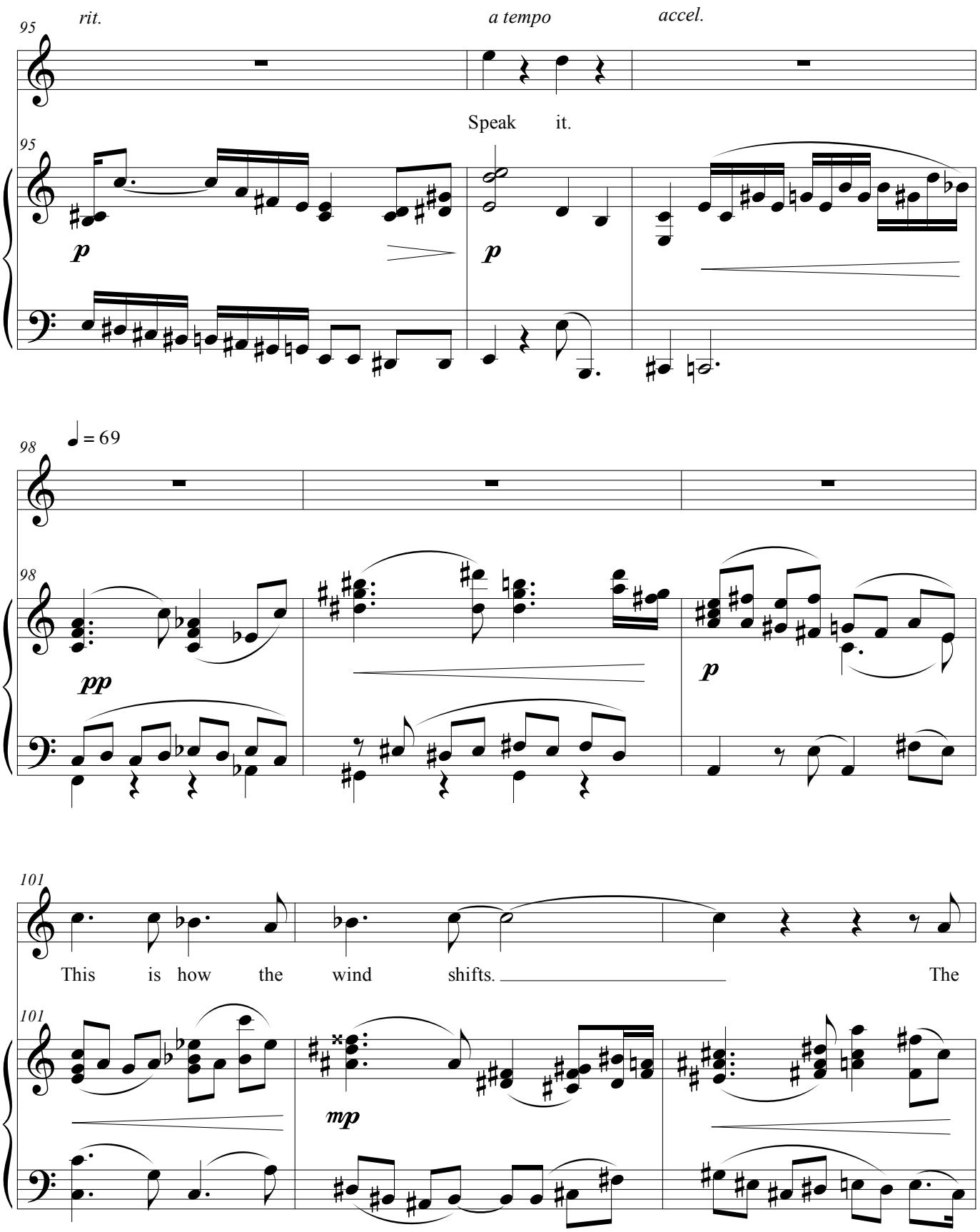

65
65
pp
p
66
rit.
a tempo
The wind shifts
The wind shifts like
66
mf
p
69
accel.
♩ = 69
this:
69

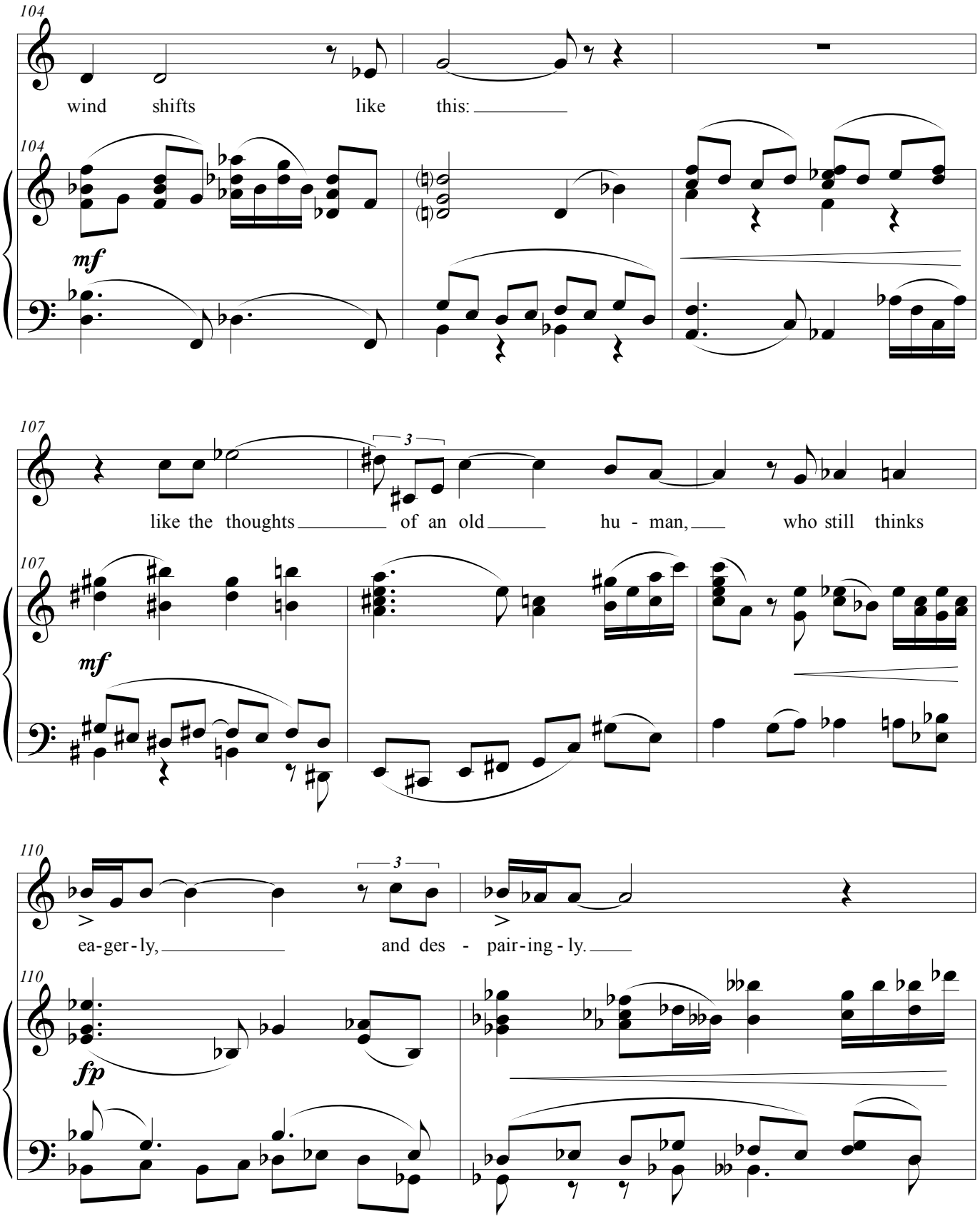

71
71
sf
pp
73
like hu-mans ap-roach-ing an-gri-ly,
like hu-mans ap-roach-ing proud-ly,
73
p
p
75
this is how the wind shifts,
75
mp

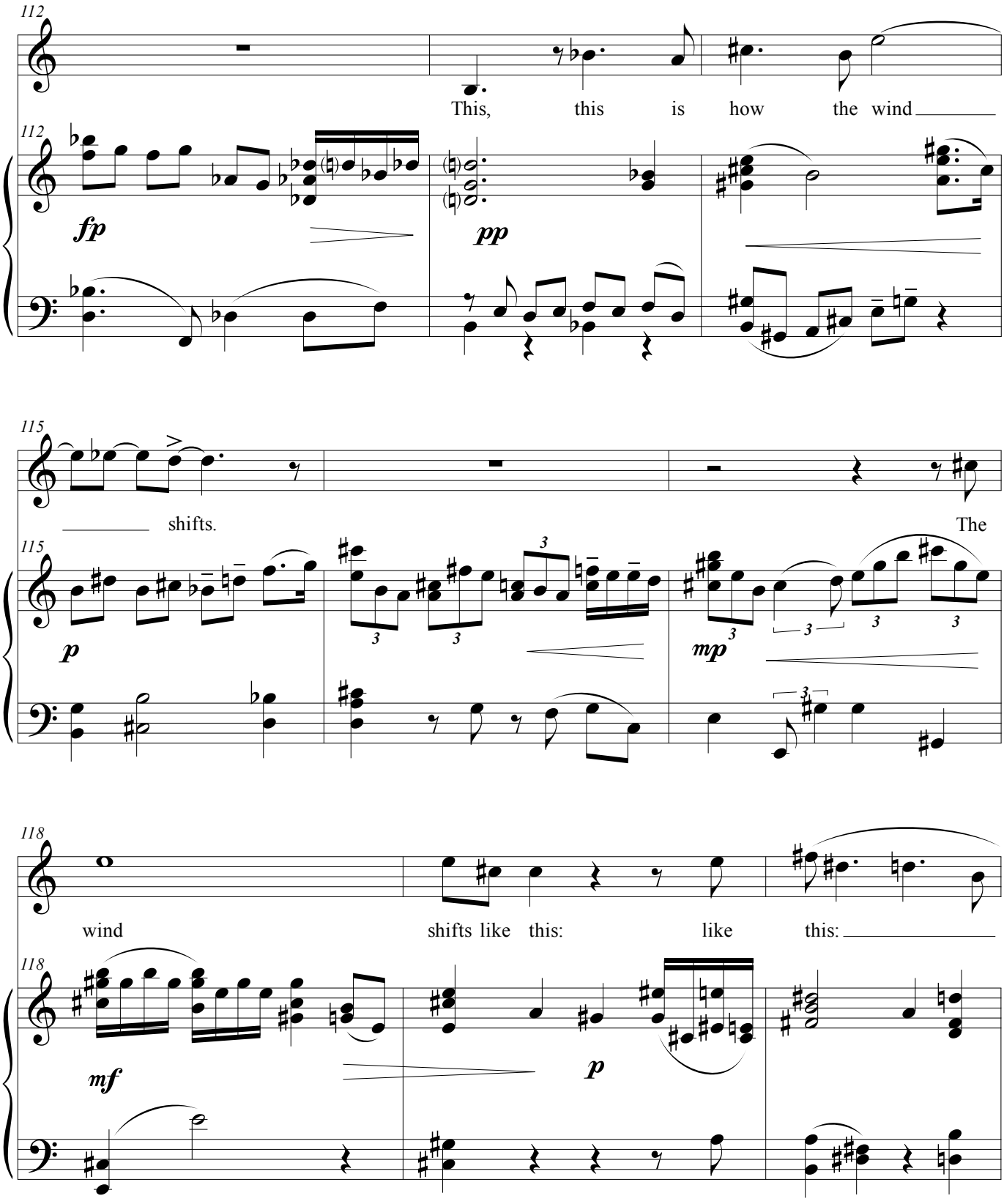

78
rit.
3
the wind shifts like this: like a hu - man,
mf
p
pp
82
a tempo
hea - vy, and hea - vy, who does not care.
p
pp
85
3
What syl - la - ble, what
mf
pp
p

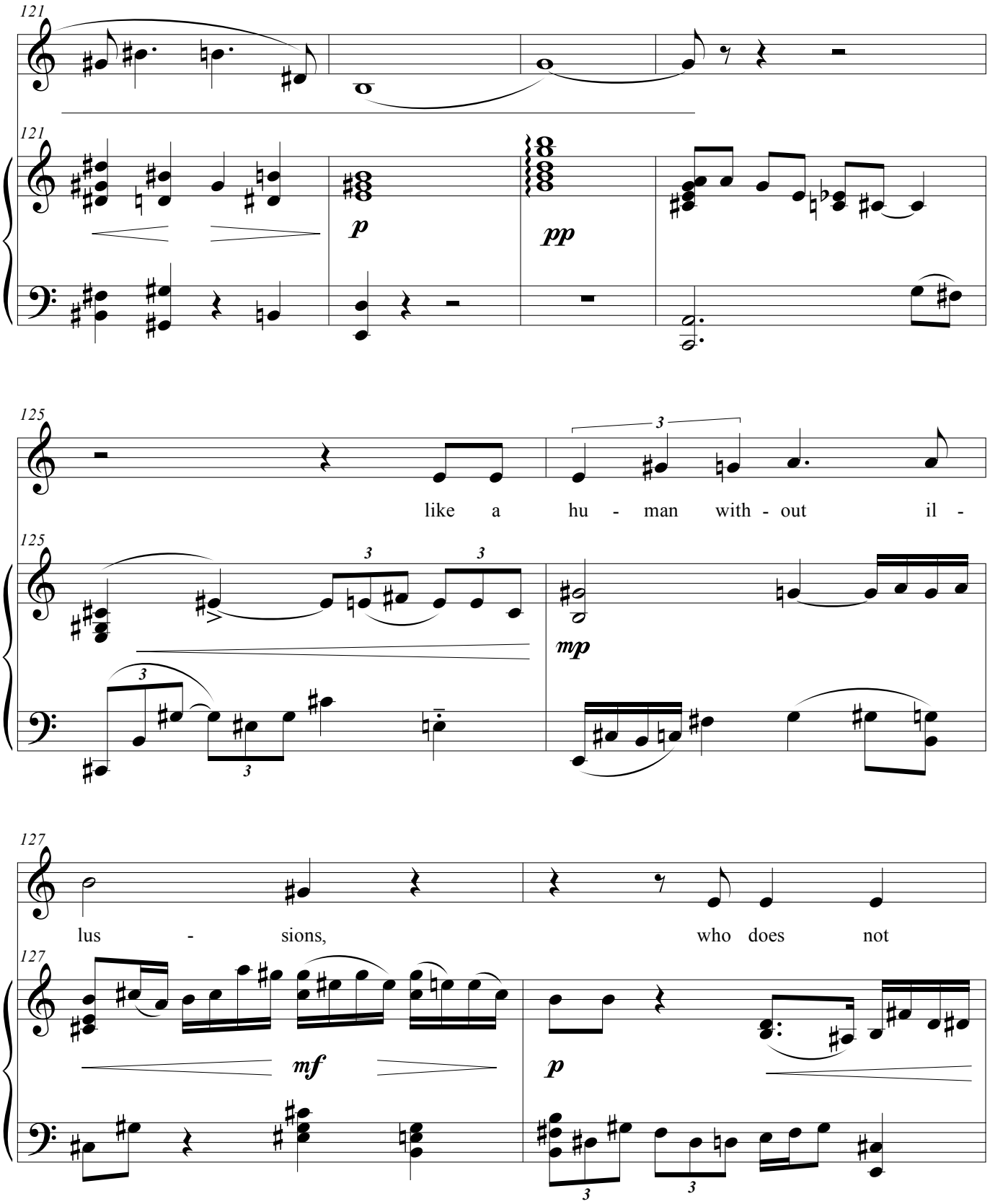

88
3
syl - la - ble,
88
pp
89
what
89
p
90
3
syl - la - ble are you seek - ing,
90
12
f
mp

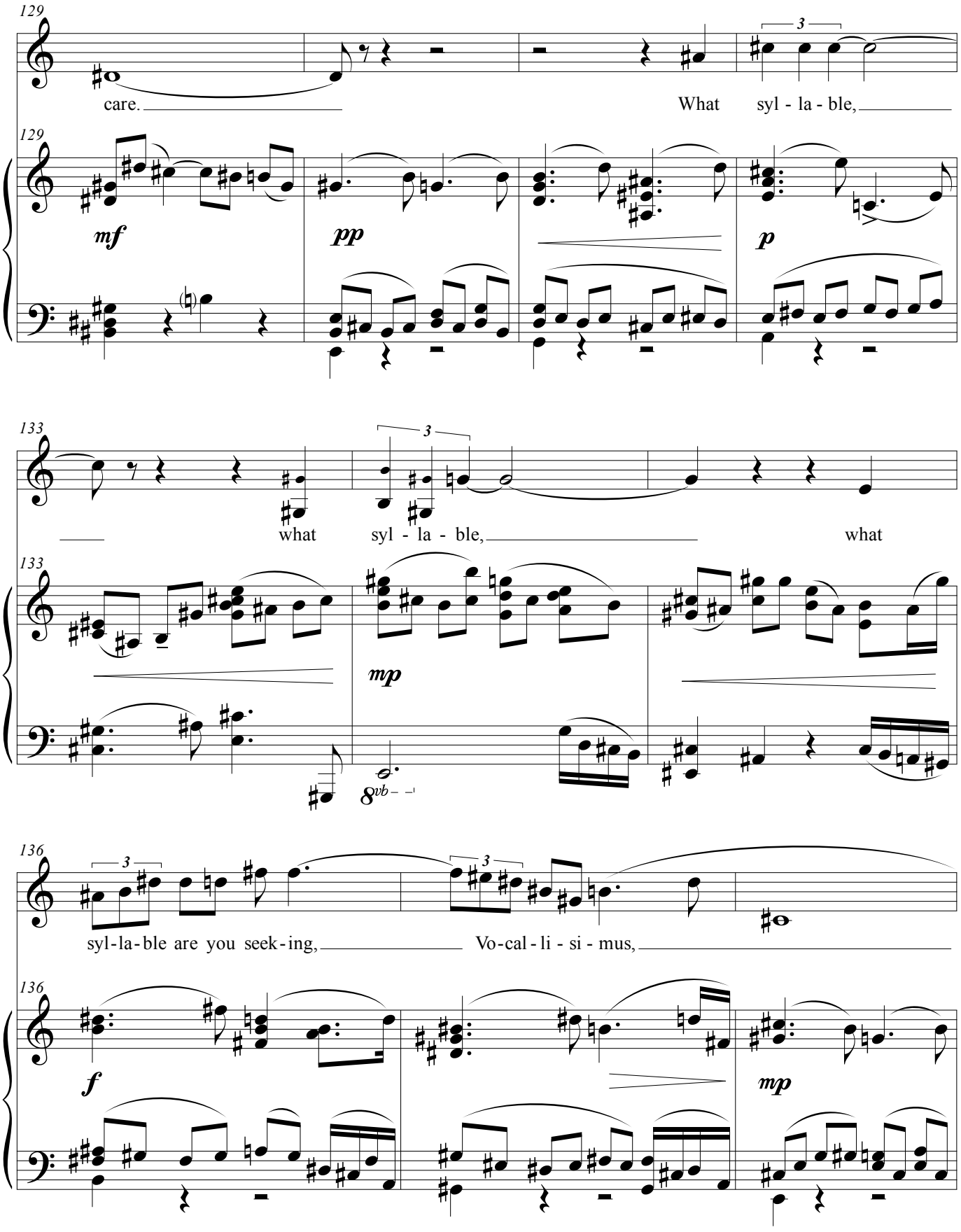

91
Vo - ca - lis - si -
91
p
pp
92
rit.
mus, in the dis - tan-ces of
92
6
6
7
p
mp
94
♩ = 52
sleep?
94
pp

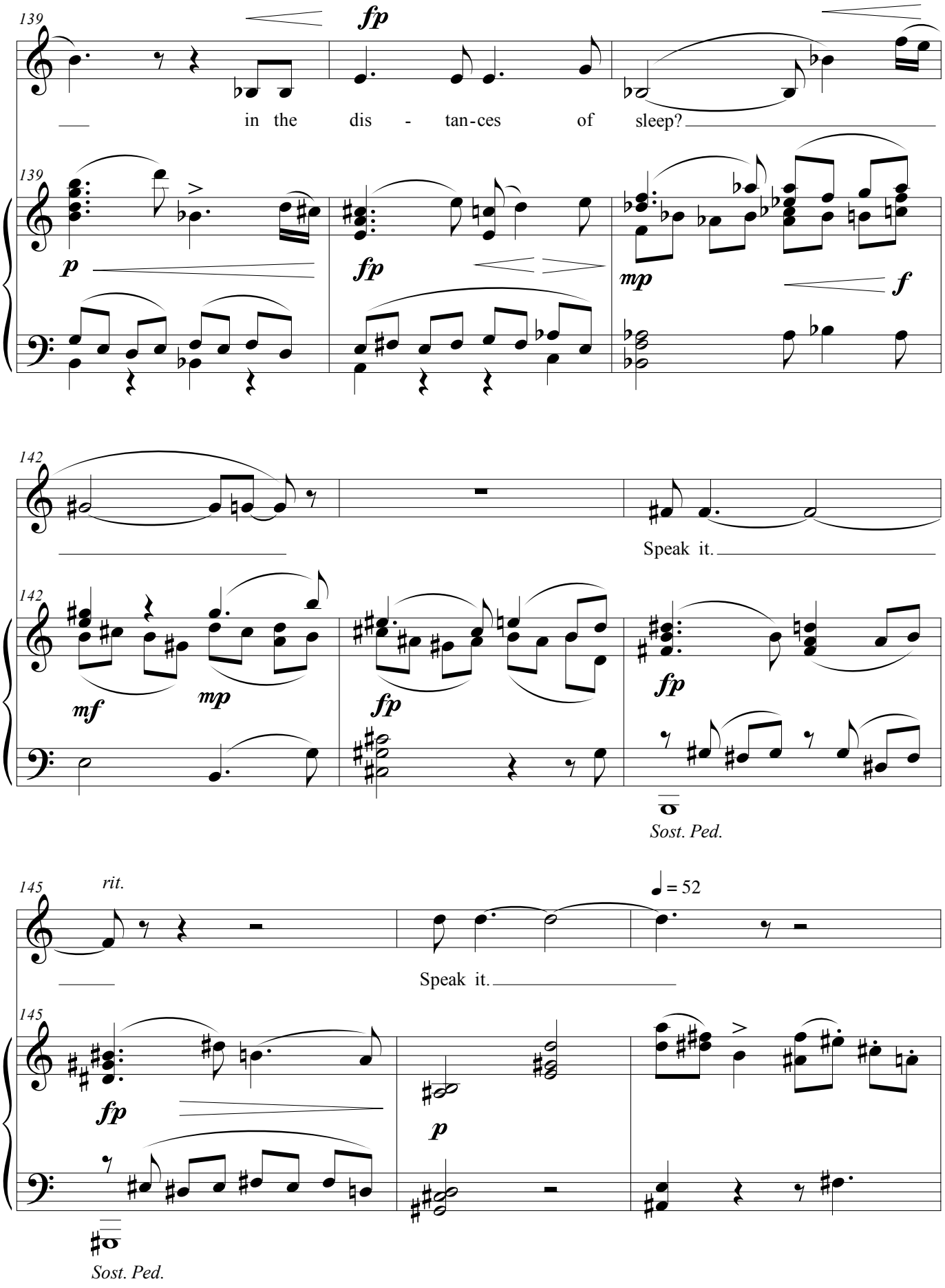

95
rit.
a tempo
accel.
Speak it.
p
p
98
♩ = 69
pp
p
101
This is how the wind shifts. The
mp

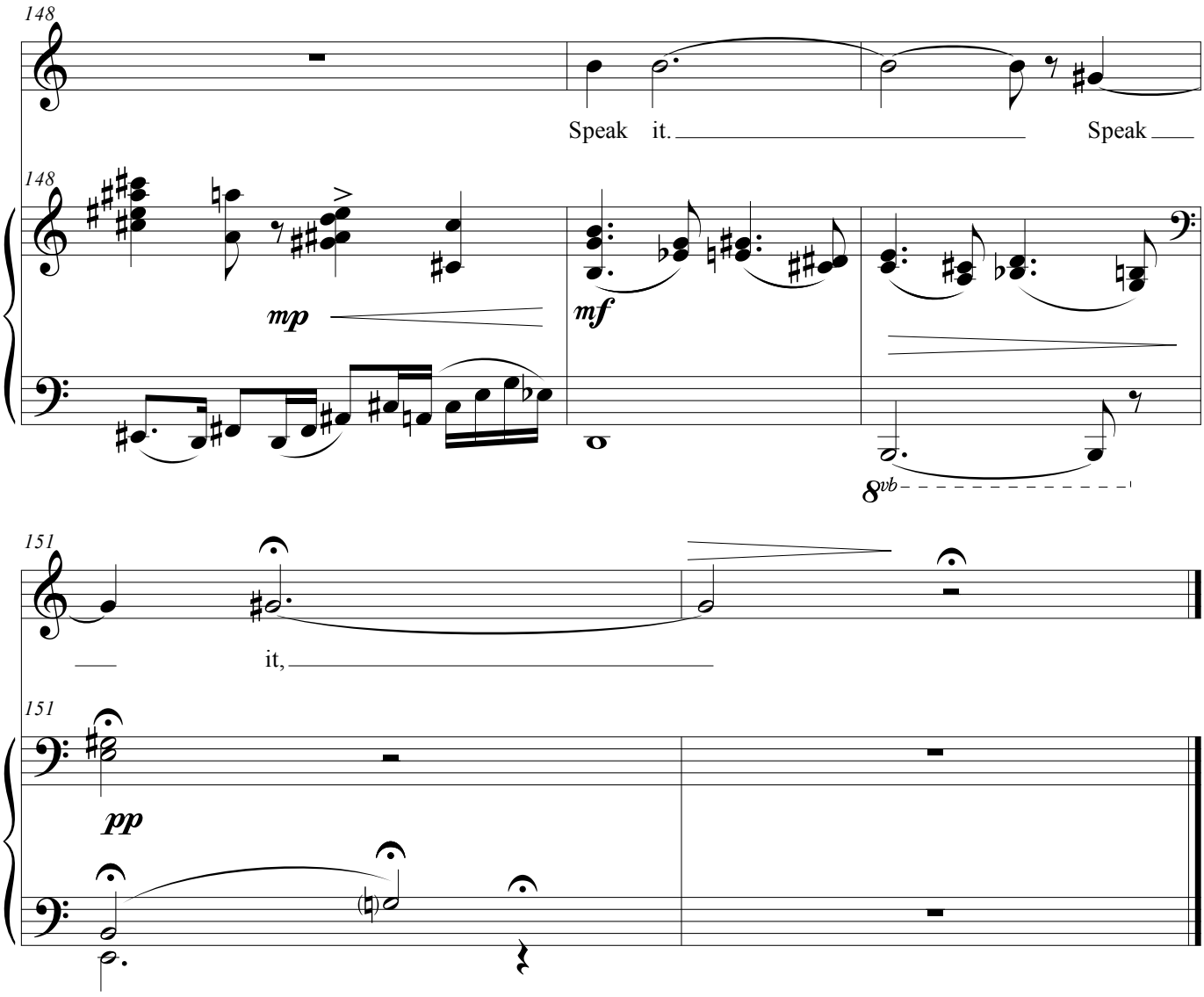

104
wind shifts like this:
104
mf
107
like the thoughts of an old hu - man, who still thinks
107
mf
110
ea-ger-ly, and des - pair-ing-ly.
110
fp


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

To Waken an Old Lady

Medium Voice

Old age is
a flight of small
cheeping birds
skimming
bare trees
above a snow glaze.
Gaining and failing
they are buffeted
by a dark wind--
But what?
On harsh weedstalks
the flock has rested,
the snow
is covered with broken
seedhusks
and the wind tempered
by a shrill
piping of plenty.

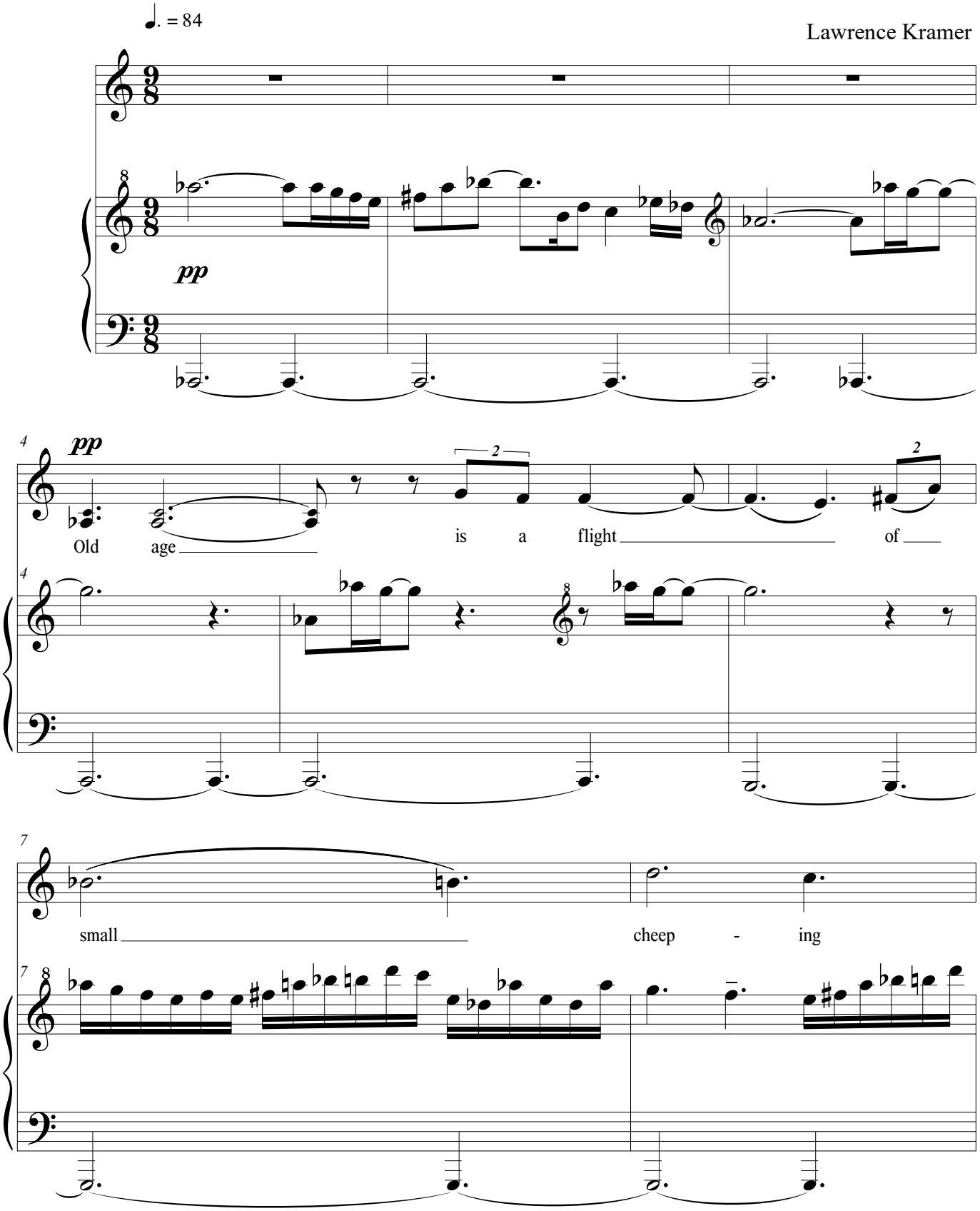
--William Carlos Williams

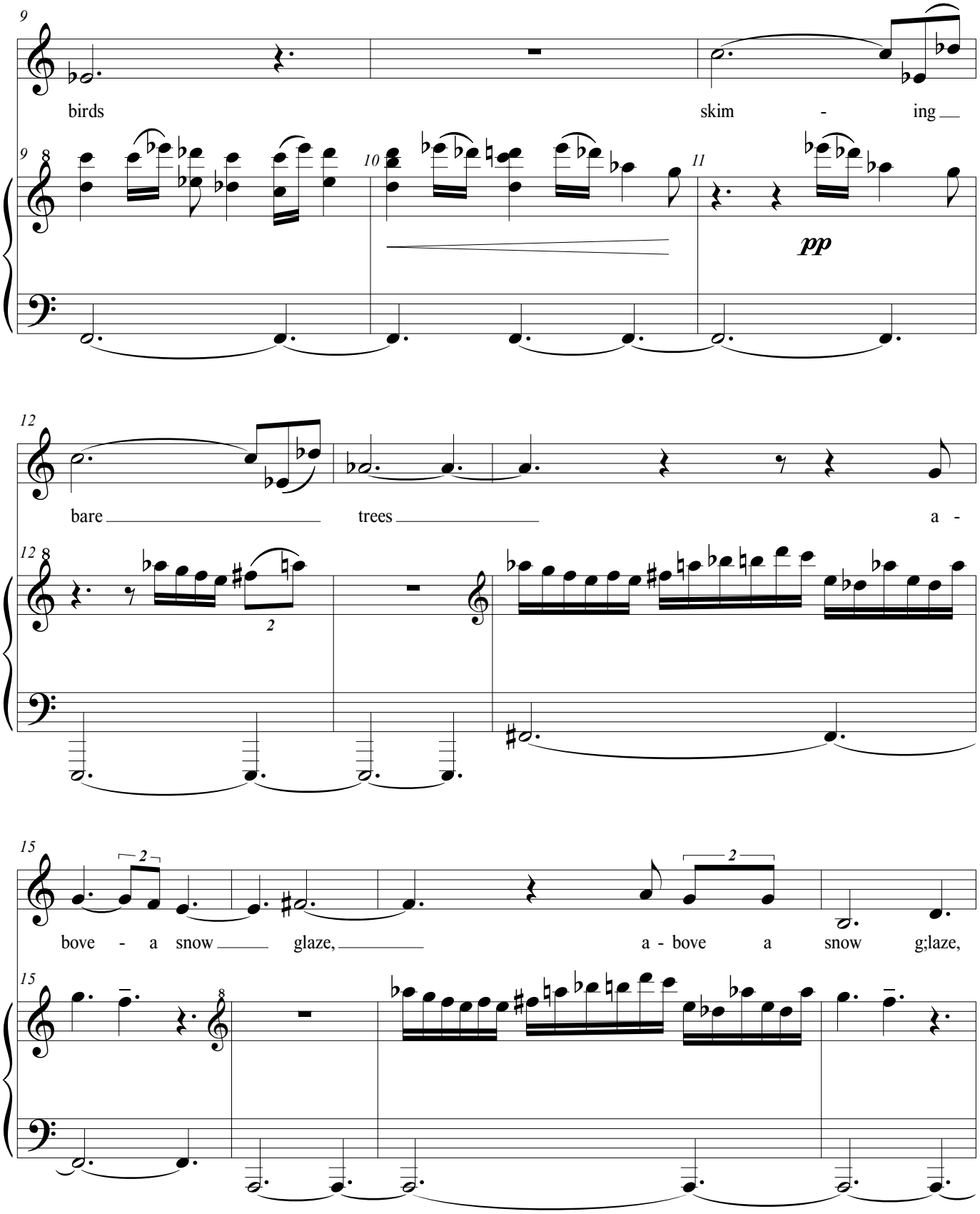
Written Voice Range: A♭3 - E5
Tessitura: E♭4 - C5

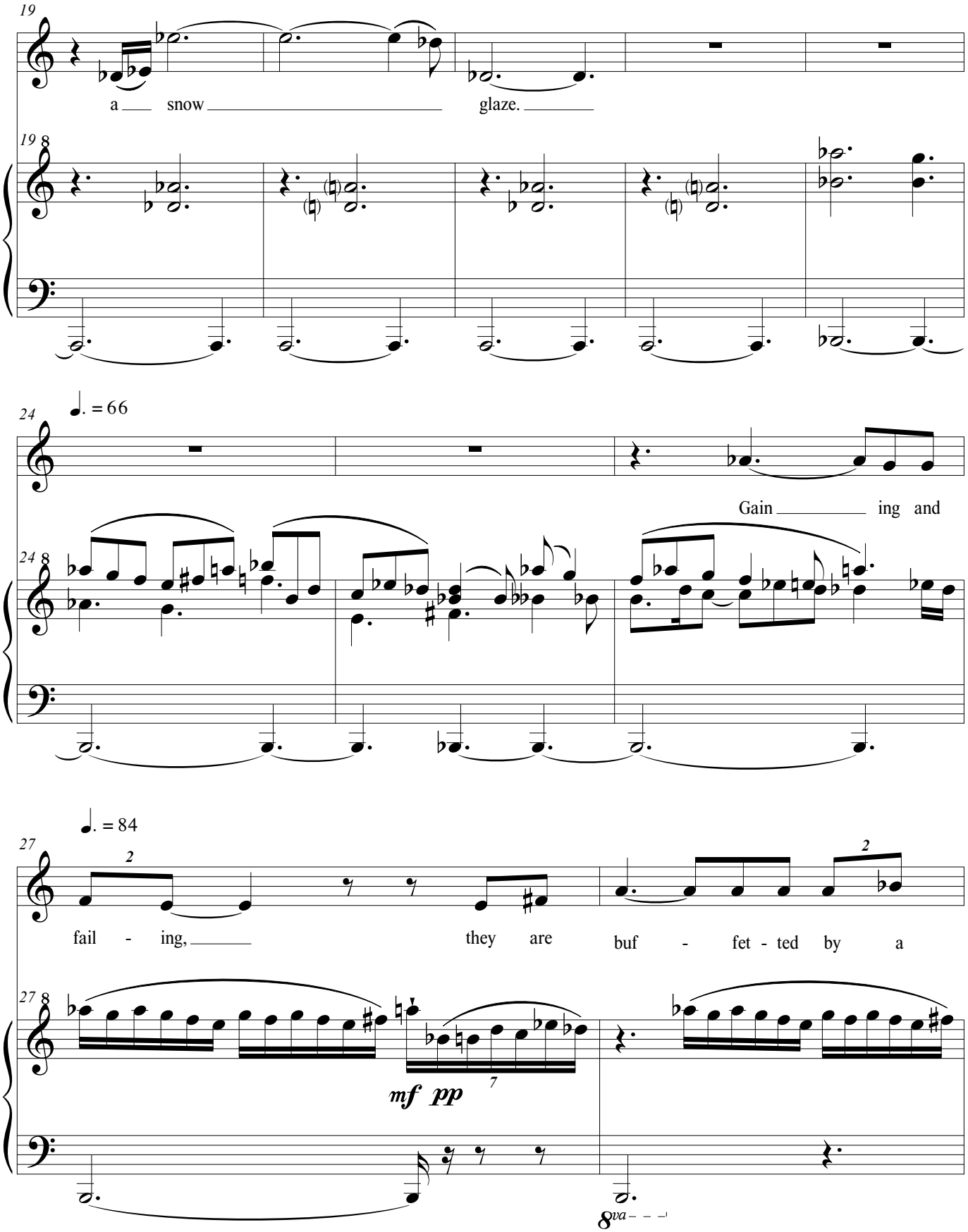
Duration 3:15
Composed 2020

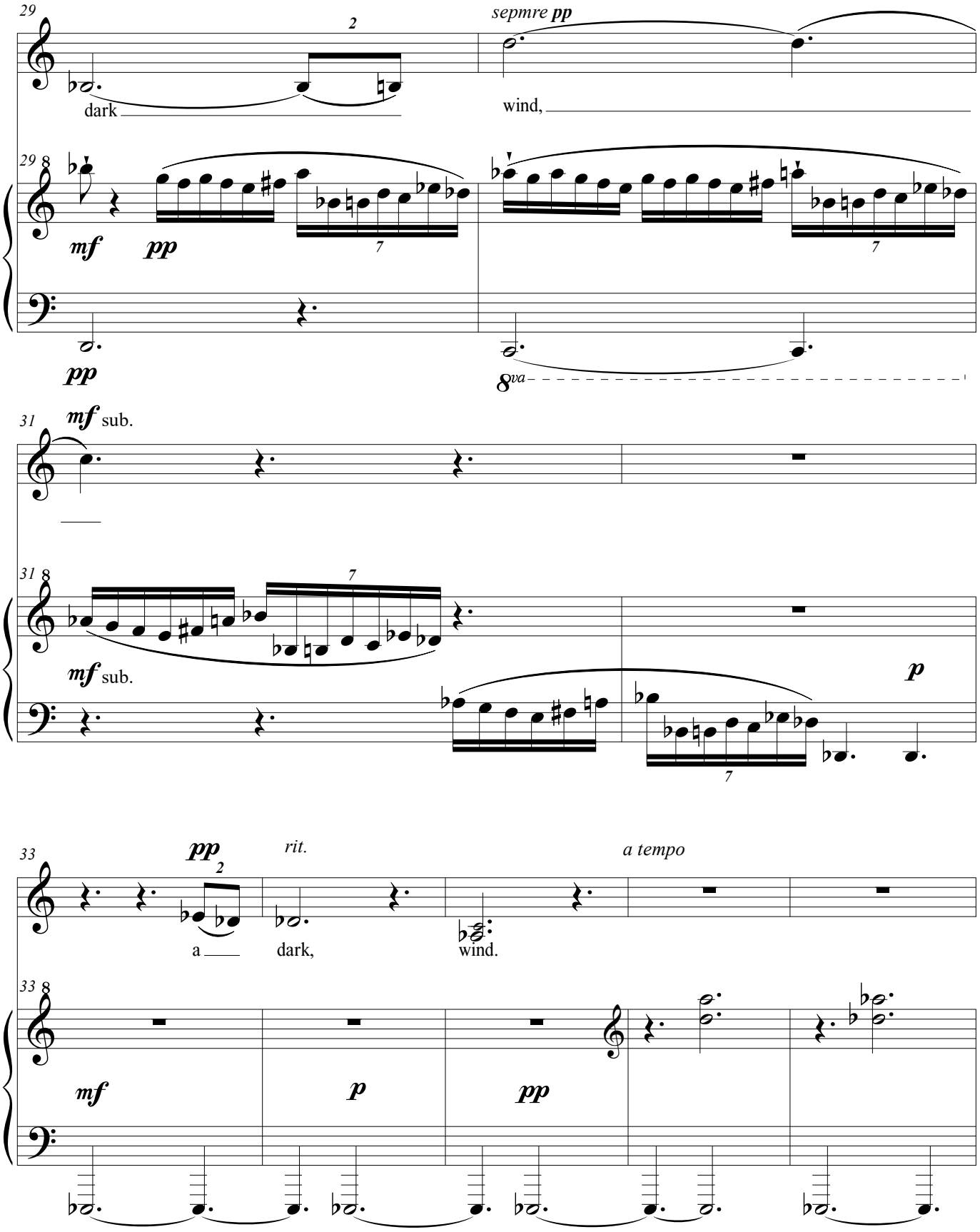
To Waken an Old Lady

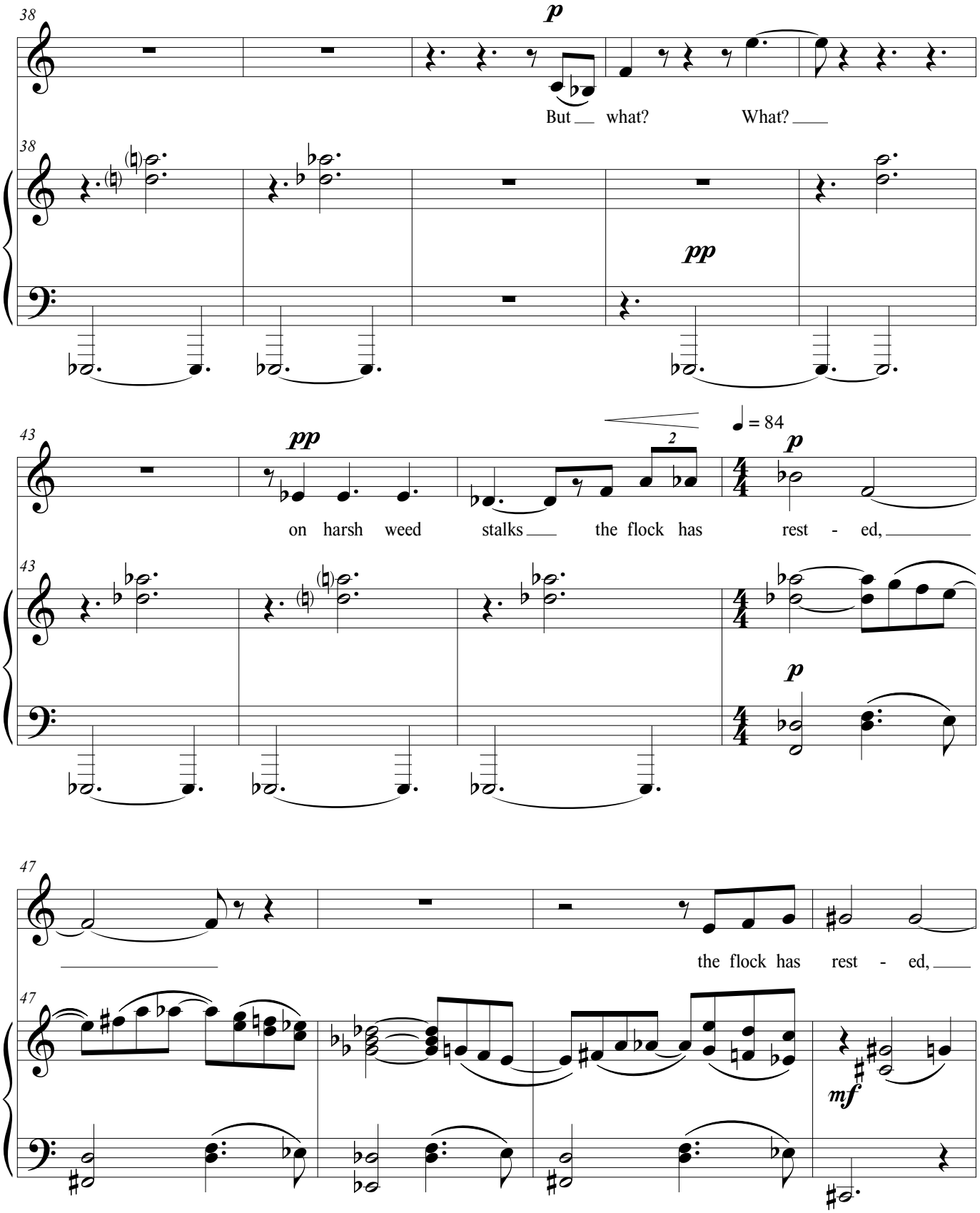
Lawrence Kramer

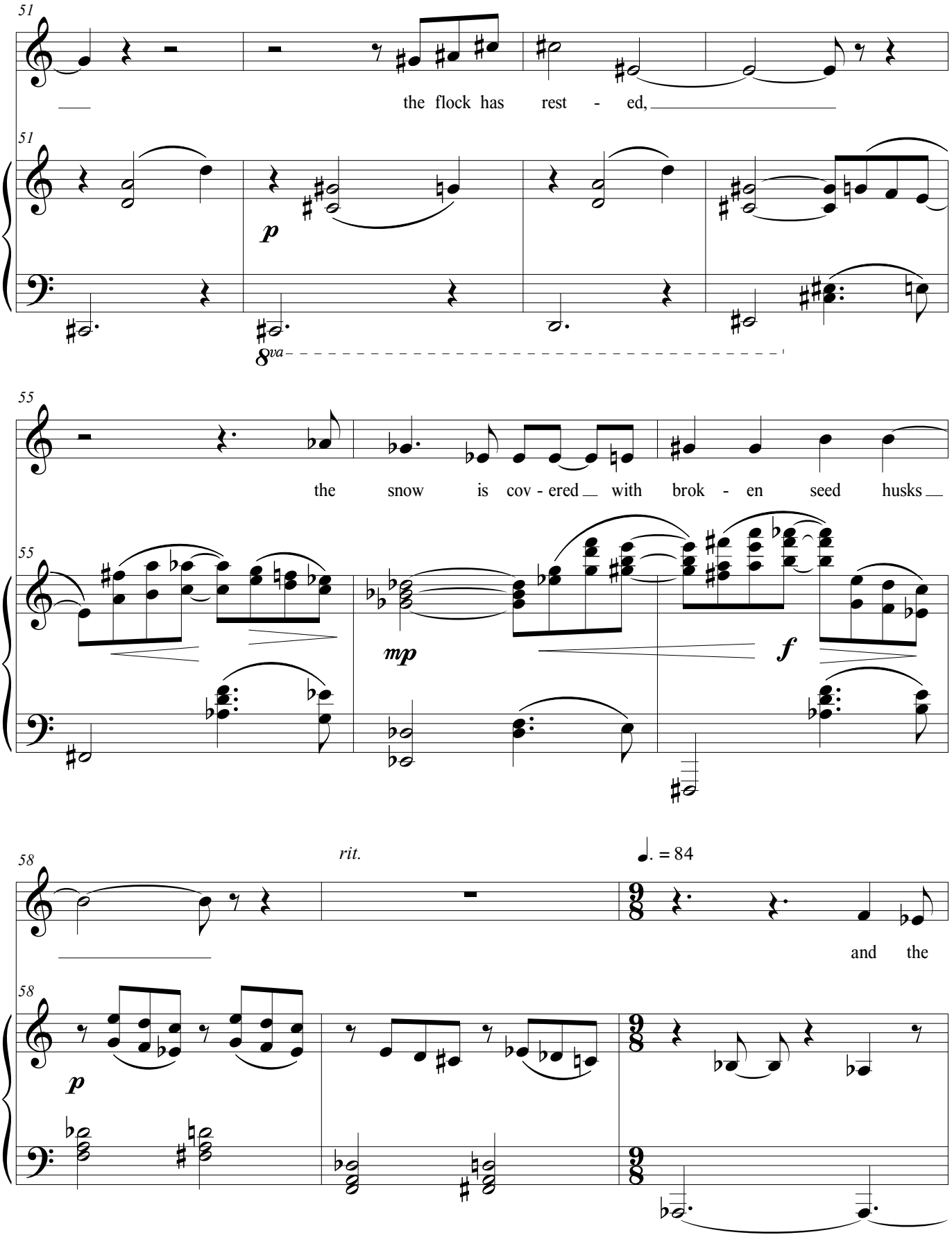


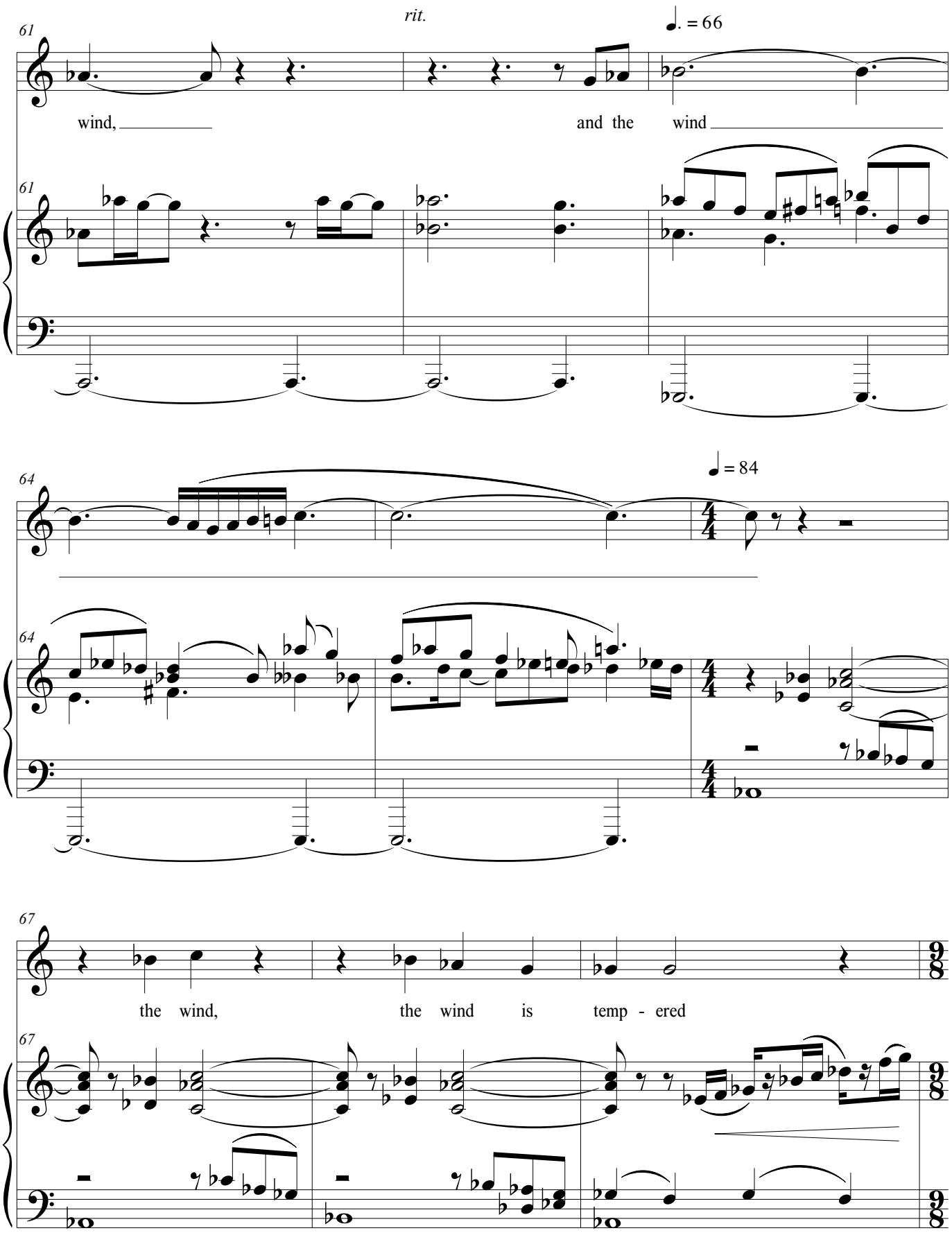

9
birds
skim - ing
10
11
pp
12
bare trees a -
15
bove - a snow glaze,
a - bove a snow g;laze,

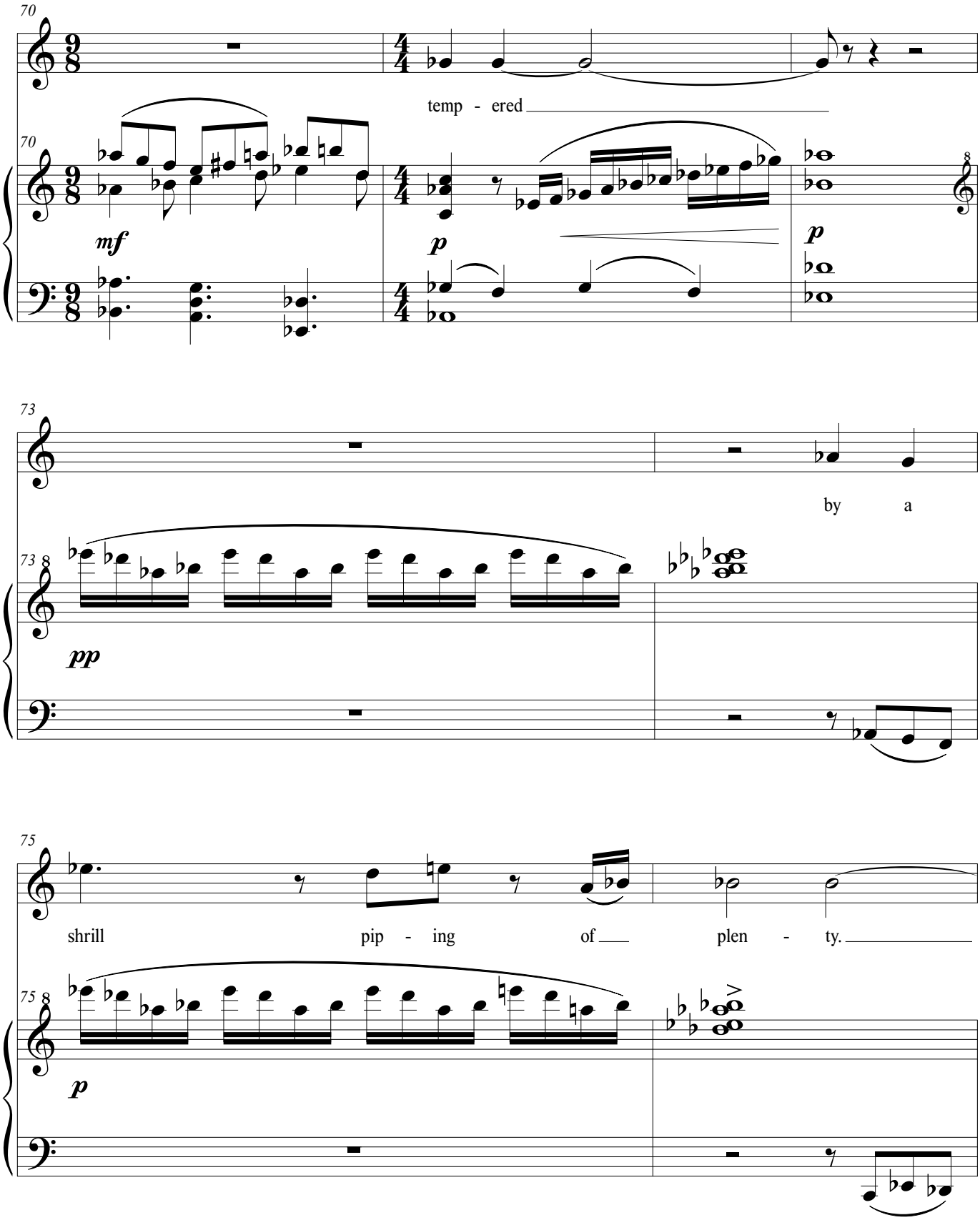

19
a snow glaze.
19 8
24
♩. = 66
Gain ing and
24 8
27
♩. = 84
2
fail - ing, they are
2
buf - fet - ted by a
27 8
mf pp
7
8va

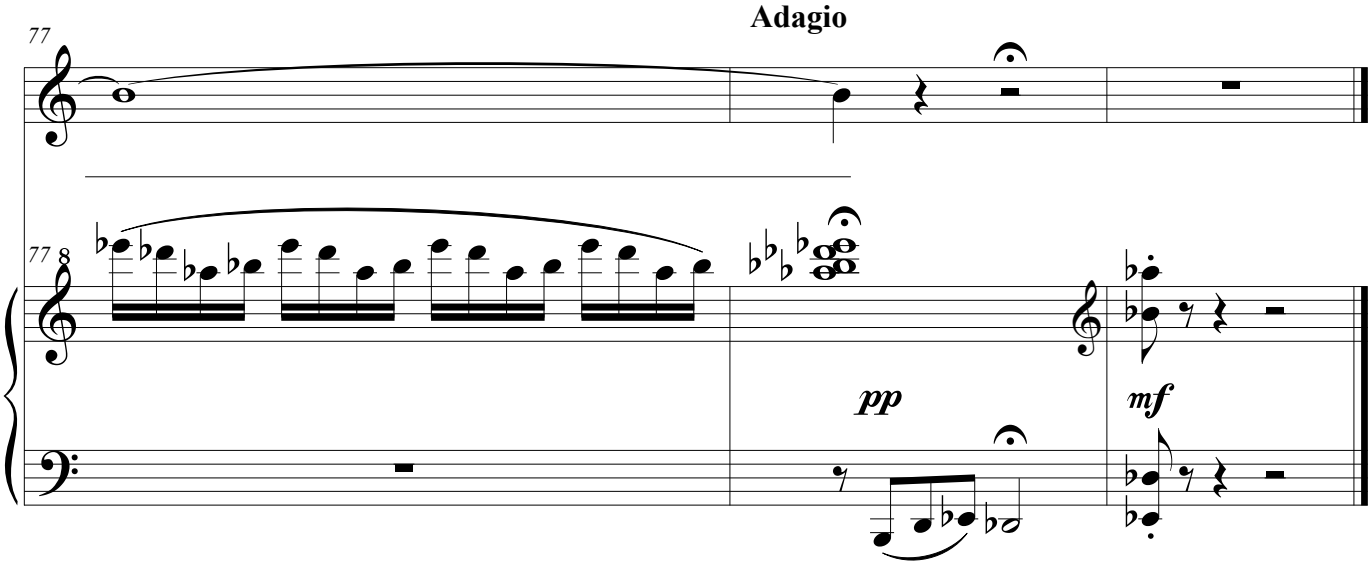

29
2
dark
sepmre pp
wind,
29 8
mf
pp
7
7
pp
8va
31
mf sub.
31 8
7
mf sub.
p
7
33
pp
2
rit.
a tempo
a
dark,
wind.
33 8
mf
p
pp


38
p
But what? What?
38
pp
43
pp
2
♩ = 84
p
on harsh weed stalks the flock has rest - ed,
43
p
47
the flock has rest - ed,
47
mf


51
the flock has rest - ed,
51
p
8va
55
the snow is cov - ered with brok - en seed husks
55
mp
f
58
rit.
♩. = 84
and the
58
p


rit.
♩. = 66
61
wind,
and the wind
61
64
♩ = 84
64
67
the wind,
the wind is temp - ered
67


70
temp - ered
mf
p
p
73
by a
pp
75
shrill pip - ing of plen - ty.
p


Adagio
77
77
8
pp
mf

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.

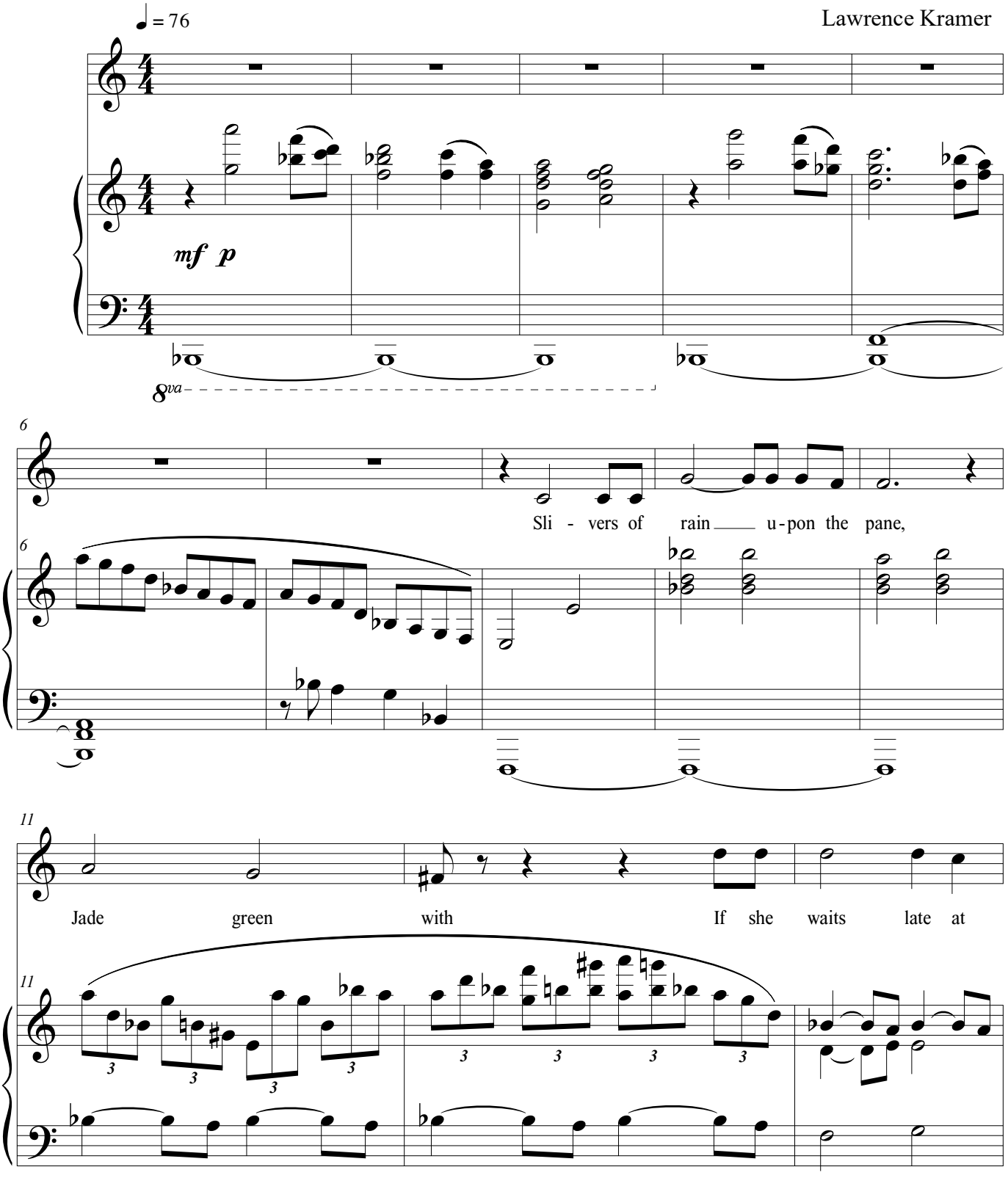
A4 to G-flat 5

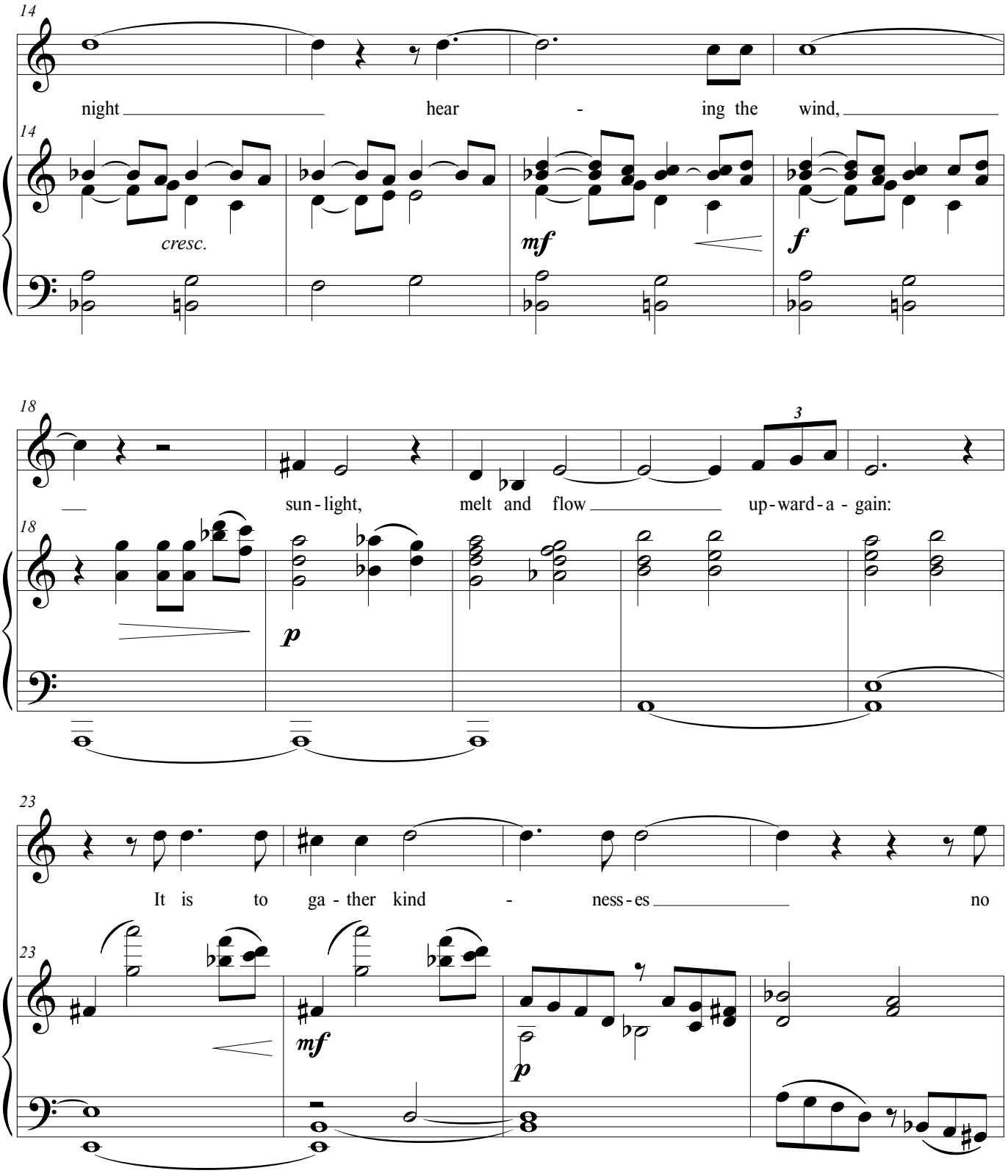
Written voice range: A3 - G♭5
Tessitura: D4 - D5
Duration: 7 minutes

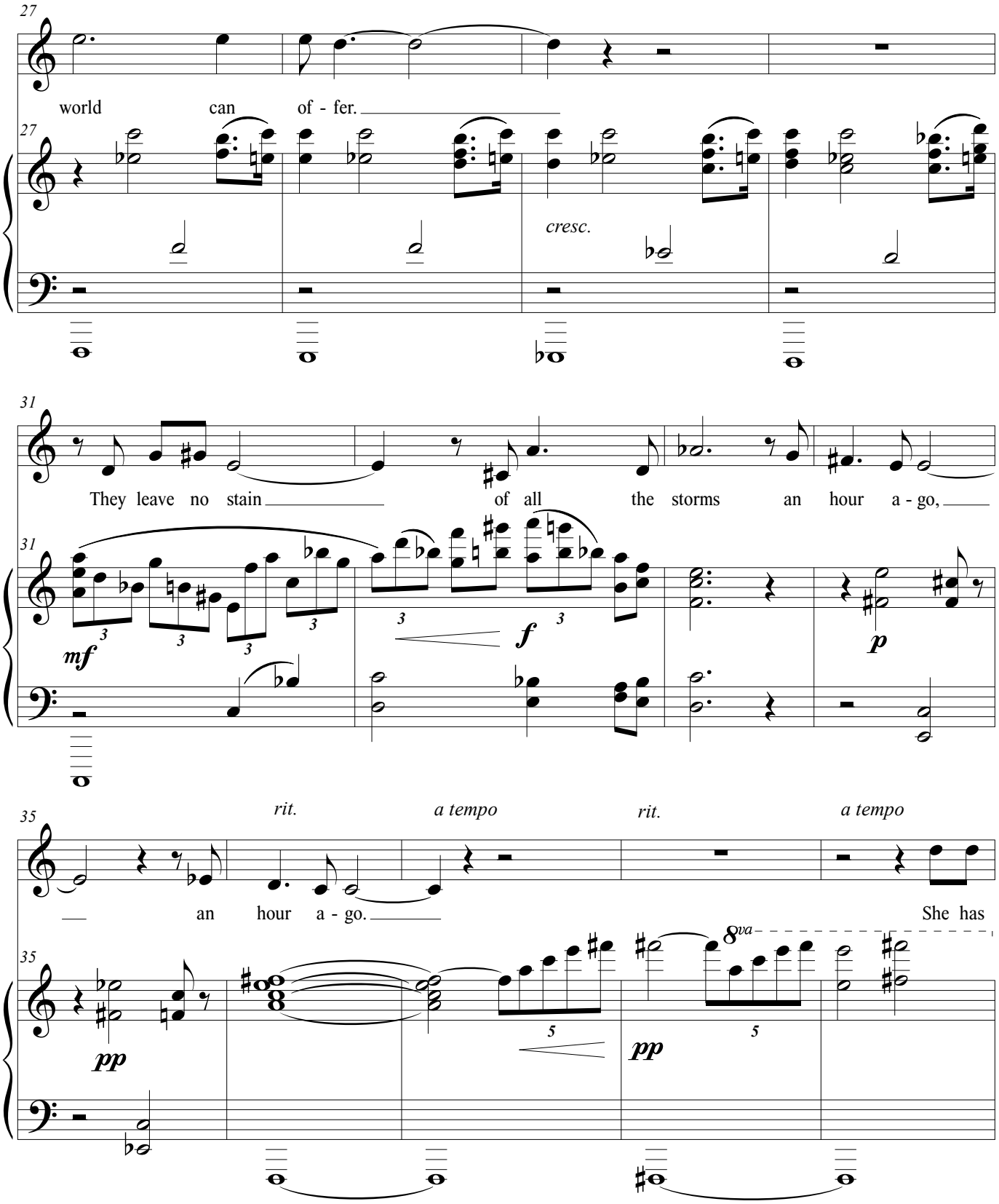
Composed 2016

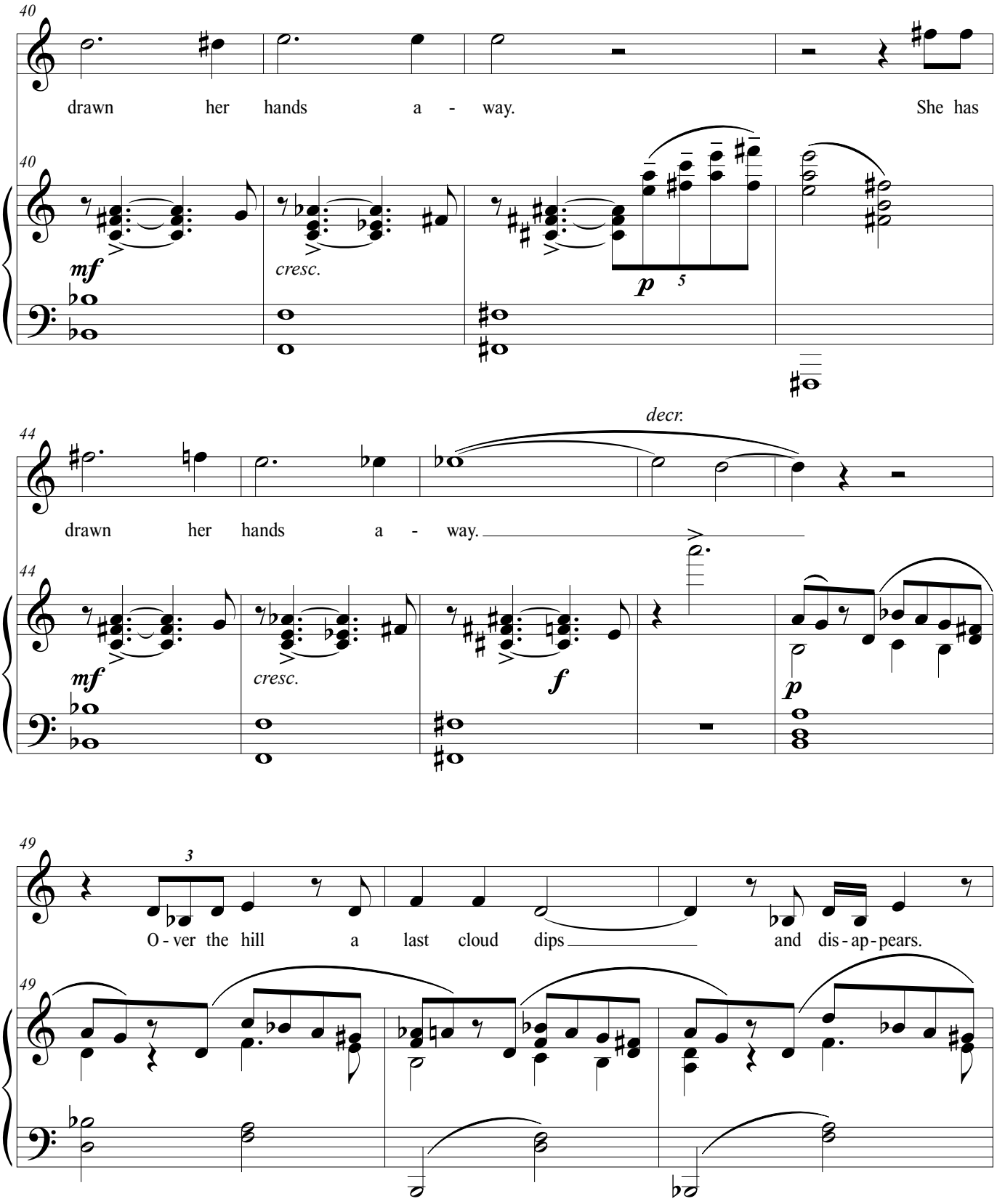
Echoes / Persuasion

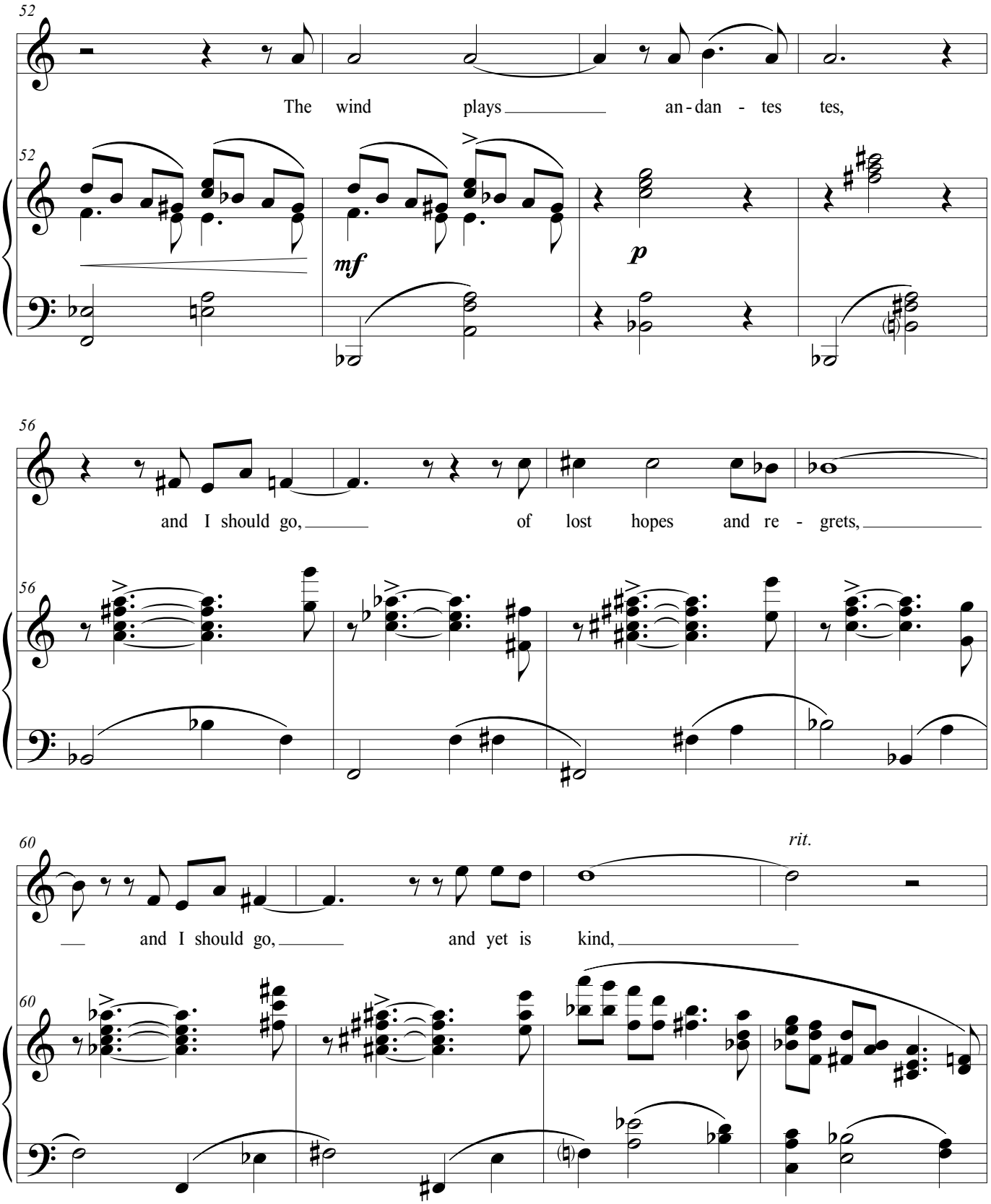
Lawrence Kramer

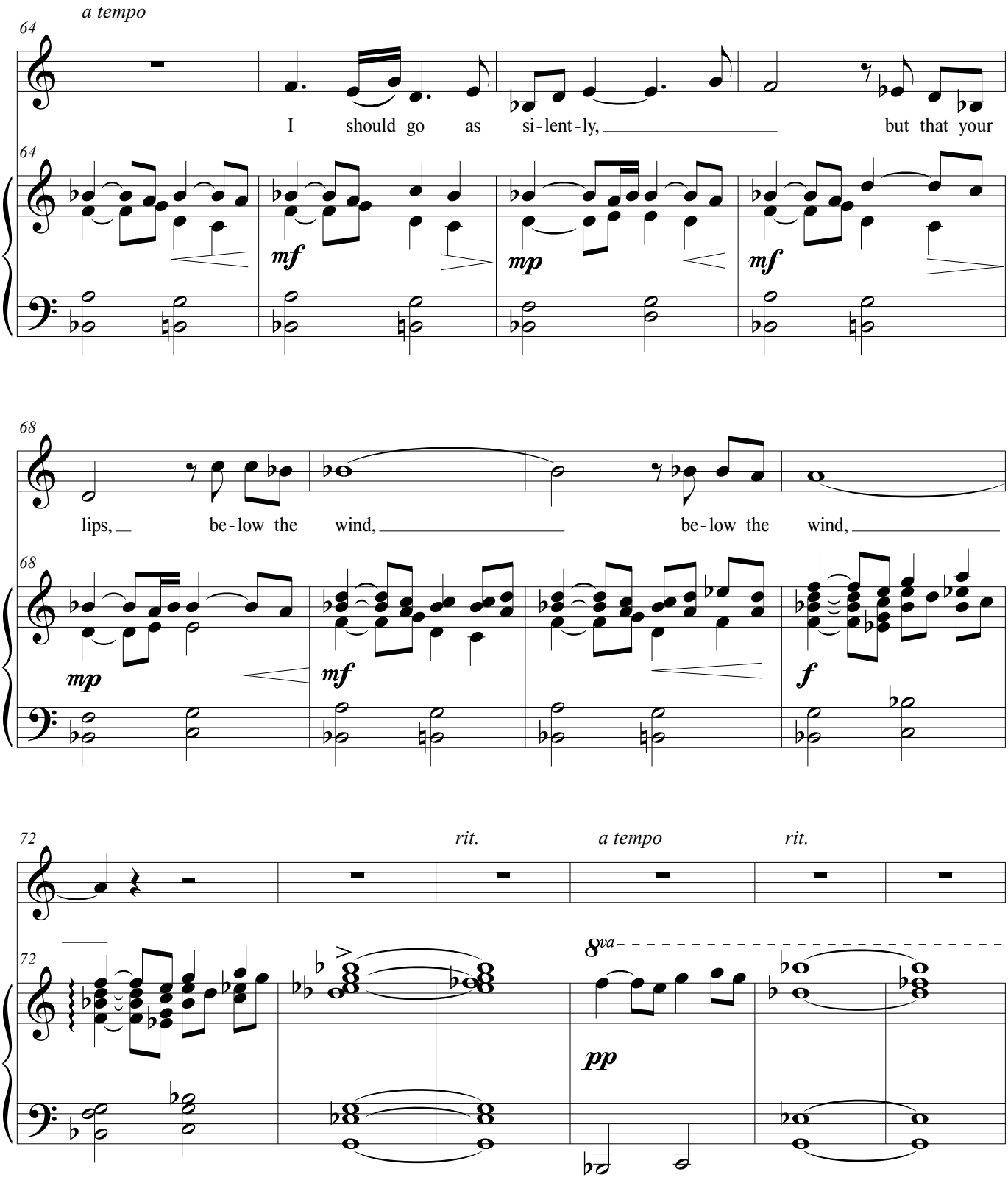


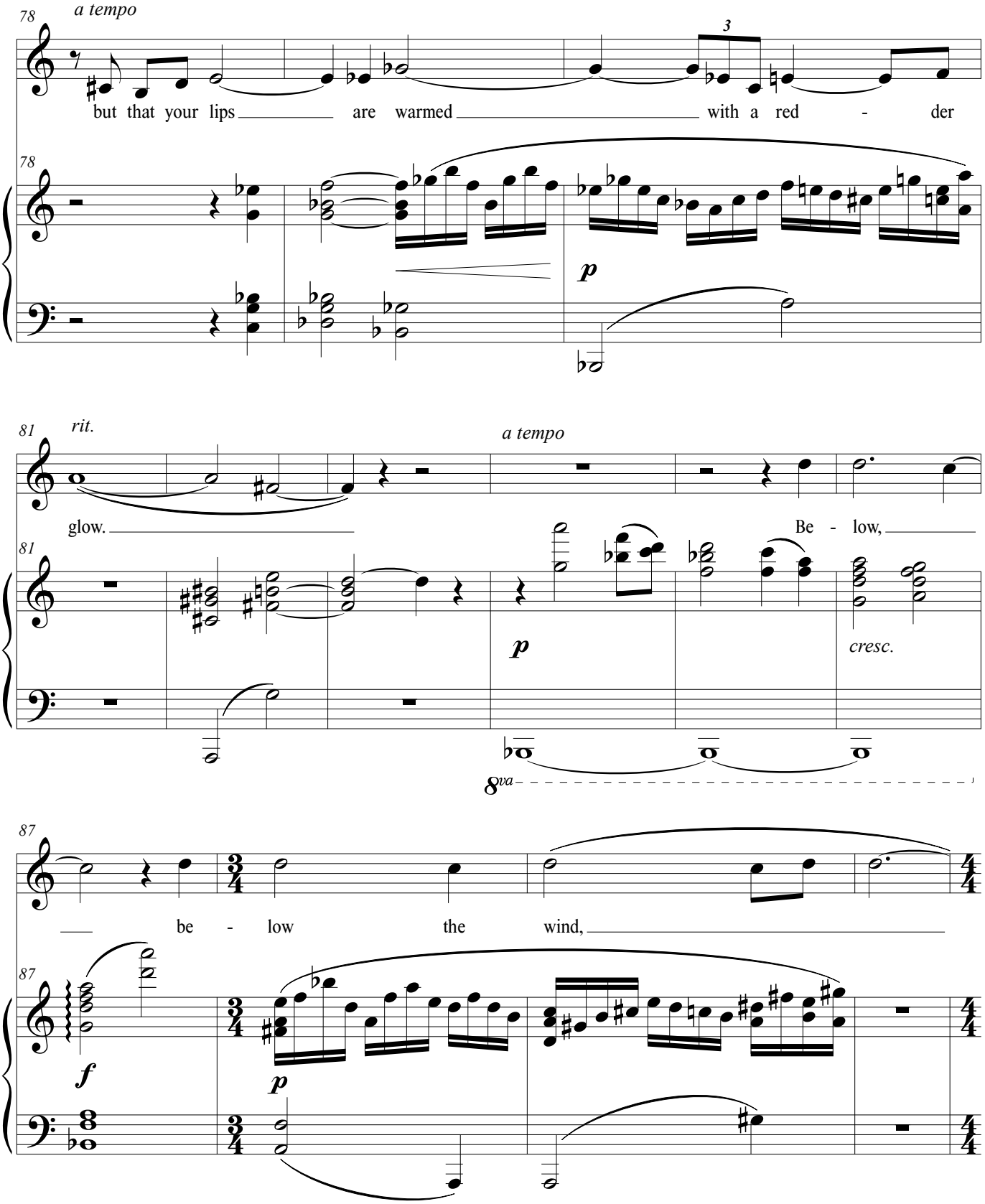

14
night hear - ing the wind,
cresc.
mf
f
18
sun - light, melt and flow up - ward - a - gain:
3
p
23
It is to ga - ther kind - ness - es no
mf
p

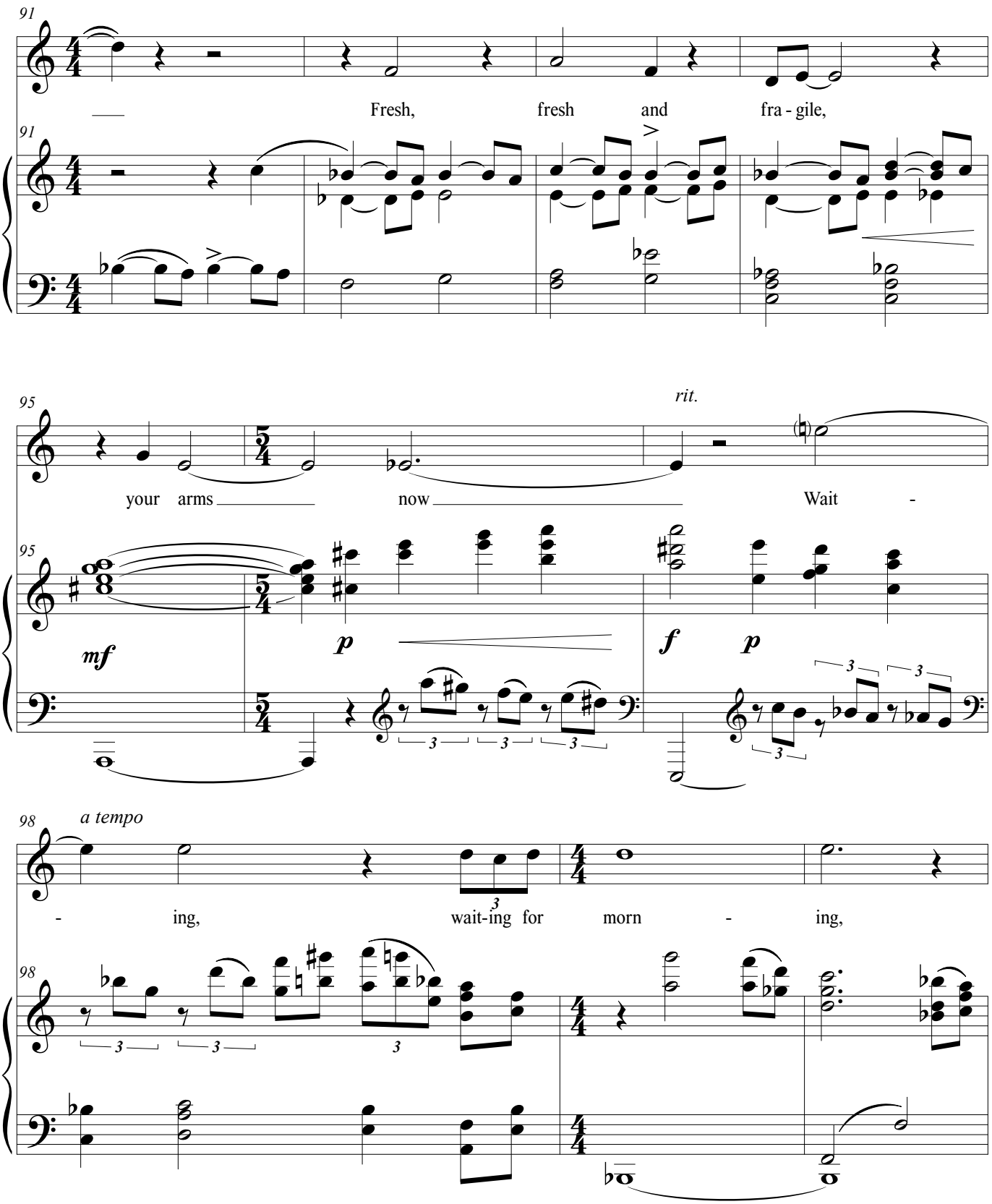

27
world can of - fer.
cresc.
31
They leave no stain of all the storms an hour a - go,
mf
f
p
35
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
an hour a - go.
She has
pp
pp
8va

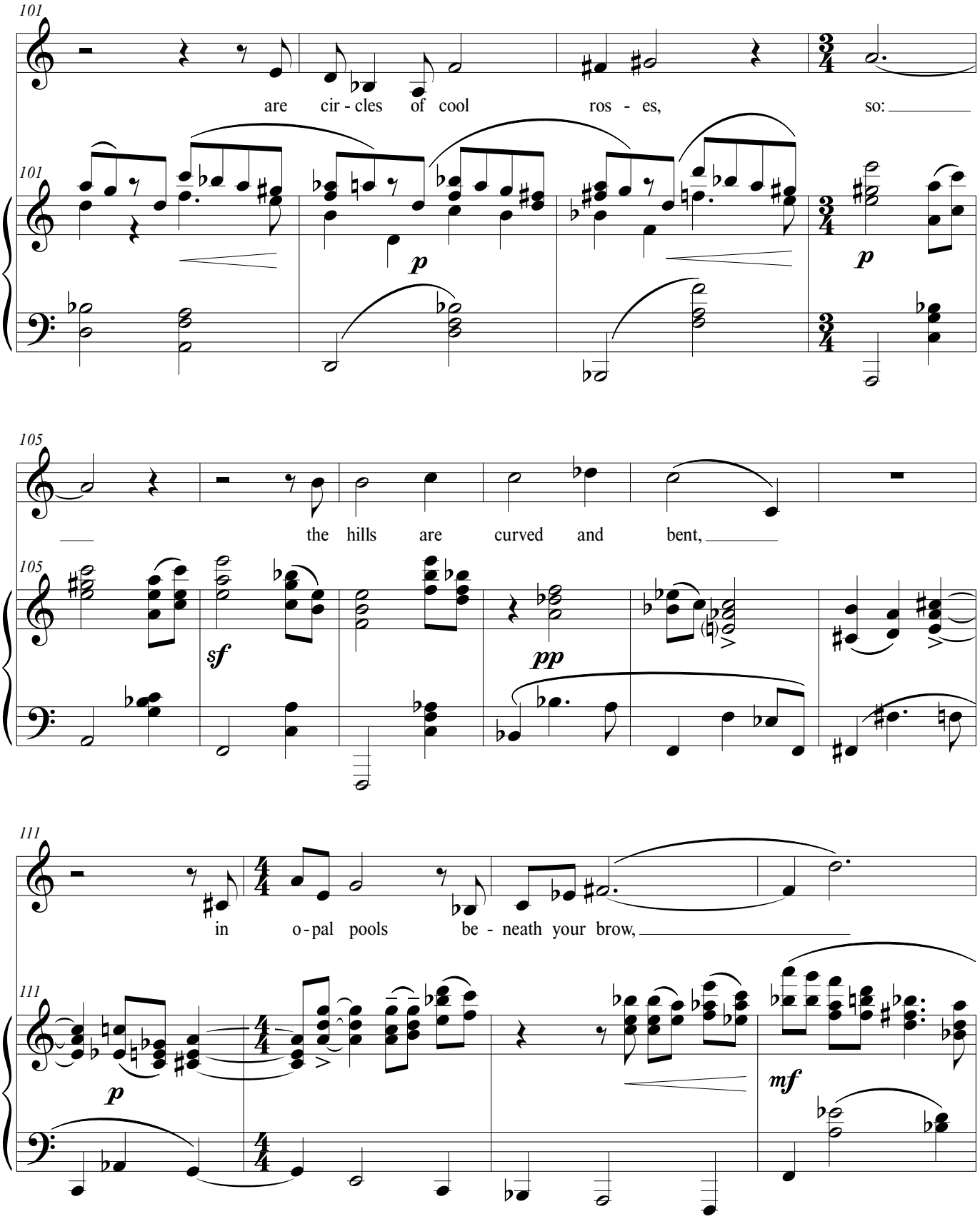

40
drawn her hands a - way. She has
mf
cresc.
p
5
44
decr.
drawn her hands a - way.
mf
cresc.
f
p
49
3
O - ver the hill a last cloud dips and dis - ap - pears.

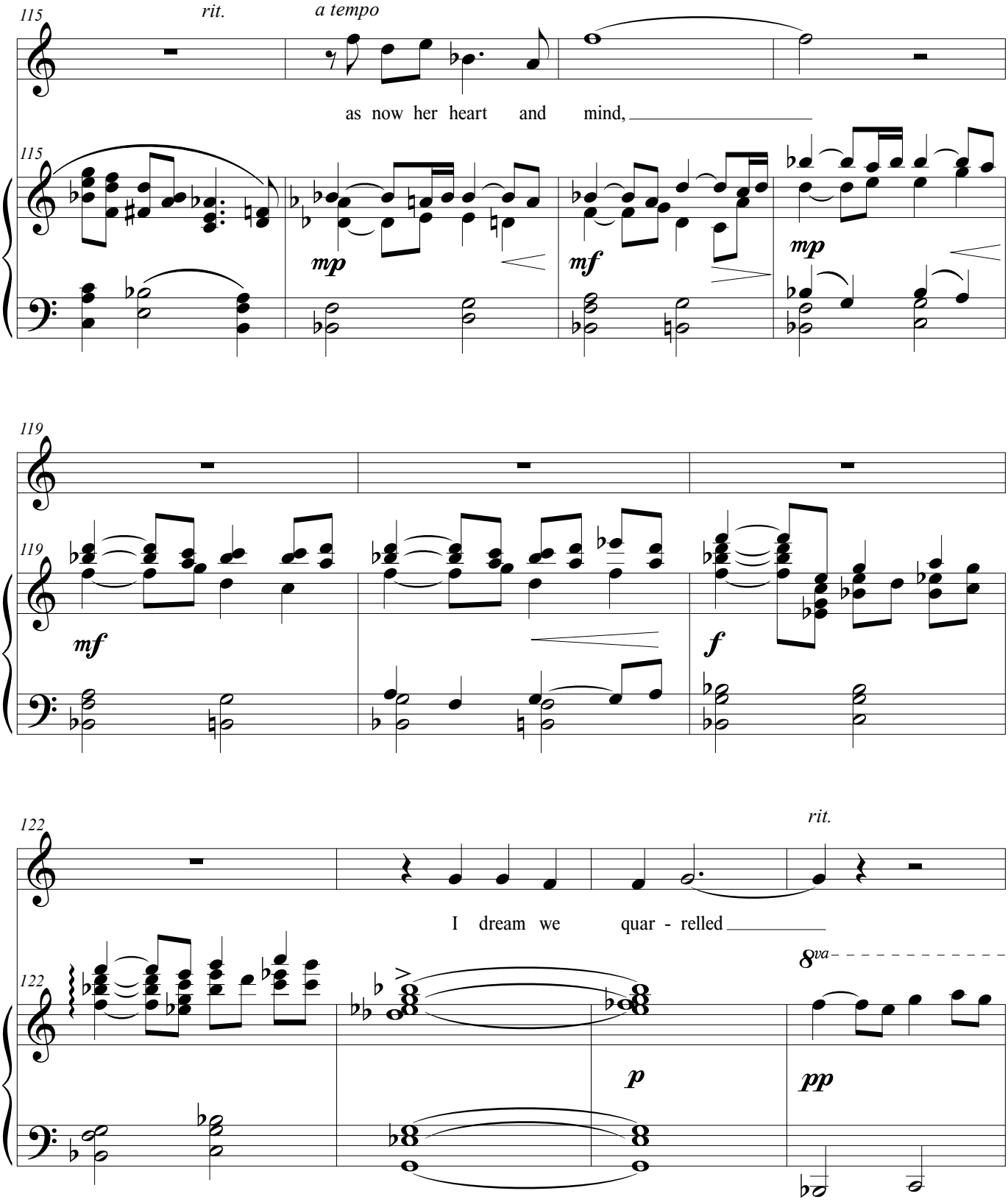

52
The wind plays an - dan - tes tes,
52
mf
p
56
and I should go, of lost hopes and re - grets,
56
60
rit.
and I should go, and yet is kind,
60

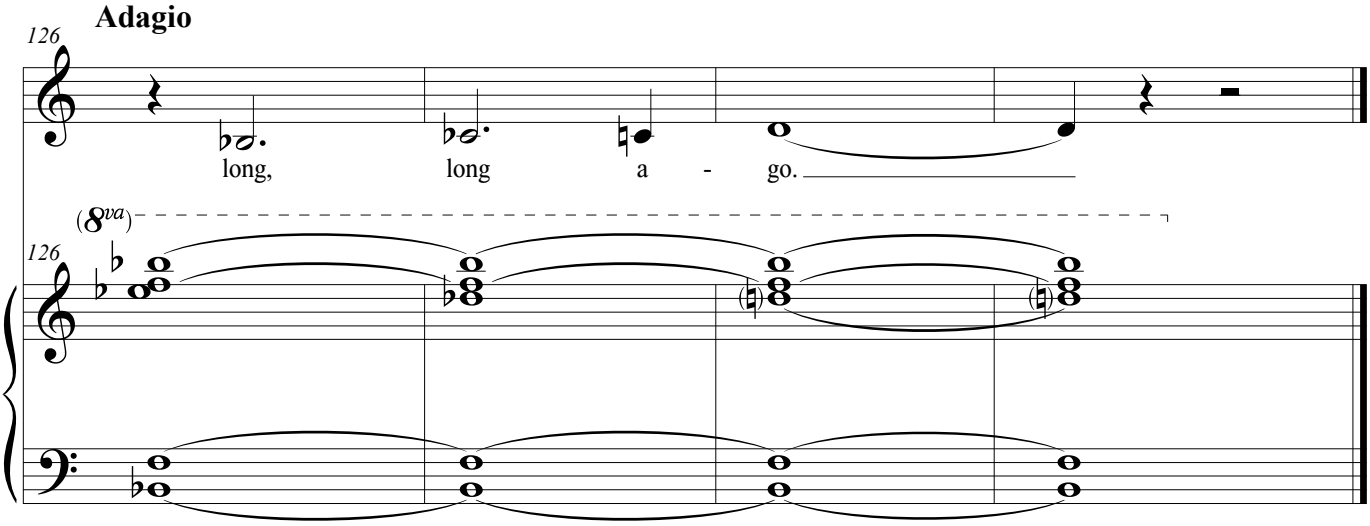

a tempo
64
I should go as si-lent-ly, but that your
mf
mp
mf
68
lips, be-low the wind, be-low the wind,
mp
mf
f
72
rit.
a tempo
rit.
8va
pp


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,
95
rit.
your arms now Wait -
mf
p
f
p
98
a tempo
- ing, wait-ing for morn - ing,


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

Two Willows

Voice

An old willow with hollow branches
slowly swayed his few high bright tendrils
and sang:

It is a willow when summer is over,
a willow by the river
from which no leaf has fallen nor
bitten by the sun
turned orange or crimson.
The leaves cling and grow paler,
swing and grow paler
over the swirling waters of the river
as if loath to let go,
they are so cool, so drunk with
the swirl of the wind and of the river--
oblivious to winter,
the last to let go and fall
into the water and on the ground.

An old willow with hollow branches
slowly swayed and sang:
Love is a young green willow
shimmering at the bare wood's edge.

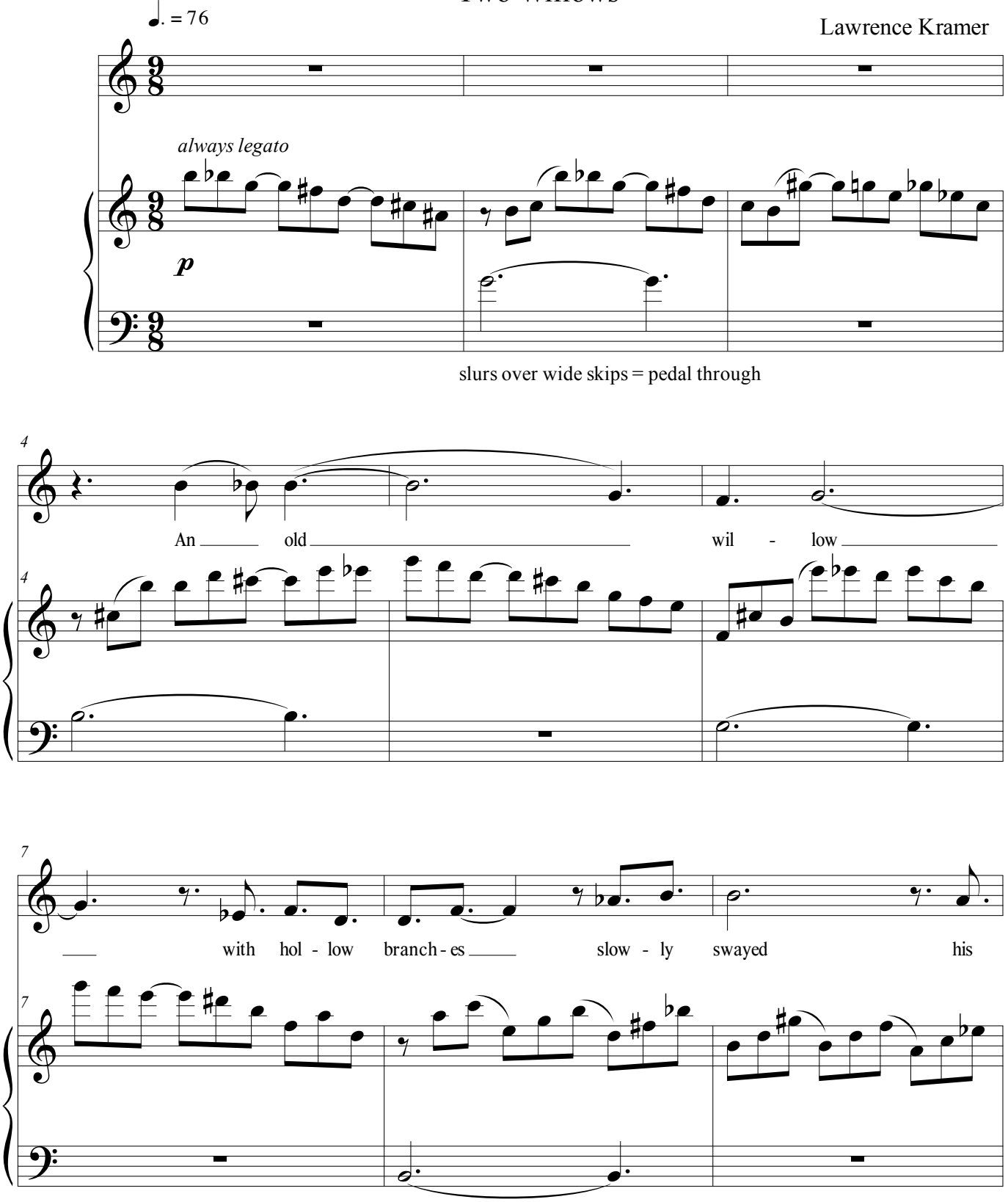
--William Carlos Williams

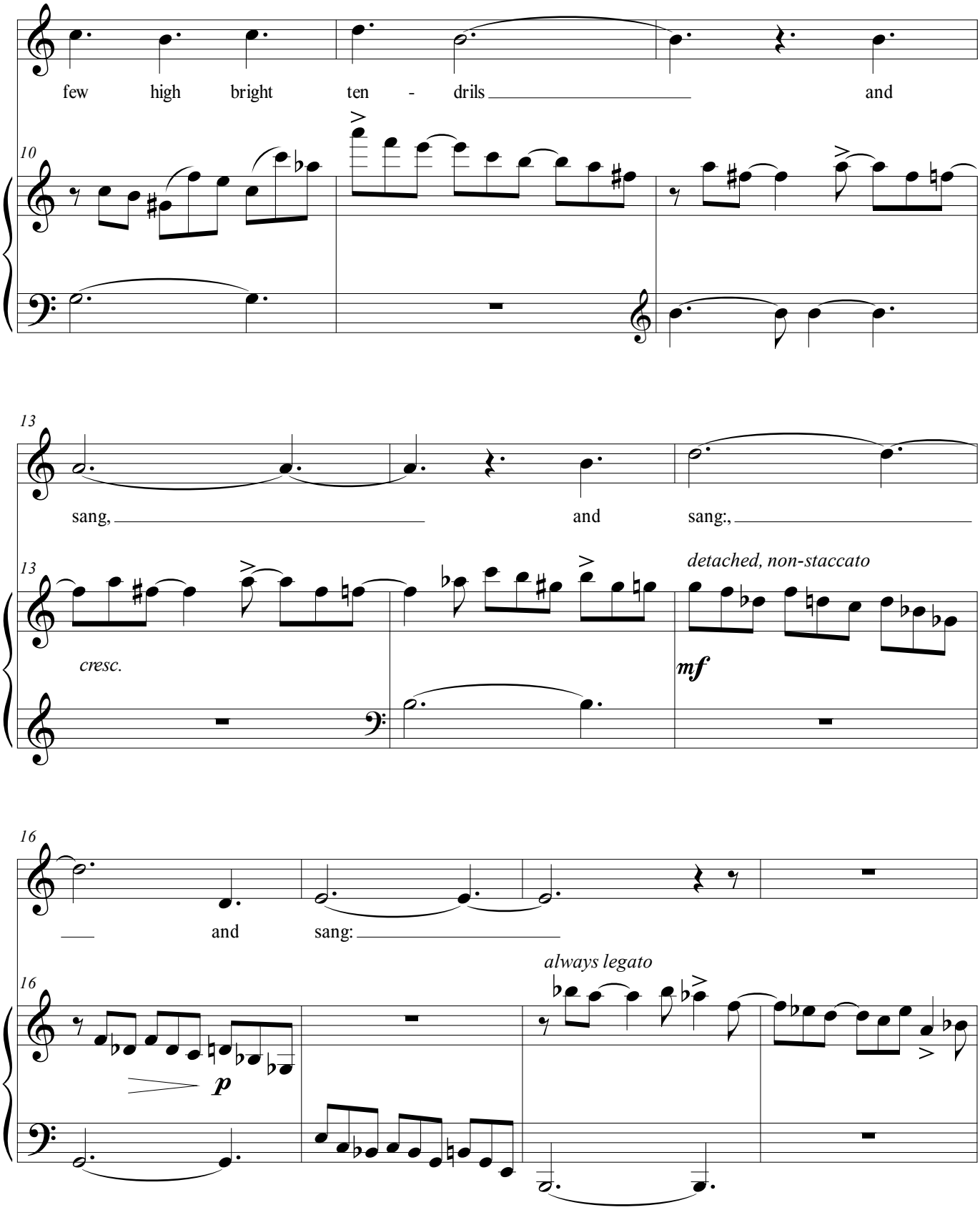
Stanza 1, "Epitaph," lines 1-3
Stanza 2: "Willow Poem"
Stanza 3: "Epitaph": condensed reprise and lines 4-5.

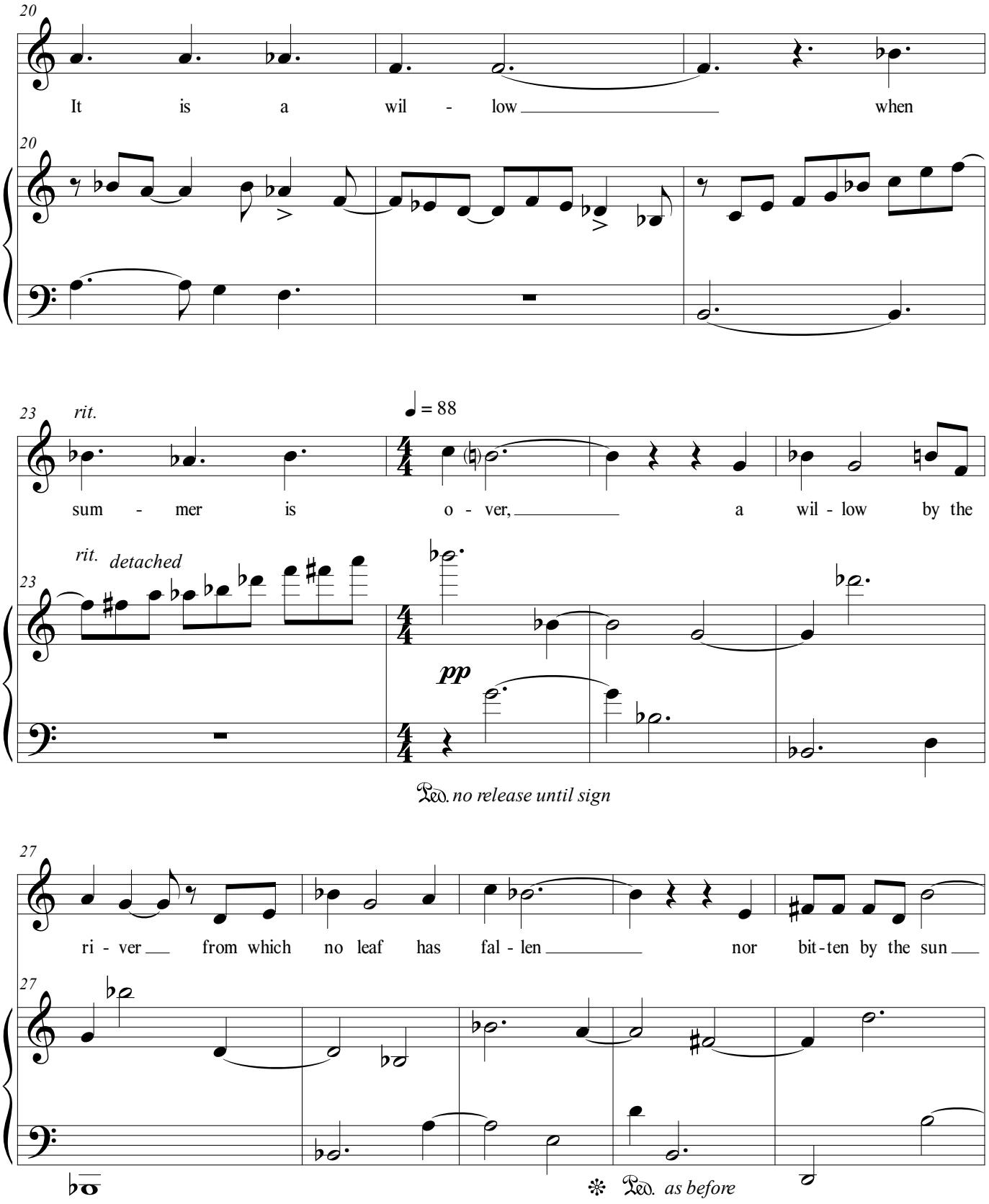
Written voice range: D4-E5, with one optional F♯5
Tessitura: F4 - D5
Duration: 4 minutes

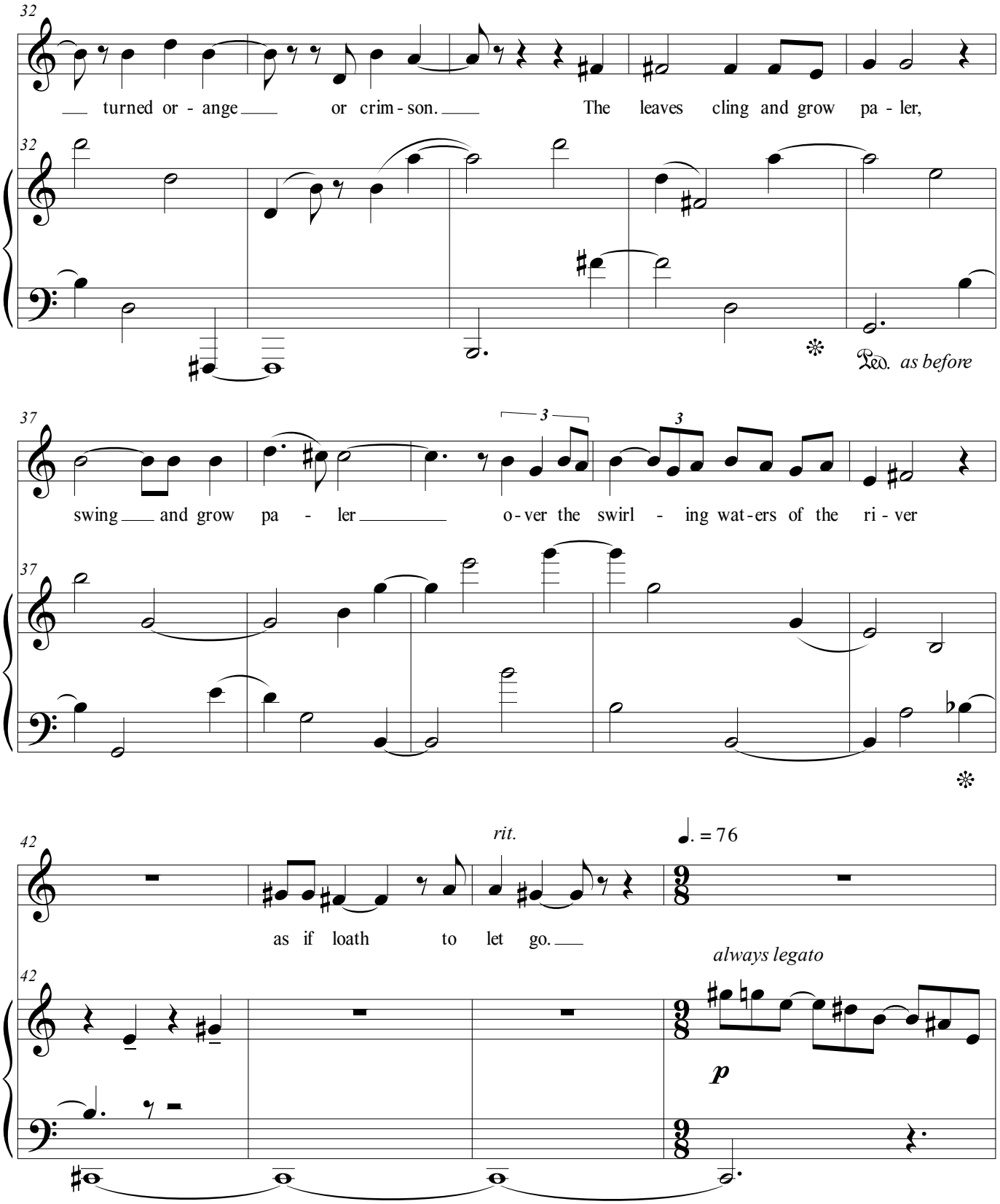
Composed 2017

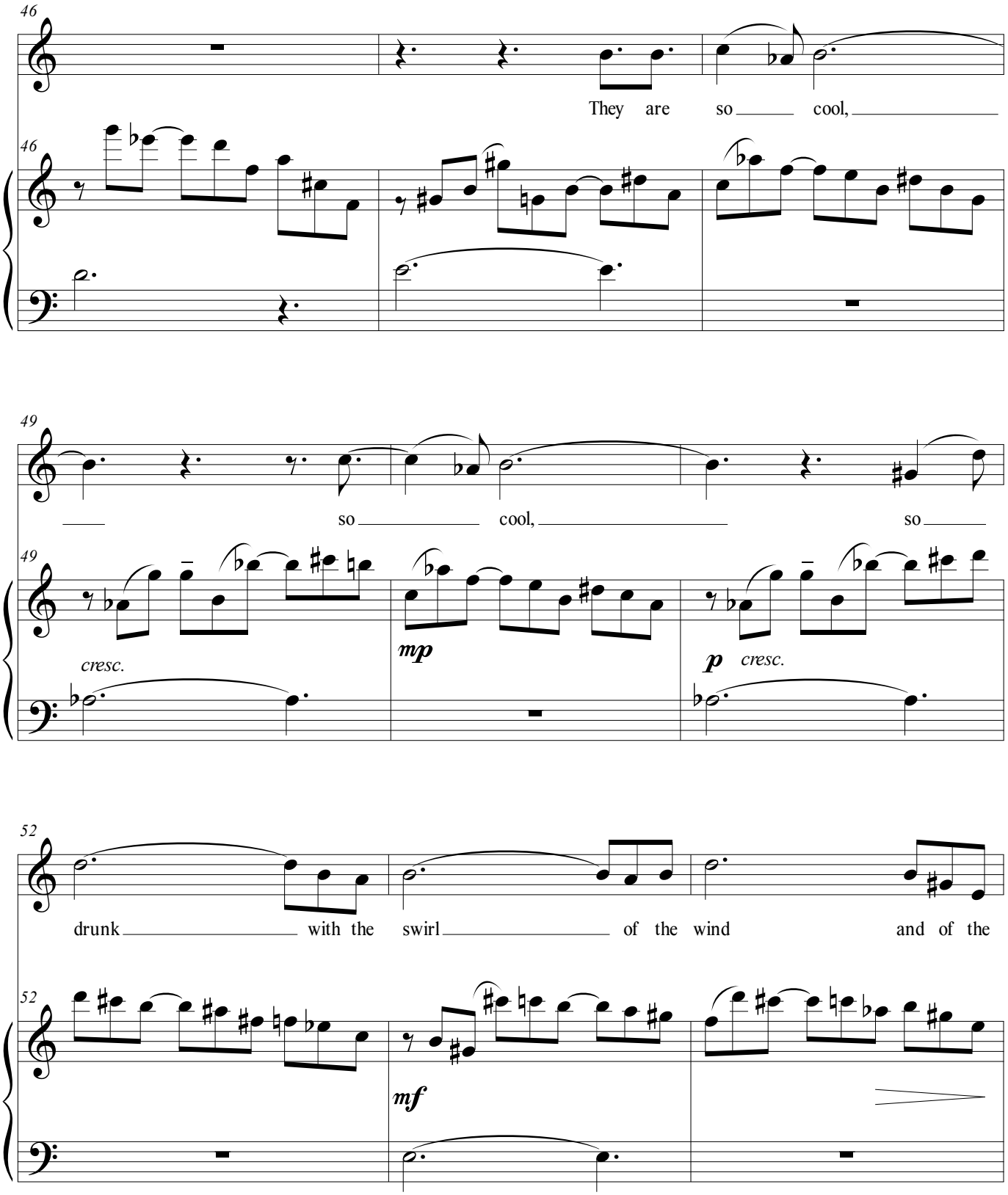
Two Willows

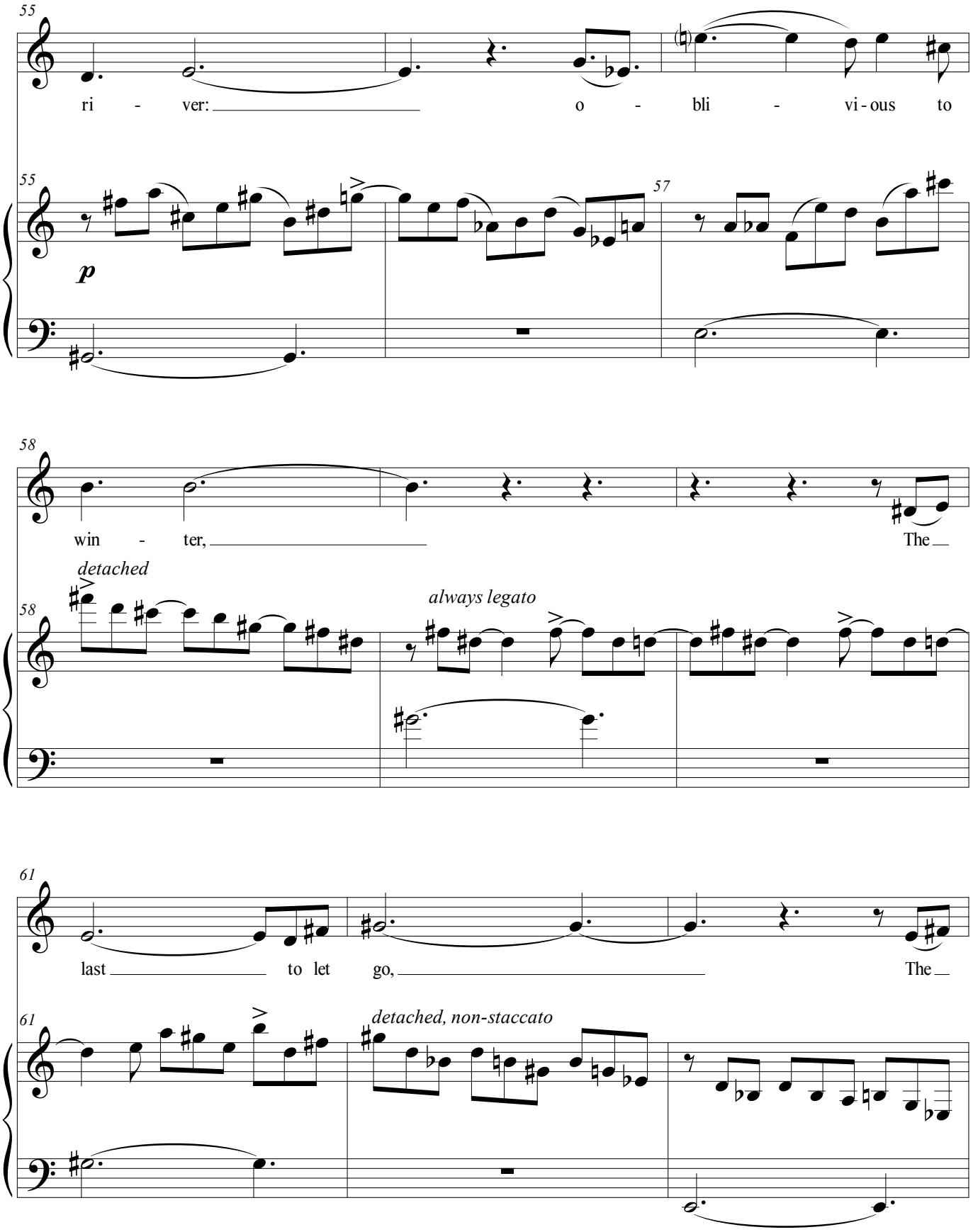

♩. = 76
Lawrence Kramer
always legato
p
slurs over wide skips = pedal through
4
An old wil - low
4
7
with hol - low branch - es slow - ly swayed his
7

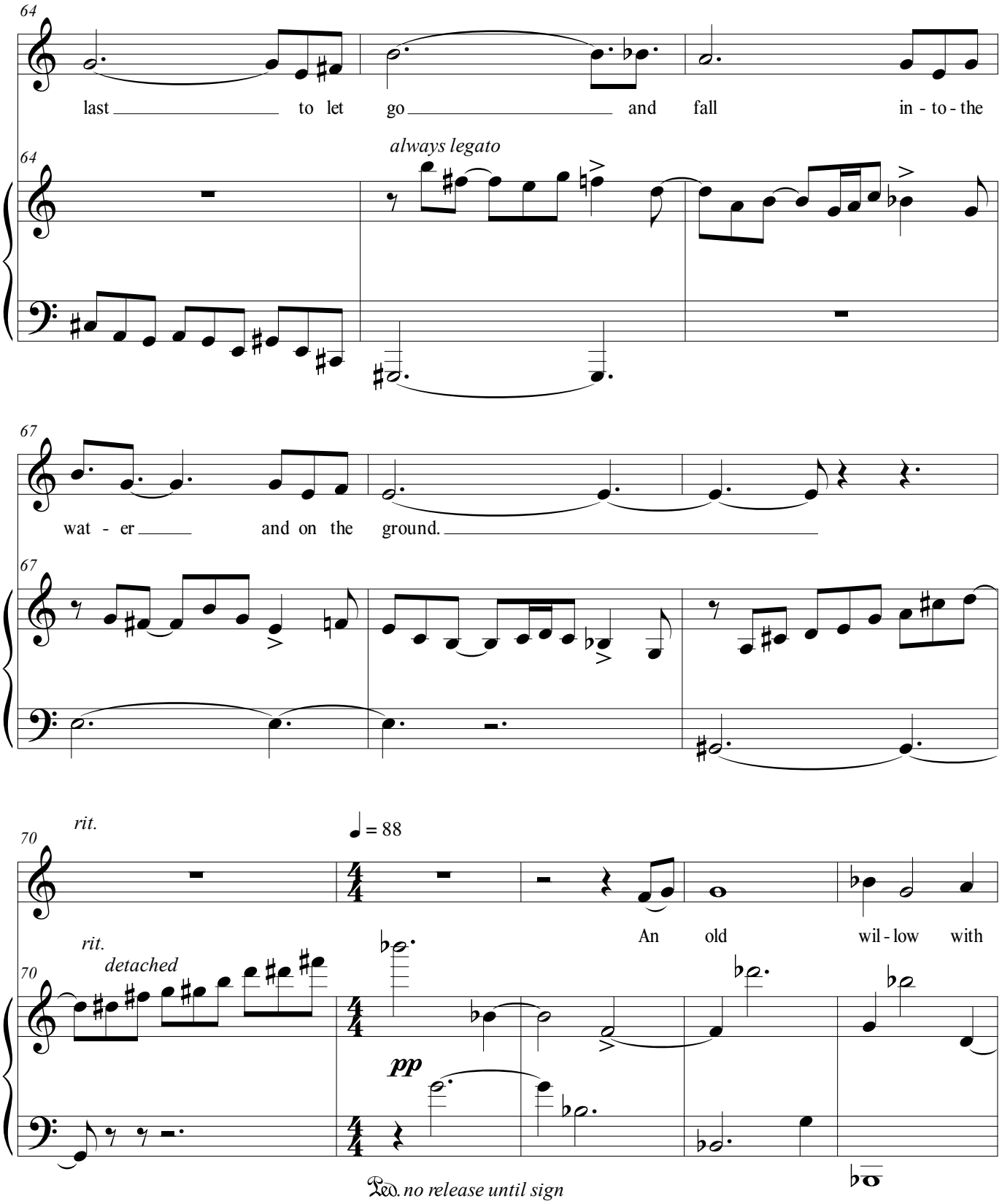

few high bright ten - drils and
10
sang, and sang:,
13
detached, non-staccato
cresc.
mf
and sang:
16
always legato
p

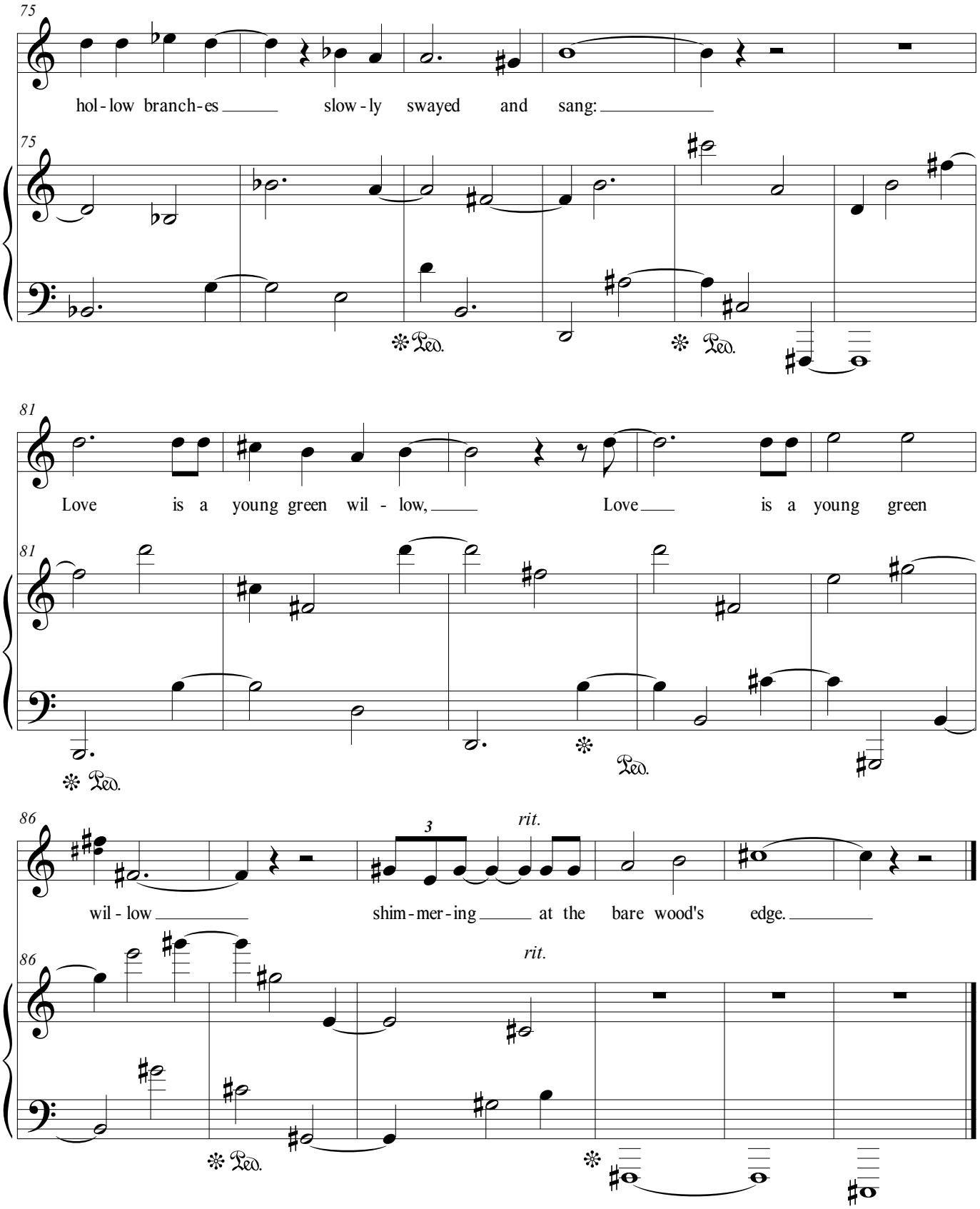

20
It is a wil - low when
20
23 rit.
♩ = 88
sum - mer is o - ver, a wil - low by the
rit. detached
23
pp
Ped. no release until sign
27
ri - ver from which no leaf has fal - len nor bit-ten by the sun
27
Ped. as before


32
turned or - ange or crim - son. The leaves cling and grow pa - ler,
Ped. as before
37
3
3
swing and grow pa - ler o - ver the swirl - ing wat - ers of the ri - ver
42
rit.
♩. = 76
as if loath to let go.
always legato
p


46
They are so cool,
46
49
so cool, so
49
cresc.
mp
p cresc.
52
drunk with the swirl of the wind and of the
52
mf


55
ri - ver: o - bli - vi - ous to
55
57
p
58
win - ter, The
detached
always legato
58
61
last to let go, The
61
detached, non-staccato


64
last to let go and fall in - to - the
always legato
64
67
wat - er and on the ground.
67
rit.
70
♩ = 88
rit.
detached
70
An old wil - low with
pp
Ped. no release until sign


75
hol - low branch - es slow - ly swayed and sang:
Ped. Ped.
81
Love is a young green wil - low, Love is a young green
Ped. Ped.
86
3
rit.
wil - low shim - mer - ing at the bare wood's edge.
rit.
Ped. Ped.

Winter Trees

Mezzo Soprano

All the complicated details
of the attiring and
the disattiring are completed!

Leaves are greygreen,
the glass broken, bright green.

A liquid moon
moves gently among
the long branches.

Leaves are greygreen,
the glass broken, bright green.

Thus having prepared their buds
against a sure winter
the wise trees
stand sleeping in the cold.

--William Carlos Williams

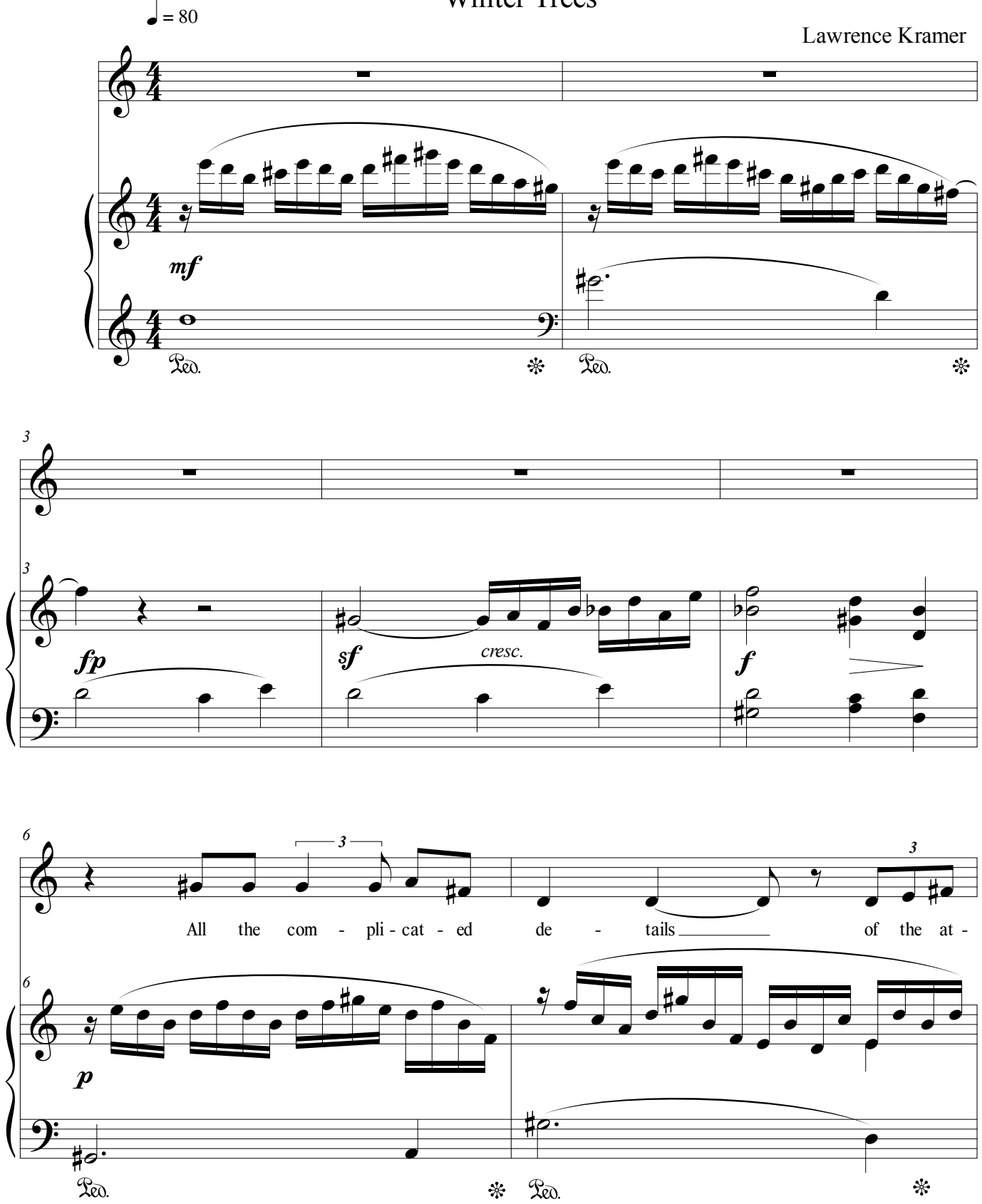
The text interleaves the couplet "Lines" between segments of "Winter Trees."

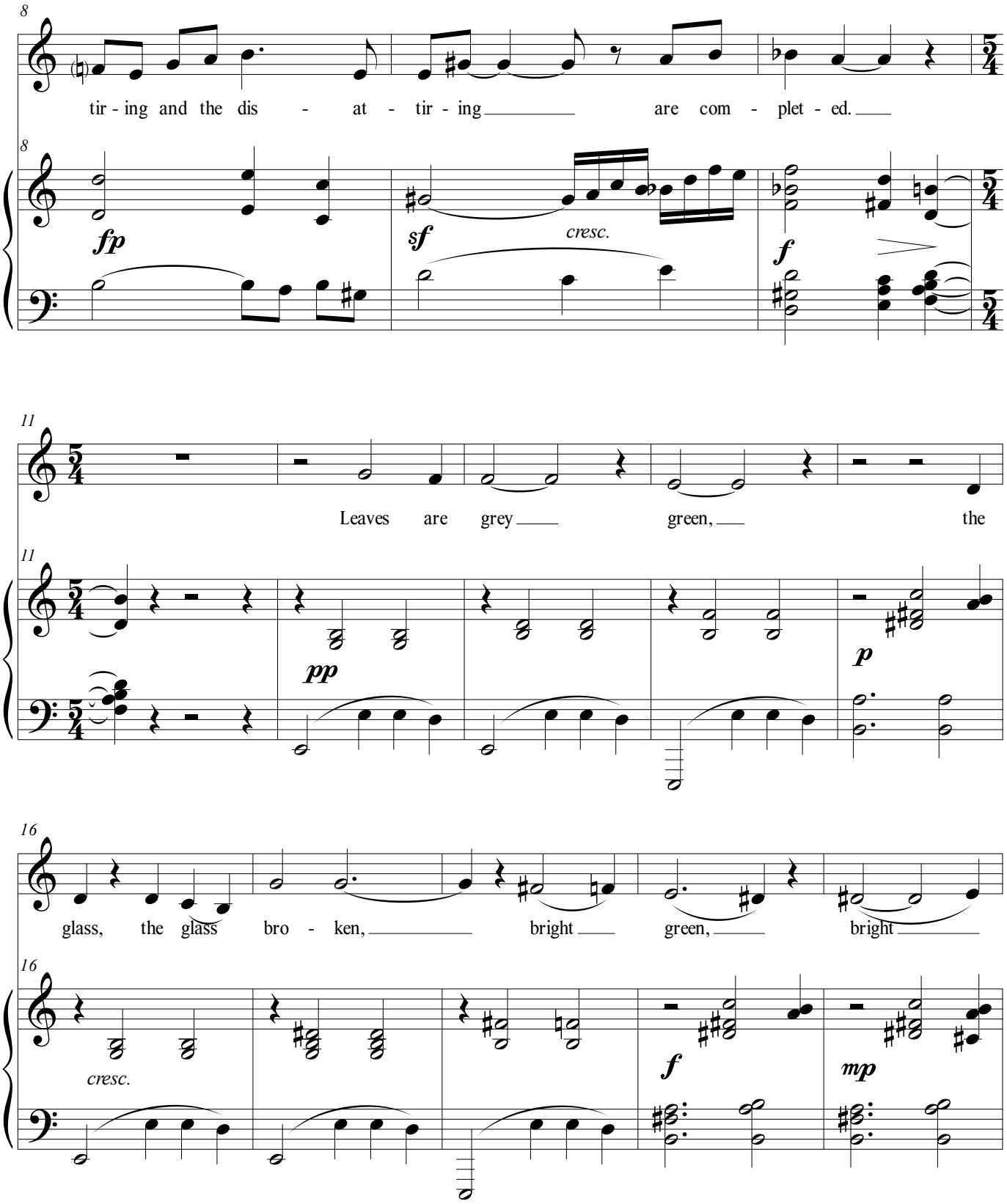
Voice range: B3 - D5
Tessitura: D4 - B5
Duration 3:30

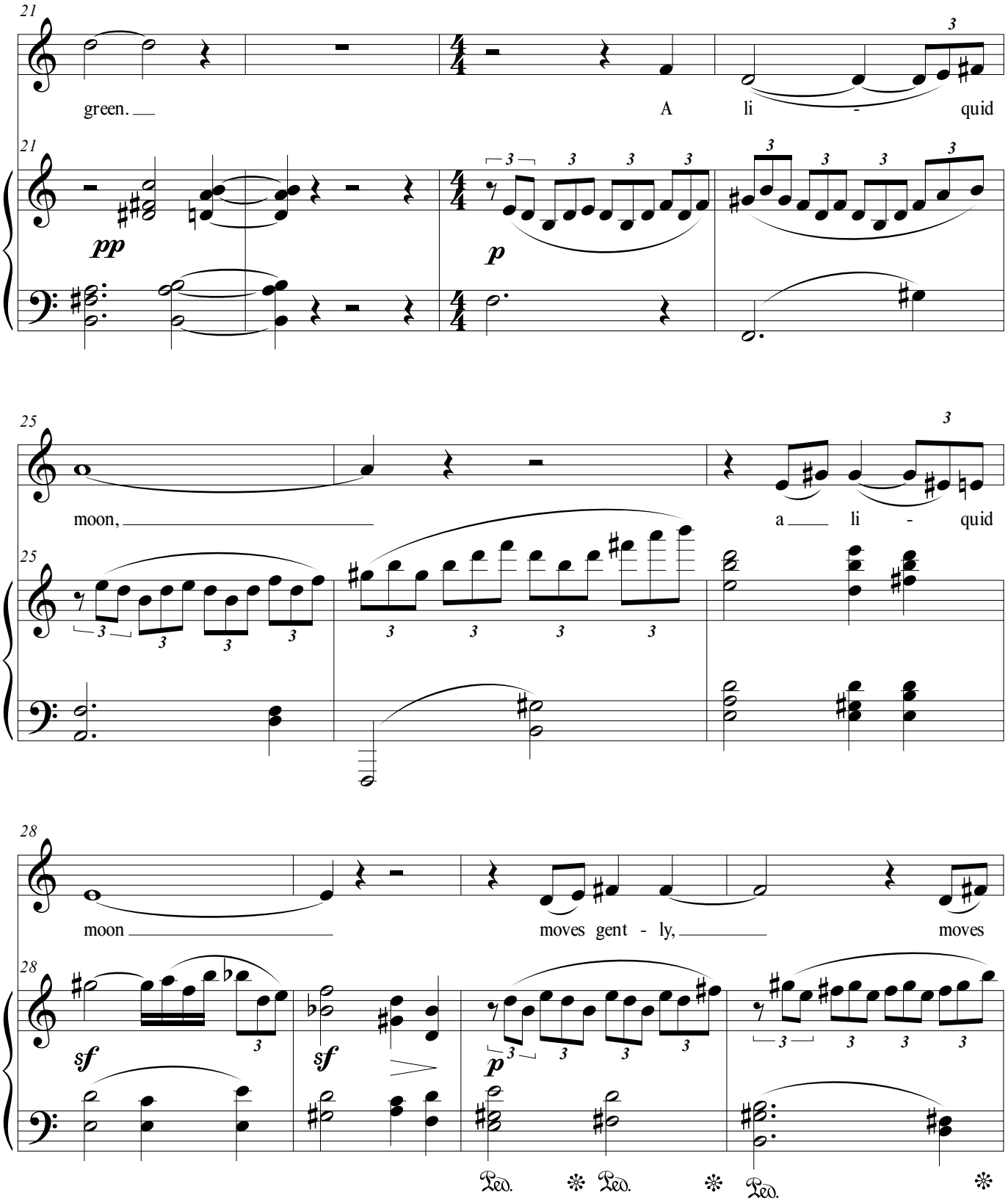
Composed 2019

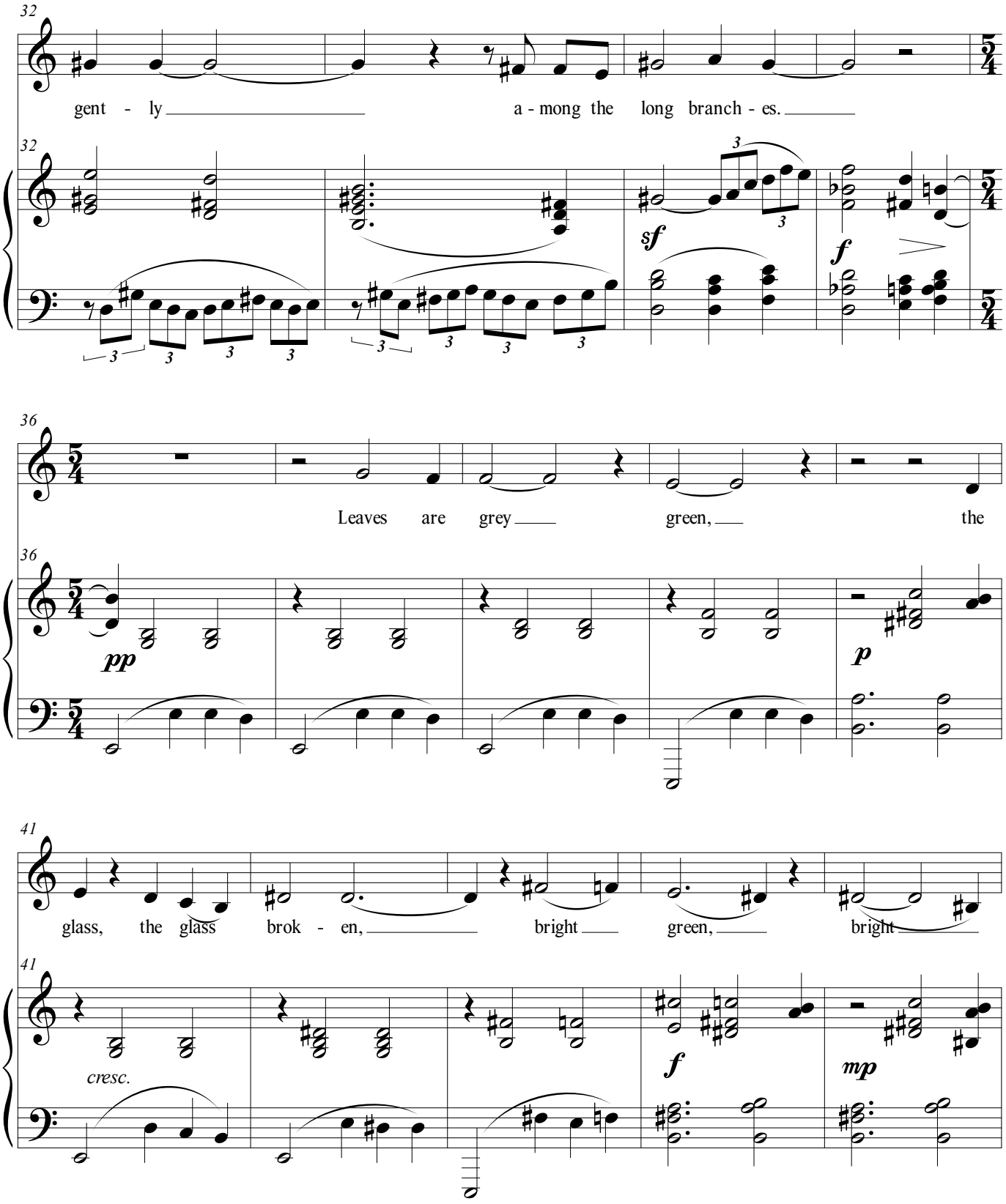
Winter Trees

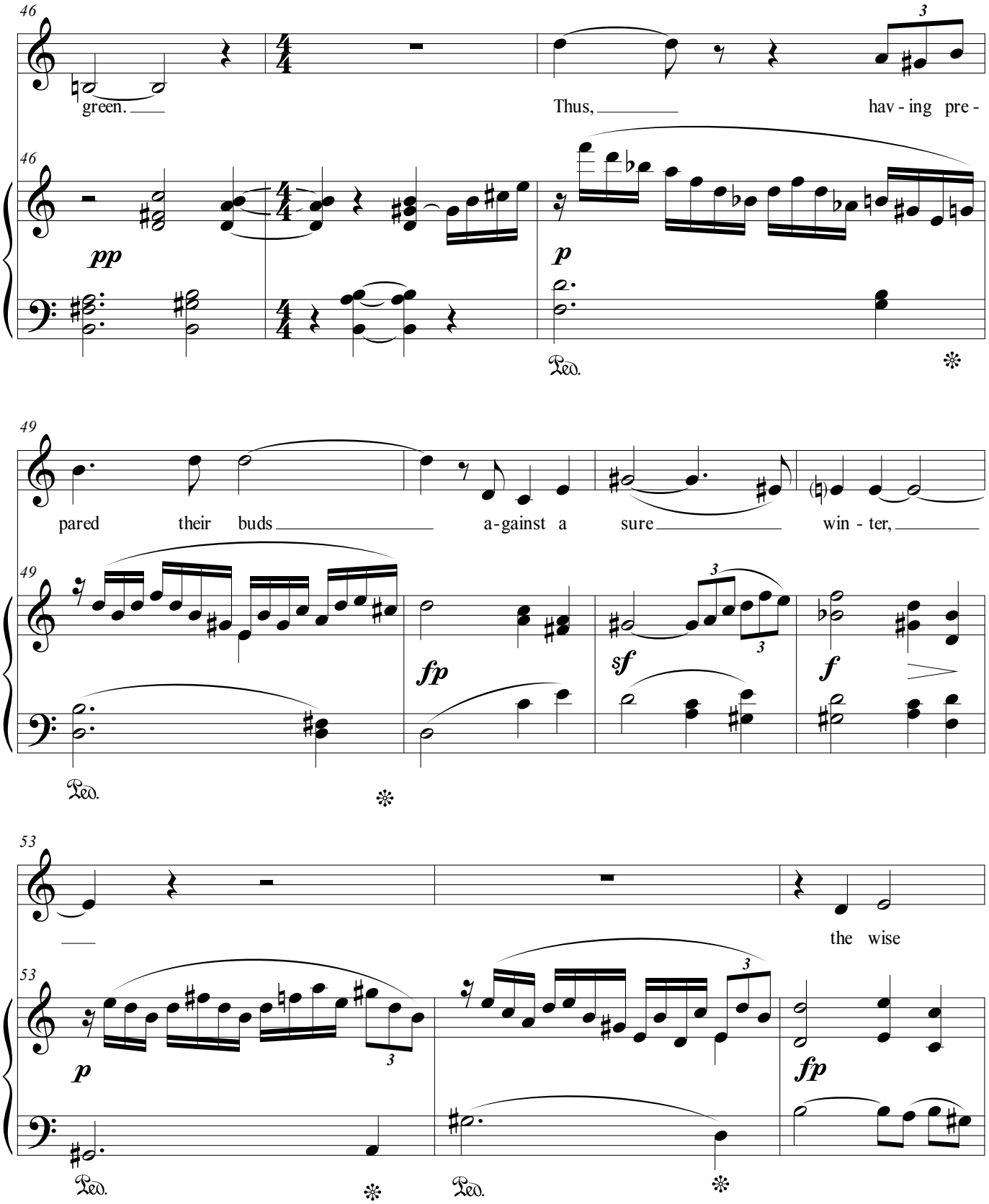
Lawrence Kramer

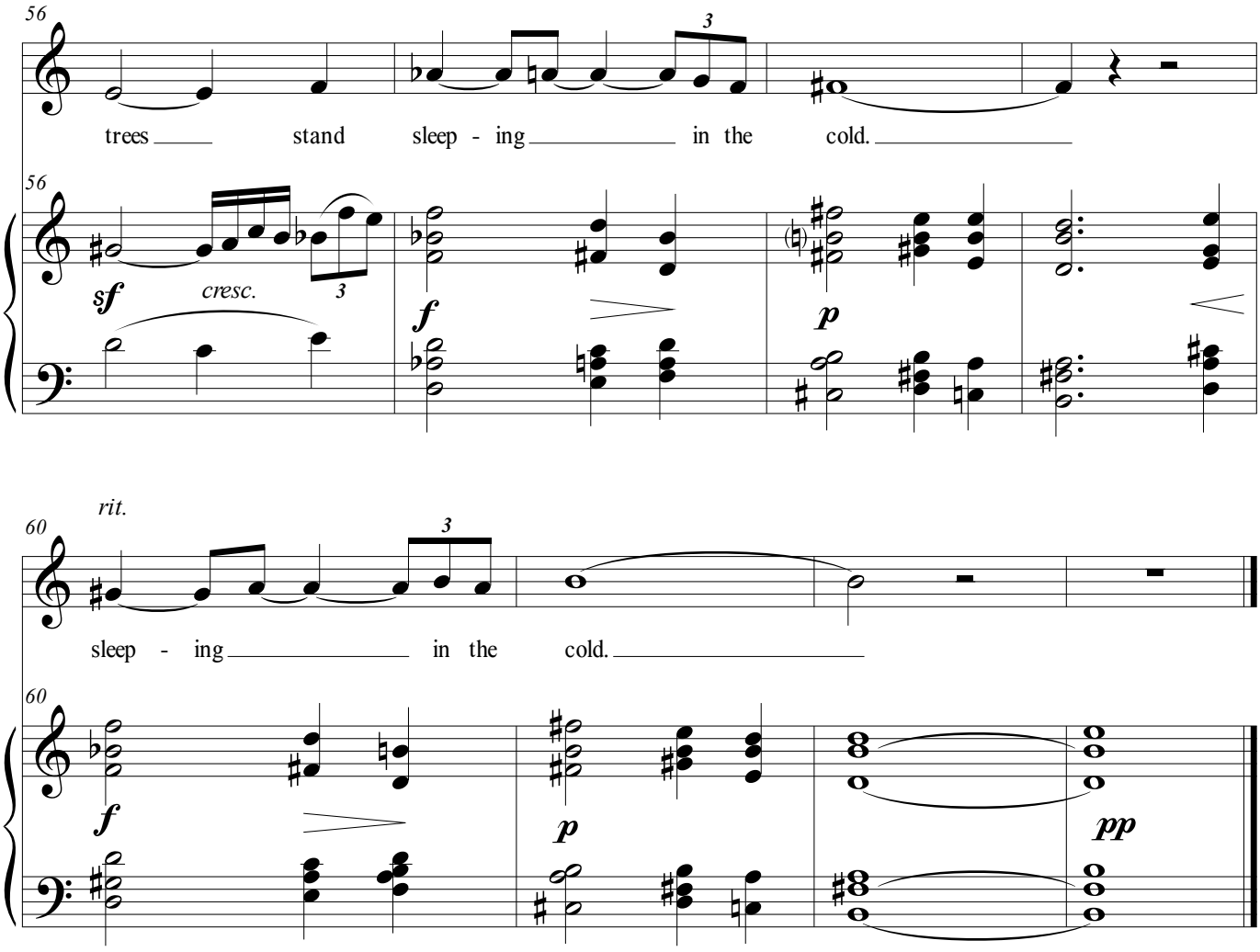



8
tir - ing and the dis - at - tir - ing are com - plet - ed.
fp
sf
cresc.
f
11
Leaves are grey green, the
pp
p
16
glass, the glass bro - ken, bright green, bright
cresc.
f
mp


21
green.
A li - quid
pp
p
25
moon,
a li - quid
28
moon
moves gent - ly,
moves
sf
sf
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.


32
gent - ly a - mong the long branch - es.
sf
f
36
Leaves are grey green, the
pp
p
41
glass, the glass brok - en, bright green, bright
cresc.
f
mp


46
green.
Thus,
hav - ing pre -
pp
p
Ped.
49
pared their buds
a - gainst a sure
win - ter,
fp
sf
f
Ped.
53
the wise
p
fp
Ped.
Ped.


56
trees stand sleep - ing in the cold.
56
sf
cresc.
f
p
rit.
60
sleep - ing in the cold.
60
f
p
pp