

Bennington College

Presents  
Representative Modern American Poetry Set to Music  
by Representative Contemporary Composers

Students of American Song Literature Class  
Instructors, Ethel Luening and Catherine Osgood  
Accompanist, Yolanda Lorenz

Program

These, my Ophelia . . .	Archibald Mac Leisch . . .	Theo. Chanler
Four Nursery Rhymes . . .	Traditional . . .	Quincy Porter
Ruth Ives		
The Last Invocation . . .	Walt Whitman . . .	Ernst Bacon
The Last Invocation . . .	Walt Whitman . . .	Emerson Withorn
Polly Jones		
The Last Invocation . . .	Walt Whitman . . .	Otto Luening
Ruth Ives		
Savior . . .	Emily Dickinson . . .	Ernst Bacon
The Grass . . .	Emily Dickinson . . .	Ernst Bacon
Marion Warner		
Ann Street . . .	M. Morris . . .	Charles Ives
Polly Jones		
The Coming of Light . . .	Dora Hagemeyer . . .	Henry Cowell
Elizabeth Ellis		
Doris Wallner		
Marion Warner		
Ruth Ives		
Fog . . .	Carl Sandburg . . .	Ray Green
Marion Warner		
Epitaphs . . .	Sylvia Townsend Warner . . .	David Diamond
Elizabeth Ellis		
Susie Asado . . .	Gertrude Stein . . .	Virgil Thomson
Doris Wallner		
Letter to Freddie . . .	Gertrude Stein . . .	Paul F. Bowles
Elizabeth Ellis		
Song . . .	E. E. Cummings . . .	Aaron Copland
Lullaby . . .	Leonie Adams . . .	Doris Wallner
Doris Wallner		
Jimmie's got a goil . . .	E. E. Cummings . . .	Mark Blitzstein
Ruth Ives		

The Student Lounge  
Sunday Evening, December 4, 1938  
at seven-thirty

These, my Ophelia . . . . . Archibald Mac Leisch  
These, my Ophelia, stars are not now  
Are not always are long — long ago  
Are days that no world remember —  
And our yesterday, O my Ophelia —  
Shall be the evening star  
For some earth that turns — from Arcturus  
When we no longer, my Ophelia,  
Come here to the oak above the sea —  
To watch — at this forgotten hour the going down of that  
O then so far off star

The Last Invocation . . . . . Walt Whitman

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the  
                                well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted,

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper,  
Set ope the doors O soul.

Buderly — be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,  
Strong is your hold O love.

Savior

Emily Dickinson

Savior, I've no one else to tell and so I'll trouble Thee.  
I am one forgot Thee so; Dost Thou remember me?  
Not for myself I came so far,  
That were the little load; I brought Thee the imperial heart  
I had not strength to hold  
The heart I carried in my own till mine too heavy be.  
Yet strangest, heavier since it went  
Is it too large for thee?

The Grass . . . . . Emily Dickinson

The grass so little has to do, —  
A sphere of simple green,  
With only butterflies to brood,  
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes  
The breezes fetch along,  
And hold the sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,  
And make itself so fine, —  
A duchess were too common  
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass  
In odors so divine,  
As lowly spices gone to sleep,  
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,  
And dream the days away, —  
The grass so little has to do,  
I wish I were a hay!

#### Ann Street

Quaint name, Ann Street  
Width of same ten feet  
Barnum's mob Ann Street  
Far from obsolete  
Narrow, yes, Ann Street  
But business, both feet  
Sun just hits Ann Street  
Then it quits — some greet  
Rather short, Ann Street

#### The Coming of Light

Dora Hagemeyer

There is no silence lovelier than this  
Where alder branches bend across the river  
And yellow violets from a ling'ring spring  
Weighed with dew among the grasses quiver.  
What little silver hoofs came down the glade  
And stopped upon the margin of the water  
To drink the early stars? A snow-white fawn  
Leaping the hills before the morning caught her?  
Speak not of peace who never saw the dawn  
Blow out the million candles of the sky  
And place the last great star within the west  
To light the hosts of darkness passing by.  
There are no moments holier than these  
When ev'ry creature pauses to take breath.  
Night cannot walk upon the fields of day  
Nor life be trodden by the heels of death.

#### Fog

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes on  
Little cat feet  
It sits looking looking  
Over harbor and city  
On silent haunches  
And then moves on

#### Epitaphs

Sylvia Townsend Warner

After long thirty years remet I,  
William Clarke, and I,  
Jeanette his wife, lie side by side once more;  
But quieter than we lay before.

John Bird, a labourer, lies here,  
 Who served the earth for sixty years  
 with spade and mattock, drilly and plow;  
 But never found it kind till now.

Her grieving parents cradled here  
 Ann Monk, a gracious child and dear,  
 Lord, Let this epitaph suffice:  
 Early to Bed and Early to Rise.

Susie Asado . . . . . Gertrude Stein

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea. Susie Asado.  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea. Susie Asado.  
 Susie Asado which is a told tray sure.  
 A lean on the shoe this means slips slips hers.  
 When the ancient light grey it is clean it is  
 yellow it is a silver seller,  
 This is a please, this is a please these are the saids to jelly.  
 These are the wets these say the sets to leave a crown to Incy.  
 Incy is short for incubus. A pot a pot is a beginning  
 of a rare bit of trees. Trees tremble,  
 The old vats are in bobbles, bobbles which shade  
 and shove and render clean render clean must. Drink pups.  
 Drink pups drink pups lease a sash hold see it shine and  
 a bobolink has pins. It shows a nail. What is a nail.  
 A nail is unison. Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea.

Letter to Freddie . . . . . Gertrude Stein

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

Song . . . . . E. E. Cummings

In spite of ev'rything which breathes and moves,  
 Since Doom (with white longest hands neatening each crease)  
 Will smooth entirely our minds  
 Before leaving my room I turn, and (stooping through the morning)  
 Kiss this pillow dear  
 Where our heads lived and were.

Lullaby . . . . . Leonie Adams

Hush, lullay,  
 Your treasures all encrust with rust,  
 Your trinket pleasures fall to dust.  
 Beneath the sapphire arch, upon the grassy floor,  
 Is nothing more to hold,



And play is over old.  
 Your eyes in sleepy fever gleam,  
 Your lids droop to their dream,  
 You wander late alone,  
 The flesh frets on the bone,  
 Your love fails in your breast.  
 Here is the pillow, Rest.

Jimmie's got a goil . . . . . E. E. Cummings

Jimmie's got a goil

goil

goil

Jimmie

's got a goil and  
 she coitnly can shimie

when you see her shake

shake

shake,

when

you see her shake a  
 shimie how you wish that you was Jimmie.

Oh for such a gurl

gurl

gurl,

oh

for such a gurl to  
 be a fellow's twist and twirl

talk about your Sal -

Sal -

Sal -,

talk

about your Salo  
 -nes but gimme Jimmie's gal.