Transcendentalist Songs (2014)

Enosis (Christopher Pearse Cranch)
To the Face Seen in the Moon (Margaret Fuller)
The Rhodora (Ralph Waldo Emerson)
The Columbine (Jones Very)
Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell (Henry David Thoreau)
The Garden (Christopher Pearse Cranch)
Questionings (Frederick Henry Hedge)

Appendix:
In the Busy Streets (Henry David Thoreau) (1983)
I Slept, and Dreamed that Life Was Beauty (Ellen Sturgis Hooper) (1991)

Female, male voices, piano

By Kyle Gann
2014
Contents:

Enosis 1
To the Face Seen in the Moon 7
The Rhodora 12
The Columbine 16
Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell 21
The Garden 25
Questionings 27

Appendix (earlier songs):
In the Busy Streets 37
I Slept, and Dreamed that Life Was Beauty 39
Voice

Thought is deeper than all speech.

Piano

Feeling deeper than all thought; Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

We are

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spirits clad in veils; Man by man was ne-er seen:— All our deep com-mun-ing fails to re
move the sha-do-wy screen.__ Heart to heart was ne-ver known;

Mind to mind did ne-ver meet:— We are columns left a-lone Of a

tem-ple once com-plete. Like the

Enosis
stars that gem the sky,
Far a-part but seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie,
All is thus but star-light here.

What is social company
but a

Enosis
babbling summer stream?

What our wise philosophy But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love

Enosis
Melts the scattered stars of thought; Only when we live above What the dim-eyed world hath taught; Only when our souls are fed By the Fount which gave them birth And by inspiration led Which they

Enosis
ne-ever drew from earth, We like par-ted drops of rain crystalline

Swel-ling till they meet and run Shall be all ab-sorbed a-gain, Melt-ing, flow-ing in-to

one, in-to one.

Enosis

Sept. 28 - Oct. 4, 2014
Germantown, NY
To the Face Seen in the Moon

Margaret Fuller (1810-1850)

Rhythmically very free, pianist following the singer's rubato

Oft, from the shadows of my earthly sphere, I looked to the Orb of pale pear-ly light To loose the wear-i-ness of doubt and fear In thy soft mo-ther-smile so pen-sive bright, Thou seem-edst far and safe and chaste-ly liv-ing

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To the Face Seen in the Moon

Grace-ful and thought-ful lov-ing, beau-ty giv-ing, But if I stead-fast gaze up-pon thy

A hu-man sec-ret like my own I trace For through the wo-man's smile

looks the male eye So mild-ly, stead-fast-ly but mourn-ful-ly
He holds the bush to point us to his cave, Teaching anew the truth so bright, so grave

Escape not from the middle of the earth Through mortal pangs to win immortal birth, Both

man and woman, from the natural womb, Must slowly win the secrets of the tomb, And then, to

To the Face Seen in the Moon
gather rising fragrant, clear, The worthy Angel of a better sphere, Diana's

beauty shows how Hecate wrought, Apollo's luster rays the zodiacthought (In

Leopart, as in Virgo fair, As Scorpion's secret, as the Archer rare.) In

unpolluted beauty mutual shine Earth, Moon and Sun the

To the Face Seen in the Moon
with growing intensity

Hu-man thought Di-vine_ For earth is purged by tame-less cent-ral fire, And

Moon in man has told her hid de-sire, And Time has found him-self e-ter nal Sire And the

Sun sings All on his ray-strung Lyre....

To the Face Seen in the Moon

Oct. 5-10, 2014
Germantown, NY
In May, when sea-windspierced our solitudes, I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods, spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, to please the desert and the
slug-gish brook.

The pur-ple pe-tals fal-len in the pool Made the black

wa-ter with their beau-ty gay;

Here might the red-bird come

his plumes to cool, And court the flow'r that chea-pens his ar-ray.

Rho-do-ra! if the sa-ges ask thee why

The Rhodora
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear,

That if eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for

Why thouwert lightly

The Rhodora
there, O rival of the rose, I never thought to ask, I never knew, But in my simple ignorance supposed The selfsame pow'r that brought me here brought you.

Oct. 24 - Nov. 8, 2014
Germantown, NY

The Rhodora
The Columbine

Jones Very (1813-1880)  
1839

(Kyle Gann  
2014)

With stationary grace

\( \text{j} = 52 \)

Voice

Still, still

\( \text{my eye will gaze long fix'd on thee,} \)

Piano

Till I forget that I am called a man.

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And at thy side fast-rooted seem to be, And the breeze comes thy cheek with thine to fan.

Up on this craggy hill our life shall pass.

*The Columbine*
A life of summer days, and

Sum - mer joys, Nod-ding our honey-bells mid

Pliant grass, In which the bee half hid his time em ploys,

And here we'll drink with thir-sty pores the

The Columbine
rain, And turn dew-sprinkled to the rising sun,

And look when in the flaming west again

His orb across the heaven its path has

The Columbine
run;
Here left in darkness on the rocky steep

My weary eyes shall close like folding flowers in sleep.

The Columbine

Oct. 13-17, 2015
Germantown, NY
Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)
1852 (from the essay "Love")

\[ \text{\( \frac{d}{d} = 80 \)} \]
with a broad, jaunty momentum

\[ \text{mf} \quad f \]

Indeed, indeed I cannot tell, Though I

\[ \text{ponder on it well, Which were easier to state, All my love or all my} \]

\[ \text{sure-ly, sure-ly, thou wilt trust me When I say thou dost dis-} \]

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Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell

O, I hate thee with a hate
That would fain annihi late;
Yet

some times against my will,
My dear friend, I love thee

still.

It were treason to our love,
And a sin to God above,

one iota to abate
Of a

Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell
pure impartial hate.

Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell
The Garden

Christopher Pearse Cranch (1813-1892)  
1852  
Delicate and utterly calm

Kyle Gann  
2014

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Naught know we but the heart of summer here. On the

(tree-shaded velvety lawn) I lie, And dream up through the close leaves to the sky, And

weave Arcadian visions in a sphere of peace. The steaming heat broods
all around, But only lends a quiet to the hours. The aromatic life of countless flowers, the singing of a hundred birds, the sound of rustling leaves, go pulsing through the green of opening vistas in the garden walks.

The Garden
Dear summer, on thy balmy breast I lean, And care not how the moralist toils.

or talks; Repose and beauty preach a gospel too, Deep as that

sterner creed the Apostles knew.

The Garden
Oct. 19-24, 2014
Germantown, NY
Heavily, but with energy

Hath this world, without me wrought, Other substance than my thought? Lives it by

my sense alone, Or by essence of its own? Will its life, with mine begun, Cease to

be when that is done, Or another consciousness with the self-same forms impress?
Doth yon fire-ball poised in air Hang by my permission there,

Are the clouds that wander by But the offspring of mine eye, Born with ev'ry glance I cast,

Perishing when that is past? And those thousand, thousand eyes,___

Scattered through the twinkling skies, Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears, And creation disappears; Yet if I but speak the word,

All creation is restored. Or, more wonderful, within New creations do begin;

Hues more bright and forms more rare Than reality doth wear

Questionings (The Idealist)
Flash a-cross my in ward sense, Born of the mind's om-ni po-
tence.

Soul! that all in-for-mest, say! Shall these glo ries

pass a-way? Will those pla-nets cease to blaze When these eyes no lon-ger

gaze And the life of things be o'er, When these pul-ses beat no

Questionings (The Idealist)
more? Thought! that in me works and lives, - Life to all things

living gives, Art thou not thyself, per-chance, But the universe in trance? A re-

flection in-ly flung By that world thou fanciedst sprung From thyself thyself a

dream Of the world's think-ing thou the theme.

* "fanciedst" - whatever works

Questionings (The Idealist)
Be it thus, or be thy birth From a source above the earth

Be thou matter Be thou mind, In

thee alone myself I find And through

Questionings (The Idealist)
thee alone for me Hath this world re-

Therefore, in thee will I live, To thee all my self will give,

Los-ing still, that I may find This boun-ded self in bound-less Mind.

Questionings (The Idealist)
Appendix (earlier songs)
Henry David Thoreau

In the Busy Streets

Kyle Gann
1984

\( \frac{q}{4} = 132, \) with dogged energy

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In the busy streets, domains of trade, Man is a

Surly porter or a vain and hech'ring bully, Who

Can claim no nea'er kin'dred ship with me than bro'ther-hood by law.

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March 25-26, 1984
Chicago

*In the Busy Streets*
"I Slept, and Dreamed that Life Was Beauty"

Ellen Sturgis Hooper (1812-1848)

Kyle Gann
1991

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du-ty.

Was thy dream then a sha-do-wy lie? Toil on, sad heart, cou

ra-geous-ly And thou shalt find thy dream to be_ A
noon-day light and truth to thee.