

**1. God's World**

Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1892 - 1950

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!  
 Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!  
 Thy mists, that roll and rise!  
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag  
 And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag  
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!  
 World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,  
 But never knew I this;  
 Here such a passion is  
 As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear  
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;  
 My soul is all but out of me,—let fall  
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

**1a. Renaissance**

Edna St. Vincent Millay

GOD, I can push the grass apart  
 And lay my finger on Thy heart!

**2. Sonnet**

Henry Lawson, 1867-1922

I PURPOSED once to take my pen and write,  
 Not songs, like some, tormented and awry  
 With passion, but a cunning harmony  
 Of words and music caught from glen and height,  
 And lucid colours born of woodland light  
 And shining places where the sea-streams lie.  
 But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,  
 And since I've put the faded purpose by.  
 I have no faultless fruits to offer you  
 Who read this book,\* but certain syllables  
 Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells  
 And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;  
 And these at least, though far between and few,  
 May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

\* *In the score this line reads, "Who sing these songs;..."*

**3. Death By Water**

T.S. Eliot, 1888-1965

PHLEBAS the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,  
 Forgot the cry of gulls and the deep sea swell  
 And the profit and loss.  
 A current under sea  
 Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell  
 He passed the stages of his age and youth  
 Entering the whirlpool.  
 Gentile or Jew  
 O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,  
 Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall  
 as you.

**4. A Beam of Light**

John Jerome Rooney, 1866-1934

A BEAM of light, from the infinite depths of the  
 midnight sky,  
 Painted with infinite love a star in a convict's eye;  
 When, lo! the ghosts of his sins were afraid and  
 fled with a curse,  
 And the soul of the man walked free in the fields of  
 the universe!

**5. The Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder** (orchestra)**6. Beyond Kerguelen**

Henry Kendall, 1839 – 1882

DOWN in the South, by the waste without sail on it  
 Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—  
 Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,  
 Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.  
 Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it;  
 Sun of its heaven is wizened and grey;  
 Phantom of light is the light on the face of it—  
 Never is night on it, never is day!  
 Here is the shore without flower or bird on it;  
 Here is no litany sweet of the springs—  
 Only the haughty, harsh thunder is heard on it,  
 Only the storm, with a roar in its wings!

Shadow of moon is the moon in the sky of it—  
 Wan as the face of a wizard, and far!  
 Never there shines from the firmament high of it  
 Grace of the planet or glory of star.  
 All the year round, in the place of white days on it  
 All the year round where there never is night—  
 Lies a great sinister, bitter, blind haze on it:  
 Growth that is neither of darkness nor light!  
 Wild is the cry of the sea in the caves by it—  
 Sea that is smitten by spears of the snow;  
 Desolate songs are the songs of the waves by it—  
 Down in the South, where the ships never go.

Storm from the Pole is the singer that sings to it  
 Hymns of the land at the planet's grey verge.  
 Thunder discloses dark, wonderful things to it—  
 Thunder, and rain, and the dolorous surge.  
 Hills with no hope of a wing or a leaf on them,  
 Scarred with the chronicles written by flame,  
 Stare through the gloom of inscrutable grief on  
 them,  
 Down on the horns of the gulfs without name.  
 Cliffs with the records of fierce flying fires on them  
 Loom over perilous pits of eclipse;  
 Alps, with anathema stamped in the spires on them  
 Out by the wave with a curse on its lips.

Never is sign of soft, beautiful green on it—  
 Never the colour, the glory of rose!  
 Neither the fountain nor river is seen on it,

Naked its crags are, and barren its snows!  
Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it—  
Shore, with the capes of indefinite cave.  
Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it  
Startles the mountain and hushes the wave.  
Out to the South and away to the north of it,  
Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!  
All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it—  
Sob of this leper of lands in the cold.

No man hath stood, all its bleak, bitter years on it—  
Fall of a foot on its wastes is unknown:  
Only the sound of the hurricane's spears on it  
Breaks with the shout from the uttermost zone.  
Blind are its bays with the shadow of bale on them;  
Storms of the nadir their rocks have uphurled;  
Earthquake hath registered deeply its tale on them  
Tale of distress from the dawn of the world!  
There are the gaps, with the surges that seethe in  
them—  
Gaps in whose jaws is a menace that glares!  
There the wan reefs, with the merciless teeth in  
them,  
Gleam on a chaos that startles and scares!

Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere, on it—  
Land of the dolorous, desolate face—  
Beamed the blue day; and the bountiful year on it  
Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace.  
Grand were the lights of its midsummer noon on it  
Mornings of majesty shone on its seas:  
Glitter of star and the glory of moon on it  
Fell, in the march of the musical breeze.  
Valleys and hills, with the whisper of wing in them,  
Dells of the daffodil—spaces imperaled,  
Flowered and flashed with the splendour of Spring  
in them—  
Back in the morn of this wonderful world.

Soft were the words that the thunder then said to it  
Said to this lustre of emerald plain;  
Sun brought the yellow, the green, and the red to it  
Sweet were the songs of its silvery rain.  
Voices of water and wind in the bays of it  
Lingered, and lulled like the psalm of a dream.  
Fair were the nights and effulgent the days of it—  
Moon was in shadow and shade in the beam.  
Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of  
it,  
Home of the Spring was its luminous lea:  
Garden of glitter! but only the ghost of it  
Moans in the South by the ghost of a sea.

### 7. Spinifex Scherzo (orchestra)

### 8. The Gift of Water

Hamlin Garland, 1860 - 1940

“IS water nigh?”  
The plainsmen cry,  
As they meet and pass in the desert grass.  
With finger tip  
Across the lip  
I ask the sombre Navajo.  
The brown man smiles and answers “Sho!”  
With fingers high, he signs the miles  
To the desert spring,  
And so we pass in the dry dead grass,  
Brothers in bond of the water's ring.

### 9. Tides and Depths and Pearls (orchestra)

#### 10. Flotsam: Lament for Children Washed Up on Mediterranean Shores

Andrea Mellis, b. 1949

LITTLE ones:  
Is the swell a rocking cradle?  
Is the crash of the waves your mother's singing  
voice?  
Are the angels guarding you there  
in the forms of fishes?  
Does the salty water still your thirst?  
Are the achey stones of the shore a soft warm  
blanket?  
Or are you, little ones,  
Flotsam,  
The cast up sins  
(Omission and Commission)  
Of us all?

### 11. Sky Essay (orchestra)

#### 12. Nahuatl Poem XXII

Daniel G. Brinton, 1837 – 1899 (translator)

*(Tico, tico, ticoti, tico, tico, ticoti, and then the song ends with  
totoco, totoco.)*

IN THE PLACE of tears I the singer watch my  
flowers; they are in my hand; they intoxicate my  
soul and my song, as I walk alone with them, with  
my sad soul among them. *(Tico, tico...)*

IN this spot, where the herbage is like sweet  
ointment and green as the turquoise and emerald, I  
think upon my song, holding the beauteous flowers  
in my hand, etc. *(as in v. 1)*

IN this spot of turquoise and emerald, I think upon  
beauteous songs, beauteous flowers; let us rejoice

now, dear friends and children, for life is not long  
upon earth. (*as in v. 1*)

I shall hasten forth, I shall go to the sweet songs,  
the sweet flowers, dear friends and children. (*as in  
v. 1*)

O he! I cried aloud; O he! I rained down flowers as  
I left.

Let us go forth anywhere; I the singer shall find and  
bring forth the flowers; let us be glad while we live;  
listen to my song.

I the poet cry out a song for a place of joy, a  
glorious song which descends to Mictlan,\* and  
there turns about and comes forth again.

I seek neither vestment nor riches, O children, but a  
song for a place of joy.

\* *Mictlan is the Aztec underworld*

**1a. Renaissance** (reprise)

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And lay my finger on Thy heart!