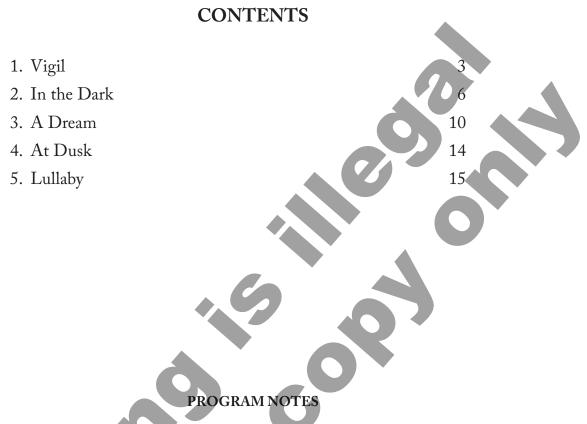
Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

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Either a male or female singer can perform this set. The poems are by the Indiana poet, James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). I took some liberties with his material as the songs evolved. None of the five poems were used exactly as they were written. Some verses were left out to make the storytelling more succinct. I also removed or tweaked an occasional line, and plucked out or replaced the odd word here and there. These are the things one sometimes does to make words and music sit well together. However, the intent, imagery, cadence, and the soulful message are all Riley's, and I have altered none of that.

As to performance, these songs should be performed in a continuous manner, with no pauses between songs (beyond a natural breath) so that one unfolds seamlessly into the next.

—Steven Mark Kohn, 2011

AVAILABLE EDITIONS

High Voice and Piano	8669
Medium Voice and Piano	8670

TEXTS

Vigil

Close the book and dim the light, I shall read no more tonight. I know you are not sleepy, dear. I will not go, sit by me here. In the darkness and the silence of the watch I keep, something in your presence so soothes me, as when I first felt your hand touch my brow. I've no other wish than you should fold your eyelids now. Think not of sigh or tear, as if God were sitting here.

In the Dark

In the depths of midnight, what fancies haunt the brain, when even the sigh of the sleeper sounds like a sob of pain. The old clock down in the parlor, like a sleepless mourner grieves. And the seconds drip into the silence, as the rain drips from the eaves. And I think of the hands there that signal the hours in the gloom, and wonder what angel watchers wait in my darkened room. And I think of the smiling faces that used to watch and wait, till the click of the clock was answered by the click of the opening gate. They are not there now in the evening, no! Nor morning, nor noon, not there! Yet I know that they are waiting, waiting for me somewhere.

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916) Adapted by Steven Mark Kohn

A Dream

I dreamed I was a spider, a big fat hungry spider. And my limbs were dangled as I watched three wretched flies tangled in my web. And their buzzing wings were strangled. And I mocked them like a demon who delights to be a demon for the sake of sin alone! And I wove my laces 'round their terror-stricken faces till I muffled every groan! And I experienced a pleasure so intoxicating, that I drank it in like wine! And my soul engages that all through the ages, no other spider has felt so divine. And my victims were dying. They said "we are dying!" Their earthly course had been run. And the scene was so impressing, that I breathed a special blessing, and devoured them one by one.

At Dusk

Voices of the children seem to come to us as from a dream of some long-vanished yesterday when we were young as they.

Lullaby

The maple strews the embers of its leaves o'er the swallows nestled 'neath the eaves. And the moody cricket falters in his cry and the lid of night is falling o'er the sky, baby bye, the lid of night is falling o'er the sky. The rose is lying pallid by the cup where the frosted lily folded up. And the breezes through the garden gently sigh o'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie, baby bye, o'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie. Yet, baby, oh my baby, for your sake, this heart of mine is ever wide awake. My love will never close a drowsy eye till your own are wet above me when I die, baby bye, till your own are wet above me when I die.

Lullabies and Dreams

for High Voice and Piano



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2. In The Dark



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3. A Dream

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916) Adapted by Steven Mark Kohn

In tempo $\downarrow = 108$ Freely, with sadistic playfulness тp f , 20 10 20 big I dreamed _ was spi - der, а fat hun gry I а Freely, with sadistic playfulness In tempo $\downarrow = 108$ þ ; ; 80, f mp 8 4 Ó spi - der. And my limbs dan-gled as watched three wretch - ed tan-gled in my were flies sfz -molto **p** spoken freely contented sigh 8 pp p sub. • Ć And their buzz - ing wings were strangled. And I web. Θ ÷ **‡8** ,‡08 0 **‡**• pp sub. p =molto= $\widehat{}$): 400 <u>48</u> 20 ð

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Steven Mark Kohn



4. At Dusk

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916) Adapted by Steven Mark Kohn Steven Mark Kohn



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5. Lullaby



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