

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

All in the Sound (2017), for Soprano and Piano

Texts by **William Carlos Williams**

I. The Shadow

Soft as the bed in the earth
Where a stone has lain—
So soft, so smooth and so cool,
Spring closes me in
With her arms and her hands.

Rich as the smell
Of new earth on a stone,
That has lain, breathing
The damp through its pores—
Spring closes me in
With her blossomy hair;
Brings dark to my eyes.

II. The Poem

It's all in
the sound. A song.
Seldom a song. It should

be a song—made of
particulars, wasps,
a gentian—something
immediate, open

scissors, a lady's

eyes—waking
centrifugal, centripetal.

"The Shadow" By William Carlos Williams, from *THE COLLECTED POEMS: VOLUME I, 1909-1939*, copyright ©1938 by New Directions Publishing Corp. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp. Originally published in "Poems (1909-1917)"

"The Poem (It's all in)" By William Carlos Williams, from *THE COLLECTED POEMS: VOLUME II, 1939-1962*, copyright ©1953 by William Carlos Williams. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp. Originally published in "The Wedge" (1944).

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

Just A Leaf: Three Natural Songs (2019), for Tenor and Piano

Texts by Paul Blackburn and William Bronk

I. Invitation Standing (text by Paul Blackburn)

Bring a leaf to me
just a leaf
just a spring,
an april leaf
just come

Blue sky
never mind
Spring rain
never mind
reach up and
take a leaf
and come

II. Winter Vocative (text by William Bronk)

Broken sky mirror,
blue-shadowed snow,
June is far now,

hold while you can; show
bare of branch
stark of stalk:

ache us to know.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

III. Evening (original title: "To Praise the Music", text by William Bronk)

Evening. The trees in late winter bare
against the sky. Still light, the sky.
Trees dark against it. A few leaves
on the trees. Tension in their rigid branches as if
-oh, it is all as if, but as if, yes,
as if they sang songs, as if they praised.
Oh, I envy them. I know the songs.

As if I know some other things besides.
As if; but I don't know, not more
than to say the trees know. The trees don't know
and neither do I. What is it keeps me from praise?
I praise. If only to say their songs,
say yes to them, to praise the songs they sing.
Enviéd music. I sing to praise their song.

Invitation Standing: Text by Paul Blackburn, "Invitation Standing" used by permission of Joan Blackburn. Originally published in "The Cities" (1967).

Winter Vocative & To Praise the Music: William Bronk's "Winter Vocative" and "To Praise the Music" used with permission of the Trustees of Columbia University in the City of New York. "Winter Vocative" originally published in "Manifest and Futhermore" (1995). "To Praise the Music" originally published in "To Praise the Music" (1972).

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

Botticellian Trees (2015), for Soprano and Violin

Texts by William Carlos Williams

I. The Locust Tree in Flower (first version)

Among
the leaves
bright

green
of wrist-thick
tree

and old
stiff broken
branch

ferncool
swaying
loosely strung —

come May
again
white blossom

clusters
hide
to spill

their sweets
almost
unnoticed

down
and quickly
fall

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

II. The Botticellian Trees

The alphabet of
the trees

is fading in the
song of the leaves

the crossing
bars of the thin

letters that spelled
winter

and the cold
have been illumined

with
pointed green

by the rain and sun
the strict simple

principles of
straight branches

are being modified
by pinched out

ifs of color, devout
conditions

the smiles of love

until the stript
sentences

move as a woman's
limbs under cloth

and praise from secrecy
quick with desire

love's ascendancy
in summer-

In summer the song
sings itself

above the muffled words-

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

III. Winter Trees

All the complicated details
of the attiring and
the disattiring are completed!
A liquid moon
moves gently among
the long branches.
Thus having prepared their buds
against a sure winter
the wise trees
stand sleeping in the cold.

IV. The Locust Tree in Flower (second version)

Among
of
green

stiff
old
bright

broken
branch
come

white
sweet
May

again

Texts by William Carlos Williams, from THE COLLECTED POEMS: VOLUME I, 1909-1939, copyright ©1938 by New Directions Publishing Corp. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp. "The Locust Tree in Flower (first version)" and "The Locust Tree in Flower (second version)" originally published in "An Early Martyr and Other Poems" (1935). "The Botticellian Trees" originally published in "The Collected Poems (1921-1931)". "Winter Trees" originally published in "Sour Grapes" (1921).

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

If They Delight (2015/2017), for Soprano and Piano

Text by Gertrude Stein (Stanza XV from “Stanzas in Meditation”)

1.

Should they may be they might if they delight
In why they must see it be there not only necessarily
But which they might in which they might
For which they might delight if they look there
And they see there that they look there
To see it be there which it is if it is
Which may be where where it is
If they do not occasion it to be different
From what it is.

2.

In one direction there is the sun and the moon
In the other direction there are cumulus clouds and the sky
In the other direction there is why
They look at what they see
They look very long while they talk along
And they may be said to see that at which they look
Whenever there is no chance of its not being warmer
Than if they wish which they were.
They see that they have what is there may there
Be there also what is to be there if they may care
They care for it of course they care for it.

3.

Now only think three times roses green and blue
And vegetables and pumpkins and pansies too
Which they like as they are very likely not to be
Reminded that it is more than ever necessary
That they should never be surprised at any one time
At just what they have been given by taking what they have
Which they are very careful not to add with
As they may easily indulge in the fragrance
Not only of which but by which they know
That they tell them so.

Text by Gertrude Stein, Stanza XV from Stanzas in Meditation and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Sun and Moon Press, 1994). Reprinted with the permission of Mr. Stanford Gann Jr., Levin & Gann, P.A., Literary Executor of the Estate of Gertrude Stein. All Rights Reserved. Originally published in 1956.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

Beyond Dimension (2018), for Soprano and Harp

Text (untitled, unpublished) by Vicki Hearne*

Our room of stars

for the stars are
 everywhere
like the room

I write in, they are
beyond dimension with
 ~~like God~~
closure absolute

**Note from Robert Tragesser (Vicki Hearne's husband): This is written on a small piece of a brown flecked envelope (I carry it with me). It was clearly a sketch, and some line breaks might have been dictated by the lack of linear space on the scrap of paper. Above 'closure', after with, Vicki wrote and crossed out 'like God.'*

Text from an unpublished fragment by Vicki Hearne, used with permission by the Literary Estate of Vicki Hearne.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

Hidden Texts: 2 Songs (2017), for Tenor and Guitar

Texts by John Hollander & Wendell Berry

1. Hidden Texts

Text (excerpt "7/15 (To Image)" from "Reflections on Espionage") by John Hollander

Same frequency, same cipher, as you see, same
Miled, sad pleasure in the evening transmissions,
Swallows gathering the while on wires while
My floods of electromagnetic waves wash
Over and among them in a soundlessness
Lying below silence. For some time I have
Felt that this cipher would not be allowed me
For such extensive use for too much longer.
And yet, looking - not back with fondness, nor with
Desire ahead - but on, looking on at one's
Current work through crystallizing nostalgia:
This can be dangerous. *Do not look a gift
Cipher in the key we were taught when young, and
I do not propose to go down hanging on
To this one when orders come to abandon
It. Some old cryptographer long ago, some
Visionnaire proposed once to hide messages
Enciphered in pictures of the midnight sky-
As if all the phenomenal stars were not
Already overloaded with hidden texts!
Floating specks in my eyes' deep space, the spots of
Darkness in the distance as other swallows
Gather outside other windows - all these soft,
Negative stars shift their encipherings from
Moment to moment: one must shun the madness
Of deeming them constant and significant.
So with this key which unlocks what eloquence
We have by locking up words in other words:
Let us transmit on it while yet we can, and
Move on in the end, move on then when we must.*

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

2. Do Not Be Ashamed

Text by Wendell Berry

You will be walking some night
in the comfortable dark of your yard
and suddenly a great light will shine
round about you, and behind you
will be a wall you never saw before.
It will be clear to you suddenly
that you were about to escape,
and that you are guilty: you misread
the complex instructions, you are not
a member, you lost your card
or never had one. And you will know
that they have been there all along,
their eyes on your letters and books,
their hands in your pockets,
their ears wired to your bed.
Though you have done nothing shameful,
they will want you to be ashamed.
They will want you to kneel and weep
and say you should have been like them.
And once you say you are ashamed,
reading the page they hold out to you,
then such light as you have made
in the your history will leave you.
They will no longer need to pursue you.
You will pursue them, begging forgiveness,
and they will not forgive you.
There is no power against them.
It is only candor that is aloof from them,
only an inward clarity, unashamed,
that they cannot reach. Be ready.
When their light has picked you out
and their questions are asked, say to them:
"I am not ashamed." A sure horizon
will come around you. The heron will rise
in his evening flight from the hilltop.

Text from "Reflections on Espionage" by John Hollander. Copyright © 1999 by Yale University. Used by permission of Yale University Press. Excerpt "7/15 (To Image)".

Text Copyright © 2012 by Wendell Berry, from New Collected Poems. Reprinted by permission of Counterpoint Press. All Rights Reserved. Originally published in "Openings" (1968).

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

A Red, Red Rose (2020), for High Voice and Harp

Text by Robert Burns

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv am I;
And I will luv thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

"Like a Red, Red Rose" by Robert Burns from "A Selection of Scots Songs Harmonized Improved with Simple and Adapted Graces by Peter Urban, Vol. II" (1794). This poem is in the public domain.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**
Wilde Colours (2020), for Soprano and Celesta
Texts by **Oscar Wilde**

I. Red, White, Yellow, Gold (original title: “Le Reveillon”)

The sky is laced with fitful red,
The circling mists and shadows flee,
The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.

And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,

And spreading wide across the wold
Wakes into flight some fluttering bird,
And all the chestnut tops are stirred,
And all the branches streaked with gold.

II. Grey, Black, Brown (original title: “Les Silhouettes”)

The sea is flecked with bars of grey,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
Lies the black boat: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

III. Blue, Gold, Grey, Ochre, Yellow (original title: "Impression du Matin")

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
 Changed to a Harmony in grey:
 A barge with ochre-coloured hay
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down
 The bridges, till the houses' walls
 Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang
 Of waking life; the streets were stirred
 With country waggons: and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
 The daylight kissing her wan hair,
 Loitered beneath the gas lamps' flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

Texts Le Reveillon, Impressions du Matin, and Les Silhouettes by Oscar Wilde. These poems are in the public domain. All poems originally published in "Poems by Oscar Wilde (1881)". "Impression: Le Réveillon" from subsection "The Fourth Movement". "Impressions: 1. Les Silhouettes" from subsection: "Flowers of Gold". "Impression du Matin" from subsection "Wind Flowers".

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

The Second Coming (2018), for Tenor, Tenor, Baritone, Bass and Horn

Text by W.B. Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

“The Second Coming” by William Butler Yeats published in The Dial Magazine (November, 1920). This poem is in the public domain.

All in the Sound

New Vocal Music by **Peter Dayton**

Fresh in the Triumph (2018), for Tenor and Piano

Text by Peter Dayton, after Virginia Woolf

RECIT INTRO

What is this terror? What is this ecstasy?
When bells dissolve like leaden circles in the air.
Everybody's here. Everyone remembered the party.
What is so absorbing, so extraordinary?
It is life; it is you; for here you are.

CHORUS

No more singing "Fear no more."
No more songs that we must come to dust,
When life's song tells us that we must
Embrace the golden sun and winter rages
To live even one day is very dangerous
Every moment, make life up, build it round,
Tumble it, create it fresh in the triumph and the jingle
And the strange mingled sound
Of birds and some high airplane far above the ground.

BRIDGE

The sky holds something of ourselves
The trees at home, the flap and kiss of waves,
The ebb and flow of things, people we have never known,
Laid out like a mist between their lives
We survive, we survive.

CHORUS, etc.