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Of Mere Being and other songs

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Of Mere Being
and other songs

poems: Wallace Stevens

Randall Snyder
1985

Tea

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fell on shining pillows of sea shades and sky
shades like umbrella as in Ja
va
p
f

rit................................

pp

p

pp

J
To The Roaring Wind

Dramatic \( \mathbf{\frac{4}{4}} \) \( \frac{96}{\cdot} \)

accel.................... A Tempo

\( \mathbf{\frac{4}{4}} \)

p \( \Rightarrow \) f

ff \( \Rightarrow \) mf

\( \mathbf{\frac{4}{4}} \)

mf \( \Rightarrow \) 5

What syll-able are you seek-ing

vo-cal-ismus in the dist-an-ces of sleep Speak it!
Desolate}

41

Depression Before Spring

The co - (ck)

48

crows but no quee (n) ri-ses

53

A Little Faster

The hair of my blonde

57

daz - (z) - ling as the spit-tle of cows threa -
Freely as if calling from afar

Ho-Ho-Ho—but ki ki ri ki brings no rou-cou

A Tempo

freq

no rou-cou rou-cou rou-cou-cou

But no queen comes in slip-per green

Ding the wind
This man escaped the dirty fates knowing that he died nobly as he died darkness.

nothingness of human after-death receive and keep him in the
deepness of space profun-dum physical thun-der

dimension in which we be-lieve with-out be-lief be-yond be-

lief

sord
The Dove In Spring

88  Pensive  

p  < >  < >

Broo-der  Broo-der

95  

depth beneath its walls

99  

a small howling of a dove makes

102  

recite naturally

some-thing of the lit-tle there the little and the dark and that which it is
and that in which it is established

There the dove makes this small

howling like a thought that howls in the mind or like a man who keeps

seeking out his identity in that which is and is established

it howls of the great
siz-es of an outer bush and the great misery

of the doubt of it of stripes of silver

that are strips like slits across a space a place and state of being...large...and light

there is this bubbling this howling at one's ear
Segue

Inscription For A Monument

Plangent

Freely

To the imagined lives evoked by music
creatures of horns

flutes

vi - o - lins

(II)

bas - soons

cym - bals

nude por - ters that
glistened in Burma
de-filing from sight

island philosophers
spent by

long though beside fountains

big belied ogres curled
up in the sunlight

stuttering dreams

molto rit. ..
Freely \( \frac{\uparrow}{66} \)

The palm at the end of the mind beyond the last thought rises in the bronze decor

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>194</th>
<th>p</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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Freely

sings in the palm without human meaning without human feeling a foreign song

Abstractly

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>199</th>
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\[ \text{Of Mere Being} \]
You know then that it is not the reason that makes us happy or unhappy. The palm stands on the edge of space, the wind moves slowly in the branches.

Freely

The bird's (re) fan(g)-led feathers dan(g)le down...