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Winter Songs

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Winter Songs

Early Winter

poems: Weldon Kees

Randall Snyder

for Janene Sheldon

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Earn- ing a liv- ing or watch- ing the

snow fall

I am re- mem- ber- ing

the sun on the side- walks in a warm - er place

A small ho- tel and a dead girl's face
I think of these in this higher altitude staring West

But the room is cold the words in the books are

cold and the question of whether we get what we

ask for is absurd
answered by the sound of an unlatched door rattling in

wind of the sound of snow on roofs or glare of the winter sun

as an aside

what we have learned is not what we were told

I watch the snow

feel for the heart-beat that is not there
January

Static \( \frac{1}{2} = 52 \)

\( \text{quasi recitative} \quad p \rightarrow 3 \quad mp \rightarrow \quad \rightarrow pp \)

Morning blue cold and still

\( \text{mf} \quad pp \quad mf \quad p \)

eyes that have stared too long

stare at the wedge of light

\( \text{fp} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{mf} \)

at the end of the frozen room

where snow on a

\( \text{f} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{mf} \)

wind-sill packed and cold as a life

winters the sense of
wrong and emptiness and loss that is my awakening

lifetime drains away down a path of frost

My face in the looking glass turns again from the light toward

fragments of the past that break with the end of sleep
This wakening

this breath no longer real

this deep darkness where we toss

cover a life at the last Sleep is too short a death
That Winter

Cold \( \frac{d}{\text{so}} \)  

\[ \text{rit.} \quad \text{A Tempo} \]

\[ \text{That Winter} \]

\[ \text{Cold ground and cold stone unearthed in ruined passageways} \]

\[ \text{the parodies of buildings in the} \]

\[ \text{snow} \quad \text{(w) tossed and raging through a} \]
world it imi-tates that drives for-ev-er north to what is ru-ar-der to be

Spring

Agitato $d=92$

to see the fa-ces you had thought were put a-way for-

ev-er swept like leaves a-mong the crowd

lyric
is to be drawn like them on winter afternoons

to avenues you saw demolished years been
fore the houses still remain like monuments
their windows cracked
FOR SALE signs on the lawn

A Tempo 1  \( \frac{d}{=} \) so

Then grass upon those lawns again!

and dogs

in fashion twenty years ago

the

streets mysterious through summer shade
the marvelous worlds with-in the world each opening like a hand and promising a constant course

You see yourself a fool with smiles one you thought
Like The Beginning

121 dead

123 And snow is rág-ing

124 rág-ing in a dark-er wor-ld
Epilog: Rites For Winter

In the Style of Plainchant

\( \text{recite throughout} \)

Now

to those dawns swept up from poles in the long rush of

February storms when flakes are swept away through

darkness to the north and mountains of blue ice are metal to the sun
offer no light no fires your nakedness the numbed and

empty hand is perfect offering the blood unthawed the

small bones of the frost Without this ritual among these plains of ice

the black snows of the later year are stayed black snows
that rage before the warmth returns turning to rains

slow rains that end as suns roll thunder through divisioned skies

exposure moves the blood again
the veins are warm
green worlds rehearse
to winter eyes