Three Sandburg Songs

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Three Sandburg Songs

text: Carl Sandburg

Monotone

Randall Snyder

1966

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The sun on the

hills is beautiful or a captured sun

captured sun

flung ban

nered with fire and

gold A face I know
is beautiful with fire and gold of sky

and sea and the peace of long warm

rain
Desolate and lonely all night long on the lake where fog trails and mist creeps

the whistle of a boat calls and cries universally
child in tears and trouble, hunting the harbor's breast

like some lost

like some lost

the harbor's eyes
Rubato

Stars, Songs, Faces

Gather the stars if you wish

Gather the songs if you wish

Gather the faces of woman

Gather for keeping years and years and then

Loosen your hands

Let go and say good-by let the stars and the songs

Go let the faces and
years, go loosen your hands and say goodbye.