Commissioned by Ursula Krummel for Pacific Serenades

An Echo from the Shore

Text Adpated from the Late Works of Walt Whitman



For Soprano, Oboe, Violin, Violoncello and Harpsichord

2002

Gary Bachlund

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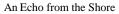
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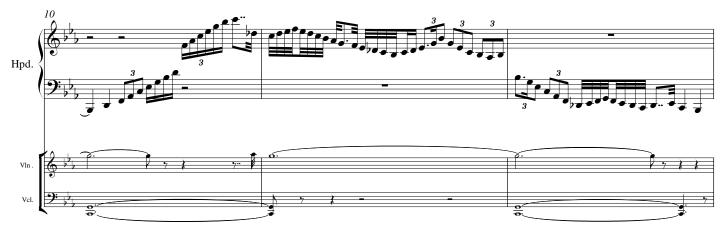
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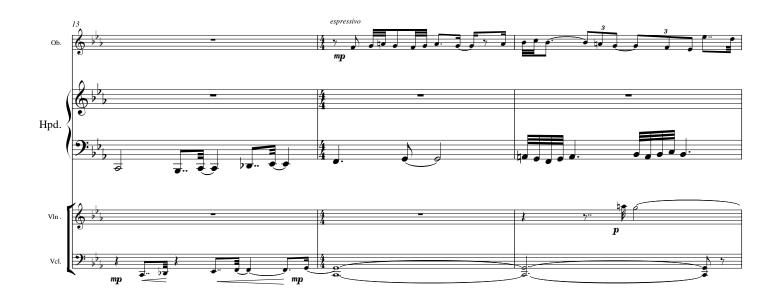
An Echo from the Shore

I. A Prairie Sunset









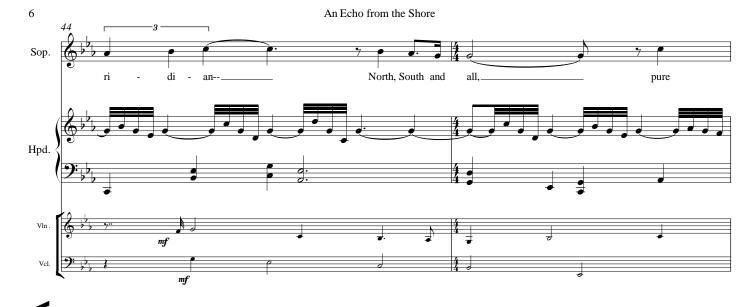


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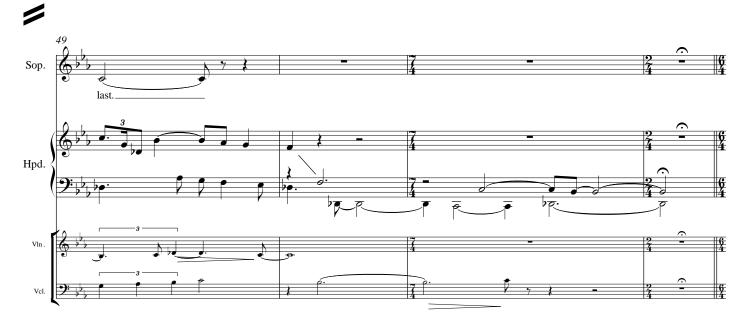




















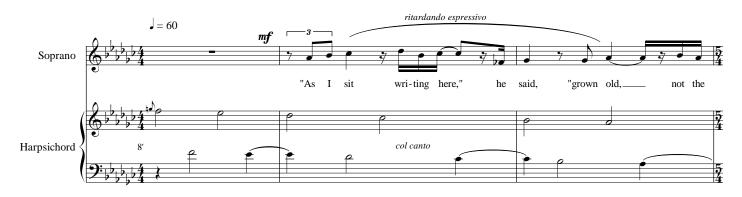




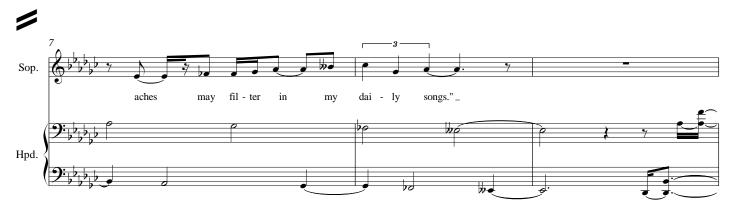




An Echo from the Shore III. Grown Old



















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V. Halcyon Days and Oblivion



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An Echo From the Shore

I. Prairie Sunset

Shot gold, maroon and violet, dazzling silver, emerald, fawn, the earth's whole amplitude and Nature's multiform power		
consign'd for once to colors; The light, the general air possess'd by them –		
colors till now unknown, no limit, confine – not the Western sky alone –		
the high meridian – North, South, all,		
pure luminous color fighting the silent shadows to the last.		
"In the free ev'ning of my day," he said, "I give you talk, thoughts, reminiscences, as idly drifting down the ebb, such ripples, half-caught voices, echo from the shore."		
How sweet the silent backward tracings! The wand'rings as in dreams – the meditation of old times resumed – their loves, joys, persons, voyages. How sweet.		
II. Fancy Dance (instrumental only)		
III. Grown Old		
"As I sit writing here," he said, "grown old, not the least of my burden is that dulness of the years, querilities, ungracious gloom, aches, may filter in my daily songs."		
"Approaching, nearing, curious," he wrote, "Thou dim, uncertain spectre – bringest thou life or death? Strength or weakness, blindness or placid skies and sun? Wilt stir the waters yet? Or haply cut me short for good? Bringest thou life or death?"		
The two old, simple problems ever intertwined,		
close home, elusive, present, by each successive age insoluble, pass'd on,		
to ours to-day – and we pass on the same. Have we learn'd lessons only of those who admired us, and		
were tender with us, and stood aside for us?		
Have we not learn'd the great lessons from those who reject us, or who treat us with contempt?		
Ever the undiscouraged, resolute, struggling soul of man;		
Ever the eager eyes, hurrahs, the welcome-clapping hand; curious, unconvinced at last;		
struggling to-day the same.		
IV. Valse Triste (instrumental only)		
V. Halcyon Days and Oblivion		
"As life wanes," he taught, "and all the turbulent passions calm, as gorgeous vapory, silent hues cover the evening sky, as softness, fulness, rest, suffuse the frame, like fresher, balmier air, as the days take on a mellower light, and the apple at last hangs on the tree, finish'd and indolent-ripe. Then for the teeming quietest, happiest days of all! The brooding and blissful halcyon days!"		
After the dazzle of day is gone,		
only the dark, dark night shows to my eyes the stars; silent, athwart my soul, moves the symphony true.		
The soft voluptuous opiate shades,		
the sun just gone, the eager light dispell'd – (I too will soon be gone, dispell'd,)		
a haze – nirwana – rest and night – oblivion,		
as life wanes, idly drifting down the ebb, such ripples, half-caught voices, echo from the shore.		
Edited from the late works of Walt Whitman		