

What Dreams We Have: The Poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar

What dreams we have and how they fly
Like rosy clouds across the sky;

By the time of his death at just thirty-three years old, Dayton, Ohio native **Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)** had become a household name and was the first African American poet to make his living by his pen. Seminal in the establishment of the African American Renaissance, he wrote diligently throughout his short, tragic life about the future and uplift of Black Americans. His output of published poetry, essays, short stories, plays, musicals, and an operetta were fundamental in establishing the African American literary and artistic voice. Dunbar's works are praiseworthy not only for their literary excellence, but also the historical snapshots of African American life at the turn of the twentieth century, setting African American life as a celebrated centerpiece. While research regarding his legacy is often avoided due to discomfort with his dialectical use of plantation tradition tropes and his contributions to minstrel music, Dunbar's cultural influence cannot be overstated. His legacy inspired several titans of African American Literature, including Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Zora Neale Hurston, Nikki Giovanni, Claude McKay, James Weldon Johnson, Margaret Walker, and Maya Angelou. Angelou was so inspired that she titled both her autobiography and a poem with "I know why the caged bird sings," a line originally authored by Dunbar. Simply put, Paul Laurence Dunbar is your favorite poet's favorite poet.

The tragedy of Paul's life shifted him from Metastasio during his lifetime, to Metastasian hero after his death: he left a rich legacy as both artistic author and artistic subject. He penned a libretto for Samuel Coleridge Taylor's operetta *Dream Lovers* and song lyrics to Broadway musicals with Will Marion Cook—those works serve as some of the earliest examples of contemporary American musical theater. Two such works, *In Dahomey* and *Clorindy or The Origin of the Cake Walk*, included some of the first all-Black casts to play on Broadway. These minstrel works represent a genre foundational to much of American culture with stand-up comedy, musical theater, and Hip Hop among its artistic progenies. Dunbar's poetry has served as constant inspiration for generations of composers and his verse has been set to song consistently since his first publications. In addition to the composers on this recording, Betty Jackson King, John Alden Carpenter, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Sylvia Hollifield, B.E. Boykin, Marques L. A. Garrett, Zenobia Powell Perry, Robert Owens, Harry Thacker Burleigh, and many more have set Dunbar's texts. The operatic works that explore his personal life and legacy include *The Mask in the Mirror* by Richard Thompson, *Paul Laurence Dunbar: Common Ground* by Adolphus Hailstork, *The Dunbar Operas* by Steven M. Allen, and *The Mask* by Jeff Arwady.

Of wealth, of fame, of sure success,
Of love that comes to cheer and bless;

With musical roots in the Black church and experience within the Western European classical tradition, the compositions of **Adolphus Cunningham Hailstork, III (b. 1941)** display the breadth of his musical fluency with solo, chamber, orchestral, and operatic works all represented in his oeuvre. He began his formal training at Howard University in 1963 where he studied with

Mark Fax and received a Bachelor of Music degree. After the completion of that degree, he studied with Vittorio Giannini and David Diamond and earned a second Bachelor of Music and his first Master of Music degree from the Manhattan School of Music in 1965 and 1966, respectively. He spent the summer of 1963 in studies with Nadia Boulanger at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau. He received his Ph.D. in composition from Michigan State University in 1971, where he studied with H. Owen Reed. He is the recipient of a Fulbright fellowship, two honorary doctorates, and was named a Cultural Laureate of the state of Virginia.

Hailstork served in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) and then in the army during the Vietnam war. This time in the armed forces influenced his compositional voice, which often includes nationalistic and Civil Rights oriented themes. Some of these works include *American Fanfare*, *Crispus Attucks*, *Zora*, *An American Port of Call*, *American Landscape*, *Epitaph for Martin Luther King*, and *A Knee on the Neck*, a collaboration with librettist Herbert W. Martin. His affinity for all things American would lead him to the work of Paul Laurence Dunbar time and again. Dr. Hailstork's Dunbar-related compositions include *Paul Laurence Dunbar: Common Ground*, an operatic theater-piece commissioned by Dayton Opera in 1994; *Three Dunbar Hymns* ("When Storms Arise", "Lead Gently, Lord", "Little Lamb",); "The Sparrow," commissioned by the Bach Society of Dayton in 2022; *Five Dunbar Lyrics* ("Morning", "Day", "The Awakening", "Sunset", "Good Night") and the *Four Romantic Love Songs*, which are included on this recording.

Originally composed for tenor Ray M. Wade, Jr, *Four Romantic Love Songs* reflects facets of love paired with sophisticated and expressive piano parts that require musical sensitivity and virtuosity from both the pianist and singer. The rolling sixteenth notes of "**My Heart to Thy Heart**" create waves of sound that carry an ascending melody which slows only to punctuate "let me drink deep then, my African maid". This song represents the exhilaration of new love and is juxtaposed beautifully with the gentler and more transparent accompaniment for "*Invitation to Love*". The cadent setting of this song invokes hesitant tenderness that after shifting tonally, settles safely on the word "welcome". The hymn-like reverence of "**Longing**," with its straightforward harmony and rhythms shifts into a more tonally sophisticated "**Goodnight**" with its lush harmonic language communicating a sated and reciprocated love.

And how they wither, how they fade,
The waning wealth, the jilting jade —

Born in the Black metropolis of Chicago, Illinois in 1907, **Irene Britton Smith** is a composer's composer. Her tireless pursuit of compositional excellence in the face of financial and societal barriers resulted in an artistic style that boasts harmonic decadence with musical dexterity born of an intersected existence. An accomplished organist, pianist, and violinist, much of her output and musical activity occurred during her ongoing education and includes works for orchestra, piano, violin, choir, and solo voice.

After receiving her teaching certification, she enrolled at the American Conservatory of Music in 1932 and took one class per year until she earned a Bachelor of Music in Composition with honorable mention for Theory and Analysis in 1943. Against the backdrop of a flourishing career in Chicago Public schools, Smith studied composition with Vittorio Giannini at the Juilliard School of Music, Wayne Barlow at the Eastman School of Music, Irving Fine at the Tanglewood

Music Festival, and fulfilled a lifelong dream when studying with Nadia Boulanger at the Fontainebleau. Boulanger told Smith “You are a born musician. Follow your ear.” Smith earned a Master of Music degree in Theory and Composition from DePaul University in 1956, just six years before she stopped composing.

The majority of Smith’s compositions are sacred in nature and written for choir or vocal ensemble. Smith’s *Dream Cycle for Soprano*, a five-song set from which the songs on this recording are selected, is particularly unusual with its solo-vocal delineation and secular themes and source. She rarely chose poets and when she did, she chose Dunbar. Unusual harmonic resolutions, rapidly shifting key centers, and especially effective interplay between voice and piano are prominent throughout the set. The roaming theme of “**Over the Hills**” is reflected in the lilting vocal line paired with rolling arpeggiations in the piano that stretch tonally into dissonance. The concluding text “thou art my star” introduces harmonic consonance at the song’s conclusion. In “**By The Pool**,” gently rolling arpeggiations evoke imagery of placid water that evolves from ripples into rocking waves.

The fame that for a moment gleams,
Then flies forever, —dreams, ah —dreams!

A native of Dallas, Texas, **Jeremiah Evans (b. 1978)** has been composing since he received his diploma from the Booker T. Washington High School for the Performing & Visual Arts in 1996. His works have been performed at Carnegie Hall, The Kennedy Center, The 16th London New Wind Festival, South Africa's National Arts Festival, the Royal Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Princeton University Concerts, The Celebrity Series of Boston, The Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, The Dallas Opera’s Titus Art Song Series, and the Knoxville Opera with the National Association of Teachers of Singing. Three of his compositions were included on the Grammy nominated recording “RISING” featuring Lawrence Brownlee and Kevin J. Miller. His compositions have received awards and winning calls from the New York City Contemporary Music Symposium at Columbia University, the Locrian Chamber Players, Calliope’s Call, Opera Contempo, the 16th London New Wind Festival, and reNEW Music.

“**Summer in the South**” is Evans’ first setting of Dunbar text and is a part of his *Collected American Songs*, an inclusive series highlighting American poets. In a style inspired by the poetic era, this work juxtaposes rhythmic and sweeping pianistic textures alongside a haunting melody that communicates the beauty and disquiet of the poem.

O burning doubt and long regret
O tears with which our eyes are wet,

Florence Beatrice Price (1887-1953) was a vital member of the first generation of African American women composers cultivated by the musical community in twentieth century Chicago. The National Association of Negro Musicians and network of Black churches in the city provided connections and access, creating fertile ground for Black women composers including Betty Jackson King, Margaret Bonds, Micki Grant, Nora Holt, Regina Harris Baiocchi, and the two other women on this recording, Irene Britton Smith and Lena McLin. Price holds the honor

of being the first Black woman to have a work premiered by a major symphony orchestra, an effort made possible by the underwriting of another Black woman, Maude Roberts George.

After graduating at fourteen as valedictorian of her high school class, Price enrolled in the New England Conservatory (NEC) where she graduated in 1906 with honors, receiving diplomas in organ and piano instruction. A lifelong student, Price's musical instruction extended beyond her studies with George Chadwick and Frederick Converse at the NEC to include Arthur Olaf Andersen, Carl Busch, Wesley La Violette, and Leo Sowerby. Price's output includes works for orchestra, chamber ensemble, solo voice, violin, organ, piano, and choir and she is the recipient of two Wanamaker Foundation Awards.

While many a composer has been drawn to Dunbar's standard English poetry, Price is one of the few bold enough to repeatedly set Dunbar's dialect poems. Price's works are autobiographical in nature with her "in-betweenness" creating an output that flows easily between musical and linguistic styles. "**What's The Use?**" is an example of Price's dialectical settings and juxtaposes a highly syncopated piano part with a patter-like melody. The charm of the genre-bending song lies in the folk wisdom: life is too brief to mourn for long. Price's setting of Dunbar's "Compensation" (titled "**Because**" in this recording) highlights a haunting melody that ends unsettlingly and abruptly with the "boon of death." "**The Poet and His Song**" echoes the sentiments in the works of Longfellow and Tennyson and explores the intimate relationship between a poet and the music inside. Price brings this music into existence with a setting that celebrates the changeable seasons of life and the constant, joyful song of it all. "**Sympathy**" features a birdsong style motif and dissonant sections of turmoil. Price's other Dunbar settings include "I Grew a Rose," "My Neighbor," "The Sun," "Forever," "Dreamin' Town," "Nightfall," "The Wind and the Sea," "Beside the Sea," "Love Song," "Lover's Lane," "Easy-goin'," "Summah Night," "Dat's My Gal," "Goo'-bye, Jinks," "Wen I Gits Home," and "Wadin' in De Creek."

Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the glut of pain,
The somber cloud, the bitter rain,

Pianist turned composer **Anthony Joseph Patterson (b. 1963)** was born in Lima, Ohio and began piano studies with his father, pianist Richard Patterson, at the age of two. He earned his Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance from Ohio University. This project inspired him to begin a Master of Music in composition at the University of Illinois, where he was enrolled at the time of this recording. Patterson also received instruction from Don Hurlless, Jerome Rose, Béla Szilagy, Richard Syracuse, and Earl Wild.

Influenced by Igor Stravinsky, George Gershwin, Ludwig van Beethoven, Sergei Prokofiev, Billy Strayhorn, Miles Davis, Lennon & McCartney, and Earth, Wind & Fire, his compositions and arrangements include a variety of styles, genres, and instrumentations. Patterson's instrumental works include six albums of original compositions for dance released through Brio Records, a Casio Musical Instrument Division of America video series of piano duos and chamber pieces recorded during the Covid-19 pandemic, and a woodwind sextet premiered at the Bay View Music Festival where Patterson has concertized since 1986 and is now Composer-in-Residence.

His *Gloria*, commissioned by the National Chorale and written for choir and soloists, served as impetus for the commission of the cycle on this recording *Lyrics of Love and Laughter*.

These songs represent his first foray into the art song genre, and Patterson was inspired by the vivid imagery and historical scena depicted in Dunbar's poetry. The resulting works all harken to the music of the early twentieth century from blues to serialism. The text to "**The Dance**" is set to a spacious accompaniment with open chords giving way to jazzy, stepwise figures imitating a dance. Upon this palette, the modal, strophic melody is accentuated. The intimate relationship between piano and voice continues in "**The Dove**" with a melody shared between the two instruments. This melody is shaped by the text rising up and fluttering down like the winged message. "The Dove", with its dominant melody and gentle conclusion contrasts effectively with "**Response**" and its dense harmonies and declamatory vocal line. The piano part here creates aural imagery in support of the text and slowly journeys to the consonant conclusion of love. "**Dreams**" begins with a tonally ambiguous piano part anchored by a tonal vocal line. This song seems to highlight the intangible nature of our dreams while underlining their importance in creating our reality. The open chords that begin "**In May**" bring to mind a bright, spring sky and give way to richer harmonies creating atmosphere around an exposed and vulnerable vocal line. "**The Valse**" seems to combine elements of the entire set with dissonant, rhythmic, and blues oriented elements. This song waltzes in a chaotic dance that settles elegantly in "good night".

You were not of those dreams — ah! well,
Your full fruition who can tell?

Harrison Leslie Adams (1932-2024) was a pianist, composer, and educator born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1932. He earned a Bachelor of Music from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music in 1955 and a Master of Music degree from California State University in 1967. He would return to Ohio to complete his doctoral studies at The Ohio State University in 1973. He studied composition independently with Edward Mattila, Eugene O'Brien, and Marcel Dick.

Adams' musical career included work as accompanist, musical director, and posts as composer/artist-in-residence for numerous organizations including the Cleveland Music School Settlement, Karamu House, and Accord Associates Inc., which he founded. He also served in teaching positions at colleges and secondary schools and is the recipient of honors and awards from the National Association of Negro Women, the Bascom Little Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Cleveland Foundation, and the Jennings Foundation. "**Love Memory**" is one of several Dunbar settings in Adams' works that include "Li'l Gal," "To the Road," "Love Response," "The Meadow Lark," "She Gave Me A Rose," and "The Valse." In "Love Memory" the hopelessness of the text is mirrored in the dragging and meandering piano part. Adams uses an angular line that flips through the registers and seems to sob. There is no brightening; no resolution: "Who knows?"

Wealth, fame, and love, ah! love that beams
Upon our souls, all dreams — ah! dreams.

Known as the “woman who launched a thousand careers,” pianist and violinist **Lena Mae Johnson McLin (1928-2023)**, completes the powerhouse triumvirate of Black women composers from Chicago represented on this recording. Though born in Atlanta, Georgia, she was sent to Chicago to live with her uncle, famed gospel composer Thomas Dorsey, when she was a child. During her time with him, she would attend rehearsals and occasionally accompany as she grew older. Though she moved back to Atlanta for high school and to obtain a Bachelor of Music degree in Piano and Violin from Spelman College in 1952, she would return to Chicago to earn a Master of Music degree from the American Conservatory of Music. She has over 400 compositions to her credit and they include solo vocal, choral, operatic, orchestral, chamber, and electronic works all in a vast array of styles. Through her teaching in Chicago public schools and her private teaching, she influenced numerous stars including Robert Sims, Mandy Patinkin, Jennifer Hudson, Chaka Khan, Mark Rucker, Nicole Heaston, Maggie Brown, Aretha Franklin, Kim English, and Tammy McCann. She founded the McLin Ensemble, the McLin Opera Company, and Lena McLin and the McLin Singers in the mid-1950s. Her honors include two honorary degrees, the 2007 Human Symphony Foundation’s Living Legends Award, and the 2003 Chicago Music Awards Lifetime Achievement Award.

Selected from McLin’s *Songs of Love*, “**Silence**” invokes the rhythmic calm of the sea with sequenced, undulating figures in the piano combined with a chant-like melody. “**The Unlucky Apple**” begins with dissonant, angular accompaniment and recitative-like melody, highlighting the “unlucky” text.

What dreams we have and how they fly...

Walker Jermaine Jackson (b. 1987) was born and raised in Atlanta, Georgia, and began childhood musical training in clarinet. In addition to his training at the Interlochen Arts Academy, he earned a Bachelor of Music degree in Voice and Dalcroze Eurhythmics from the Cleveland Institute of Music and a Master of Music in Voice from Indiana University, both with Music Theory minors. Jackson later earned a second Master of Music degree in Theory from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Jackson’s musical career includes teaching, conducting, directing, and performing, all in service to his favorite instrument; the voice. Jackson’s performance experience includes operatic roles as well as professional chorus work and he has sung with such conductors as Alan Gilbert, Franz Welser Möst, and Gustavo Dudamel. He has served as assistant conductor for New Rochelle Opera, the Bronx Opera, and the Little Opera Theater of New York, where he also made his conducting debut. Jackson has also served as music director for Brooklyn Children’s Theater and *Billie, Malcolm, and Yusuf*, an off-broadway production. He also teaches classes in music theory, harmony, keyboard skills, chart reading, and improvisation at Mind-Builders Creative Arts Center in the Bronx.

The powerful message of pain, joy, and overcoming moved Jackson to create the setting for “**We Wear the Mask**”. A mask motive unifies this through-composed work where music is a boon for pain. Jackson’s interest in harmony and chordal relationships creates a sophisticated and dramatic setting with an expressive melody.

THE POETRY

Song

Lyrics of Lowly Life

My heart to thy heart,
My hand to thine;
My lips to thy lips,
Kisses are wine
Brewed for the lover in sunshine and shade;
Let me drink deep, then, my African maid.

Lily to lily,
Rose unto rose;
My love to thy love
Tenderly grows.
Rend not the oak and the ivy in twain,
Nor the swart maid from her swarthier swain.

Invitation to Love

Lyrics of Lowly Life

Come when the nights are bright with stars
Or when the moon is mellow;
Come when the sun his golden bars
Drops on the hay-field yellow.
Come in the twilight soft and gray,
Come in the night or come in the day,
Come, O love, whene'er you may,
And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,
You are soft as the nesting dove.
Come to my heart and bring it rest
As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief
Or when my heart is merry;
Come with the falling of the leaf
Or with the redd'ning cherry.
Come when the year's first blossom blows,
Come when the summer gleams and glows,
Come with the winter's drifting snows,
And you are welcome, welcome.

Longing

Lyrics of Lowly Life

If you could sit with me beside the sea to-day,
And whisper with me sweetest dreamings o'er and o'er;
I think I should not find the clouds so dim and gray,
And not so loud the waves complaining at the shore.

If you could sit with me upon the shore to-day,
And hold my hand in yours as in the days of old,
I think I should not mind the chill baptismal spray,
Nor find my hand and heart and all the world so cold.

If you could walk with me upon the strand to-day,
And tell me that my longing love had won your own,
I think all my sad thoughts would then be put away,
And I could give back laughter for the Ocean's moan!

Good-Night

Lyrics of Lowly Life

The lark is silent in his nest,
The breeze is sighing in its flight,
Sleep, Love, and peaceful be thy rest.
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

Sweet dreams attend thee in thy sleep,
To soothe thy rest till morning's light,
And angels round thee vigil keep.
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

Sleep well, my love, on night's dark breast,
And ease thy soul with slumber bright;
Be joy but thine and I am blest.
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

Over the Hills

Lyrics of the Hearthside

Over the hills and the valleys of dreaming
Slowly I take my way.
Life is the night with its dream-visions teeming,
Death is the waking at day.

Down thro' the dales and the bowers of loving,
Singing, I roam afar.
Daytime or night-time, I constantly roving, --
Dearest one, thou art my star.

The Pool

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

By the pool that I see in my dreams, dear love,
I have sat with you time and again;
And listened beneath the dank leaves, dear love,
To the sibilant sound of the rain.

And the pool, it is silvery bright, dear love,
And as pure as the heart of a maid,
As sparkling and dimpling, it darkles and shines
In the depths of the heart of the glade.

But, oh, I 've a wish in my soul, dear love,
(The wish of a dreamer, it seems,)
That I might wash free of my sins, dear love,
In the pool that I see in my dreams.

Summer in the South

The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,
Timid and hesitating.
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep
And the nights smell warm and piney,
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots
Are yellow-green and tiny.
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.

What's the Use?

Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow

What's the use o' folks a-frownin'
When the way's a little rough?

Frowns lay out the road fur smilin'
You'll be wrinkled soon enough.
What's the use?

What's the use o' folks a-sighin?
It's an awful waste o' breath,
An' a body can't stand wastin'
What he needs so bad in death,
What's the use?

What's the use o' even weepin'?
Might as well go long an' smile.
Life, our longest, strongest arrow,
Only last lasts a little while.
What's the use?

Compensation

Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.

The Poet and His Song

Lyrics of Lowly Life

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing.

What matters yon unheeding throng?
They cannot feel my spirit's spell,
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

Sympathy

Lyrics of The Hearthside

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats its wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,

But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

The Dance

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

Heel and toe, heel and toe,
 That is the song we sing;
Turn to your partner and curtsy low,
 Balance and forward and swing.
Corners are draughty and meadows are white,
This is the game for a winter's night.

Hands around, hands around,
 Trip it, and not too slow;
Clear is the fiddle and sweet its sound,
 Keep the girls' cheeks aglow.
Still let your movements be dainty and light,
This is the game for a winter's night.

Back to back, back to back,
 Turn to your place again;
Never let lightness nor nimbleness lack,
 Either in maidens or men.
Time hasteth ever, beware of its flight,
Oh, what a game for a winter's night!

Slower now, slower now,
 Softer the music sighs;
Look, there are beads on your partner's brow
 Though there be light in her eyes.
Lead her away and her grace requite,
So goes the game on a winter's night.

The Dove

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

Out of the sunshine and out of the heat,
Out of the dust of the grimy street,
A song fluttered down in the form of a dove,
And it bore me a message, the one word—Love!

Ah, I was toiling, and oh, I was sad:

I had forgotten the way to be glad.
Now, smiles for my sadness and for my toil, rest
Since the dove fluttered down to its home in my breast!

The Response

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

When Phyllis sighs and from her eyes
The light dies out; my soul replies
With misery of deep drawn breath,
E'en as it were at war with death.
When Phyllis smiles, her glance beguiles
My heart through lovelit woodland aisles,
And through the silence high and clear,
A wooing warbler's song I hear.
But if she frown, despair comes down,
I put me on my sackcloth gown;
So frown not, Phyllis, lest I die,
But look on me with smile or sigh.

Dreams

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

What dreams we have and how they fly
Like rosy clouds across the sky;
 Of wealth, of fame, of sure success,
 Of love that comes to cheer and bless;
And how they wither, how they fade,
The waning wealth, the jilting jade—
 The fame that for a moment gleams,
 Then flies forever, —dreams, ah—dreams!

O burning doubt and long regret,
O tears with which our eyes are wet,
 Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the glut of pain,
 The somber cloud, the bitter rain,
You were not of those dreams—ah! Well,
Your full fruition who can tell?
 Wealth, fame, and love, ah! love that beams
 Upon our souls, all dreams—ah! dreams.

In May

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

Oh to have you in May,
 To talk with you under the trees,
Dreaming throughout the day,
 Drinking the wine-like breeze,

Oh it were sweet to think
 That May should be ours again,
Hoping it not, I shrink,
 Out of the sight of men.

May brings the flowers to bloom,
 It brings the green leaves to the tree,
And the fatally sweet perfume,
 Of what you once were to me.

The Valse

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

When to sweet music my lady is dancing
 My heart to mild frenzy her beauty inspires.
Into my face are her brown eyes a-glancing,
 And swift my whole frame thrills with tremulous fires.
Dance, lady, dance, for the moments are fleeting,
 Pause not to place yon refractory curl;
Life is for love and the night is for sweetening;
 Dreamily, joyously, circle and whirl.

Oh, how those viols are throbbing and pleading;
 A prayer is scarce needed in sound of their strain.
Surely and lightly as round you are speeding,
 You turn to confusion my heart and my brain.
Dance, lady, dance to the viol's soft calling,
 Skip it and trip it as light as the air;
Dance, for the moments like rose leaves are falling,
 Strikes, now, the clock from its place on the stair.

Now sinks the melody lower and lower,
 The weary musicians scarce seeming to play.
Ah, love, your steps now are slower and slower,
 The smile on your face is more sad and less gay.
Dance, lady, dance to the brink of our parting,
 My heart and your step must not fail to be light.

Dance! Just a turn—tho' the tear-drop be starting.
Ah—now it is done—so—my lady, good-night!

Silence

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

'T is better to sit here beside the sea
Here on the spray-kissed beach
In silence, that between such friends as we
Is full of deepest speech

The Unlucky Apple

Lyrics of Love and Laughter

'Twas the apple that in Eden
Caused our father's primal fall;
And the Trojan War, remember—
'Twas an apple caused it all.
So for weeks I've hesitated,
You can guess the reason why,
For I want to tell my darling
She's the apple of my eye.

A Song

Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow

Thou art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose.
But the summer is fled
And the rose is dead;
Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart o' hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose
But my heart grows numb
And my soul is dumb;
Where art thou, love, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after years --
Sun for my winter snows;
But the years go by

'Neath a clouded sky.
Where shall we meet, who knows, who knows?

We Wear the Mask

Lyrics of Lowly Life

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
 We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
 We wear the mask!