

Poems used in the vocal cycle *Though Love Be a Day* (1979)

Poetry by E. E. Cummings and Gwyneth Walker
Music by Gwyneth Walker

thy fingers make early flowers

E. E. Cummings

thy fingers make early flowers of all things
thy hair mostly the hours love
a smoothness which sings
saying do not fear
though love be a day we will go a-maying

thy whitest feet crisply are straying
always thy moist eyes are at kisses playing
whose strangeness much says;
singing for which girl art thou flowers bringing

to be thy lips is a sweet thing and small
Death, Thee I call rich beyond wishing
If this thou catch, else missing and life be nothing
though love be a day it shall not stop kissing

lily has a rose

E. E. Cummings

lily has a rose, i have none
"don't cry dear violet, you can have mine"
o how how how could i ever wear it now
for the boy who gave it to you is the tallest of boys
"he'll give me another if i let him kiss me twice,
but my lover has a brother who is good and kind to all"
o no no no let the roses come and go
for kindness and goodness do not make a fellow tall
lily has a rose, no rose i've
losing is less than winning
but love is more than love

after all white horses are in bed

E. E. Cummings

after all white horses are in bed
will you walking beside me, my very lady,
touch lightly my eyes
and send life out of me
and the night absolutely into me

maggie and milly and molly and may

E. E. Cummings

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles; and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
It's always ourselves we find in the sea

Still

Gwyneth Walker

When the streets are newwet dawning,
night lamps glowing, capering eyes,
walk gently in the song of morning
you are with me as I arise.

Still, still beyond my fingers,
beyond the reaching of my eyes,
comes the time beyond my seeking
you are with me as I arise.

Comes the time beyond all question:
is it you or is it I
who spoke the word to crack the darkness,
to bring you near as I arise.

Love, love this moment glistens
in sacred mourning of our lives.
Beyond the speaking and the breaking
you are with me as I arise.