



Poetry of Emily Dickinson and Alfred Lord Tennyson

Hanover High School
January 21, 2009
7:00 PM
J. Mills Auditorium

Melissa White, Conductor
Betty Page, Accompanist

Program

Women's Choir

Hope Marjan Helms
Heart We Will Forget Him James Mulholland
Out of the Morning Daniel J. Hall

Concert Choir

Fame is a Fickle Food Ruth Morris Gray
The Quest Unending Joseph Martin
There is Sweet Music Here Mary Lynn Lightfoot

Chamber Choir

The Moon Is Distant from the Sea David N. Childs
If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking Pepper Choplin
Break, Break, Break Ruth Morris Gray

Obedient to Her Eye
He comes just so far toward the Town
Just so far goes away
Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand
And mine the distant Sea
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me

If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking
Emily Dickinson

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.

Break, Break, Break

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
Where the place called morning lies!

Fame is a Fickle Food

Emily Dickinson

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
Whose table once a
Guest but not
The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect
And with ironic caw
Flap past it to the
Farmer's Corn --
Men eat of it and die.

The Quest Unending

Alfred Lord Tennyson
from *Ulysses*

Though much is taken, much abides.
And though we are not now which in old days moved earth and heaven:
that which we are we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts, made weak by time and fate.
But strong in will to strive to seek to find and not to yield.

There is Sweet Music Here

Alfred Lord Tennyson

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

The Moon is Distant from the Sea

Emily Dickinson

The Moon is distant from the Sea
And yet, with Amber Hands
She leads Him -- docile as a Boy
Along appointed Sands
He never misses a Degree

Texts

Hope

Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune--without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Heart We Will Forget Him

Emily Dickinson

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Out of the Morning

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim