Joey Bargsten

Five Songs

to texts by Peter Everwine
These songs can be sung by a tenor, a mezzo-soprano, or both. If both sing, the mezzo should sing Night, The Burden of Decision, and Perhaps it's as you say. The tenor sings The Clearing and The Brother. The order of the five songs remains the same.

Other poems by Peter Everwine can be found in the anthology the new naked poetry, edited by Stephen Berg and Robert Mezey, Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis, 1976. Texts used with the permission of the poet.
Five Songs

to texts by Peter Everwine

I. Night

Joey Bargsten
lost of quietness.
I sit down.

Through the open door all the absent who I love.

—enter and we eat.
Ⅱ. The Clearing

\(d=66\)

\(d=132\) or more

"Bring out ethereal inner voice always!"

\(d=66\)
Flowers have fenced in

The clearing of moss—
The earth is a blend

of so many colors
Song is dif-fused

your word--

Dif-fused

Tempo I \( j=66 \)

but there my

fa-ther

you rumble and flash with light
\[ \text{Number upon number of red...} \]

\[ \text{In the midst of them (Hum--.--.--.) You are...} \]

\[ \text{You speak.} \]
III. The Burden of Decision

Late night, with my bundle of new shaws, weighing each one with my
headaches, my inverted stars, my so-lawn pen-cils at their...
In this way, sorting the yes and the no, I arrive.

My train enters a snowy region of fire,

Whistle (sounds increasingly)
I close my eyes, the wheels slow and deepen their voices over the first bridge... (poco rit)
... a tempo)

It is then that man knocks and enters. A man puts down his bag and

slaps dust from his coat.

accel... Più Mosso

Smooth, swinging

In silence he crosses the room, nods and holds out to me his two closed

rit... tempo one
I know him by his frayed sleeves. He knows me by the little song I start to sing,

shifting from foot to foot.
IV. The Brother

\( \text{Tempo} = 160 \) (with a good bit of flexibility)
I rose and made tea—
and

sent off my brother:

In the quiet house
I sat down to

wait.

The
day knocked on my door
with its sack of wares.

evening looked in my window
with its in-con-sol-able

\( \text{\( \text{C}\)} \)

\( \text{\textbf{d} = 112 \text{ atempo}} \)

grey eyes.

On the table, the lamp was

rather violently, accelerating
My brother came home then, white dust on his

lit.

smile, not too short, rather fat

shoes and a tiny blue flower in his cap, weary as if he'd danced a

(becoming more legato)

(smollo vit.

(subito $b=162$)

long time Or met a girl in the fields.
When I touched his sleeve
my fingers brought away a fragrance of mint and grass.
Now my brother

wants sleep and moons foolishly at my bed.

What I want is to wash his feet and send him off again, tomorrow,
with a stone in each shoe —

and one for each hand

and no bread in his pocket.
V. Perhaps It's as You Say

\( j = 48 \)

Perhaps it's as you say—

That

\( \text{etc.} \)

*Play grace notes before the main pulse.*

*Oh, yes, use pedal.*

(Use discretion.)

nothing stays lost forever

How many times
I have said No No There is a darkness in the cell — And opened my hands —

etc.

to cup emptiness tasting its bitter face —

(Stretch ————)

I do not know if our loves —— survive us Waiting through the long
night for our step
Or if they will know us then
Entering our

flesh with the old sigh

I do not know
But I think of fields that stretch away flat
Beneath the
stars their dry grasses
Gathering a light of honey
The few houses wink and go

out
Across the fields an asphalt road darkens
And disap-
(Small notes should be light and clear like drops of dew)
(oh, and don't try to emphasize any line more than another)

(spooken): It is so

quiet

so quiet

(whispered): Meet me there
(s = 48)

Second piano (offstage)
(repeat 4 times, fading to nothingness)