Beggars' Songs (1969)
I. Offering

Carl Sandburg

Voice

\[ \text{---} \]

Piano

\[ \text{---} \]

\[ \text{\textit{I could love you as dry roots love rain.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{I could hold you as branches in the wind brandish petals.}} \]

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* If singing #2, hold "A" until first "A" of #2
and omit "G" on 4th beat in piano.
II. Rebuff

Carl Sandburg

Let your heart look on white sea spray and be lonely.

Poco meno leggiero

Love
You and a ring of stars may mention my name.

—and then forget me.

Love is a fool star.
III. The White Birds (1893)

W. Butler Yeats

\( \text{\textbf{\textit{= 72 Piacevole}} (\textit{poco meno che il precedente})} \)

I would that we were, my belovéd, white birds on the foam of the sea! We tire of the flare of the meteor, before it can fade and flee; And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung

\[ \sum \]
low on the rim of the sky, has awakened in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.

A weariness comes from these dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily and rose; Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the
me - teor that goes, Soon

 pp e delicatissimo,
poco a poco prestissimo

Meno Mosso

far from the rose and the li - ly, and the fret of the flames we would be, Were we

on - ly white birds, my be - lov - ed, buoyed out on the foam of the sea.
IV. Interlude

\[ \text{Piano} \]

\[ \text{\( \frac{\text{\( p \) legatissimo}}{\text{\( \text{\( j = 63 \}} \end{array} \right.} \}\]
Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Like birds in winter you fed me; Knowing the ground was frozen, knowing

I should never come to your hand knowing you did not need my gratitude.

Softly sempre arpeggiando la mano destra

una corda
14

snow falling on snow.

Softly.

14

so as not to frighten me

Softly,

18

molto rit.

21

loco

Softly

You threw your crumbs upon the ground and walked away.

pp

- 10 -
VI. Beggars

John Ackerman-Jones

Recitative

Allegro molto ($\ell = 84$)

Feed the starved birds: They swoop to your

dry bread though

thrown to the four winds.
Share their grains of raw

(comfort,)

crumb by stale crumb
Though hungry he will not Eat at your laid table, Nor desperate seek your spilt love.

senza tempo, come cadenza; ad libitum
Of the dead birds,

and the winds indifference,

strue your heart's fable.

—dim. poco a poco—
VII. A Time of Waiting

Robert Graves

\[ j = 63 \]

SPOKEN*: The moment comes when my sound senses
Warn me to [keep the pot at a quiet simmer]
Conclude no rash decisions, enter into
No random friendships, check the runaway tongue
And fix my mind in a close caul of doubt -

Which is more difficult, maybe, than to face
Night-long assaults of lurking furies.

The pool lies almost

sections in texts between
brackets not to be spoken

- 15 -
I watch it nursed by a thin stream.

Such idle intervals are from

empty;
wan - ing moon to the new.

a moon al - ways holds the cords of my
heart.

Then patience, hands.

Dabble your nerveless fingers in the

shallows a time shall come when he has need of them.
Carl Sandburg

VIII. Epilogue

Tempo I  \( \frac{J}{p} = 63 \)

I am done.

I have finished.

I give you the little white bird and your
thanks for your hearing me

and my prayers for you, my deep silent prayers.

Paris
May 1969