Songs of Fields and Prairies
for soprano and piano

I. Call of the Open
II. Fall Fields
III. Silent Noon
IV. The Prairie-Grass Dividing
V. The Endless Root
VI. The Flower of the Field
VII. Lullaby
I. Call of the Open

Away from the din of the city,
The dust and grime of the street,
The hurry and press of the restless throng,
And the trample of many feet.
Out where the sunshine is brighter,
Out where the wind blows free.
Trees and rivers and lakes and hills
Are calling, calling me.

I long for the wide expanse of fields
Where the calm of the silent night
Throws a mantle of peace o'er the weary heart
And the cares of the day take flight;
For the whispering voice of summer winds
And the sparkle of dew on the lea,
And trees and rivers and lakes and hills
That are calling, calling me.

Then give me a house in a quiet nook
At the end of a winding lane
Where the sunshine bright and the moonbeams' glow
Can steal through my window pane
And the trill of a bird from his leafy bower
And the scent of up-turned sod
Will bring me close to the things I love,
Nature and peace and God.

-Laura E. Bradshaw

II. Fall Fields

The sober-golden fields lie soaked in light,
Like a great rug with patterns interplight
Of tint and tone; God's ancient place, the sky,
Turns paler blue above such tapestry.

-Richard Eugene Burton

III. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! We clasp our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

-Dante Gabriel Rossetti

IV. The Prairie-Grass Dividing

The prairie-grass dividing - its special odor breathing,
I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close
companionship of men,
Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
Those of the open atmosphere, coarse,
sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with
freedom and command - leading, not following,
Those with a never-que'll'd audacity -
those with sweet and lusty flesh, clear of taint,
Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents
and Governors, as to say, Who are you?
Those of earth-born passion, simple, never constrain'd,
ever obedient,
Those of inland America.

-Walt Whitman

V. The Endless Root

Though wisdom underfoot
Dies in the bloody fields,
Slowly the endless root
Gathers again and yields.
In fields where hate has hurled
Its force, where folly rots,
Wisdom shall be unfurled
Small as forget-me-nots.

-Witter Bynner
VI. The Flower of the Field

All flesh is grass,
And all its loveliness is like the flower of the field.
The grass withers, the flower fades,
Because the breath of the Lord blows upon it;
Surely the people are grass.
The grass withers, the flower fades,
But the word of our God stands forever.

-Isaiah 40:6-8

VII. Lullaby

The prairie grass sways softly
And lulls your rest, my dear.
The hills are green today,
Except the mound that covers you
So newly packed with fresh brown soil.
Goodbye my son, goodbye
To all we had of love.
Sweet dreams of peace to you
As I am bending low
With grief too great to bear.
Another spring will open seeds,
And level your small space
Fed by gentle rain and the torrent of our tears.
The hills you loved surround you,
Walking, riding, skiing, feeling
The land’s own burst each year,
So truly part of what you were,
They would not let you go.
And so you stay. Farewell, my dear.

-Anne Crichton Boise
for Bob

Robert Crichton Ranes
(1927-1976)
Songs of Fields and Prairies
I. Call of the Open
Soprano and piano

For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.
A way from the din of the city,

The dust and grime of the street,
The hurry and press of the restless throng, And the

The trample of many feet. Out where the

sunshine is brighter. Out where the wind blows

Songs of Fields and Prairies I. Call of the Open

Jocelyn Hagen

GP · H007

40

Trees and rivers and lakes___ and hills___ Are calling, calling___

44

Much faster!

– 126 - 138

48

sopra L.H.

Free.
I long for the wide

expanses of fields

Where the calm

of the silent night,

Throw a
mantle of peace o'er the weary heart
And the cares of the day take flight:

For the whispering voice of summer winds And the
sparkle of dew on the lea, And

moving forward
trees and rivers and lakes and hills Are

poco a poco rit.
calling, calling me.
Then give me a house on a quiet nook

At the end of a winding lane
Where the sunshine bright and the moon-beams' glow

Can steal through my window pane

And the trill of a bird from his leafy bow'r
And the scent of upturned sod Will
bring me close to the things I love, Nature and
peace and God.

Songs of Fields and Prairies / I. Call of the Open

Jocelyn Hagen

GP - H007
II. Fall Fields

Richard Eugene Burton (1903)

Jocelyn Hagen

*Damper pedal depressed throughout, with half and three-quarter pedaling only when clarity of tonality demands it. Top chords should color bottom chords.

Transit ` 58.66

with a sense of urgency ` mf

The sober-golden fields lie soaked in

Please report performances of this piece to Jocelyn Hagen at hagen@graphitepublishing.com

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light,

Like a great rug, with

patterns in ter

plight

stretch . . . . .

a tempo

Of tint and tone;
God's ancient place, the sky.

Turns paler

blue above such tapestry
III. Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rosetti (1828-1882)

Smoothly \( \frac{3}{4} \)

Your hands lie open in the long, fresh grass.

With rubato \( \frac{3}{4} \)

For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.
The finger points look through like rosy blooms.

Your eyes smile peace.

Slower, with awe $j \approx 69-76$

Slight rit.
The pasture gleams and glooms.

‘Neath billowing skies that scatter and a mass.
All round our nest, far as the

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mp very freely

colla voce

eye can pass, Are golden king-cup-fields with silver

edge Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.

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Tis visible silence.

still as the hourglass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly Hangs like a blue thread
loosened from the sky:

So this winged hour is

dropt to us from above.

Oh! We clasp our hearts, for
death-less dow-er, This close-com-pan-ioned in-ar-tic-u-late

hour When two-fold si-lence, was the song

of love.

For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.
IV. The Prairie-Grass Dividing

Walt Whitman

\[
\text{Military} \quad \frac{d}{\text{ } d} = 72-76
\]

\[
\text{The prairie-grass -- dividing -- its special odor breathing,}
\]

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I demand of it the spiritual corresponding, Demand the most copious and close companionship of men, Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings, Those
of the open atmosphere, coarse.

sunlit, fresh, nutritious, Those that

go their own gait, c -
rect, stepping with freedom and command lead.

Those with a never-quelled audacity

Those with sweet
and lusty flesh, clear of taint, Those that look

careless in the faces of Presidents and Governors as to say,

Who are you? Those of
earth-born passion, simple, never constrain'd.

never obedient, Those of inland America.

merica.
V. The Endless Root

Witter Bynner

Though wisdom under foot Dies in the bloody fields,

Though wisdom under foot Dies in the bloody fields,

Slowly the endless root Gathers again and yields. In

Slowly the endless root Gathers again and yields. In

fields where hate has hurled its force, where folly rots, Wisdom shall

fields where hate has hurled its force, where folly rots, Wisdom shall

be unfurled Small as forget-me-nots.
VI. The Flower of the Field

Isaiah 40: 6-8

For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.

Reverent, with much rubato \( \dot{q} = 92-108 \)

All flesh is grass, and all its
love-li-ness is like the flower of the field.

the flower of the field.

The grass withers, the flower
fades, ___

Because the breath of the Lord ___

blows up on it;

Surely people are grass.
The grass withers, the flower fades, But the word of our God stands forever.
The prairie grass sways softly and hulls your rest, my dear. The hills are green today.

Except the mound that covers you so newly packed with fresh brown soil.

For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.
Good-bye my son, good-bye To all we had of love
Sweet dreams of peace to you
As I am bending low
With grief too great to bear.
Another spring will open seeds,
And smiled your small space Fed by gentle

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rain and the torrent of our tears. The hills you loved sur-
round you, Walking, riding, skiing, feeling The land's own
burst each year, So truly part of what you were, They
would not let you go. They would not let you go. And

so you stay. And so you stay.

Fare well, fare well.

slow diminuendo until end
For perusal purposes only. Do not copy.
Jocelyn Hagen

Jocelyn Hagen (b. 1980), a graduate of St. Olaf College, holds degrees in both theory and composition and vocal music education. Her work has been commissioned and performed by The Singers: Minnesota Choral Artists, VocalEssence, the Yale Glee Club, the St. Olaf Band, and various professional singers and church, college, and high school choirs. She has also received numerous awards and grants through ASCAP and the American Composers Forum, among others. Her past composition teachers include Judith Lang Zaimont, Mary Ellen Childs, Peter Hamlin, Philip Lasser, and David Maslanka. Jocelyn is also active as a professional accompanist and singer, and is the president of Graphite Publishing.

Other vocal works from Graphite Publishing:

Abbie Betinis      GP - B005  The Clan of the Lichens (cycle)  soprano, piano
Abbie Betinis      GP - B005.1 The Prayer Wind (from The Clan...)  soprano, piano
Christopher Gable  GP - G001  December Carol  voice, piano
Christopher Gable  GP - G002  Solstice Lullaby  voice, piano
Jocelyn Hagen      GP - H002  Hope (cycle)  soprano, piano
Jocelyn Hagen      GP - H002.1 Heart, we will forget him (from Hope)  soprano, piano
Jocelyn Hagen      GP - H007  Songs of Fields and Prairies (cycle)  soprano, piano
Jocelyn Hagen      GP - H007.1 The Flower of the Field (from Songs of Fields...)  high voice, piano
Jocelyn Hagen      GP - H008  The Sweetness of My Dreams (cycle)  mezzo-soprano, piano
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Norman Mathews     GP - M001.1 Sometimes with One I Love (from Songs of the Poet)  voice, piano
Norman Mathews     GP - M001.2 Here the Frailest Leaves of Me (from Songs of the Poet)  voice, piano
Norman Mathews     GP - M001.3 The Last Invocation (from Songs of the Poet)  voice, piano
Norman Mathews     GP - M002  Velvet Shoes  voice, piano
Norman Mathews     GP - M003  Fancy  voice, piano
Scott Robinson     GP - RO02  Song of Hannah  med./high voice, vln., vc., 1-3 opt. perc.

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