

DAY AND NIGHT IN POETRY AND MUSIC

Dedicated to Ottoline F. la Biche, founder of the Lakeview School of Speech and Dramatic Art, a beacon of culture and enlightenment to children, youths, and adults, and of which I was the director.

The night has a thousand eyes, the day but one;
Yet the light of a bright world dies with the setting sun,
The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies when love is done.

(Francis W. Bourdillon)

Look to this Day for it is the Life of Life
In its brief Course lie all the Verities and

Realities of your Existence:

The bliss of growth!

The Glory of Action!

The Splendor of Beauty!

For yesterday is but a Dream and Tomorrow is only a Vision.

But today, well-lived, make s every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,

And Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day!

(From the Sufi)

NOTE: The Sufi are adherents of Sufism, a system of Mohammedan mysticism developed, in Persia(Iran), with elaborate symbolism much used by the poets.

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| 1. WHEN DAY IS DONE | 6. DEEP PURPLE |
| 2. NIGHT AND DAY | 7. THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE |
| 3. WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE | 8. BLUES IN THE NIGHT |
| 4. YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC | 9. THE END OF A PERFECT DAY |
| 5. SOFTLY, AS IN AMORNING SUNRISE | 10. LAST NIGHT THE NIGHTINGALE WOKE ME |
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Last night I rocked and sang; unsatisfied my wee one fretted, sobbed, and cried;
Tired out, I sighed and whispered low: "If he to sleep would only go!"

Tonight my arms entwine , enfold a little form still, pale, and cold;
My heart cries out in lonely ache: "Dear God, if he would only wake!"

(Kathleen Kavanagh)

THE MOON AND THE STARS IN POETRY AND MUSIC

Dedicated to Marcus Smith, Sarah Smith, Alida Hainkel, Rhoda Faust, and Garic Barranger,
kindred spirits, possessing Sight and Insight.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Anabel Lee!
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Anabel Lee!
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my pride
In her sepulchre there by the sea
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

(An excerpt from Anabel Lee by Edgar Allan Poe)

Star! Star! thy home is high; I am of humble birth;
Thy feet walk shining o'er the sky; mine only on the earth.
And still I dream; along thy light afar,
I seem to soar, until I seem to be, like you, a star!

(FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN)

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| 1. EVENING STAR (ARIA FROM TANNHAUSER) | 12. MOON OVER MIAMI |
| 2. FRIENDLY STAR | 13. ALLEGHENY MOON |
| 3. STAR-DUST | 14. CAROLINA MOON |
| 4. STARS IN MY EYES | 15. THE SAME SILVER MOON |
| 5. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT | 16. BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON |
| 6. STARS FELL ON ALABAMA | 17. SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON |
| 7. WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR | 18. MOONLIGHT AND ROSES |
| 8. CATCH A FALLING STAR | 19. MOONGLOW |
| 9. I'VE TOLD EVERY LITTLE STAR | 20. BLUE MOON |
| 10. SWINGING ON A STAR | 21. HOW HIGH THE MOON |
| 11. YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR | 22. I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON BUT I'LL BE
SEEING YOU. |
| | 23. FLY ME TO THE MOON AND LET ME LIVE AMONG
THE STARS. |

THE SUPREME BEING IN POETRY, PROSE, AND MUSIC

Lord of All Being, throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star:
Center and soul of every sphere - yet to each loving heart how near!

When all Thy mercies, O My God, Thy rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost in words, love, and praise!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ONE HOPE OF THE WORLD
(ONE SOLITARY LIFE)

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in still another village, where He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty.

Then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never had a family, or owned a house. He didn't go to college. He never visited a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from where He was born. He did none of the things one usually associates with greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

He was only thirty-three when the tide of public opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. He was turned over to His enemies, and went through the mockery of a trial.

He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While He was dying his executioners gambled for His clothing - the only property He had on earth. When He was dead, He was laid in a borrowed grave through the pit of a friend.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone, and today He is the central figure of the human race and the leader of mankind's progress.

All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments that ever sat, all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man on this earth as that One Solitary Life!

UNKNOWN

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1. Ave Maria. (GOUNOD)
 2. Abide with Me.
 3. Answer Me.
 4. Because (Religious Wedding Song)
 5. Battle Hymn of the Republic.
 6. Bless This House, O Lord, we pray.
 7. I Believe.
 8. He
 9. He's Got the Whole World in His Hands.
 10. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 11. Lead, Kindly Light.
 12. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.
 13. O Lord, I Am Not Worthy (Catholic Communion)
 14. Onward, Christian Soldiers (Protestant Hymn)
 15. O Promise Me (religious Wedding Song)
 16. Oh, Come to the Church in the Wildwood.
 17. Pleyel's Hymn.
 18. Rock of Ages.
 19. The Rosary.
 20. The Recessional.
 21. The Bells of St. Mary's.
 22. Palm Branches.
 23. You'll Never Walk Alone.
 24. Nearer, My God, to Thee.
 25. Come, Thou Almighty King.
 26. The Lost Chord.

THREE-IN-THE-EVENING(THE CRUCIFIXON)

O Heart of Three-in-the-Evening, you nestled the thorn-crowned head;
 He leaned on you in His sorrow, and rested on you when dead.
 Ah! Holy-Three-in-the-Evening, He gave you His richest dower.
 He met you afar on Calvary, and made you His own last hour.
 Oh, brow of Three-in-the-Evening, thou wearest a crimson crown;
 Thou art Priest of the hours forever, and Thy voice as Thou goest down.
 The cycles of time still murmur the story of love each day:
 "I held in death the Eternal in the long and the far-away."
 O He art of Three-in-the-Evening, mine beats with Thine today---
 Thou tellest the olden story; I kneel,---I weep,---and I pray!

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN

 Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,---
 Lest we forget! lest we forget!

(An excerpt from The Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling)

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayers that Thou wilt keep the
 the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts
 of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to
 government, and so entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another,
 and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large.

And finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all
 to do justly, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity,
 humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the
 Divine Author of our blessed religion and without humble imitation of whose
 example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Grant our humble supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ
 Our Lord. Amen.

(Framed and hung in Christ Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The
 church was founded in 1695).

L O V E L A N D

DEDICATED TO MY SON, PROF. JOHN KENNEDY TOOLE, WHOSE TENDER IRISH HEART, ALL-EMBRACING AWARENESS, HANDSOME APPEARANCE, SCHOLARLY GENIUS AND LITERARY GENIUS, GAVE ME SUPREME HAPPINESS, AND GAVE AN ADDED GLOW TO THE WORLD DURING HIS BRIEF LIFE.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS:

I LOVE THEE TO THE DEPTH AND BREADTH AND HEIGHT.
MY SOUL CAN REACH, WHEN FEELING OUT OF SIGHT.
FOR THE ENDS OF BEING AND IDEAL GRACE.
I LOVE THEE TO THE LEVEL OF EVERYDAY'S
MOST QUIET NEED, BY SUN AND CANDLE LIGHT.
I LOVE THEE FREELY AS MEN STRIVE FOR RIGHT;
I LOVE THEE PURELY, AS THEY TURN FROM PRAISE.
I LOVE THEE WITH THE PASSION PUT TO USE
IN MY OLD GRIEFS, AND WITH MY CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.
I LOVE THEE WITH A LOVE I SEEMED TO LOVE
WITH MY LOST SAINTS - I LOVE THEE WITH THE BREATH,
SMILES, TEARS, OF ALL MY LIFE, AND IF GOD CHOOSE
I SHALL BUT LOVE THEE BETTER AFTER DEATH.

I. L O V E

2. LOVE IS THE SWEETEST THING
3. LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE
4. LOVE WALKED IN
5. SOMEBODY LOVES ME.
6. FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN
7. I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE
8. I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE
9. SONG OF LOVE

10. WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

II. LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME.

12. I LOVE YOU TRULY.

WERE BEAUTY UNDER TWENTY LOCKS KEPT FAST,
YET, LOVE BREAKS THROUGH, AND PICKS THEM ALL AT LAST!

SHAKESPEARE .

NOTE: "HOW DO I LOVE THEE?" IS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT

BROWNING'S 'SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

F L O W E R L A N D

(DEDICATED TO EVELYN SOULÉ KENNEDY, NOTED NEW ORLEANS WRITER, AND CREATOR OF THE SPRING FIESTA PAGEANTS)

THE ROSE IS THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN,
'TIS REMEMBERED FOR FRAGRANCE AND BEAUTY,
AND ALL THE OTHER LOVELY FLOWERS
MUST PAY THEIR HUMBLE DUTY!
WHETHER IN A CORSAGE OR IN A BOUQUET,
IT ALWAYS SWEETLY ADORNS,
AND ITS GRACIOUS PRESENCE OVERCOMES
THE PRICK OF ITS PIERCING THORNS!

IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME - IT'S RAINING DAFFODILS!
IN EVERY DIMPLED DROP I SEE WILD FLOWERS ON THE HILLS!
THE CLOUDS OF GRAY ENGULF THE DAY, AND OVERWHELM THE TOWN
IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME - IT'S RAINING ROSES DOWN!
IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME - BUT FIELDS OF CLOVER BLOOM
WHERE ANY BUCCANEERING BEE MAY FIND A BED AND ROOM!
A HEALTH UNTO THE HAPPY! A FIG FOR HIM WHO FRETS,
IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO ME - IT'S RAINING VIOLETS.

- I. BUTTERCUP (ARIA AND POPULAR SONG)
2. FOUR-LEAF CLOVER
3. DAISIES WON'T TELL
4. LITTLE WHITE GARDENIA
5. NARCISSUS
6. ORCHIDS IN THE MOONLIGHT
7. ROSE ROOM
8. ROSES OF PICARDY
9. RED ROSES FOR A BLUE LADY
10. ONLY A ROSE
11. THE ONE ROSE
12. TO A WILD ROSE
13. TIP-TOE THROUGH THE TULIPS
14. WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP
15. WHO'LL BUY MY VIOLETS?

CHILDHOOD'S REALM IN POETRY AND SONG

Dedicated to my son, Prof. John Ke nedy Toole, whose precocious childhood gave promise of great intellectual power, which later reached literary fruition.

Turn backward, turn backward
 O Time, in your flight!
 Make me a child again, just
 for tonight!

FROM ROCK ME TO SLEEP BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

THE DREAM OF THE TOY

The sandman lost a dream one
 night - a dream meant for a boy,
 It floated 'round awhile, and then it
 settled on a toy.
 The toy dreamed that it stood in class
 with quite a row of boys.
 The teacher rapped upon his desk and
 said, "less noise, less noise,"
 Then looking at the toy he said,
 "Next boy, foretell,"
 "Oh, dear me," said the little toy,
 "I don't know how to spell!"
 "Indeed, I don't know how it is --
 I know I am a toy,
 Although I seem to be in class
 and dressed up as a boy!"
 "What's that? what's that?" the
 teacher said in awful tone he spoke
 He came in strides across the room,
 And then the toy awoke.
 There lay the nursery very still, the
 clock above its head;
 The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
 the children were in bed.
 "Oh, dear me, dear me, what a night!"
 so said the little toy.
 "I just had such a dreadful dream --
 I dreamed I was a boy!"

FROM THE N.O. PUBLIC SCHOOLS' MEMORY GEMS

C H I L D H O O D

"Aye, and you're a good mum to know that. If you're lucky enough to fall in love, that's one thing. Otherwise, all that was ever truly beautiful to me was my boyhood. It's the meal we sup on for the rest of our lives. Love puts the icing on life. But if you don't find it . . . you must call on your childhood memories over and over till you do!"

FROM TRINITY BY LEON URIS

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust, but
 sturdy and staunch he stands;
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 and his musket molds in his hands,
 Time was when the little toy dog was new
 and the soldier was passing fair;
 And that was the time when our Little Boy
 Blue kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said
 "and don't you make any noise!"
 So, toddling off to his trundle -bed , he
 dreamt of his pretty toys;
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
 awakened our Little Boy Blue ---
 Oh! the years are many, the years are long
 but the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
 each in the same old place ---
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand, the
 smile of a little face
 And they wonder as waiting the long years
 through in the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
 since he kissed them and put them there.

WRITTEN BY EUGENE FIELD AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS TEN
 YEAR OLD SON.

PEPPERMINT TOWN

Peppermint Town is not far away, for children can come and go every day
 On Popcorn Boats that cross Lemonade Bay sailing to Peppermint Town!
 Oh, Peppermint Town is always bright for the gates have pillars of red and white.
 Which a Taffy Policeman guards day and night outside of Peppermint Town!
 The streets are paved with Cinnamon Drops, the houses have roofs made of Lollipops,
 While Ice-cream Cones and Cakes fill the shops inside of Peppermint Town!.
 A great umbrella covers the Town for if Mr. Sun should one day frown,
 And let the Rain come tumbling down, 'twould melt all Peppermint Town!

- I. TOYLAND! TOYLAND!
2. THE WOODEN SOLDIER AND THE CHINA DOLL
3. WOODEN SOLDIERS ON PARADE
4. THE TOY PARADE
5. THE CANDY PARADE
6. PLAYMATES
7. THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOP
8. ANIMAL CRACKERS IN MY SOUP
9. SONNY BOY
10. ME AND MY TEDDY BEAR
- II. WOODY WOODPECKER SONG
12. SWEET AND LOW (TENNYSON LULLABY)
13. HERE COMES PETER COTTONTAIL
14. THUMBELLINA
15. RUDOLPH, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER
16. ALL I WANT FOR XMAS IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH
17. I SAW MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS
18. FROSTY, THE SNOWMAN
19. THE WEDDING OF THE PAINTED DOLL
20. THE WOMAN IN THE SHOE