

Regards
to
Mr. Phyllabaum
from
Thelma Ducoing Toole

A
THEMATIC ARRANGEMENT
OF
REMEMBERED POETRY & MUSIC
BY
THELMA DUCOING TOOLE

POETIC PREFACE
TO
DIXIE MEDLEY

THE SWORD OF ROBERT E. LEE

FORTH FROM ITS SCABBARD, PURE AND BRIGHT,
FLASHED THE SWORD OF LEE!
FAR IN THE FRONT OF THE DEADLY FIGHT,
HIGH O'ER THE BRAVE IN THE CAUSE OF RIGHT,
ITS STAINLESS SHEEN, LIKE A BEACON LIGHT,
LED US TO VICTORY!

OUT OF IT SCABBARD, WHERE, FULL LONG,
IT SLUMBERED PEACEFULLY,
ROUSED FROM ITS REST BY THE BATTLE'S SONG,
SHIELDING THE FEEBLE, SMITING THE STRONG,
GUARDING THE RIGHT, AVENGING THE WRONG,
GLEAMED THE SWORD OF LEE!

FORTH FROM ITS SCABBARD, HIGH IN AIR
BENEATH VIRGINIA'S SKY---
AND THEY WHO SAW IT GLEAMING THERE,
AND KNEW WHO BORE IT, KNELT TO SWEAR
THAT WHERE THAT SWORD LED THEY WOULD DARE
TO FOLLOW----AND TO DIE!

OUT OF ITS SCABBARD! NEVER HAND
WAVED SWORD FROM STAIN AS FREE,
NOR PURER SWORD LED BRAVER BAND,
NOR BRAVER BLED FOR A BRIGHTER LAND,
NOR BRIGHTER LAND HAD A CAUSE SO GRAND,
NOR CAUSE A CHIEF LIKE LEE!

FORTH FROM ITS SCABBARD! HOW WE PRAYED
THAT SWORD MIGHT VICTOR BE;
AND WHEN OUR TRIUMPH WAS DELAYED,
AND MANY A HEART GREW SORE AFRAID,
WE STILL HOPED ON WHILE GLEAMED THEBLADE
OF NOBLE ROBERT LEE!

FORTH FROM ITS SCABBARD ALL IN VAIN
BRIGHT FLASHED THE SWORD OF LEE;
'TIS SHROUDED NOW IN ITS SHEATH AGAIN,
IT SLEEPS THE SLEEP OF OUR NOBLE SLAIN,
DEFEATED, YET WITHOUT A STAIN,
PROUDLY AND PEACEFULLY!

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, POET - PRIEST

SIDNEY LANIER, POET, SCHOLAR, LECTURER ON THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE, SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FORERUNNERS, PROFESSIONAL FLUTIST, AND WHO SERVED VALIANTLY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, GIVES HIS IMPRESSION OF ROBERT E. LEE:

"I WATCHED HIS CALM FACE, UNTIL I FELT THE ANTIQUE EARTH RETURNED OUT OF THE PAST, AND SOME MYSTIC GOD SAT ON A HILL, SCULPTURED IN STONE, PRESIDING OVER A TERRIBLE, YET SUBLIME, CONTEST OF HUMAN PASSIONS."

DIXIE MEDLEY

i.e

- I. DIXIE
2. IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE?
3. SWANEE
4. ROCKABYE YOUR BABY WITH A DIXIE MELODY.
5. LONG AGO
6. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME
7. OLE BLACK JOE.
8. OH, SUSANNA
9. 'WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER.
10. CAMPTOWN RACES.
11. I BEEN WORKIN ON DE RAILROAD.
12. CARRY ME BACK TO LE VIRGINNY.
13. MIGHTY LAK A ROSE.
14. ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND.
15. DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL.
16. WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE
17. BASIN STREET BLUES.
18. WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS.
19. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS?
20. NEW ORLEANS.

SIDNEY LANIER, POET, SCHOLAR, LECTURER ON THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE, SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FORERUNNERS, PROFESSIONAL FLUTIST, AND WHO SERVED VALLIANTLY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, GIVES HIS IMPRESSION OF ROBERT E. LEE:

"I WATCHED HIS GAIN FACE, UNTIL I FELT THE ANTIQUE BARTH RETURNED GUN OF THE PAST, AND SOME MYSTIC GOD SAT ON A HILL, SCULPTURED IN STONE, PREHENDING OVER A TERRIBLE, YET SUBLIME, CONTEST OF HUMAN PASSIONS."

POETIC PREFACE
TO
GIRL MEDLEY

She was a phantom of delight when first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent to be a moment's ornament
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; like Twilight's, to her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn from Maytime and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, and Image gay to haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view, a Spirit, yet a woman, too,
Her household motions light and free, and steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet sweet records, as promises sweet;
A Creature, not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene the very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath, a Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned to warm, comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright with something of angel light.

(WILLIAM WORDSWORTH)

WHO IS SILVIA?

Who is Silvia? What is she that all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she; the heaven such grace did lend her
That she admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair? for beauty lives with kindness;
Love to her eyes repair, to help him of his blindness;
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing, that Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

(From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" by William Shakespeare)

AN IF FOR GIRLS

(with an apology to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can dress to make yourself attractive, yet not make puffs and curls your
chief delight,
If you can swim and row, be strong and active, but of the gentle graces lose
not sight, out
If you can dance without a craze for dancing, play with/ giving play too strong
a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing, care for the weak, the friend-
less, and the old;
If you can master French and Greek and Latin, and not require, as well a
priggish mien,
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin, without despising calico and
jeans,
If you can make good bread as well as fudges, sew with skill and have an
eye for dust,
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges, a girl whom all will love
because they must,
If some day you should meet and love another, and make a home with faith
and peace enshrined,
And you its soul, a loyal wife and mother, you'll work out nearly to my
mind.

The plan that's been developed through the ages, and win the best that
 life can have in store;
 You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages - a woman whom the world will
 bow before!

(UNKNOWN)

A PORTRAIT

I will paint her as I see her: ten times have the lilies blown, since
 she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear - and lily-shaped, and drooped in duty to
 law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks enclosed faintly, which a trail of golden hair keeps from
 fading off to air.

And a forehead fair and saintly, which two blue eyes undershine, like
 meek prayers before a shrine.

And quiet talk she liketh best in a bower of gentle looks, watering
 flowers or reading books.

And if any poet saw her, he would sing to her with falls of lovely
 madrigals.

And if any painter drew her, he would paint her unaware with a halo
 round her hair.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!" and always in good sooth, we
 may be sure he doth.

Selected stanzas

from the poem by

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

G I R L M E D L E Y

1. A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY.
2. IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD.
3. DEAR OLD GIRL.
4. ADELE.
5. ADELINE.
6. ALICE.
7. ALCUETTA
8. AMAPOLA.
9. ANGELA MIA.
10. ANNIE LAURIE.
11. ANNIE ROONEY.
12. BETTY CO-ED.
13. BONNIE.
14. BUTTERFLY.
15. CAROLINE.
16. CECILIA.
17. CHARMAINE.
18. CHERIE.
19. CHLOE
20. COLINETTE.
21. COQUETTE.
22. DAISY.
23. DIANE.
24. DINAH.
25. DCLLY
26. GENEVIEVE.
27. GEORGIA.
28. GEORGIA BROWN.
29. GIANNINA MIA.
30. HALLIA.
31. IDA

32. IRENE
33. JEANIE.
34. JEANNINE.
35. JUANITA.
36. K-K-KATY.
37. LEILANI.
38. LORRAINE.
39. LOUISE.
40. LUCILLE.
41. MADELON.
42. MARIE.
43. OH, MARIE.
44. MARTA.
45. MARTHA (ARIA)
46. MARY
47. MARY LOU.
48. MIMI.
49. NELLIE.
50. PEG-O-MY HEART.
51. PEGGY O'NEIL.
52. RAMONA.
53. REDWING.
54. ROSALIE.
55. BELGIAN ROSE.
56. BROADWAY ROSE.
57. RIO RITA.
58. SUE.
59. SUSIE.
60. SAL.
61. SALLY.
62. VILIA. (ARIA)
63. GIRL OF MY DREAMS.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

UNKNOWN

AND THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC,
AND THE CARES THAT INFEST THE DAY
SHALL FOLD THEIR TENTS LIKE THE ARABS,
AND AS SILENTLY STEAL AWAY!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AND SO PERHAPS, OVER WORM AND CLOD,
THERE IS AN UNIMAGINABLE GOAL
WHERE ALL THE WARS AND DISCORDS OF THE SOUL
MAKE ONE STILL MUSIC TO THE HEART OF GOD.

EDWIN MARKHAM

THE HEART IN POETRY AND SONG

DEDICATED TO WALKER PERCY, THE DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST, ATTUNED TO THE BEAUTY, CHARM,
AND INSPIRATION OF POETRY AND SONG, WHICH COMPLEMENTS HIS HIGH LITERARY ABILITY.

HORATIO TO THE DEAD HAMLET:

"NOW CRACKS A NOBLE HEART
GOOD NIGHT SWEET PRINCE,
AND FLIGHTS OF ANGELS SING
THEE TO THY REST."

(GENE FOWLER BORROWS FROM SHAKESPEARE "GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE" FOR THE TITLE
OF HIS BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BARRYMORE.)

HEARTS THAT ARE GREAT ARE ALWAYS LONE;
THEY NEVER WILL MANIFEST THEIR BEST;
THEIR GREATEST GREATNESS IS UNKNOWN -
EARTH KNOWS A LITTLE - GOD THE REST!

FATHER RYAN

1. HEART OF MY HEART
 2. MY HEART STOOD STILL
 3. THE HEART BOWED DOWN (ARIA)
 4. TWO HEARTS IN 3/4 TIME.
 5. I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO
 6. WHO STOLE MY HEART AWAY?
 7. WITH A SONG IN MY HEART
 8. I FIND A BROKEN HEART AMONG MY SOUVENIRS
-

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SCIENTISTS MADE A SURPRISING DISCOVERY ABOUT HIS LIFE
"IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN, I WOULD HAVE MADE IT A RULE TO READ SOME
POETRY AND LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC AT LEAST EVERY WEEK..... THE LOSS OF THESE TASTES
IS A LOSS OF HAPPINESS, AND MAY POSSIBLY BE INJURIOUS TO THE INTELLECT, AND MORE
PROBABLY TO THE MORAL CHARACTER, BY ENFEEBLING THE EMOTIONAL PART OF OUR NATURE."

CHARLES DARWIN

AUTHOR OF ON THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

OR FROM BROWNING SOME POMEGRANATE,
WHICH, IF CUT DOWN THE MIDDLE,
SHOWS A HEART WITHIN, BLOOD-TINCTURED,
OF A VEINED HUMANITY.

AN EXCERPT FROM LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

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.

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

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. |

CHILDHOOD'S REALM IN POETRY AND SONG

Dedicated to my son, Prof. John Kennedy 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!

CHILDHOOD'S DREAM IN POETRY AND SONG

Dedicated to my son, Prof. John E. Mundy Tools, 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 MEMORY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE NORTH AKERS ALLEN

1. 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
11. 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

FROM TRINITY BY LEON WILIS

F L O W E R L A N D

(DEDICATED TO EVELYN SOULE 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?

D R E A M L A N D

DEDICATED TO KATHLEEN T. WALKER MARJORIE D. BOEHMER, HELEN R. DIETRICH, AND
MARGARET N. TALIAFERRO, DEVOTEES OF POETRY AND MUSIC

I SLEPT AND DREAMED THAT LIFE WAS BEAUTY
I AWOKE AND FOUND THAT LIFE WAS DUTY,
WAS MY DREAM THEN A SHADOWY LIE?
TOIL ON, DEAR HEART, UNCEASINGLY,
AND THOU SHALL FIND THY DREAM TO BE
A TRUTH AND NOONDAY LIGHT TO THEE!

LUCY HOOPER

'TIS NOT THE GREATEST SINGER WHO TRIES HIS LOFTIEST THEMES,
HE IS THE TRUE JOY - BRINGER WHO TELLS HIS SIMPLEST DREAMS.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A THOUSAND CREEDS AND BATTLE CRIES,
A THOUSAND WARRING SOCIAL SCHEMES,
A THOUSAND NEW MORALITIES,
AND TWENTY THOUSAND, THOUSAND DREAMS!

ALFRED NOYES

LEAVE NOT A RACK BEHIND;
WE ARE SUCH AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON,
AND OUR LITTLE LIFE IS ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP.

FROM THE TEMPEST BY SHAKESPEARE.

1. DREAM
2. DREAMY BAYOU (EVELYN SOULE KENNEDY)
3. WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME
4. I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS
5. DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME
6. MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND
7. YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAMS
8. I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS
9. BEAUTIFUL DREAMER
10. MR. SANDMAN, SEND ME A DREAM.

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?

11. 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.

The Culture of Speech and Dramatic Art Interwoven with Music

Dedicated to Margaret A. Seicshnaydre. Dorothy T. Seicshnaydre. Vergie L. Mayer. Jane V. Woodruff, and Audrey L. Villarrubia so appreciative of the great Art I represented diligently, professionally, and honorably.

Once more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer, or a dramatic star
Try overhard to roll the British "R".
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't, let me beg you, don't say "how" for "what".
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful "urs".
From Urania by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Hamlet's Advice to the Players

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er doing Termagant. It out-herod Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not tame neither, but let your discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely) that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christians, pagans, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well. they imitated them so abominably.

O reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that what will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

SONGS FROM BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MUSICALS

1. Kiss Me Again (Fritzi Scheff, Viennese actress - singer in Mac^emoiselle Modiste)
2. Every Little Movement (Ada Meade, actress - singer in Madame Sherry)
3. I'll See You Again (Peggy Wood, British actress - singer in Bitter Sweet)
4. The Old Refrain (Grace Moore, actress - singer, in the King Steps Out)
5. Romance (Vivienne Segal, actress-singer, in The Desert Song)
6. Baubles, Bangles and Beads (Doretta Morrow, actress-singer, in Kismet)
7. My Hero (Ida Brooks, actress - singer, in The Chocolate Soldier)
8. Seal It With a Kiss (Lily Pons, French actress-singer, That Girl from Paris)
9. Some Enchanted Evening (Ezio Pinza, actor-singer in South Pacific)
10. The Donkey Serenade (Allan Jones, actor-singer, in the Fire-fly)
11. Do-Re-Mi (Mary Martin, actress-singer, in Sound of Music)
12. If Ever I Would Leave You (Julie Andrews and Richard Burton, acting-singing duo in Camelot)
13. Will you Remember (Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, acting-singing duo in Maytime)
14. Sunrise, Sunset (Zero Mostel, actor-singer, in Fiddler on the Roof)
15. The Party's Over (Judy Holliday, actress-singer, in Bells Are Ringing)
16. Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland, actress-singer, in the Wizard of Oz)
17. If I Were a Bell (Vivian Elaine, actress-singer, in Guys and Dolls)
18. The Hostess with the Mostess on the Ball (Ethel Merman, in Call Me Madam)
19. Tea for Two (Binnie Hale and Joseph Coyne, acting-singing duo in No, No, Nanette)
20. Sweet Mystery of Life (Jeanette MacDonald, actress-singer, in Naughty Marietta)

To me, it seems as if when God created the world, - that was Poetry; He varied and colored it, - and that was Painting; He formed it, - and that was Sculpture. He gave it wind and waves, - and that was Music and Dancing; and then He peopled it with human beings, - and that was the grand, eternal, divine Drama. (By Charlotte Cushman, gifted American actress)

Eugene Field's artistic and literary education he owed, in no small degree, to the stage. His study of emotions, as depicted by the best artists of his time, gave an insight into the stirrings of the human heart, such as his reading of quaint and fantastic books, never could have given him.

(An excerpt from the Biography of Eugene Field
by Charles Henry Dennis)

Diana Barrymore, in her New York debut in Romantic Mr. Dickens, was deluged with telegrams. Bert Lytell's summed them up:

My Dear Diana, go on that stage tonight and show the world that your Aunt Ethel really inherited her talent from you. You must be as good as everybody expects you to be, and as I know you are.

BROOKS ATKINSON, drama critic of the New York Times wrote:

As Caroline Bronson, Miss Barrymore gives a romantic performance that is surprisingly accomplished and lifts the play out of the doldrums. This is the best Barrymore debut in some time.

In reply to Diana's thank-you note, Mr. Atkinson answered courteously and considered:

You have every reason to be encouraged. I will not pretend that you are a full-fledged actress yet. What you make of acting will depend upon how much you put into it and how much acting means to you. The difference between interesting actresses is a matter of mind and spirit. I mean, those that really leave their impression on the minds of the public have some capacities for love and pity and are interested in human beings. I would not presume to speak so much like the schoolmaster if I didn't hope that perhaps you are going to take it seriously.

BURNS MANTLE wrote: The most exciting moments of the proceedings last night came at the end of the second act when Diana Barrymore walked into the action.

JOHN MASON BROWN wrote:

All in all the evening was a distressing one. Its one bright feature was Diana Barrymore.

JOHN ANDERSON wrote: All the characters were mere stuffed costumes with the exception of the lovely young actress played by the newest of the Barrymores, the Lady Diana in her New York debut.

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, my 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 pity 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 CRUCIFIXION)

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).

10. The Crucifixion
11. The Recessional
12. The Bells of St. Mary's
13. The Bells of St. Mary's
14. The Bells of St. Mary's
15. The Bells of St. Mary's
16. The Bells of St. Mary's
17. The Bells of St. Mary's
18. The Bells of St. Mary's
19. The Bells of St. Mary's
20. The Bells of St. Mary's
21. The Bells of St. Mary's
22. The Bells of St. Mary's
23. The Bells of St. Mary's
24. The Bells of St. Mary's
25. The Bells of St. Mary's
26. The Bells of St. Mary's

THE SEASONS IN POETRY & MUSIC

Dedicated to Richard A. Grube, "A Man for all Seasons" because of his gifted classical piano playing.

The Seasons change in varied array
To chase drab monotony away.

M A R C H

The stormy March has come at last with wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast that through the snowy valley flies.
(WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT)

A P R I L

April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter, then the moment after weep thy girlish tears!
April that mine ears like a lover greetest, if I tell thee, sweetest, all my hopes and fears.
April, April, laugh thy golden laughter, but the moment after, weep thy golden tears!

(William Watson)

M A Y

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her lap throws the yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

(John Milton)

J U N E

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, and over it her warm ear lays.

(James Russell Lowell)

J U L Y

When the scarlet Cardinal tells her dream to the Dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees, and makes a lullaby - it's July.

(Susan Hartley Swett)

A U G U S T

All the long August afternoon the little drowsy stream whispers a melancholy tune
As if it dreamed of June, and whispered in its dream. (William Dean Howells)

S E P T E M B E R

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring the dry leaf's rustle and the squirrels laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring, and speak of exceeding joy hereafter.
(Matthew Arnold)

O C T O B E R

October turned my Maple's leavesto gold; the most are gone now; here & there one lingers -
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weakhold like the coins between dying miser's fingers.
(Thomas Baily Aldrich)

N O V E M B E R

November woods are bare and still, November days are clear and bright
Each noon burns up the morning chill, the morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light, as through the woods I reverent creep
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."
(Helen Hunt Jackson)

D E C E M B E R

I watch the snowflakes as they fall on bank and brier and broken wall
Over the orchard, waste and brown, all noiselessly they settle down
Tipping the apple-boughs and each light quivering of plum and peach.

(Percy Bysshe Shelley)

The Seasons change in varied array
To chase each other away.

MARCH

The stormy March has come at last with wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast that through the snowy valley flies,
(WILLIAM COLLEN BRANT)

I. SPRING SONG (Felix Mendelssohn)

2. IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING (from the musical, State Fair)

3. WELCOME, SWEET SPRINGTIME (piano composition, MELODY IN F, by Anton Rubenstein.
Lyricist unknown)

4. SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

5. SUMMERTIME (from the musical, PORGY AND BESS)

6. IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

7. THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER.

8. IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY.

9. AUTUMN LEAVES

10. AUTUMN IN NEW YORK

11. SEPTEMBER SONG (from the musical, KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY)

12. SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN

13. WINTER WONDERLAND

14. LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW! LET IT SHNOW!

15. SUSIE SNOWFLAKE

16. FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

17. WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DID IN MAY?

NOVEMBER

November days are bare and still, November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill, the morning's snow is gone by night,
Slow, grey light, as through the woods I reverent creep
Lies down to sleep."
(Helen Hunt Jackson)

Over the orchard, waste and brown, all noiselessly they settle down
Tipping the apple-boughs and each light quivering of pine and peach.

(Percy Bysshe Shelley)

THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN POETRY AND MUSIC

Alas! for them their day is o'er, their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds, the plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods, the pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;

Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children - look, by power opprest,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go to die!

CHARLES SPRAGUE

P O C A H O N T A S

Wearied arm and broken sword wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde, he is but a single knight;
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds, sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre, and the torch of death they light;
Ah, 'tis hard to die by fire! who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry wheel and dance the savage crowd;
Cold the victim's mien and proud, and his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart? who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start, see there springs an Indian maid,
Quick she stands before the knight: "Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king, and I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly she flings lifted axe and thirsty knife
Fondly to his heart she clings, and her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan, still 'tis told, by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERY

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| 1. INDIAN LOVE CALL | 7. MOON WATER MAIDENS |
| 2. LITTLE INDIAN BABY (papoose lullaby) | 8. TOTEM TOM-TOM |
| 3. CHEROKEE MAIDEN | 9. PRAIRIE SKETCHES |
| 4. BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA | 10. THE FORGOTTEN TRAILS |
| 5. RED WING | 11. WHAT MAKES THE RED MAN RED |
| 6. PALE MOON | 12. BY THE SKY-BLUE WATERS |
| | 13. SHANEAR'S |