

dreaming

David Isaac, composer
Raymond T. Ryder, pianist



Song of Songs

1 A Glance of Your Eyes

"You are all fair, my love; there is no flaw in you...You have ravished my heart, my bride, you have ravished my heart with a glance of your eyes." 4:8-9

2 Discovery

"Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and lodge in the villages; let us go out early to the vineyards, and see whether the vines have budded." 7:11-12

3 Delicate Moments

"O that you would kiss me with the kisses of your mouth." 1:2

Dreaming: 12 Preludes

4 Skylark

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar and
soaring ever singest.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of
rapture so divine.

-Percy Shelley, from "Ode to a Skylark"

5 Memory and Me

"O Memory, where is now my joy,
Who lived with me in sweet employ?"

"I saw him in gaunt gardens lone,
Where laughter used to be;
That he as phantom wanders there
Is known to none but me."

"O Memory, where is now my love,
That rayed me as a god above?"

"I saw him by an ageing shape
Where beauty used to be;
That his fond phantom lingers there
Is only known to me."

-Thomas Hardy, from "Memory and I"

6 Moonbeam

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,--
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging--
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,--
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping--
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

-Eugene Field, from "Japanese Lullaby"

7 Easter The air is like a butterfly The happy earth looks
 With frail blue wings. at the sky and sings.

-Alfred Joyce Kilmer, "Easter"

8 Sleeping Swans

Night is over the park, and a few brave stars
Look on the lights that link it with chains of gold,
The lake bears up their reflection in broken bars
That seem too heavy for tremulous water to hold.

We watch the swans that sleep in a shadowy
place,
And now and again one wakes and uplifts its
head;
How still you are, your gaze is on my face,
We watch the swans and never a word is
said.

-Sara Teasdale, "Swans"

9 The First Faint Star

The river sleeps beneath the sky,
And clasps the shadows to its breast;
The crescent moon shines dim on high;
And in the lately radiant west
The gold is fading into gray.
Now stills the lark his festive lay,
And mourns with me the dying day.

While in the south the first faint star
Lifts to the night its silver face,
And twinkles to the moon afar
Across the heaven's graying space.

-Paul Laurence Dunbar, from "Sunset"

Our lives, discoloured with our present woes,
 May still grow white and shine with happier hours.
 So the pure limped stream, when foul with stains
 Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
 Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
 till by degrees the floating mirror shines;
 Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
 And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

11 The Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she
 sings.

-Joseph Addison, "Hope"

The glamour of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
 Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

-D.H. Lawrence, from "Piano"

12 Snow-Flakes

I wonder what they are,
 These pretty, wayward
 things,
 That o'er the gloomy earth
 The wind of heaven flings.

So dainty and so pure,
 How beautiful they are;
 And yet the slightest touch
 Their purity may mar.

They must be gazed upon,
 Not handled or caressed;
 And thus we hold afar
 The things we love the best.

-Fanni Isabelle Sherrick,
 from "Snow-Flakes"

13 Dawn Moments that holds all moments; white upon
The verge it trembles; then like mists of flowers
Break from the fairy fountain of the dawn
The hues of many hours.

-George William Russell, from "Dawn"

14 Autumn Leaves

There was a sound of music low--
An undertone of laughter;
The song was done, and can't you guess
The words that followed after?
From memory each one of us
Can cull some sweetest treasure;

Yet golden days, like golden leaves,
Give pain as well as pleasure.

There was a sound of music low--
An undertone of laughter:
The sun was gone--yet heaven knew
The stars that followed after.

-Fannie Isabelle Sherrick,
"Falling Leaves"

15 Dreaming

... the song flowed far and away,
Like the voice of a half-sleeping rill --
Each wave of it lit by a ray --
But the sound was so soft and so still,

And the tone was so gentle and low,
None heard the song till it had passed;
Till the echo that followed its flow
Came dreamingly back from the past.

For the birds of the skies have a nest,
And the winds have a home where they sleep,
And songs, like our souls, need a rest,
Where they murmur the while we may weep.

* * * * *

But songs -- like the birds o'er the foam,
Where the storm wind is beating their breast,
Fly shoreward -- and oft find a home
In the shelter of words where they rest.

-Abram Joseph Ryan, "Dreaming"

piano music inspired by timeless poetry

Song of Songs

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|---|-----------------------|------|
| 1 | A Glance of Your Eyes | 3'16 |
| 2 | Discovery | 4'48 |
| 3 | Delicate Moments | 9'53 |

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Dreaming: Twelve Preludes

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| 4 | Skylark | 2'29 |
| 5 | Memory and Me | 2'14 |
| 6 | Moonbeam | 1'13 |
| 7 | Easter | 1'40 |
| 8 | Sleeping Swans | '53 |
| 9 | The First Faint Star | 1'51 |
| 10 | Hope | 1'59 |
| 11 | The Piano | 1'37 |
| 12 | Snow-flakes | 2'04 |
| 13 | Dawn | 1'41 |
| 14 | Autummn Leaves | 1'06 |
| 15 | Dreaming | 2'38 |

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