



1 The Dark Hills  
Edwin Arlington Robinson

Dark hills at evening in the west  
Where sunset hovers like a sound  
Of golden horns that sang to rest  
Old bones of warriors underground

Far now from all the bannered ways  
Where flashed the legions of the sun  
You fade as if the last of days  
Were fading and all wars were done



2 Fairy Land II  
Shakespeare

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!

Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

3 I Thank You God For Most This Amazing  
e.e. cummings

i thank You God for most this amazing  
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything  
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth  
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay  
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
breathing any-lifted from the no  
of all nothing-human merely being  
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

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4 Shropshire Lad  
A.E. Housman

From far, from eve and morning  
And yon twelve-winded sky,  
The stuff of life to knit me  
Blew hither: here am I.

Now - for a breath I tarry  
Nor yet disperse apart -  
Take my hand quick and tell me,  
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;  
How shall I help you, say;  
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters  
I take my endless way.

5 The Moon  
Sappho

The stars about the lovely moon  
Fade back and vanish very soon  
When round and full her silver face  
Swims into sight and lights all space



6 Freedom  
Olive Runner

Give me the long, straight road before me,  
A clear, cold day with a nipping air,  
Tall, bare trees to run on beside me,  
A heart that is light and free from care.

Then let me go! - I care not whither  
My feet may lead, for my spirit shall be  
Free as the brook that flows to the river,  
Free as the river that flows to the sea.



7 The Blue Bird  
Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

The lake lay blue below the hill.  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue.  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.





8

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers  
Emily Dickinson

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -  
And sore must be the storm -  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.

9

A Prayer  
Paul Laurence Dunbar

O Lord, the hard-won miles  
Have worn my stumbling feet:  
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,  
And make my life complete.

The thorns were thick and keen  
Where'er I trembling trod;  
The way was long between  
My wounded feet and God.

Where healing waters flow  
Do thou my footsteps lead.  
My heart is aching so;  
Thy gracious balm I need.



10

The Shroud  
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Death, I say, my heart is bowed  
Unto thine, O mother!  
This red gown will make a shroud  
Good as any other.

(I, that would not wait to wear  
My own bridal things,  
In a dress dark as my hair  
Made my answerings.

I, to-night, that till he came  
Could not, could not wait,  
In a gown as bright as flame  
Held for them the gate.)

Death, I say, my heart is bowed  
Unto thine, O mother!  
This red gown will make a shroud  
Good as any other.



11

A Clear Midnight  
Walt Whitman

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the  
wordless,

Away from books, away from art, the day erased,  
the lesson done,

Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,  
pondering the themes thou lovest best,  
(I sing the body electric; I celebrate myself and  
sing myself; O Captain, my Captain, Oh me, oh life)  
Night, sleep, death and the stars.



12

Proximate Day  
Namoli Brennet

Proximate day  
I will at last say,  
Man grown, or woman;  
Declare: body, peace -  
Away, shell  
I loved you well

Imperfect form,  
Who held every dream, desire, song;  
The work is done  
At least in one world  
If not the next

Here, we were symphonies  
And train wrecks  
Together



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