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If you would like to see this work in its entirety, please order online or call us at 800-647-2117.

# American Songs <br> Sacred and Profane 

Baritone Solo, SATB Chorus, and Piano or Orchestra


## Duration: 26 minutes

The choral part is available as a free download at www.ecspublishing.com. Search for the product number 7154 and find the link in the description. An additional full score is available for sale (7152). The soloist part is available for sale (7154).

1. A Way of Talking to a Dog That You Don't Know

The desperate dog is baying long,
for his farm is empty of folk tonight.
It's Saturday, and everyone's gone to town dancing.
But I hear you, Booby-Pup,
(two fields away and across the road)
and I understand how you feel.
I'm alone tonight too.
Your voice feels good, doesn't it?
You hear yourself, you say yourself,
you throw yourself way up high in the wind
and you don't think about it too real directly,
but you kind of wonder, don't you,
if something out there might not hear you and come.
Well, I'm coming in my own way.
Oh, I'll stay here where I am alright,
but I'm extending the buman mind to you.

It comes over there right beside you where you're howling and it wraps this good intention around your cocked back throat and its trajectory of sound:

Easy. Easy Easy.
It's not so bad to spend a night alone.
You've got your health. You've got your bones.
You're strong. You'll be running free again tomorrow.
Easy, Booby-Pup.
I love you. You're not alone.
Some time passes, and
now it's grown quiet again.
Is the dance over so early?
Or maybe the desperate dog felt me come.
Anyway, something through the silence is now reaching me and saying:
Easy. It's not so bad to spend a night alone.
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2. Blood Love

I wonder have you found
the two red points of red, remembrance of our night together?
As I fly across the continent's edge
I curl my tongue around each incisor
(you'd been nice enough to say
what nice teeth I had...).
The sound of your blood
racing fills my ears again.

## Your beauty,

the swell of your chest,
the hard, unyielding pressure
of your arms around me,
taking me up,
slamming me back,
harder, harder
stripping me away
to where I recognized
my self.
How could I resist
such an invitation to feed?
You, belly down,
I slowly kiss your feet,
rising along your outer thigh and spine upwards to graze your neck.
Never overly endowed, you scarcely noticed my gentle intrusion, a lesser moan
in a night of ecstasy's cries.
I lay on you in stillness,
drinking, drinking you in
'til dawn's light drove me away.
(So now you're having coffee,
talking on the phone to friends
"Did you get his number... no?"
"But he'll be back,"
you're pretty sure.
Be sure,
stay healthy,
my love.
Your siren song
sings in my veins.
Now, you're in my blood.
-Peter Elliot
3. At Being Buried, My Surprise

When they put me down here
-I knew they had to; I was not angry -
I expected only the dark and the damp cold and long boring years of hoping for the resurrection
Imagine my surprise, then, when not ten minutes after they'd cried their last and gone I sensed some.
some breathing coming toward me through the ground.
It was distant, very distant,
but it was growing stronger,
and it was definitely coming my way.
What was it?...
As the breathing drew closer,
I slowly discerned that it was
the breathing of a song
and growing closer still, I could say
the song of a throng,
and closer still, at last the words:
"Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,"
they cried,
and I perceived this the song of those who had died
and now praised the Lamb
as Lord of heavenly armies.
This song was coming to stir and roll me over in my grave...
Then famous people came my way
and other saints from epochs and struggles
I never knew. Wraiths all,
they came round my grave
and breathed their song through my lowly corpse.
Bright Light saw I then
and struggled upward in my spirit
to see clear again. I saw:
A soft green mixed with faint rose
in the robes of a tenors' [choir],*
and as their song passed through my being
a kind of recognition quivered

## in both them and me:

Lovers of Christ. Brothers of Christ.
Robed in colorly glory.
Blue was there too on many whom I saw,
Blue and every color of... autumn.
Not one there was unmagnificent undazzling,
Not one unshining.
All, in fact, was now a shining and a sound
moving through my plot of ground.
And I was being blended [with]** their Light
and so sang with them,
"O Might. Might. Might-y Lord!
How vast, how glad this savéd hoard!
How breathe we twice,
unsnared from vice?
O Might. Might. Might-y Lord!"
Straining further these new senses mine,
I tried to gaze where these veterans stared.
What cared I more that I was dead?
I turned with these toward Christ our Head
and sang with them the gladsome song:
Sanctus. Sanctus. Sanctus.
Dominus Deus Sabbaoth.
O gentle friends among the living still, you yet but half alive,
pass by this plot with care.
"A graveyard is a spooky spot," you'll say;
but the ground a different story would to you now tell.
Destined to be on the Last Day
the place of a most amazed upstanding,
it is already stirring.
It is already moved.
It is already singing.
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* "chorus" in the original poem
** "to" in the original poem.


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for Baritone Solo, SATB Chorus* and Orchestra

1. A Way Of Talking To A Dog That You Don't Know

Jeremy Driscoll
from Some Other Morring









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3. At being buried, my surprise

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