

**MARSDEN  
HARTLEY  
SONGS**

**for Voice and Violoncello**

**Poems by  
MARSDEN HARTLEY**

**Music by  
BRUCE TRINKLEY**

# **MARSDEN HARTLEY SONGS**

## **for Voice and Violoncello**

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### **COMPOSER'S NOTE**

Marsden Hartley was born in Lewiston, Maine in 1877. He studied painting in New York City and then worked in Paris where he met and was encouraged to write by Gertrude Stein. He painted in Germany, New Mexico and California before returning to his beloved New England in 1937. He died in 1943.

Although best known as an early Modernist painter, Hartley wrote poems, stories and essays throughout his life. His poems deal with many of the same subjects as his paintings. "Return of the Native" expresses his love for his native New England and the seashore. His wit, humor, and love of writing inspires "Courage for Lost Poems." "Fisherman's Last Supper" is a meditation on the tragic death of several young sons of a family that had befriended him, a family which he also memorialized in several paintings. Hartley's love of life and companionship is portrayed in "Gay World", and although he was attracted to men, the term "gay" was not used in its modern sense during his lifetime. "When It Is Time" is a philosophical meditation on mortality, but leavened with Hartley's dry wit.

**MARSDEN HARTLEY SONGS** was sketched in the parks of Paris in August 2011 and completed in State College, Pennsylvania in December 2011.

The songs were commissioned by Justin Dougherty and were written for and are dedicated to Meredith Mecum and Justin.

### ***1. Return of the Native***

Rock, juniper, and wind,  
and a seagull sitting still –  
all these of one mind.  
He who finds will  
to come home  
will surely find old faith  
made new again,  
and lavish welcome.

Old things breaketh  
new, when heart and soul  
lose no whit of old refrain;  
it is a smiling festival  
when rock, juniper, and wind  
are of one mind;  
a seagull signs the bond –  
makes what was broken, whole.

### ***2. Courage for Lost Poems***

Lost poems live a better  
life, maybe,  
than when or if they come to  
print.  
Leaves fall and no one wonders  
what they do at all,  
but they alone are wise  
with their explicit premises,  
and if a given rhythm ends  
a something wonderfully else begins;  
if poems lost could bear the  
same profound import  
as leaves when wind is done with them,  
they would but do a better job  
possibly  
than if they were cloaked with glory.

### ***3. Fisherman's Last Supper***

For wine, they drank the ocean –  
for bread, they ate their own despairs;  
counsel from the moon was theirs  
For the foolish contention.

Murder is not a pretty thing  
yet seas so raucous everything  
to make it pretty –  
for the foolish or the brave,  
a way seas have.

#### ***4. Gay World***

It's a gay world after all; I knew it was;  
only there are so many things that  
make it dark and much beside the point  
not to say cheaply, utterly out of joint.  
I like to call it gay, this world, because  
if I didn't know most of these folks  
like flags in the wind unfurled,  
I would be inclined to say – "tiresome world,  
troublesome world, how do you get that way?"  
But these folks I know, or certainly would  
want to know if I didn't, makes it  
seem like a gay world to me.  
Of course tomorrow we might all be feeling  
different,  
truth to tell in all probability will.  
I like 'em now very much and that will  
do, I'll say.

#### ***5. When It Is Time***

When it is time for me  
to go on that singular outward  
trek  
to the funny place called home –  
of the whole thing make a very  
neat sum:

Dust me as a tooth brush  
or burnish a forgotten candelabra,  
the seven-branch one –  
or else give the floating integers  
to the width of a river,  
watch them stumble by the sticks  
that float nowhere-ward.

It is foolish to talk about the  
end of everything. –  
Why should it be more foolish  
than the beginning?  
How can it be?  
I have had my fling  
at wonderful sinning.

# 1. Return of the Native

Marsden Hartley

Bruce Trinkley

**Larghetto** ♩ = 63

Voice

Violoncello

*f* *(seagull effect) gliss.* *sul A* *(seagull effect) gliss.* *sul D* *f*

**5**

*mf* *pochiss. rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

**8** *mf*

Rock, ju-ni-per, and wind, and a sea-gull sit-ting still,

*mp* *mf*

**11**

all these of one mind. He who finds will to come home will

*mp* *p* *mp* *f* *mf*

**15** *rit.* *mp* *a tempo warmly*

sure - ly find old faith made new a - gain, and lav - ish wel - come.

*mf* *rit.* *a tempo* *p* *mp*

18

*f* *sul A* (seagull effect) gliss. *sul D* (seagull effect) gliss.

21 *mp cresc. poco a poco*

Old things break - eth new, \_\_\_\_\_ when heart and soul lose no

*pizz.* *arco* *pizz.*

*mp cresc. poco a poco*

24 *f.* *p* *allarg.* *mf a tempo*

whit of old re-frain; it is a smil-ing fes-ti-val when rock, ju-ni-per, and wind \_\_\_\_\_ are of

*arco* *pizz.* *allarg.* *arco a tempo*

*p* *mf*

27 *f*

one mind; \_\_\_\_\_ a sea - gull signs the bond, \_\_\_\_\_

*sul A* (seagull effect) gliss. *sul D* (seagull effect) gliss.

*f* *f*

30 *cresc.* *ff*

makes what was brok - en, whole. \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.* *f* *rit.*

10 *poco rit. mp* *cresc. poco a poco a tempo*

prem - is - es, \_\_\_\_\_ and if a giv-en rhy - thm ends \_\_\_\_\_ a some - thing won-der - ful - ly

*poco rit. mp cresc. poco a poco*

13 *f* *poco rit. mf a tempo*

else be-gins; \_\_\_\_\_ if poems lost could bear the same pro-found im - port \_\_\_\_\_ as

*f poco rit. mf*

16 *mp* *poco rit. espressivo*

leaves when wind \_\_\_\_\_ is done with them, they would but do a bet - ter job \_\_\_\_\_ pos - si - bly \_\_\_\_\_ than

*mp poco rit. espressivo*

19 *a tempo p rit.*

if they were cloaked with glo - ry. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo p rit.*

# 2. Courage for Lost Poems

Marsden Hartley

Bruce Trinkley

**Largo, quasi marcia** ♩ = 58 *mp*

Voice

Violoncello

*mp*

Lost poems live a bet-ter life,

4

3 ,

*mf*

*dim.*

may-be, than when or if they come to print, \_\_\_\_\_ Leaves fall and no one won-ders what they

*mf*

*dim.*

7

*p*

*mf*

do at all, \_\_\_\_\_ but they a-lone are wise \_\_\_\_\_ with their ex- pli - cit

*p*

*mf*



32 *dim. poco a poco* *rit.* *mp*

ev' - ry - thing \_\_\_\_\_ to make it pret - ty, \_\_\_\_\_ for the

*dim. poco a poco*

38 **Tempo primo**

fool - ish or the brave, \_\_\_\_\_ a way

*normal* *mp*

43 *pp* *sotto voce*

seas have. \_\_\_\_\_ For

48

wine, they drank the o - cean, \_\_\_\_\_ for bread, they ate \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

53 *mp*

\_\_\_\_\_ their own \_\_\_\_\_ des - pairs; \_\_\_\_\_ coun - sel from the moon was theirs \_\_\_\_\_

59 *dim.* *mp* *p* *allarg.*

\_\_\_\_\_ For the fool - ish con - ten - tion. \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.* *p* *allarg.*

# 3. Fisherman's Last Supper

Marsden Hartley

Bruce Trinkley

**Like a folksong** ♩ = 100

Voice

Violoncello

*mp*

7 *mp*

For wine, they drank the o - cean, \_\_\_\_\_ for

13 *mf*

bread, they ate \_\_\_\_\_ their own \_\_\_\_\_ des - pairs; \_\_\_\_\_ coun - sel from the

19 *mf*

moon was theirs \_\_\_\_\_ For the fool - ish con - ten - tion. \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

**Poco piu mosso** ♩ = 126

26 *piu f*

Mur - der is not a pret - ty thing yet seas so rau - cous

*sul ponticello*

*piu f*

**This is a blank page.**

12

60

## Come prima

*rit.* *f* *sub. p*

makes it seem like a gay world to me. Of

*arco* *rit.* *pizz.* *mp* *f*

66

*cresc. poco a poco* *mf*

course to - mor - row we might all be feel - ing diff - 'rent,

*arco* *pizz.* *p* *cresc. poco a poco* *mf*

72

*sub. mp* *holding back* *ten.*

truth to tell in all prob - a - bil - i - ty will. I

*arco* *holding back* *ten.* *sub. mp*

77

*cresc.* *mf* *quasi a tempo*

like 'em now ver - y much and that will do, I'll

*cresc.* *pizz.* *mf* *quasi a tempo*

83

say.

*arco* *molto espressivo*

30 *mf*

I like to call it gay, this world, be - cause if I

*mf* *pizz.* *f*

36

did - n't know most of these folks like flags in the wind un -

41 *f* *dim.* *allarg.*

furled, I would be in - clined to say,

*allarg.* *dim.*

47 **Moderato espressivo** ♩ = 120 *mp*

"tire - some world, trou - ble - some world, how do you get that way?"

*arco* *mp*

54 *mf* *mp*

But these folks I know, or cer - tain - ly would want to know if I did - n't,

*pizz.* *mf*

# 4. Gay World

Marsden Hartley

Bruce Trinkley

**Exuberantly, with abandon** ♩ = 152

**Voice**

**Violoncello**

*pizz.*  
*mf*

**6**

*mf*

It's a gay world \_\_\_\_\_ af - ter

*arco*  
*p cresc.*

*pizz.*  
*mf*

**12**

*sub. p ominously cresc. poco a poco*

all; I knew it was; \_\_\_\_\_ on - ly there are so man - y things \_\_\_\_\_

*arco*  
*p cresc. poco a poco*

**18**

*mf* *p*

\_\_\_\_\_ that make it dark \_\_\_\_\_ and much be - side the point \_\_\_\_\_

*sul pont.* *normal*

*mf* *p*

**24**

*mp*

\_\_\_\_\_ not to say cheap - ly, ut - ter - ly out of joint. \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

# With increasing vigor ♩ = 112

15

30 *mf* *cresc. poco a poco*

give the float - ing in - te - gers to the width of a riv - er,

34 *mf* *cresc. poco a poco* *f* *poco rit.* *mp*

watch them stum - ble by the sticks that float no - where - ward. It is

*pizz.* *f* *dim.* *mp* *poco rit. arco*

39 **Meno mosso, calmato** ♩ = 92 *mf*

fool - ish to talk a - bout the end of ev - ry - thing. Why should it be more fool - ish

44 *f* *espressivo* *mf*

than the be - gin - ning? How can it be?

*sul A* *(seagull effect)* *gliss.* *sul D* *(seagull effect)* *gliss.*

49 **Come prima** *mp* *cresc.* *mf*

I have had my fling at won - der - ful sin - ning.

*mp* *cresc.* *mf*

54 *mp* *ritenuto* *p*

Won - der - ful sin - ning. Hm.

*ritenuto* *mp* *p*

# 5. When It Is Time

Marsden Hartley

Bruce Trinkley

**Hesitando, espressivo** ♩ = 92

Voice

Violoncello

*mp*

**With increasing vigor** ♩ = 112

*mp*

When it is time for me to go on that sin-gu-lar out-ward trek to the

*p*

*poco rit. non cresc. a tempo*

fun-ny place called home,

*a tempo*

*mf* *poco rit.*

of the whole thing make a ver-y neat sum:

*poco rit. mf*

**Come prima**

*p* *mp*

Dust me as a tooth brush or bur-nish a for-got-ten can-de-

*p* *mp*

*2*

la-bra, the sev-en-branch one, or else

*2*