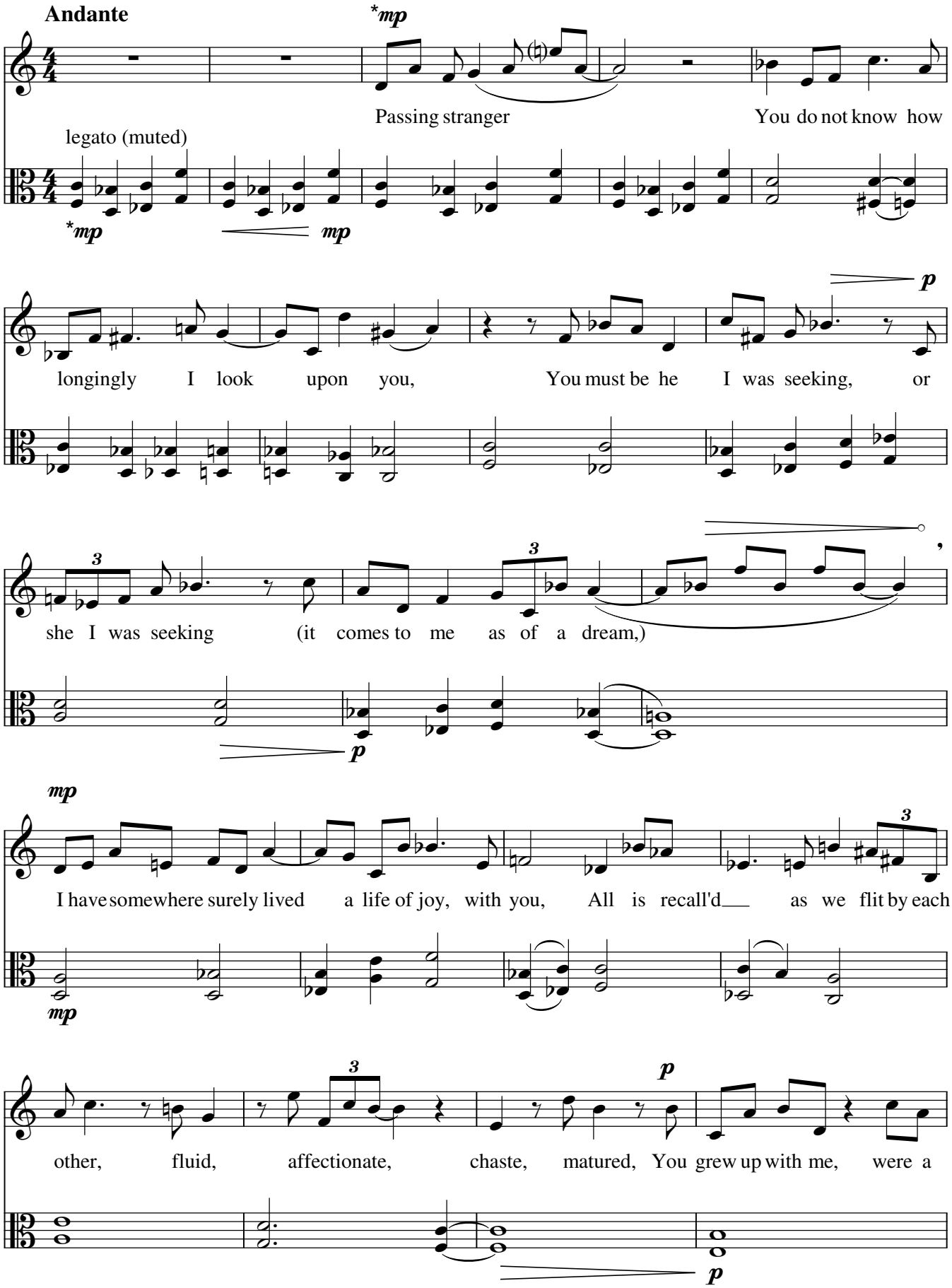
For viola and voice

Glimpse

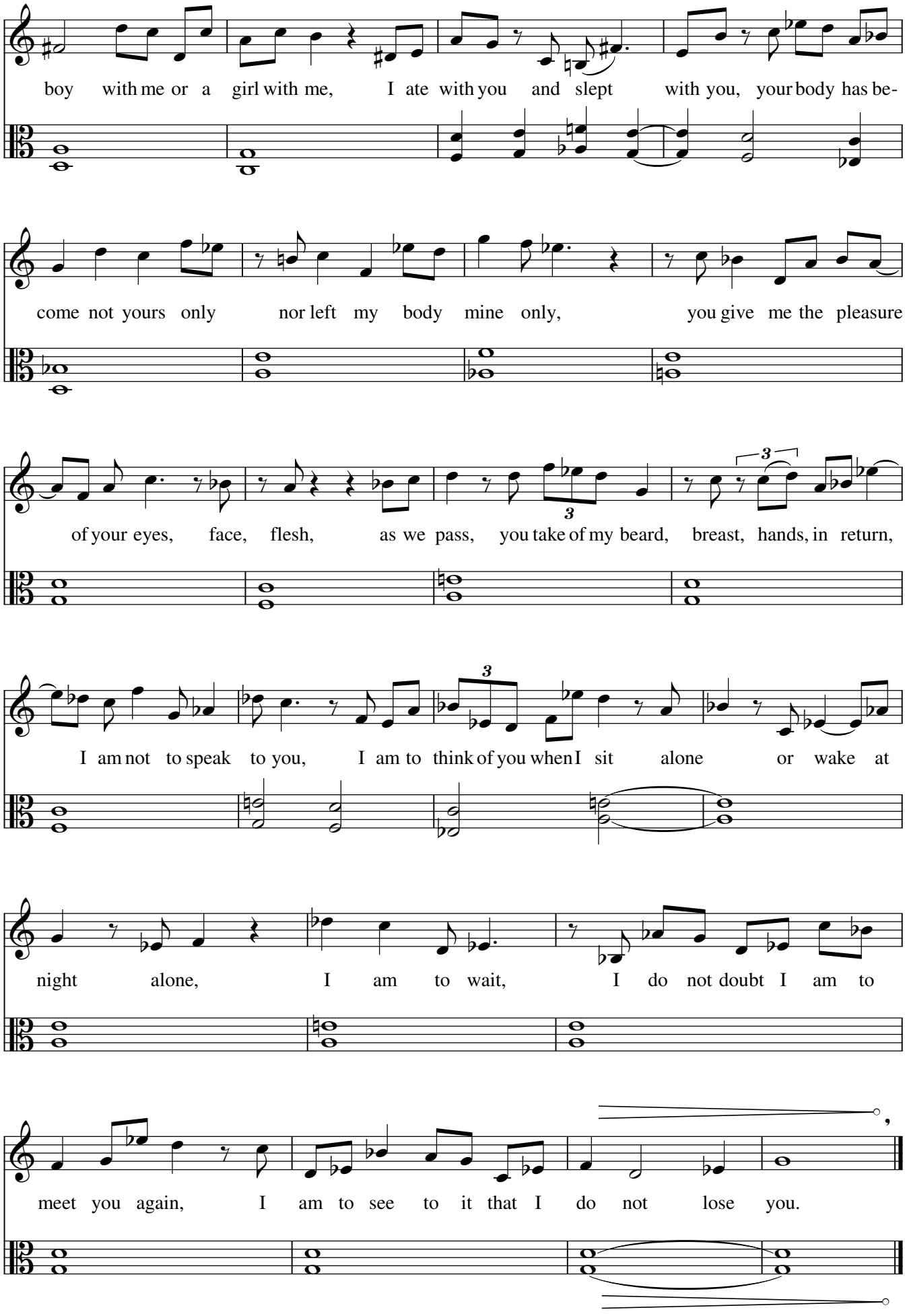
for Mel Moore

Andrew Toovey 2022
(poems by Walt Whitman)

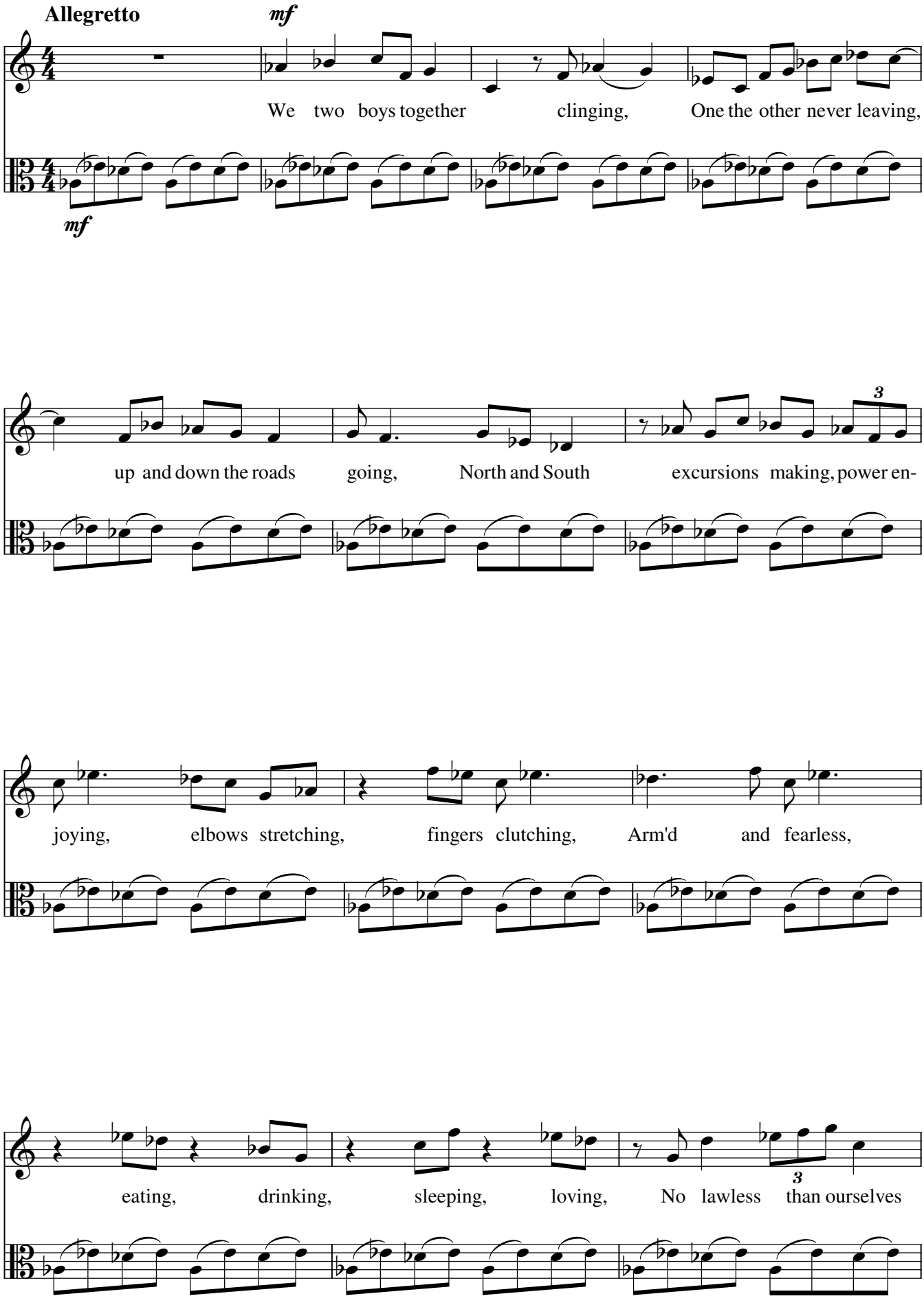
1. To a Stranger

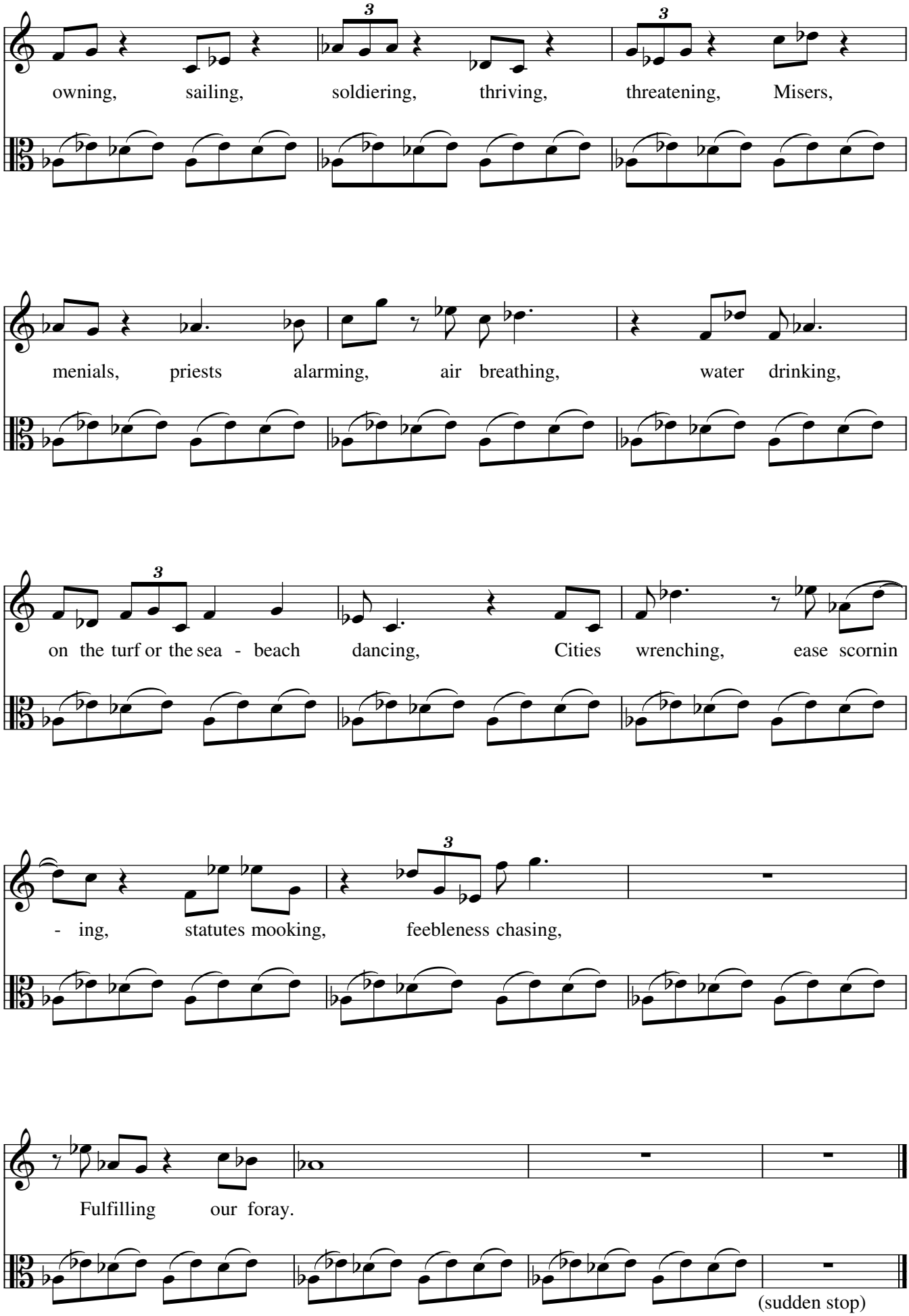


*Throughout these settings, dynamics and tempo should be flexible and allow for ad. lib. < and > and individual interpretation from the performers.


boy with me or a girl with me, I ate with you and slept with you, your body has be-
come not yours only nor left my body mine only, you give me the pleasure
of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take of my beard, breast, hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake at
night alone, I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to
meet you again, I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

2. We Two Boys together Clinging




owning, sailing, soldiering, thriving, threatening, Misers,
menials, priests alarming, air breathing, water drinking,
on the turf or the sea - beach dancing, Cities wrenching, ease scornin
- ing, statutes mooking, feebleness chasing,
Fulfilling our foray.
(sudden stop)

3. A Glimpse

Moderato

mp

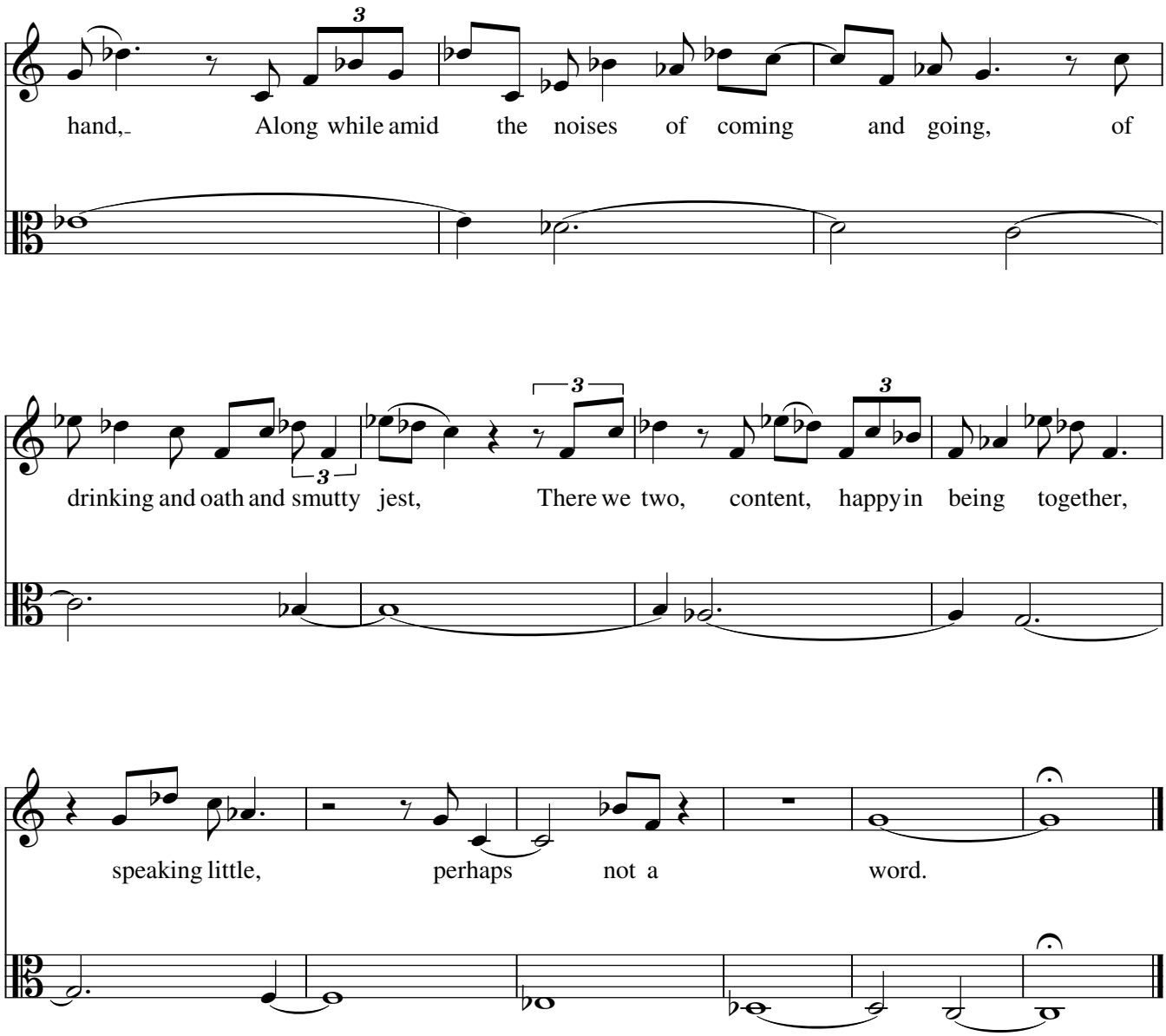
A glimpse through an interstice caught, Of a crowd of workmen and

pp (ad lib.)

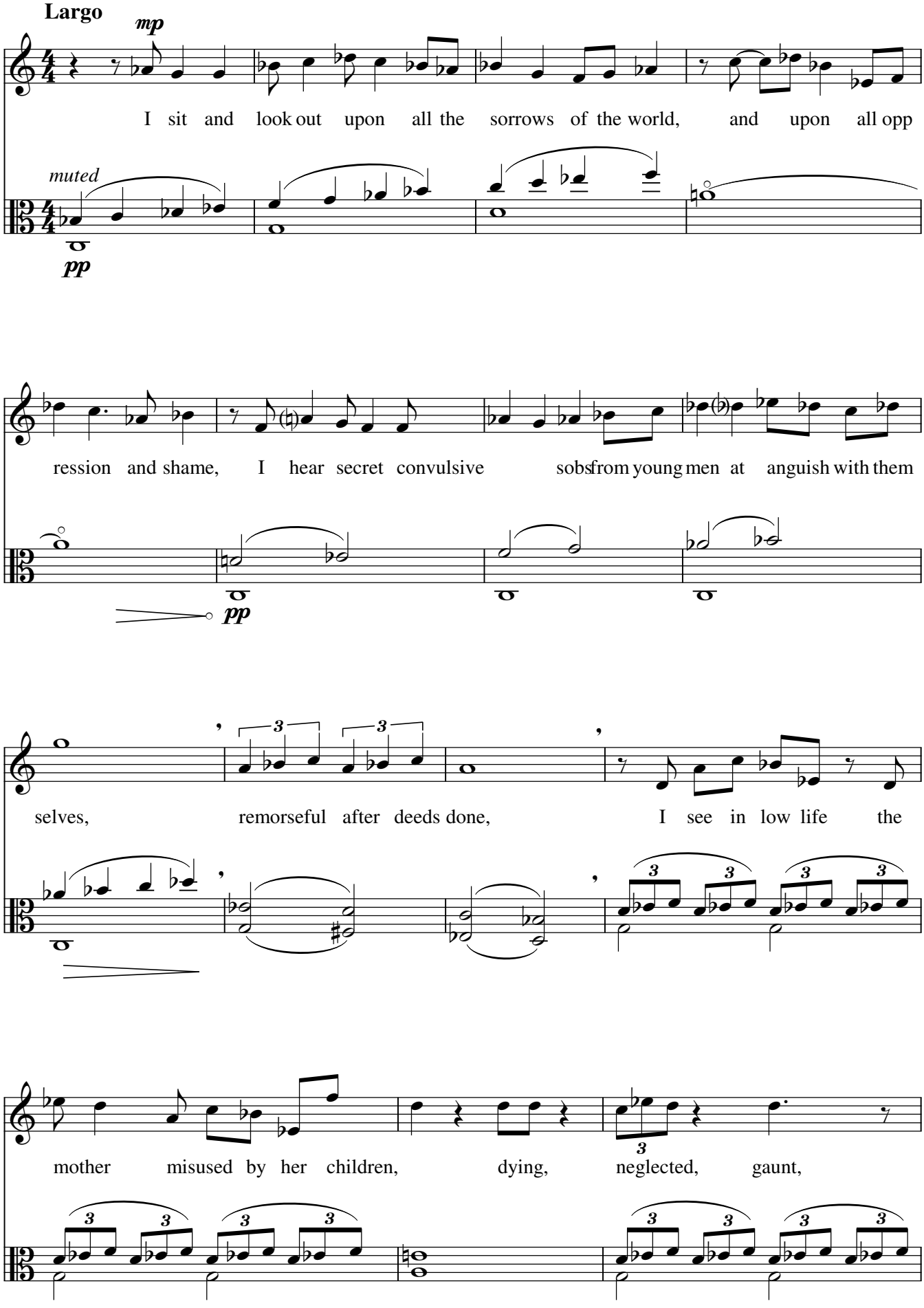
drivers in a bar-room aroundthe stove late of a winter night, and I unremark'd

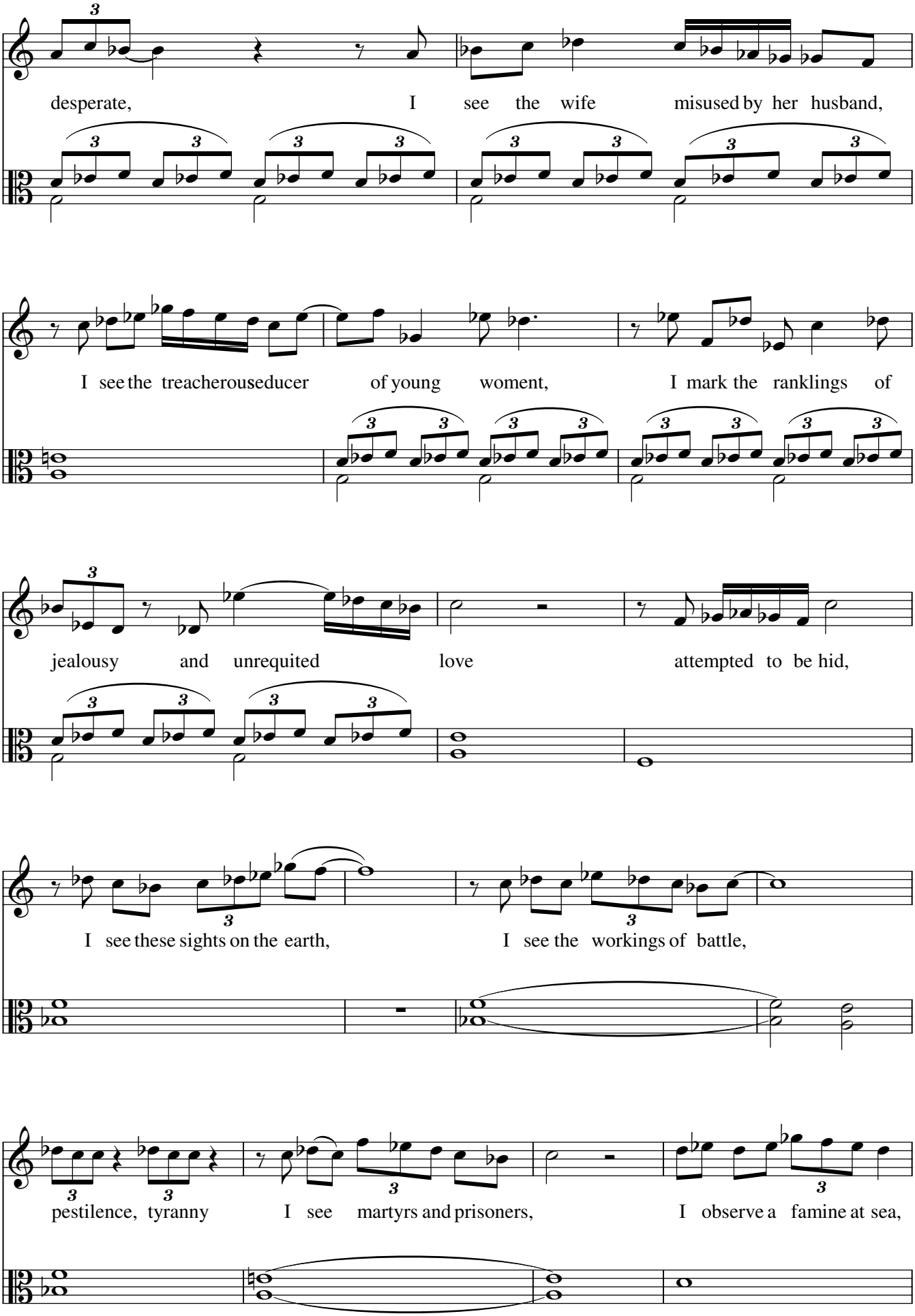
seated in a corner, Of a youth who loves me and whom I love,

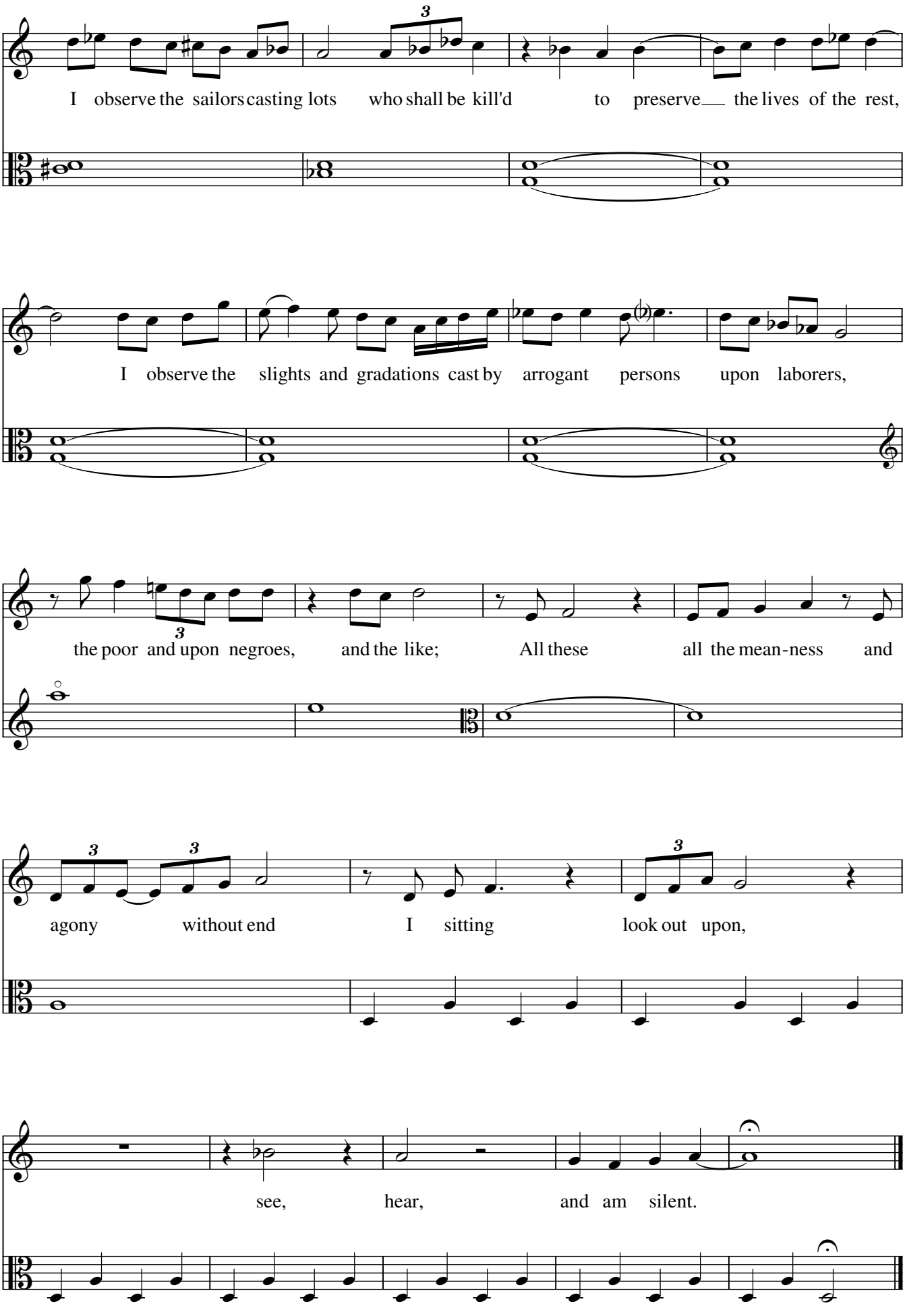
silently approaching and seting himself near, that he may hold me by the


hand, Along while amid the noises of coming and going, of
drinking and oath and smutty jest, There we two, content, happy in being together,
speaking little, perhaps not a word.

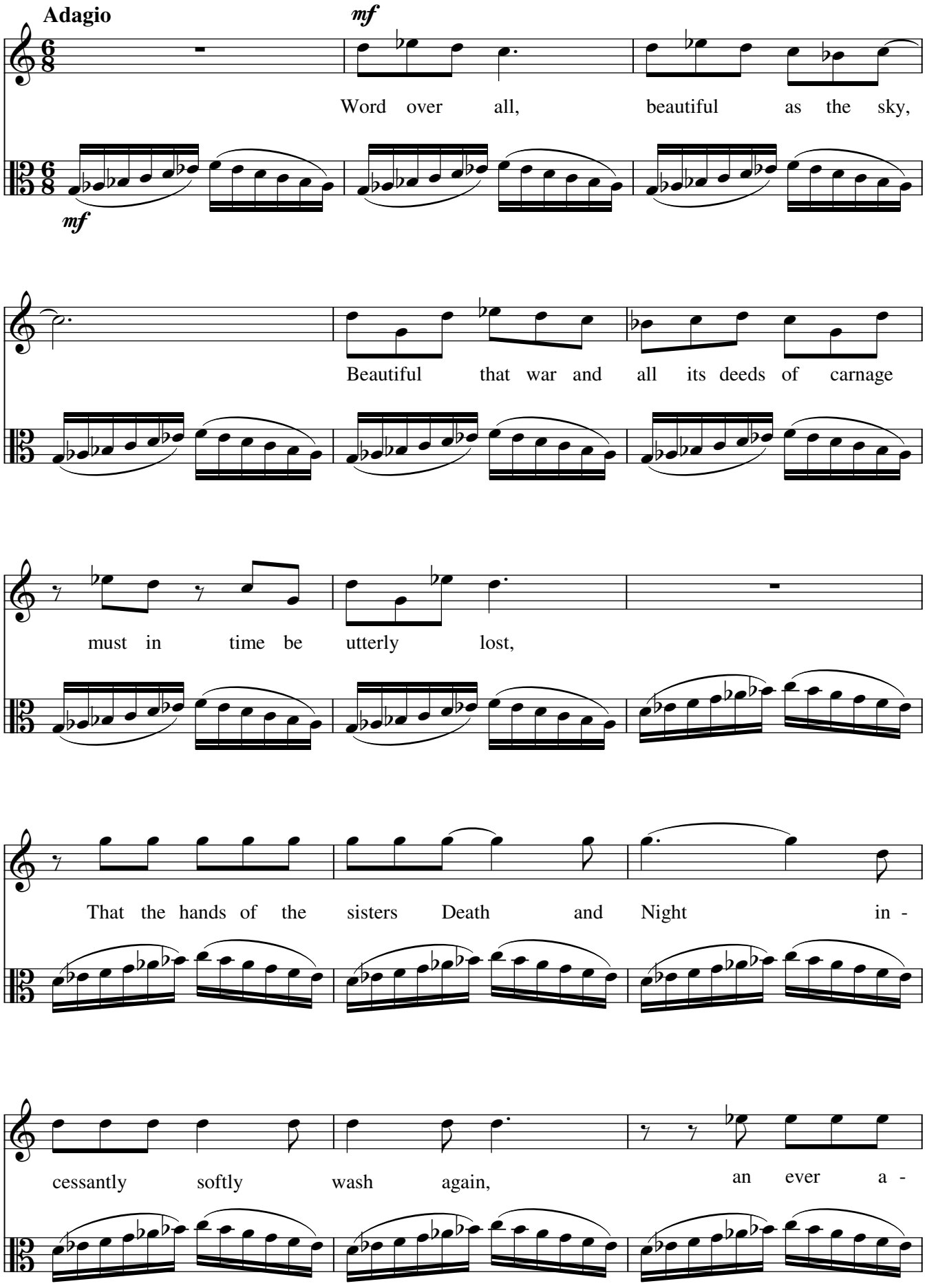
4. I Sit and Look Out

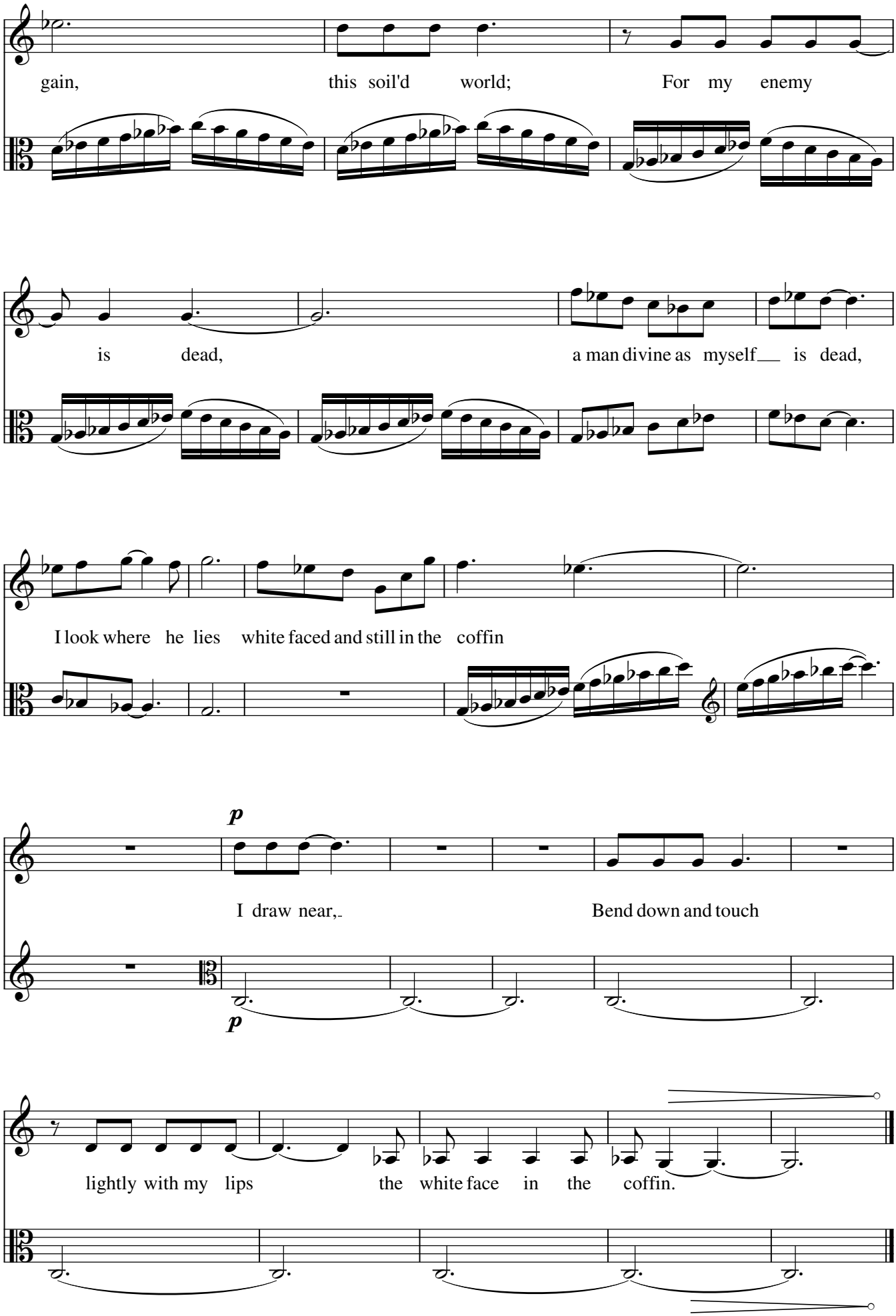



desperate, I see the wife misused by her husband,
I see the treacherouseducer of young woment, I mark the ranklings of
jealousy and unrequited love attempted to be hid,
I see these sights on the earth, I see the workings of battle,
pestilence, tyranny I see martyrs and prisoners, I observe a famine at sea,

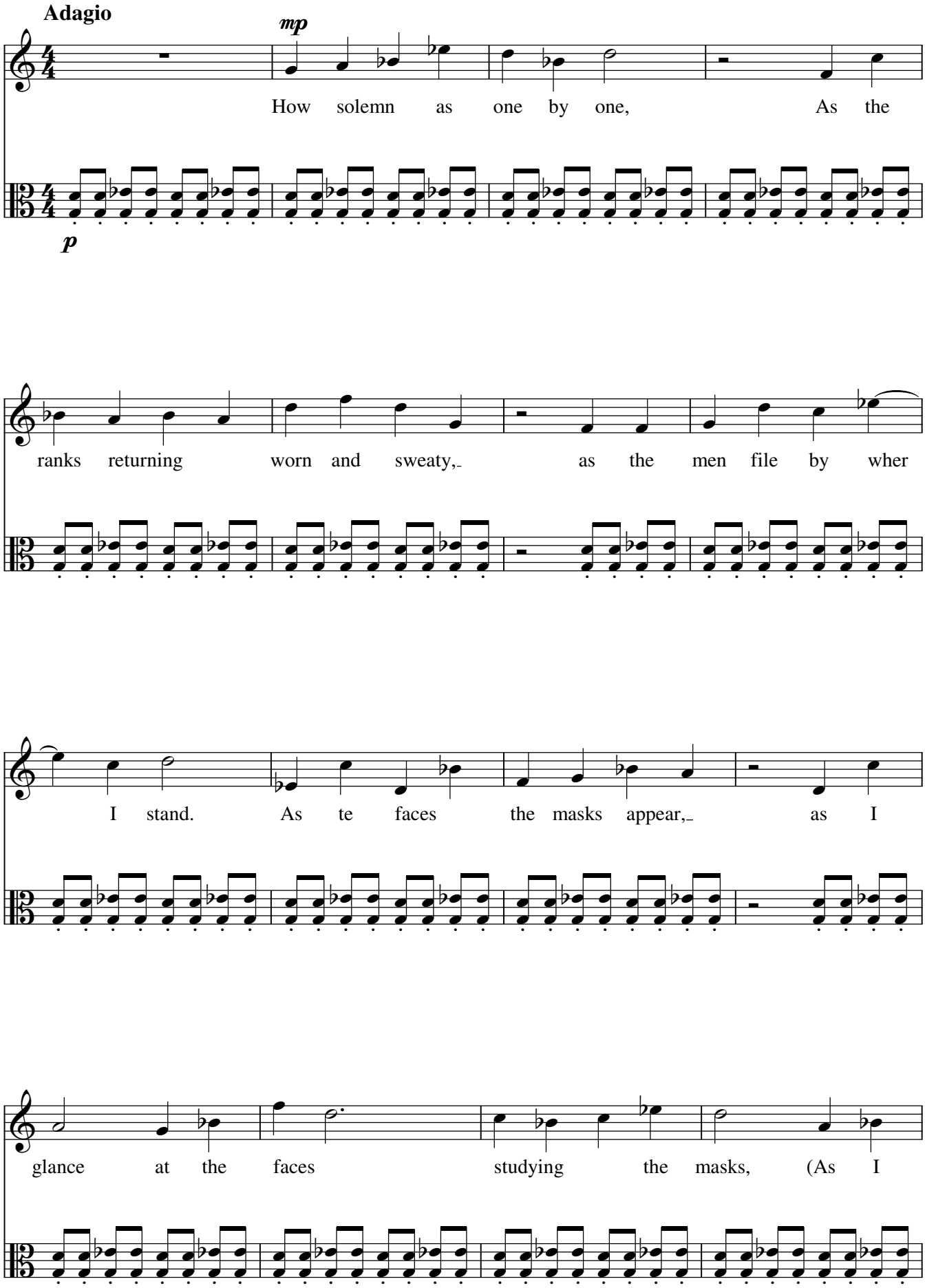

I observe the sailors casting lots who shall be kill'd to preserve the lives of the rest,
I observe the slights and gradations cast by arrogant persons upon laborers,
the poor and upon negroes, and the like; All these all the mean-ness and
agony without end I sitting look out upon,
see, hear, and am silent.

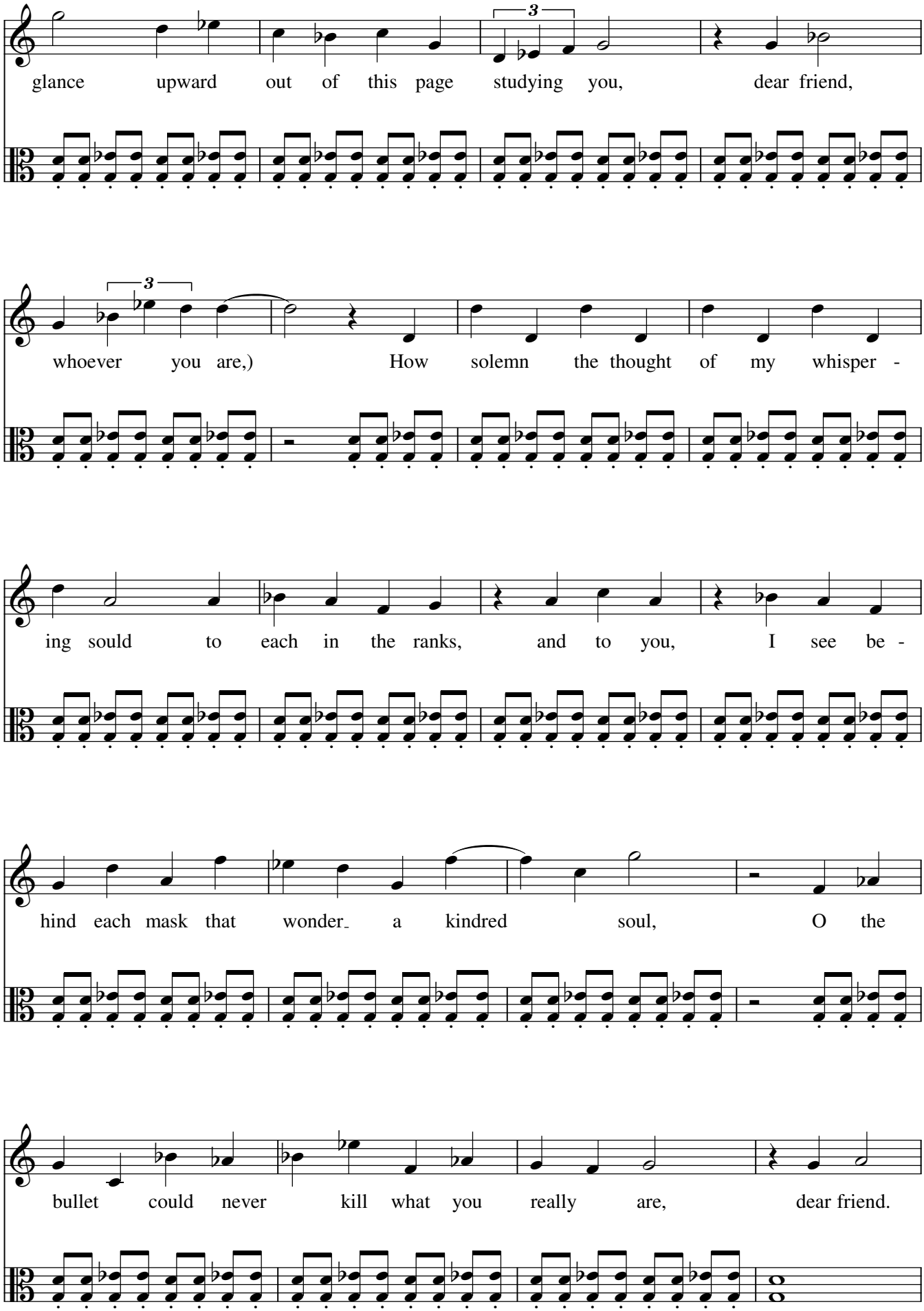
5. Reconciliation

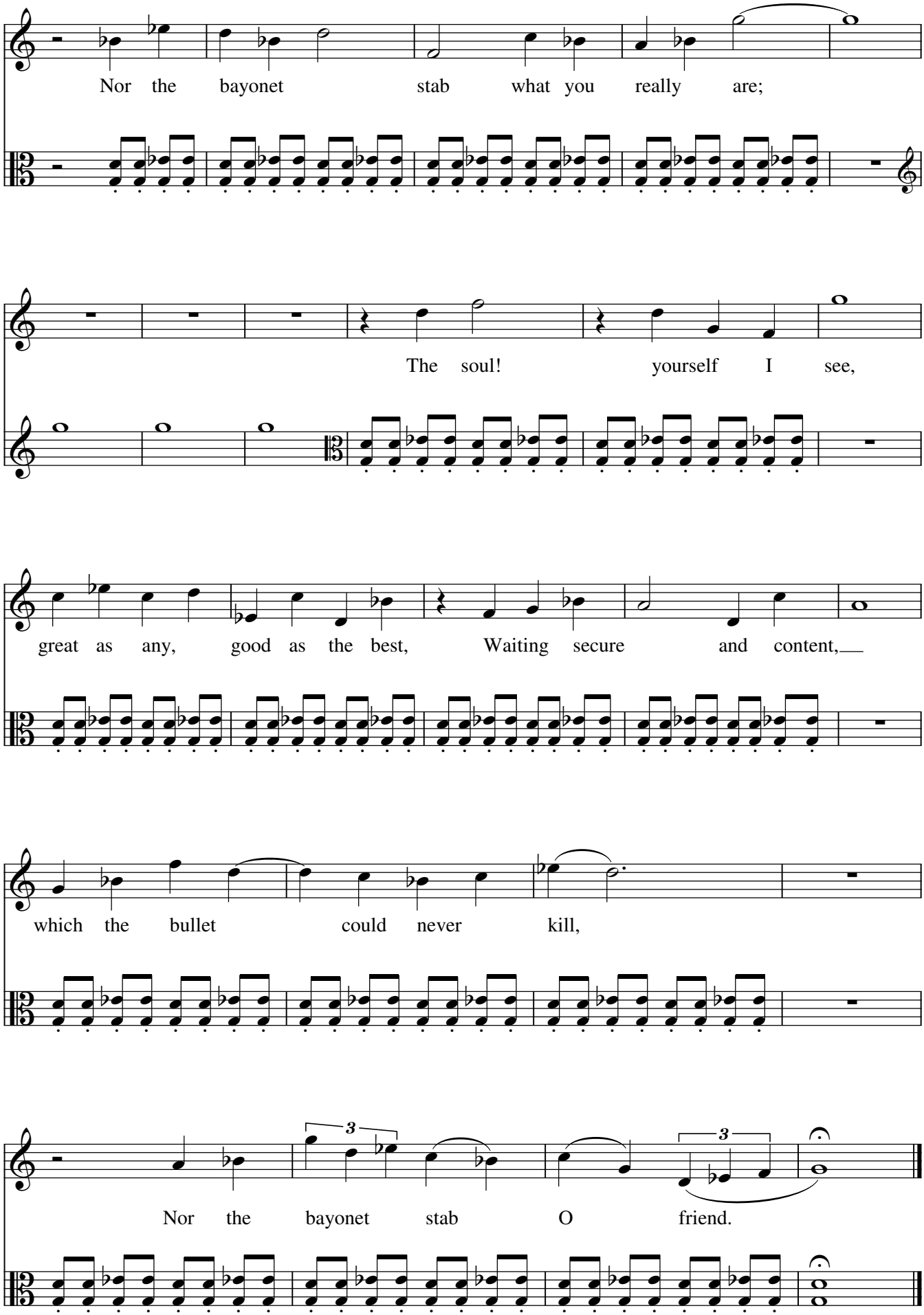



gain, this soil'd world; For my enemy
is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white faced and still in the coffin
p
I draw near, Bend down and touch
p
lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

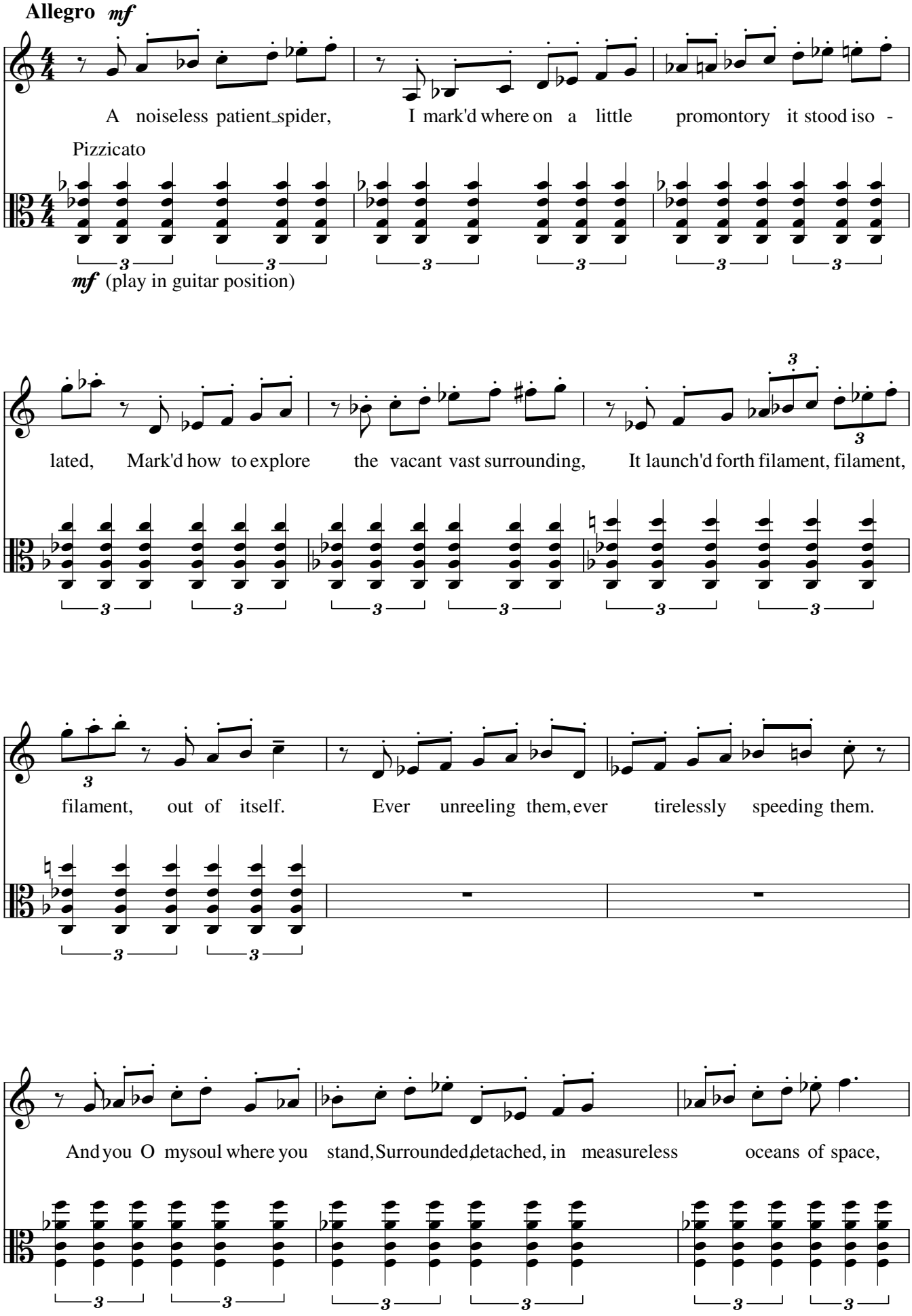
6. How Solemn as One by One

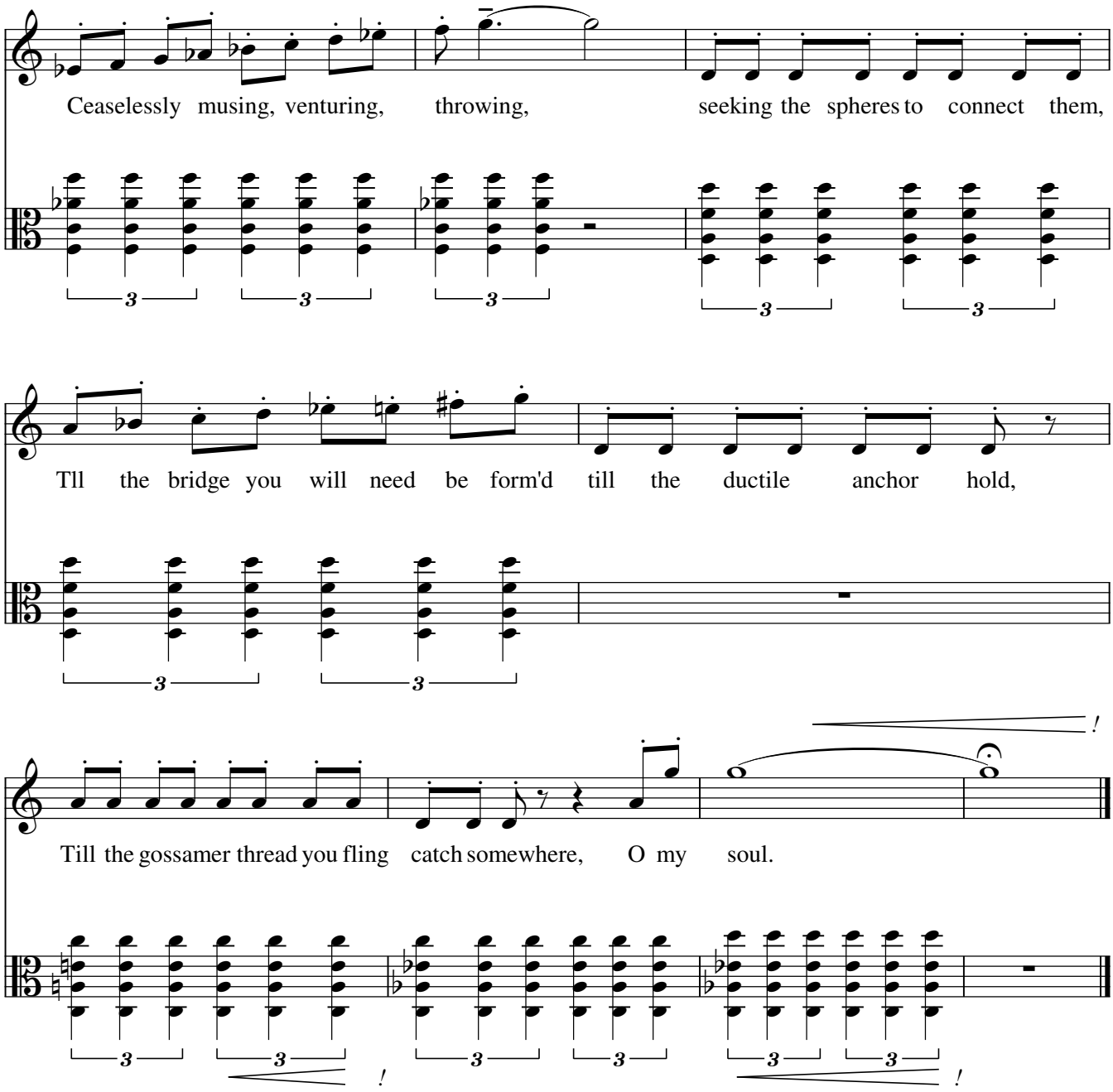



glance upward out of this page studying you, dear friend,
whoever you are,) How solemn the thought of my whisper -
ing sould to each in the ranks, and to you, I see be -
hind each mask that wonder_ a kindred soul, O the
bullet could never kill what you really are, dear friend.


Nor the bayonet stab what you really are;
The soul! yourself I see,
great as any, good as the best, Waiting secure and content,
which the bullet could never kill,
Nor the bayonet stab O friend.

7. A Noiseless Patient Spider




Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Tll the bridge you will need be form'd till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.