Five Poems by E. E. Cummings

Oliver Hickman

Soprano, Voice, Violin, and Piano 2017-18

Performance Notes

Soprano

Lyrics should be sung in a dramatic fashion. Have fun with it.



Speak-sing similar to Sprechstimme. Pitch should be close but it is not required to be exact

Voice

No voice type is necessary however the performer should be comfortable speaking, yelling, whispering, whistling, and singing. Depending on the venue, they may need to be amplified. The part is written in treble clef but can be transposed if needed.



Mouth click. Performer should sweep resonance ad-lib.



Whisper lyric

Violin

The "slow bow" marking indicates the player use a slower than normal bow speed. They should ride the line between steady sound and creaky.

Piano

The piano part is actually two players—one player on the keys and one player inside the piano. There are not separate parts due to the coordination between the parts.

Strings to be marked inside that piano to allow for quick location are as follows: $F^{\sharp}2$, G2, B2, C3, $A^{\flat}3$, A3, $B^{\flat}3$, B3, F4, $G^{\flat}4$, G4, B4, E5, $F^{\sharp}5$, $G^{\sharp}5$, $F^{\sharp}6$.



Indicates a preparation in I and III. a guitar pick or medium thickness should be interwoven on the D4 strings so that it very lightly touches the C^{\sharp} and E^{\flat} notes around it.



Indicates a plucked string either with fingernail or pick.



Lightly mute string.



Harp-like gliss on high strings. Let ring.



Sustain pedal down. Dampen strings with one hand, hit same strings with the other.



Player on the strings should lightly touch strings and octave below written to create harmonics and move up and down the strings. Player on the keys should trill between the two notes.

Five Poems

Ι

into the strenuous briefness Life:

handorgans and April darkness, friends

i charge laughing. Into the hair-thin tints of yellow dawn, into the women-coloured twilight

i smilingly glide. I into the big vermilion departure swim, sayingly;

(Do you think?) the i do, world is probably made of roses & hello:

(of solongs and, ashes)

II

O sweet spontaneous earth how often have the doting

fingers of prurient philosophies pinched and poked

thee has the naughty thumb of science prodded thy

beauty how often have religions taken thee upon their scraggy knees squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive gods

but true

to the incomparable couch of death thy rhythmic

lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring

III

but the other day i was passing a certain gate rain fell as it will

in spring ropes of silver gliding from sunny thunder into freshness

as if god's flowers were pulling upon bells of gold i looked up

and thought to myself death and will You with elaborate fingers possibly touch

the pink hollyhock existence whose pansy eyes look from morning till night into the street unchangingly the always

old lady sitting in her gentle window like a reminiscence partaken

softly at whose gate smile always the chosen flowers of reminding

IV

in Justspring when the world is mudluscious the little lame baloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddyandbill come running from marbles and piracies and it's spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer old baloonman whistles far and wee and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's spring and the goat-footed

baloonMan whistles far and wee

\mathbf{V}

spring omnipotent goddess Thou dost stuff parks with overgrown pimply chevaliers and gumchewing giggly

damosels Thou dost persuade to serenade his lady the musical tom-cat Thou dost inveigle

into crossing sidewalks the unwary june-bug and the frivolous angleworm Thou dost hang canary birds in parlour windows

Spring slattern of seasons you have soggy legs and a muddy petticoat drowsy

is your hair your eyes are sticky with dream and you have a sloppy body from

being brought to bed of crocuses when you sing in your whisky voice

the grass rises on the head of the earth and all the trees are put on edge

spring of the excellent jostle of thy hips and the superior

slobber of your breasts i am so very fond that my soul inside of me hollers for thou comest

and your hands are the snow and thy fingers are the rain and your feet O your feet

freakish feet feet incorrigible

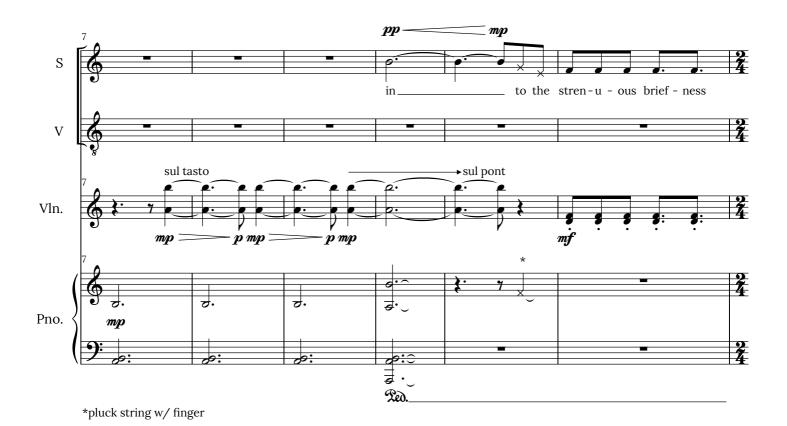
ragging the world

E. E. Cummings Published by *The Dial* in 1920

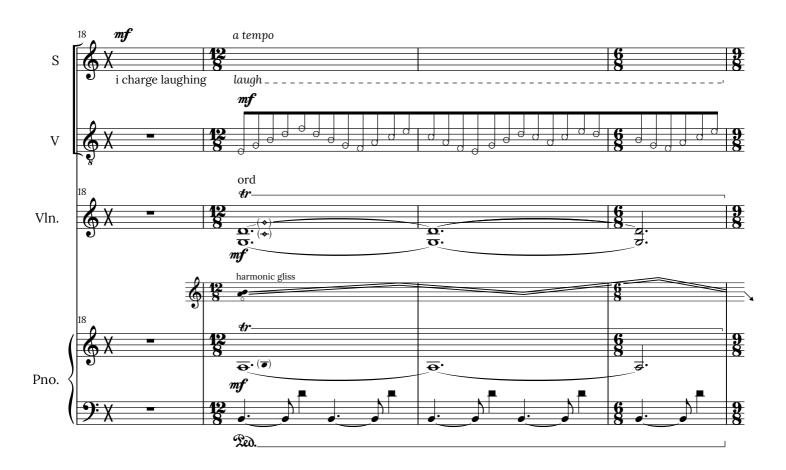
I into the strenuous briefness

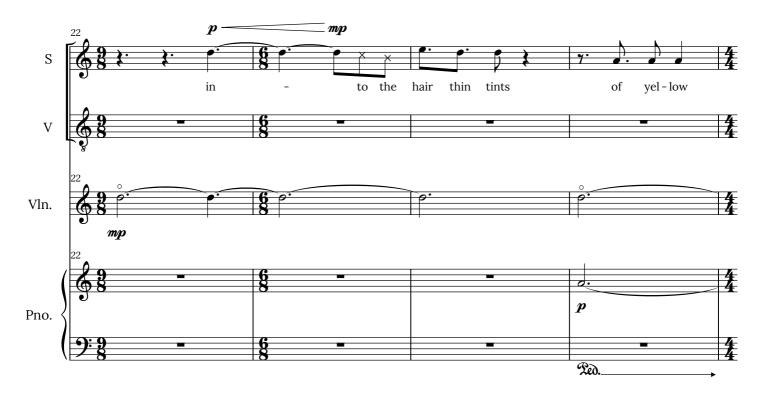
Oliver Hickman text by E. E. Cummings

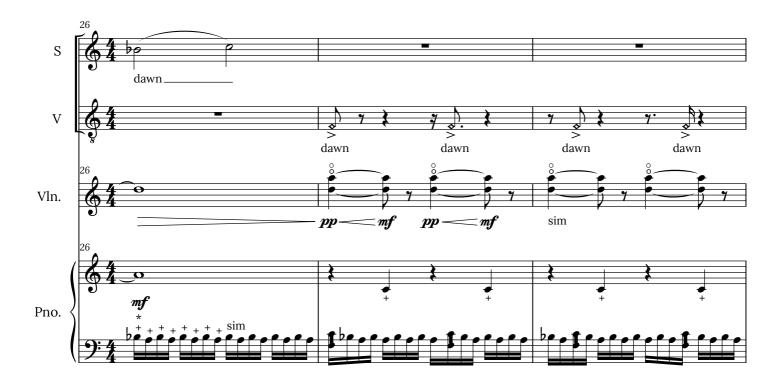




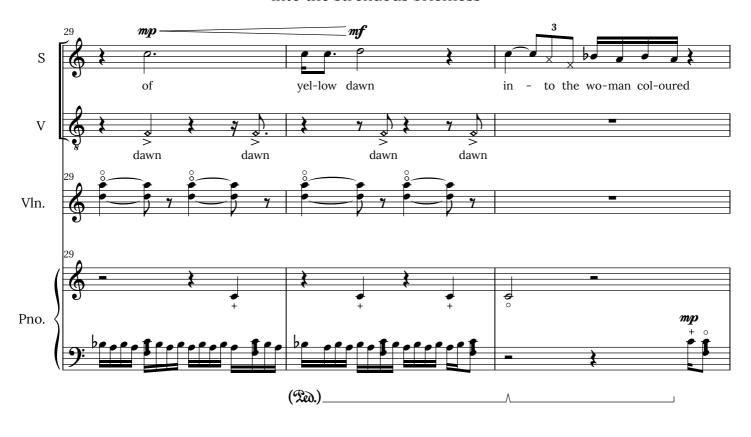


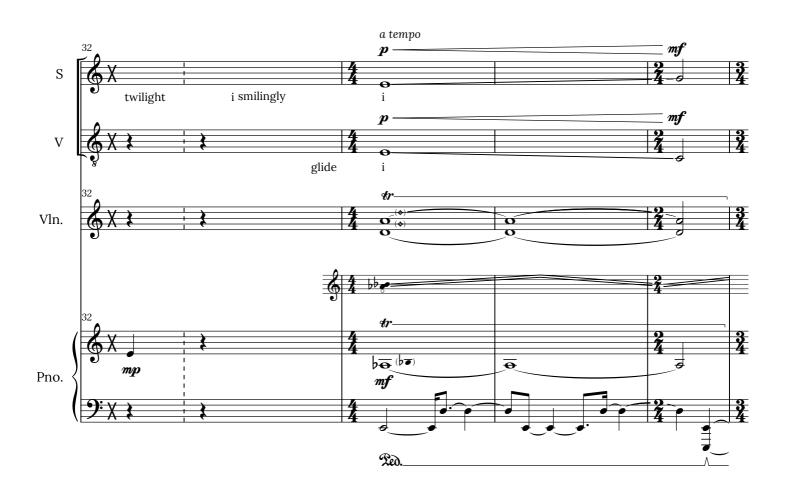




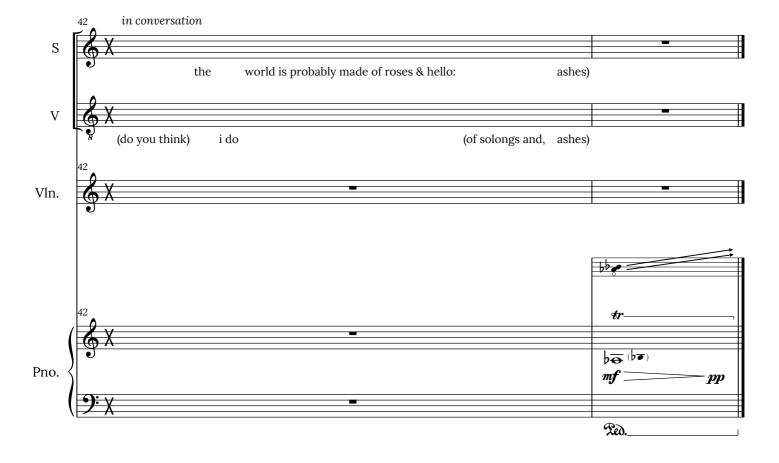


^{*}lightly dampen strings with hand



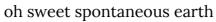


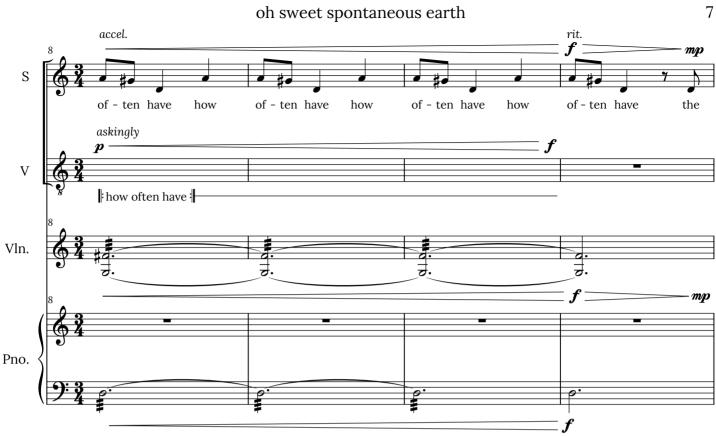


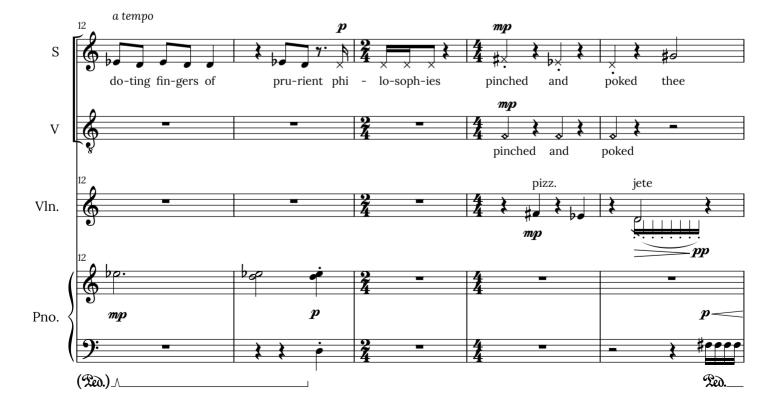


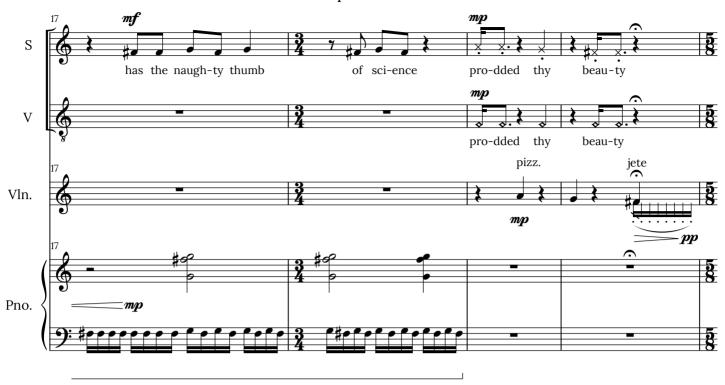
II oh sweet spontaneous earth

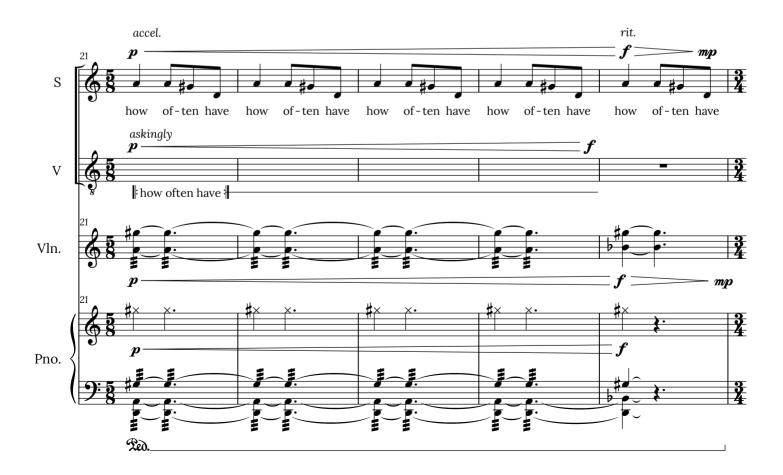




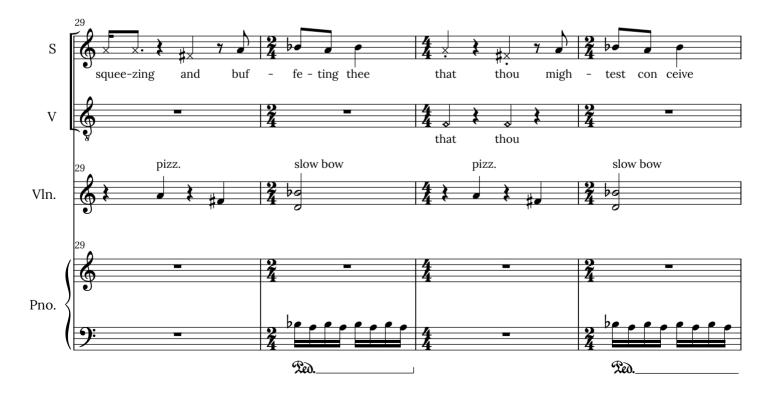








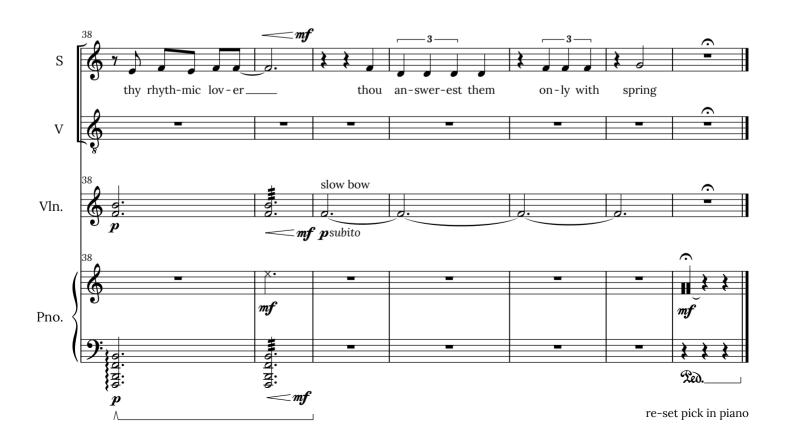




^{*}dampen strings with one hand; hit same strings with other hand

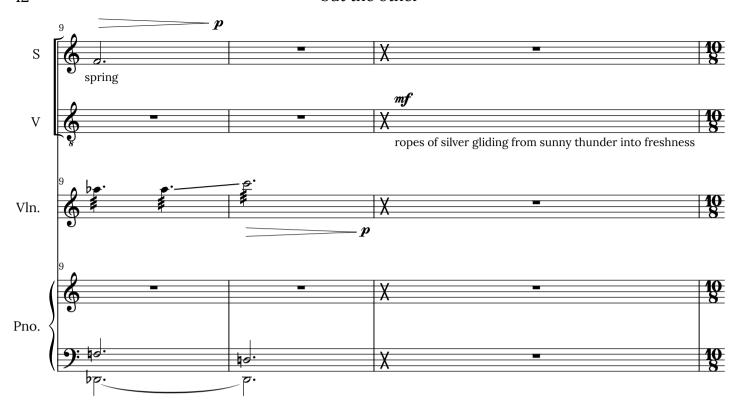
oh sweet spontaneous earth

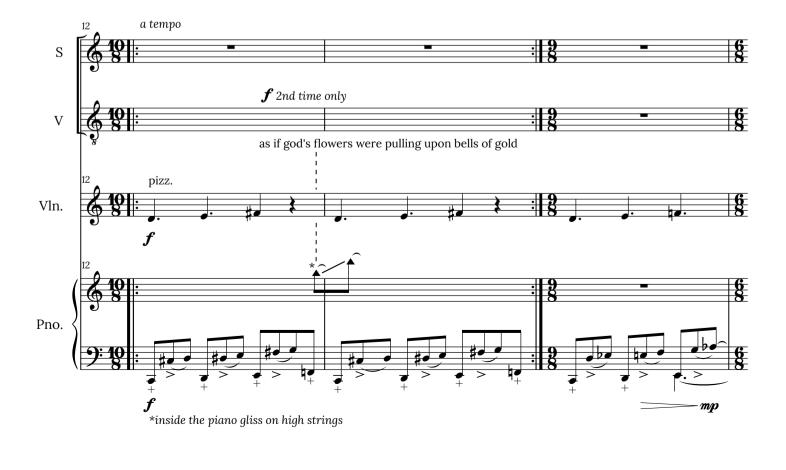


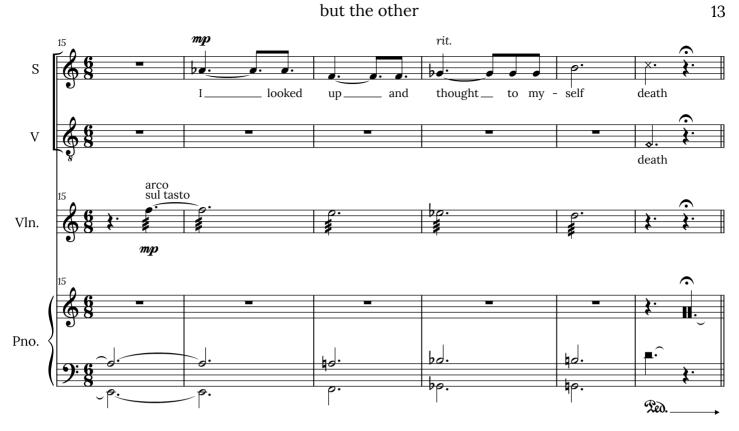


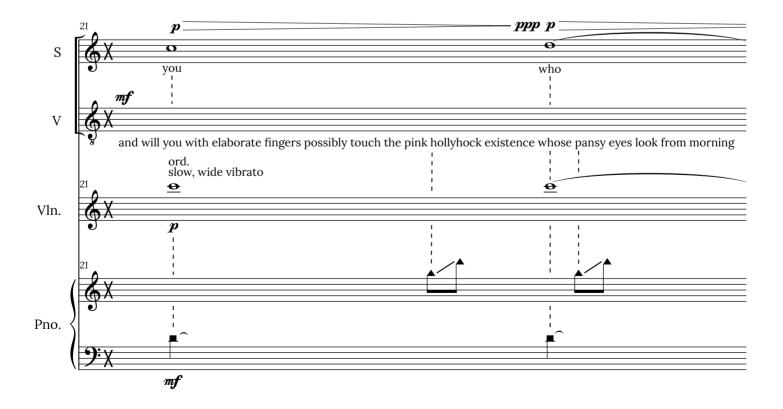
III but the other



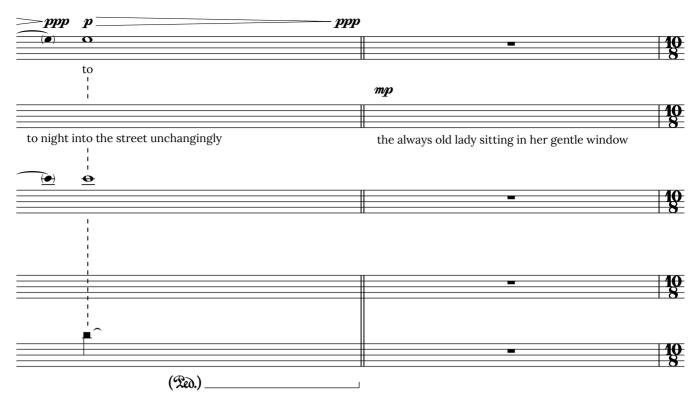


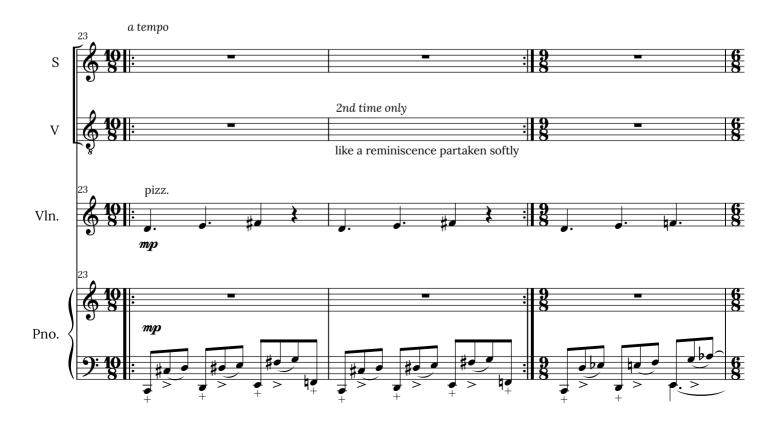




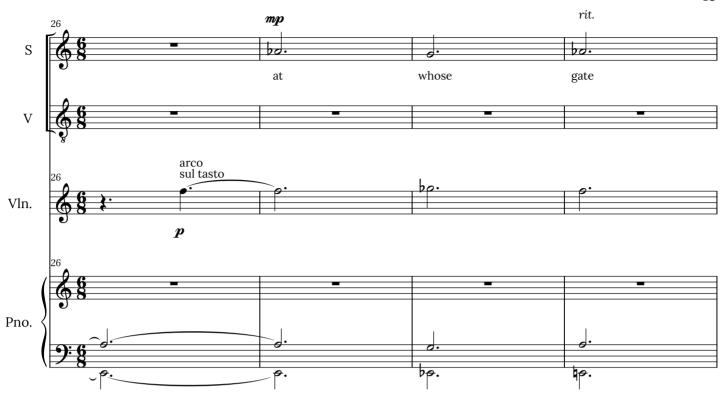


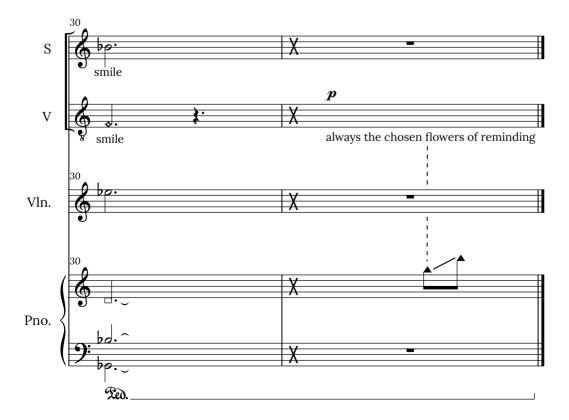
14 but the other







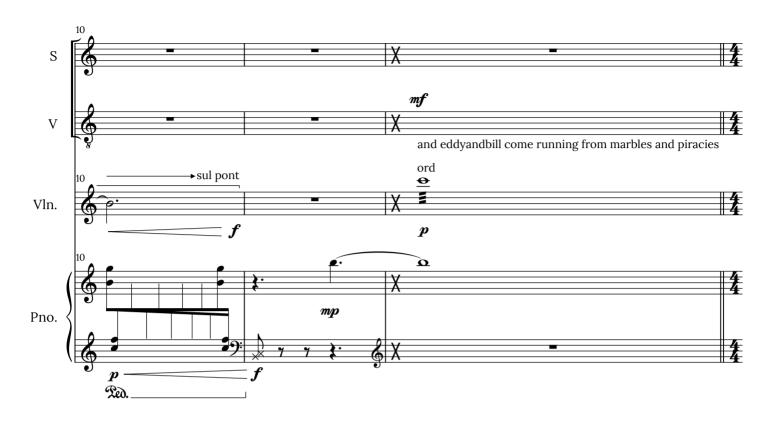


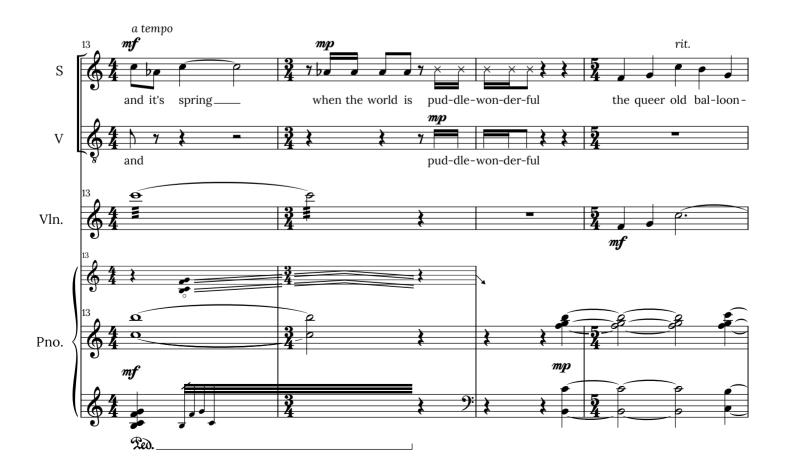


IV in Just-

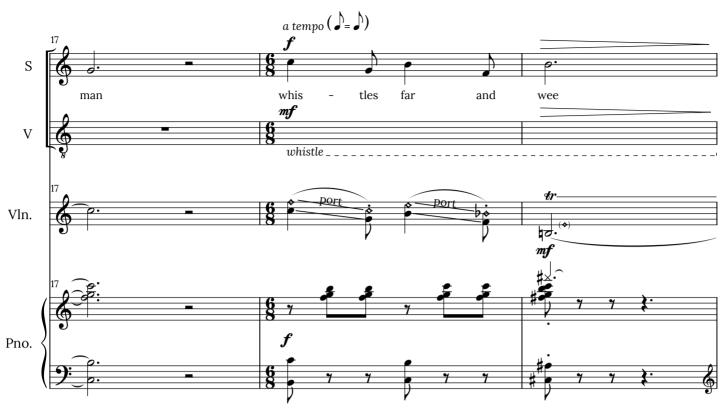


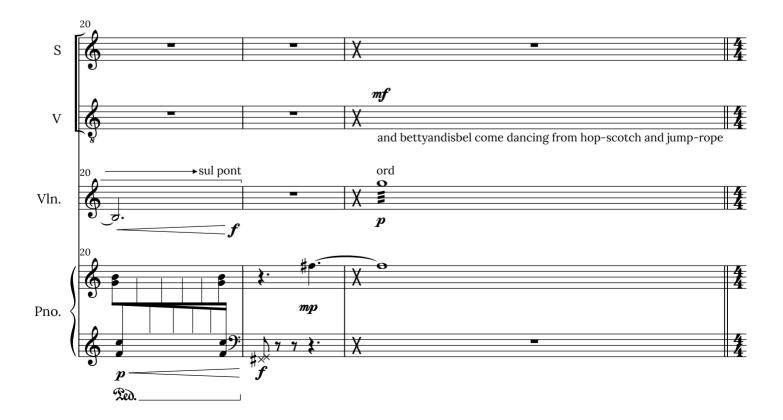
in Just-



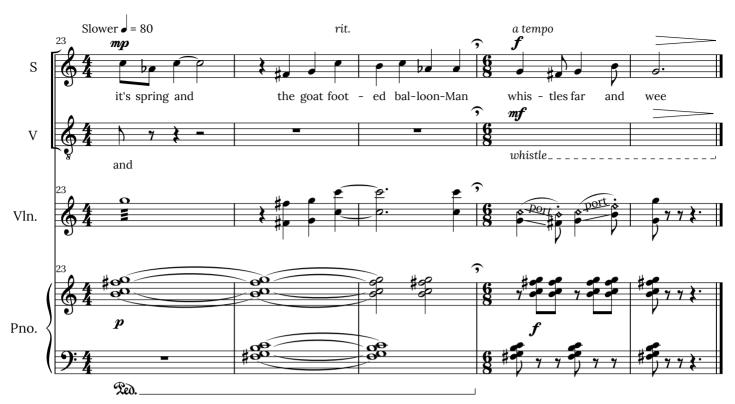


18 in Just-





in Just-



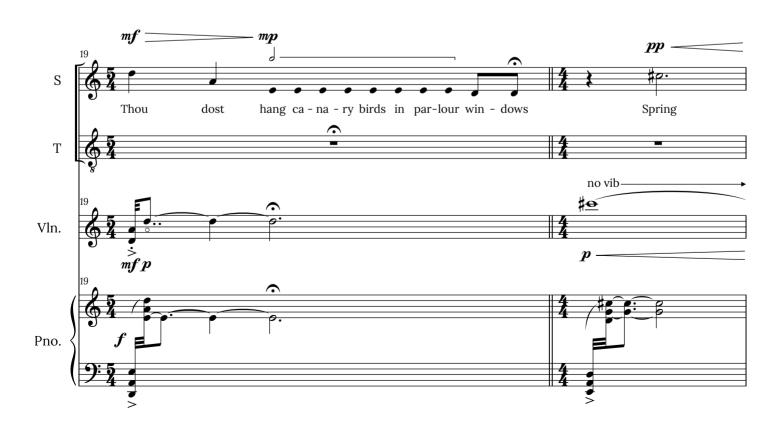
V spring omnipotent goddess Thou



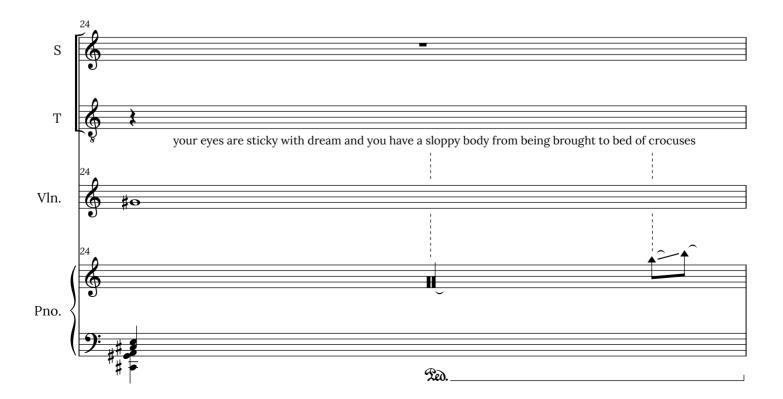


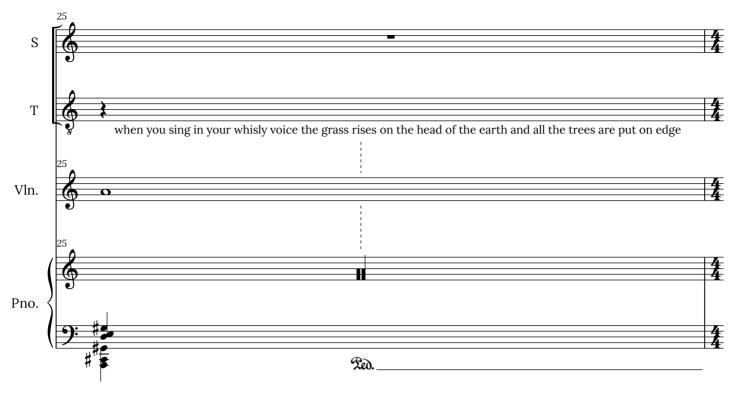


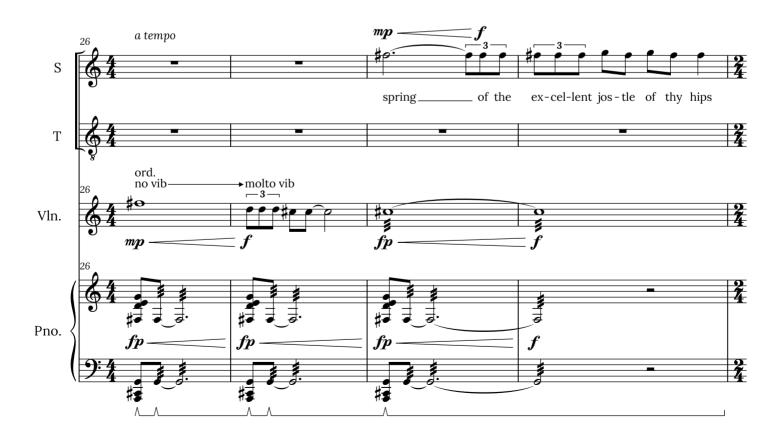


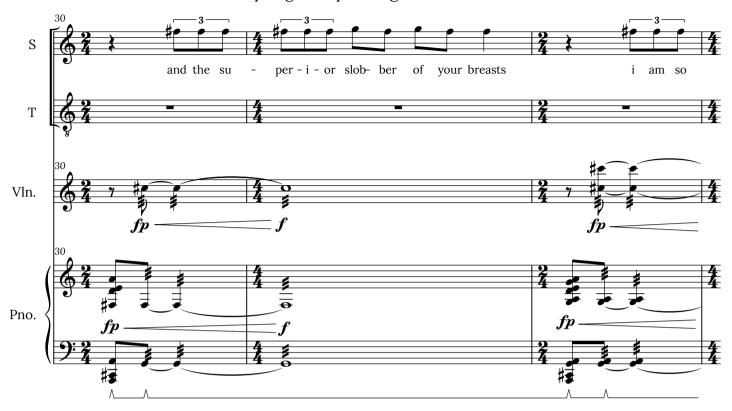


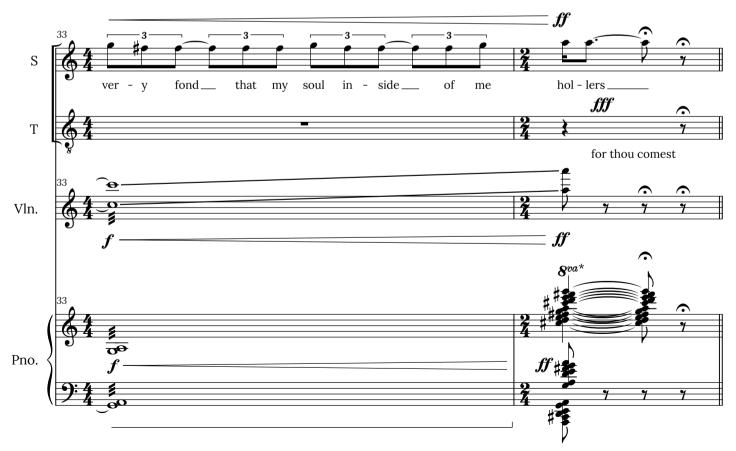












^{*} player inside of the piano moves to the keys



