

TEXT SETTING

**A Set of Text Setting Exercises for
SMMS/RSAMD**

Tom David Wilson

Set 4

An Anthology of Texts.

Student Name.....

4 x 1 hour lessons

Date for completion of Set.....

Your text settings will by now have reached a level of sophistication and creativity to make them free compositions in their own right. They will reflect your response to the given text and will be informed by your music making and listening in other disciplines; for example, your studies of harmony and counterpoint in received styles, your singing and playing in various groups, your general listening and directed research. You will remember the lessons learned and issues discussed in Sets 1 – 3 but will now also consider textures for unaccompanied and accompanied choirs, accompaniments for various instrumental groupings, solo or massed voices. It may help you to keep a note of the various vocal pieces you listen to and to record your responses, good or bad, to them.

This set consists of an anthology of texts that I have used over many years for my own text setting as well as source material for students. It is by no means exhaustive and you would be encouraged to seek out your own selection. It will certainly help your creative process if you set a text about which you felt strongly.

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Texts by Mervyn Peake (copyright by Maeve Gilmore 1972)

LITTLE SPIDER

Little spider
spiding sadly
in the webly
light of leaves!
Why deride a
spide's mentadly
when it's hebly
full of grieves?

Little spider
legged and lonely
in the bony
way of thieves.
where's the fly-da
On the phonebly?

O LITTLE FLY

O little fly! Delightful fly!
Perch on my wrist again:
Then rub your legs and dry your eye,
And climb my fist again:

For surely here, the atmosphere
Is somehow right and good for you,
I love you most when as your host
I'm in the mood for you.

HOW FLY THE BIRDS OF HEAVEN

How fly the birds of heaven save by their wings?
How tread the stags, those huge and hairy things,
Save by their feet? How do the fishes turn
In their wet purlieus, where the mermaids yearn,
Save by their tails? How does the plantain sprout,
Save by that root it cannot do without,
I hope that I have made my meaning clear.....

OF PYGMIES, PALMS AND PIRATES

Of pygmies, palms and pirates,
Of islands and lagoons,
Of blood-bespotted frigates,
Of crags and octoroons,
Of whales and broken bottles,
Of quicksands cold and gray,
Of ullages and dottles,
I have no more to say.

Of barley, corn and furrows,
Of farms and turf that heaves
Above such ghostly burrows
As twitch on summer eves
Of fallow-land and pasture,
Of skies both pink and grey,
I made a statement last year
And have no more to say.

IT IS MOST BEST

It is most best,
Most very best,
To frown upon a welcome guest-
To frown and weep-
O lackaday!
Then to tie him to a hornet's nest
And steel away.

It may be he is nice
And mild
And welcome to a little child:
It well may be O lackaday!
So leave him where
The wasps are wild,
And steal away.

O'ER SEAS THAT HAVE NO BEACHES

O'er seas that have no beaches
To end their waves upon,
I floated with twelve peaches,
A sofa and a swan.

The blunt waves crashed above us
The sharp waves burst around,
There was no one to love us,
No hope of being found-

Where, on the notched horizon
So endlessly a-drip,
I saw all of a sudden
No sign of any ship.

AN ANGRY CACTUS DOES NO GOOD

An angry cactus does no good
To flowers in a pensive mood,
It riles them something horrible-
 O well away, keep well away,
The whole affair's deplorable,
As one might say.

But take the humble spinach-flower
That lifts it's whiskers to the shower
As 'twere a kind of benison
O weladay, keep well away.
It quotes the work of Tennyson
The livelong day.

THE TROUBLE WITH GERANIUMS

The trouble with geraniums
is that they're much too red!
The trouble with my toast is that
it's far too full of bread.

The trouble with a diamond
is that it's much too bright.
The same applies to fish and stars
and the electric light.

The trouble with the stars I see
lies in the way they fly.
The trouble with myself is all
self-centred in the eye.

The trouble with my looking-glass
is that it shows me, me:
there's trouble in all sorts of things
where it should never be.

CROCODILES

She stared at him as hard as she
Could stare, but not a single blush
Suffused his face like dawn at sea
Or roses in a bush –

For crocodiles are very slow
At taking hints because their hide's
So thick it never feels *de trop*,
And tender like a bride's.

O LOVE! O DEATH! O ECSTACY!

O Love! O Death! O Ecstasy!
O rhubarb burning by the sea!
O day of nought – O night of doubt
Beneath the moon's marmorial snout
Ah pity, pity me!

A voice across the coughing brine
Has sewn your spirit into mine,
O Love! it is for me to die
Upon your bosom noisily.

Along the cold, regurting
Shore we passed,
My arm around her irritating
Wasp-like waist
She likes it so.

O HERE IT IS AND THERE IT IS!

O here it is! And there it is!
And no one knows whose share it is
Nor dares to stake a claim –
But we have seen it in the air
A fairy like a William Pear –
With but itself to blame.

A thug it is – and smug it is
And like a floating pug it is
Above the orchard trees
It has no right – no right at all
To soar above the orchard wall
With chilblains on its knees.

LEAN SIDEWAYS ON THE WIND

Lean sideways on the wind, and if it bears
Your weight, you are a daughter of the Dawn –
If not, pick up your carcass, dray your tears,
Brush down your dress – for that sweet elfin horn

You thought you heard was from no fairyland –
Rather it flooded through the kitchen floor,
From where your Uncle Eustace and his band
Of flautists turn my cellar, more and more

Into a place of hollow and decay:
That is my theory, darling, anyway.

THE MEN IN BOWLER HATS ARE SWEET

The Men in Bowler Hats are sweet!
And dance through April showers,
So innocent! Oh, it's a treat
To watch their tiny little feet
Leap nimbly through the arduous wheat
Among the lambs and flowers.

Many and many is the time
That I have watched them play,
A broker drenched in glimmering rime,
A banker, innocent of crime,
With lots of bears and bulls, in time
To share the holiday.

The grass is lush – the moss is plush,
The trees are hands at prayer.
The banker and the broker flush
To see a white rose in a bush,
And gasp with joy, and with a blush
They hug each bull and bear.

The Men in Bowler Hats are sweet
Beneath their bowler hats.
It's not their fault if, in the heat
Of their transactions, I repeat
It's not their fault if vampires meet
And gurgle in their spats.

Texts by John Cooper Clarke (copyright April Music 1977)

I MUSTN'T GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN

sunken yachtsmen
sinking yards
drunken scotsmen
drinking hard
every lunatic and his friend
i mustn't go down to the sea again

the ocean drags
its drowning men
emotions flag
me down again
tell tracy babs and gwen
i musn't go down to the sea again

the rain whips
the promenade
it drips on chips
they turn to lard
i'd send a card if i had a pen
i musn't go down to the sea again

a string of pearls
from the bingo bar
for a girl
who looks like ringo star
she's mad about married men
i mustn't go down to the sea again

the clumsy kiss
that ends in tears
how i wish
i wasn't here
tell tony mike and len
i musn't go down to the sea again

I WANNA BE YOURS

let me be your vacuum cleaner
breathing in your dust
let me be your ford cortina
i will never rust
if you like your coffee hot
let me be your coffee pot
you call the shots
i wanna be yours

let me be your raincoat
for those frenquent rainy days
let me be your dreamboat
when you wanna sail away
let me be your teddy bear
take me with you anywhere
i don't care
i wanna be yours

let me be your electric meter
i will not run out
let me be the electric heater
you get cold without
let me be your setting lotion
hold your hair
with deep devotion
deep as the deep
atlantic ocean
that's how deep is my emotion
deep deep deep deep de deep
i don't wanna be hers
i wanna be yours

FULL-TIME LOSER

stop that horse
he wears my shirt
regret remorse
o how they hurt
i knock on doors
they turn to dirt
always the beggar
never the chooser
half-cleaver
full-time loser

from the slumberland
that time forgot
to the wonderland
of a spineless clot
who understands
who calls the shots
you might know
it's another user
part-time poet
full-time loser

NOTHING

nothing isn't anything
it's tasteless and it's flat
nothing if it's anything
is even less than that
i've got that certain nothing
no one can do without
the spanish call it nada
i call it nowt
i'd take the train but don't care
to travel by myself
all the way from nowhere
to get to nowhere else
nothing ever goes on
nothing never ends
say nothing to no one
it's nothing to do with them
nothing going on and on
nothing wall to wall
it happens once and then it's gone
leaving bagger all

Texts by William Blake (1757-1827)

THE BLOSSOM

Merry Merry Sparrow
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom.

Pretty Pretty Robin
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing sobbing
Pretty Pretty Robin
Near my Bosom.

THE LITTLE BOY LOST

Father, father, where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost,

The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand'ring light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,
Appeared like his father in white

He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.

LAUGHING SONG,

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with the lively green
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene.
When Mary and Susan and Emily.
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha, Ha, He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, Ha, He.

THE SICK ROSE

O rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

THE FLY

Little Fly
Thy summers play,
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance
And drink & sing;
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength & breath;
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

THE LILLY

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:
The humble Sheep, a threatenng horn:
While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD.

Youth of delight come hither.
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new born.
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason.
Dark disputes & artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways,
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead:
And feel they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others when they should be led

Texts by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

FROM KING LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

FROM MACBETH

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

FROM THE TEMPEST

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark! Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

FULL FATHOM FIVE

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,- ding dong bell.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

THE MASTER, THE SWABBER, THE BOATSAIN AND I

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg, Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go Hang!
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

FROM LUCRECE

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night;
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

Texts by T. S. Eliot (1909-62) Copyright 1963

COUSIN NANCY

Miss Nancy Ellicott
Strode across the hills and broke them,
Rode across the hills and broke them –
The barren New England hills –
Riding to hounds
Over the cow-pasture.

Miss Nancy Ellicott smoked
And danced all the modern dances;
And her aunts were not quite sure how they felt about it,
But they knew that it was modern.

Upon the glazed shelves kept watch
Mathew and Waldo, guardians of the faith,
The army of unalterable law.

CONVERSATION GALANTE

I observe: “Our sentimental friend the moon!
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
It may be Prester John’s balloon
Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
To light poor travellers to their distress.”
She then: “How you digress!”

And I then: “Someone frames upon the keys
That exquisite nocturne, with which we explain
The night and moonshine; music which we seize
To body forth our own vacuity.”
She then: “Does this refer to me?”
“Oh no, it is I who am inane.”

“You ,madam, are the eternal humorist,
The eternal enemy of the absolute,
Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist!
With your air indifferent and imperious
At a stroke our mad poetics to confute – “
And – “Are we then so serious?”

SWEENEY ERECT (extract)

Paint me a cavernous waste shore
Cast in the unstilled Cyclades,
Paint me the bold anfractuons rocks
Faced by the snarled and yelping seas.

Display me Aeolus above
Reviewing the insurgent gales
Which tangle Ariadne's hair
And swell with haste the perjured sails.

WHISPERS OF IMMORTALITY (extract)

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures under ground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

DEATH BY WATER (from The Waste Land)

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss

A current under sea
Picked at his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

SWEENEY AGONISTES (extract)

Under the bamboo
Bamboo bamboo
Under the bamboo tree
Two live as one
One live as two
Two live as three
Under the bam
Under the boo
Under the bamboo tree.

Where the breadfruit fall
And the penguin call
And the sound is the sound of the sea
Under the bam
Under the boo
Under the bamboo tree

Where the Gauguin maids
In the banyan shades
Wear palmleaf drapery
Under the bam
Under the boo
Under the bamboo tree.

Tell me in what part of the wood
Do you want to flirt with me?
Under the breadfruit, banyan, palmleaf
Or under the bamboo tree?
Any old tree will do for me
Any old wood is just as good
Any old isle is just my style
Any fresh egg
Any fresh egg
And the sound of the coral sea.

VIRGINIA (from Landscapes)

Red river, red river,
Slow flow heat is silence
No will is still as a river
Still. Will heat move
Only through the mocking-bird
Heard once? Still hills
Wait. Gates wait. Purple trees,
White trees, wait, wait,
Delay, decay. Living, living,
Never moving. Ever moving
Iron thoughts came with me
And go with me:
Red river, river, river.

RANNOCH, BY GLENCOE (from Landscapes)

Here the crow starves, here the patient stag
Breeds for the rifle. Between the soft moor
And the soft sky, scarcely room
To leap or soar. Substance crumbles, in the thin air
Moon cold or moon hot. The road winds in
Listlessness of ancient war,
Languor of broken steel,
Clamour of confused wrong, apt
In silence. Memory is strong
Beyond the bone. Pride snapped,
Shadow of pride is long, in the long pass
No concurrence of bone.

EAST COKER (from Four Quartets, extract)

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

Text by Percy Bysshe Shelley

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Texts by W. B. Yeats (1865-1939)

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Text by James Elroy Flecker (1884-1919)

FROM HASSAN

How splendid in the morning glows the lily; with what
grace he throws
His supplication to the rose: do roses nod the head,
Yasmin?
But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower
of friends,
Whose very name that sweetly ends, I say when I have said,
“Yasmin.”

The morning light is clear and cold; I dare not in that
light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed,
Yasmin.
But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone
highway,
And some to Mecca turn pray, and I toward thy bed,
Yasmin.

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a
soul aswoon,
And harping planets talk love’s tune with milky wings outspread,
Yasmin,
Shower down thy love, O burning bright! for one night
or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead,
Yasmin.

Text by Dylan Thomas (1914-53)

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men. Near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Texts recently prescribed by OCR for “Composing 2”, A Level Music

1:

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! And cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

2:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

John Masefield

3:

Along the field as we came by
A year ago my love and I,
The aspen over stile and stone
Was talking to itself alone.
“Oh who are these that kiss and pass?
A country lover and his lass;
Two lovers looking to be wed;
And time shall put them both to bed,
But she shall lie with earth above,
And he beside another love.”

And sure enough beneath the tree
There walks another love with me,
And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,
But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plain for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad,
And she beside another lad.

Alfred Edward Housman

4:

Panur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.

You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.

Panur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

8th or 9th Century
Translated by W H Auden

Texts from popular songs (from OCR prescriptions)

1:

Today I found a friend,
Who knew everything I felt.
She knew my every weakness,
And the problems I've been dealt.

She understood my wonders,
And listened to my dreams.
She listens to how I felt about life and love,
And knew what it all means.

Not once did she interrupt me,
Or tell me I was wrong.
She understood what I was going through,
And promised she'd stay long.

I reached out to this friend
To show her that I care,
To pull her close and let her know
How much I need her there.

I went to hold her hand
To pull her a bit nearer,
And realized that this perfect friend I found
Was nothing but my mirror.

Monica Khatri

2:

Please don't hate me mama for what I'm about to do
But the good times we've had together are just about now through
Please don't misunderstand me, I hate to see you cry
But I think that it might look better if I told you now goodbye

I'm back on the road again, it's time I leave you now
And maybe I'll see you next time, that I'm around
Until then I hope you're happy baby and good times come your way
I'm back on the road again, I'm on my way

Well I've loved you since the day I met you and I'll love you till the day I die
But we both know the life I'm livin' and we both know the reason why
That I've got to leave ya mama and I've got to leave today
But you know that I'll see you next time I come through your town to play

Bruce Hall

3:

Once again I sit alone.
My mind is here...
My eyes can see...
But my heart and soul are gone.

Once again I realize
That I need to feel you here...
This love is pain,
And your voice, so faint,
Wanders softly in my mind...
As I sit alone tonight.

Nothing can compare to this
Loneliness inside
There is only one who can come in
And fill this empty slot.

Never make me promise you
Don't intend to keep.
My heart is all I have to give,
So hold it tight...
Because it's weak.

Tonight I sit here all alone.
My solitude is long and sad...
There's nothing left for me to do...
But let the tears fall here,
Tonight...

Linda J. Benitez

4:

“Now don't come back beyond midnight”
My only reply is to swear.
How dare she tell me what to do
The fact is she really does care.

When I stagger back beyond midnight
She cries “Can't you see that I worry?”
I try not to giggle, get out of her sight,
In the morning, perhaps I'll say sorry.

In the end I try to make up,
Invent some fairly white lies,
One day, I'll tell her everything,
“If only we'd talk,” she sighs.

Oh Dadless me and Sadness Mum,
Somehow we just rub along.
“We'll make the best of the worst,” she smiles
And home is where I belong.

Andrew and Polly Peters

5:

I wonder what you're dreaming while you're sleeping.
I'll never know.
You'll never know.
Now at last the world cannot come peeping
Into the thoughts you call your own.
You close your eyes and you're alone.
You're in a world that's bright and new
And there is no one in it but you.

Ev'rybody loves you when you're asleep.
Too late to start now
Taking things apart now.
You forget
Your alphabet
When you've been counting sheep;
Does my dreamer know troubles will keep?
Ev'rybody loves you
When you're asleep!

Lorenz Hart

Texts from earlier popular songs

1:

Oh, Tico Tico, tick!
Oh, Tico Tico, tock!
This Tico Tico, he's a cuckoo in my clock.
And when he says "cuckoo,"
He means it's time to woo,
It's Tico Time for all the lovers on the block.

I've got a heavy date,
A *tete a tete* at eight,
So speak, oh, Tico, tell me if it's getting late?
If I'm on time, cuckoo,
But, if I'm late, woo-woo!
The one my heart is gone to may not want to wait!

Ethel Smith (extract)

2:

Is he an Aussie, is he Lizzie?
Is he an Aussie, is he, eh?
Is it because he is an Aussie
That he makes you dizzy, Lizzie?
Has he jazzy ways and does he
Make you go all fuzzy wuzzy?
Got you dizzy, has he, Lizzie?
Is he an Aussie, Lizzie, eh?

Mr Flotsam and Mr Jetsam (extract)

3:

You do something to me.
Something that simply mystifies me.
Tell me, why should it be
You have the pow'r to hypnotize me.
Let me live 'neath your spell.
Do do that voodoo that you do so well
For you do something to me
That nobody else can do.

Cole Porter

4:

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear.
To honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready; steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

David Garrick