THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE
TO ARTHUR ANDERSEN

The Flight of the Eagle

TEXT FROM

Walt Whitman's

LEAVES OF GRASS

SET TO MUSIC

FOR

SOPRANO, TENOR AND BARITONE

BY

HOMER NORRIS

$1.50

G. SCHIRMER, JR., THE BOSTON MUSIC CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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A Few Words.

I have allowed myself the same freedom in rendering selections from Whitman's poems, that the writer of the standard anthologies, and editors of the Bible, have allowed themselves. Nothing standing quite alone, without context, explanation or correspondence, The idea of which shape, which recur frequently in "The Leaves of the Trees", was not a premeditated idea; it must have started from my experience of Whitman's gospel of equality — the "aimless aim". To deliberately invent such a work and then grapple with the same, through a medium that formulated itself spontaneously and contrary to Whitman's gospel of verse. That said, does not hold the key to an understanding of my verses. In order to faithfully express Whitman, and to follow with perfect fidelity his ground of the language in matters of inspiration, accentuation, rhythm, etc., I could do no other than momentarily abandon arbitrary boundaries of formality (which, after all, have no meaning save in the minds of legislators) and move with freedom through the world of free verse. And verse may be that described as "verbatim".

The music in "The Leaves of the Trees" was set according to Whitman's idea, not a premeditated idea, but allowed to be naturally suggested by an element of rhythm, as Shakespeare suggests in "Sonnet 101". Not all such passages take this particular shape as part of a whole. Accurate reproductions in rhythm have been disregarded. At the same time, muscles of the main theme to ply with an intention approaching the original intention. This is especially true if the defense fact and many of the defense intentions. The center fact responsive to the Whitman, the poet and poet as revealed in "A Vision of God". The defense appeals to me as extending for me to the abstract, while the lines are of a purely language, begin first, if this is anything American about its mood, suggested by an independent quality which in Tom "Two-Centuries", at his home, it may appear to an American Indian in Africa, a Filipino in Africa, a poet who repeats the elements, thoughtful, affectionate, separate American section 2 today. I believe that if he were then an individual type of American whole it will be comparable in character and will find itself in natural chosen modes from fixed larger one line earlier scenes. It rises as a result intellectual, vital and spiritual essence to an actual event.

Whitman's The Poet. Summer 1871.
A Tenor, strong, ascending with power and health, with
glad notes of daybreak I hear,

A Soprano at intervals sailing buoyantly over the tops of
immense waves,

A transparent Bass shuddering lusciously under and
through the universe....

I hear not the volumes of sound merely, I am moved by
the exquisite meanings,

I listen to the different voices winding in and out, striving,
contending with fiery vehemence to excel each other
in emotion.
THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

Baritone.
One’s-self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word DEMOCRATIC, the word EN-
MASSE.
Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form’d under the laws
divine,
The Modern Man I sing. . .
Americanos! Conquerors!
For you a programme of chants:
The Modern Man I sing; Woman; Love;
Happiness; Comradeship; Democracy;
America; Old Age; Death; Superb vistas of
Death. . .
I am held to the heavens and all the spiritual
world
After what they have done to me, suggesting
themes.
O such themes! Equalities! O divine average!
Warblings under the Sun, usher’d as now, or at
noon, or setting;

Soprano.
Strains musical flowing through ages, now reaching
bitter,
I take to your reckless and composite chords,
Add to them and cheerfully pass them forward. . .

Baritone.
Democracy! To you a throat is now inflating itself
and joyfully singing,
I will shake out carols stronger and haughtier
Than have ever yet been heard upon earth.
I will make the most splendid race
The sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine majestic lands,
I will sing the song of companionship.

I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of
love,
For who but I should understand love
With all its sorrow and joy,
And who but I should be the poet of comrades?
I will make the poem of evil also,
I am myself just as much evil as good, and my
nation is—and
I say in fact there is no evil,
(Or, if there is, I say it is just as important to you,
to the land or to me, as anything else.) . . .
Roaming in thought over the Universe,
I saw the little that is Good steadily hast’ning tow’rd
immortality,
And the vast that is call’d Evil
I saw hast’ning to merge itself and become lost
and dead.

Soprano.
Strains musical, etc., etc.

Tenor and Soprano.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing
night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night,
Press close bare-bosom’d night,—press close mag-
netic nourishing night!
Night of the South winds—night of the large few
stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.
Smile O voluptuous cool-breath’d earth!
Earth of the slumb’ring and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the moun-
tains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just
ting’d with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!  
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!  
For swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!  
Smile, for your lover comes.  
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!  
O! unspeakable passionate love. . . .

Baritone followed by Trio.
I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul. . . .  
The soul is not more than the body, and the body is not greater than the soul.  
Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul.  
Lacks one lacks both, and the unseen is prov’d by the seen,  
Till that becomes unseen and receives proof in its turn. . . .  
Whatever happens may be turned to beautiful results,  
And nothing can happen more beautiful than death.

Tenor, Soprano and Baritone.
I pass death with the dying and birth with the newborn babe. . . .  
This orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass. . . .  
See even so far, there is limitless space outside that,  
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.  
My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,  
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,  
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there. . . .  
I know I am deathless! . . .

Trio.
The whole earth and all the stars . . .  
And for religion's sake.  
No man has ever yet been half devout enough,  
None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough.

None has begun to think how divine he himself is,  
and how certain the future is. . . .  
The Soul,  
Forever and forever—longer than soil is brown and solid—longer than water ebbs and flows. . . .

Soprano.
Come said the Muse,  
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,  
Sing me the universal. . . .  
Only the good is universal. . . .  
Over the mountain-growth's disease and sorrow,  
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,  
High in the purer, happier air.

From imperfection's murkiest cloud,  
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,  
One flash of heaven's glory.

To fashion's, custom's discord,  
To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,  
Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,  
From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine. . . .  
All, all for immortality,  
Love like the light silently wrapping all,  
Nature's amelioration blessing all,  
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,  
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God! to sing that thought,  
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,  
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,  
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,  
Health, peace, salvation universal.  
Is it a dream?  
Nay but the lack of it the dream,  
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,  
And all the world a dream.

Finale.
O such themes, etc., etc.  
Strains musical, etc., etc.  
O a word to cheer one's path ahead endlessly!  
O something ecstatic and undemonstrable!  
O music wild! O now I Triumph.
The Flight of the Eagle.

WALT WHITMAN.

Piano.

Allegretto.

BARITONE.

One’s self I sing, a simple separate person,

Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse.

Copyright, 1902, by J. Schirmer, Jr.,
for all countries.
One's self I sing of

Life immense in pulse passion and power

sing

Cheerful The modern man

sing. The modern man I sing

Americans! Conquerors! For
quasi recitante

you a program of chants: The Modern Man I sing;

Wo-man; Love; Hap-pi-ness; Com-rat-ship; De-moc-ra-cy; A-

Lento, expres-sivo

mer-i-ca!

Old age; death;

Sos-te-nzo

Superb vis-tas of death!

I am held to the heav-ens and
all the spiritual world after what they have done to me sug -

cantabile poco a poco accel.
gesting themes such themes! E

qual - i - ties! O di - vine -
cresc.

poco rall.

average! Warbling under the Sun usher'd as now or at

SOPRANO grazioso

noon or setting. Strains musical flowing through ages, now reaching
hither, I take to your reckless and composite chords, Add

to them, add to them and cheerfully pass them

forward, and cheerfully pass them forward strains

musical, strains musical I cheerfully pass them forward.

BARI TONE.

Democracy! To you a throat is now inflating it -
self and joyfully singing, I will shake out carols stronger and

Maestoso.

highlier than have ever yet been heard upon earth. I will

make the most splendid race. The sun ever

shone upon, I will make divine ma-

a tempo

jestic lands I will sing the song the
song of companion-ship. I will write the er-an-gel po-em of

ad lib.  

com-rade-ship and love, For who but I should un-der-stand love with

ad lib.  

all its sor-row and joy, with all its sor-row and joy And who but I should

a tempo

be the poet of com-rades? I will make the poem of e-vil al-so,

a tempo

Allegro.

I my-self am just as much e-vil as good, and my na-tion is and I
say in fact there is no Evil

(Or, if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the land or to me, as anything else)

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is
Good steadily hast'ning tow'rd immortality, And the vast that is call'd Evil I saw hast'ning to merge itself and be come lost and dead. Strains musical flowing through ages, flowing through ages... I cheerfully pass them forward.
No. 2. I am he that walks.
a Rhapsody
for
Tenor with Soprano (voice of the night) obligato.

Andante affetuoso. Soprano.

Andante affetuoso.

TENOR.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night.
I call to the earth and sea,

Night Press close.

half-held by the night, Press close barn-"os-mid night, press

Copyright, 1912, by G. Schirmer,
for all countries.
night o night! Stars!

riv - er! earth of the lim - pid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for

my sake! Nak - ed night! Mad nak - ed summer night

blos - somt earth! Smile for your lov - er, your lov - er comes

O pro - di - gal smile You have
No. 3.

BARITONE.

Recit.

I am the poet of the body and I am the poet of the soul. The soul is not more than the body and the body is not greater than the soul.

Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul. Clear and sweet is my soul and...
clear and sweet is all that is not my soul. Lacks one lacks both, and the
unseen is provid by the seen, Lacks one lacks both and the
unseen is provid by the seen.

SOPR. Poco meno mosso.

TENOR. ff marcato

BASS. Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet

Poco meno mosso. Clear, clear and sweet
Soul, lacks one lacks both—The unseen is provid by the seen,

seen, lacks one lacks both—And the unseen is provid by the seen,

Cantabile sostenuto.

Till that becomes unseen And receives proof in its

p cantabile espressivo

p espress.

turn. What-ev-er hap-pens

B.M.C.777-14
may be turnd to beautiful, beautiful re-
suits And nothing can happen more

beauti-ful than death, more

beauti-ful than

P. M. C9777.44
TENOR.
Andante cantabile.

BARITONE.

I pass death—
with the dying and

depth.
Andante cantabile.

molto rall.
a tempo

birth—
with the new—
washed
babe.
This orbit of mine

molto rall.
a tempo

can not be swept—
swept by a carpenter's compass—
cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass.

più mosso

See ever so far,
there is limitless space outside, that

Copyright, 1907, by G. Schirmer, Jr.
For all countries.
Count ever so much, there is endless time around that

ad lib.

See even so far there is limitless space

a tempo rall.

Count ever so much there is limitless, My

Marcato.

rendez-vous is appointed it is certain, my rendez-vous is ap-

ponted it is certain The Lord will be there, the

B.M Co 777-44
Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms the great Camer-

**ff grandioso**

---

**ad lib.**

---

rall.

---

a - do the lover true for whom I pine will be

**ff**

---

**ad lib.**

---

rall.

---

SOPRANO,

**tempo primo**

---

rall. molto

---

I pass death with the dying And birth with the new-wash’d

---

TENOR.

---

rall.

---

there, He will be there, He will be

---

motto rall.

---

*credo*.

---

---

---

B M CO 777.44
The Lord will be there The great Cam-er-
there, be there will be there The great Cam-er-

I pass death with the dy-ing-

a - do the lov-er true for whom I pine will be there,

The lov-er true for whom I pine will be there,

Lento

I know I am death - less.
No. 5. The whole Earth and all the stars.

Soprano grazioso.

The whole earth and all the stars Are for, are for re-

Tenor.

lig-ions sake, the whole earth and all the stars are for re-

Baritone.

all the stars are for, are for re-lig-ion’s sake: the whole earth and

sake. No man has ev-

lig-ions sake: the whole earth and all the stars are for re-

all the stars are for re-lig-ions sake.

No
certain future is the Soul - the Soul - the Soul - the Soul - the Soul - the Soul - the Soul -

Soul - Long - er than earth is brown and solid

Long - er than water ebbs and flows

The Long - er than water ebbs and flows

2. M.C 777 - 44
Tempo I.

The whole earth and stars are for religion's sake.

whole earth and all the stars are for religion's sake.

The stars are for religion's sake.

I know I know I knew I am deathless!

I know I know I know I am deathless!

I know I know I know I am deathless!

B.M.C. 777-14
No 8. Song of the Universal.

Soprano Solo with Trios.

"Whitman told Dr. Bucke that he did not begin to write till he suddenly came into 'cosmic consciousness.'"

Andante grazioso.

Come, come said the Muse

Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted. Sing me the universal

a tempo

Copyright, 1902, by G. Schirmer, jr.

For all countries.
Only the good is universal. Only the good is universal.

Over the mountain, growths, disease and sorrow. An un-caught

bird is hovering, hovering, hovering ever.
High in the purer, purer happier air From

meno mosso

imperfection's murkiest cloud, Darts always forth one perfect ray of

pp

light. One flash of heaven's glory One perfect ray of

ad lib.

light.

One flash of glory.
Allegro.

To fashion's, custom's discord

To the mad Babel din, the deafening orgies

Sva bassa........

a tempo cantabile

Soothing each lull a

express,
molto rall.
don't

dimin.
molto rall.
misterioso

strain is heard, just heard. From some far shore the
final chorus sounding, sounding the final chorus

O blest the eyes, blest the happy hearts. That

see——— that know——— the guiding thread so

fine blest the happy hearts, blest the hearts that know.

B.M.C.0 777-44
SOPRANO. Ten. ad lib.  

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it, the

TENOR. Ten. ad lib.  

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it, the

BASS.  

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it, the

dream. And falling life's lore and wealth a dream.

Religioso sostenuto.
SOPRANO.  

All, all, all for immortality, Love like the light
silently wrapping all, Nature's amelioration blessing blessing all. The blossoms, fruits of ages, fruits of marcato poco a poco cresc. ed accel.

ag - es orchards di - vine orchards di - vine and cer - tain Forms, marcato cresc.
ob - jects, growths, hu - man - ities to spir - itual im - ages

Soprano, grazioso rip - 'ning Strains mus - i - cal flowing through ages, flowing through

B.M.C.9 777-44
a-ges, flowing through a-ges.
O blest the happy hearts the
delicatos.
guiding threads so fine happy, o happy hearts.

Adagio. misterioso

A strain is heard, just heard

From some far shore the final chorus sounding All, all,

all for immortality Love like the light silently wrapping All
Moderato.

Give me O God! to sing that thought! Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith in thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, With-

hold not from us belief, belief in plan of Thee enclosed in time and

closed in time and space. Health, health and peace Salvation,

poco rit.
salvation universal. Is it a dream?

salvation universal. Is it a

salvation universal.

Is it a dream? Nay but the lack of it the

Is it a dream? Nay but the lack of it the

Is it a dream? Nay but the lack of it the

dream. And failing life's lore and wealth a

dream. And failing life's lore and wealth a

dream. And failing life's wealth a

dream, And all and all the world a dream.
dream, And all and all the world a dream.
dream, And all the world a dream.
No. 7. Finale.
Trios in Stretti.

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

O such themes!

warblings, Strains musical strains,
O divine average, Strains flowing through
O divine average! I pass death with the
O such themes! Clear and sweet is my soul

Clear and sweet is my soul ushered as now or at
Allegretto grazioso.

Dying qualities, Warbling at eve, Strains musical flowing through noon at Strains musical, strains Allegretto grazioso.

ages now reaching hither I take to your musical flowing through ages musical flowing through ages

reckless and composite chords add to them, add reckless and composite chords add to them, add reckless and composite chords O such

B. M. C? 777-44
to them and cheerfully pass them forward, I cheerfully pass them themes! cheerfully pass them forward, I cheerfully pass them

ff poco più mosso

forward strains musical strains musical

forward strains musical strains musical

forward strains musical strains musical

a tempo

cheerfully pass them forward a word to cheer one's path ahead

a tempo

cheerfully pass them forward a word to cheer one's path ahead

cheerfully pass them forward a word to cheer one's path ahead

a tempo

cheerfully pass them forward a word to cheer one's path ahead

B.M.C® 777-4A
now I triumph, music wild, music wild!

Now I triumph, now I triumph, now I triumph music wild!

Now I triumph, music wild! now I triumph, now I triumph!

Now I triumph, music wild! now I triumph, music wild, I triumph!

Music wild! O now I triumph
tri - umph end - less - ly

Mu - sic wild! O now I tri - umph

Mu - sic wild! O now I tri - umph

Mu - sic wild, mu - sic wild! O now I tri - umph, O mu - sic wild!

tri - umph, I tri - umph!

tri - umph, I tri - umph!

Marceato ed accel.
SONGS FOR ONE VOICE.

   Nestled in the South. 3. Love Song. 4. *Oh, keep the flame alight. 5. Barrows. 6. *The
   Song of the Rose. 7. *Oh, that we were singing! 8. *Valse Romance.
   has a thousand eyes (mixed voices, violin obbligato).
12. Total number.

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TWO MANDOLINS AND PIANO.

MANDOLIN, GUITAR AND PIANO.

MANDOLIN SOLO.

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.

TWO MANDOLINS AND GUITAR.

GUITAR SOLO.