

Michael Karmon

# A Late Walk

for high voice and guitar

poems by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

- I. My November Guest
- II. Wind and Window Flower
- III. Going for Water
- IV. Storm Fear
- V. A Late Walk

ca. 12 minutes

### **My November Guest**

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,  
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain  
Are beautiful as days can be;  
She loves the bare, the withered tree;  
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.  
She talks and I am fain to list:  
She's glad the birds are gone away,  
She's glad her simple worsted grey  
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,  
The faded earth, the heavy sky,  
The beauties she so truly sees,  
She thinks I have no eye for these,  
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know  
The love of bare November days  
Before the coming of the snow,  
But it were vain to tell her so,  
And they are better for her praise

### **Wind and Window Flower**

Lovers, forget your love,  
And list to the love of these,  
She a window flower,  
And he a winter breeze.

When the frosty window veil  
Was melted down at noon,  
And the caged yellow bird  
Hung over her in tune,

He marked her through the pane,  
He could not help but mark,  
And only passed her by,  
To come again at dark.

He was a winter wind,  
Concerned with ice and snow,  
Dead weeds and unmated birds,  
And little of love could know.

But he sighed upon the sill,  
He gave the sash a shake,  
As witness all within  
Who lay that night awake.

Perchance he half prevailed  
To win her for the flight  
From the firelit looking-glass  
And warm stove-window light.

But the flower leaned aside  
And thought of naught to say,  
And morning found the breeze  
A hundred miles away.

### **Going for Water**

The well was dry beside the door,  
And so we went with pail and can  
Across the fields behind the house  
To seek the brook if still it ran;

Not loth to have excuse to go,  
Because the autumn eve was fair  
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,  
And by the brook our woods were there.

We ran as if to meet the moon  
That slowly dawned behind the trees,  
The barren boughs without the leaves,  
Without the birds, without the breeze.

But once within the wood, we paused  
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,  
Ready to run to hiding new  
With laughter when she found us soon.

Each laid on other a staying hand  
To listen ere we dared to look,  
And in the hush we joined to make  
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

A note as from a single place,  
A slender tinkling fall that made  
Now drops that floated on the pool  
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

### **Storm Fear**

When the wind works against us in the dark,  
And pelts with snow  
The lowest chamber window on the east,  
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,  
The beast,  
'Come out! Come out!'-  
It costs no inward struggle not to go,  
Ah, no!  
I count our strength,  
Two and a child,  
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark  
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,-  
How drifts are piled,  
Dooryard and road ungraded,  
Till even the comforting barn grows far away  
And my heart owns a doubt  
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day  
And save ourselves unaided.

### **A Late Walk**

When I go up through the mowing field,  
The headless aftermath,  
Smooth-laid like thatch with the heavy dew,  
Half closes the garden path.

And when I come to the garden ground,  
The whirl of sober birds  
Up from the tangle of withered weeds  
Is sadder than any words

A tree beside the wall stands bare,  
But a leaf that lingered brown,  
Disturbed, I doubt not, by my thought,  
Comes softly rattling down.

I end not far from my going forth  
By picking the faded blue  
Of the last remaining aster flower  
To carry again to you.

# A Late Walk

Robert Frost

## I. My November Guest

Michael Karmon

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 68$  *p*

voice

My sor - row, when she's here with me, Thinks these dark

guitar

C.I

*p*

5

days of au - tumn rain Are beau - ti - ful as days can be; She loves the

10

bare, the with - ered tree; She walks the sod - den pas - ture lane. Her

15

pleas - ure will not let me stay. She talks and I am fain to list: She's glad the birds are gone a -

way, She's glad her sim - ple wor - sted grey Is sil - ver now with cling - ing mist.

The des - o - late, de - sert - ed trees, The fad - ed earth, the heav - y sky, The

*mf*

C. V 4/4 C. III C. II C. II

*p* *mf*

beau - ties she so tru - ly sees,

*f* *p*

C. I C. II

She thinks I have no eye for

*p*

C. II C. VII

41

these, And vex-es me for rea-son why. Not yes-ter-day I learned to

46

know — The love of bare No-vem-ber days Be - fore the com-ing of the snow, —

51

But it were vain to tell her so, And they are bet-ter for her praise.

56

## II. Wind and Window Flower

♩ = ca. 66

*f*

Lov-ers, \_\_\_\_\_ for - get your love, And list to the love of these,

*f*

4

♩ = ca. 58

*p*

She \_\_\_\_\_ a win - dow flow - er, and he a win - ter breeze. When the

*p*

8

frost - y \_\_\_\_\_ win - dow veil Was melt - ed \_\_\_\_\_ down at noon, \_\_\_\_\_ And the

a.h. ° r.h. ° a.h. ° r.h. ° a.h. ° r.h. °

12

*mp*

caged \_\_\_\_\_ yel - low bird Hung o - ver \_\_\_\_\_ her in tune, He

a.h. ° r.h. ° a.h. ° r.h. °

16

marked her through the pane, He could not help but mark,

C. II 3 2 C. II 0 2

*mp*

4 1 3

19

And on - ly passed her by, To come a - gain at dark.

2 0 1

4 0

23

*mf*

He was a win - ter wind, Con -

4

0 0

*mf*

26

cerned with ice and snow, Dead weeds and un - mated birds, And

0

4

4 1

29

lit - tle of love \_\_\_\_\_ could know. *p*

But he

C. II

*p*

33

sighed up - on the sill, \_\_\_\_\_ He gave the sash a shake, As wit - ness \_\_\_\_\_ all with-in \_\_\_\_\_ Who

C. I

36

lay that night a - wake. Per - chance he half pre - vailed \_\_\_\_\_ To win her \_\_\_\_\_ for the flight From the

C. II C. III

39

fi - re lit \_\_\_\_\_ look - ing glass \_\_\_\_\_ And warm stove win - dow light.

*f*

*p* *f*



42

*p*

But the flow - er \_\_\_ leaned a - side \_\_\_\_\_ And

*p*

45

4

thought of naught to say, And morn - ing found the breeze A hun-dred miles \_\_\_\_\_ a -

*p*

48

way. \_\_\_\_\_

### III. Going for Water

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 152$  *mf*

The well was dry be-side the door, And

*mf* 3 0 0 C. II 0 0

4 so we went with pail and can A - cross the fields be - hind the house To

7 seek the brook if still it ran; Not

10 loth to have ex - cuse to go, Be - cause the au - tumn eve was fair (Though

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for a piece titled 'III. Going for Water'. It is written in 7/8 time with a tempo marking of 'ca. 152' and a dynamic of 'mf'. The piece consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a guitar accompaniment on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'The well was dry be-side the door, And so we went with pail and can A - cross the fields be - hind the house To seek the brook if still it ran; Not loth to have ex - cuse to go, Be - cause the au - tumn eve was fair (Though'. The guitar accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Chord diagrams are provided for the guitar part, including 'C. II' and various fingerings like '3 0 0', '0 0', '3 2 0', and '3 2 4'. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

13

chill), be-cause the fields were ours, And by the brook our woods were there. We

16

ran as if to meet the moon ——— That slow - ly dawned be - hind the trees,

19

The bar - ren boughs with-out the leaves, With - out the birds, with-out the breeze.

22

But once with - in the wood, we paused Like

25

gnomes that hid us from the moon, Read - y to run — to

28

hid - ing new With laugh - ter when she found us soon.

31

*mf*  
Each lay on oth - er a stay - ing hand To

34

lis - ten ere we dared to look, And in the hush we joined to make We

37

heard, we knew we heard the brook. A

40

note as from a sin-gle place, A slen-der tin-king fall that made Now drops that float-ed on the pool Like

43

pearls, and now a sil-ver blade.

# IV. Storm Fear

♩ = ca. 58

*mp*

When the wind works a - gainst us in the dark, And pelts with

4

snow The low - est cham - ber win - dow on the east, And

7

whis - pers with a sort of sti - fled bark, The beast, Come out! Come out! It

10

costs no in - ward strug - gle not to go, Ah, no!

14 *p*

I count our strength, Two and a child,

*p*

16

Those of us not a - sleep sub-dued to mark How the

C. XII

19

cold creeps as the fi - re dies at length, How drifts are pil - ed

22 *mf*

Door-yard and road un-grad-ed Till e-ven the com-fort-ing barn grows far a-

*mf*

25

*p*

way, And my heart owns a doubt Wheth-er

a.h.

*p*

29

'tis in us to a-rise with day And save our-selves un-aid - ed.

r.h.



# V. A Late Walk

♩ = ca. 70

*mp*

When I go up through the mow-ing field, The head-less af - ter-

*mp*

C. II

math, Smooth laid like thatch with the heav-y dew, Half clos - es the gar-den path.

C. II

C. II

And when I come — to the gar-den ground, The whir of so - ber birds Up

C. V

22

from the tan - gle of with - ered weeds Is sad - der than an - y words.

27

A tree be - side the wall stands bare, But a

32

leaf that lin - gered brown, Dis - turbed, I doubt not, by my thought, Comes soft - ly

C. III

37

rat - tling down. I end not far from my go - ing forth By

*mp*

43

pick-ing the fa - ded blue Of the last re-main - ing as - ter flow - er To

48

car - ry a - gain to you.

*rit.*