20. VICTRESS ON THE PEAKS

from Drum-Taps
words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

Adagio ♩=50 Rich, full, broad

mf

Lo, Vic-tress on the peaks, where thou with migh-ty brow re-garding the world, (the

world o Li-ber-tad that vain-ly con-spird a-gainst Thee) out of its count-less be-leag-uer-ing

toils, af-ter thwar-ting them all, do-mi-nant, with the daz-zling sun a-round thee,

Aaun-test now un-harm'd in im-mor-tal sound-ness & bloom — lo, in these hours su—

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2.

premes, no po-em proud I chan-ting bring to thee, no

Pizz

po-em proud I chan-ting bring to thee, nor mas-te-ry's rap-tu-rous verse, but a

arco

clu- ster con-tain-ing dark- ness and blood drip-ping wounds, and

(30)

Psalms of the dead

arco

DELICATE CLUSTER

3.

from Drum-Taps
words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

Allegro ♩.=100

mf De-li-cate clus-ter! Flag of teem-ing life!

co-ver-ing all my lands—all my

sea-shores li-ning! Flag of death! How I watch you through the smoke of bat- tle pres-sing!)

Pizz

How I heard you flap & rus-tle, cloth de-fi- ant! Flag ce-ru-le-an— sun-ny

arco

Flag, with the orbs of Night dap-pled! Ah my sil-ver-y Beau-ty-AH MY

Pizz

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20

wool-y whiteSS crim- SON! AH TO SING THE SONG OF YOU, my Ma-tron

arco

night- Y! My sa-cred one, my mo-ther — the

song of YOU

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ADIEU TO A SOLDIER

from "Drum-Taps"
words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

Adagio ♩=50

A- dieu O sol- dier, you of the rude cam-paigning, (which we shared,)

mezza voce

mezza voce

Allegro ♩=100

8va

the ra-pid march, the life of the camp, the hot conten-tion of op-

Pizz.

8va

po- sing fronts, the long man-oeu-vre, red bat-tles with their slaughter, the

d=Tempo

sti- mu-lus, the strong ter-ri- fic game, spell of all brave & man-ly

arco

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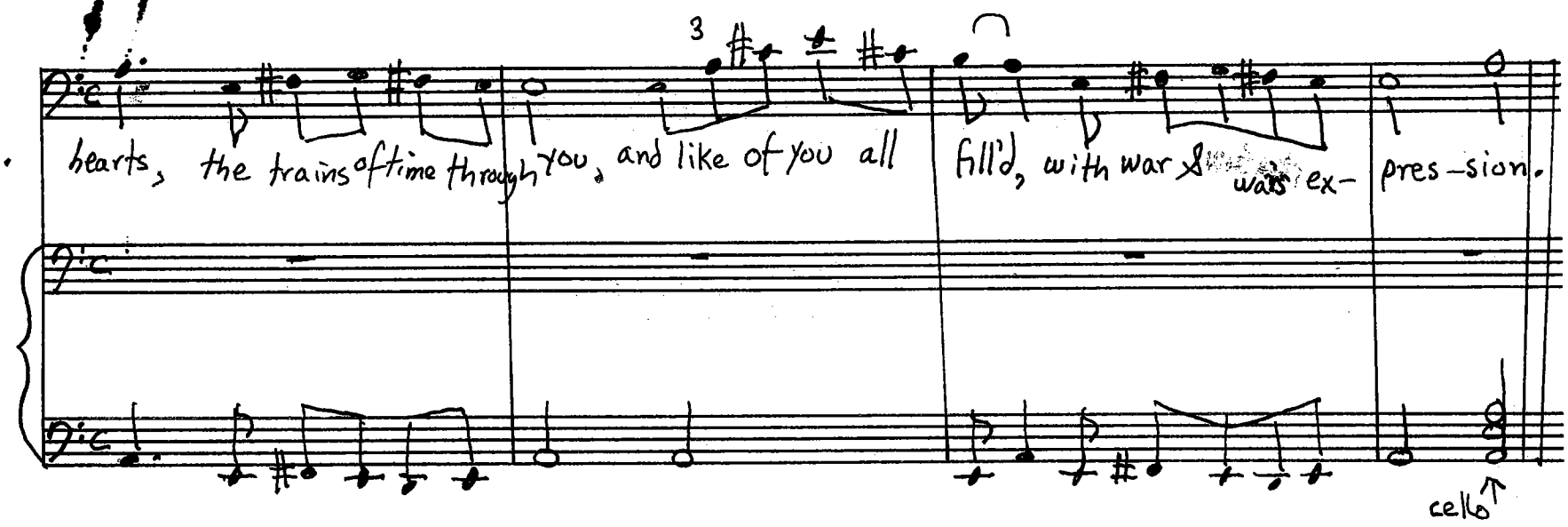
hearts, the trains of time through you, and like of you all
fill'd, with war & was ex-
pres-sion.
cello

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE from Drum-Taps

(Washington City, 1865) 1.

words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

♩.=60
Andante

mezza voce spi-rit whose work is done

spi-rit of dread-ful hours!

mezza voce

ere de-par-ting fade from my eyes your for-ests of bay-o-nets, spirit of gloom i est fears & doubts,

yet on-ward e-ver un- fal-ter-ing press-ing

spi-rit of ma-ny a

so- lemn day and

ma-ny a sa-vage

scene

e-lec- tric

mf

mf

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2.

spi- rit, that with mut-ter- ing voice through the war now

closed, like a tire- less phan-tom flit-ted rou-sing the land with breath of flame as you

f

beat and beat the drum, now as the sound of the drum hol- low and

hol- low and harsh to the last re- ver-ber-ates 'round me as your ranks, your im-mor- tal

P

P

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3.

ranks re-turn, re-turn from the bat-tles as the mus-kets of the young

men yet lean o-ver their shoul- ders, as I look on the

ba- yo-nets bristl-ling o-ver their shoul- ders as those

slan-ted bay-o-nets whole for- ests of them ap-

4.

pear-ing in the dis- tance a- proach & pass on re-

tur- ning home-ward mo-ving with stead-y mo-tion sway-ing to &

fro to the right & left e-ven-ly light-ly ri-sing & fal- ling

while the steps keep time; spi- rit of hours I knew,

5.

all hec- tic red one day, but pale as death next day touch my ere you de- part, mouth

press my lips close leave me your pul- ses of rage

allargando atempo

6.

p

f

sempre ff

be- queath them to me

fill me with cur- rents con-

sempre ff

vul- sive

let them scorch & blis-ter out of my thants when you are gone,

when You are gone, let them i-den-ti-fy you to the

fu- ture in these songs

sf

sf sf

sf

sf

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LOOK DOWN FAIR MOON

from "Drum-Taps"
Words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

Andante (♩=88) Slow March

clarinets

p

mf

cello pizz

10

20

with Pfte

p

Look

DOWN FAIR MOON — AND BATHE THIS SCENE,

30

POUR SOFT- LY DOWN — NIGHT'S NIM- BUS

FLOODS ON FA- CES GHAST-LY, SWOL- LEN, PUR- PLE, ON THE DEAD

ON THEIR BACKS WITH ARMS TOSS'D WIDE, POUR DOWN YOUR

40

UN- STIN- TED NIM- BUS SA- CRED

MOON

SA- CRED

MOON

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME From "DRUM-TAPS" by Walt Whitman

music by Tui St George Tucker

♩=60 Moderato, meditative

cello piano

BY THE BI-VOU-AC'S FIT-FUL FLAME, A PRO-CES-SION WIND-ING A-

ROUND ME, SO-LEMN AND SWEET AND SLOW — BUT FIRST I NOTE THE

pizz

TENTS OF THE SLEEP-ING AR-MY, THE FIELDS AND THE WOODS DIM OUT-LINE,

arco

THE DARK-NESS LIT BY SPOTS OF KIN-DLED FIRE, THE SI-LENCE,

LIKE A PHAN-TOM FAR OR NEAR AN OC-CA-SION-AL FIG-URE MOV-ING,

THE SHRUBS AND TREES, (AS I LIFT MY EYES THEY SEEM TO BE STEALTH-I-LY WATCH-ING ME,)

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from Drum-Taps
words by Walt Whitman
music by Tui St George Tucker

Adagio ♩= 50
freely:

[Speak:] Reconciliation

atempo

Word o-ver all, beau-ti-ful as the sky, beau-ti-ful that war & all its deeds of car-nage

must in time be ut-ter-ly lost, that the hands of the sis-ters Death & Night in-

ces-sant-ly softly wash again & e-ver a-gain this soil'd World: For my e-ne-my is

dead, a man di-vine as my-self is dead,

I look where he lies

(from here to end keep a steady rhythm

white-faced & still in the coffin — I draw near, bend down & touch lightly with my lips

like a tolling church bell — if is not necessary to coordinate in a set way with the words)

the white face in the coffin