

Commissioned by Nathan Wilson, in honor of Larry D. Wilson of Beaver Dams, N.Y. - who was born and raised in Stuart's Kentucky.

Duration approx. 13 minutes

From *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow*

I. <i>Who said that gold was all there was in life</i>	1
II. <i>Now do not leave me, love, for rugged lands</i>	4
III. <i>Spring in Kentucky hills will soon awaken</i>	8
IV. <i>The call to earth is pounding on my brain</i>	14
V. <i>Oh, don't you see the willow leaves this Spring</i>	19

I. Who said that gold was all there was in life—
If you believe these words walk out with me
And listen to the wind blow in a tree,
Come out and see a different gold with me.
Peach blossoms in the silver wind are gold,
And when frost comes and winds are getting cold
You'll find, my friend, the leaves will turn to gold.
But this is gold you cannot use to buy,
And this is gold, my friend, hard to be bought;
It is useless gold poets have sought—
But you are not a poet, are you friend?
And peach-leaf gold is not means to an end.
Therefore, my friends, you do not see my gold.
What does gold matter when we both lie cold?

II. Now do not leave me, love, for rugged lands;
Don't leave me, love, for beauty of the stars;
And do not leave me, love, for honest toil.
The food and strength of life come from the land.
The beauty of the flowers come from the land,
The land is all—the golden locust soil.
The stars are things a baby cries to love,
The white stars in a blue, blue sky above.
Be with me, love, that I may not forget
The silver wind, the leaves, the clouds, trees;
Be with me, love, that I may not forget,
And if I pray to gods in winds, remember these—
For such as these, words are the frailest things,
Frail as a white moth on its air-thin wings.

III. Spring in Kentucky hills will soon awaken;
The sap will run every vein of tree.
Green will come to the land bleak and forsaken;
Warm silver wind will catch the honey bee.
Blood-root will whiten on the barren hill;
Wind-flowers will grow beneath the oaks and nod
To silver April wind against their will.

Bitterns will break the silence of the hills
And meadow's grass sup dew under the moons,
Pastures will green and bring back whippoorwills
And butterflies that break from stout cocoons.
Spring in Kentucky hills and I shall be
A free soil-man to walk beneath the trees
And listen to the wind among the leaves
And count the stars and do as I damn please.

IV. The call to earth is pounding on my brain,
I want to walk with my bare feet on earth,
I want to go back to the earth again,
I want to breathe of clean air for my breath.
I want to get right down and dig in dirt
And get away from man and work and work—
There's consolation to be found in dirt,
And rest comes better after one must work.
I think life is too easy-sounding mammon call,
We hearken to this sounding mammon call,
The call to earth one seldom hears at all.
But when sap stirs in trees blood in my veins
Runs swift as flooded water in Spring streams.

V. Oh, don't you see the willow leaves this Spring
And bright green finger needles on the fir?
Birds choose to light among their boughs and sing;
It's where the summer jar-flies choose to churr.
And don't you love the silver maple leaves
Upturned by silver winds to skies deep blue.
And don't you love the leaves on white oak trees
And beech tree leaves when winds are blowing through?
And don't you love green whispering corn blades
And wild fern leaf where placid waters lie
Beneath a tranquil lazy summer sky.
And don't you love the smooth-fan poplar leaves
A-wavin' in a silver summer breeze.
I ask these questions and I don't know why.

- Jesse Stuart (1907-1984)

© 2012 FICTIVE MUSIC (ASCAP)
Texts used by permission of the Jesse Stuart Foundation.

Daniel Gilliam
fictivemusic.com

24

leaves will turn to gold. But this is gold you can-not use to buy, and this is

30

gold, my friend hard to be bought, It is use-less gold_

35

po-ets have sought. But you are not a po - et are you friend? and peach-leaf gold is

II. Now do not leave me, love, for rugged lands

♩ = 66 Plainly *mf*

Now do not leave me, — love, for

mp *mf*

7

rug-ged lands; Don't leave me, love, for beau-ty of the stars; And

p *mf*

13

do not leave — me, love, — for ho-nest toil. The food and strength of life

p *mf*

Slower, with more space

35

white stars in a blue, blue sky a - bove. Be with me, love, that I _____ may not for-get

43

The sil - ver wind, the leaves, the clouds, trees.

50

♩ = 66

mf

Be with me, love, that _____ I may not for-get And if I pray to gods in winds

♩ = 66

8

Green will come to the land bleak and for - sa - ken;

11

Warm sil - ver wind will

13

♩ = 80 Poco animato

mf

catch the ho - ney bee. Blood-

IV. The call to earth is pounding on my brain

♩ = 66 **Declamatory***Quasi recitativo****ff***

The call to earth is pound-ing on my brain,

Slower and longingly***mp***

I want to walk with my bare feet on earth,

7

p

I want to go back to the earth a-gain,

26

life is to ea - sy sound - ing mam - mon call, The

mf

8^{vb}

28

call to earth one sel - dom hears at

loco

(8)

29

all. **Slower** *f* But when

mf *f* **Slower**

8^{va} 8^{vb}

31

Musical score for measures 31-34. The vocal line is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "sap stirs in trees blood in my veins Runswift as flood-ed wa - ter in". The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The tempo marking **Rit** (Ritardando) is present above the vocal line in measures 33 and 34.

35

Musical score for measures 35-37. The vocal line is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "spring streams.". The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

38

Musical score for measures 38-39. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The right hand has a melodic line with a sixteenth-note figure in measure 38, marked with a **6** (finger number). The left hand has a bass line with a seventh-note figure in measure 39, marked with a **7** (finger number).

V. Oh, don't you see the willow leaves in Spring

$\text{♩} = 72$ **Pontificating** **Molto rit.** $\text{♩} = 48$

f

Oh, don't you see the wil-low leaves this Spring And bright green fin-ger need-les on the fir?

p

Ped. *

6 $\text{♩} = 72$ *f* *p*

Birds choose to light a-mong their boughs and sing; It's

p

Ped. *

11 $\text{♩} = 48$ $\text{♩} = 72$ *mf*

where the sum-mer jar-flies choose to churr. And don't you

p

Ped. * Ped. *

27

Gradually slow to ♩ = 48

and wild fern leaf where pla-cid wa- ters_ lie_ be-neath the tran-quil la-zy sum- mer_ sky_

Gradually slow to ♩ = 48

mf *p* *pp*

Ped.

*

31

And don't you love the smooth-fan pop - lar leaves a - wa- vin' in a sil- ver

Ped. * Ped. *

35

March 2012

sum-mer breeze. I ask these ques- tions and I don't know why_

Ped. * Ped. *