

# Five American Echoes

For mixed chorus  
*a cappella*



**Joelle Wallach**

# Five American Echoes

## I

Let me go where'er I will  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
Not only in the rose (in roses or birds)  
It is not only in the bird,  
But in the darkest, meanest things  
There always, always something sings.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## II

How they so softly rest,  
All, all the holy dead,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near!  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep....down sinking!

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still!  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies!  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
From the German of Klopstock

## III

What am I after all but a child, pleas'd  
with the sound of my own name?  
repeating it over and over:  
I stand apart to hear – it never tires me.  
To you your name also?

*Walt Whitman*

## IV

Glory is that bright tragic thing  
That for an instant  
Means Dominion –  
Warms some poor name  
That never felt the Sun,  
Gently replacing  
In oblivion –

*Emily Dickinson*

## V

Alas, what is the *World*? A Sea of Glass.  
Alas, what's *Earth*? It's but an hour-glass.  
The Sea dissolves; the Glass is quickly run:  
Behold, with speed man's Life is quickly done.  
Let me so swim in this Sea, that I may  
With thee live happy in another day.

*Philip Pain*  
(c. 1666)