

# Incantation

*commissioned by the Collegiate Choir of  
Illinois Wesleyan University  
F.Scott Ferguson, conductor*

The peace of great doors be for you,  
Wait at the knobs, at the panel oblongs.  
Wait for the great hinges.

The peace of great churches be for you,  
Where the players of loft pipe organs  
Practice old lovely fragments, alone.

The peace of great books be for you,  
Stains of pressed clover leaves on pages,  
Bleach of the light of years held in leather.

The peace of great prairies be for you.  
Listen among windplayers in cornfields,  
The wind learning over its oldest music.

The peace of great seas be for you.  
Wait on a hook of land, a rock footing  
For you, wait in the salt wash.

The peace of great mountains be for you,  
The sleep and the eyesight of eagles,  
Sheet mist shadows and the long look across.

The peace of great hearts be for you,  
Valves of the blood of the sun,  
Pumps of the strongest wants we cry.

The peace of great silhouettes be for you,  
Shadow dancers alive in your blood now,  
Alive and crying, "Let us out, let us out."

The peace of great changes be for you.  
Whisper, Oh beginners in the hills.  
Tumble, Oh cubs — tomorrow belongs to you.

The peace of great loves be for you.  
Rain, soak these roots; wind, shatter the dry rot.  
Bars of sunlight, grips of the earth, hug these.

The peace of great ghosts be for you.  
Phantoms of night-gray eyes, ready to go  
To the fog-star dumps, to the fire-white doors.

Yes, the peace of great phantoms be for you,  
Phantom iron men, mothers of bronze...

*Carl Sandburg*

Carl Sandburg

Joelle Wallach

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

*mp* =80

The peace of great doors be for

The peace of great hearts, — be for you, great doors be for

The peace of great hearts, the peace — of great doors be for

The peace — of great hearts, — be for you, great doors — be for —