# Gwyneth Walker My Father Lived His Soul

for Solo Voice and Piano

Based on the poem my father moved through dooms of love by E. E. Cummings

### My Father Lived His Soul

#### duration 5:45

my father moved through dooms of love is an extended, complex poem by E. E. Cummings. It contains some of his most beautiful writing. The poet speaks of his father as a loving participant in the natural world. The father is remembered as singing each morning out of each night...or for he could feel the mountains grow.

The reader can almost see the father as a tree: septembering arms of year extend, with strength: his shoulders marched against the dark.

The poet leads the reader to share a child's view of the father: and every child was sure that spring danced when she heard my father sing...

The challenge in creating a musical setting of this poem is to sustain the steady, regular flow of the stanzas, while drawing attention to the most special lines and images. A nearly constant tempo throughout leads each verse into the next. The tonality remains the same. Pitches rise and fall with the lyrics. Dynamics ebb and flow with the intensity of the message.

Although there are several *forte* phrases within the song, the strongest climax comes with the closing words:

because my Father lived his soul love is the whole and more than all

This description of the father matches the composer's father, John Baldwin Walker, a naturalist with poetry in his soul.

Widely performed throughout the country, the music of American composer **Gwyneth Walker** is beloved by performers and audiences alike for its energy, beauty, reverence, drama, and humor. Dr. Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947) is a graduate of Brown University and the Hartt School of Music. She holds B.A., M.M. and D.M.A. degrees in Music Composition. A former faculty member of the Oberlin College Conservatory, she resigned from academic employment in 1982 in order to pursue a career as a full-time composer. For nearly 30 years, she lived on a dairy farm in Braintree, Vermont. She now divides her time between her childhood hometown of New Canaan, Connecticut and the musical communities of Sarasota, Florida and Randolph, Vermont.

Gwyneth Walker has been a proud resident of Vermont for many years. She is the recipient of the Year 2000 "Lifetime Achievement Award" from the Vermont Arts Council as well as the 2008 "Athenaeum Award for Achievement in the Arts and Humanities" from the St. Johnsbury (VT) Athenaeum. In 2012, she was elected as a Fellow of the Vermont Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Walker's catalog includes over 300 commissioned works for orchestra, chamber ensembles, chorus, and solo voice. A special interest has been dramatic works that combine music with readings, acting, and movement. The music of Gwyneth Walker is published by E. C. Schirmer (choral and vocal music) and Lauren Keiser Music (orchestral and instrumental music).

Further information concerning Gwyneth Walker and her works is available at: www.gwynethwalker.com

## my father moved through dooms of love

- 1 my father moved through dooms of love through sames of am through haves of give, singing each morning out of each night my father moved through depths of height
- 2 this motionless forgetful where turned at his glance to shining here; that if (so timid air is firm) under his eyes would stir and squirm
- 3 newly as from unburied which floats the first who, his april touch drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates woke dreamers to their ghostly roots
- 4 and should some why completely weep my father's fingers brought her sleep: vainly no smallest voice might cry for he could feel the mountains grow.
- 5 Lifting the valleys of the sea my father moved through griefs of joy; praising a forehead called the moon singing desire into begin
- 6 joy was his song and joy so pure a heart of star by him could steer and pure so now and now so yes the wrists of twilight would rejoice
- 7 keen as midsummer's keen beyond conceiving mind of sun will stand, so strictly (over utmost him so hugely) stood my father's dream
- 8 his flesh was flesh his blood was blood: no hungry man but wished him food; no cripple wouldn't creep one mile uphill to only see him smile.
- 9 Scorning the Pomp of must and shall my father moved through dooms of feel; his anger was as right as rain his pity was as green as grain

- 10 septembering arms of year extend less humbly wealth to foe and friend than he to foolish and to wise offered immeasurable is
- 11 proudly and (by octobering flame beckoned) as earth will downward climb, so naked for immortal work his shoulders marched against the dark
- 12 his sorrow was as true as bread: no liar looked him in the head; if every friend became his foe he'd laugh and build a world with snow.
- 13 My father moved through theys of we, singing each new leaf out of each tree (and every child was sure that spring danced when she heard my father sing)
- 14 then let men kill which cannot share, let blood and flesh be mud and mire, scheming imagine, passion willed, freedom a drug that's bought and sold
- 15 giving to steal and cruel kind, a heart to fear, to doubt a mind, to differ a disease of same, conform the pinnacle of am
- 16 though dull were all we taste as bright, bitter all utterly things sweet, maggoty minus and dumb death all we inherit, all bequeath
- 17 and nothing quite so least as truth
  —i say though hate were why men breathe—
  because my Father lived his soul
  love is the whole and more than all

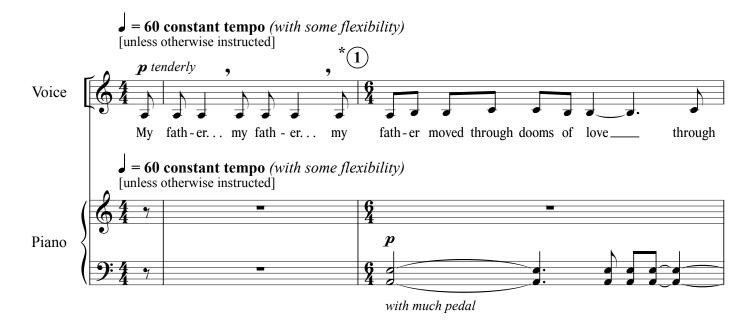
– E. E. Cummings

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<sup>\*</sup>The circled numbers refer to the stanzas of the poem.



























5'45"

This version completed:
September 30, 2016

New Canaan, Connecticut