vinyl output at 200%
wall color = BM 068 succulent peach

Sound & Sense

Poetic Musings in American Art

Artists and writers use their craft to express psychological, political, and cultural insight into the periods in which they lived. *Sound & Sense: Poetic Musings in American Art* explores paintings, sculpture, and decorative arts from the Wadsworth Atheneum's permanent collection that relate to poetic verse from both academic and homespun traditions. This exhibition illustrates how poetry and art became vehicles of American popular culture and entertainment, as well as beacons of memory, oral tradition, and folklore. The direct pairings of verse with works of art offer new ways of making connections between literature and visual art as symbols of the American experience.

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Section panel 1 of 4, 14”w x 18”h
bkgd color to match BM 1613 Silent Night; type color = black

Heroes, Martyrs, and Epic Adventures

The earliest epic poems were used to tell the heroic journey of a single person or group of people. Over time, these extended narratives evolved to address varying social, historical, and political climates. Celebrated American authors, like Herman Melville and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, emulated Classical epic poets, like Homer and Virgil, in the creation of exhilarating meters that evoke a sense of great danger and valor. Stories served as historic records, propaganda, or travelogues, allowing readers to experience exotic environments and perilous events as if they were direct witnesses. Similarly, the artworks in this section echo epic tales of folkloric heroes, martyrs, villains, and scenes from American history.

Section panel 2 of 4, 14”w x 18”h
bkgd color to match BM 1613 Silent Night; type color = black

Romantic Americans: Love, Life, and Loss

America’s fervor for the romantic is captured in the literary and artistic movements of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The mediums of poetry and visual art were used to negotiate the raw emotions surrounding love, life, and death, and often provided comfort, joy, and solace to those in similar circumstances. Spirituality, romanticism, and nostalgia were popular themes, explored in poems by well-known writers such as Oliver Wendell Holmes. Twentieth-century writers, including Robert Frost, took inspiration from the sentimental mood of this earlier period.

Section panel 3 of 4, 14”w x 18”h
bkgd color to match BM 1613 Silent Night; type color = black

Enlightened Americans

American art and poetry from the mid- to late-nineteenth century reflect cultural transformations as a result of war, industrialization, religious revivals, and increased opportunities for higher education. This era was distinguished by the ascent of female authors, such as Lydia Sigourney, and Transcendentalist poets, like Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson. These intellectually and socially enlightened authors composed works in the company and inspiration of artists in a salon-like environment. The works on display express the American struggle to establish a national identity and move forward into a period of enlightenment.

Section panel 4 of 4, 14”w x 18”h
bkgd color to match BM 1613 Silent Night; type color = black

Repeat After Me . . . Oration and Recitation

Memorable, simple rhyming was an effective method with different and, at times, opposing purposes in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. American children were expected to memorize and recite religious and literary verse as part of their education. Soldiers and slave laborers during the Civil War used a call-and-response technique to keep the pace when marching and working. The stories associated with the objects in this section reveal the honest sentiments of the people who created them and the different conditions in which they lived and worked. As you navigate this gallery, note how sound becomes part of your experience in reading the poems and viewing the art in the exhibition.

***Tankard,* c. 1760 –74**
American, Boston, Massachusetts
Paul Revere II
American, 1735 –1818
Silver
Gift of Harold C. Lovell, Jr. and Lulu K. Lovell, in memory of Harold C. Lovell, Sr., 2000.7.1

In the nineteenth century, the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow immortalized Paul Revere's valiant efforts to warn Americans of the invading British at the onset of the Revolutionary War on April 18, 1775. When read aloud, the meter of this poem suggests the galloping hoofbeats of Revere's horse. Longfellow narrated the story as seen from the perspective of a tavern keeper— a figure who was often the source of news in colonial America, as well as the purveyor of ale served in tankards, like this example crafted by Revere himself, who was also an accomplished silversmith.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
excerpt from "Paul Revere's Ride" (1860)

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, — A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, And a word that shall echo for evermore!

John Vanderlyn
American, 1755 – 1852
The Murder of Jane McCrea,
1804
Oil on canvas
Purchased by Subscription, 1855.4

John Vanderlyn's suspenseful tableau depicts the 1777 murder of Jane McCrea, allegedly killed by Mohawks hired by the British army. Revolutionaries created literary and visual propaganda such as this violent image to encourage enlistments in the American military. Joel Barlow, a Connecticut poet and diplomat, commissioned Vanderlyn to illustrate the tragedy for his epic poem celebrating America's history *The Columbiad*. Jane's unlawful killing became American folklore, reimagined in prints, lyrics, and historical novels, such as James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826).

Dotty Attie
American, born 1938
***The Story /One Night,* 1986**
23 hand-colored lithographs and letterpress text
Purchased through the gift of
Henry and Walter Keney, 1987.42

Contemporary artist Dotty Attie is known for her interpretation of famous paintings, such as John Vanderlyn's *The Murder of Jane McCrea* (1804), hanging nearby. She focuses on the polarizing drama of

victim and aggressors that made the epic tale of Jane McCrea a compelling tool of American propaganda. Attie's interpretation of this story highlights the derogatory depiction of American Indians as violent and savage. The artist confronts the lingering impact of these stories on the American imagination. Dotty Attie was the featured artist of matrix 63 in 1980–81.

Rockwell Kent
American, 1882 –1971
Illustration for Moby Dick, Chapter CXXXV
(Whaleboat and Crew
***Tossed into the Sea),* 1929**
Black ink over traces of graphite on wove paper
Gift of E. Weyhe, 1955.398

***Whaling Scene,* 1840**
American
Sperm whale tooth and natural dyes
Gift of Mrs. Robert W. Anthony, 1956.798

***Whaling Scene,* 1840**
American
Sperm whale tooth and natural dyes
Gift of Mrs. Charles A. Goodwin, 1945.475.27

In the mid-1800s, Americans loved reading perilous seafaring adventures, particularly those about the whaling industry. While a lucrative business, hunting whales for their oils, bone, baleen, and blubber came at a major cost of life to the animals and the mariners. Kent's illustrations of scenes from Herman Melville's popular novel *Moby Dick* (1851) and carved whale's teeth reveal the violence of the hunts — and the wrath sailors faced when they attacked these powerful creatures. These modern visions of man's struggle with the sea allude to episodes from Classical epics like Virgil's *Aeneid* and Homer's *Odyssey*.

"Salamina" bread plate,
c. 1936
American, Vernon, California
Designed by Rockwell Kent
1882 –1971
Vernon Kilns
1931–1970
Glazed and transfer-printed earthenware
Gift of Esther S. Cohen, 1988.142

Vernon Kilns, a major ceramic company, hired popular artists to produce designs for their tableware. Among them was the American artist Rockwell Kent, known for his powerful paintings and vivid written accounts of his journeys to remote parts of the world such as Alaska and Newfoundland. In 1935 he published an illustrated diary of his trip to Greenland, *Salamina,* named after a native Inuit woman whom he befriended there. Vernon Kilns produced a line with images of the strong women portrayed in Kent's

Salamina, such as the one seen here.

Isamu Noguchi
American, 1904 –1988
Bust of Lincoln Kirstein,
c. 1928 –29
Bronze on marble base
Purchased through the gifts of Henry and
Walter Keney and James Junius Goodwin, 1990.17

Lincoln Kirstein was a major patron of the arts, a distinguished author, and a war veteran. In World War II, he served as a private first class (Pfc) in the United States Army. His knowledge of foreign languages and expertise in art qualified him for the Army Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives program, known as the "Monuments Men," whose mission was to safeguard important artistic and cultural treasures. He later published a series of poems based on his experiences in *Rhymes of a Pfc.* In these verses, he explored the polarizing emotions of being a solider.

Daniel Chester French
American, 1850 –1931
Abraham Lincoln
***at Gettysburg,* 1912**
Bronze
Purchased through the gift of Henry and
Walter Keney, 1927.200

Walt Whitman wrote "O Captain! My Captain!," an elegy to President Abraham Lincoln, in response to his assassination in 1865. Bereft over this devastating loss, Americans immortalized Lincoln as a monumental political and spiritual leader in countless artistic and literary tributes, making him an American folklore hero. Whitman compares Lincoln's resolve and fearlessness to a captain guiding a ship to safety, a metaphor for the unification of the country after the Civil War. French's sculpture, showing the figure in a somber pose with hands clasped, is similar in mood to Whitman's poem.

James Sharples
British, worked in America, 1751–1811
George and Martha
***Washington,* c.1798**
Pastel on paper
Bequest of Daniel Wadsworth, 1848.18–19

As a lovesick teenager, George Washington penned impassioned sentimental verse to an unidentified maiden, long before he served as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army or president of the United States. This unbridled passion matured over time. After George married Martha Custis, they corresponded extensively when he was away from home. Their letters reveal expressions of deep loyalty at the heart of their relationship. In these portraits, the couple's connectedness is echoed by their unwavering gaze.

"Before and After Marriage"
***pitcher,* 1790**
English
Transfer-printed creamware
Gift of Dr. Horace S. Fuller, 1905.138

In contrast to the portraits of George and Martha Washington on view nearby, not all artistic expression of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries celebrated the romance of love. This pitcher is adorned with printed illustrations and text that satirize the evolution of joyful newlyweds into bitter spouses. Made in Staffordshire, England, pitchers such as this were imported for American consumers in large quantities and were popular decorations for the home.

***Pitcher,* 1822**
American, Norwich, Connecticut
Hiram Griffin
American, active c. 1822
Lead-glazed earthenware
Gift of Miss Louise S. Bunce, 1919.253

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, memorials to lost loved ones took many forms, from works of fine art to everyday objects, such as this pitcher. The poetic eulogy inscribed on it, with references to a "fight" and "the war," suggests the subject may have perished in the War of 1812, which lasted three years. The image of a weeping willow tree accompanying Griffin's poem serves as an everlasting symbol of the deceased's spirit and the continuing devotion of family and friends.

Hiram Griffin, inscription on pitcher, February 22, 1822
On distant shores and plains a far
in [fight] he gave his [gallant] breath
His life no more influences the war
But [closd] forever, shut in death
Flow on fair [blow], Joyous flow
Once wave thy boughs, thou ancient tree
in [all] the[ir] fragrant gales that blow
that pain may [cease], once sorrow flee.

Andrew Wyeth
American, 1917– 2009
***Chambered Nautilus,* 1956**
Tempera on panel
Gift from the Collection of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, 1979.168

The glowing sunlight, fluttering curtains, and empty, spiraled nautilus shell in Andrew Wyeth's painting serve as visual reminders of life's transience. Wyeth portrayed his mother-in-law, Mrs. Merle James, during her final illness, noting, "I did the picture right there in the room [and] she would talk to me about

her childhood." Like Wyeth's painting, Oliver Wendell Holmes's verse evokes the same mood, using a nautilus shell as a symbol of death, a "frail creature" in a "sunless crypt."

Isamu Noguchi
American, 1904 –1988
***Bell Child,* 1950**
Unglazed Seto white stoneware with wood base
The Philip L. Goodwin Collection,
Gift of James L. Goodwin, Henry Sage Goodwin, and Richmond L. Brown, 1958.227a,b

The influential Japanese writer and poet, Yone Noguchi, was also the father of the critically acclaimed sculptor Isamu Noguchi. In their respective crafts, they each embraced artistic traditions that reflected their Japanese heritage. Yone continued to compose *haiku* poetry during the years he spent in the United States. Isamu was born in America but visited Japan several times to explore his cultural roots. After his first visit, he became interested in bell-shaped ancient clay forms made to adorn tombs. Like his father, Isamu recognized the symbolic connotations of bells as emblems of peace, wartime, and religious practice.

Charles De Wolf Brownell
American, 1822 –1909
***The Charter Oak,* 1857**
Oil on canvas
Gift of Mrs. Josephine Marshall Dodge and Marshall
Jewell Dodge, in memory of Marshall Jewell, 1898.10

Robert Frost,"Tree at My Window" (1928)
Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

According to legend, the 1662 Connecticut Charter, the document that gave England's permission to the colony to self-govern, was hidden inside the trunk of an oak tree when the English sought to revoke its power decades later. The Charter Oak tree thus became a symbol of American independence until it fell in a violent storm in 1856. Original artifacts made from its wood and numerous paintings and prints made after it fell continue to tell this legend. Robert Frost's poem conveys a similar sense of affection and reverence for a beloved tree.

Georgia O'Keeffe
American, 1887–1986
***The Lawrence Tree,* 1929**
Oil on canvas
The Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner
Collection Fund, 1981.23

Robert Frost, "Tree at My Window" (1928)
Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

In this painting, Georgia O'Keeffe was inspired by a ponderosa pine on the New Mexico ranch of English novelist D. H. Lawrence (1885 – 1930). She altered her perspective by lying at the base of the tree and lo0king up to the highest branches. O'Keeffe channeled the intellectual spirit of Lawrence — who enjoyed writing under the tree's canopy— by painting the tree from the place where his creativity once flowed.

Rockwell Kent
American, 1882 –1971
***Vermont,* c. 1923–27**
Oil on canvas
The Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner
Collection Fund, 1986.2

Robert Frost, "Tree at My Window" (1928)
But, tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

In response to the industrialization of American cities, many modern artists, poets, and writers retreated to rural areas to find solace in the natural world. For a period of six years — and between voyages to more distant places — Kent's creative energies were nurtured by the forests and mountains visible from his Vermont studio. Here, the vantage point is high above the valley floor, removing the viewer from everyday life. Like his contemporary the poet Robert Frost — who also lived in Vermont — Kent saw trees as symbols of wonder and self-reflection.

Number 1 Pocket Pistol,
s.n. 7, 1840
Patent Arms Manufacturing Company, Paterson, New Jersey
Caliber .28 in., barrel 2 1/2 in., overall length 5 1/2 in. The Elizabeth Hart Jarvis Colt Collection, 1905.1059

***Melted and fused revolver parts,* c. 1864**
The Elizabeth Hart Jarvis Colt Collection,
1905.x.9 and 1905.x.10

The poet William Carlos Williams was inspired by the ruins of Samuel Colt's first firearms factory in his hometown of Paterson, New Jersey. Williams associated the decay and rebirth of America's industrial landscape with religious imagery of Easter and the resurrection. In the 1850s, financial challenges led to

the factory's closure. Colt then moved to Hartford, where his new factory was enormously successful. It was destroyed by fire in 1864, only two years after Colt's death. The fire left an eerie graveyard of molten metal relics, like the ones seen here.

***Colt Family Cradle,* 1857**
American, Hartford, Connecticut
Designed by Isaac W. Stuart
active c. 1844–1857
Made by John H. Most
active c. 1855 –1876
White oak, fabric (modern), and rhinestones (modern) The Elizabeth Hart Jarvis Colt Collection, 1905.1580

To commemorate the birth of their first child, Samuel Jarvis, Elizabeth and Samuel Colt commissioned a cradle in his honor. John Most, a talented woodcarver and piano maker, transformed remnants of Hartford's famed Charter Oak tree into a canoe-shaped bassinet adorned with rampant colts, the family emblem. Lydia Sigourney, a friend of Elizabeth, wrote a poem that was inscribed underneath the rough burl at the base of the frame (see adjacent image). Although Sigourney's poem expresses grand aspirations for the newborn, he died only ten months later.

John Trumbull
American, 1756 –1843
***Lydia Huntley Sigourney,* 1838**
Oil on canvas
Source unknown, 1863.7

Lydia Sigourney
Lydia Sigourney, popularly known as the "Sweet Singer of Hartford," was one of the first successful female poets of the nineteenth century. Mourning and bereavement were themes central to her work. Her memorial poems, or elegies, were often consolatory in tone and intended to offer solace to those grieving. She was commissioned by Samuel and Elizabeth Colt, notable Hartford figures and owners of the Colt Patent Firearms Manufactory, to write elegies for their children who died in infancy. Two of these poems are displayed here, alongside a memorial to Samuel, the patriarch, who died at age forty-seven.

Memorial Poems by Lydia Sigourney
Gift of Elizabeth Cushman Titus Putnam, 1997.8.4–.6

Transcriptions of Memorial Poems
by Lydia Sigourney, 2015

In Memoriam. Colonel Samuel Colt, Died at Hartford,
On Friday morning, January 10th, 1862.

And hath he fallen, — whom late we saw
In manly vigor bold?

That stately form, — that noble face, Shall we no more behold? —
Not now of the renown we speak
That gathers round his name, For other climes beside our own
Bear witness to his fame.

Nor of the high inventive power
That stretched from zone to zone, And ’neath the pathless ocean wrought, —
For these to all are known; — Nor of the love his liberal soul
His native City bore,
For she hath monuments of this
Till memory is no more;

Henrietta Selden Colt, Died January 20th, 1862, Aged 7 Months and 27 Days.
The Mourning Mother.

A tomb for thee, my babe!
Dove of my bosom, can it be?
But yesterday in all thy charms,
Laughing and leaping in my arms,
A tomb and shroud for thee!

A couch for thee mine own,
Beneath the frost and snow!
So fondly cradled, soft and warm,
And sheltered from each breath of storm,
A wintry couch for thee!

The First Birth-Day.
Samuel Jarvis Colt, Born Feb. 24th, 1857. Died Dec. 24th, 1857.

Lo, — thy first birth-day, —
Baby most fair, —
Cometh in wintry grace,
Cometh with smiling face, —
Where art thou? Where?

Not on the Mother’s breast,
Loving and mild, —
Not ’neath the Father’s eye
Watching him tenderly,
Sports the brave child, —

Edward Sheffield
Bartholomew
American, 1822–1858
***Lydia Sigourney,* 1846**
Marble relief
Purchased by Mr. J. G. Batterson for the Atheneum in 1858 by subscription, 1858.13

Albert Bierstadt
American, born Germany, 1830 –1902
***Toward the Setting Sun,* 1862**
Oil on paper mounted on canvas
Gift of Mr. J. Harold Williams in memory of
Edith Russell Woolley, 1977.74

Poet Lydia Sigourney responded to America's rapidly evolving culture in the nineteenth century. "Indian Names," with its drum-like rhythm, mourns the disappearance of a romanticized wilderness populated by American Indians as a result of industrialization, expanding agricultural and residential development, and the displacement of indigenous communities. This painting conveys a parallel motif of impending change, featuring American Indians gazing at the disappearing sun.

***Folding screen,* c. 1881– 82**
American, possibly Providence, Rhode Island
Painted maple
Gift of Anna C. Faxon Butler, by exchange, 1989.38

This screen features verses from John Greenleaf Whittier's most celebrated poem, "Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl," paired with vignettes that narrate his family history. The snowy landscapes and radiant hearth illustrate how his farming family tried to survive harsh conditions by digging paths to feed their animals and telling stories by the fire. For Whittier, the poem is a metaphor for his profound grief over lost relatives, and for America's moral and environmental corruption due to rapid industrialization and the atrocities of the Civil War.

Thomas Wilmer Dewing
American, 1851–1938
Frame designed by Stanford White (American,
1853 –1906) and probably crafted by
Newcomb-Macklin Company

***The Days,* 1884 – 86**
Oil on canvas
Gift of the estates of Louise Cheney and
Anne W. Cheney, 1944.328

A sonnet by Ralph Waldo Emerson adorns Thomas Wilmer Dewing's dream- like painting of the same

name. Central to the composition are the five days, personified by elegant women dressed in Greek shrouds. At left, a sixth figure — incidentally male — stands apart from the group, gazing at their ethereal beauty. This painting once adorned the dining room of Anne and Louise Cheney, sisters and heirs to a silk manufacturing empire in Manchester, Connecticut. The imagery and accompanying poem would have encouraged intellectual discussions suitable to the fashionable circles of the elite society to which the Cheneys belonged.

***Goose bowl,* August 1914**
American, Boston, Massachusetts
Paul Revere Pottery of the
Saturday Evening Girls' Club
1907 – 1942
Decorated by Albina Mangini
Glazed earthenware
Bequest of Stephen Gray, 2014.7.17

This bowl's design reflects the influence of illustrations in Walter Crane's edition of *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes* (1877). "Goosey, goosey, gander" appeared in this edition, but is much older than that, existing in a variety of dialects that generations of people recited and passed on orally. The bowl's decorator was a member of a cultural club for immigrant girls in Boston's North End neighborhood that met on Saturday evenings. It was founded by social reformers and children's book authors, Edith Guerrier and Edith Brown, who taught students to read and encouraged them to learn trades, like pottery, to earn a living.

***Merit cups and plate,* c. 1820**
English, Staffordshire
Lead-glazed earthenware (creamware)
Gift of Mrs. Douglas T. Smith, 1966.82.83, .86, .88,
.93, .97, .100, .247; inv.1057.1994

In the nineteenth century, ceramic factories in England began producing cups, mugs, and plates for children designed to educate, entertain, or even scold. Good conduct might merit an object with positive, playful images, whereas bad behavior might be discouraged or reprimanded through a cautionary message. The images and text referenced nursery rhymes or adages from popular advice books and almanacs, such as Benjamin Franklin's maxims published in *Poor Richard's Almanac.* At home and at school, children were often expected to recite similar texts from memory as a means of showing their diligence, obedience, and intelligence.

***Pie plate,* 1804**
American, Southeastern Pennsylvania
Redware
Gift of Mrs. Albert Hastings Pitkin, 1918.1348

Descendants of late seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century immigrants from southern Germany, eastern

France, and Switzerland settled in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. These communities maintained strong ties to their heritage through traditional costumes and customs, including food and drink. Pie was a favorite dish of the early Pennsylvania Germans. Pie plates were ordered for special events such as weddings and birthdays. These designs commonly paired images with script such as rhymes and limericks, to entertain and educate. The German text written on this pie plate loosely translates to: "This bird is neither black nor white, do you know its name?"

***Fall-front desk,* c. 1870**
American, Madison County, Mississippi
William Howard
American, c. 1805 – after 1870
Southern yellow pine, salvaged crate wood, and varnish
The Elijah K. and Barbara A. Hubbard Decorative Arts
Fund, The Evelyn Bonar Storrs Trust Fund, and
The Douglas Tracy Smith and Dorothy Potter Smith
Fund, 2012.2.1

The rhythm of call-and-response work songs, such as "Hoe, Emma, Hoe," helped slaves regulate their movement as they labored in tobacco and cotton fields and in southern plantation workshops and kitchens. These songs became an opportunity to talk about their overseers and their conditions, and were often passed on orally between generations. William Howard, who was once enslaved, adorned his hand-carved desk with tools associated with slavery. The shovels, picks, buckets, washboards, and tableware that produced a comfortable living for the plantation owners were finally used by free African Americans in service to their new lives.

Clementine Hunter
American, [1886] –1988
***Cotton Picking,* c. 1940**
Oil on board
Gift of Linda Cheverton Wick, 2013.19.7

Drawing from personal experience, Clementine Hunter painted scenes of African American life in rural Louisiana, from physical labor and field work to religious rituals and social gatherings. From a young age, she worked in the cotton fields of the Melrose Plantation. The plantation was a destination for artists, and Hunter began painting intermittently using discarded supplies from these visitors. Her bright, bold palette contrasts with the arduous conditions but suggests a spirit of endurance. The horizontal arrangement of the figures, like lines of text across
a page, serves as a reminder of the power of images to tell a story.

Tall case clock, 1785-95
American, East Windsor Hill
Connecticut
Daniel Burnap
American, 1759-1838

Cherry, pine, and brass
Gift of Erskine B. Hyde and Miss Mary E. Hyde, 1941.130

This is one of the few clocks made by Daniel Burnap with a musical component. Every few hours, its bells play six popular songs, the titles of which are skillfully engraved across the top arch of the dial. Songs, like other rhyming verses and poems, transmitted ideas and traditions from one generation to another. Many were originally sung in English taverns and later appropriated by Americans during the Revolutionary War. The regular meter invoked the rhythm of marching soldiers. This is one of the earliest forms of "recorded" music, as opposed to a live performance, from the eighteenth century.

section 1 = Oracal 800 nougat brown

Walt Whitman, excerpt from "O Captain! My Captain!" (1865)

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

Joel Barlow, excerpt from *The Columbiad* (1807)

She starts, with eyes upturn'd and fleeting breath,
In their raised axes views her instant death,
Spreads her white hands to heaven in frantic prayer,
Then runs to grasp their knees, and crouches there.
Her hair, half lost along the shrubs she past,
Rolls in loose tangles round her lovely waist;
Her kerchief torn betrays the globes of snow
That heave responsive to her weight of woe.
Does all this eloquence suspend the knife?
Does no superior bribe contest her life?
There does: the scalps by British gold are paid.

Lincoln Kirstein, excerpt from "Vet" in *Rhymes of a Pfc* (1964)

Just three weeks after our great act
He can't recall half his own wild
Sobbing advance. High on a dune,
This prematurely aging child,
A mite of history he helped make,
Rubs stubble chin, and spends a sigh,
Tomorrow he'll be down the line
Waiting one more chance to die.

Herodotus, c. 500 B.C., quoted in Rockwell Kent, *Salamina* (1935)

Neither snow nor rain
Nor ice nor heat nor gloom of night
Stays these couriers
From the swift completion of their appointed rounds

Herman Melville, excerpt from "The Ribs and Terrors in the Whale" (c. 1851)

I saw the opening maw of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they feel can tell—
Oh, I was plunging to despair.

section 2 = 050 dark blue

William Carlos Williams, excerpt from "The Semblables"

That red brick monastery in the suburbs
Over against the dust-hung acreage of the unfinished
And all but subterranean munitions plant
Those high brick walls behind which
At Easter the little orphans and bastards in white gowns
Sing their Latin responses to the hoary ritual
While frankincense and myrrh
Round out the dark chapel making an enclosed sphere of it

George Washington, excerpt from personal letter, 1749–50

From your bright sparkling Eyes, I was undone;
Rays, you have, more transparent than the sun,
Amidst its glory in the rising Day,
None can you equal in your bright array

Robert Frost, excerpt from "Tree at My Window" (1928)

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But, tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

Yone Noguchi, haiku from *Japanese Hokkus* (1920)

Oh, How cool —
The sound of the bell
That leaves the bell itself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, excerpt from "The Chambered Nautilus" (1858)

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

section 3 = 060 dark green

Lydia Sigourney, excerpt from poem inscribed at base of Colt family cradle, c. 1857

. . . your cradle is made out of the wood of this oak,
and it should teach you always to remember that hero who hid the Charter . . .
and make you follow his example in defending your country whenever it is in danger.
Die for your native land, Sammy, rather than let anybody hurt it!

Ralph Waldo Emerson, excerpt from "Days"

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

by "T," *Hartford Daily Courant*, Apr. 23, 1845

Wake gentle songstress, wake thy muse and tell
These varied scenes in thy harmonious line;
Thou needst not cross again the stormy brine
To seek for themes befitting song, for now
In this proud dome of art thou mayst entwine
Still fairer couplets for thy laureled brow;
And round this hallowed pile a lovelier radiance throw.

Lydia Sigourney, excerpt from "Indian Names" (1834)

Ye call these red-browned brethren
  The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
  The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their father's lands,
  Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of Heaven
  Exclude their last appeal?

section 4 = 073 dark grey

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, excerpt from "The Old Clock on the Stairs" (1845)

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

18th century work song

Caller: Old Joseph was a wood workin' man.

Chorus: Hoe Emma Hoe, you turn around dig a hole in the ground, Hoe Emma Hoe.

Caller: When he got old he lost his way.

Chorus: Hoe Emma Hoe, you turn around dig a hole in the ground, Hoe Emma Hoe.

Caller: Makes that boss man right mad.

Chorus: Hoe Emma Hoe, you turn around dig a hole in the ground, Hoe Emma Hoe.

Caller: Needs a young man to learn his trade.

Chorus: Hoe Emma Hoe, you turn around dig a hole in the ground, Hoe Emma Hoe…

Anonymous, 18th century

Goosey goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber.
There you'll find a cup of sack
And a race of ginger.

Deaser vogal est nicht Schwartz und und nicht weiss wiest du we er hiest?