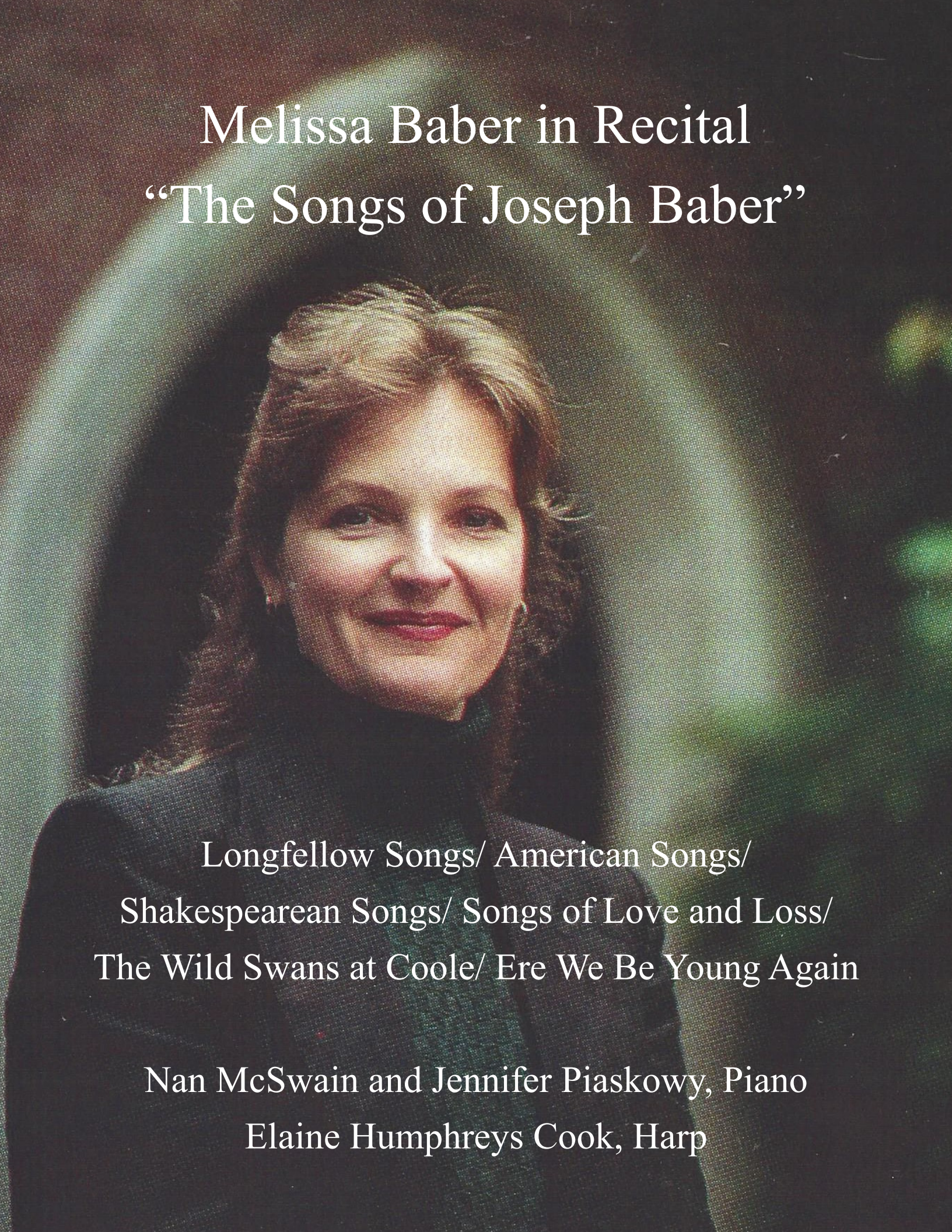
Melissa Baber in Recital
"The Songs of Joseph Baber"
Longfellow Songs/ American Songs/
Shakespearean Songs/ Songs of Love and Loss/
The Wild Swans at Coole/ Ere We Be Young Again
Nan McSwain and Jennifer Piaskowy, Piano
Elaine Humphreys Cook, Harp

Melissa Baber in Recital
"The Songs of Joseph Baber"

total running time 1:29:10

Longfellow Songs, Op. 2a ***running time 13:53***

1. It is Not Always May *2:22*
2. Aftermath *1:11*
3. Serenade *1:56*
4. The Rainy Day *2:41*
5. The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls *2:59*
6. Snow-Flakes *2:42*

American Songs, Op. 12 ***running time 15:14***

7. Words *1:24*
8. The Dying Lover *1:18*
9. The Dark Hills *1:36*
10. Nancibel *1:21*
11. To a Golden Haired Girl in a Louisiana Town *1:12*
12. [Mysteries] *1:41*
13. Terminus *1:32*
14. Evening Song *2:24*
15. The Runner in the Skies *1:17*
16. Force *1:25*

Shakespearean Songs, Op. 19 ***running time 15:17***

17. Full Fathom Five *1:26*
18. Willow Song *1:24*
19. Take, O, Take (1) *1:20*
20. Under the Greenwood Tree *1:22*
21. Tell Me Where *1:27*
22. The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I *0:48*
23. Take, O, Take (2) *2:03*
24. It Was a Lover and His Lass *1:30*
25. Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind *3:09*

Songs of Love and Loss, Op. 29 ***running time 8:28***

26. Pity me not *1:53*
27. The Net *1:03*
28. Men loved wholly beyond wisdom *2:02*
29. This quiet dust… *1:00*
30. Where no thoughts are *2:29*

The Wild Swans at Coole, Op. 55 ***running time 23:30***

31. The Wild Swans at Coole *5:09*
32. Brown Penny *1:21*
33. Maid Quiet *1:10*
34. First Love *1:38*
35. Remorse for Intemperate Speech *1:31*
36. Tom O'Roughley *1:34*
37. To a Child Dancing in the Wind *1:51*
38. Two Years Later *1:35*
39. When You Are Old *2:23*
40. The Lake Isle of Innesfree *5:14*

41. **Ere We Be Young Again, Op. 50** ***running time 12:46***

Good and Bad Children
Looking Forward
Whole Duty of Children
At the Sea-Side
Singing
Rain
Where Go the Boats?
The Swing
My Bed is a Boat
Envoy

LONGFELLOW SONGS, Op. 2a

Recorded September 15, 1991
Nan McSwain, piano

1. IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
   The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
   The blue-bird prophesying Spring.
So blue yon winding river flows,
   It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
   The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
   That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
   There are no birds in last year's nest!
All things rejoice in youth and love,
   The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
   The melting tenderness of night.
Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
   Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
   For O! it is not always May!
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
   To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
   There are no birds in last year's nest!

2. AFTERMATH

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
    And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
    And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
    Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
    In the silence and the gloom.

3. SERENADE

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

4. THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

5. THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

6. SNOW-FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the Air,
    Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
    Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
        Silent, and soft, and slow
        Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
    Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
    In the white countenance confession,
        The troubled sky reveals
        The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
    Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
    Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
        Now whispered and revealed
        To wood and field.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

AMERICAN SONGS, Op. 12

Recorded September 15, 1991
Nan McSwain, piano

1. WORDS

When violets were springing
    And sunshine filled the day,
And happy birds were singing
    The praises of the May,
A word came to me, blighting
    The beauty of the scene,
And in my heart was winter,
    Though all the trees were green.

Now down the blast go sailing
    The dead leaves, brown and sere;
The forests are bewailing
    The dying of the year;
A word comes to me, lighting
    With rapture all the air,
And in my heart is summer,
    Though all the trees are bare.

-John Hay

2. THE DYING LOVER

The grass that is under me now
    Will soon be over me, Sweet:
When you walk this way again,
    I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again
    And shed your tears like dew:
They will be no more to me then
    Than mine are now to you.

-Richard Henry Stoddard

3. THE DARK HILLS

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

-Edwin Arlington Robinson

4. NANCIBEL

The ghost of a wind came over the hill,
While day for a moment forgot to die,
And stirred the sheaves
Of the millet leaves,
As Nancibel went by.

Out of the lands of Long Ago,
Into the land of By and By,
Faded the gleam
Of a journeying dream,
As Nancibel went by.

-Bliss Carman

5. TO A GOLDEN HAIRED GIRL IN A LOUISIANA TOWN

You are a sunrise,
If a star should rise instead of the sun.
You are a moonrise,
If a star should come, in the place of the moon.
You are the Spring,
If a face should bloom,
Instead of an apple-bough.
You are my love
If your heart is as kind
As your young eyes now.

-Vachel Lindsay

6. [MYSTERIES]

The Murmur of a Bee
A Witchcraft—yieldeth me—
If any ask me why—
'Twere easier to die—
Than tell—

The Red upon the Hill
Taketh away my will—
If anybody sneer—
Take care—for God is here—
That's all.

The Breaking of the Day
Addeth to my Degree—
If any ask me how—
Artist—who drew me so—
Must tell!

-Emily Dickinson

7. TERMINUS

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

8. EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we!

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's
heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands.

-Sidney Lanier

9. THE RUNNER IN THE SKIES

Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about
her blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled,
She hurries through the night to a far lover.

-James Oppenheim

10. FORCE

1

The stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message
Hidden well.

2

There's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.

8

On mart and meadow,
Pavement or plain;
On azure mountain,
Or azure main—

10

Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts,
And weaklings fail.

11

Down the great currents
Let the boat swing;
There was never winter
But brought the spring.

-Edward Rowland Sill

SHAKESPEAREAN SONGS, Op. 19

Recorded September 15, 1991
Nan McSwain, piano

1. FULL FATHOM FIVE
From THE TEMPEST

Full fathom five thy father lies;
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
  Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
  Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

2. WILLOW SONG
From OTHELLO

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the tones
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

3. TAKE, O, TAKE (1)
From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain!

4. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
From AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

5. TELL ME WHERE
From THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tell me where is fancy bred.
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,--Ding, dong, bell.

6. THE MASTER, THE SWABBER, THE BOATSWAN, AND I
From THE TEMPEST

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she has a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

7. TAKE, O, TAKE (2)

8. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS
From AS YOU LIKE IT

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-noni-no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
These pretty country folks would lie
This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey hey-noni-no,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

9. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND
From AS YOU LKE IT

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

-William Shakespeare

SONGS OF LOVE AND LOSS, Op. 29

Recorded September 15, 1991

Nan McSwain, piano

1. PITY ME NOT

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field and thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon,
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.
This have I known always: Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
What the swift mind beholds at ever turn.

-Edna St. Vincent Millay

2. THE NET

I made you many and many a song,
Yet never one told all you are—
It was as though a net of words
Were flung to catch a star;
It was as though I curved my hand
And dipped sea-water eagerly,
Only to find it lost the blue
Dark splendor of the sea.

-Sara Teasdale

3. MEN LOVED WHOLLY BEYOND WISDOM

Men loved wholly beyond wisdom
Have the staff without the banner.
Like a fire in a dry thicket
Rising within women's eyes
Is the love men must return.
Heart, so subtle now, and trembling,
What a marvel to be wise,
To love never in this manner!
To be quiet in the fern
Like a thing gone dead and still,
Listening to the prisoned cricket
Shake its terrible dissembling
Music in the granite hill.

-Louise Bogan

4. THIS QUIET DUST...

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies
And Lads and Girls;
Was laughter and ability and sighing,
And frocks and curls.
This passive place was a Summer's nimble mansion,
Where Bloom and Bees
Fulfilled their Oriental Circuit,
Then ceased like these.

-Emily Dickinson

5. WHERE NO THOUGHTS ARE

When all my will drops from me like a shroud
From the fair dead when they go up on high,
And leaves my soul like sky, blue sky, all sky,
Without a wind or sunshine or the loud
Incessant flitting of the thoughts that crowd
Like swallows to the summer time, then I,
Looking straight upward through myself, descry
A beautiful face more vague than wind or cloud
That from its Heaven searches into mine
And bends to me, even as a star to star.
But if I think, back will the faint clouds roll.
Sometimes I wonder if it be divine -
If that be God, up there where no thoughts are -
Or if I see the face of my own soul.

-Anna Hempstead Branch

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE, Op. 55

Recorded November 1, 1986

Elaine Humphreys Cook, harp

1. THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

2. BROWN PENNY

I whispered, 'I am too young,'
And then, 'I am old enough';
Wherefore I threw a penny
To find out if I might love.
'Go and love, go and love, young man,
If the lady be young and fair.'
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
I am looped in the loops of her hair.

O love is the crooked thing,
There is nobody wise enough
To find out all that is in it,
For he would be thinking of love
Till the stars had run away
And the shadows eaten the moon.
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
One cannot begin it too soon.

3. MAID QUIET

Where has Maid Quiet gone to,
Nodding her russet hood?
The winds that awakened the stars
Are blowing through my blood.
O how could I be so calm
When she rose up to depart?
Now words that called up the lightning
Are hurtling through my heart.

4. FIRST LOVE

Though nurtured like the sailing moon
In beauty's murderous brood,
She walked awhile and blushed awhile
And on my pathway stood
Until I thought her body bore
A heart of flesh and blood.

But since I laid a hand thereon
And found a heart of stone
I have attempted many things
And not a thing is done,
For every hand is lunatic
That travels on the moon.

She smiled and that transfigured me
And left me but a lout,
Maundering here, and maundering there,
Emptier of thought
Than the heavenly circuit of its stars
When the moon sails out.

5. REMORSE FOR INTEMPERATE SPEECH

I ranted to the knave and fool,
But outgrew that school,
Would transform the part,
Fit audience found, but cannot rule
My fanatic heart.
I sought my betters: though in each
Fine manners, liberal speech,
Turn hatred into sport,
Nothing said or done can reach
My fanatic heart,
Out of Ireland have we come.
Great hatred, little room,
Maimed us at the start.
I carry from my mother's womb
A fanatic heart.

6. TOM O'ROUGHLEY

Though logic-choppers rule the town,
And every man and maid and boy
Has marked a distant object down,
An aimless joy is a pure joy,'
Or so did Tom O'Roughley say
That saw the surges running by.
'And wisdom is a butterfly
And not a gloomy bird of prey.
'If little planned is little sinned
But little need the grave distress.
What's dying but a second wind?
How but in zig-zag wantonness
Could trumpeter Michael be so brave?'
Or something of that sort he said,
'And if my dearest friend were dead
I'd dance a measure on his grave.'

7. TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

8. TWO YEARS LATER

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
Or warned you how despairing
The moths are when they are burned?
I could have warned you; but you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.
O you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
But I am old and you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

9. WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

10. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNESFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innesfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

-William Butler Yeats

Ere We Be Young Again, Op. 50

Recorded June 22, 1981

Jennifer Piaskowy, piano

1. Good and Bad Children

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grew up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

2. Looking Forward

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

3. Whole Duty of Children

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

4. At the Sea-Side

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
    To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
    Till it could come no more.

5. Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
    And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
    In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
    The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
    Is singing in the rain.

6. Rain

The rain is raining all around,
    It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
    And on the ships at sea.

7. Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

8. The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
    Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
    Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
    Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
    Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
    Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
    Up in the air and down!

9. My Bed is a Boat

My bed is like a little boat;
    Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
    And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
    Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
    And see and hear no more.
And sometimes things to bed I take,
    As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
    Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
    But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
    I find my vessel fast.

10. Envoy

The river, on from mill to mill,
Flows past our childhood's garden still;
But ah! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door.
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play,
And I can hear them call and say:
"*How far is it to Babylon?*"

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone!
"*Can I get there by candlelight?*"
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know—perchance you might—
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

-Robert Louis Stevenson