

# Songs of America

*For Soprano or Tenor and Piano\**

Music by J. Todd Frazier

I.

“We Hold These Truths”

*Text by Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)*

*From The American Declaration of Independence from England*

II.

“Summer in the South - A Prayer”

*Poems by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)*

III.

“The Dying Soldier’s Last Request”

*Poem by William Munnerlyn (1842-1864)*

*From a Letter to his Sister*

IV.

“Wild Horses”

*Original Words and Music by Jean Ritchie (1922-2015)*

*Interpretation and Arrangement by J. Todd Frazier*

## Program Notes:

**Songs of America** invites audiences to reflect on the dream of America, the thirst and struggle for freedom, of how far we have come, on those that have suffered for the cause, and the hopes and challenges of the future. Thomas Jefferson, with graphic imagery, describes the price of freedom; *“The Tree of Liberty must be nourished from time to time with the blood of Patriots and Tyrants, it is its natural manure.”*

**“We Hold These Truths”** sets the first lines of the Declaration of Independence, recalling the vision of, and challenge to, America and Americans, through the words of the third president of the United States, Thomas Jefferson.

The set continues with the combined setting of **“Summer in the South”** and **“A Prayer”** by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. The son of slaves, Dunbar wrote at the end of the 1800s, more than 100 years after the adoption of the Declaration. He writes of his love of nature and of life idealized, juxtaposed with the worldly challenges of living as a black man in a time where inequity continued.

Following is \*William Munnerlyn’s beautiful letter to his sister written 88 years after the Declaration, **“A Dying Soldier’s Last Request”**. Similar to Dunbar, his letter not only evokes nature and love of life, but also commitment and loyalty to family and country. William wrote the letter at age 22, just before being shot dead fighting in the war of the states. It reminds us of an age of literary thoughtfulness and sophistication rarely seen today and is additionally poignant and thought provoking after **“We Hold These Truths”** and Dunbar’s poems, as Munnerlyn was a Confederate soldier.

The set concludes with an interpretation and arrangement of the Appalachian folk song by Jean Ritchie, **“Wild Horses”**, originally for lap dulcimer and voice. This work provides wonderful contrast to the previous songs and music, not only in tempo and style, but also in its representation of freedom as an unbridled thirst in nature and an ultimate ideal for man with verses like; *“Out of the way, you’ll get run over; Wild things never will bear the rein! Fly the fences, smash the clover. Out of the way they’re (Wild Horses) gone again!”*

\* a relative of the composer and nephew to Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchel, author of *“Gone with the Wind.”*

## We Hold These Truths



Thomas Jefferson was born on April 13, 1743, in Shadwell, Virginia. He was a draftsman of the U.S. Declaration of Independence; the nation's first secretary of state (1789-94); second vice president (1797-1801); and, as the third president (1801-09), the statesman responsible for the Louisiana Purchase. Jefferson died in bed at Monticello (located near Charlottesville, Virginia) on July 4, 1826.

To the task of composing the American Declaration of Independence from England, Benjamin Franklin, the internationally respected senior member of the Continental Congress, quickly declined, stating, "I make it a policy never to write documents subject to editing by others." John Adams, the seasoned and experienced politician, was then called upon. Adams said, "There are three reasons why I should not accept this honor: first, I am disliked and obnoxious, so the document would lack credibility; second, it should be written by a Virginian; and third, Thomas Jefferson is ten times a better writer than I." The daunting task then came to the 33 year old Jefferson, who composed the draft in 1776 over a 17 day period in a hotel room in Philadelphia. Among the activities which helped focus and inspire his mind and words during this period was music - the playing of his violin.

Jefferson said the object of the Declaration was "not to find out new principles, or new arguments, never before thought of, not merely to say things which had never been said before; but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject, in terms so plain and firm as to command their assent, and to justify ourselves in the independent stand we are compelled to take. Neither aiming at originality of principle or sentiment, nor yet copied from any particular and previous writing, it was intended to be an expression of the American mind, and to give to that expression the proper tone and spirit called for by the occasion."

The words of the American Declaration of Independence that modern Americans most embrace, are found in the preamble, and set in **We Hold These Truths**: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. *We hold these*



*truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, - That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."* Thomas Jefferson

# I. We Hold These Truths

for Soprano or Tenor and Piano  
an excerpt adapted from the original version for  
Voice, Chorus, Violin Narrator, Actor and Orchestra  
from the Oratorio "We Hold These Truths"

Text: Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)  
Music: J. Todd Frazier (b. 1969)

**1**  $\text{♩} = 46$  Reverent and aspiring

Voice *expressive p* *mp* *p* *mf*

We hold these truths to be self evident,

Piano *mp* *p*

(generous use of sustain pedal throughout)

**5** *p* *mf* *mp* *mf* *rit.*

that all Men are created equal

Pno. *mf* *rit.*

9 *a tempo* *pp*

Voice

Pno.

*p* *mp* *p* *p* *mf* *3* *p*

13 *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

Voice

Pno.

*p* *f* *mf* *mp* *f* *3* *3* *3* *p*

17 *a tempo* *rit. molto* *a tempo*  
 expressive *p*

Voice

We hold these

Pno.

*p* *p* *mp* *p*

*mf* *p*

21 *mp* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *mp*

Voice

truths to be self evident, that all Men are cre

Pno.

*mf*

25 *rit.* *mf* *p* *a tempo* *mp* *p*

Voice  
 a ted e qual that they are en dowed by their Cre a tor with cer tain in

Pno.  
*rit.* *a tempo* *p*

29 *mf* *p* *rit. molto* *mf* *a tempo* *rit. molto* *ff* (take time)

Voice  
 alien a ble Rights, that a mong these are Life, Lib er ty, and the Pur suit of (take time)

Pno.  
*rit. molto* *a tempo* *rit. molto* *p* *mf* *ff*

33 *a tempo* *rit. molto* *a tempo*

Voice

Hap pi ness

Pno.

*f* *p* *f* *p* *mf*

*p*

(take time)

37 *rit.* *a tempo (slightly slower, reflective)*

Voice

expressive *p*

We hold these

Pno.

*p* *mp* *p* *mp*

*a tempo (slightly slower, reflective)*

41 *mp* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* (take time) *mp*

Voice

truths — to be self ev i dent, — that all — Men — are cre

Pno.

*p* *mf*

45 *rit.* *mf* *a tempo* ♩ = 46 *pp*

Voice

a ted — e qual —

Pno.

*rit.* *a tempo* ♩ = 46 *p* *mp* *p*

*p* *mp* *p*

*p* *p*

49 *rit.*

Voice

Pno.

*p* *mf* *p* *mf* *mp* *f*

*rit.*

53 *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Voice

Pno.

*a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

*p* *p* *mf* *p*

57 *rit. molto* *a tempo* *rit.*

Voice

Pno.

*mp* *p* *mp* *p* *mf*

*rit. molto* *a tempo* *expressive* *rit.*

61 *rit. molto*

Voice

Pno.

*pp* *p* *mp*

*rit. molto*

*slowly*



*Paul Laurence Dunbar!*

Paul Laurence Dunbar was the first African American to gain national eminence as a poet. Born in 1872 in Dayton, Ohio, he was the son of ex-slaves and classmate to Orville Wright of aviation fame. Although he lived to be only 33 years old, Dunbar was prolific, writing short stories, novels, librettos, plays, songs and essays as well as the poetry for which he became well known. He was popular with black and white readers of his day, and his works are celebrated today by scholars and school children alike. His style encompasses two distinct voices, the standard English of the classical poet and the evocative dialect of the turn of the century black community in America. He was gifted in poetry, the way that Mark Twain was in prose, and in using dialect to convey character.

### **Summer in the South**

The oriole sings in the greening grove  
As if he were half-way waiting,  
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,  
Timid, and hesitating.  
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep  
And the nights smell warm and pinety,  
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots  
Are yellow-green and tiny.  
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,  
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,  
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue  
And the woods run mad with riot.

### **A Prayer**

O LORD, the hard-won miles  
Have worn my stumbling feet:  
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,  
And make my life complete.  
The thorns were thick and keen  
Where'er I trembling trod;  
The way was long between  
My wounded feet and God.  
Where healing waters flow  
Do thou my footsteps lead.  
My heart is aching so;  
Thy gracious balm I need.

# II. Summer in the South: A Prayer

For Soprano or Tenor and Orchestra or Piano

Text: Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906)  
Music: J. Todd Frazier (b. 1969)

$\text{♩} = 98$  *animated, organic*

Voice

Piano

Voice

Pno.

Voice

Pno.

13

Voice

*mp* *mf*

The Or - i - ole sings —

Pno.

*p* *f* *pp* *mf*

*f* (*p*)

8<sup>va</sup>

18

Voice

*p* *f* *p*

in the green - ing grove As if he were were half - way wait - ting, as if he were

Pno.

*pp* *f* *p*

23

Voice

*f* *mp* *mf* *p* *f*

were half - way wai - ting, The rose - buds peep — from their hoods of green,

Pno.

*f* *pp* *mf* *pp* *f*

8<sup>va</sup>

28 *p* *f* *p legato*

Voice  
 tim - id and hes - i - tat - ing. And The rain comes down in a tor - rent

Pno.  
*p* *f* *p*

33 *f*

Voice  
 sweep And the nights smell warm and pine - ty,

Pno.  
*f*

38 *mp*

Voice

Pno.  
*mp* *pp* *mf* *pp* *f*

43

Voice

The gar - den thrives,

*mp* *mf*

Pno.

*p* *f* *pp* *mf*

*8va*

48

Voice

but the ten - der shoots are yel-low green — are green and ti - ny, are yel-low green

*p* *f* *p*

Pno.

*pp* *f* *p*

53

Voice

are green and ti - ny. Then a flash of sun — on a wait - ing hill,

*f* *mp* *mf* *p* *f*

Pno.

*f* *pp* *mf* *pp* *f*

*8va*

58 *p* *f* *p*

Voice  
Streams laugh that erst were quiet, And the sky smiles down with a

Pno.  
*p* *f* *p*

8<sup>va</sup>

63

Voice  
daz - zling blue and the woods run mad with

Pno.

68 *mp*

Voice  
ri - ot.

Pno.  
*mf* *mp*

(orch.: field drum, snares off)  
L.V. 3 3

73 *rit.* **ppp** *molto*

Voice

Pno. *rit.* *molto* **pp** L.V.

78  $\text{♩} = 66$  *reflective*  
**p** *expressive*

Voice

Pno.  $\text{♩} = 66$  *reflective*

Oh Lord, the hard - won miles \_\_\_\_\_ Have

83 *rit.*

Voice

Pno. *rit.*

worn my stumb - ling feet: Oh, sooth me with thy smiles, \_\_\_\_\_ and make my life com -

88 *a tempo* *rit.* *f* *take time* *(echo)* *a tempo* *pp*

Voice  
 ple. The thorns were thick and keen \_\_\_\_\_ Where' - er I \_\_\_\_\_ trembl - ing trod; The

Pno.

93 *rit.* *take time* *a tempo* *p*

Voice  
 way was long be - tween \_\_\_\_\_ My wound - ed feet and God. Where heal - ing wat - ers

Pno.

98 *rit.*

Voice  
 flow \_\_\_\_\_ Do thou my foot - steps lead. My heart is ach - ing so; \_\_\_\_\_ Thy

Pno.

103 *grac - ious balm I need.*

*♩ = 98 animated, organic*

Pno. *pp*

106

Pno. *mf* *pp* *f* *p* *f*

*8va*

111 *The Or - i - ole sings — in the green - ing grove*

*mp* *mf* *p* *f*

Pno. *pp* *mf* *pp* *f*

116 *p* *f* *mp*

Voice: As if he were were half-way wait - ting, as if he were were half-way wai - ting, The

Pno. *p* *f* *pp* *8va*

121 *mf* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p legato*

Voice: rose - buds peep — from their hoods of green, tim - id and hes - i - tat - ing. And The

Pno. *mf* *pp* *f* *p* *f* *8va*

126 *f*

Voice: rain comes down in a tor - rent sweep And the nights

Pno. *p* *f*

131 *mp*

Voice

smell warm and pine - ty,

Pno.

(orch.: field drum, snares off)

L.V. 3

*mf*

*mp*

136 *rit.* *ppp*

Voice

Pno.

*rit.*

3

141 *molto*

Voice

Pno.

*molto*

*pp* L.V.

## OBITUARY.

Killed, instantly, by a shot through the head, near Atlanta, Ga., on Friday, July 22, 1864, Lieut. WM. H. MUNNERLYN, of the 10th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, aged twenty-two years and six months.

The grandson of a revolutionary sire, who had immortalized his name in the Pee Dee country by long and arduous services under Marion, it was not surprising that at the first call for volunteers, William was among the first to stand forth, while yet a mere youth, in vindication of the principals for which his ancestors taught. When the Convention in December, 1860, authorized Co. Macey Gregg to raise a regiment of volunteers for six months, he was one of that noble band, from Marion District, who went, under Captain Stanley, to the islands contiguous to Charleston, where he remained until after the fall of Fort Sumter. When Col. Gregg desired to go to Virginia he was also with that portion which constituted the vanguard of Southern volunteers on the soil of the Old Dominions. Having served out the six months term he had enlisted, and having had a brief respite at home, he determined to go again to the field, and was appointed Sergeant in Company L, but was subsequently elected a Lieutenant in Company D, of the 10th Regiment. How well he discharged the duties of his position it is not for the writer of this to say, for the terms ordinarily used in obituaries being too often in the form of eulogy and panegyric, does not become those who desire to hear simple truth. It will not be out of place, however, to say, that the Captain of Company L says of him, "while under my command, if I ever desired to have a special duty performed with faithfulness and promptness and my orders obeyed implicitly, Sergeant Munnerlyn was the officer placed in charge of that duty;" and it can be said with equal truth after his promotion, he shrank from the discharge of no duty he was called upon to perform. He did not belong to that class of officers who urge their men - "go, I will follow," but with him it was "come, I will lead," and how well those under him obeyed is evidenced by the reduced ranks of the company to which he was attached. Brave without rashness, he had the faculty of intriguing enthusiasm among his followers; strict, yet just to all, his men loved him; and it may be said of him, without fear and without reproach, no truer or braver soldier has given up his life in the cause of the South. Of him too, it can be truly said in all the relations of life, as a son or as a brother, in official station or in social intercourse, whether at home or in camp, he was the christian gentleman, unselfish, fearless, generous and brave. No sordid or mean action ever stained his character, and his memory will remain fresh in the hearts of his associates and companions.

The son of a preacher of the Gospel whose name is a sweet odour to all who know him, Rev. Thomas M. Munnerlyn, he was early trained in the way he should go, and at the Centenary Camp Meeting, in the immediate neighborhood of his home, surrounded by his companions and friends, he joined the Methodist Church and professed religion in October, 1860, a few months before the war. He lived up to his professions, and maintained his steadfastness amid all the temptations of the camp. Living thus his career was without a blot, and dying his virtues enshrine him in the hearts of all who knew him. His immediate family have the mournful satisfaction of knowing that while they lose him here, he has secured the promise--- Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

A short time before his death, he sent the sub-joined beautiful and appropriate lines in a letter to his mother, with the remark that if he were killed in the battle then pending they were the sentiments of his heart:



### The Dying Soldier's Last Request.

Go tell my Mother that I die,  
     A soldier true and brave  
 And though no tear from her sad eye  
     Be shed above my grave.  
 Pale eve will weep soft dews above  
 The spot, as from a Mother's love  
 And birds for me will mourning sing,  
 While o'er my grave sweet flowers will spring.

Go tell my Father that his son  
     No tarnish leaves his name,  
 For him, in age, to look upon  
     With sorrow or with shame;  
 That like a hero I have died,  
 Sustained by sense of truth and pride.  
 And though my life, my all I give:  
 'Twere better thus, than else to live.

Go tell my sister that her smile  
     Makes bright my dying hour---  
 That like the sun to some lone isle,  
     To me its cheering power:  
 E'en now the past is mine again,  
 Its memories soothe each sense of pain,  
 As back far through the mists of years;  
 I see her in youth's smiles and tears.

Go tell the friends my boyhood knew,  
     The patriot's death is mine;  
 The sword I for my country drew,  
     I now to them resign:  
 'Twere sweet to live, yet I can die  
 And in the grave forgotten lie,  
 To know I have my duty done,  
 And nobly life's last triumph won.

Go tell my comrades in the field,  
     I die a freeman's death;  
 Tell them to wield the battle shield  
     With life's last lingering breath.  
 The banner that we bore on high,  
 Still lid it all their hosts defy;  
 For where the war tide wild shall wave,  
 It's fit to be a soldier's grave.

Go tell that good man on whose word  
     Each Sabbath day I hung,  
 My spirit, in this hour, is stirred  
     by his impassioned tongue;  
 Tell him the learning, wisdom, truth,  
 He taught me in my wayward youth,  
 Is still to me a blessed boon,  
 That will fruition yield me soon.

# III. A Dying Soldier's Last Request

Verses 1, 2, 6

For Soprano or Tenor and Orchestra or Piano

Text: William Munnerlyn (1842-1864)

Music: J. Todd Frazier (b.1969)

1  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 54$  Sensitive to all inflections

Voice *p* *mp* *f* *rit.* *p*

Go tell my Mo - ther that I die, A sol - dier true and brave —

Piano  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 54$  *p* *mf* *rit.*

4 *a tempo* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *pp*

Voice And — though no tear from her sad — eye — Be shed a - bove my grave. — Pale

Pno. *a tempo* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

7 *rit.* *a tempo* *f* *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

Voice — eve will weep — soft dews — a - bove The spot, as — from a Mo - ther's love

Pno. *rit.* *a tempo* *pp* *f* *p* *mf* *p* *f*

Reo. Reo. Reo.





28 *f* *a tempo* *p* *f* *mp*

Voice

all I give; 'Twere bet - ter thus than

Pno.

*f* *p* *f*

*Leg.* *Leg.*

30 *f* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

Voice

else to live.

Pno.

*p* *f* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

*Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.*

32 *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

Voice

Go tell that good man on whose

Pno.

*f* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

*p* *f* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.*

34 *f* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

Voice  
word Each Sab - bath day I hung, — My — spi - rit, in — this

Pno.

37 *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *pp* *rit.* *a tempo* *f*

Voice  
hour, is stirred By his im-pas-sioned tongue; — Tell — him the learn - ing, wis - dom, and

Pno.

40 *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *p* *rit.*

Voice  
truth, He taught me — in my way - ward youth, Is

Pno.

43 *a tempo* *pp* *rit.* *f* *a tempo* *p* *f* *mp*

Voice

still to me a ble - sed boon, That will fru - i - tion

Pno.

46 *f* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

Voice

yield me soon.

Pno.

*p* *f* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

*f* *rit.* *a tempo*

*ped.*

48 *rit.*

Voice

48 *rit.*

Pno.

*f* *p* *pp* L.V.

*soft ped.*

# Wild Horses

Words and Music: Jean Ritchie (1922-2015)

Interpretation and Arrangement: J. Todd Frazier (b. 1969)

Of **Wild Horses**, Frazier explains: “When asked by Renee Fleming to arrange Jean Ritchie’s **Wild Horses** for Orchestra and Voice, I embraced the opportunity immediately. After my first hearing of Jean’s original voice and dulcimer recording of **Wild Horses** from her album **Mountain Hearth & Home**, I became mesmerized by the song. I also felt it would provide wonderful contrast paired with **We Hold These Truths**, not only in tempo and style, but also in its representation of freedom as an unbridled thirst in nature with verses like; “*Out of the way, you’ll get run over; Wild things never will bear the rein! Fly the fences, smash the clover. Out of the way they’re (Wild Horses) gone again!*”



Drawing upon my own familiarity with and playing of the dulcimer and bluegrass/folk guitar, I immediately searched for a way to create an orchestral arrangement that retained the authentic style of Ritchie’s playing and singing, something that I knew could be lost in a straightforward orchestration. What resulted is much more than an orchestration, and even more than an arrangement, its a work inspired by and based on the original, but expanded in many ways: a fiddle solo written for the concertmaster, a modulation, multiple interludes and responses for the orchestra, opportunities for the voice to expressively embellish, and a non traditional strumming approach with the strings that is meant to retain the warm open string, resonate quality of the lap dulcimer so unique in Jean’s recording.



*Over the hills and over the mountains, Over the ridges high and low,  
See the dust and listen to the thunder look-it them wild horses go!  
Run, come a long my pretty little thing, Run, come along, my darlin';  
Run, come along, we'll take a little trip, Over the hills to Harlan.*

*Round the bend comes Old Ninety-seven, Hear her holler, hear her strain!  
Horses scream and paw for Heaven, Runnin' a race with a railroad train!  
Oh, run, come a long my pretty little thing, Run, come along, my darlin';  
Run, come along, we'll take a little trip, Over the hills to Harlan.*

*Out of the way, you'll get run over; Wild things never will bear the rein!  
Fly the fences, smash the clover. Out of the way they're gone again!  
Oh, run, come a long my pretty little thing, Run, come along, my darlin';  
Run, come along, we'll take a little trip, Over the hills to Harlan.*

*Wind in the mane and the devil in the saddle, Fire in the hoof and blood in the eye!  
Who knows, who knows where they're goin', but Look-it them wild horses fly!  
Oh, run, come a long my pretty little thing, Run, come along, my darlin';  
Run, come along, we'll take a little trip, Over the hills to Harlan...*

# IV. Wild Horses

for Renee Fleming

For Soprano (or Tenor) and Orchestra or Piano  
(An version with solo)

Words and Music: Jean Ritchie  
Interpretation and Arrangement: J. Todd Frazier

$\bullet = 126$   $\text{♩} = 63$  (or slightly slower, at vocalists direction)

Voice *mf*

O - ver the hills and o - ver the moun-tains,

Piano *f* *mp*

Voice

O - ver the ridg - es high and low See the dust and lis-ten to the thun - der look it them — wild hors - es

Pno.

7 *f*

Voice

go! Run, come a long my pret-ty lit-tle thing Run, comea-long, my dar - lin'!

Pno. *mf*

10

Voice

Run, come a - long, we'll take a lit - tle trip — O - ver the hills to Har - lan —

Pno.

13 *mp* *mf*

Voice

Round the bend comes Old Nine-ty-sev-en, Hear her hol-ler, hear her strain!

Pno.

16 *f*

Voice

Hors-es scream and paw for Heav-en, Run-nin' a race with a rail-road

Pno.

19

Voice

train! Oh, run, come a-long, my pret-ty lit-tle thing, — Run, come a-long my dar - lin'

Pno.

*f* *mf*

22

Voice

Run, come a-long we'll take a lit-tle trip — O - ver the hills to Har - lan.

Pno.

25 *mp* *mf*

Voice

Out of the way, you'll get run ov - er; Wild things nev-er will bear the rein!

Pno.

*f* *mp*

28 *f*

Voice

Fly the fenc - es, smash the clo - ver Out of the way they're gone a - gain! Oh,

Pno.

*f*

31

Voice

run, come a-long my pret-ty lit-tle thing — Run, come a-long my dar - lin' Run, come a-long, we'll take a lit-tle trip —

Pno.

*mf*

34

Voice

O - ver the hills to Har - lan. \_\_\_\_\_

Pno.

*mp*

*p*

37

Voice

37

*expressive (in a folk, bluegrass style)*

*p* < *mf*

*f*

Detailed description: This system covers measures 37 to 39. The voice staff shows three measures of rests. The piano staff begins at measure 37 with a treble clef and a 7/8 time signature. The melody is marked *p* and *mf*. At measure 38, the melody becomes more complex with slurs and is marked *f*. The bass line provides accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system ends at measure 39 with a 3/4 time signature.

40

Voice

40

*p*

*f*

Detailed description: This system covers measures 40 to 42. The voice staff shows three measures of rests. The piano staff begins at measure 40 with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked *p*. At measure 41, the melody continues with slurs and is marked *f*. The bass line continues with accompaniment. The system ends at measure 42 with a 4/4 time signature.

43

Voice

Pno.

*mp*

Musical score for measures 43-45. The voice part is silent. The piano part features a complex texture with sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and eighth-note patterns in the left hand. A mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking is present in the second measure.

46

Voice

Pno.

*f*

*p*

Musical score for measures 46-48. The voice part is silent. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, then shifts to piano (*p*) in the second measure. The right hand has sixteenth-note runs, and the left hand has eighth-note patterns. A 2/4 to 4/4 time signature change occurs at the start of the second measure.

49

Voice

Pno.

*f* *mp* *f*

52

Voice

Pno.

*f*

Wind in the mane and the dev - il in the sad-dle,

*p* *f* *mf*

55

Voice

Fire in the hoof and blood in the eye! Who knows, who knows where they're go - in', but Look-it them —

Pno.

58

Voice

wild hors - es go! Oh, run, come a - long, my pret - ty lit - tle thing, —

Pno.

*f* *mf*

61

Voice

Run, come a-long my dar - lin' Run, come a-long we'll take a lit-tle trip — O - ver the hills to

Pno.

64

Voice

Har - lan. *p* Oh, run, come a-long, my pret-ty lit-tle thing, *f*

Pno.

*p* *f*

67

Voice

Run, come a-long my dar - lin' Run, come a-long we'll take a lit-tle trip\_\_\_ O - ver the hills to

Pno.

*mp* *f* *mp*

70

Voice

Har - lan. Har - lan.

Pno.

*mf* *pp*

73

Voice

Pno.

*pp*

Musical score for measures 73-75. The voice part consists of a single long note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and sixteenth notes in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *pp*.

76

Voice

Pno.

*ff*

Musical score for measures 76-77. The voice part has a short note with a fermata, followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern of sixteenth notes in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *ff*.