

# Don Freund: PASSION WITH TROPES

## Three Pieces for Soprano and Brass Quintet

### 26. From Dylan Thomas: **Vision and Prayer**

Chamber Soprano and Brass Quintet

I turn the corner of prayer and burn  
In a blessing of the sudden  
Sun. In the name of the damned  
I would turn back and run  
To the hidden land  
But the loud sun  
Christens down  
The sky.  
I  
Am found.  
O let him  
Scald me and drown  
Me in his world's wound.  
His lightning answers my  
Cry. My voice burns in his hand.  
Now I am lost in the blinding  
One. The sun roars at the prayer's end.

### 40. From Fyodor Dostoevsky: **Notes from Underground**

Actor and Brass Quintet

Gentlemen, my jests are, of course, in bad taste, jerky, indeed lacking in confidence. But, of course, that is because I do not respect myself. Can a man who attempts to find enjoyment in the very feeling of his own degradation possibly have a spark of respect for himself? As if by design, I used to get into trouble in cases when I was not to blame in any way. At the same time I was genuinely touched and penitent; I used to shed tears and there was a sick feeling in my heart. Of course, a moment or so later I would realize that it was all a lie, an affected lie, a revolting lie - all this penitence, this emotion, these vows of reform.

You will ask, why did I wrong myself with these antics. Answer: because it was so very dull to sit with one's hands folded, and so one began cutting capers. Observe yourselves more carefully, gentlemen, then you will understand that it is so.

I invented adventures for myself,  
and made up a life,  
so as to live in some way.

56. James Joyce: *All Day I Hear the Noise of Waters*

All day I hear the noise of waters  
    Making moan,  
Sad as the sea-bird is, when going  
    Forth alone.  
He hears the winds cry to the waters'  
    Monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing  
    Where I go.  
I hear the noise of many waters  
    Far below.  
All day, all night, I hear them flowing  
    To and fro.