

Four Chamber Works by:

HUBERT KLYNE HEADLEY

I SONATA "IBERICA" for 'Cello and Piano

Fantasia

Flamenco

Voragine

II "ALONG THE WIND" - a Song-Cycle in Six Parts
for Tenor
based on poems by Chard Powers Smith

III PIANO QUINTET for:

Violin, Clarinet, Viola, 'Cello and Piano

Passacaglia

Five Rhythms

IV SEPTET FOR WOODWINDS AND STRINGS based upon parts of
the Symphonic Cycle -

"PRELUDE TO MAN", poem by Chard Powers Smith

Adagio

Scherzo

Adagio

Risoluto-Vivace-Allegro non Troppo-Risoluto-Andante

"ALONG THE WIND" - a Song-Cycle in Six Parts
for Tenor
based on poems by Chard Powers Smith

I. and VI. "Epitaph"

"Along the wind, And out beyond the wind,
Along the moving darkness, And beyond,
Beyond the storms, Along the moving stars;
Beyond the moving spaces, And beyond the silent spaces:
I sing on forever. "

II. "She was a music of gold harmonies:
Hair streaming up like dawn into the bright
Glitter of day; joy like the wild delight
Of wind-blown buttercups; and ardent ease
Like the discriminating zest of bees.
A yellow rose, she bloomed upon a height
Where only gods and pilgrims shared the light
Of the unclouded peaks' immediacies.

And last of all the autumn trees, she stood
A golden birch, a glory to the hills;
And in the snow the gaunt and blackened wood
Took life from her pale yellow, undefiled;
Till at the first far breath of spring she smiled
And went into the land of daffodils. "

III. "Here all the tendrils of her youth had root.
This soft, returning, sunset wind caressed
Her hair. Her drooping petal lips have pressed
The mothers of these roses. Here her foot
Once made its tiny print. Alone she lay
Beside this pool, and watched the gossamer
Of mist along the pines, the soul of her
Vanishing on the skyline of the day.

On this same bed she lay and watched the trees
Weave fearful future riddles on the moon,
Till out of silence, with old practiced ease
The strands went gathering through a mockingbird.
Her spirit opened. Time and stars in tune
Poured in. A cry went out, one faith, one word. "

IV. " She was a wild, wild song, and she is gone.
Her eyes were all the stars that fire the night.
Her thoughts were harebells on an Alpine height
Ungathered, and her laughter was the dawn.
She held me as the sky holds up the stars
With tenderness, and for love's way she drew
An orbit beautiful around the blue
Where light breaks through the cordoning mortal bars.

Oh, do not say her sweetness will survive,
Like Christian glory overcoming Rome's,
Or maidenhair grown in the catacombs.
These are poor words for me, alone, alive
Upon the world, so small it set her free -
Now grown a desert, vast and bleak to me. "

V. " The poem that tears can write is only this:
She was my love, and thirty, and she died.
Yet if she has no meaning left beside
My grief, what mockery desiring is!
And hope that mirrors through the blemishes
Of fact and sense a light they can not hide,
And wind and waves - great things unsatisfied -
Are seashells singing false eternities.

Out of the cold and dark the old void longed
The stars to being, and the cooling earth
Yearned hill and flower and soul and song to birth.
The will created and shall not be wronged,
My love whose love transcended man's desires
Lives on to tempering in nobler fires. "