Five Songs
for Soprano

By

LEO ORNSTEIN

Words by Waldo Frank
I. *Dawn Beyond Windows*

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*Leo Ornstein*

*Andante Languido* \( \frac{d}{d} = 63 \)

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S700-1
Sun is af—flame outside me

I am cold—— I am hard

like death with—in.
Poco piu animato

I want the sun with

Piu f

in me, Rays
wakening my hidden

molto cresc.

sleep There is no
word between us,

There's no

light between us,

How can

I rise
**Tempo I**

\[ \text{Morning beyond my hungering} \]

\[ \text{hands Come to me} \]

**Teneramente**

\[ \text{Since you are beyond my window—} \]
Since you are beyond my seeing
with-in my

Strength less
Though there be

strength be-yond me
Light ed tho’ it be the need of hope,
could I have hope were flame not in my flesh— not ag—

low with—in me?

poco rit.

me struggle toward you? Is that my soul

Tempo I
Lento Mallincolio

Since you’re there be-yon my win-dow Per-

♯♯♯♯
haps with in
II Streets of Stone

Moderato \( \square = 72 \)

Leo Ornstein

Streets of stone un-

ending Wall s
towering and sky-less This

is my way to toil Ston-y tasks

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end·less toil

What is sun to me since I am pris·oned

from it walled by the stone hours

S700-12
with a little more fire

now let me forget sun the far stranger now—let me toil since

un-ending is my
fate

poco piu animato

Sure and all em---

bracing is this task
Lo! I am content with in

it

Task

it is a world that warms
a world that shines and holds

Sun a —

glow in me

as I toil

Sun a —
are we not

one
Tempo I

Streets of stone unending Walls

towering and skyless This
Stony tasks end less toil

let it die off

Stony tasks endless toil

pp
III. Life Burns Bright

Moderato \( \frac{3}{4} \) 72

Melancolico

Leo Ornstein

Life burns bright

I am alone

Can it be

that we are one
together?

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S700-20
poco a poco cresc.

Reason makes it so and yet it leaves me

poco a poco cresc.

lone ly O how simple

to say and oh so hard to feel it
Take your time to get to the D#  
Calmato  \( \frac{d}{= \ 84} \)

hard to live it hard

Why when I have

said it we are one when I have

\( \text{Calmato} \ 84 \)
called and hailed

"my sun"

I do not feel

It is not so

molto meno mosso

feel

I do not feel

It is not so

Teneramente

S700-23
Let me sing it ever ever sing it
Let me sing it ev’er ev’er sing it

Joys a bove all rea’son— and be’yond all know’ing

Joys a bove all rea’son— and be’yond all know’ing
Calmato \( \frac{d}{=} \frac{s}{4} \)

Life is this song
e'en while I live this

\[ \text{wondrous un} \quad \text{ion} \quad \text{Liv} \quad \text{ing sure with-in my-} \]

self
and now sun is
\( f \) fad \( \text{ing} \)
E'er sun was more than known so it is

gone merged in shadowy dream

Tempo I Almost as though speaking to one's self

Life burns bright and I am a–lone

S700-27
Can it be that we are one to—

gather?

gone now yet glowing lives sun's

memory and strong its magic still prevails once
Teneramente \( \text{j} = 50 \)

more I dwell with-in that splen — dor dwell-ing with-in

grey — ness see light lean to-ward

poco a poco rit.
joy
Rise from this

dark
Live from this

morendo

death
IV. All Man is Song

Allegro con fuoco \( \frac{d}{=} 116 \)

Leo Ornstein

Sing!

the sun, the earth is song
All man is song

Sing life, live

song, all man's a rousing song
Sing life, live song, the world is

shouting Sing Yea!

Love!

S700-33
The sun the hea'vn is love,

The earth is love

The trees, the
S700-35

hills, the tides move upward

Bright beast and

flash—full bird spin—

God's love

poco a poco dim.
round the earth swathes earth in love; that circles moons
stars suns link love's chain and I with in
Hands toil at their task they weave the web from man to man; Their web of love
Each hand is an em

brace from one

To

one, and all make One
Sing! the sun, the

earth is song

All man is song
Sing life, live this song, all man's a

Sing life, live the world is shouting
sing yea!

Love!

The sun the heav'n is love,
the earth is love

The trees, the hills, the tides move

up ward

Bright beast and flash—ful bird Spin
V. Shades of Tremulous Color

Moderato sostenuto \( \frac{\text{d}}{} = 120 \)

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poco piu animato

my joy

what can this twi-light

poco piu animato

be that sick — lies o'er my

soul and makes it faint in me
con anima

Think it is the twilight when

f con forza

thought may a rise

> ten pp pp

one tide is ebbing and
one tide flows noon tide

has bled a — way

I too go down
sky's flood has shrunk to grey I too go
down Life woo poco a poco agitato mf
down Life poco a poco agitato
More and more fervently

For now

has come thoughts how of molto cresc

ing woo ing for life's
The life of a person started at birth. The life of that person is the life that's lived. The life lived was rit. molto rit. The life lived was minimal.
Tempo I  Unhurriedly and with tenderness

Shades of tremulous color
gar

ment the single hued sunlight of

misterioso

my joy  Lo!

S700-55
a deeper joy  
a darker

joy  
I've lived

Lento

Ah!

rall

Lento

pp