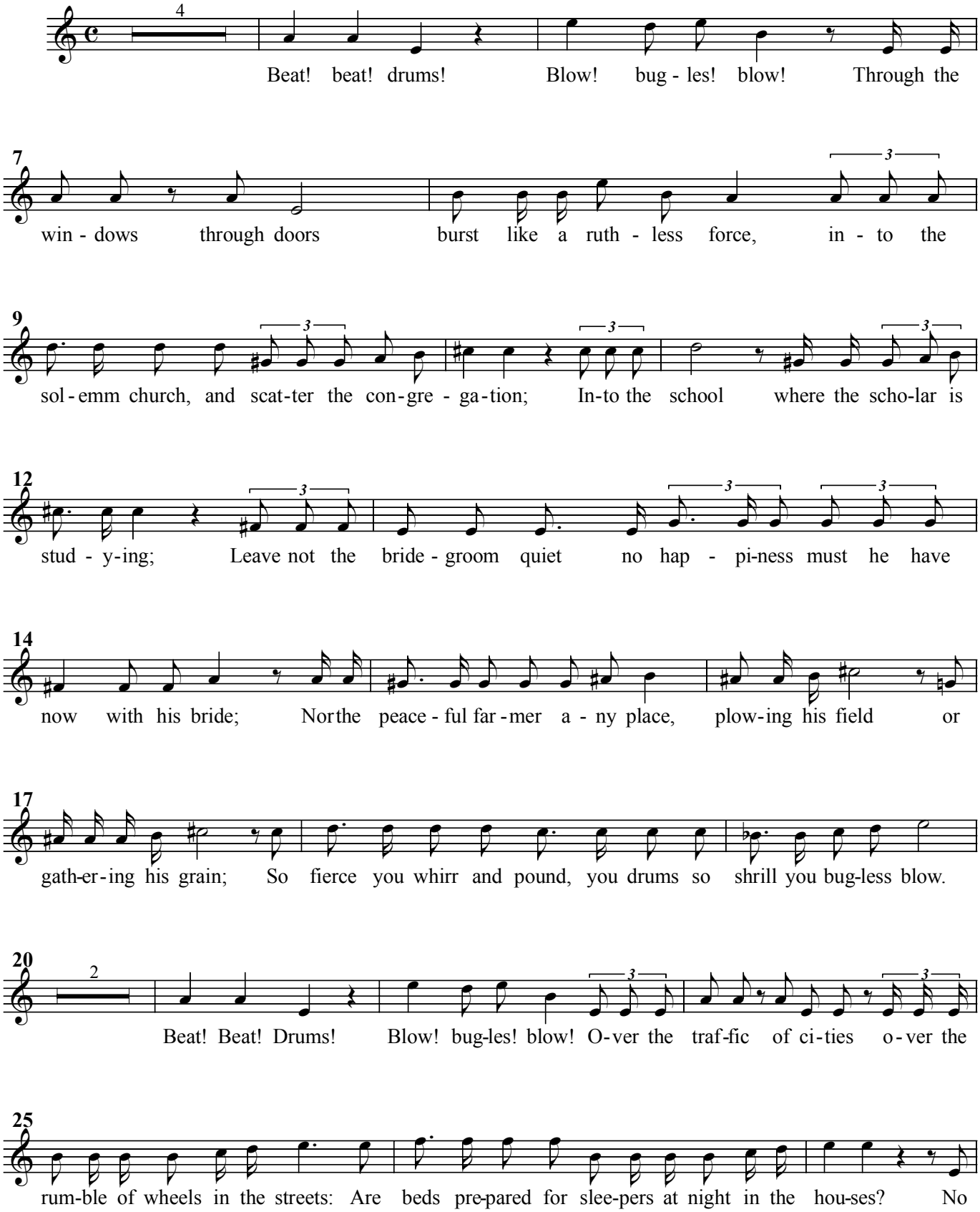
Voice

Three Walt Whitman Songs

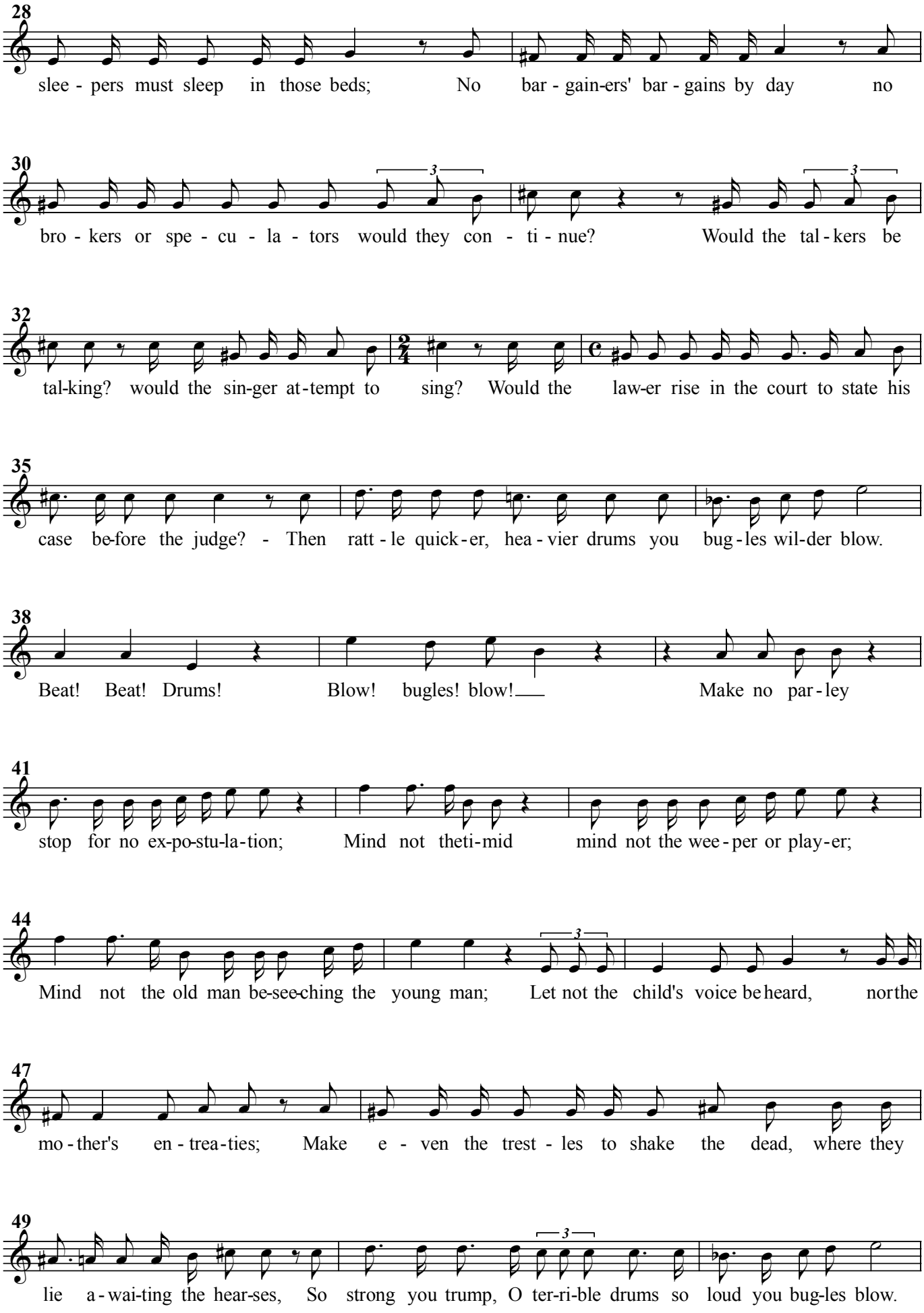
1. Beat! Beat! Drums!

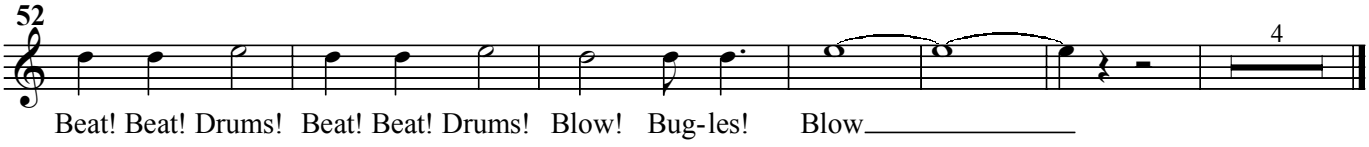
Kurt WEILL
(189? - 1950)
Irving SCHLEIN
(1905 - 1986)

Moderato assai
(non fast, in strong unchanging rhythm)

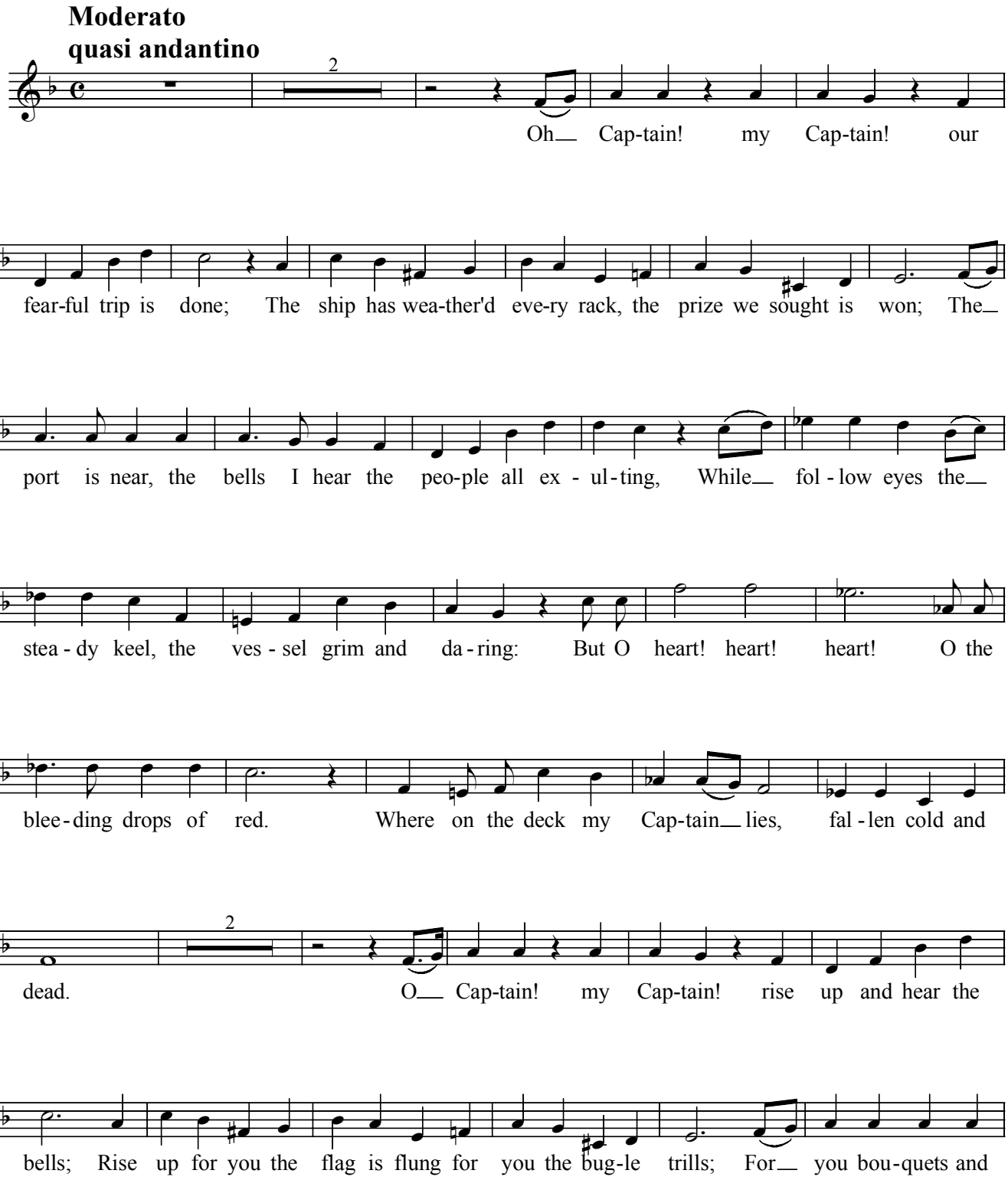


Voice

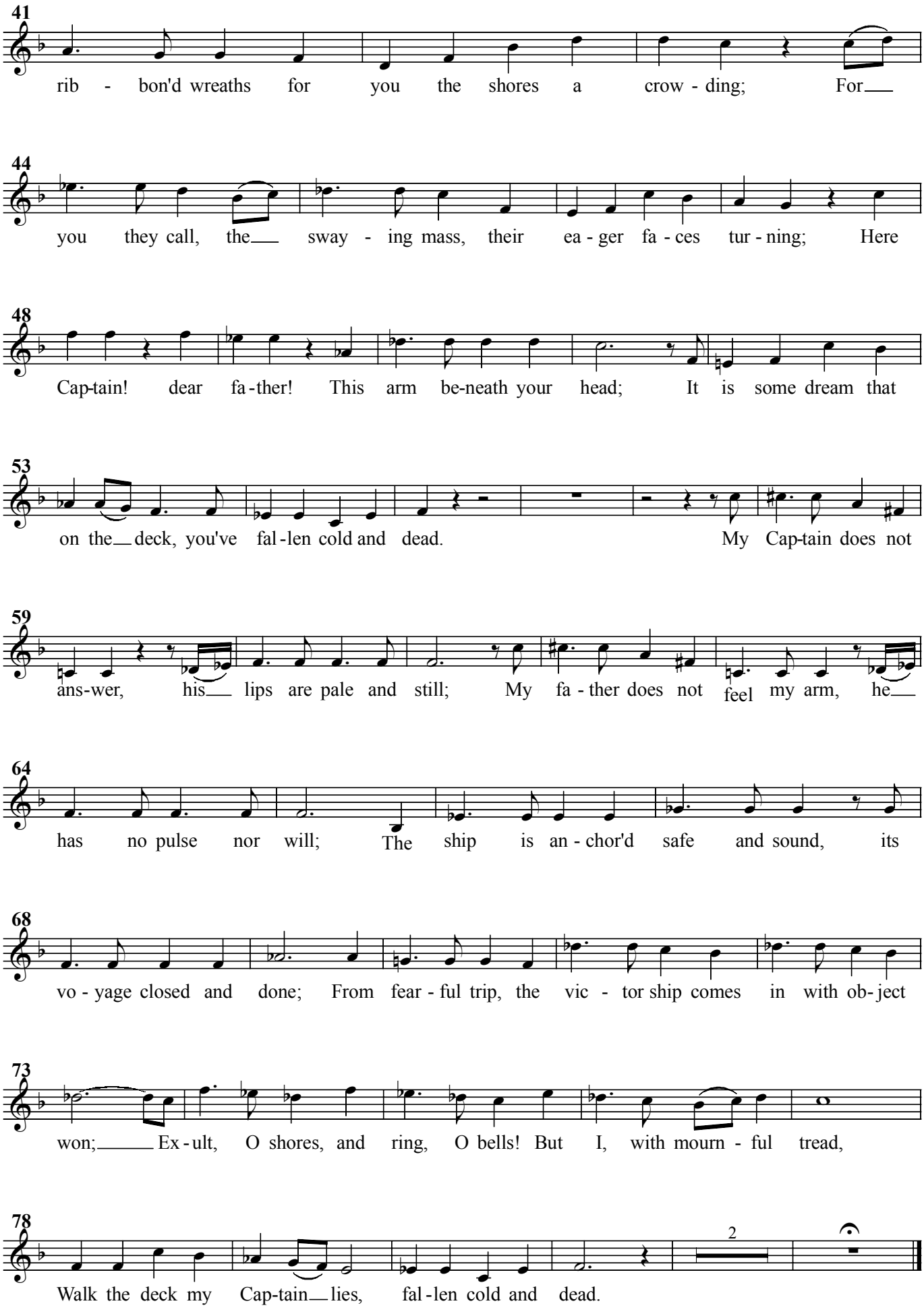

28
slee - pers must sleep in those beds; No bar - gain-ers' bar - gains by day no
30
bro - kers or spe - cu - la - tors would they con - ti - nue? Would the tal - kers be
32
tal-king? would the sin-ger at-tempt to sing? Would the law-er rise in the court to state his
35
case be-fore the judge? - Then ratt - le quick - er, hea - vier drums you bug - les wil-der blow.
38
Beat! Beat! Drums! Blow! bugles! blow!___ Make no par - ley
41
stop for no ex-po-stu-la-tion; Mind not theti-mid mind not the wee - per or play - er;
44
Mind not the old man be-see-ching the young man; Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the
47
mo - ther's en - trea - ties; Make e - ven the trest - les to shake the dead, where they
49
lie a - wai-ting the hear-ses, So strong you trump, O ter-ri-ble drums so loud you bug-les blow.



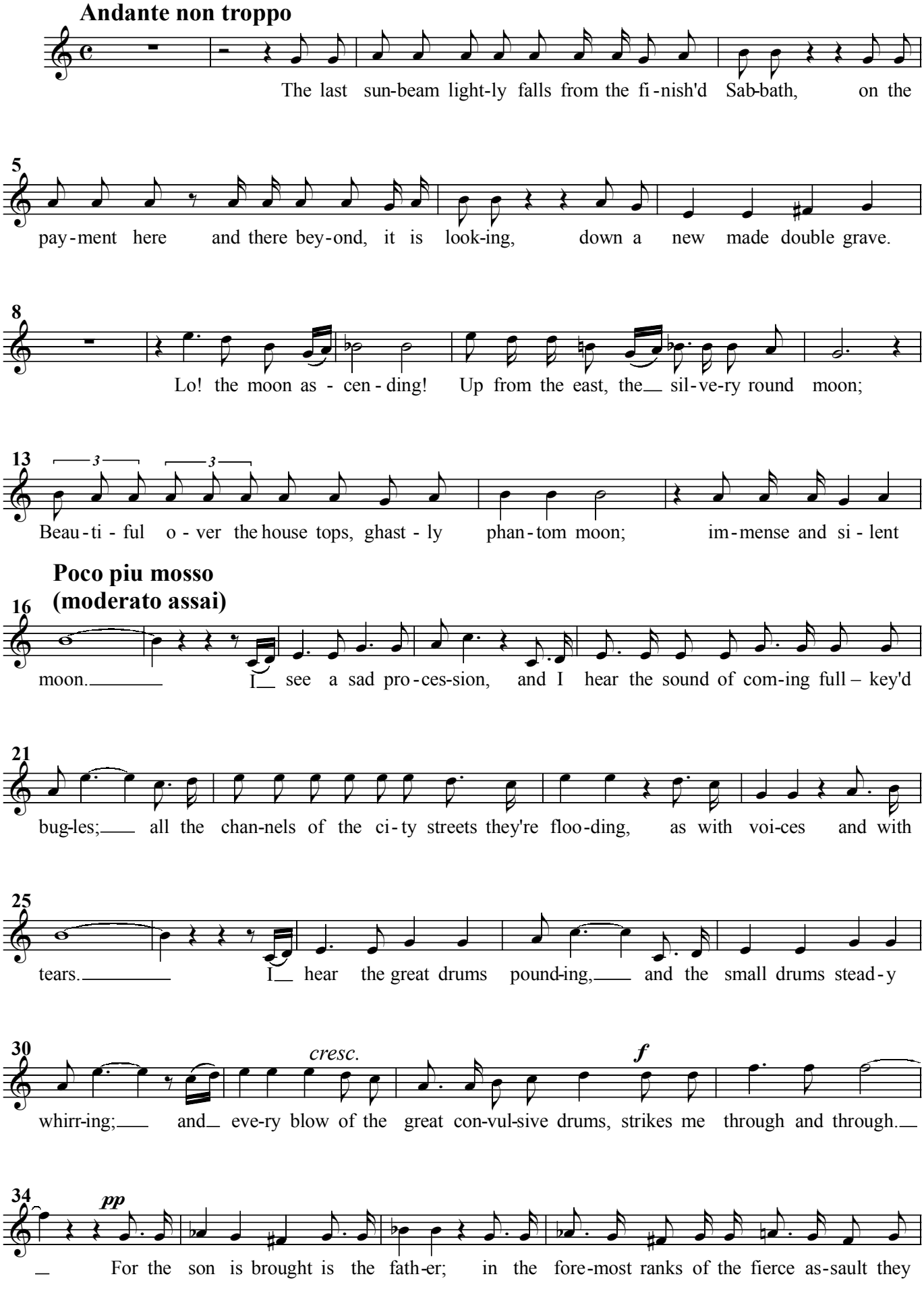
2. Oh Captain! My Captain



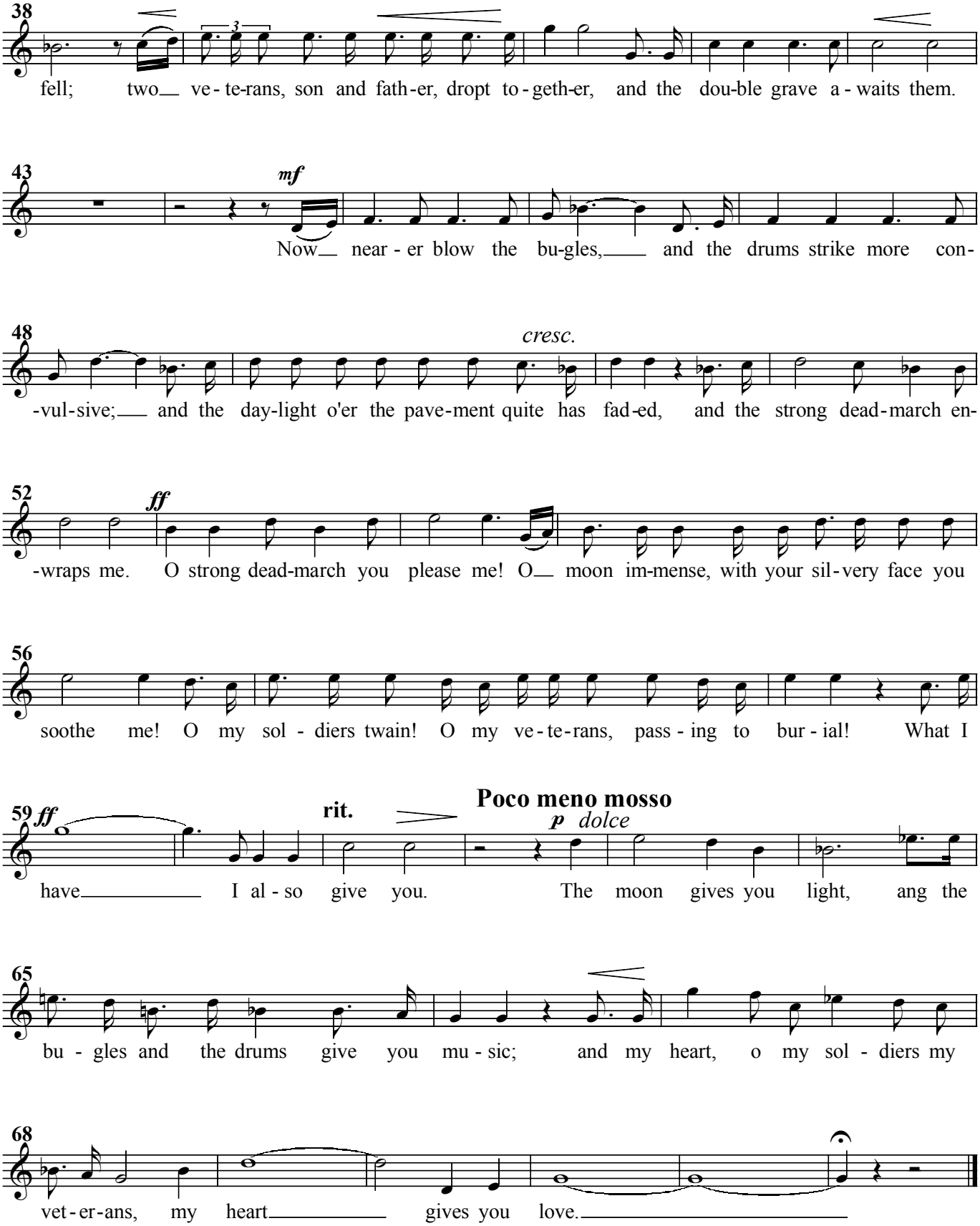
Voice


41
rib - bon'd wreaths for you the shores a crow - ding; For
44
you they call, the sway - ing mass, their ea - ger fa - ces tur - ning; Here
48
Cap-tain! dear fa-ther! This arm be-neath your head; It is some dream that
53
on the deck, you've fal-len cold and dead. My Cap-tain does not
59
ans-wer, his lips are pale and still; My fa - ther does not feel my arm, he
64
has no pulse nor will; The ship is an - chor'd safe and sound, its
68
vo - yage closed and done; From fear - ful trip, the vic - tor ship comes in with ob-ject
73
won; Ex-ult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I, with mourn - ful tread,
78
2
Walk the deck my Cap-tain lies, fal-len cold and dead.

3. Dirge for Two Veterans



Voice


38
fell; two ve - te-rans, son and fath-er, dropt to - geth-er, and the dou-ble grave a - waits them.
43
mf
Now near - er blow the bu-gles, and the drums strike more con-
48
cresc.
-vul-sive; and the day-light o'er the pave-ment quite has fad-ed, and the strong dead-march en-
52
ff
-wraps me. O strong dead-march you please me! O moon im-mense, with your sil-very face you
56
soothe me! O my sol - diers twain! O my ve - te-rans, pass - ing to bur - ial! What I
59
ff
rit.
Poco meno mosso
p dolce
have I al - so give you. The moon gives you light, ang the
65
bu - gles and the drums give you mu - sic; and my heart, o my sol - diers my
68
vet - er-ans, my heart gives you love.