

*“Three Poems by  
D. H. Lawrence”*

*"Running Barefoot"*

*"Silence"*

*"Moonrise"*

Music

by

Deborah Mason

for

Soprano

with piano accompaniment

**Deborah Mason**

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"Running Barefoot"

When the white feet of the baby beat accross the grass  
The little white feet nod like white flowers in the wind,  
They poise, and run like puffs of wind that pass  
Over water where the weeds are thinned.  
And the sight of their white playing in the grass  
Is winsome as a robin's song, so fluttering;  
Or like two butterflies that settle on a glass  
Cup for a moment, soft little wing-beats uttering.  
And I wish that the baby would tack across here to me  
Like a wind-shadow running on a pond, so she could stand  
With two little bare white feet upon my knee  
And I could feel her feet in either hand  
Cool as syringa buds in morning hours,  
Or firm and silken as young peony flowers.

"Silence"

Since I lost you, I am silence-haunted;  
    Sounds wave their little wings  
A moment, then in weariness settle  
    on the flood that soundless swings.  
Whether the people in the street  
    Like pattering ripples go by,  
Or whether the theatre sighs and sighs  
    With a loud hoarse sigh:  
Or the wind shakes a ravel of light  
    Over the dead-black river,  
Or last night's echoings  
    Make the daybreak shiver:  
I feel the silence waiting  
    To sip them all up again,  
In its last completeness drinking  
    Down the noise of men.

"Moonrise"

And who has seen the moon, who has not seen  
Her rise from out the chamber of the deep,  
Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber  
Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw  
Confession of delight upon the wave,  
Littering the waves with her own superscription  
Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us  
Spread out and known at last, and we are sure  
That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,  
That perfect bright experience never falls  
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon  
Sooner than our full consummation here  
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.

# *Three Poems by D.H. Lawrence*

for Anne

## *"Running Barefoot"*

D. H. Lawrence

Deborah Mason

*When the white feet of the baby beat accross the grass,  
the little white feet nod like white flowers in the wind,  
they poise, and run like puffs of wind that pass  
over water where the weeds are thinned.  
And the sight of their white playing in the grass  
is winsome as a robin's song, so fluttering fluttering fluttering;  
Or like two butterflies that settle on a glass cup for a moment,  
soft little wingbeats uttering uttering uttering.  
And I wish that the baby would tack accross here to me  
like a windshadow running on a pond,  
so she could stand with two little bare white feet upon my knee  
and I could feel her feet in either hand  
cool as syringa buds in morning hours,  
or firm and silken as young peony flowers.*

♩ = 76

1

4

When the white feet of the ba - by beat ac - cross the grass, the

4

3/4

7 lit - tle white feet nod like white flow - ers in the wind,

7 Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

10 they poise, and run like

10 Red. \* Dolce

13 puffs of wind that pass o - ver wa - ter

13

17 where the weeds are thinned.

21 And the sight of their white play-ing in the grass is win - some as a

24 rob - in's song, so flut - ter - ing flut - ter - ing flut - ter - ing;

*Dolce*  
27 Or like two but-ter-flies that set - tle on a glass cup for a mo - ment,

*A Tempo sostenuto*

30 soft lit - tle wing - beats ut - ter - ing ut - ter - ing ut - ter - ing.

30

32 And I wish that the ba - by would

32

*rit.*

35 tack ac-cross here to me like a wind - - sha - dow

35

*A Tempo*

39 run-ning on a pond, so she could stand with

39

*A Tempo*

43 two lit-tle bare white feet u-pon my knee and I could feel her

*sostenuto*

43

Ped. \*

46 feet in ei-ther hand cool as sy -

46

Ped. \* Ped.

50 rin - - - ga buds in morn - ing hours,

50

55 or firm and silk - en as young pe - o - ny flowers.

55

*rall*

8va - - - 8va - 1

8vb

# "Silence"

*Since I lost you, I am silence-haunted;  
Sounds wave their little wings a moment,  
then in weariness settle on the flood that soundless swings.  
Whether the people in the street like pattering ripples go by,  
or whether the theatre sighs and sighs with a loud hoarse sigh:  
or the wind shakes a ravel of light over the deadblack river,  
or last night's echoings make the daybreak shiver:  
I feel the silence waiting to sip them all up again,  
in its last completeness drinking down the noise of men.*

D. H. Lawrence

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**Molto Rubato**

1 *f* *p* *pp* *f* *sfz* *pp* *f* *pp* *mf* *p*

6 Since I lost you, I am si - lence - haunt - ed; Sounds

6 *mf* *f*

8va

8vb



12 wave their lit - tle wings a mo - ment, then in wear - i-ness set-tle on the flood that

*8va* -----

*ff* *mp*

*3 accel. 3 rit.*

15 sound - less swings. Wheth - er the peo - ple in the street like

*8vb* -----

*3*

18 pat - ter - ing rip-ples go by, or wheth - er the thea - tre

*3* *cres.*

*3 3*

20 *f* *p* (x)

sighs and sighs with a loud hoarse sigh:

20

23 *pp* *sfz* *p* (x)

or the wind shakes a ravel of light

23

*sempre pp* *sfz*

26 *mp* *f*

o - ver the dead - black riv - er, or last night's ech - o - ings

26

*sfz* *p*

29 *p* 3 make the day - break shiv - er:

29 *mf* *p* *f*

Red. ... Red. ...

32 I feel the si - lence wait - ing to sip them all up a - gain,

32 *mf*

34 in its last com-plete - ness drink - ing down the noise of men.

34 *mf*

# "Moonrise"

*And who has seen the moon, who has not seen her rise  
from out the chamber of the deep, flushed and grand and naked,  
as from the chamber of finished bridegroom? And who has  
seen the moon who has not seen her rise  
and throw confession of delight upon the wave,  
littering the waves with her own superscription of bliss,  
'till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us?  
Spread out and known at last, and we are sure  
that beauty is a thing beyond the grave,  
that perfect bright experience never falls to nothingness,  
and time will dim the moon sooner than our full consummation  
here in this odd life will tarnish or pass away.*

D. H. Lawrence

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1 3 3 3 3 3 3

3

And who has

rit. tr accel.

5 seen the moon, who has not seen her rise from out the cham-ber of the

5

11 deep,

11

13 flushed and grand and na - - - ked, as from the

13

15 cham - ber of fin - ished bride - - - groom? And who has

15

18 seen the moon who has not seen her rise and throw con - fes-sion of de-light u - pon the

18

21 wave, lit - ter - ing the waves with her own su - per - scrip - tion of bliss,

21

24 'till all her lam - bent beau - ty shakes towards us?

24

28

28

*accel.*

*rit.*

*ff*

31 Spread out and

31

*sfz*

*pp*

*mp*

34 known at last, and we are sure that

8va

tr

34

36 beau - - - ty is a thing be - yond

36

38 the grave, that

38

40 per - - - - fect bright ex - peri - ence ne-ver falls to

8va

loco

40

42 no - thing-ness, and

*8va* -----

*rit.*

*ff*

44 time will dim the moon

*rit.*

*sfz*

*accel.*

47 soon - - - er than our full con - sum - - -

*8vb* -

3

49 ma - - - tion here in this odd life will tar - nish or pass a - way.

3