



Mobile Opera

Night of Song: Monday Music Series

Abernethy Songs

(Minor Scale Productions, 1997)

By Scott Wright (1951-)

Based on poetry of Tom Abernethy (1909-1968) in:

Wood Smoke (Kingsport Press, 1967)

Wood Smoke II (Brannon's Inc., 1975)

Libretto

Sarah Wright, Soprano

Scott Wright, Pianist

I. Yesterday's Loves

The loves that we loved on
yesterday
Are gone with the Summer wind
That flees to a far and mystic
clime
When the times of the loving
end.
The dreams that we dreamed on
yesterday,
Have we lost them forevermore
In their flight to the lonely vast-
ness
Of a bitter and empty shore?

Nay, the loves that we'll love
tomorrow
Are but waiting for us to call
And they'll come to our arms
tomorrow
When the leaves of the Autumn
fall.
And the dreams that we'll dream
tomorrow
Will be sweeter than [the]
dreams of old,
Come to linger with lovely
fragrance
"Til the tale of our loves is told.

Now this, my own, is the secret,
'Tis for thee and for thee alone,
Dream deep of the loves that are
yet to be,
Weep not for the loves that are
gone.
For never a love [that] was mine,
my sweet,
And never a love will be,
And never a dream but the
dream and love
Were a dream and a love of thee.

II. My Word

Give me a love to love by,
Sweeter than mortals know,
Sweeter even than angel song
Where Eden's breezes blow.
Give me a word to dream by,
To open the portals wide,
To reaching realms of loveliness
And take my soul inside.
Give me a word to live by,

In golden times or gray,
To touch with blessed radiance
The moments of each day.
God gave me the word I longed
for,
To make every dream come true,
To say to my heart, my darling,
The word of my life is you.

III. I Have Not Words

I have not words to tell the
thoughts
That come and sing to me
Whenever in the tide of life
Your loving face I see.
I have not tenderness enough
To pay the debt I owe
For all the gentleness of love
You constantly bestow.

I have no pen with which to
write
The gratitude I know
To Him who put your hand in
mine
And sent us forth to go
Together on the path of life,
Along its winding way
With love and trust to lead us on
And bless us every day.

Yet there are prayers of thanks
I give
Too deep for word or pen
And there are dreams of tender-
ness
That speak a fond "Amen."
And here's my heart and hand
to hold
Forever and beyond,
For Him who forged it for us
two
Will never break our bond.

IV. Forever

The things of youth are golden
things
Of love and hope and laughter,
Of precious dreams with every
day
And joy forever after.
The things of youth are golden
things,

Where have they gone, I wonder?
For they were here but yesterday
And now they're lost out yonder.
The things of age are sober things
That never man was seeking.
Of dimming eyes and slowing
feet
And time forever creaking.
The things of age are sober
things,
But still there will come after
The golden dreams come true
at last
And love anew and laughter
For you will walk close by my
side
And never time can sever.
My dear in youth and creeping
age
Shall be my dear forever.

V. Many A Year

Many a year has come and gone
Since the day that we two were
wed,
Many a year of sharing our love
And our lives and our daily
bread.
Many a year has come and gone
Since the dawn of the Summer
day
When we clasped our hands to
have and to hold
And to walk on the winding way.
Many a year has come and gone
And they touched us and went
their ways,
But they gave us gifts forever-
more
In the dreams of our yesterdays.
The dreams are sweet of the years
gone by,
But the days that have gone away
Have naught to give so rich and
dear
As you give to my life today.