



*The University of Washington  
School of Music  
Presents*

673  
2001  
6.4

*Craig Grayson  
Bass*

*With  
Erin Chung, Piano*

*June 4, 2001, 7:30 PM  
Brechemin Auditorium  
University of Washington*

*Craig Grayson is a student of Mr. Julian Patrick.*

*This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor  
of Musical Arts.*

Program

**Chanson de Don Quichotte**

Chanson du depart de Don Quichotte  
Chanson à Dulcinée  
Chanson du Duc  
Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

**Jacques Ibert**  
(1890-1962)

**Pesni i Pliaski Smerti**  
(Songs and Dances of Death)

**Modest Musorgskii**  
(1839-1881)

Kolybel'naia (Lullaby)  
Serenada (Serenade)  
Trepak  
Polkovodets (The Commander)

**Flight for Heaven**

To Music, to becalm his fever  
Cherry-ripe  
Upon Julia's clothes  
To Daisies, not to shut so soon  
Epitaph upon a child that died /Another epitaph  
To the willow-tree  
Comfort to a youth that had lost his love  
To Anthea, who may command him anything

**Ned Rorem**  
(b. 1923)

**Bestialische Balladen**  
(Beastly Ballads)

**Douglas Victor Brown**  
(b. 1950)

Prähistorische Ballade (Prehistoric Ballad)  
Der Igel (The Hedgehog)  
Der Esel (The Jackass)  
Eine traurige Geschichte (A Sad Tale)  
Wasserm Maus und Kröte (Water Rat and Toad)  
Das Krokodil (The Crocodile)

- *Intermission* -

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Program

**Chanson de Don Quichotte**

Jacques Ibert  
(1890-1962)

**Track**

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte  | 2:58 |
| 2. Chanson à Dulcinée.                 | 2:52 |
| 3. Chanson du Duc                      | 1:25 |
| 4. Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte | 2:27 |

**Flight for Heaven**

Ned Rorem  
(b. 1923)

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| 5. To Music, to be calm his fever                   | 2:31 |
| 6. Cherry-ripe                                      | 1:40 |
| 7. Upon Julia's clothes                             | 0:37 |
| 8. To Daisies, not to shut so soon                  | 0:40 |
| 9. Epitaph upon a child that died / Another epitaph | 1:42 |
| 10. To the willow-tree                              | 1:49 |
| 11. Comfort to a youth that had lost his love       | 2:18 |
| 12. To Anthea, who may command him anything         | 3:29 |

**Intermission**

**Pesni i Pliaski Smerti**

Modest Musorgskii  
(1839-1881)

- |                  |      |
|------------------|------|
| 13. Kolybel'naia | 4:25 |
| 14. Serenada     | 4:39 |
| 15. Trepak       | 4:06 |
| 16. Polkovodets  | 5:31 |

**Bestialische Balladen**

Douglas Victor Brown  
(b. 1950)

- |                              |      |
|------------------------------|------|
| 17. Prähistorische Ballade   | 2:29 |
| 18. Der Igel                 | 1:28 |
| 19. Der Esel                 | 1:34 |
| 20. Eine traurige Geschichte | 2:14 |
| 21. Wassermaus und Kröte     | 1:06 |
| 22. Das Krokodil             | 4:25 |

**Total Time: 56:37**

*We respectfully request that audience members show their appreciation after completed groups.*

**Chansons de Don Quichotte (Songs of Don Quixote)**

These songs were written for the 1932 film *Don Quichotte*, produced by G.W. Pabst who had conceived of it specifically for the great, Russian singer/actor, Fyodor Shalyapin. Although there is a famous story of Pabst holding a competition between Maurice Ravel and Jacques Ibert for the films music, Gerard Michel, in his 1967 book, *Jacques Ibert*, presented evidence that Ravel had written his *Don Quichotte* songs, on the poems of Paul Morand, already, and that Pabst wished to use them and have Ravel score the entire film. Ravel at the time was quite ill and did not feel that he could take the stresses of such an endeavor and, therefore, recommended Ibert in his stead. Due to licensing issues, Ibert wrote his own songs to three texts by Alexandre Arnoux and one by Pierre de Ronsard (1524-85).

Of the four songs written only three were used in the film (nos. 1, 3 & 4). The first song, *Chanson de depart*, is a setting of a poem from a 1578 publication of Ronsard, a French, neo-classical poet. It occurs at the beginning of Quichotte's delusionary travels and is sung outside a stable in which the gypsy, Dulcinée, sleeps. The *Chanson à Dulcinée* was not used in the film, but was probably Arnoux's idea for Quichotte's departure. In the film, Quichotte has, unwittingly, terrorized the Duchy by releasing a band of prisoners and attacking a herd of sheep imagined to be giants. The Duke, knowing that Quichotte is mad, devises to capture the Knight Errant by inviting him to the palace for "knightly games," including jousting. At a feast, the Duchesse asks Quichotte to explain what is a Knight Errant. He obliges with the *Chanson du Duc*. After the "games," the Duke brings forth Quichotte's niece who convinces her uncle to come home. When they return, it is discovered that local clergy have concluded that the "Knight" was made mad by his many and various books, so they have taken it on themselves to burn them all. At the sight of this, Quichotte collapses and soon dies. The *Chanson de la mort* is heard during the end credits, as if sung by the spirit of the Don Quichotte.

**Jacques Ibert** (1890-1962), though not considered a member of Les Six, was a close colleague of Honegger and Milhaud. As opposed to Les Six, Ibert's compositional style is more classically tonal with modern harmonic development giving rise to a Jazz-like sound. He is most famous for his ballet music and his numerous film scores.

**Alexandre Arnoux** (1884-1973) was a popular playwright, poet and critical writer of the time.

## SONGS OF DON QUIXOTE

### Song of the Departure of Don Quixote

Pierre de Ronsard  
(1524-1585)

This new castle  
This new edifice  
All adorned with marble and with carved stone  
A castle which love built for his empire  
Where all heaven has added its skill.  
It is a rampart, a fort against vice  
Where mistress virtue hides away.  
That the eye regards, and the spirit admires,  
Forcing hearts to do her service.  
This is a castle, made in such a way  
That no one is able to approach the door  
If, by the great kings, he has not preserved his breeding  
Victorious, valiant and loving  
No knight, how ever adventurous,  
Without being so, is able to gain entrance to the place.

### Song to Dulcinée

Alexandre Arnoux  
(1884-1973)

Ah - my journey seems to last a year  
If I do not see my Dulcinée  
But, love has painted her countenance,  
So as to ease my weariness,  
Into the spring and the cloud,  
In each sunrise and each flower.  
Ah - my journey, etc.,  
Always near, yet always distant,  
Star of my long roads,  
The wind carries to me her breath  
Whenever it passes over jasmine.  
Ah - my journey, etc.

### Song for the Duke

I wish to sing now of the lady of my dreams  
Who lifts me above this age of filth  
Her diamond heart is chaste of falsehoods,  
The rose grows dim at the sight of her cheek.  
For her, I have attempted high adventures  
My arms have delivered the princess out of bondage  
I have vanquished the wizard, confounded the liars  
And bent the universe for her, to pay homage.  
Lady, for whom's sake, I go alone about this earth,  
Who shall never be prisoner to a false appearance:  
I champion, against every foolhardy knight,  
Your unequalled brilliance and your pre-eminence.

### Song of the Death of Don Quixote:

Do not cry Sancho,  
Do not cry my good fellow.  
Your master is not dead,  
He is not far from you.  
He lives in a happy land where all is pure and without falsehood,  
In the land finally found, where you too will come one day  
In the desired land, oh my friend Sancho.  
The books are burnt  
And make a heap of ashes.  
If all the books have killed me  
Just one suffices that I should live  
A ghost in life, and real in death,  
Such is the strange fate of poor Don Quixote.  
Ah!

## Flight for Heaven

One of Ned Rorem's earliest published compositions, *Flight for Heaven* was written in 1950, while living in Paris and studying at the Ecole Normale de Musique under Arthur Honegger. The cycle sets nine poems by Robert Herrick from his huge, 1648, publication, *Hesperides*. These texts, as Rorem selected and ordered them, suggests a slice of a man's life as he falls in love, loses that love, mourns it, consoles himself and then moves on to new love, though, now changed from his experience. Rorem unifies his cycle through close key relationships and recurring thematic material, some developed and mutated, some direct quotation. Similar to Ibert, Rorem uses mostly extended, jazzy harmony as his expression of modernity within a relatively accessible tunefulness, but in several places he does explore polytonality.

Ned Rorem was born in Richmond, Indiana on October 23, 1923, yet grew up in Chicago. He began his compositional studies in 1940 at Northwestern University near Chicago, then entered the newly established Curtis Institute (Philadelphia) in 1942. Disappointed with Curtis, Rorem went to New York and worked for Virgil Thompson as a secretary and copyist. He spent two summers as a Fellow at Tanglewood in Massachusetts, where he studied under Aaron Copland. He finished his formal training at the Juilliard School in New York. In 1949, Rorem traveled to Paris where he studied with Honegger. He then traveled through Morocco for a time, but came back to settle in Paris in 1952. By 1958, Rorem returned to New York. He taught a year at the University of Buffalo and then, in 1965, went to Utah and taught two years at the University of Utah. Ironically, in 1980, Rorem was appointed to the faculty of the Curtis Institute with which he is still affiliated today. Ned Rorem is also known for his prolific autobiographical and critical writing. He also dabbles in poetry.

Robert Herrick (1591-1634) was born in Cheapside, London. He was a cleric as well as a poet with a B.A. and M.A. from St. John's College at the University of Cambridge and was ordained in 1623. He was one of the earliest followers of the poet Ben Jonson who, as a group, came to be known as the Cavalier Poets. Due to his love of studying ancient Greek history and literature, Herrick's style and technical structure harkens to the classical tradition. He is known for his technical mastery, his rhythm and his imagery, sometimes clever, sometimes sublime: *Hesperides* (1648) was Herrick's only publication and contains some 1,400 poems as well as a separately titled collection of religious poetry called *His Noble Numbers*. Rorem's *Flight for Heaven* contains one of Herrick's most famous poems, *Upon Julia's Clothes*, from which comes his most memorable verse – *When as in silks, my Julia goes, Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flows, the liquefaction of her clothes.*

## FLIGHT FOR HEAVEN

To Music, to becalm his Fever

Robert Herrick  
(1591-1674)

Charm me asleep, and melt me so with thy delicious numbers;  
That being ravish'd, hence I go away in easy slumbers,  
Ease my sick head, and make my bed,  
Thou pow'r that canst sever from me this ill,  
And quickly still, though thou not kill my fever.  
Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep my pains asleep;  
And give me such reposes,  
That I, poor I, may think there by  
I live and die 'mongst roses.  
Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptim o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains, with thy soft strains;  
That having ease me given, with full delight,  
I leave this light, and take my flight for Heaven.

### Cherry – Ripe

Cherry-Ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones; come and buy.  
If so be, you ask me where  
They do grow? I answer: There,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile;  
There's the land, or cherry isle,  
Whose plantations fully show  
All the year, where cherries grow.

### Upon Julia's Clothes

When as in silks my Julia goes,  
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows  
The liquefaction of her clothes!  
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free,  
O how that glittering taketh me!

### To Daisies, not to shut so Soon

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
Has not as yet begun  
To make a seizure on the light,  
Or to seal up the sun.  
No marigolds yet closed are,  
No shadows great appear,  
Nor doth the early shepherd's star  
Shine like a spangle here.  
Stay but till my Julia close  
Her life begetting eye,  
And let the whole world then dispose  
Itself to live or die.

### Epitaph upon a Child that died

Here she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood:  
Who, as soon, fell fast asleep,  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Giver her strewings, but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her.

### Another Epitaph

Here a pretty baby lies  
Sung asleep with lullabies:  
Pray be silent, and not stir  
Th'easy earth that covers her.

### To the Willow-tree

Thou art to all lost love the best,  
The only true plant found,  
Where with young men and maids distrest,  
And left of love, are crown'd.  
When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorn:  
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,  
Bedew'd with tears, are worn.  
When with neglect, the lover's bane,  
Poor maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost, their only gain  
Is but a wreath from thee.  
And underneath thy cooling shade,  
When weary of the light,  
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid  
Come to weep out the night.

### Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love

What needs complaints, when she a place  
Has with the race of Saints?  
In endless mirth, she thinks not on  
What's said or done in Earth.  
She sees no tears, or any tone  
Of thy deep groan she hears:  
Nor does she mind, or think on't now,  
That ever thou wast kind:  
But changed above, she likes not there,  
As she did here, thy love.  
Forbear therefore, and lull asleep  
Thy woes, and weep no more.

### To Anthea, who may command him Anything

Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.  
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.  
Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy decree:  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And't shall be done for thee.  
Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see:  
And having none, yet will I keep  
A heart to weep for thee.  
Bid me despair, and I'll despair  
Under that cypress tree:  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death to die for thee.  
Thou art me life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me:  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

## Intermission

### Pesni I Pliaski Smerti (Songs and Dances of Death)

This macabre group of songs was a collaboration between Modest Musorgskii and one of his closest friends, Count Arsenii A. Golenishchev -Kutuzov. Their first joint venture was *Sunless* on Golenishchev-Kutuzov's poetry of city life that includes the popular, "Elegy." In 1875, "Trepak" was written for bass, Osip A. Petrov, an early *Boris Godunov*. Petrov performed the song often in concert and made it quite popular. From this stimulus, Vladimir Stasov, one of the ideologists of the Russian modernist movement, suggested that Golenishchev -Kutuzov go farther and create a complete work of the "Russian Dance of Death". Stasov provided several scenarios, in which Death affected all walks of life, as fodder for the Count's imagination. Within the next couple of months, "Lullaby" and "Serenade" were composed, each for a different alto singer. Though these three songs became quite popular and were published individually in 1875, Musorgskii did not consider the group complete until he and Golenishchev -Kutuzov had produced "The Commander" in June of 1877. In the between years, several other scenarios had been attempted, but came up unsatisfactory. This final song of "Death the Warrior" (one of Stasov's early suggestions) excited both Musorgskii and Golenishchev-Kutuzov, and since Musorgskii felt strongly that Death's clarion voice should be that of a tenor, he asked that Pyotr Lody premiere the piece. Completed, the *Songs and Dances of Death* were re-published as a group within a year.

How did this song group become famous as a cycle for bass voice? In one word, Shalyapin. Fyodor Shalyapin, by the 1890s, though only in his twenties, was established as one of the great singer/actors on the operatic stage. Of course, by then, every singer was familiar with the songs of Death and Shalyapin had grown up on them, but it was the dramatic content of these pieces that impelled Shalyapin to perform them, and his interpretive talents that won over the purists. Since that time the *Songs and Dances of Death* have been staples for the great basses such as Christoff, Hines, Talvela and Ghiaurov.

**Modest P. Musorgskii** (1839-81) was one of the most innovative composers of the "Mighty Handful", a group of Russian modernist composers under the loose leadership of Milii Balakirev (1837 -1910), including: Cesar Cui (1835 -1918), Musorgskii, Rimskii -Korsakov (1844-1908), and Alexander Borodin (1833 - 1887). He was known for his inspired works that had complete disregard for formal harmony or structure. He was the most successful proponent of setting the Russian language as it was spoken, in both rhythm and melodic inflection. Other famous works are *Boris Godunov*, *Pictures at an Exhibition*, and *Night on Bald Mountain*.

**Count Arsenii Golenishchev -Kutuzov** (1848-1913) was a poet and playwright who met Musorgskii during the summer of 1873. He provided texts for several of Musorgskii's songs and song cycles. Their friendship was close enough that the two roomed together during a period of financial difficulty, and much of Musorgskii's documented, biographical history is in the form of correspondence with Golenishchev -Kutuzov.

## SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH

### Lullaby

A. Golenishchev-Kutuzov  
(1848-1913)

A child moans...

A candle is burning out, casting a dim light around the room.  
There, the entire night, rocking a cradle,  
is a sleepless mother.

In the early morning, cautiously at the door  
is tenderhearted Death ... Rap!

Death: Don't be frightened, my friend! The pale morning  
is peeking through the little window.  
By weeping, grieving, caring,  
you have exhausted yourself. Nap a bit.  
I will watch for you.  
You are not skilled at calming your child.  
I will sing sweeter than you.

Mother: Quiet! My child tosses and struggles,  
he torments my soul!

Death: Well, then, with me, he will soon be in hand.  
Hushabye-baby...

Mother: His little cheeks pale, his breathing weakens.  
Oh, just be silent, I implore you!

Death: It's a good sign. He is ending his suffering.  
Hushabye...

Mother: Away, cursed one, with your affections.  
You are destroying my joy!

Death: No, I bring a peaceful sleep to the baby.  
Hushabye...

Mother: Have pity! Wait, if only a moment, before singing  
your terrible song!

Death: Look, he fell asleep to the gentle singing.  
Hushabye-baby.

### Serenade

In a magical bliss, an azure night is  
quivering with the twilight of spring.  
With a hanging head, a sick girl is listening to  
the whisper of the night in stillness.  
Sleep does not close her brilliant eyes,  
as life invites her to pleasure.  
From under the little window, in the silence of midnight,  
death sings a serenade:  
"In the gloom of this captivity, harsh and oppressive,  
your youth will wither.  
As an unknown knight with miraculous power,  
I will set you free!  
Rise, gaze upon yourself. Your beautiful,  
transparent face glitters, your cheeks are flushed,  
a wavy braid encircles your body like a cloud;  
Your transfixed azure stare radiates brighter than heaven and fire;  
Like the midday heat spreading its breath,  
you have seduced me.  
Your ears are captured by my serenade,  
whisper your call to the knight.  
The knight arrives for the ultimate reward;  
The hour of ecstasy arises.  
Your figure is sweet, your quivers are enrapturing.  
Oh, I smother you in my strong embrace;  
Hear my loving babble... be still ...  
You are mine!"

## Trepak

The forest and the meadow are completely deserted  
the snowstorm cries and moans:  
It seems as if, in the gloomy night, the evil one is burying somebody.  
Look! So it is!  
In the darkness, Death embraces a peasant, caressing him;  
With the drunkard, he dances a trepak,  
in his ear he sings a song:  
"Ah, poor little peasant, little old man,  
you have gotten drunk and spun yourself around on the road:  
And the blizzard, that witch, picked up, she jumped up,  
and drove through the forest from the field, unexpectedly!  
By grief, melancholy, and need, you have been tormented,  
lie down, nestle in, and go to sleep, my dear!  
I will warm you, my little dove, with a bit of snow,  
I will start a big, circling game [around you].  
Fluff up the bed, blizzard, you pretty thing!  
Hey! Begin and lead the weather!  
Tell such a tale that you last the entire night,  
so that the drunkard falls fast asleep.  
Eh! You, forest, sky, and clouds,  
darkness, breezes, and flying snow,  
hang a shroud of snow down over him,  
like a baby, make a cover for the old man.  
Sleep my dear friend, my happy little peasant.  
Summer has arrived and bloomed!  
Above the field, the sun is laughing,  
and the scythes are sweeping;  
A little song can be heard, as the doves fly..."

## The Commander

A battle rumbles, armor gleams,  
brazen guns roar, troops run about, horses charge,  
and the rivers run red.  
Noon blazes, the people rage,  
the sun sinks, the fight is intense!  
Sunset turns pale,  
but the enemies struggle more furiously and maliciously!  
And the night fell on the battlefield.  
The troops dispersed into the darkness ...  
All became quiet, and in the nighttime fog  
moaning rose up to the sky.  
Then, lit up by the moon, on his battle steed,  
sparkling by the whiteness of his bones,  
Death appeared.  
And in the stillness, he listened to the cries and prayers,  
full of proud satisfaction.  
Like a commander, he rode about the battle site.  
Having climbed onto a hill,  
he looked around ... stopped, smiled ...  
And over the battle plain resounded the fatal voice:  
"The battle is finished! I have conquered over all!  
Before me, all of you, soldiers, have humbled yourselves.  
Life made you strangers, I have reconciled you!  
Unanimous, stand up for review, corpses!  
In a solemn march pass by, I wish to count my army.  
Into the earth, afterwards, lay down your bones;  
It is sweet to relax from life in the ground!  
The years, unnoticed, pass over years,  
to the people, you will disappear, as will the memory of you.  
I will not forget! And will loudly hold a feast  
for you at the midnight hour!  
With a heavy dance, I will stomp the damp earth,  
so that your bones will not leave the shelter of the tomb, your graves,  
And so that you will never rise up out of the earth!"

## Bestialische Balladen (Beastly Ballads)

In the tradition of the great bestiaries, including Ravel's and Poulenc's, Douglas Brown has composed this wonderful satire. While the others are filled with the bold and the beautiful, such as dolphins, giraffes, camels and turkeys (!?), Mr. Brown gives us the strange and wondrous. He begins with just that, the beginning of animal life and a romp in the primordial swamp with his "Prehistoric Ballad." Mr. Brown then winds his way through the back roads of the animal kingdom with depictions of a Hedgehog, a Jack-Ass, a Herring who loved an Oyster, a conversation between a Water Rat and a Toad, and finally, back in a pond, but halfway around the world, the discomforts of an old, blind Crocodile. These pieces were written in 1999, and dedicated to the bass who debuted them, Klaus Lang. The texts are from various lesser known to obscure 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century poets and writers. One text – "Wassermäus und Kröte" – is attributed to the *Allgemeines Deutsches Commercibuch* or *Universal German Commerce Book*, although the text attributes "itself" to Goethe.

**Douglas Victor Brown** was born in 1950 in London, and now resides in Berlin. His earliest compositions were written at age eleven. He later studied music and composition at Cambridge University with Alan Ridout. One of his early, large works was a chamber opera entitled *Caligula*. Since 1985 he has been affiliated with the Deutsche Oper Berlin where his Concerto Dramatico, a cantata on a text by Goethe, was first performed in 1992. Other than tonight's work, several of Mr. Brown's compositions are satirical, including *Abgestaubt in Schloß Entenfried* (1993) and *Der Ring der Fagötter* (1997), for a quartet of Bassoons.

## BEASTLY BALLADS

### Prehistoric Ballad

An Ichthyosaur yallowed in the slimy, mold-laden swamp.  
He was, deep in his soul, so sour, surly and numb,  
So stupid, so stubborn and oily,  
So heavy and leaden and dull;  
He plunged into the mud bath  
With a splashing, fumbling thud!  
There, he saw an Ichthyosaur-ess, so soft,  
So soft and so round, and so slender,  
In his languishing, lizardy eye;  
There, he grew, from Love, so sick!  
There, she pulled him into the elderbushes  
through the sticky, primeval weeds;  
There, out from the Ichthyosaurs came  
The tenderest Ichthyo - sweet,  
Yes, the softest Ichthyo - sweet!

### The Hedgehog

The Lion sat on his throne of bones;  
And thought about slavery and death.  
A Hedgehog came toward him in the path, creeping;  
"Ha! Worm! So roared the despot"  
And held it between his claws;  
"With one gulp, I will swallow you!"  
The Hedgehog said, "Swallow me, you can; only-  
You cannot stomach me!"

### The Jackass

I have nothing about me that delights,  
I am dumb and deformed,  
Without courage and without power;  
Mock and dread me do men, young and old;  
I am neither warm nor cold;  
There is nothing about me that delights.  
I must on straw and thistle chew;  
I become, under sacks, old.  
Ah, nature made me in a rage!  
She gave me nothing, nothing,  
Nothing but a pretty voice!

### A Sad Tale

A Herring loved an Oyster on the cool seabed;  
It was his every thought and effort for a kiss from her mouth.  
The Oyster, she was unyielding, he remained before her house;  
Even if the Herring sang and sighed, she would not look out.  
Then one day she opened up her delicate shell halves;  
She wanted to behold, in the mirror of the sea top, clearly her face.  
Swiftly came the Herring, swimming, stretched his head toward her,  
And thought about a kiss in good faith in which to delight!  
Oh, Harung poor Harung, how badly you are fooled!  
She shut, in fury, her shells-  
Thus was he guillotined!  
Now his dead body floats woefully in the green sea and thinks:  
"In my life ... loved I ... no ... oy-ster ... more!"

### Watermouse and Toad

A Watermouse and Toad  
One speckled evening  
Climbed up a steep mountain.  
Said the Watermouse to the Toad:  
"Why do you go, on speckled evenings,  
Up this steep mountain?"  
To the Watermouse said the Toad:  
"To enjoy the sunset,  
I go, this speckled evening,  
Up this steep mountain."  
This is a poem by Goethe,  
That he, one speckled evening,  
On the sofa, thought up.

### The Crocodile

In a sacred pond in Singapore  
There lies an ancient Crocodile  
Of utmost sullen nature and chews on a lotus-root.  
It is utterly old and completely blind,  
And when it chills a bit during the night,  
So it weeps like a little child: Ach! Ach!  
Yet when it is a prettier day, it laughs: Ha - ha - ha!  
So it cries: Ach! Ach!  
So it laughs: Ha - ha - ha!  
Ach! Ach!  
Ha - ha - ha!

### Thank you

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