TEXTS

I. I Cannot Live with You

I cannot live with you, It would be life, And life is over there Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to, Putting up Our life, his porcelain, Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife, Quaint or broken; A newer Sèvres pleases, Old ones crack.

I could not die with you, For one must wait To shut the other's gaze down,— You could not.

And I, could I stand by And see you freeze, Without my right of frost, Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise with you, Because your face Would put out Jesus', That new grace

Glow plain and foreign On my homesick eye, Except that you, than he Shone closer by.

They'd judge us - how?
For you served Heaven, you know,
Or sought to;
I could not.

Because you saturated sight, And I had no more eyes For sordid excellence As Paradise.

And were you lost, I would be, Though my name Rang loudest On the heavenly fame.

And were you saved, And I condemned to be Where you were not, That self were hell to me.

So we must keep apart, You there, I here, With just the door ajar That oceans are, And prayer, And that pale sustenance, Despair!

II. My River Runs to Thee

My river runs to thee: Blue sea, wilt welcome me?

My river waits reply. Oh sea, look graciously!

I'll fetch thee brooks From spotted nooks,—

Say, sea, take me!

—Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

David Ashley White (b. 1944)

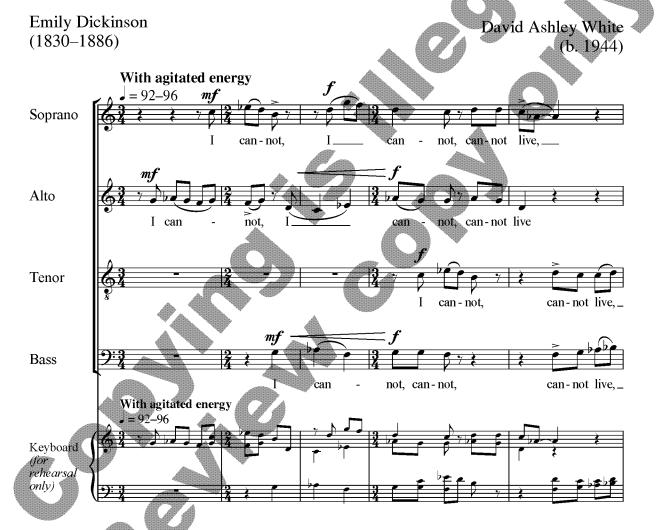
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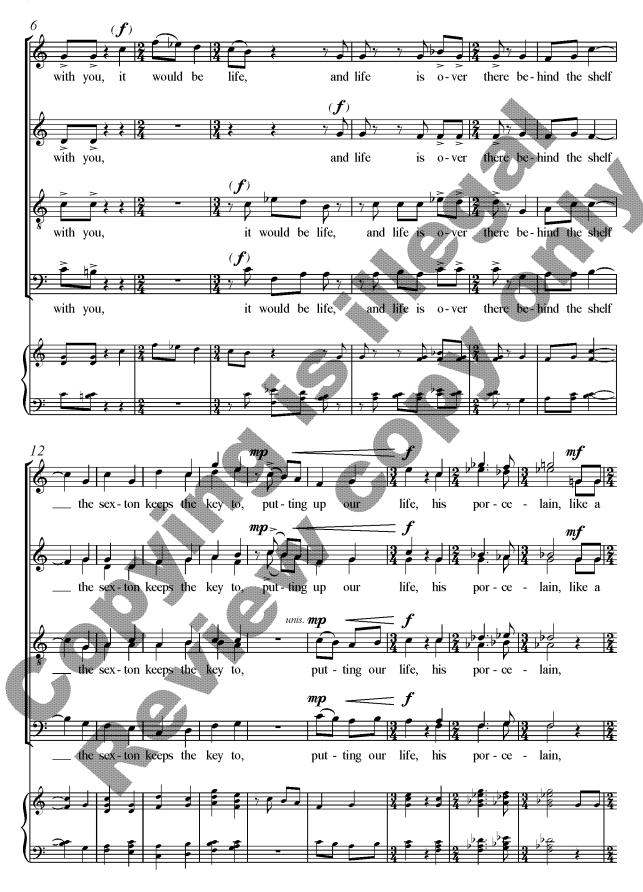
Commissioned by Betsy Cook Weber and the Moores School of Music Concert Chorale, University of Houston, for a premiere at the 2011 Florilège Vocal de Tours, France

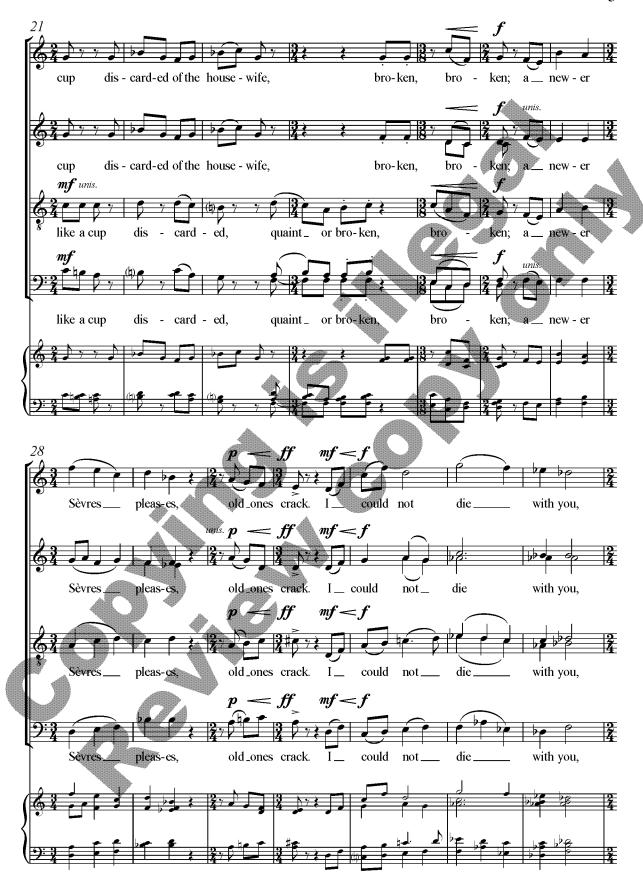
The Door Ajar

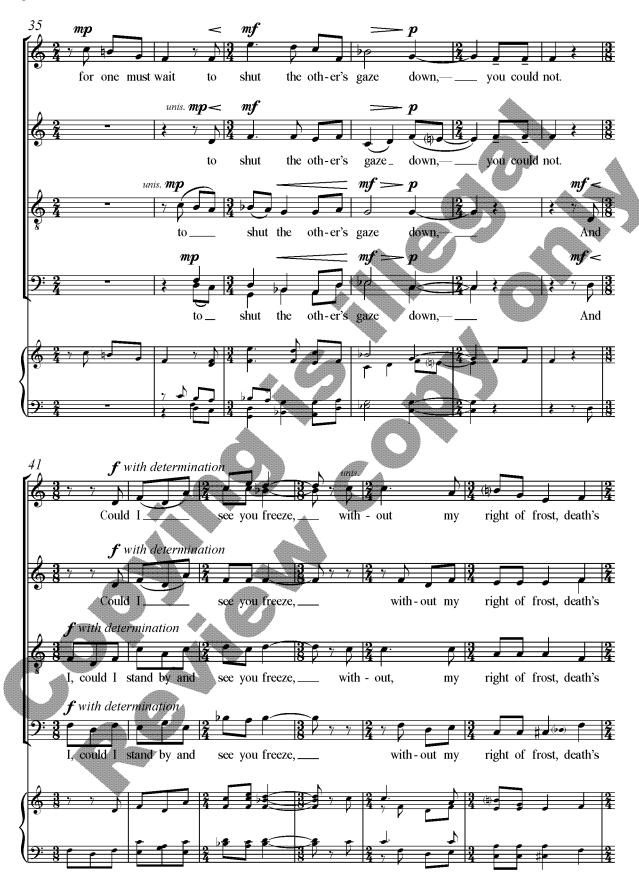
for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

I. I Cannot Live with You









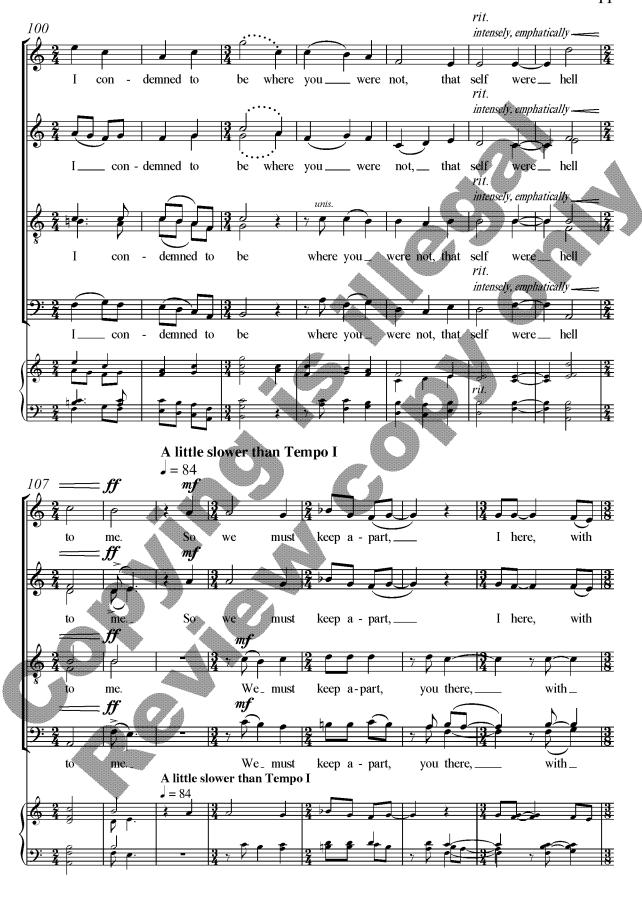
















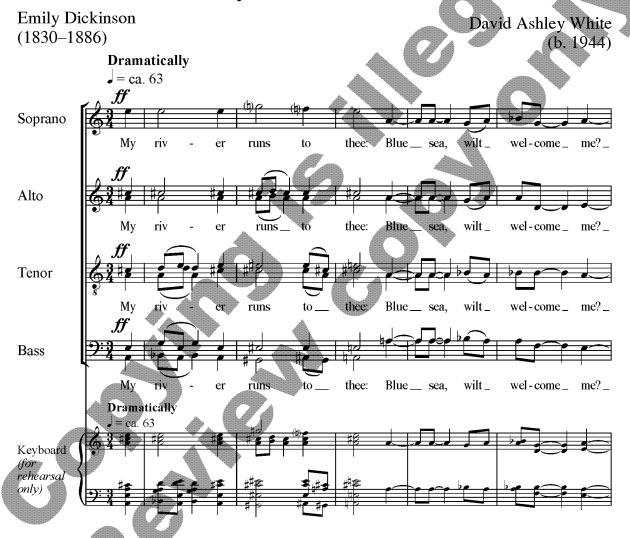
Only a brief pause between movements.

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The Door Ajar

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

II. My River Runs to Thee







E. C. SCHIRMER a division of



