

THREE MUSIC POEMS

Olé, Bolero – A Fiesta in Sevilla

Part One: The Gitanas of Sevilla

Olé, Bolero, olé!
We are gitanas of beautiful, proud Sevilla.
We're fond of dancing, men, and Manzanilla.
Tonight we wait for handsome, famous toreros,
And after the bullfight, we'll dance the Bolero. Olé, Bolero. Bravo Toro!
 We play and click with our castanets
 And dream of all the men we soon will get.
 Olé, Bolero. ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!, torero. Bravo Toro, bravo!
Meanwhile, we're dancing here and killing time,
And each of us is scheming who'll be mine.
 So I will lure Eduardo—and I for sure Carlitos—
 And I'll seduce José—and I will cruise Antonio—
Oh no, you won't, or you're dead before he ever sees your bed—
 Oh yes, I will. I meant Antonio *Senior*—
 Ah, that's better, for I'll be seeing *Junior*! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!
Olé, Bolero. Olé, Toro, olé!
 I think I'll get Juanito—and I will pet Pablito—
 And I will *have* them *all*—well I have had them all. ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!
 Olé, olé, toreros. Bravo Toro, olé!
Ha, tonight at the fiesta in Sevilla,
We first will dance the saucy Seguidillas,
And then the bouncy Bulerías, and then the foxy Farruca,
And if *that* doesn't cut it, we all will dance, dance the Bolero, the Bolero.
 Olé, olé, Bolero, olé! Bravo Toro! Bravo toreros, olé!

Part Two: The Toreros Visiting from Cádiz

Olé, Bolero, olé!
We are toreros from ancient, noble Cádiz.
We're on our way to meet some classy ladies.
By day we fight for fame in Spanish arenas,
But oh, at night, we dance the Bolero. Olé, Bolero. Bravo Toro!
 We bring our daggers and fine guitarras
 And dream of petting pretty gitanas.
 Olé, Bolero. ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!, gitana. Bravo Toro, bravo!
Each of us is hot and ready for action,
And once we're there, I will be the attraction,
 So I will lead Carmencita—and I will meet Frasquita—
 And I will match Dolores—and I will catch La Rosa—
Oh no, you won't, or I will fucking kill ya in her bed in Sevilla—
 Oh yes, I will. I meant the *daughter Rosita*—
 Ah, that's better, for I must have *la Madre*! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!
Olé, Bolero. Olé, Toro, olé!
 All I need is La Carola—I would *die* for La Paloma—
 But all would die for *me*, for they *know* what I have got! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!
 Olé, olé, gitanas. Bravo Toro, olé!
Ha, in sultry Sevilla after the siesta and bullfight,
We'll join the gitanas to dance and neck *all* night.
We'll drink Manzanilla, and play the guitarra,
And if *that* doesn't cut it, we all will dance, dance the Bolero, the Bolero.

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Olé, olé, Bolero, olé! Bravo Toro! Bravo gitanas, olé!

Part Three: The Dance at the Fiesta

Olé, Bolero, olé!

Ha, there they are, those handsome, famous toreros.
Let's have a sip of Manzanilla—relax, toreros.
Sit down and have a chat with us in Sevilla.
We'll dance, but first let's drink some Manzanilla.

Bravo Toro, bravo. Olé!

We're taking a break from bullfights in Cádiz.
Our daggers will charm you tonight, ladies.
Let's do it—presto, bring more Manzanilla!
Let's make some music and dance in Sevilla.

Bravo Toro, bravo. Olé!

Now ring your little castanets, gitanas. Olé, gitana,
Bewitch the toreros. Click, click, click. Olé, olé, olé.

Bravo castanets!

Now tune your fine guitarras, toreros. Olé, torero,
Enchant the gitanas. Play, play, play. Olé, olé, olé.

Bravo guitarras!

Now dance, Toro. Dance, dance the Bolero. Bravo Toro!

Ha, these toreros are champs at bullfights and dancing.
How well do they rule the arena of subtle romancing,
So gallantly treating the ladies, olé.

Now dance, Toro. Dance, dance the Bolero. Bravo Toro!

Ha, these gitanas, so neat at turning and bending in fashion.
How deftly they click and move with style and precision,
And yet they're wilder than toros in Cádiz, olé.

Left, gitana. Right, torero. Turn, torero. Bend, gitana.

Run, Toro, run the arena. What power, machismo, vigor and gusto—
Toreros from Cádiz, you've never been better.

Bravo Toro. Bravo toreros.

Ha, Carola. Ha, Pablito. Advance, Manolo. Retreat, Rosita.

Watch torero. Fight back, Toro. What fervor, seduction, glamor and passion—
Sevillian gitanas, you're hotter than ever.

Bravo Toro. Bravo gitanas.

My bed your arena, torero. Olé, olé, Bolero.

My dagger is yours, gitana. Olé, olé, Bolero.

Thrust and dance, torero. Dance and yield, gitana.

Dance, Toro! Dance in Sevilla.

Dance, Edgardo, Alfredo, Roberto! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!

Dance, Maria, Alicia, Lucinda! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!

Viva Cádiz, Sevilla, España! ¡Ay! ¡Ay! ¡Ay!

Dance, Toro. Dance, dance.

Bravo Senior. Bravo Junior. Viva La Rosa. Viva Rosita.

Bravo, bravo Bolero.

Olé, Bolero, olé!

THREE MUSIC POEMS

Ode to Music

I

Come now with harps
to join the tenors here
and touch the strings!
The flute will sing
to all the instruments we love.
Listen, violins and violas mingle
with the choir.

II

Clang all the gongs,
and sound the organ now,
and beat the drums!
We all intone
to music of the centuries.
Hear the bells and cymbals
coming to the fore.

III

Play now those runs
to bring that winning tune,
and spread delight!
Nature sings in all of us,
and there's a thrilling song.
Give in to sweet melodiousness
within your soul.

IV

Hear now how those birds
combine their warbling notes
with vivid rhythms.
Truly, *they* are singing
from a harmony we've lost.
Silver carols ring, and spring
awakens in a trill.

V

Oh, let's have flowers,
rustling leaves, and always,
always happiness.
The woodwinds speak of
summer gardens—or are we hearing
songs of distant nightingales,
evoked by soft bassoons?

VI

THREE MUSIC POEMS

A warm andante
is unfolding from a tranquil pond
one early morning.
The swans are mute . . .
Mysteriously they drift along
on streams of perfect, timeless and
eternal beauty.

VII

The pearly triplets
of the grand piano
join the waterfall.
Murmuring sources
bring reflections back of old.
Do you remember how lotuses would
float on rivulets?

VIII

Lakes would form then
while an ocean lingered
in a single note.
A mountain song
would soar within a symphony,
and hidden valleys
struck a grander chord.

IX

Towering heavens
opened up to us
in days gone by.
The world was quiet
like a pause between two songs,
and we were far from here in love
upon a sunny hill.

X

A burning sun
resounds in baritones.
It is midday.
A simple ditty
sounds with children on a stroll.
A silence falls, and now a woman hums
behind a house.

XI

The clarinet
resumes a previous theme,
and evening comes.
Guitars are heard!

THREE MUSIC POEMS

They bring the gentle heartbeat
to the music we adored. The sun has set.
The moon is out.

XII

Come now with brass!
A trumpet, and a voice
will lead the dance.
Hear the saxophones
with sharps, and flats, and quivering lilts!
The clock strikes twelve, but they won't stop
until the stars wane.

XIII

Contraltos rise
announcing dawn.
The boy sopranos
join with ever rising scales
and strike such crystal tones
that move even the angels. Hear their voices
climb into the skies!

XIV

We hear a prelude
to a realm of music
all but endless—
God Himself descends!
Let's sing and love and dance.
Ages bend above you. Sing that song.
Toll the bell.

XV

A solo for the bass
transforms into a hymn.
The lead soprano sings
a haunting, final melody,
transcending understanding here on earth:
Heavenly Father, now forevermore,
welcome me, Thy Newborn Child!

XVI

Music! You're truly ringing
from the harmonies
of love, sublime and pure.
Oh, song of songs—
No one can withstand such love.
The chorus sets with liquid gold. It's time.
Come, we must go home . . .

THREE MUSIC POEMS

Billy Belly's Boston Big Brass Band

A Nostalgic Burlesque in Four Episodes for Narrator, Brass Band, Chorus, and Merry Audience

onomatopoeia n. (ä-n&-"mä-t&-'pE-&) *The naming of a thing or action by a vocal imitation of the sound associated with it (such as "buzz" or "hiss").*

Onomatopoeia may also refer to the use of words whose sound suggests the sense. This occurs frequently in poetry, where a line of verse can express a characteristic of the thing being portrayed.

—Encyclopædia Britannica

This composition is meant to serve no other purpose than to cheer us up and entertain. It will benefit from being read with childlike glee, oomph, and good rhythm.

In the mid-1800s, a brass band served as a celebration of civic pride.

First Episode: Childhood

—The Parade—

One Two. One Two. Boom Boom. Tara Boom. Cheeng Boom. Oompah Boom. Here they Come. Here they Come. Oompah-Pah. Oompah-Pah. Tara Boom. Drums Drums. Sunday Morning. Here they Come.	Narrator, in strict march tempo Dead serious and with great expectation Booming
Hear the Merry Slide Trombones— Hear the Screaming Saxophones Marching Down the Boston Streets. Feel the Rhythm In your Feet. Hear the Tenors, Altos, Flutes— Hear the Stamping of the Boots. Boots Boots. Boots Boots.	Boy sopranos and tenors Boots, basses and stamping audience
Over-Shoulder Tubas Blare Boldly Moving to the Square. Cheeng Boom. Over There. Hear the Rumbling Drums and Bugles, Jingling Johnnies, Singing Brass— Hear the Fifes and Ringing Cymbals: All the Town is Full of Brass.	Louder Ecstatic Almost in delirium
There they Are. There they Are. Billy Belly's Boston Boys. Billy Belly's BOSTON— Billy Belly's BOSTON— Billy Belly's—CHEENG BOOM. Billy Belly's—OOMPAH BOOM, Billy Boom Tara Boom.	All voices From this point on syncopated, gradually louder as the band reaches the square
Billy Belly's B R A S S ! Billy Belly's B R A S S ! !	With more emphasis

THREE MUSIC POEMS

Billy Belly's B O S T O N ! ! !
Billy Belly's B O S T O N ! ! ! !
B I L L Y . . . B E L L Y ' S . . .
B O S T O N . . . B I G . . .
B R A S S . . . B A N D ! ! ! ! !

Slowing down towards a
final broad conclusion

Cheeng Boom.
LOUDER than Loud.
Cheeng Boom.
CHEERS from the CROWD.
Cheeng Boom. Oompah Boom.
Hurray.

Very loud indeed

Hurray.

Narrator
Chorus and kettledrums
Everybody

Hurray.

Great.

Great.

Great.

Second Episode: Adolescence —In the Streets and Squares of Boston—

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
What is going on today?
We're out to see my favorite band in Boston.
Friendly sunlight has been beaming, gleaming everywhere,
Brightening every glistening bell and valve and piston;
Every shining surface all around the sunny square.
 Everyone is glad today.
 Everyone is here today.
 Ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Never, never leave us, Billy.
Oh, we'll step along with you forever
Any Sunday down the streets and squares of Boston.

Sung to the well-known tune
in a mood of anticipation

Narrator

Children's chorus

Now being joined by
the female chorus and
the audience

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Billy's Band is great today.
Billy in his towering bearskin shako,
Silver buttons, sash and gold-striped pantaloons,
Emblems, buckle belt and bulging jacket
Starts parading with his bandsmen Sunday afternoon.
 All the flags are out today.
 All the world is great today
 Ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Never, never leave us, Billy.
Oh, we'll march along with you forever
Any Sunday down the streets and squares of Boston.

Joyful

Narrator

Tenors

Joined by the males,
saxophones,
fifes and piccolos

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Let us sing and dance today.
Bandstand chorus members sing of "Stars and Glory."
All of us now hail the grandeur of the themes.
Overtures and marches speak of untold, epic stories.
All become one nation, sharing lofty dreams.

With more depth
as if in a trance

THREE MUSIC POEMS

Let us celebrate today.
Let us all unite today.
Ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Never, never leave us, Billy.
Oh, we'll sing along with you forever
Any Sunday down the streets and squares of Boston.

Mixed chorus,
audience,
cornets and bells

Narrator with a touch
of nostalgia

Third Episode: Maturity —*The Picnic by the River*—

A thousand people gather by the riverbank
To hear a concert of the Boston Band.
No one seems to mind that tubas play off-key,
For moms are handing napkins out and cups of tea,
And yummy snacks are quickly passed around
To pretty tunes and crashing oompah sounds.
Tara Boom, Clash Boom!
Tara Cheeng, Cheeng, Boom
On a Sunday afternoon.
Boom Bang Oompah Boom!

Narrator, very leisurely

Kids and toy drums

While the players hardly spare their lungs,
Enormous loads of crackers land on tongues.
We munch away and loaf around on grass
Enjoying loud refrains in F on brass.
The band is playing merry well-known songs
To please the happy, ever-eating throng.
Tara Boom, Clash Boom!
Tara Cheeng, Cheeng, Boom
On a Sunday afternoon.
Boom Bang Oompah Boom!

Even more relaxed

Baritones and drums

As the afternoon progresses, all agree that all those starches
Blend extremely well with feeling great and Sousa's marches.
Everyone is glad and most relaxed,
Looking for the goodies coming next.
See the countless faces glow.
See how all enjoy the show.
Tara Boom, Clash Boom!
Tara Cheeng, Cheeng, Boom
On a Sunday afternoon.
Boom Bang Oompah Boom!

Extremely at ease

Sopranos, tambourines
and bassoons

While we feast on popcorn, creamy pies, and more,
Drums and trumpets step with cymbals to the fore.
We nibble, chatter, frisk about and hum,
And see some far too long forgotten chums.
What a Sunday, what a picnic.
Nothing pesky, nothing hectic.
Tara Boom, Clash Boom!
Tara Cheeng, Cheeng, Boom
On a Sunday afternoon.
Boom Bang Oompah Boom!

Stuffed, but satisfied

Basses, cymbals,
trumpets, flutes
and kettledrums

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It's getting late and Billy cannot play forever.
It's time now for the "Stars and Stripes Forever."
Tonight the band returns for dance and serenade,
And afterwards we'll join them for the night parade.
The picnic was a perfect treat
And Sousa's music quite a feast.

Narrator, chorus

Tara Boom, Clash . . .
Tara Cheeng, Cheeng . . .
Tara Boom, Clash Boom
On a Sunday afternoon.
Boom Bang Oompah Boom!

Fourth Episode: Old Age —The Dance and the Night Procession—

Billy Belly's Boston Big Brass Band
Is playing for dances at the park's big bandstand.
Quicksteps, polkas, tangos, *and* . . . the waltz
Are on the program for tonight, 'cause Billy *loves* the waltz.
Well then, let us dance, let us dance Billy's waltz:

With zest

One Two Three,
Oom-Pah-Pah, Oom-Pah-Pah, *and* . . .
One More Time:
Oom-Pah-Pah, Oom-Pah-Pah, *and* . . .

Tenors and horns

Contraltos

So we waltz, and we dance, and we waltz.

Billy Belly's fine baton is surely like some magic wand,
For, look, he even makes grandma and grandpa dance
A quickstep, polka, tango, *and* . . . a waltz.
Each girl will find her boy tonight—each boy will kiss his girl.
Well then, let us whirl, pretty girl, let us whirl:

Elegant

One Two Three,
Oom-Pah-Pah, Oom-Pah-Pah, *and* . . .
One More Time:
Oom-Pah-Pah, Oom-Pah-Pah, *and* . . .

Baritones and tubas

Sopranos, trombones

So we whirl, and we twirl, and we whirl.

And so the dance and band go on and on
Until the dancers have enough of all those
Quicksteps, polkas, tangos, *and* . . . the waltz . . .
But before we call it a night and head for home,
We join the night procession with the Boston Band:

Narrator

Cheeng-cheeng boom—
Torches, bright fantastic.
Shadows, music, magic . . .

Boy sopranos,
very softly,
full of mystery

Cheeng-cheeng boom—
Boston, light and dark.
Life, a passing spark . . .

Chorus, trombones
and drums

Boom-boom cheeng—

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Downtown fading away.
Starry sky till day . . .

Like a lullaby

Boom-boom cheeng—
Lonesome streets, Billy gone.
Life on earth goes on . . .

Cheeng-cheeng boom—
Far-off brass and lights.
Gentle sleep tonight . . .

Sopranos
and angel voices

Cheeng-cheeng boom—
Quiet, endless mirth.
Stars, heaven, earth . . .

Boom . . .

Boom . . .

Cheeng . . .

Great

Great

Great