

*Close The Windows* (baritone, flute, cello, and piano)  
Robert Frost Texts

## **I. Blueberries (Summer)**

You ought to have seen what I saw on my way  
To the village, through Patterson's pasture today.  
Blueberries as big as the end of your thumb,  
Real sky-blue, and heavy, and ready to drum  
In the cavernous pail of the first one to come!  
And all ripe together, not some of them green  
And some of them ripe! You ought to have seen!

We'll pick in the Pattersons' pasture this year.  
We'll go in the morning, that is, if it's clear,  
And the sun shines out warm.

You ought to have seen how it looked in the rain,  
The fruit mixed with water in layers of leaves,  
Like two kinds of jewels, a vision for thieves.

## **II. November (Fall)**

We saw leaves go to glory,  
Then almost migratory  
Go part way down the lane,  
And then to end the story  
Get beaten down and pasted  
In one wild day of rain.

We heard " 'Tis Over" roaring.  
A year of leaves was wasted.  
Oh, we made a boast of storing,  
Of saving and keeping,  
But only by ignoring  
The waste of moments sleeping,  
The waste of pleasure weeping,  
By denying and ignoring  
The waste of nations warring

### **III. Now Close The Windows (Winter)**

Now close the windows and hush all the fields;  
If the trees must, let them silently toss;  
No bird is singing now, and if there is,  
Be it my loss.

It will be long ere the marshes resume,  
It will be long ere the earliest bird:  
So close the windows and not hear the wind,  
But see all wind-stirred.

### **IV. A Prayer In Spring (Spring)**

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;  
And give us not to think so far away  
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here  
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,  
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;  
And make us happy in the happy bees,  
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird  
That suddenly above the bees is heard,  
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,  
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,  
The which it is reserved for God above  
To sanctify to what far ends He will,  
But which it only needs that we fulfil.