*Commissioned by Helene Aguilar*
*under sponsorship of the New York State Council on the Arts*

# *Colour Symphony*

*poem by Edward Lowbury*

Preview File Only

*voice and piano*

*duration c. 6'*

## *Timothy Salter*

*Usk Edition, London 1983*

## *COLOUR SYMPHONY*

*Expelled from mothering night*
*With violence, he tasted*
*The opposite, a white*

*Blaze of day – wasted*
*On dazzled, newborn eyes;*
*And while the pain lasted*

*He fought it off with cries.*
*Soon white of innocence*
*Gave way to green surprise*

*At a new world of sense,*
*And every signal prompted*
*Some restless 'why' or 'whence';*

*A step, and he was counted*
*One fit to choose the shade*
*He craved for; was tempted*

*By life's untidy red –*
*Now pure, now tinged with gold,*
*Then going to the head*

*Until, too hot to hold,*
*The colour which he seized*
*When younger left him cold.*

*And now his eye was pleased*
*With blue, – blood of the veins,*
*Its breath of life released,*

*But bringing certain gains –*
*Repose, serenity.*
*The rest was marred by stains*

*Of Time: still fancy-free*
*He turned back to the white*
*Habit of infancy;*

*Training his lowered sight*
*He found he could dispense*
*With colours; took delight*

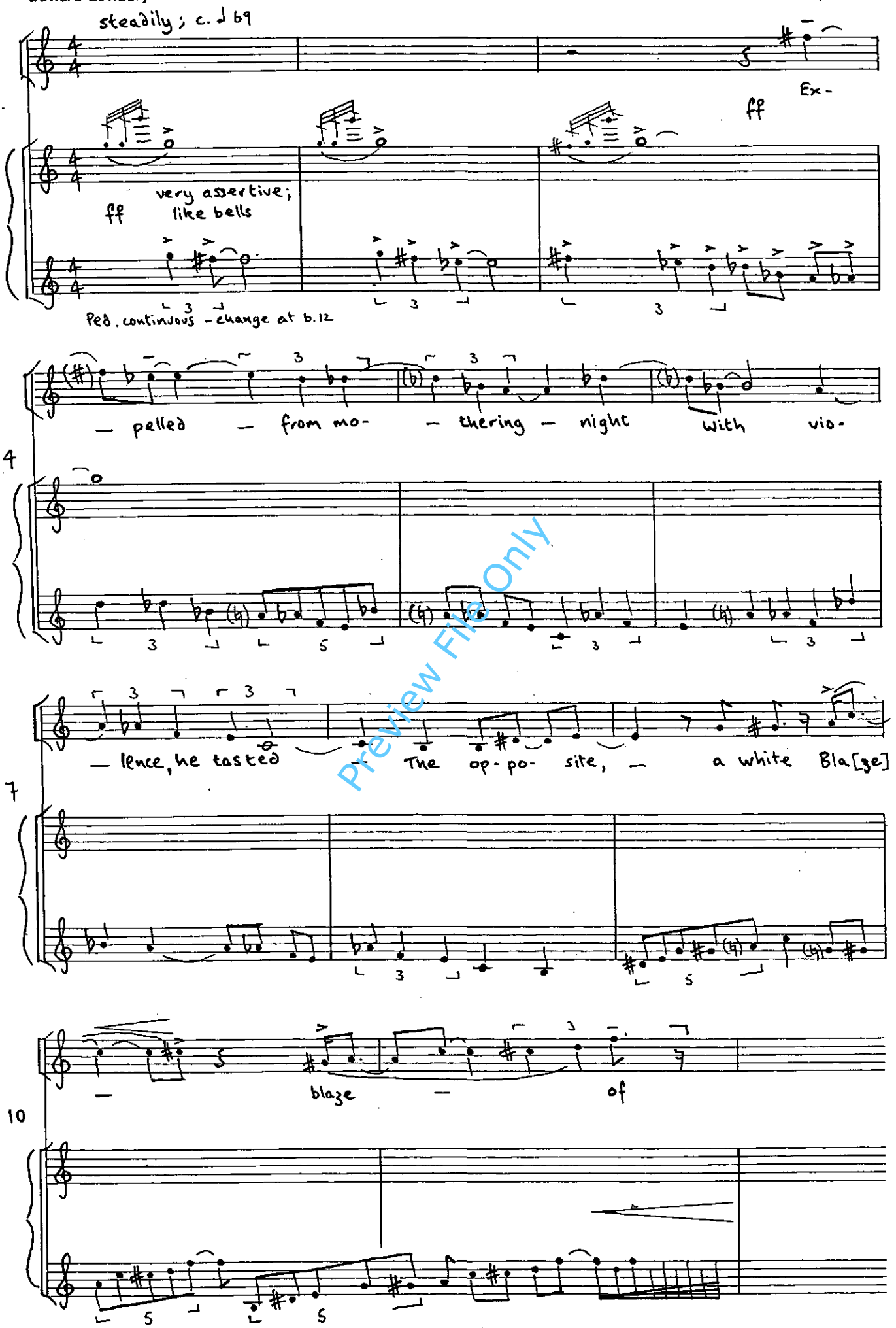
*In dearth or abstinence,*
*And felt himself sucked back*
*With sudden violence*

*To Night's maternal black.*

© Edward Lowbury

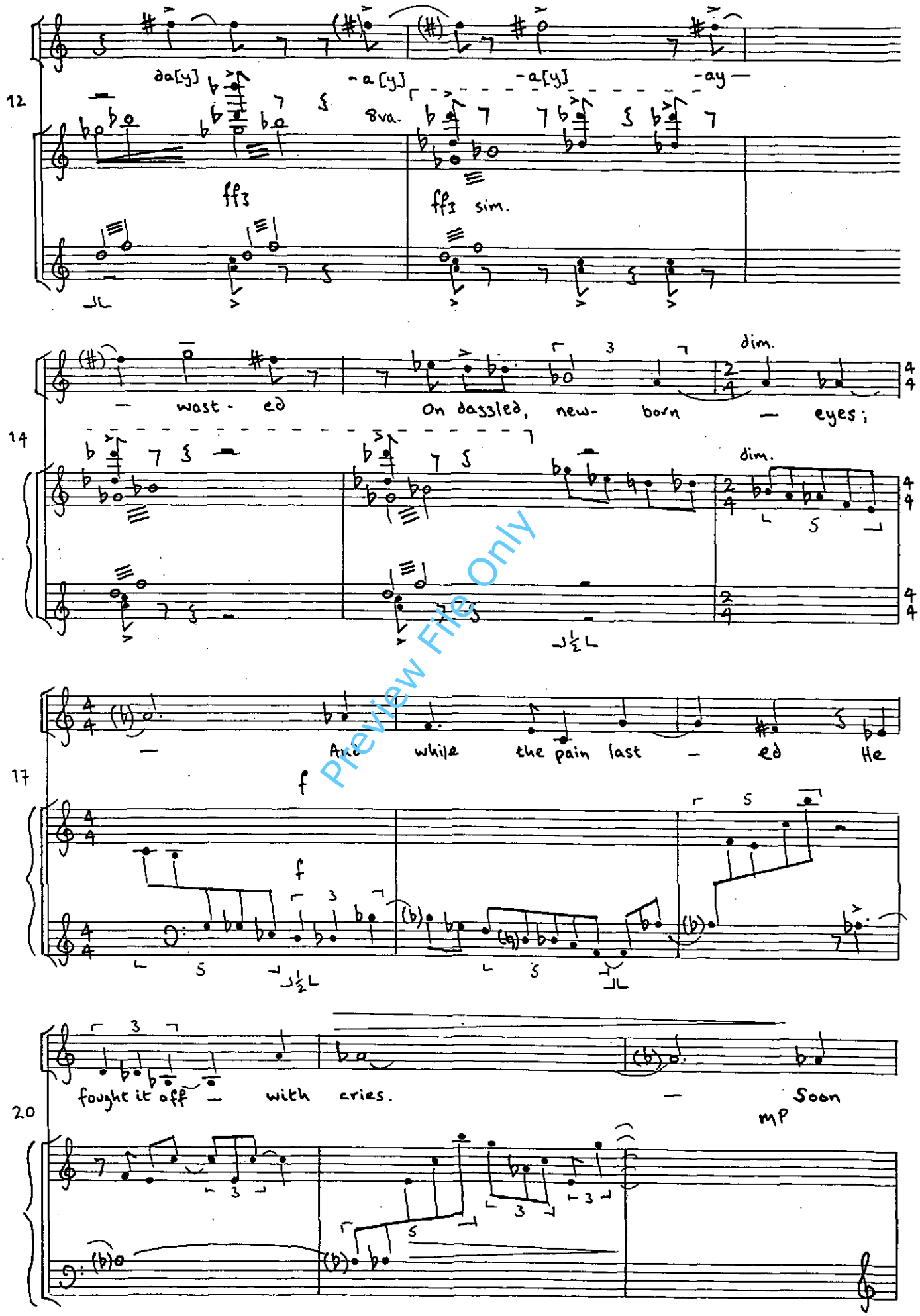
Preview File Only

*Edward Lowbury* *Timothy Salter*

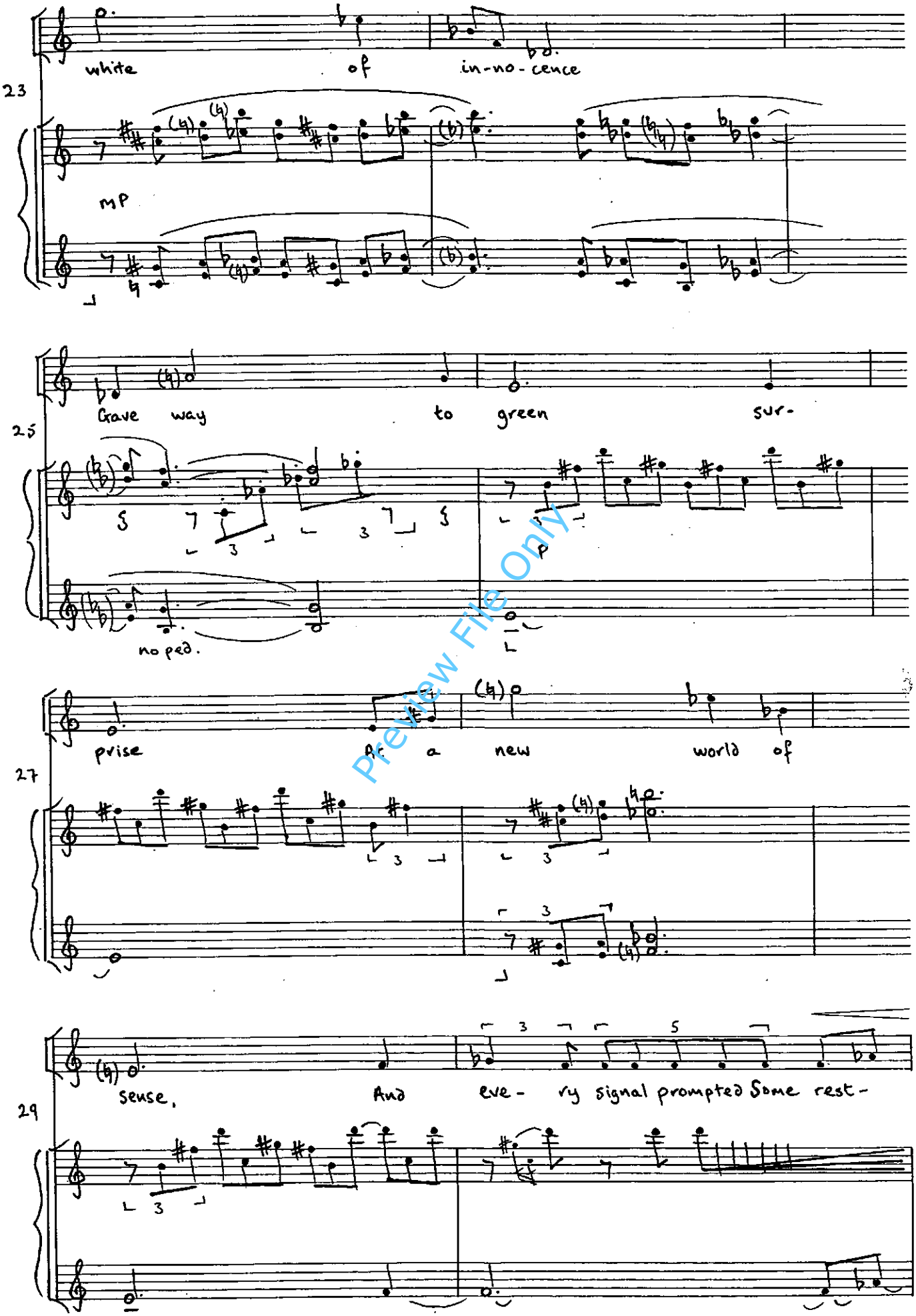



Preview File Only

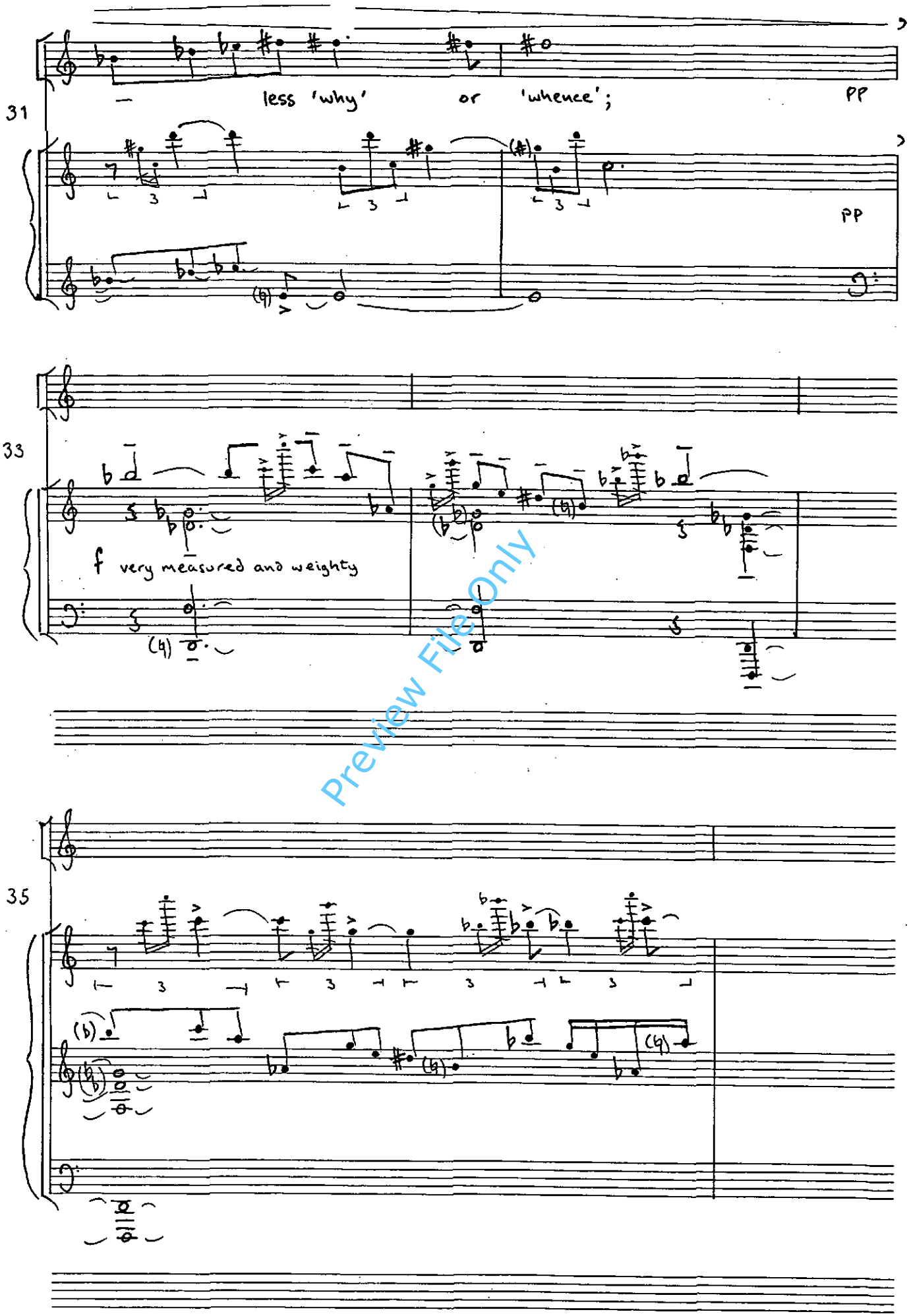
© Usk Edition, London 1983



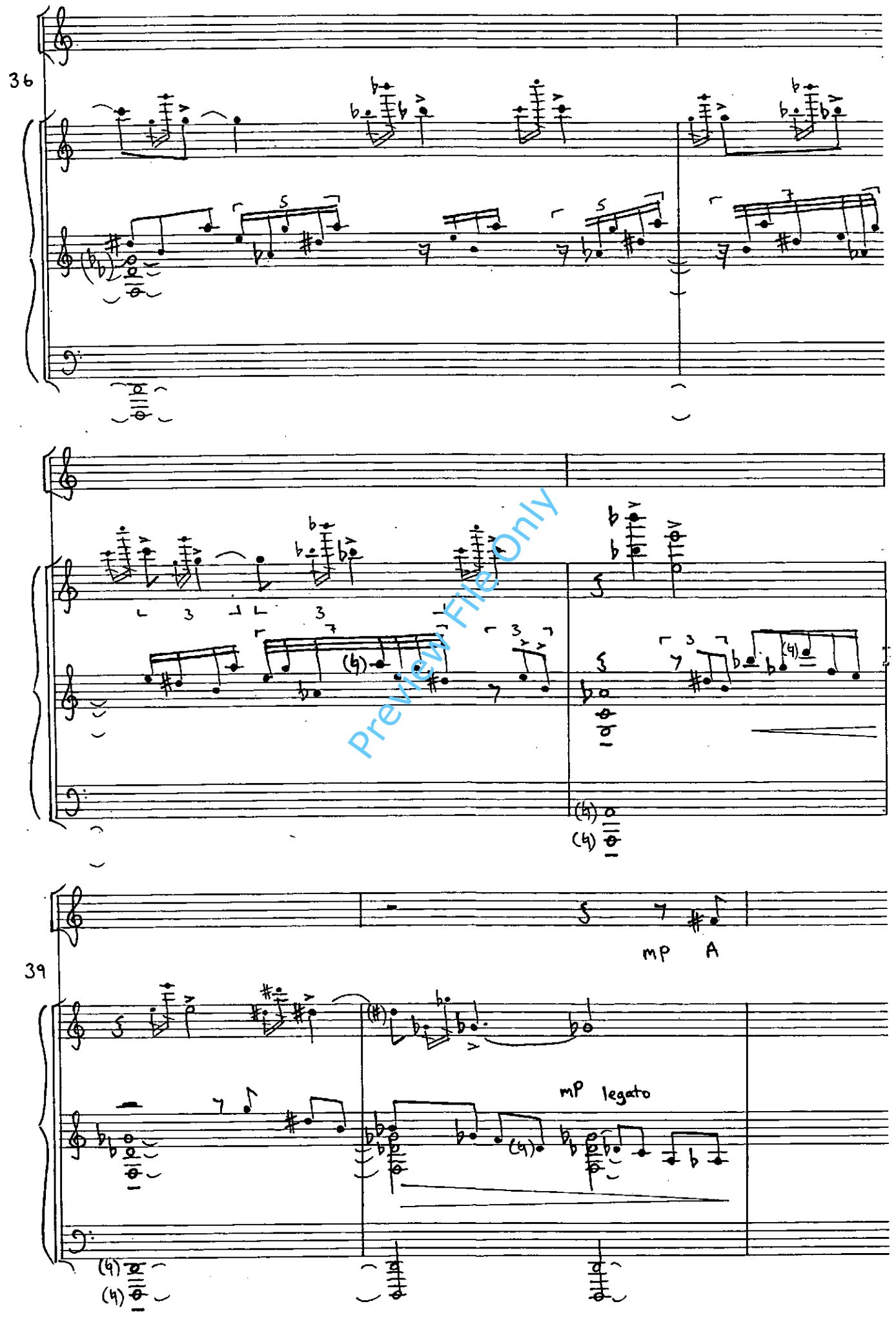

Preview File Only



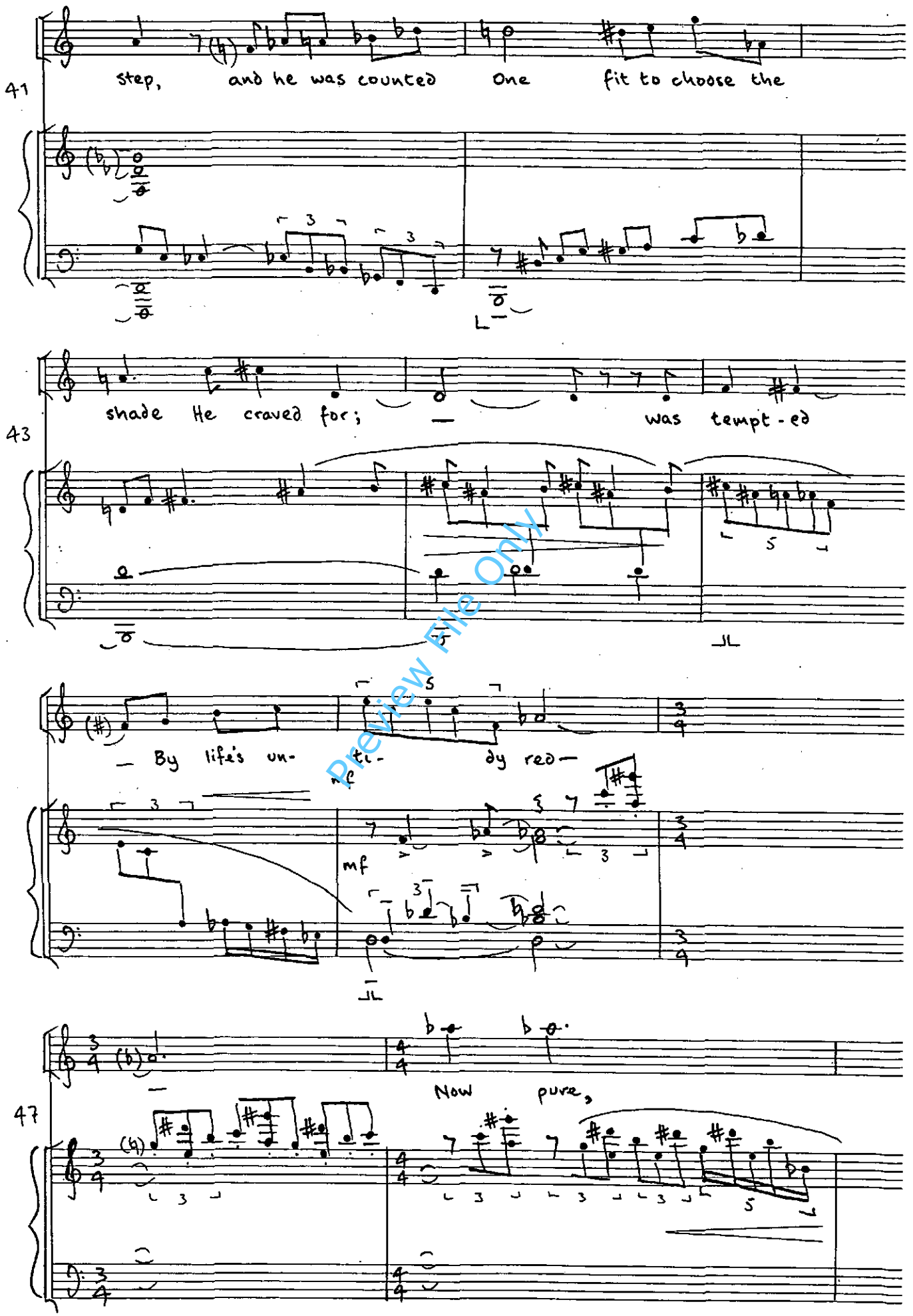

Preview File Only



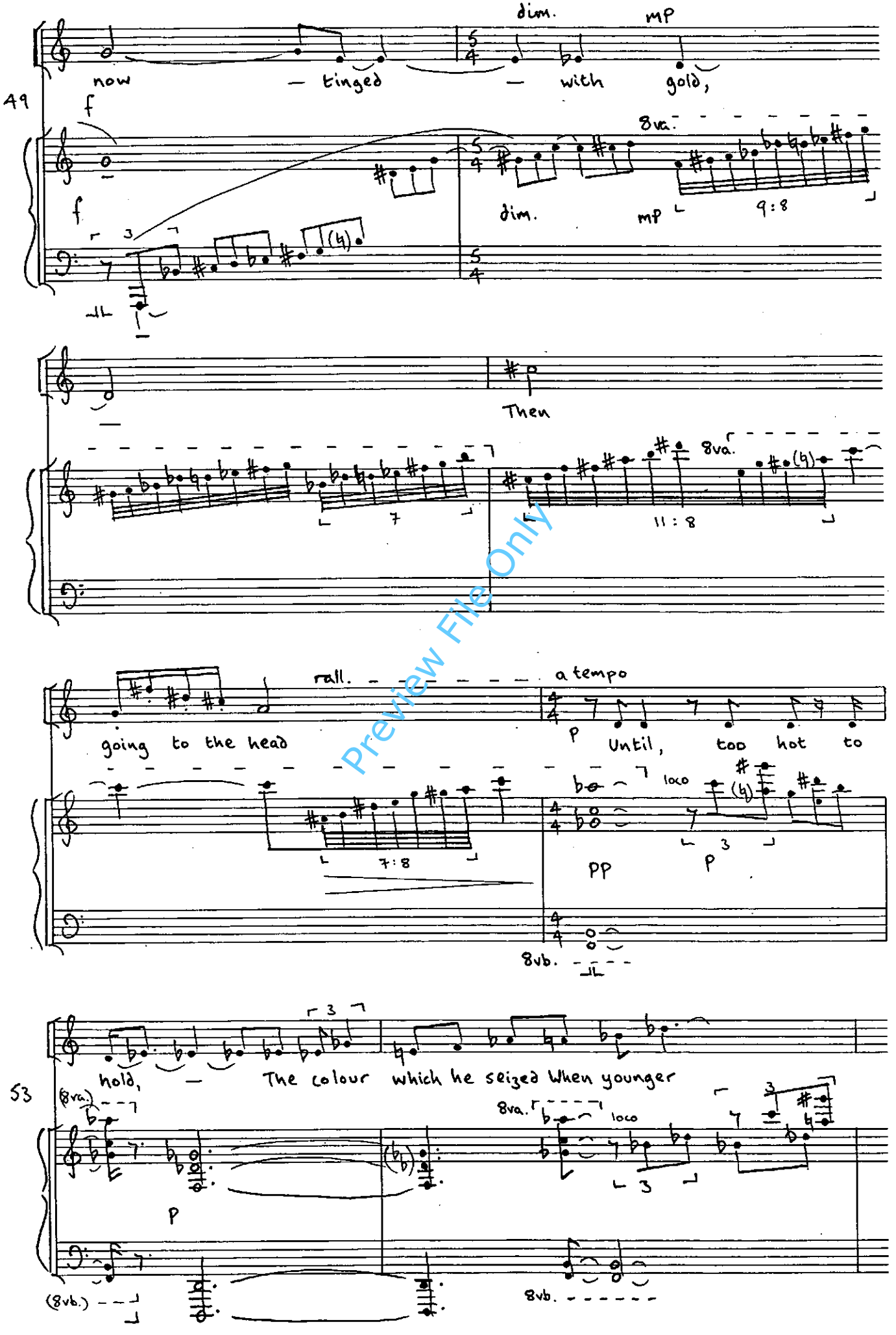

Preview File Only



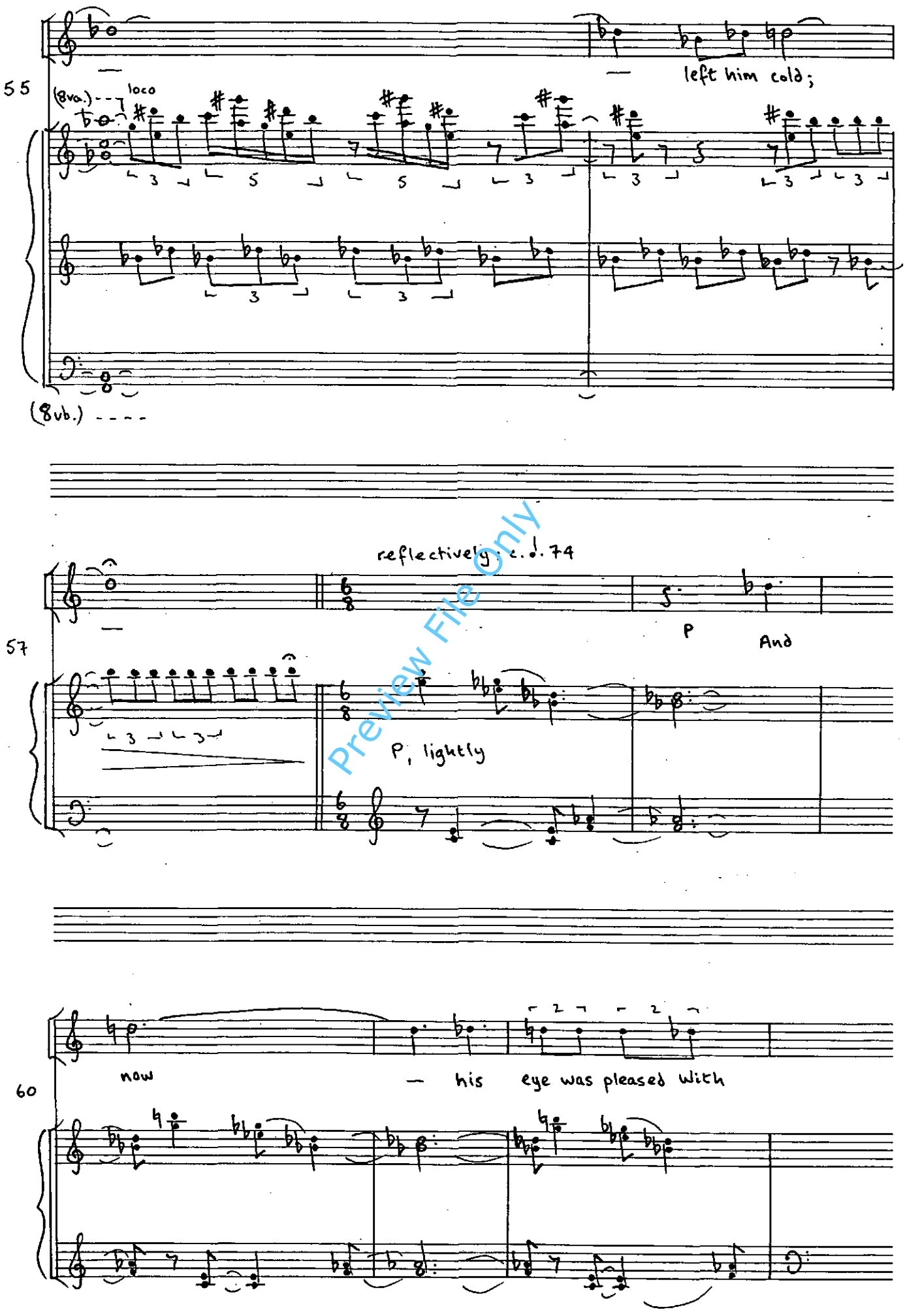

Preview File Only



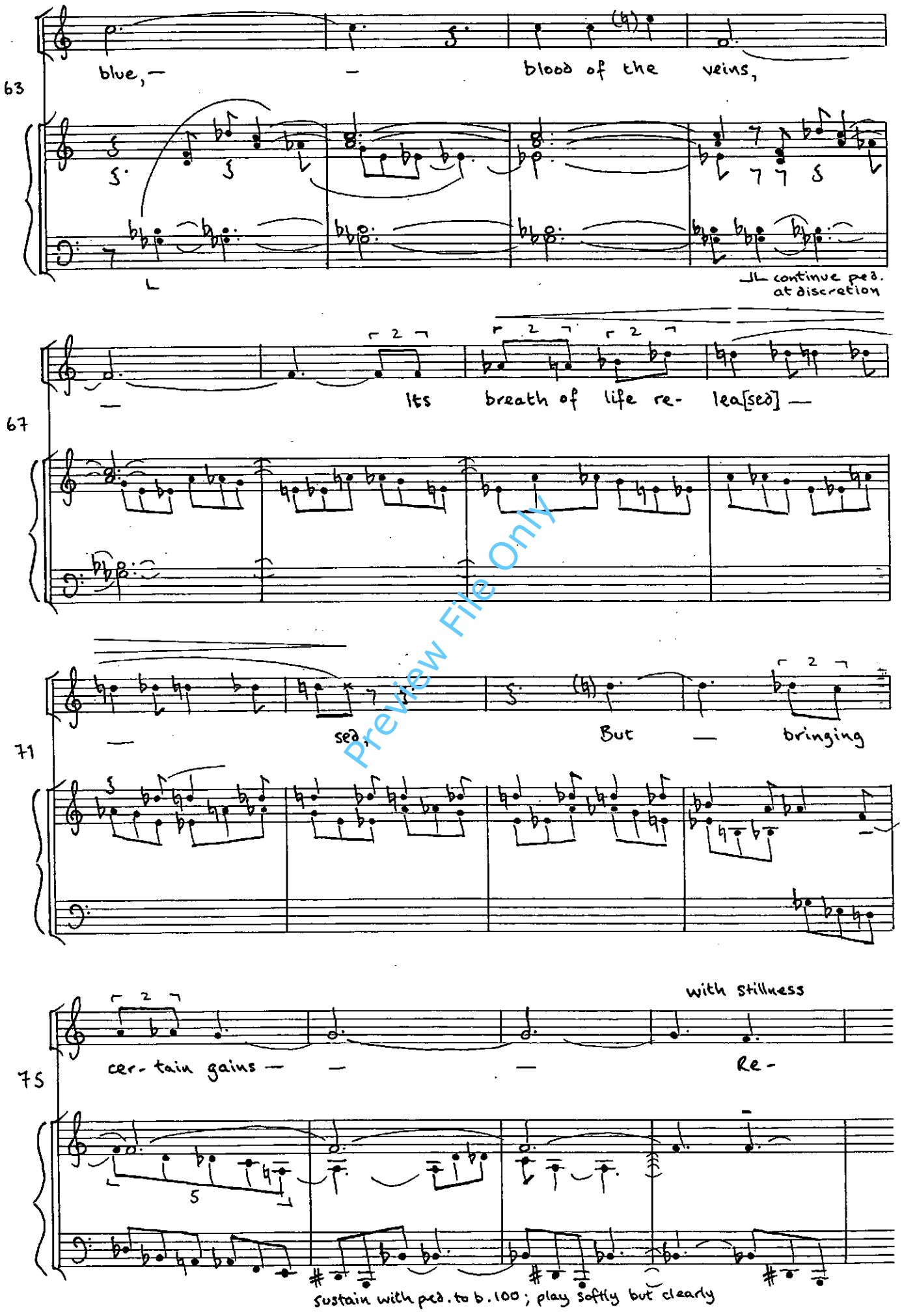

Preview File Only




Preview File Only




Preview File Only




Preview File Only