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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>6 musical arrangements, Ditto copies</th>
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<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>JWJ MSS 114</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Flodin, Jack</td>
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<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>James Weldon Johnson collection files</td>
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Jack Flodin
3817 Fessenden St.
Washington 16, D.C.

Mrs. James Weldon Johnson
Theresa Hotel
2090 7th Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.

Suite 703-5
Girl of Fifteen

(James Weldon Johnson—Jack Fladin.)

For Frank Bodoff

andante quasi menuetto

"Girl of fifteen, I see you each morning, As you pass on your way to school, I do more than see.

I watch you. I curtly draw curtains aside, And my heart leaps through my eyes. And follows you down

the street, leaving me behind. Half hid, and wholly ashamed, what moves me, God, half hid behind the curtain.

recit.
Original Version of Trio
for Whistling and Piano.

May be inserted in piano version when performing same.

Coda.
For Marion Anderson

"Be Patient, Weary Body!"
(The Tired Worker)
(Claude McKay-Jack Flitin)

O, whisper, o my soul! The afternoon is waning into

\[ \text{mf} \]

evening; whisper soft! Peace! oh, my rebel heart!

\[ \text{mf} \]

vex will swing a leaf. Be patient, weary body,

\[ \text{mf} \]

wrap thee gently in her sable sheet and with a leaden sigh thou wilt invite To rest thy tired hands, weeping

\[ \text{pp} \]
But what steals out the gray clouds, red like wine?

O, Damn!

ff sempre agitato

O dreaded Dawn! O let me rest! Weary my veins, my life, my brain, howl.

quasi recit.

play!

Ho! once again the harsh, the ugly city.

meno mosso.
For Marian Anderson

Lonely Song
from Shoes of the Wind.
(Hilda Conkling—Jack Flodin)

Lento.
Bend low, blue sky! Touch my forehead, You look cool... Bend down!

Diminuendo.
Flow about me in your blueness and solitude. Be thine as it be.

Legato.
Flowers, Be all the songs I have yet sung.
Ships that Pass in the Night
(Paul Lawrence Dunbar-Jack Flodin)

f appassionata
Out in the sky the

great dark clouds are
massing. I look far out into the stormy night

where I can

hear a solemn booming gun
And catch the gleaming of a random light

That tells me that the
dawn.

ship I seek is passing, passing.
My tearful eyes my soul's deep hurt are
glossing. For I would hail and check that ship of ships.

recit.

I stretch my hands imploring, cry a loud,

My voice falls dead a faint from mine own lips. And but its ghost doth reach the resed, passing, passing.

Recit.

Earth, sky, O Earth, a sky, O

f. apassionata.

Ocean, both sur passing,

O heart of mine, O Soul that thread the dark! Is there no hope for me? Is there no

way that I might aight and check that speed the bath, Which out of sight out

Sound is passing, passing?