

# A Paper With Specific Purposes

(Can You Guess The Purposes?)

May 1, 2013  
Hal King

There is a reason that I am presenting a paper tonight.

The subject has been playing around in my mind for a long time, at least a year or more.

I'll discuss that later, perhaps. Then, my thoughts began to waver. There are so many things I would like to talk about.

- Politics and Religion. Forbidden. Does that rule out government and political science?
- Naval History. Already done two papers on that subject; save for another time.
- Radio experiences. Already done that, too.
- Athenaeum Society. Been done at least three times in past two years. I do have a direction that has not been pursued, but, I'll do it later.
- Heros of Western movies. That's already been done....this year as a matter of fact.
- History of places and people of Christian County, similar to what I do with Old Sunflour Traveler. Christian Co. has been done for past three years..
- "The town I grew up in" type of thing. That's been done for the past four years. lovingly and touchingly, I might add. But, no one here had the experiences and good fortune of growing up in Catlin. No point in making everyone envious. Some other time, perhaps.
- The Wildcats of Evarts, 1948. Only three of us left. Some other time.
- What every Western Kentuckian wants to hear about.....Southeastern Kentucky! Especially Harlan County. Done that. Still, I'd like to another one. It's such a beautiful place.
- Do a paper on "The greatest and most recorded song in history." Perhaps.
- Do something I have thought about for a long time? Hmmmm, we'll see.

2/11/13

In 1999, I began to experience problems with my throat. Considering that my throat and voice, have been such an important part of my life and livelihood since the age of eighteen, any thing that affects that part of my anatomy negatively creates concern. When I first became aware of the problem, I dismissed it as an allergy, or perhaps, even part of the aging process and I would soon get over it. But, it got worse. Early in the year 2000, at my wife's urging I went to a specialist. He discovered a granuloma growing on my vocal chords and began to treat it with medication.....to no avail. In April of 2000, laser surgery removed the granuloma, followed by several weeks of resting my voice. The surgery went fine, there was no cancer. But, I failed to rest my voice sufficiently. The granuloma returned. It was bigger than before. And, I had problems.

I sought another opinion, this time at the Vanderbilt University Voice Center. The treatment included voice exercises and medication. When I started the Vanderbilt treatment I could no longer do many of the things that I had always done so easily and taken for granted. I thought the voice exercises were a bit silly, but, by this time I had learned to take things more seriously. The exercises proved easy for me. Every few months, doctors put a camera in my throat and took pictures of my vocal chords. After two years of treatment, photos indicated that the granuloma was fading. The past two six month check-ups show no sign of the granuloma. This experience has given me a newfound respect for gift of God that I had grown to take for granted.

During the period of treatment, I attended a radio broadcasting seminar. The person presenting the seminar mentioned that he often read the poems of Robert Frost and Walt Whitman for relaxation and to test his reading skills. This experience also renewed my interest in words.....sentences, poems, songs and how to interpret and express them. We all know, of course, that one can interpret and express words in a variety of ways. Does a certain comedian come to mind? Which way is correct? Can one get into the writer's mind?

GEORGE CARLIN

Then, the idea that has been in the back of my mind for years began edging forward. I would exercise my voice with the inflection and interpretation of **songs**. **Songs** that I grew up with. Actually, most of them are songs of my parents era. Songs that used to be referred to as standards. This would be fun and it would be easy. I gathered the songs....the words of the songs....and began to voice them.

NOT SING THEM!

Then, came the realization that it was difficult to voice the words without the melody in the back of my mind interfering with the process. And, quite often, the words that seemed to be so nice and romantic with the melody didn't seem so inspirational or romantic or even very sensible with a cold reading. Well, now! This bit of frivolous exercise was going to be more of a challenge than I anticipated. Good! That's good! My first thought was to present a <sup>PAPER</sup> piece on Hoagy Carmichael and his composition of Stardust, reputed to be the most recorded song in history. This proved to take several readings to get a desired result. **Note** that I said **a** desired result, not **the** desired result. This led to other songs and interpretations, many others.

Tonight, I would like to share my readings of some of these songs and couple of poems with you.

6:00

# I rees

Segeant Joyce Kilmer  
165th Infantry (Fighting 69th New York) A.E.F.  
Born December 6, 1886.  
Died July 30, 1918.

Killed in action, World War I, near Ourcy, France.

I think that I shall never see  
A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing  
breast.

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

## Unbelievable

It's unbelievable  
the way you thrill me every time we meet,  
Unbelievable  
the way my heart begins to beat.  
In my wildest dreams  
I never dreamt that this could be,  
That someone like you could believe in me.

It's unbelievable  
this miracle each time our arms entwine,  
Inconceivable  
that lips like yours could cling to mine.  
Never was a love.....how shall I say,  
So extra extraordinary....  
And, this world becomes a place so merry.....  
It's unbelievable that you could be mine.

## Unforgettable

1951

IRVING  
GORDON

Unforgettable, that's what you are,  
Unforgettable though near or far.  
Like a song of love that clings to me,  
How the thought of you does things to me.

Never before has someone been more  
Unforgettable in every way.....  
And forever more that's how you'll stay.  
That's why, darling, it's incredible  
That someone so unforgettable  
Thinks that I am unforgettable, too.

I Like The Looks of You 1933

I love the looks of you,  
The lure of you, the sweet of you, the pure of you.  
The eyes, the arms, the mouth of you,  
The east, the west, the north and south of you.

I'd love to gain complete control of you  
And handle the heart and soul of you.  
So, love at least a small per cent of me, do,  
For I love all of you.

*Mack Gordon  
Harry Warren*

## The More I See You

1945

The more I see you, the more I want you.  
Somehow this feeling just grows and grows.  
With every sigh I grow more mad about you,  
More lost without you, and, so it goes.

Can you imagine how much I love you....  
The more I see you as years go by.  
I know the only one for me can only be you....  
My arms won't free you,  
My heart won't try.

## "This Is All I Ask"

Writer(s): Jenkins

As I approach the prime of my life  
I find I have the time of my life  
Learning to enjoy at my leisure  
All the simple pleasure  
And so I happily concede

This is all I ask  
This is all I need

Beautiful girl, walk a little slower when you walk by me  
Lingering sunset, stay a little longer with the lonely sea  
Children everywhere, when you shoot at bad men, shoot at me  
Take me to that strange enchanted land  
Grownups seldom understand

Wandering rainbows, leave a bit of color for my heart to own,  
Stars in the sky, make my wish come true  
Before the night has flown,  
And let the music play as long as there's a song to sing...  
Then I will stay younger than spring





# "Once Upon A Time" 1962

Writer(s): *LEE ADAMS - CHARLES STROUSE*

Once upon a time  
A girl with moonlight in her eyes  
Put her hand in mine  
And said she loved me so  
But that was once upon a time  
Very long ago

Once upon a hill  
We sat beneath a willow tree  
Counting all the stars and waiting for the dawn  
But that was once upon a time  
Now the tree is gone

How the breeze ruffled through her hair  
How we always laughed as though tomorrow wasn't there  
We were young and didn't have a care  
Where did it go

Once upon a time  
The world was sweeter than we knew  
Everything was ours  
How happy we were then  
But somehow once upon a time  
Never comes again

Once upon a time  
Never comes again



# "September Song" 1938

MAXWELL KURT

Writer(s): Anderson/Weill

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December  
But the days grow short when you reach September  
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame  
One hasn't got time for the waiting game

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few  
September, November  
And these few precious days I'll spend with you  
These precious days I'll spend with you



# "Our Love is Here to Stay"

Writer(s): Gershwin/Gershwin

It's very clear  
Our love is here to stay  
Not for a year, but ever and a day

The radio  
And the telephone  
And the movies that we know  
May just be passing fancies and in time may go

But oh my dear  
Our love is here to stay  
Together we're going a long long way

In time the Rockies may crumble  
Gibraltar may tumble  
They're only made of clay  
But our love is here to stay



# "As Time Goes By" 2931

HERMANN

CASABLANCA

Writer(s): Hupfeld

You must remember this  
A kiss is still a kiss  
A sigh is still (just) a sigh  
The fundamental things apply  
As time goes by

And when two lovers woo  
They still say: "I love you"  
On that you can rely  
No matter what the future brings  
As time goes by

Moonlight and love songs - never out of date  
Hearts full of passion - jealousy and hate  
Woman needs man - and man must have his mate  
That no one can deny

It's still the same old story  
A fight for love and glory  
A case of do or die  
The world will always welcome lovers  
As time goes by



# "I Could Write a Book" 1946

*RICHARD LORENTZ*  
Writer(s): Rodgers/Hart

If they asked me, I could write a book;  
About the way you walk, and whisper;  
And look.  
I could write a preface;  
On how we met;  
That the world will never forget.

And the simple;  
Secret of the plot;  
Is just to tell them;  
That I love you, alot.  
Then the world discovers;  
As my book ends;  
How to make two lovers of friends.



# "Nearness of You, The" 1940

Writer(s): Ned Washington, Hoagy Carmichael

Its not the pale moon that excites me  
That thrills and delights me, oh no  
Its just the nearness of you

It isnt your sweet conversation  
That brings this sensation, oh no  
Its just the nearness of you

When youre in my arms and I feel you so close to me  
All my wildest dreams come true

I need no soft lights to enchant me  
If youll only grant me the right  
To hold you ever so tight  
And to feel in the night the nearness of you



# Deep Purple

1939

Peter DeRose, Melody  
Mitchell Parish, Lyrics

Parish also wrote lyrics to Stardust.  
Stardust & Deep Purple are very similar.

DeRose wrote Deep Purple in 1934, inspired by George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. The lyrics of Mitchell Parish were added in 1939. The recording by the Larry Clinton Orchestra and made a star of vocalist Bea Wain.

When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls  
And the stars begin to twinkle in the night  
In the mist of a memory you wander on back to me  
Breathing my name with a sigh.

In the still of the night once again I hold you tight.  
Though you are gone, your love lives on when moonlight beams  
And as long as my heart will beat, sweet lover we'll always meet  
Here in my deep purple dreams,  
Here in my deep purple dreams.

# "Stardust" 1929

Writer(s): Hoagy Carmichael

*MITCHELL PARISH*

Verse:

And now the purple dusk of twilight time  
 Steals across the meadows of my heart,  
 High up in the sky the little stars climb  
 Always reminding me that we're apart.  
 You wander down the lane ~~and~~ far away  
 Leaving me a song that will not die,  
 Love is now the stardust  
 Of yesterday  
 The music  
 Of the years  
 Gone by

Chorus:

Sometimes I wonder why I spend  
 The lonely nights  
 Dreaming of a song.  
 The melody haunts my reverie  
 And I am once again with you....  
 When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration.  
 But that was long ago, and now my consolation  
 Is in the stardust of a song.  
 Beside the garden wall, when stars are bright  
 You are in my arms  
 The nightingale tells his fairy tale  
 Of paradise where roses grew.  
 Though I dream in vain, in my heart you will remain  
 My stardust melody  
 The memory of love's refrain.

*Artie Shaw's  
 1940 version  
 sold over 2 million*

*With Nelson's  
 1978 album  
 remained top  
 seller for 135 weeks*



*1940 Artie Shaw version sold 2 million copies  
 1978 With Nelson a top seller for 135 weeks*



# Old Ironsides ✓ 1:00

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
(1809-1894)

*Outraged at the Navy's plan to destroy America's oldest frigate, the U.S.S. Constitution, in 1830, twenty-one-year-old Oliver Wendell Holmes mobilized a public outcry with this stirring verse. Old Ironsides now rests in Boston Harbor, the oldest commissioned ship in the United States Navy.*



Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her <sup>SHE</sup>shattered bulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
<sup>So-</sup> Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!