

STEVE DOBROGOSZ

VERSE

The Seeming

The Double

The Vine

The Virgins

The Whirl

Sand Castle Music Inc

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THE SEEMING

Evening milady, let the tale tell
Chary word underway in the tongue of a belle
Now is time far away
Eve of the garden or down in the well
Silvergreen garden gone to the well
And you can never name the play
Naught meant, weavings, milady
Let the tale tell

Our Sea in brandy, crinoline waves
In the coin of the Realm, for the penny it saves
Toora-loo toora-lay
Seams on a button for crows at the helm
Barley and mutton, coins of the Realm
An oar above the waterway
First born, one out of many
Crinoline waves

Ra was a boatman sailing the sky
Sketching day after day, just to watch as they die
In the cool opal sand
Veiled naked dancers like figs from her hand
Bacchanal dancer, fig from her hand
The lullaby of Lorelei
Dark swan drawn to her bowmen
Sailing the sand

Fleecing Medea, Perseus rose
In the mirror her eyes only see when they close
Coiled writ on the blade
Haunting her pocket, the ice all but froze
Kisses for profit, off with the clothes
Intone the Latin serenade
All those ravishing ravens
Perseus chose

Skye was an island, greener than green
And the likes of her mouth they had never been seen
Coral red love besung
Rainbow in ribbons and no mother tongue
Waxy red ribbons drip from her tongue
The babble brook a tambourine
Moonstone, bone upon dryland
Greener than green

Pan felled the archer, quivers of sound
Like an uncloven book bound in leathery down
Honey-gilt madeleine
Plunder the abbey and target the pen
Purplewhite abbey, purplewhite pen
The dawn arrayed in evening gown
Shell sea, feigning departure
Quivers of sound

Rahab recanting, motherless foal
With a wing in the air and a wing painted kohl
Faery world yet to birth
Chattel of Odin now roaming the earth
Odin decanting, roaming the earth
Laniakea marigold
Fur stole, Pegasus landing
World to yet birth

Dona pecatta mundi again
Verdant chant of the soil, nary ever to end
In the grand polonaise
Blood terra cotta, magenta the glaze
Buttercream sherry showered in praise
Four-corner clover in the glen
Bell jars mask a stigmata
Words without end

No golden clothfield, fortunate son
As for meaning in here, no there never was none
Then is now, far away
Ghost in the saddle, a boat to the sun
Carry your paddle, river is run
Well come the bonny toora-lay
Drink deep, here in the seeming
Never is none

accompaniment style: folksong ballad

Am Em Cmaj7 Dm7 Em/G

Am7 Dm7 E/D Cmaj7 Dm7 G

G7 Am Am E7/B E7 Am Am/G

Dm/F E7(sus4) E/D A7/C# Fmaj7/C G#07 Am/G

Dm7 G Am Am/G Dm7 G

THE SEEMING

Narrante

♩ ≈ 116

Steve Dobrogosz
3/21

Am Em Cmaj7 Dm7 Em/G

Eve - ning, mi - la - dy, let the tale tell, Cha - ry word un - der -
Our Sea in bran - dy, crin - o - line waves, In the coin of the
Ra was a boat - man sail - ing the sky, Sketch - ing day af - ter

Am7 Dm7 E/D Cmaj7

way in the tongue of a belle, Now is time far a - way,
Realm, for the pen - ny it saves, Too - ra - loo too - ra - lay,
day, just to watch as they die, In the cool o - pal sand,

Dm7 G G7 Am E7/B

Eve of the gar - den or down in the well, Sil - ver-green gar - den
Seams on a but - ton for crows at the helm, Bar - ley and mut - ton,
Veiled nak - ed dan - cers like figs from her hand, Bac - chan - al dan - cer,

E7 Am Am/G Dm/F E7(sus4)

gone to the well, And you can nev - er name the play,
coins of the Realm, An oar ab - ove the wat - er - way,
fig from her hand, The lul - la - by of Lor - e - lei,

E/D A7/C# F/C G#07 Am/G Dm7

Naught meant, weav - ings, mi - la - dy, Let the tale tell
First born, one out of ma - ny, Crin - o - line waves
Dark swan drawn to her bow - men, Sail - ing the sand

G Am Am/G Dm7 G

THE DOUBLE

Twice upon a rhyme
Once upon her shoulder, faint and afire
Hidden altar with cages for blind falcons five
Palms to date and hold her
In sequins the pelicans dive
Bread for the one left alive
Down the isles of the psalter in olive attire

Ringers of the dead
Quarry on the nightstand, down to one stone
Fennel coattail in tandem and caraway twine
Coupled in the heartland
Her portrait in indigo wine
Blessing and stain realign
Like a corset the whitetail in black satin sewn

Bathing in the glass
Thistle for the knitting, sorghum and sage
Two for twenty, the dress train on comets afar
Image ever spitting
The nightjars all know who you are
Always alone double star
Less for plenty, the falcons return to their cage


Loaves of sugarbread
Pebbles nearly sodden, cream for the pies
With a hand free to mold her, and one on the prize
Query never trodden
In sequence the stars paralyze
Fruit for the carob and flies
Round the bending of rivers in constant surprise

Somewhere near and far
Twin he dared to call her, meadowland wise
In his crossbow a willow, her skin made from snow
Powder to enthrall her
Behold her the haughty earthrise
Freed from her earthly disguise
When the drywood is near and the pools overflow


Pair the diamond heart
Ply the body double, dressed in five words
In the split mirror bubble where swordfish survive
Delving through the rubble
To feed all that love to the birds
Not that the nightjars had heard
And as one voice in sequins the pelicans dive

accompaniment style: folksong ballad

Cm⁷ Cdim⁷ D/C Gm/B^b Am⁷ F[#]dim⁷ Gm/F



Bdim⁷ Cm D⁷/B^b B^bmaj⁷ / Gm E^bmaj⁷ A⁷




C[#]dim⁷ Dm Gm C⁷(b⁹) Fmaj⁷ Dm E^bmaj⁷



E^b/F Dm/F G[#]dim⁷ E^b/G F[#]dim⁷ Gm Gm/F



E^bmaj⁷ B^b(add⁹)/D E^bmaj⁷ B^b(add⁹)/D



THE DOUBLE

Narrante

♩ ≈ 116

Steve Dobrogosz
4/21

Cm⁷ Cdim⁷ D/C Gm/B^b Am⁷ F[#]dim⁷

Twice up - on a rhyme, Once up - on her shoul - der, faint and a -
 Ring - ers of the dead, Quar - ry on the night stand, down to one
 Bath - ing in the glass, This - tle for the knit - ting, sor - ghum and

Gm Bdim⁷ Cm D⁷/B^b B^bmaj⁷ / Gm E^bmaj⁷

fire, Hid - den al - tar with cag - es for blind fal - cons five,
 stone, Fen - nel coat - tail in tan - dem and ca - ra - way twine.
 sage, Two for twen - ty, the dress train on com - ets a - far,

A⁷ C[#]dim⁷ Dm Gm⁷ C⁷(b⁹)

Palms to date and hold her, In se - quins the pe - li - cans
 Coup - led in the heart - land, Her por - trait in in - di - go
 Im - age ev - er spit - ting, The night - jars all know who you

Fmaj⁷ Dm E^bmaj⁷ E^b/F Dm/F G[#]dim⁷ E^b/G

dive, Bread for the one left a - live, Down the isles of the
 wine, Bless - ing and stain re - al - ign, Like a cor - set the
 are, Al - ways al - one doub - le star, Less for plen - ty, the

F[#]dim⁷ Gm Gm/F E^bmaj⁷

psalt - er in ol - ive at - tire
 white - tail in black sa - tin sewn
 fal - cons re - turn to their cage

B^b(add⁹)/D E^bmaj⁷ B^b/D

(Fine)

THE VINE

Letting winter go
White marble ever raining on the summer snow
Vineyards in the window recline
Crying on the rooftop
That the break of day is mine
Ride across the plain, sighing the refrain
Her hand a workshop, pretty as a flock of sugarcane
A skiff to carry a tune among the merry
And never meet again, somewhere in a plumpurple cherry
Break of day is mine

Weather on the vine
Unwind the stuff of fiction, ages intertwined
Glimmer of a new key to sing
Tears of virgin laughter never meaning anything
Hope inside a shoe, valentine in blue
The late and grateful wafting through a pepperland anew
A southern traintrack, the northern inner outback
The present deja vu, shadow of a shadow pastel black
Turn the key to sing

Ocean in a spring
So close to any farthing, two for just a fling
Leave the silky white noise ahead
Not a soul to tell you
When the war was at your bed
Lyric in a box, phantom at the locks
The fog departing, never would a hound caress a fox
The fall of autumn, a stony rock at bottom
Like butter breaking bread
All the hennaed harem she brought him
Deja vu ahead

Hang another thread
Taut skin of many colors, all is done and said
In iambic motion and lime
Sip the velvet lotion in the endless pantomime
Listening is sound, home in wording bound
Quickroot and honey tracing bonny faces on a crown
Unto the maker, the candlestick and baker
The sea upon we tread
Life is bitter cream, don't you wake her
Colors out of lime

Waking sleeper thine
Cool sting in each emotion, murmurs in a chime
One internal footstep will do
Chest of fragrant cedar full of button, hole and clue
Dripping from a cone, could it be your own
The rains that don't drop, fragile overture and undertone
Assured as mourning, sweet courtesan adorning
Nocturnally sublime
Cinnamon and clove toll the warning
Nothing less will do

In out of the blue
Stone chisel on the Ming vase, splitting into two
Such a thing of beauty and you
Iridescent desert, any song we suffer through
Hours never age, pimpernel and sage
The milky midnight luminating infants on a stage
All blinders showing and hollows overflowing
You never name the hue
Guess to where the rowboat is rowing
Peppermint and sage

Let the cinder glow
High tidings ever planing in the rococo
Goddess of the nude palatine
Sway from any treetop, any prizes long declined
Everyman is twain, ever marking cane
The whistle won't stop, lips of marble touching in the rain
Short hour to marry the chocolate and the cherry
And never feel again, someday in the imaginary
Ever on the vine

accompaniment style: folksong ballad

A Em/G F#m Em⁷

Em⁷/A A Em/G F#m B⁷

Em⁷ G/A

A⁷ Bm F#m

G Em⁷ G/A / A/G

D/F# G Em⁷ A⁷(sus4) Em⁷

Gmaj7/D C#m7(b5) F#7 Cmaj7 Am⁶

B⁷/G Gmaj7(+6) G#dim⁷ A

Dmaj7 A Dmaj7 A Dmaj7 A Dmaj7

THE VINE

Narrante

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♩ ≈ 116

4/21

A Em/G F#m Em7

Let - ting win - ter go, _____ White mar - ble ev - er rain - ing
 Wea - ther on the vine, _____ Un - wind the stuff of fic - tion,
 Oc - ean in a spring, _____ So close to an - y far - thing,

Em7/A A Em/G F#m B7

on the sum - mer snow, _____ Vine - yards in the win - dow re - cline, _____
 ag - es in - ter - twined, _____ Glim - mer of a new key to sing, _____
 two for just a fling, _____ Leave the silk - y white noise a - head, _____

Em7 G/A

— Cry - ing on the roof - tip _____ that the break _____ of day is mine, _____
 — Tears of vir - gin laugh - ter _____ nev - er mean - ing an - y thing, _____
 — Not a soul to tell you _____ When the war _____ was at your bed, _____

A7 Bm F#m G

— Ride ac - ross the plain, _____ sigh - ing the re - frain, _____ Her hand a
 — Hope in - side a shoe, _____ val - en - tine in blue, _____ The late and
 — Lyr - ic in a box, _____ phan - tom at the locks, _____ The fog de -

Em7 G/A / A/G D/F#

work - shop, _____ pret - ty as a flock of sug - ar - cane, _____ A skiff to
 grate - ful _____ waft - ing through a pep - per - land a - new, _____ A south - ern
 part - ing, _____ nev - er would a hound car - ess a fox, _____ The fall of

Gmaj7 Em7 A7(sus4) Em7 Gmaj7/D

car - ry a tune a - mong the mer - ry, _____ And nev - er meet a -
 train - track, the north - ern in - ner out - back, _____ The pre - sent de - ja -
 aut - umn, a ston - y rock at bot - tom, _____ Like but - ter break - ing

C#m7(b5) F#7 Cmaj7 Am6 B7/G Gmaj7(+6)

gain, _____ some - where in a plum - pur - ple cher - ry _____
 vu, _____ shad - ow of a shad - ow pas - tel black, _____
 bread, _____ All the hen - naed har - em she brought him, _____

G#dim7 A Dmaj7 A Dmaj7

Break of day is mine _____
 Turn the key to sing _____
 De - ja vu a - head _____

THE VIRGINS

While Nefertiti lay brushing her hair
The catacombs of the city
Revel in dance and despair
Hera floats through the room all aflutter
Breathless with news from the tomb
In the corner Electra
Keeping her eye on the stair

A sire for Gretel, a plume all her own
One for the goat girl, her mettle
Measured in relic and bone
Veils of Arwen appear, barely covered
Comforting Allucquere dear
Constant pull of the rip tide
Sword for a Juliet stone

Oh how they hunger for love, Clementine
Eliza's smile growing younger
Vestals decant the bloodline
With Aglaya above, Lucy under
Ever the whispering of
Hidden worlds in Rhiannon
Loom from the mantle of pine

A Scarlett halo encircles the night
And dryads lay low in waiting
Grooming their curvature bright
Kali glides down the stair, little match girl
Willing each delicate pear
Alice, Wendy and Nancy
Combing the tail of her kite

Exquisite Meggie, the belle of the ball
Love like confetti and eggshell
Hot springs to Dominique call
Magdalena in bloom, such a flower
Resting one eye on Eve's womb
Nefertiti forgotten
Kismet engraved on her shawl

Like Cinderella they shiver in turn
Within the dome guarding Stella
Scarlett and Gretel still yearn
Tiger Lily appears, blushing rainbows
Pyramids dangling her ears
In the third month of Arwen
Hush as the Vestals return

But in the end Guinevere choses you
The flushing burn of Sienna
Oxen in ponytails, too
Circe tosses the loom off the mantle
Beatrice moaning in tune
In the corner Electra
Making her dazzling debut

accompaniment style: folksong ballad

Dm Gm⁷ C Dm B^bmaj⁷

F/A G[#]o⁷ C⁷/G D/F[#] G/F C/E Dm⁷

F/G Em/G Am Am⁷ Dm⁷

G⁷ B^bmaj⁷/C C⁷ C⁷/G Am D

Gm⁷ D D Gm⁷ D

THE VIRGINS

Narrante

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5/21

Dm Gm⁷ C Dm

While Nef - er - ti - ti lay brush - ing her hair, The ca - ta -
 A sire for Gret - el, a plume all her own, One for the
 Oh how they hun - ger for love, Clem - en - tine, E - li - za's

B^bmaj⁷ F/A G[#]o⁷ C⁷/G D/F[#]

combs of the ci - ty rev - el in dance and des - pair,
 goat girl, her met - tle mea - sured in rel - ic and bone,
 smile grow - ing young - er, Ves - tals de - cant the blood - line,

G/F C/E Dm⁷ F/G Em/G

— He - ra floats through the room all a - flut - ter,
 — Veils of Ar - wen ap - pear, bare - ly cov - ered,
 — With Ag - lay - a a - bove, Lu - cy un - der,

Am Dm⁷ G⁷ B^bmaj⁷/C

Breath - less with news from the tomb, In the cor - ner E -
 Com - fort - ing Al - luc - quere dear, Con - stant pull of the
 Ev - er the whis - per - ing of Hid - den worlds in Rhi -

C⁷ C⁷/G Am D Gm⁷ D

lec - tra, Keep - ing her eye on the stair (Fine)
 rip tide, Sword for a Ju - li - et stone
 an - non, Loom from the man - tle of pine

THE WHIRL

Over and over and over again
Hair unraveled, the dollmakers of the valley
Gather sandmeal and strawberry jam
From Adah's alley
The skyways, the byways, the coffers of men
Pour a tempting offer, rise now to fall yet again
Whirl without end

Late Middle Ages they last but a spark
It's her sweet breath you greet, deathly as a mission
Not a signpost, a walk in the park
Peace of attrition
The leapfrogs and lapdogs, they bellow and bray
At the end of story why not a word left to say
Bellow and bark

Hope Hellenistic, complacent and charred
Perfect quatrain in blue prose to round a table
Liquid market, the Shepherd's bazaar
The floral gable
From tragic to magic to Maya's thick haze
Cerberus and Charon wield their impossible maze
Days become daze

Fresh from the fade in, the maiden requires
Like a nude in natura parading regal
Grace amazing from spire after spire
Sunken cathedral
Through caverns of taverns and harmless wildfire
Wingless as an eagle, sinless and chaste as a liar
Thimbles and wire

Hermes hermetic, her cheeks brace his arm
Past esthetics, but daydreaming of the snowfield
Far and safely away from her charm
But bearing no shield
To hover and cover his vast telltale heart
Lingering with Venus, prating the worth of the art
Strawberry peeled

All his tomorrows medieval in grey
Scarred in travel, with joy prophesizing sorrow
How the Lost Chord was only astray
He hung the star low to soften her burden
Of spicelands and smiles
Let the wingless bird in, seizing the morrow today
Miles beget miles

High as the horses as plagues pass the house
Trojan sources, her legs dyed in apple almond
Piercing silence, not even a mouse
Greek ale for Amun
At leisure, in pleasure, in sleek metal tears
Out the intercourses, O how the meek shake the spear
Yonder is near

O my Osiris, your left-handed rights
Bedding Isis, as uphill the rivers roll on
Gone as wind those Arcadian nights
So pin the scroll on
And wander the stages, the ages of bronze
Never really knowing, are we the kings or the pawns
Dusk a new dawn

Over and over and over again
Tar and gravel, as ciphers annul our tally
Wine for water and salt for the lamb
So not to dally
The skyways and byways, they're only pretend
Yeshua was lonely, wake now to wake yet again
Whirl without end

accompaniment style: folksong ballad

D/E Em D/E Em D/E Em D/E Em

Em D/E Em

Bm/D Am7 Am6 C6(b5)

D#dim7 Gmaj7/D Cmaj7 Am7

Cm6 G/B Am7 Gmaj7 F#7(sus4) F#7 B7(sus4)

D/E Em D/E Em D/E Em D/E Em

THE WHIRL

Narrante

♩ ≈ 116

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5/21

Em D/E Em

Ov - er and ov - er and ov - er ag - ain, Hair un - rav - eled, the
 Late Mid-dle Ag - es, they last but a spark, It's her sweet breath you
 Hope Hel-len - ist - ic, com - pla - cent and charred, Per-fect qua - train in

Bm/D Am⁷

doll - mak - ers of the val - ley, Gath - er sand - meal and straw - ber - ry jam,
 greet, death - ly as a mis - sion, Not a sign - post, a walk in the park,
 blue prose to round a ta - ble, Liqu - id mar - ket, the shep - herd's baz - aar,

Am⁶ C⁶(b5) D^{#dim}⁷ Gmaj⁷ Cmaj⁷

From Ad - ah's al - ley, The sky - ways, the by - ways, the
 Peace of at - tri - tion, The leap - frogs and lap - dogs, they
 The for - al gab - le, From trag - ic to mag - ic to

Am⁷ Cm⁶ G/B Am⁷ Gmaj⁷

cof - fers of men, Pour a temp - ting of - fer, rise now to fall yet ag -
 bel - low and bray, At the end of sto - ry, why not a word left to
 May - a's thick haze, Cer - ber - us and Char - on wield their im - pos - si - ble

F^{#7}(sus4) F^{#7} B⁷(sus4) D/E Em

ain, Whirl with - out end
 say, Bel - low and bark
 maze, Days be - come daze

D/E Em D/E Em D/E Em

(Fine)