Florence B.

PRICE

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

First Modern Edition

Edited by Michael Driscoll

For Soloists, SATB Chorus, and Piano

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Foreword

The Florence Price archive at the University of Arkansas includes two complete manuscripts of *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight.* One version is for voices with piano accompaniment and the other is for voices with orchestra accompaniment. Both manuscripts are undated. While the versions are quite similar, the two versions are not compatible with each other as there are areas of significant differences between them.

This edition of the piano-accompanied version was created in the summer of 2018 for a May 2019 performance with Andover Choral Society in Andover, MA under the direction of Michael Driscoll with soloists Philip Lima and Kynesha Patterson. This edition presents the first modern edition of the piano-accompanied version of this work.

For more information on this work and to download a Critical Report for this edition, go to: https://www.michaeldriscollconductor.com/florence-price/

Michael Driscoll
Boston, Massachusetts

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

Vachel Lindsay
(Springfield, Illinois)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

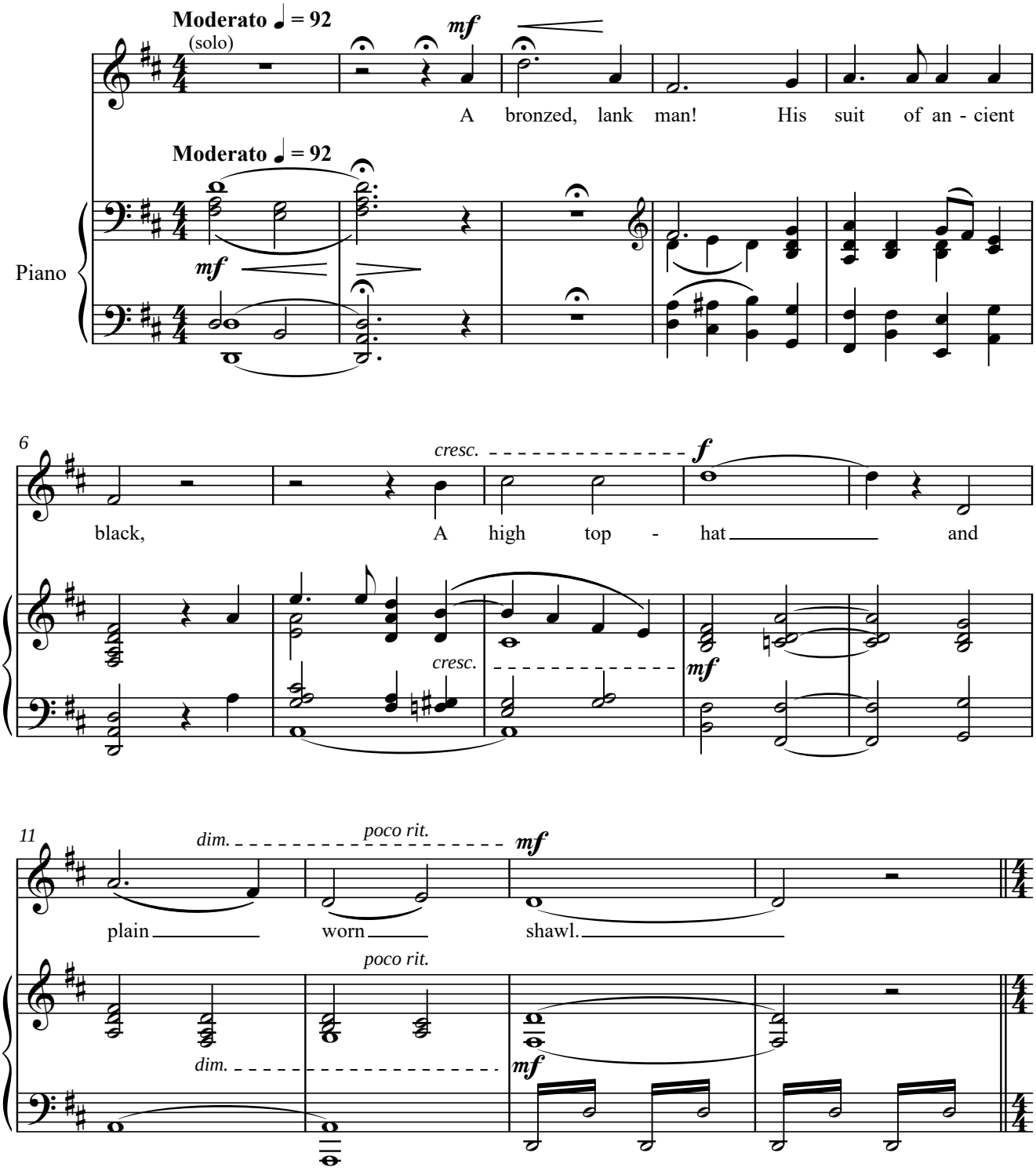
It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

Vachel Lindsay

Florence B. Price (1887–1953)
ed. Michael Driscoll

Introduction



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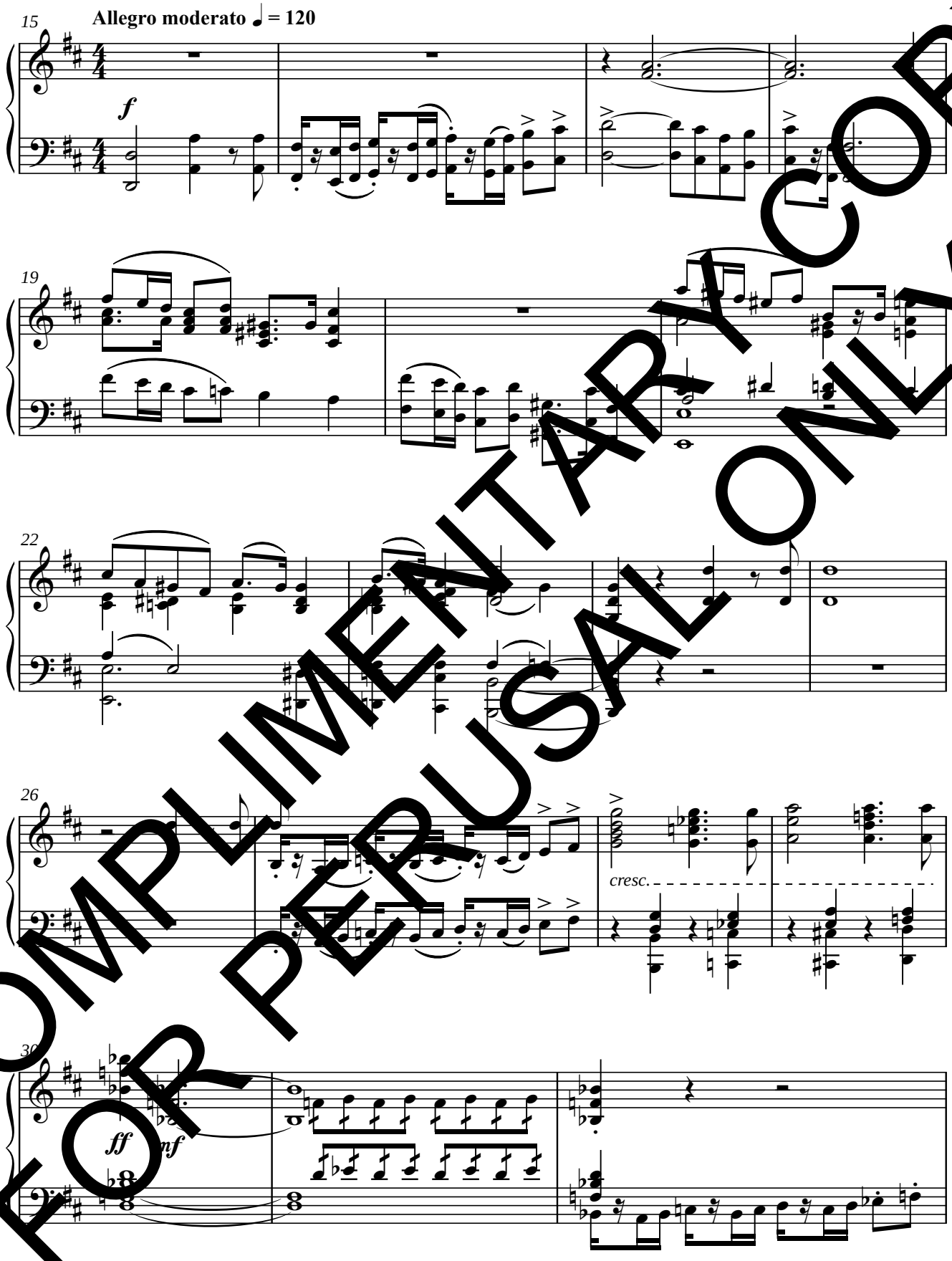
Overture



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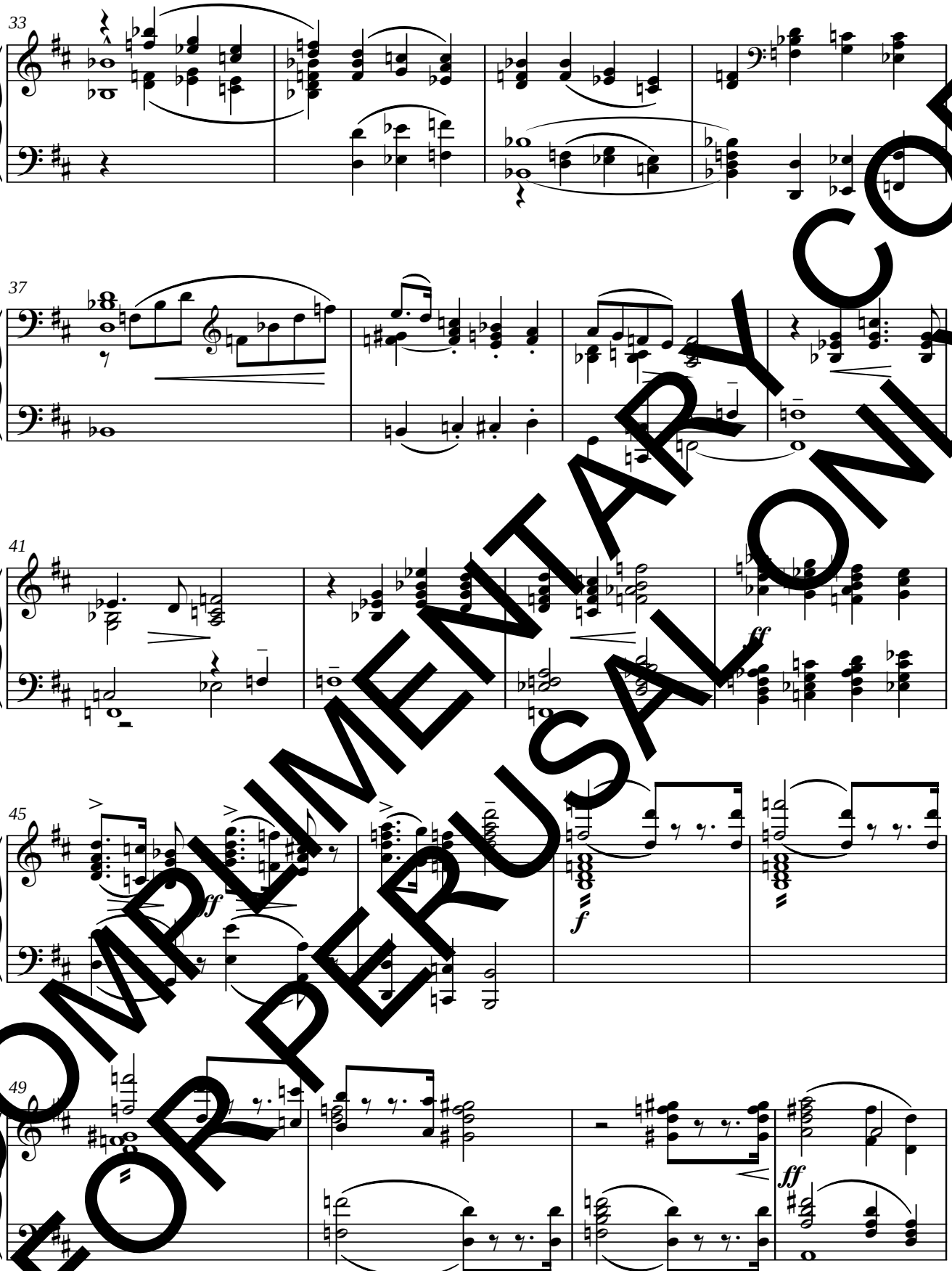

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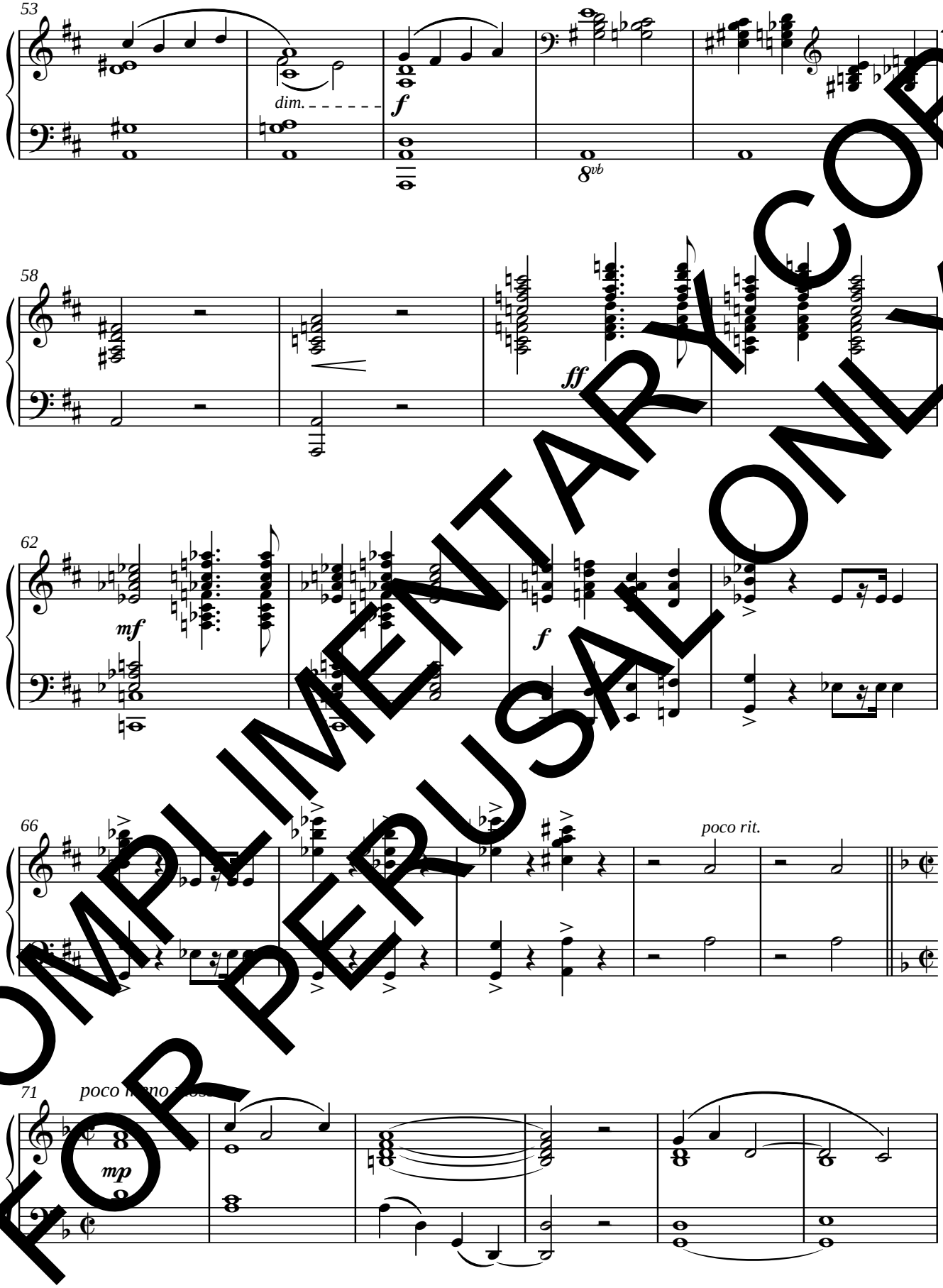

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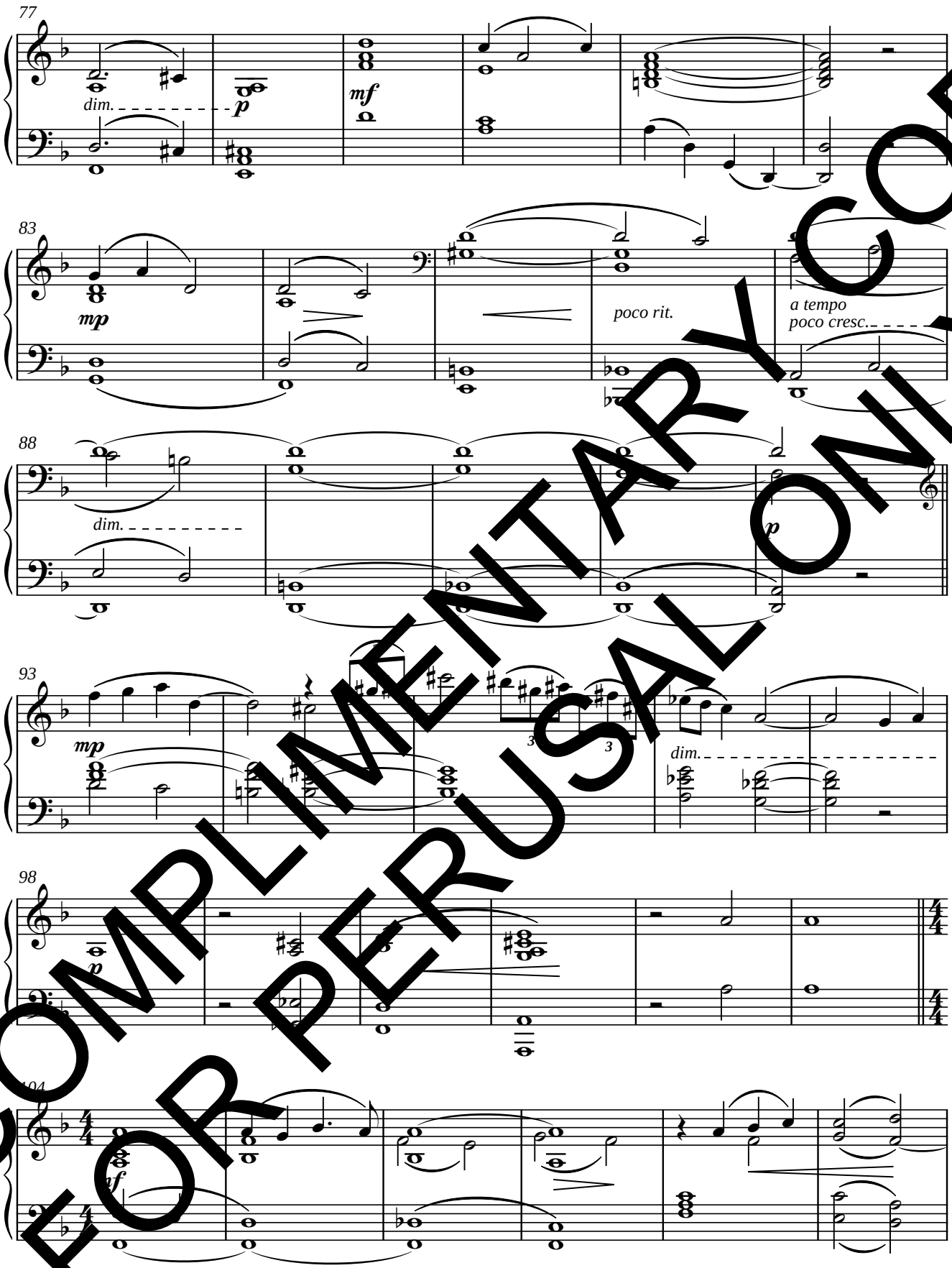

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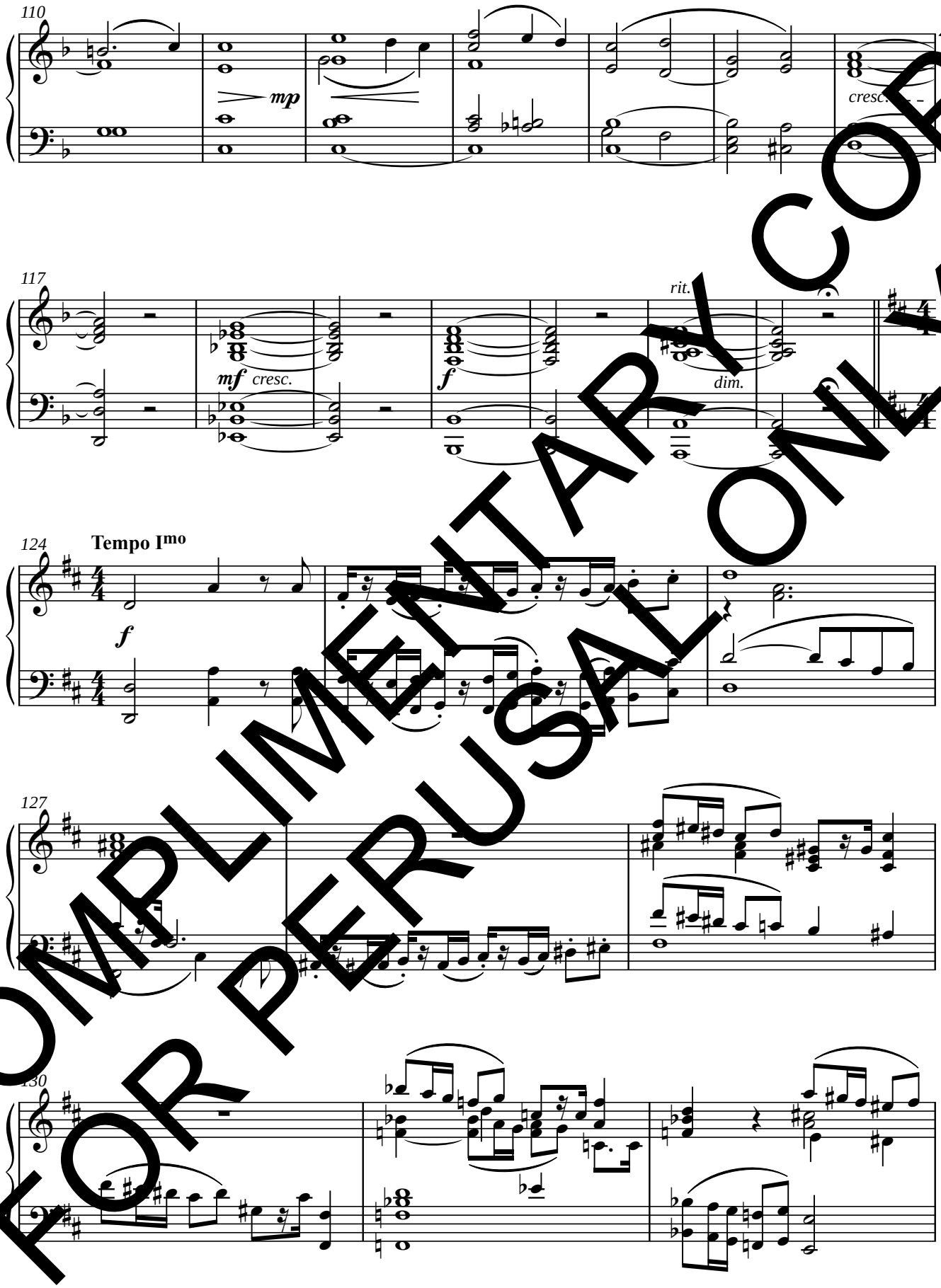

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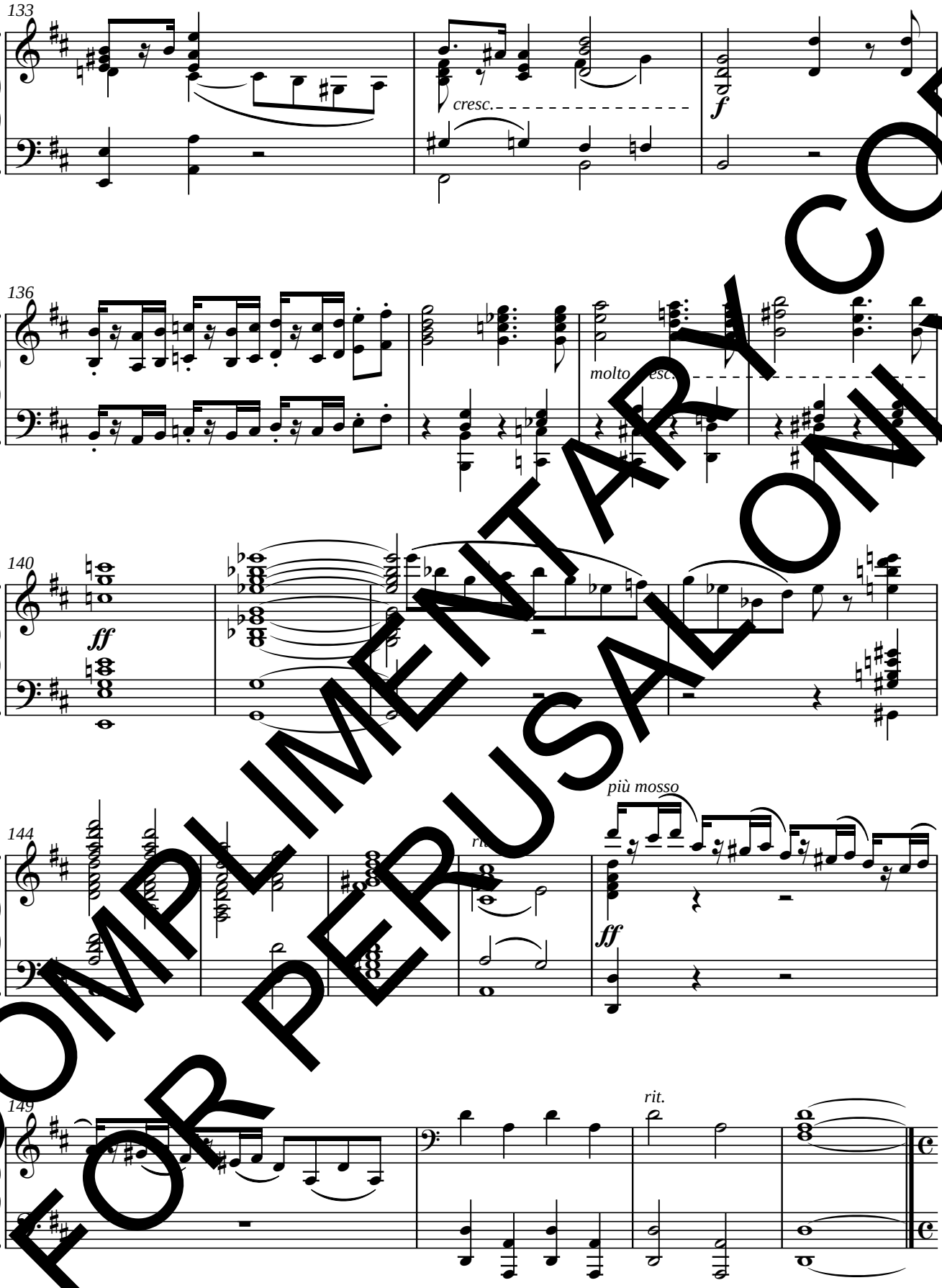

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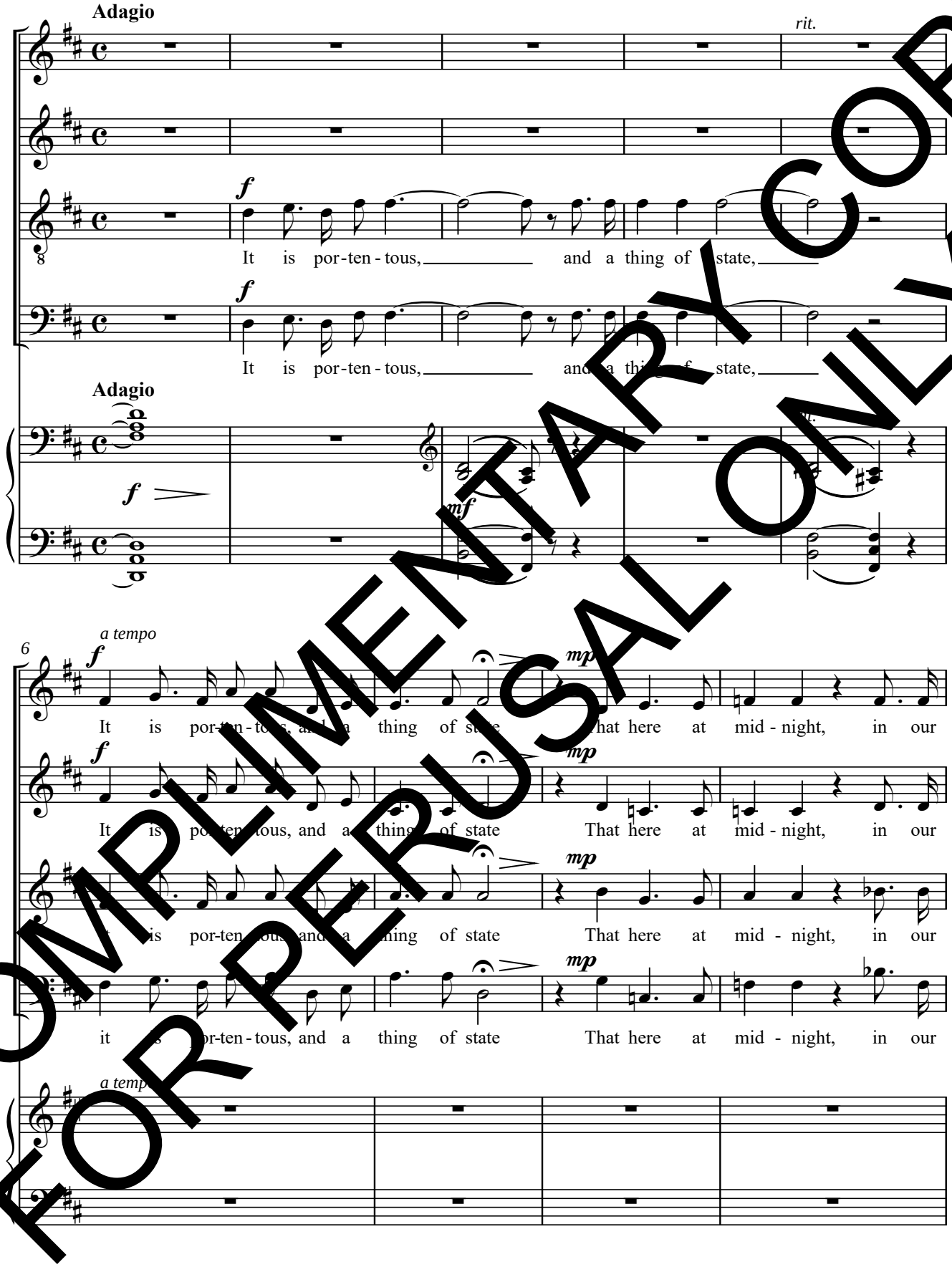

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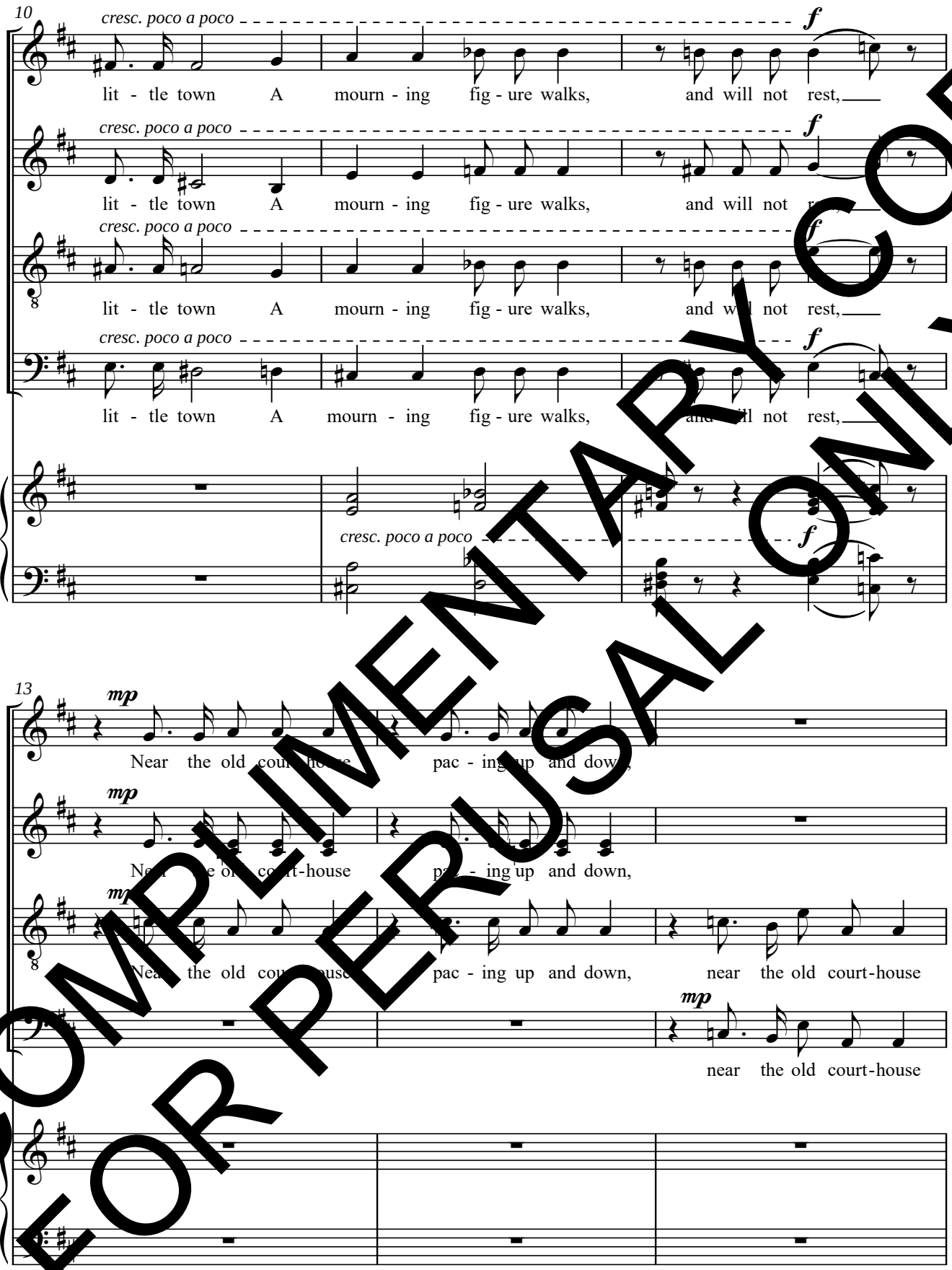

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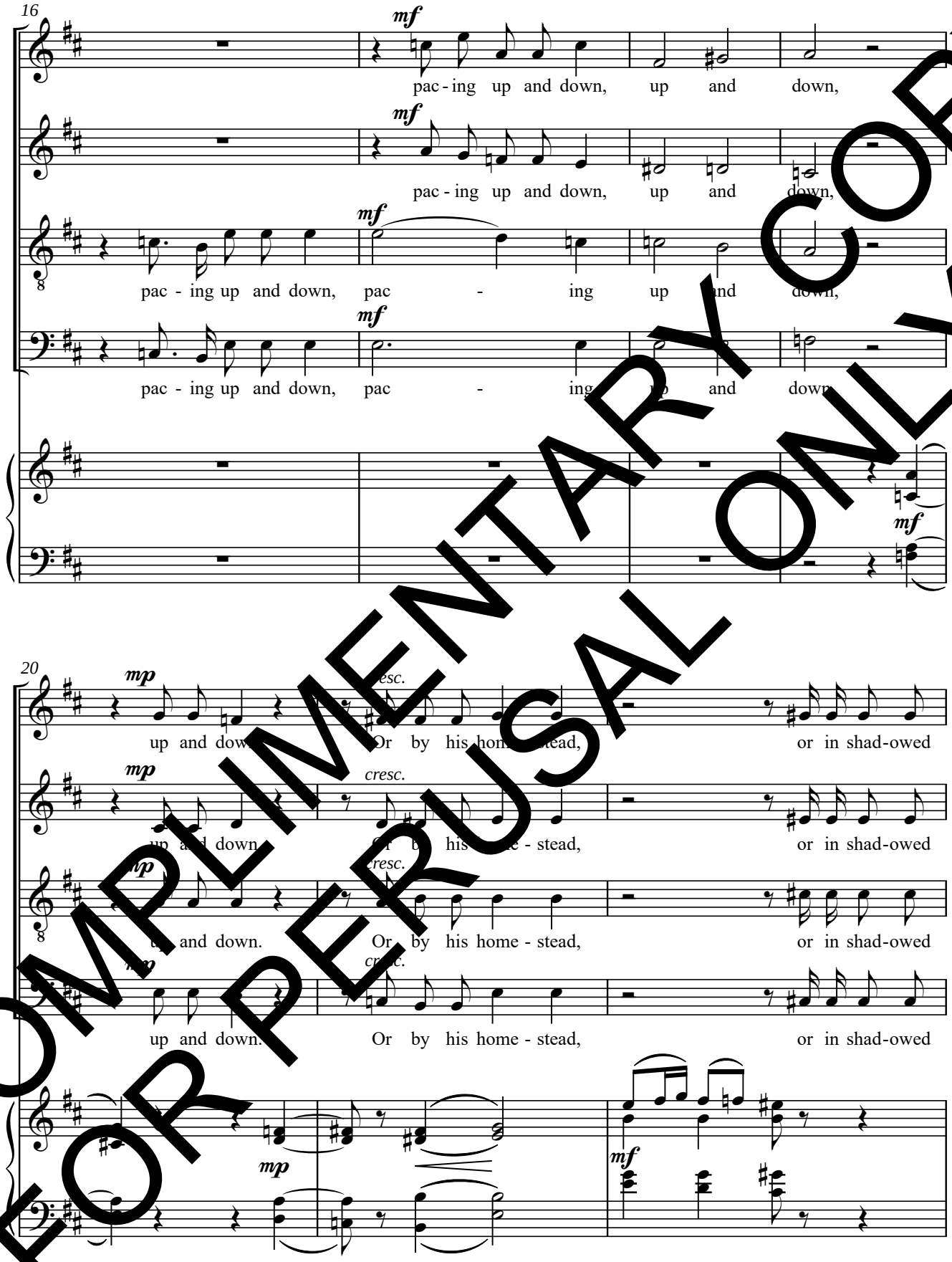

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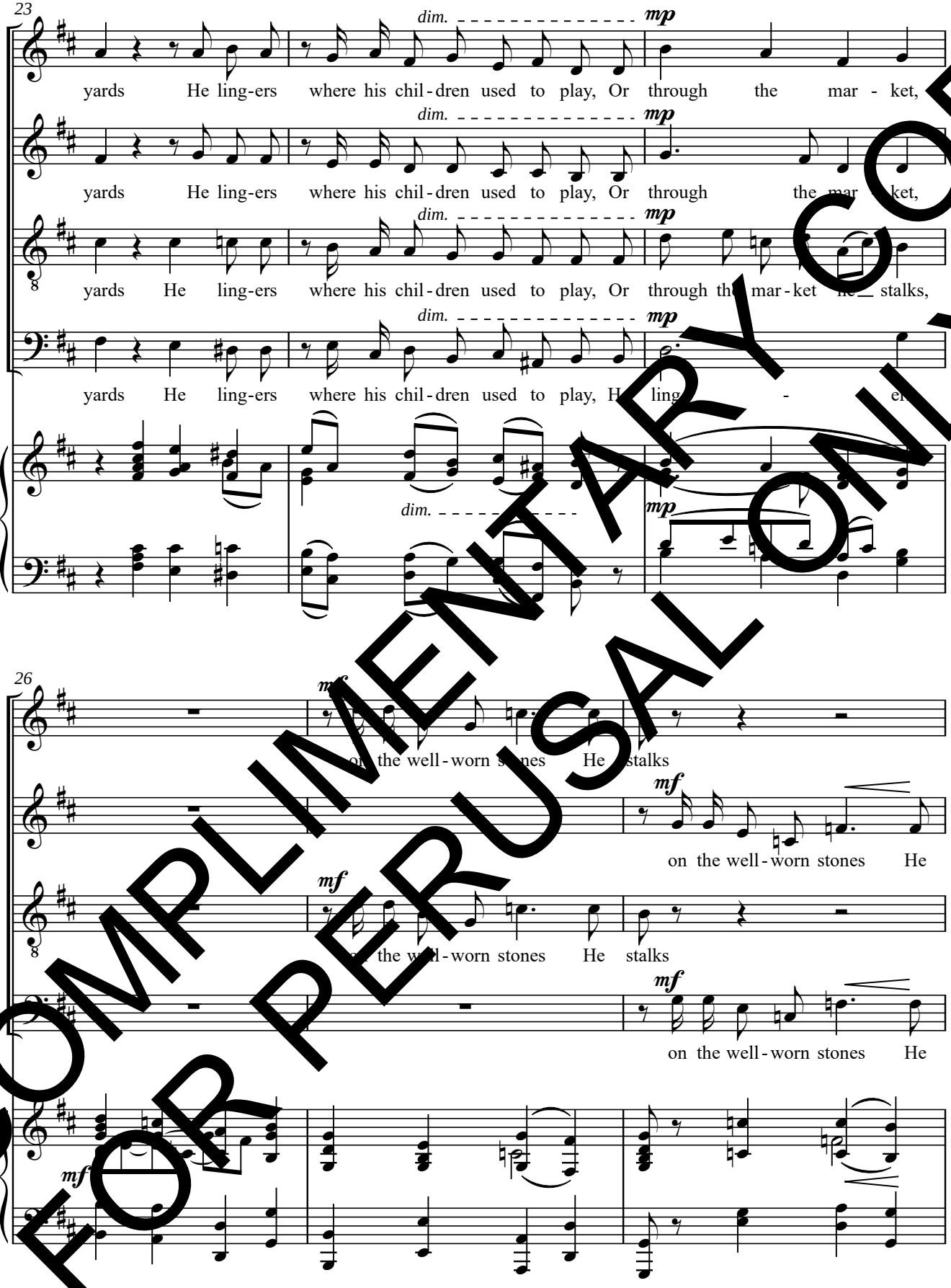

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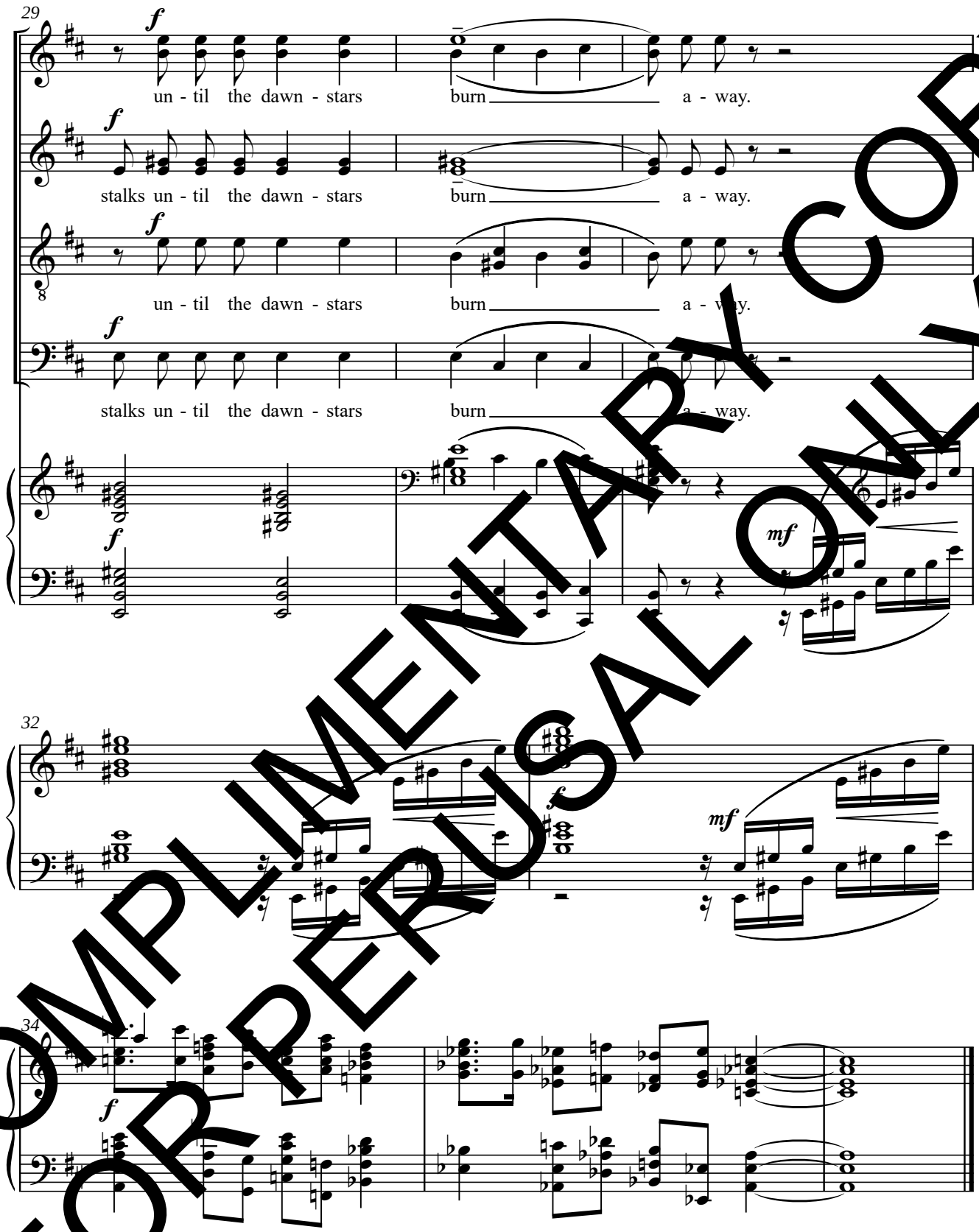

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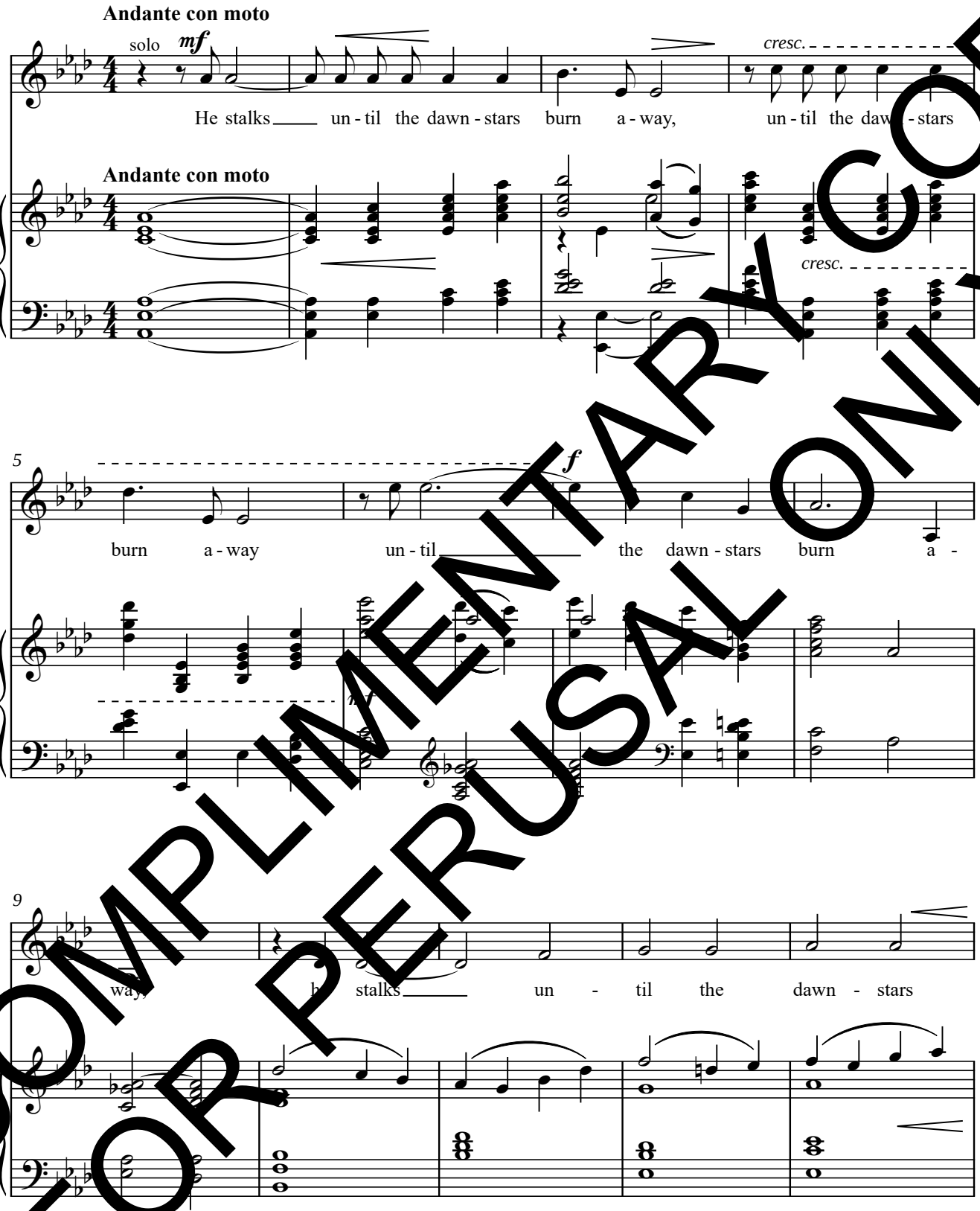

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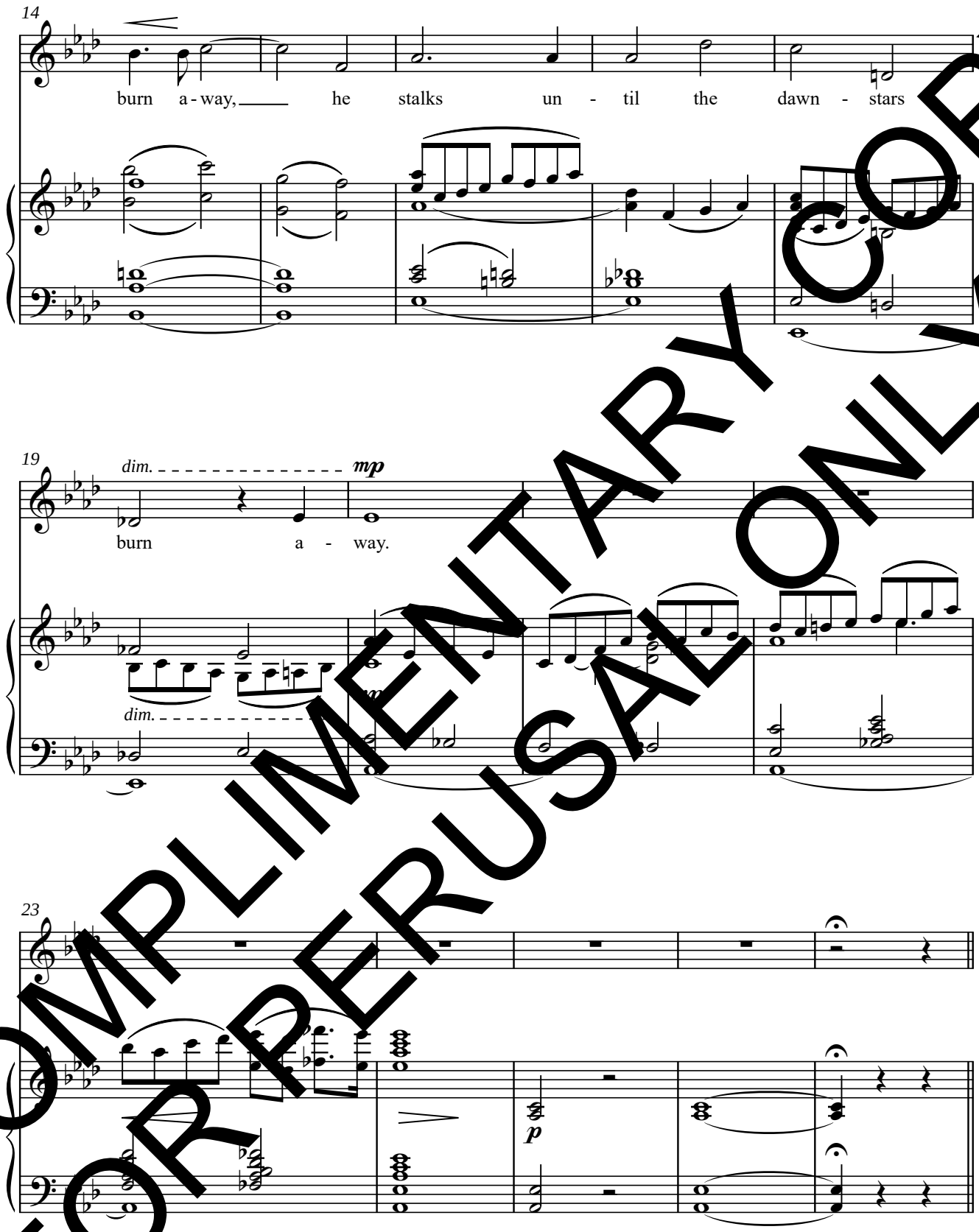

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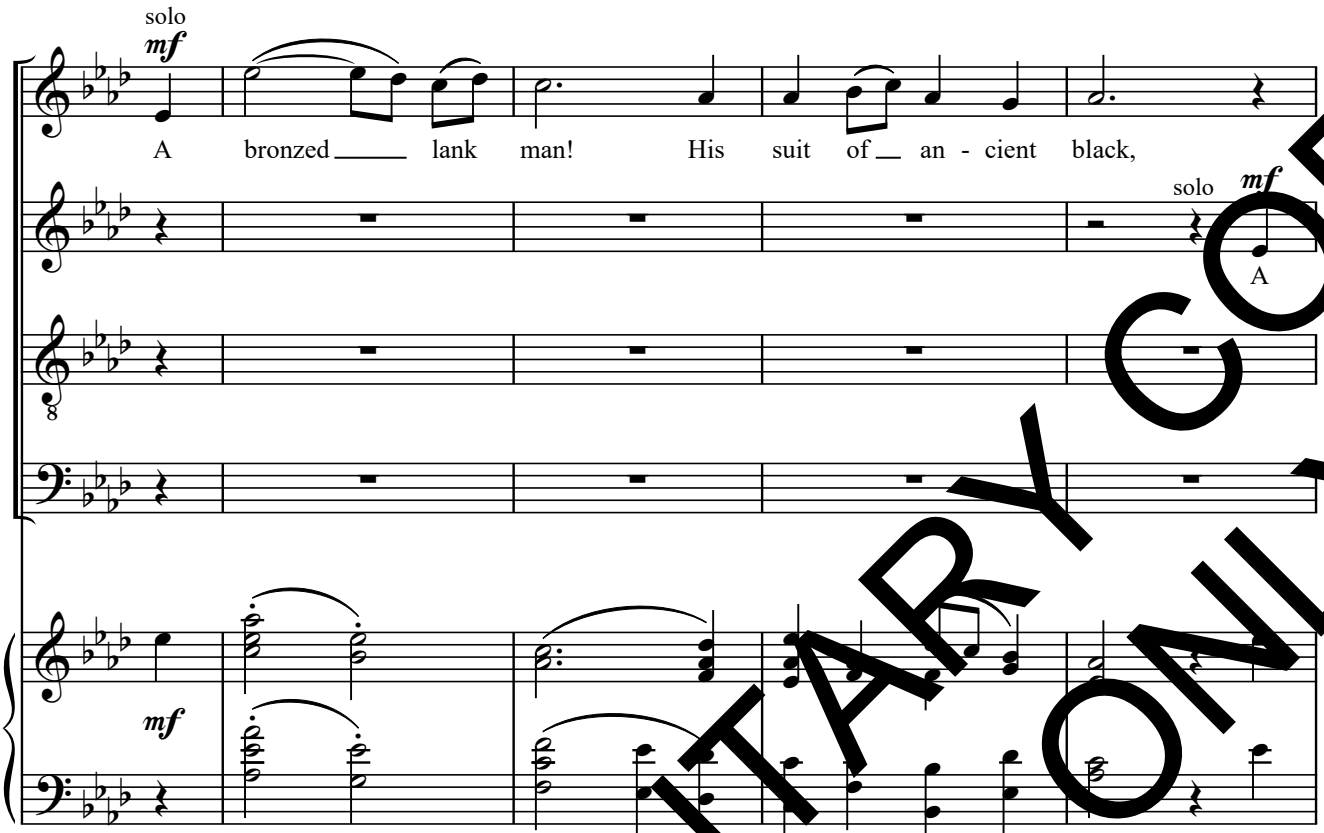

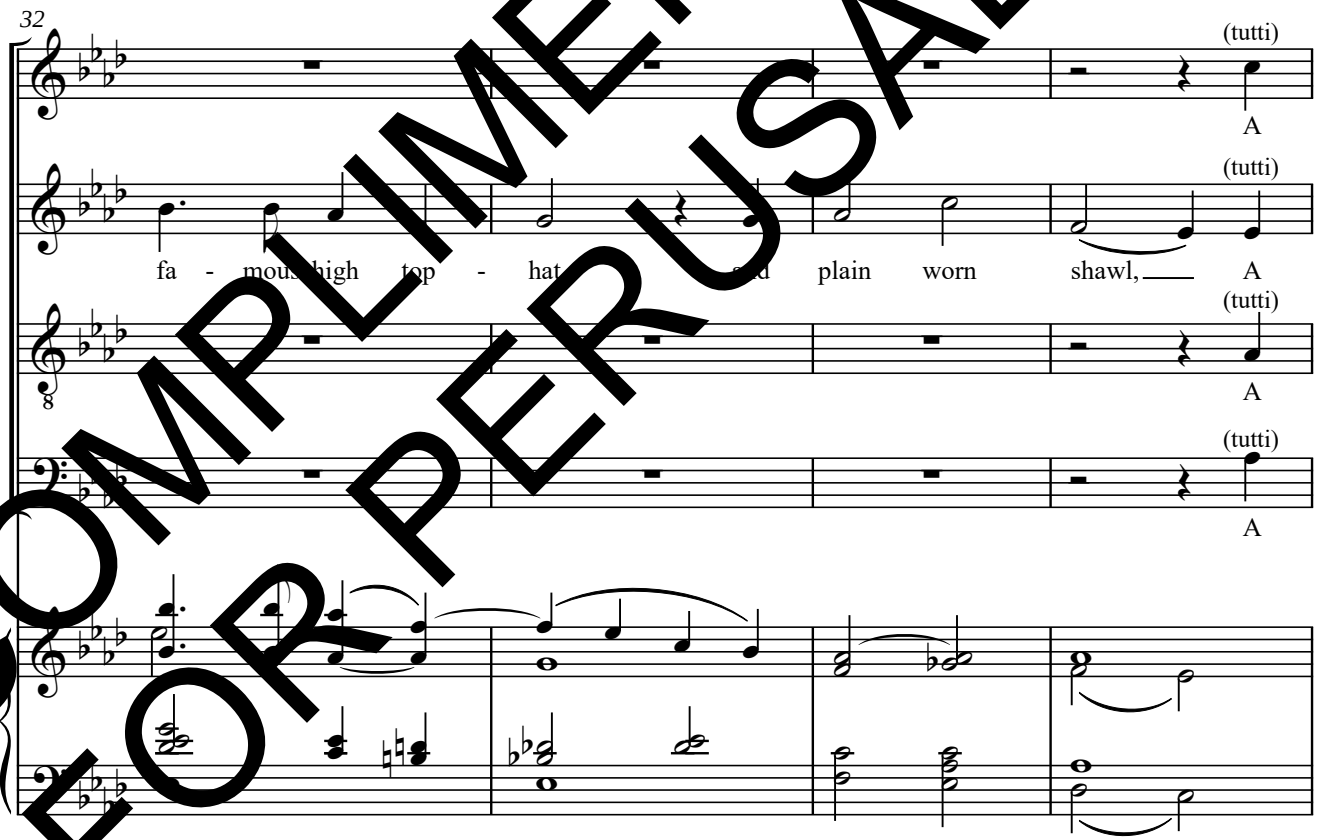

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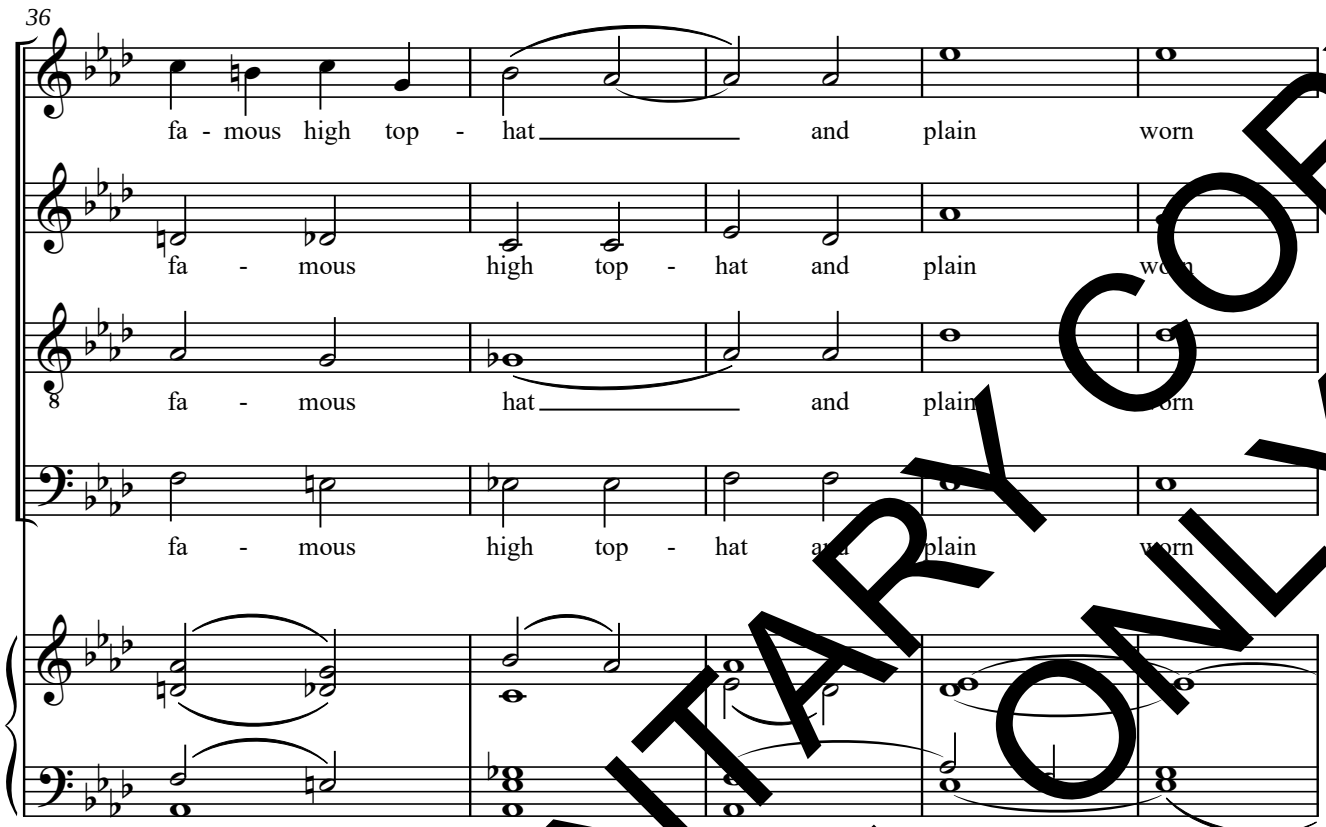

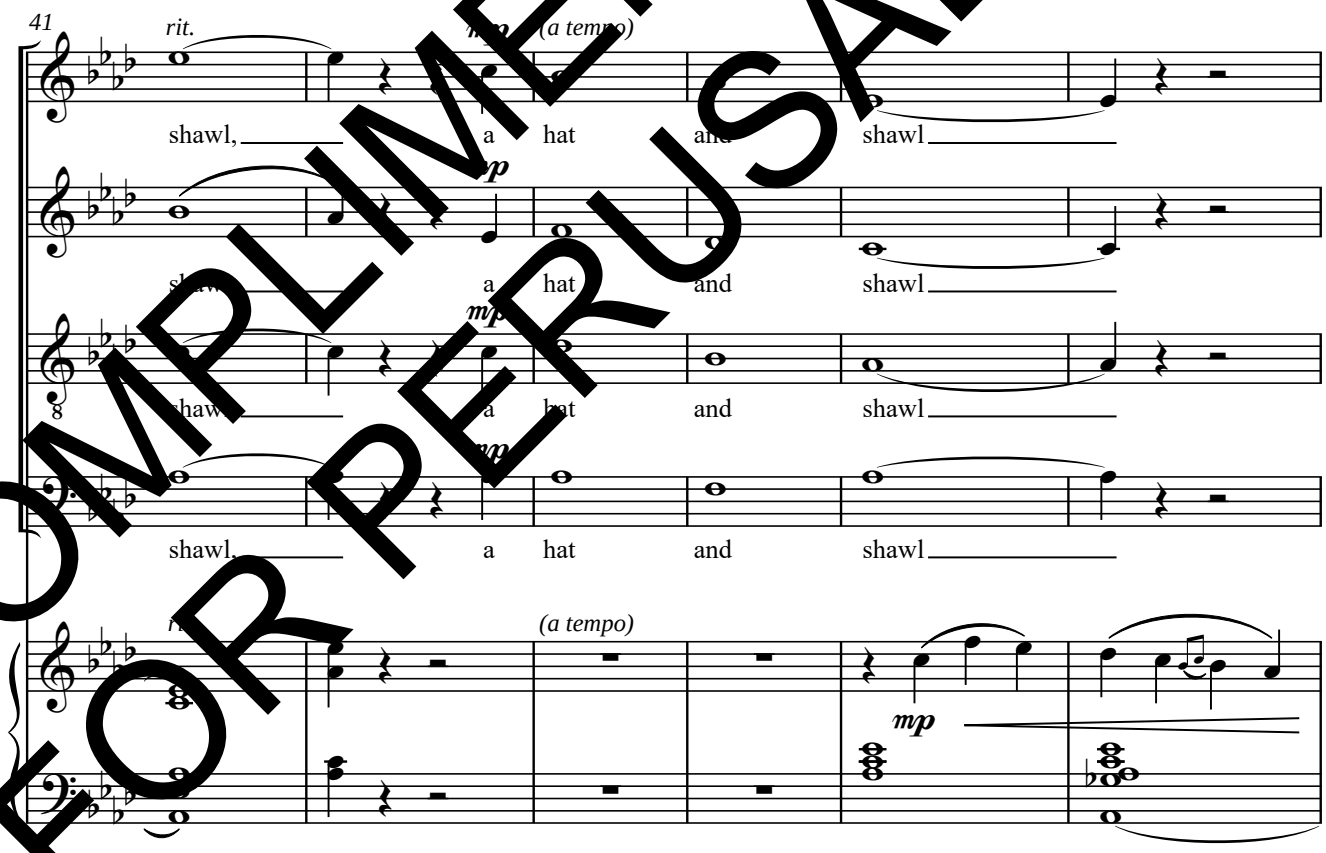

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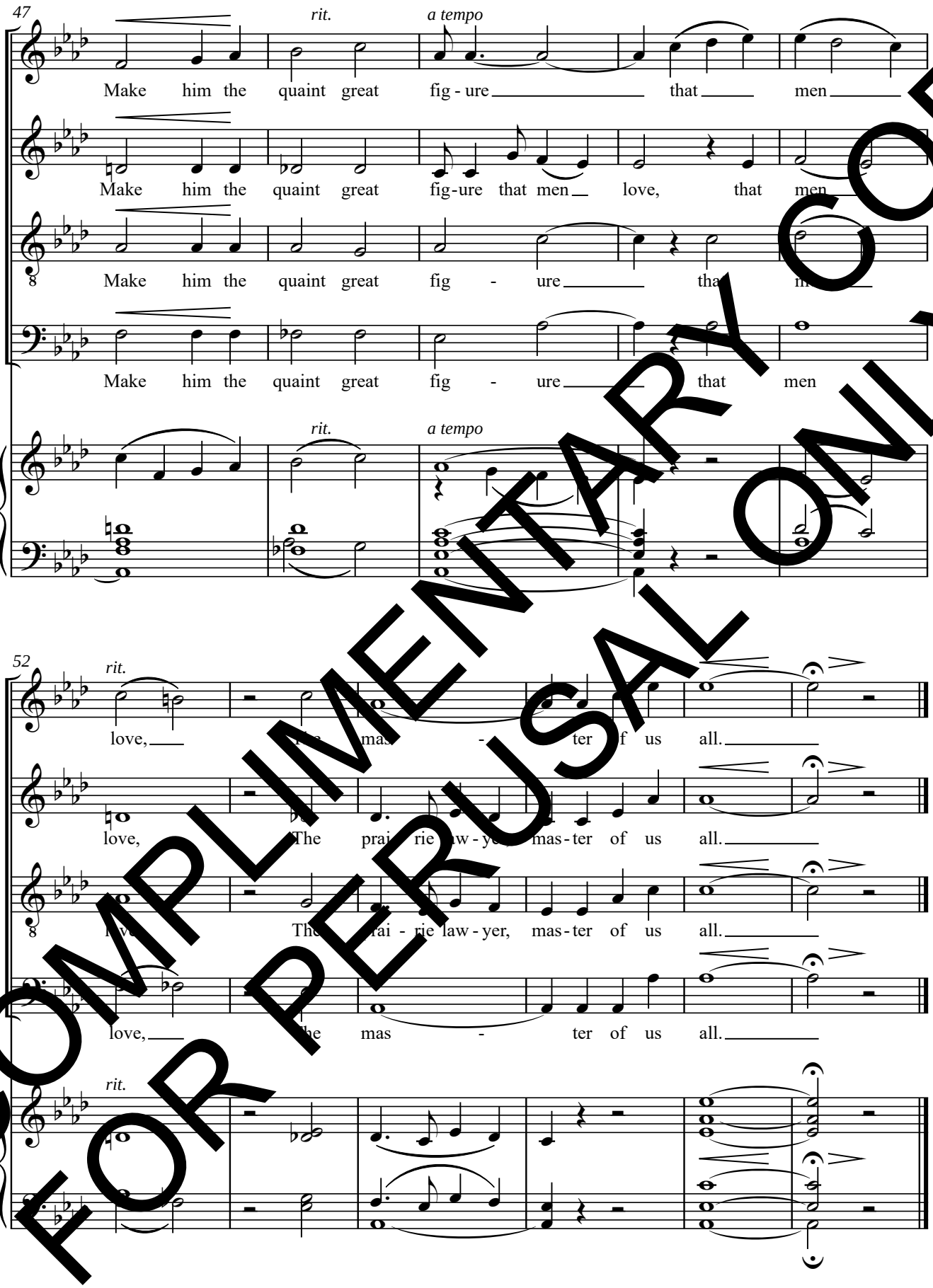

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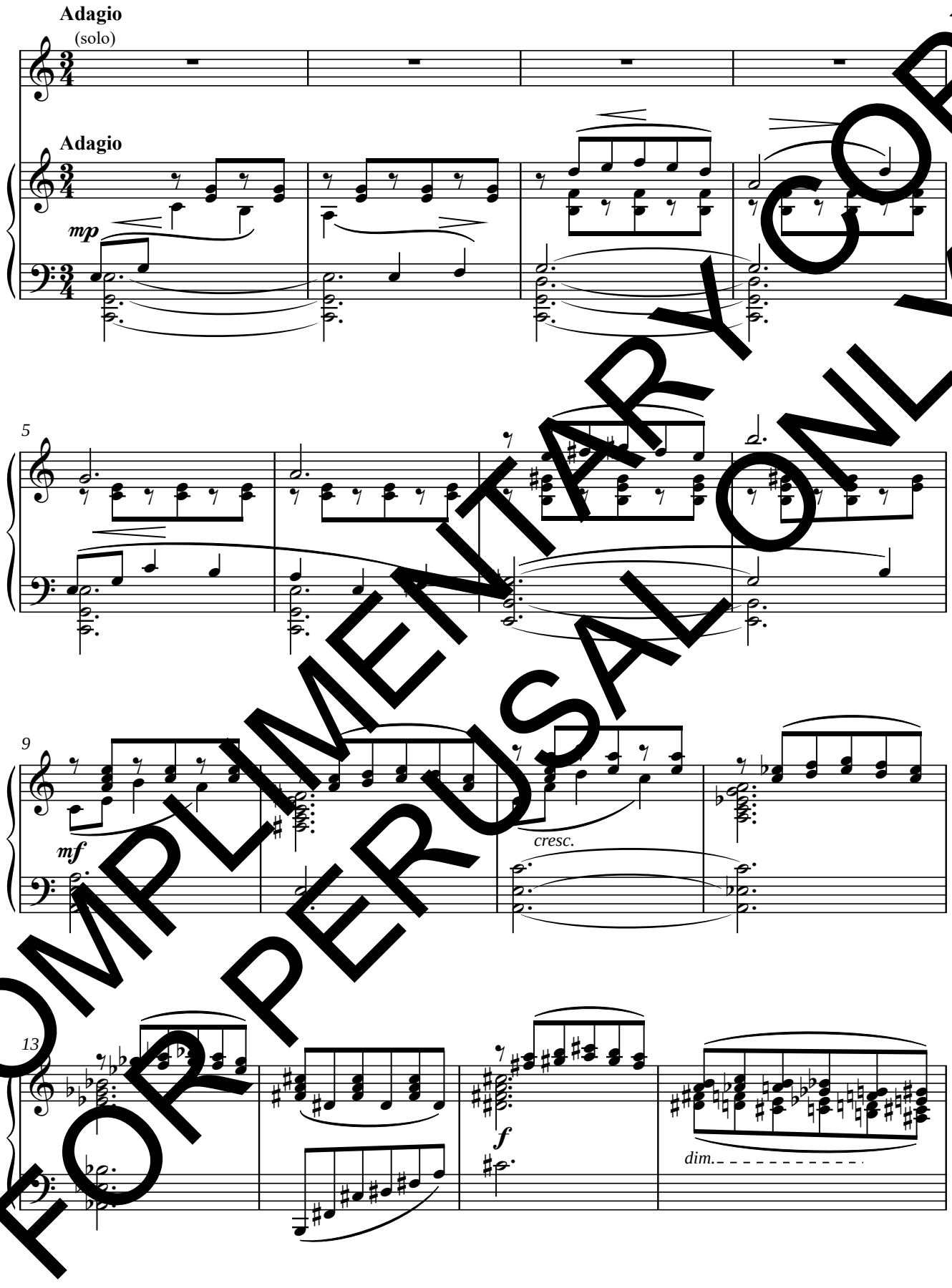

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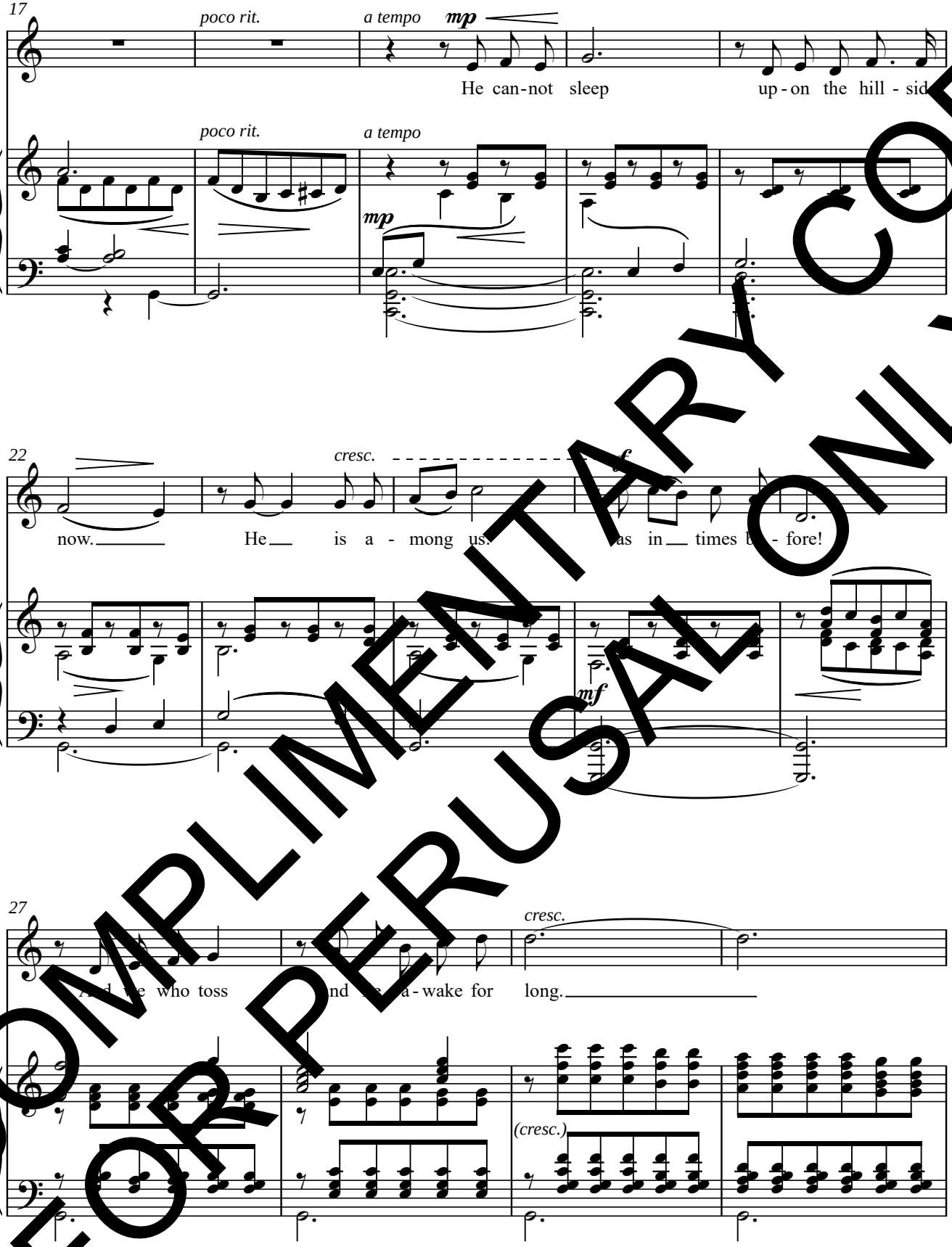

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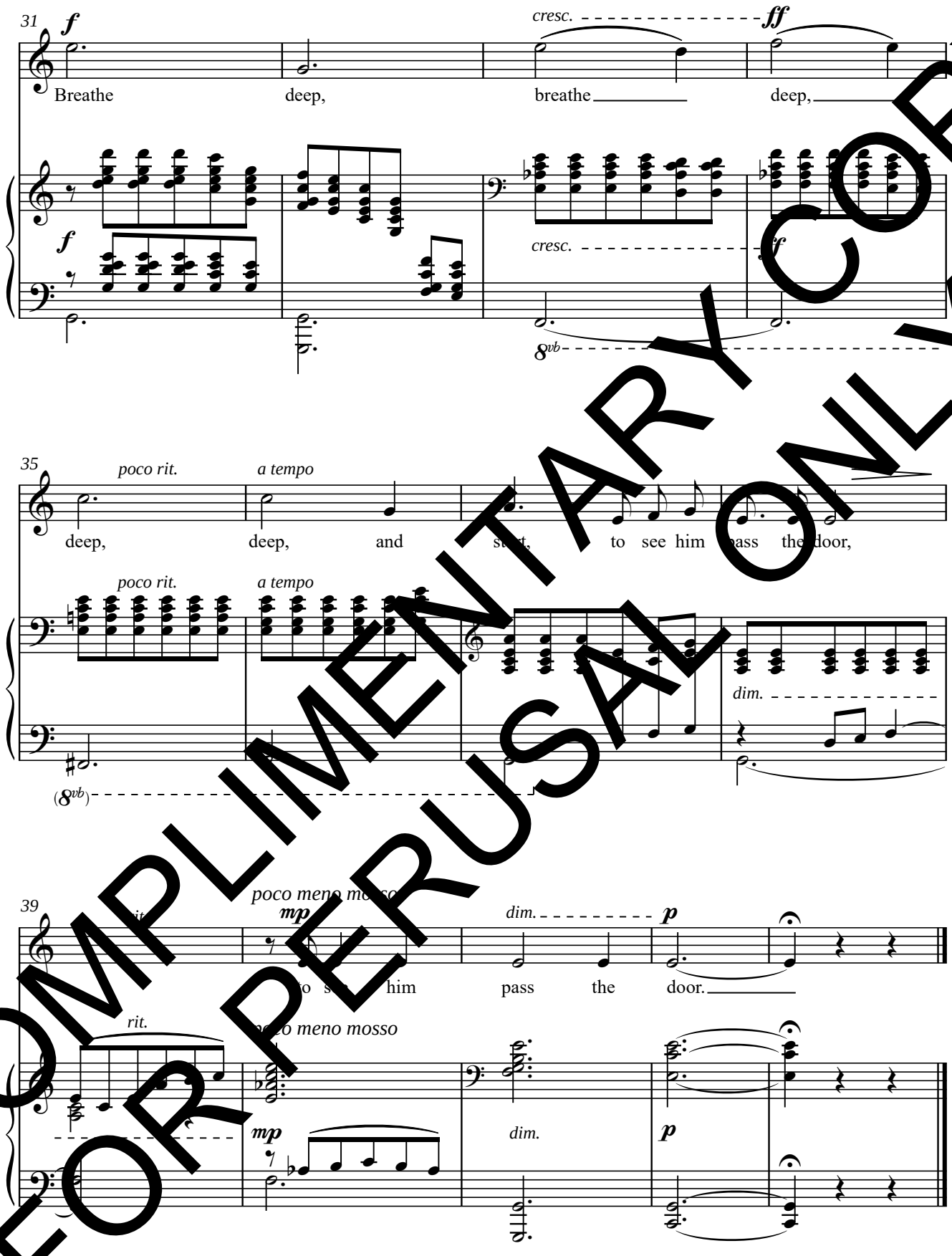

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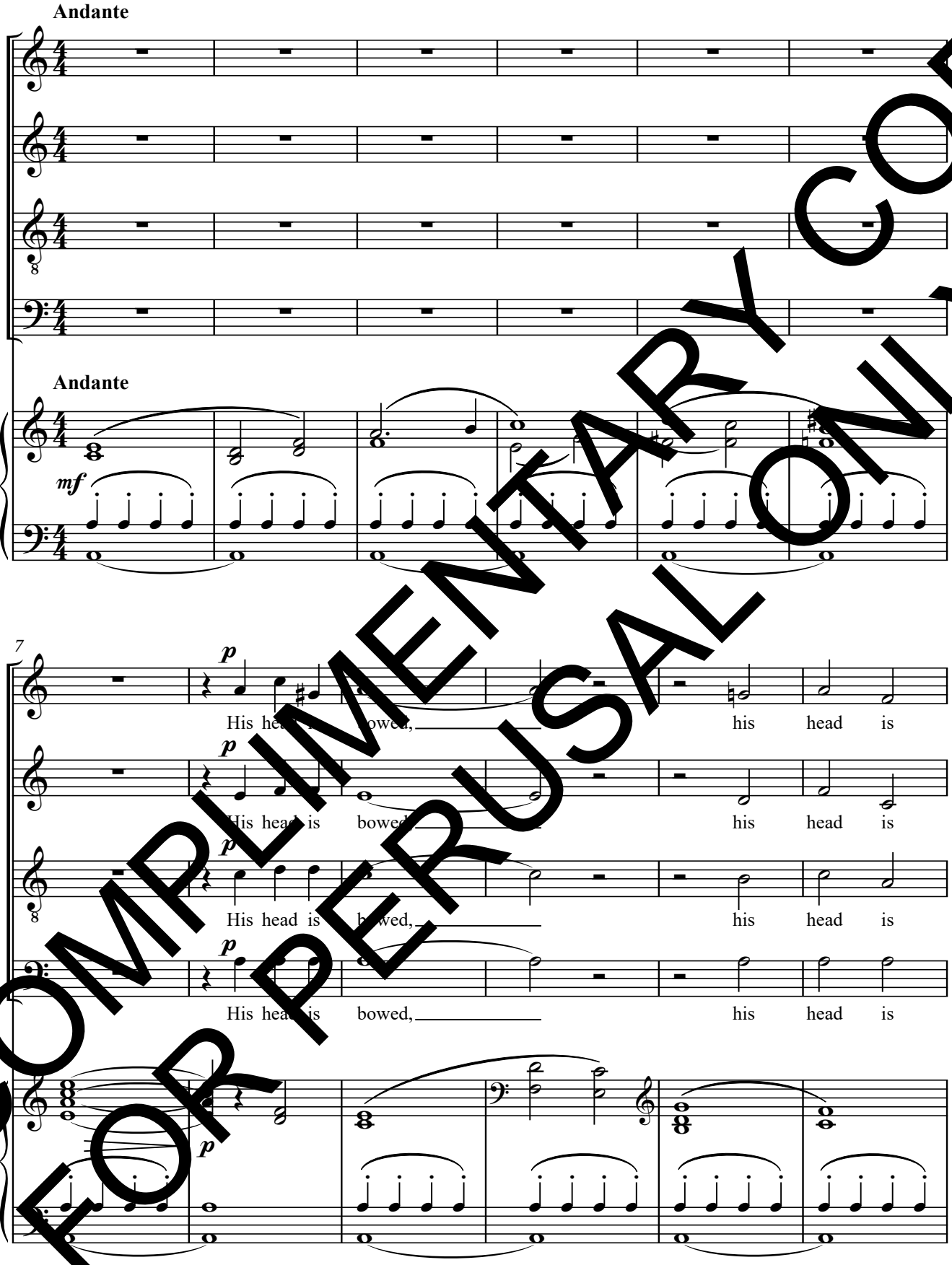

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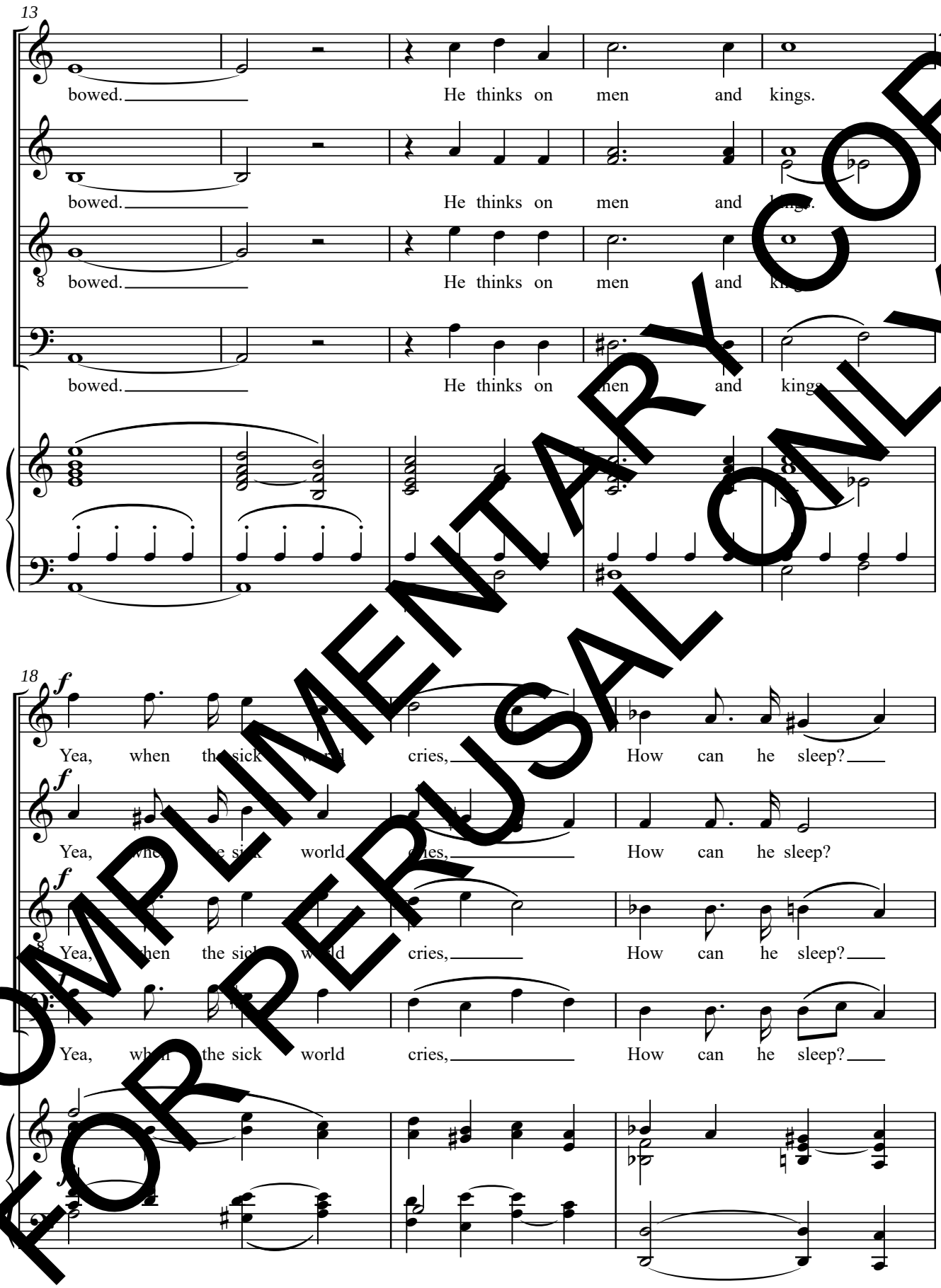

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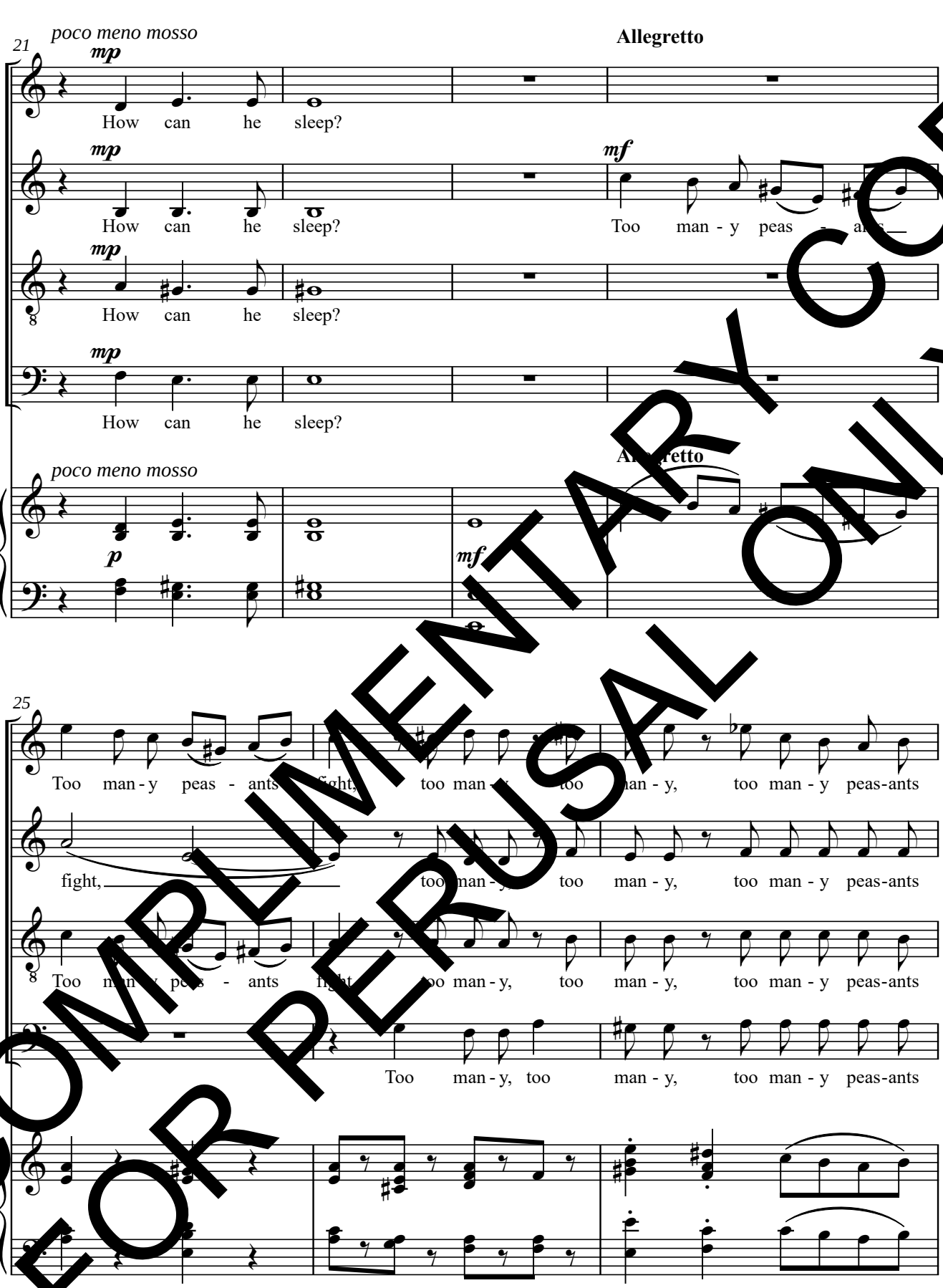

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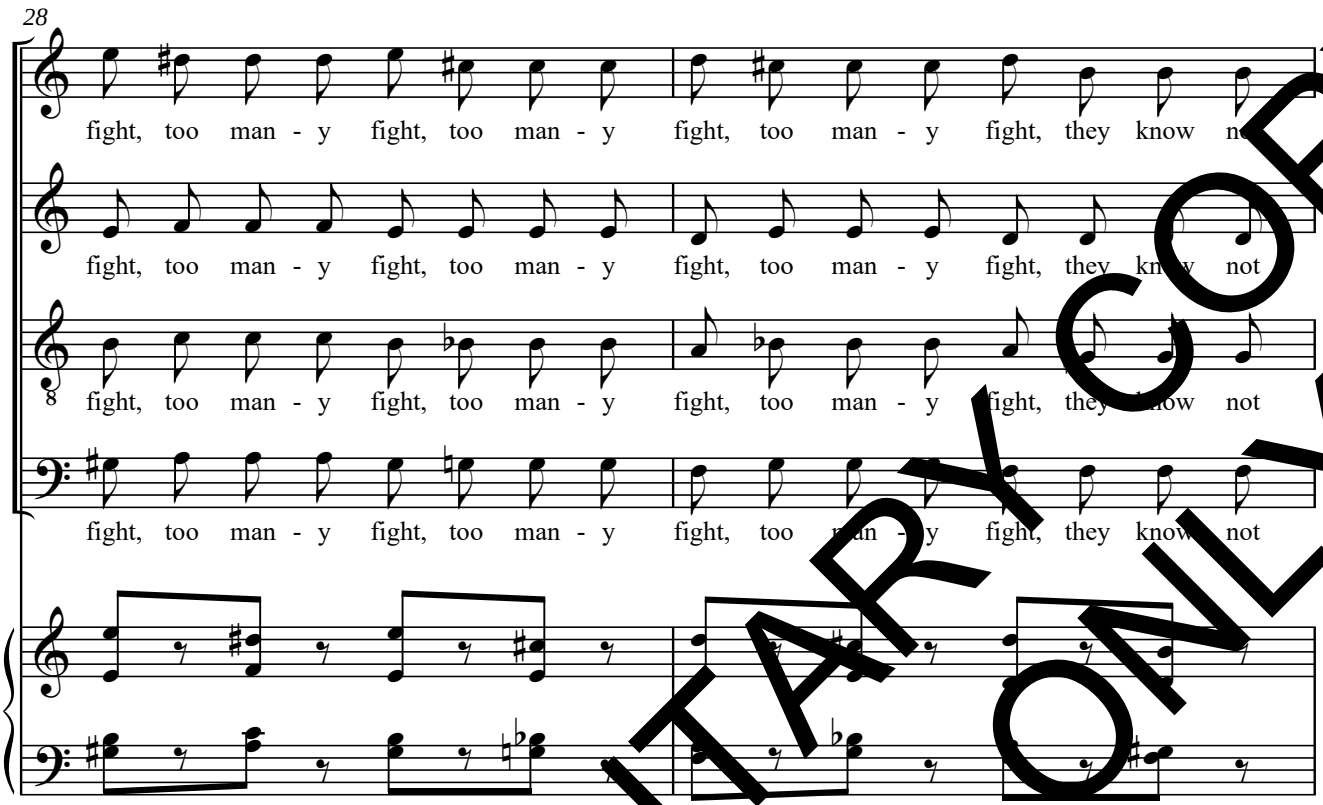

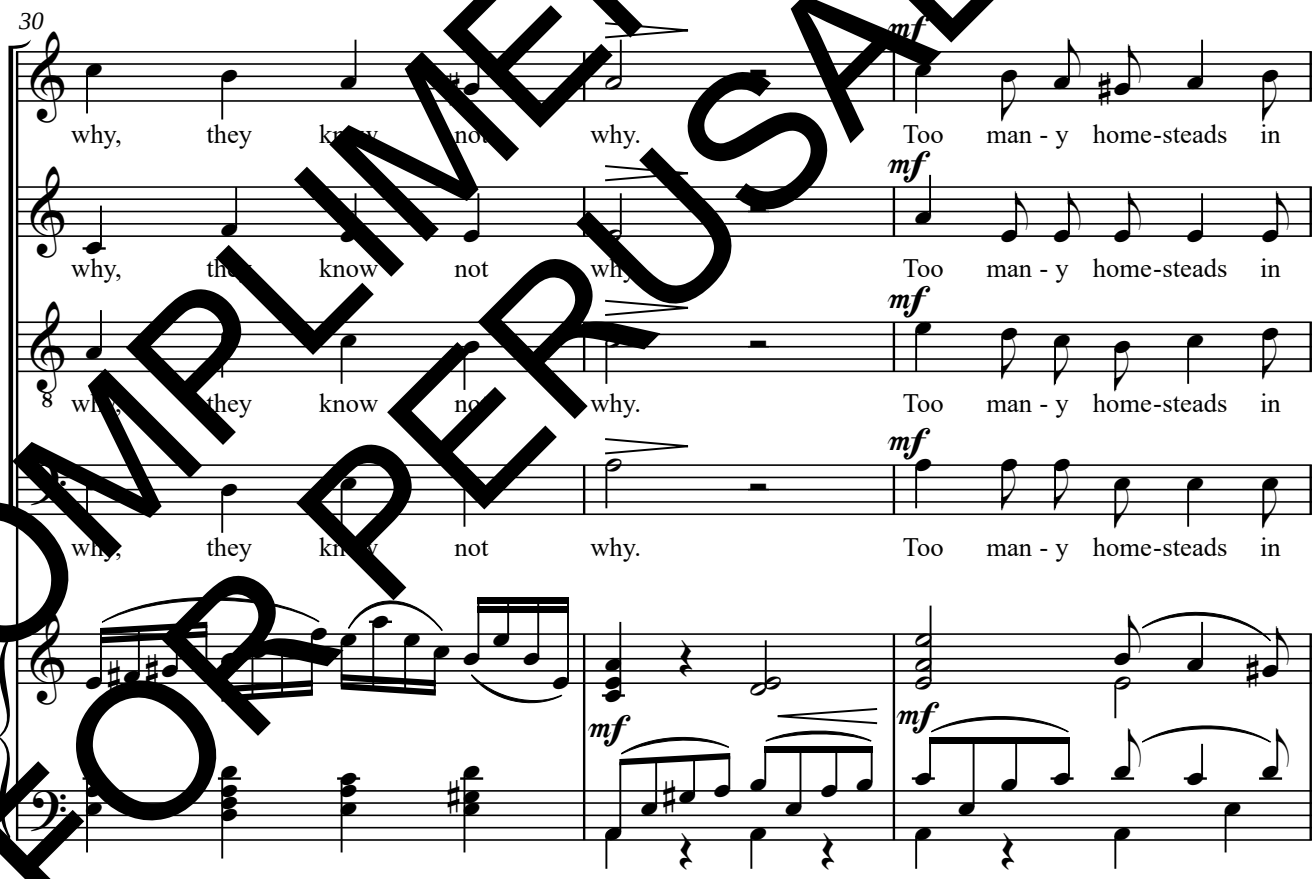

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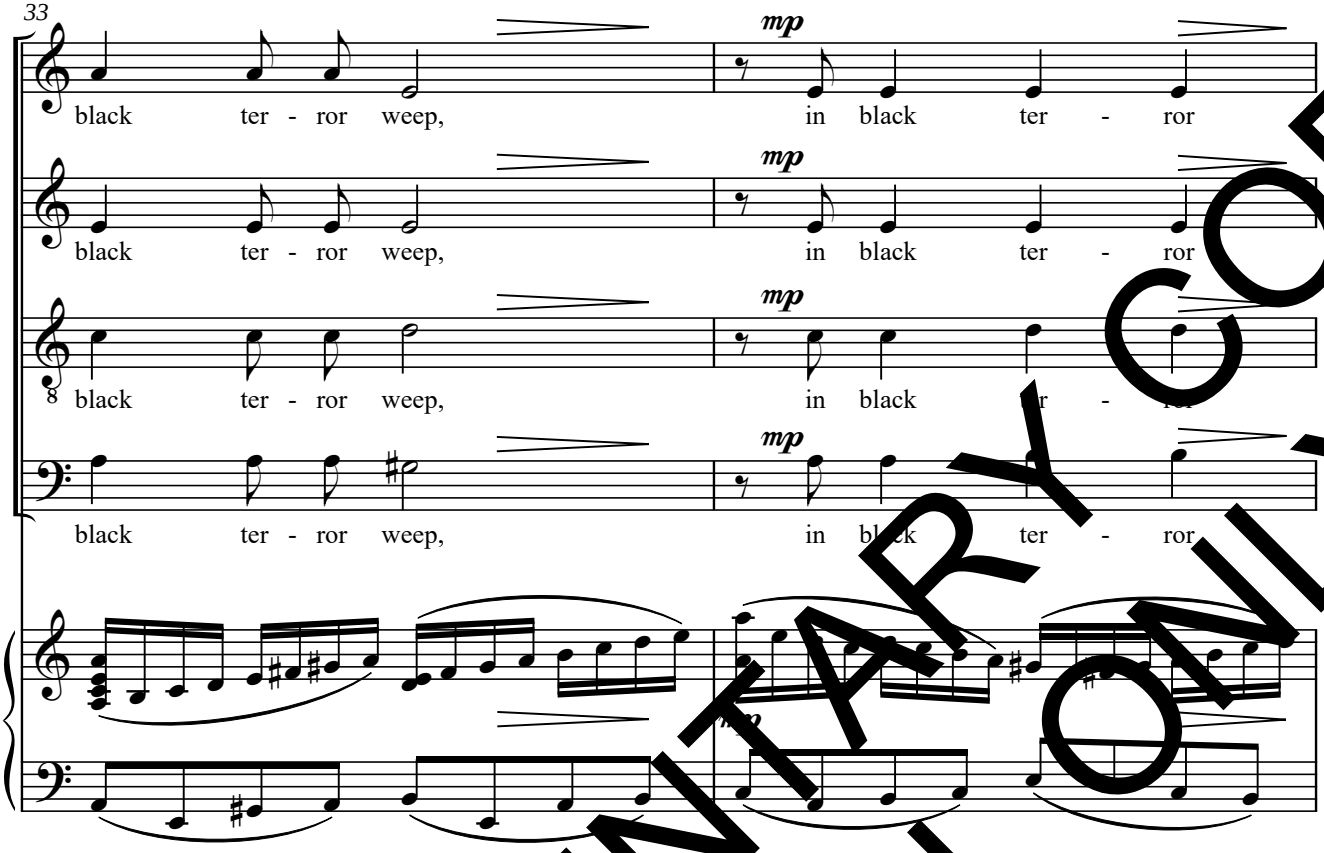

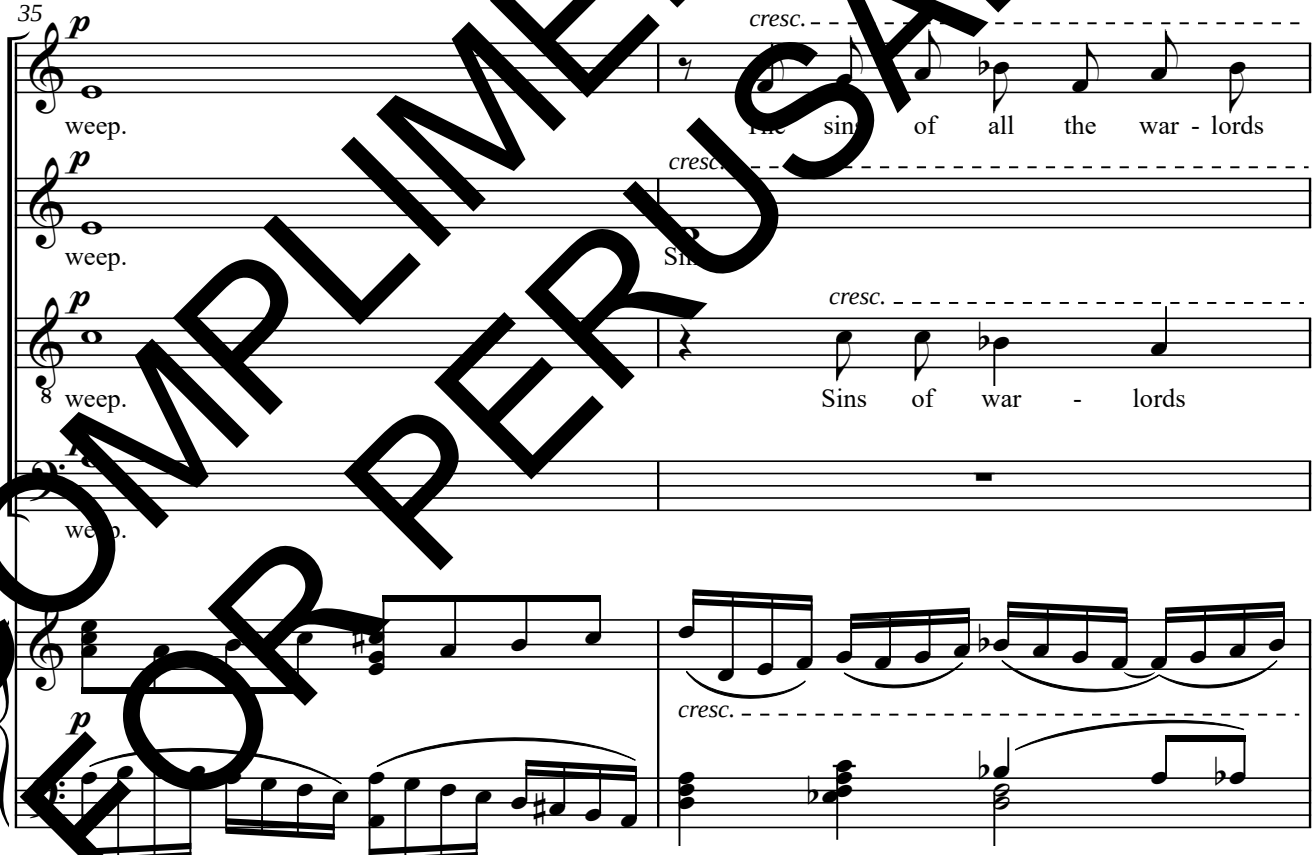

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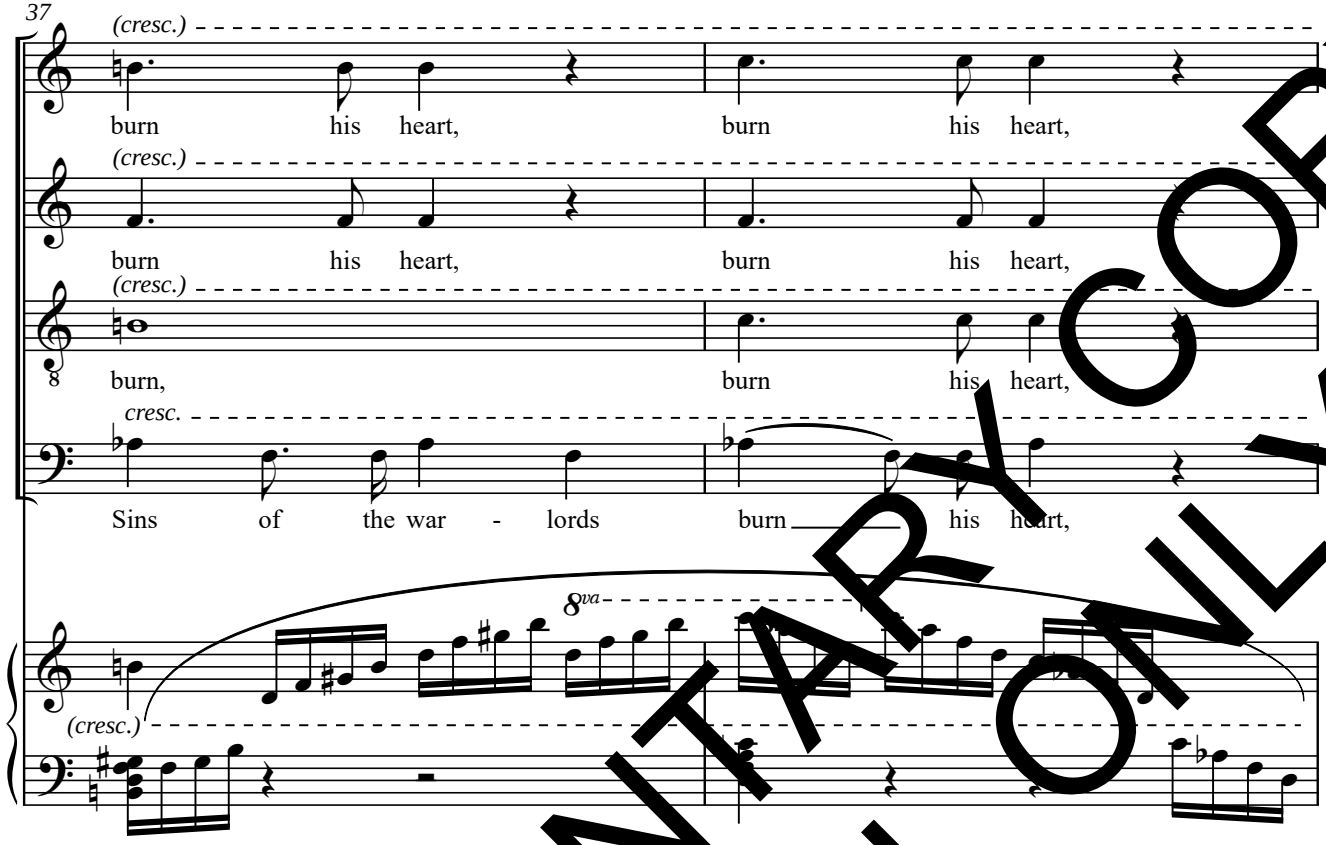

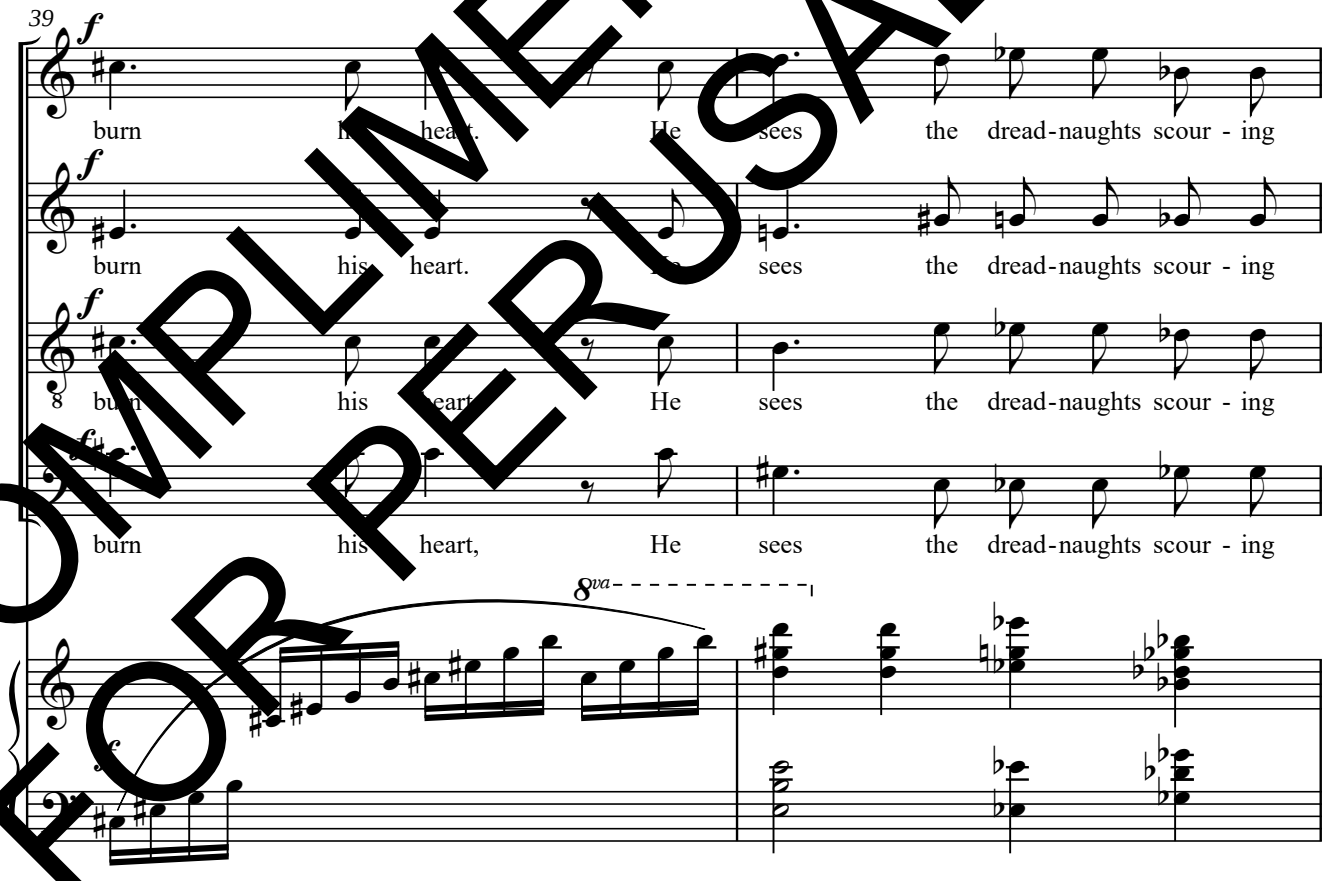

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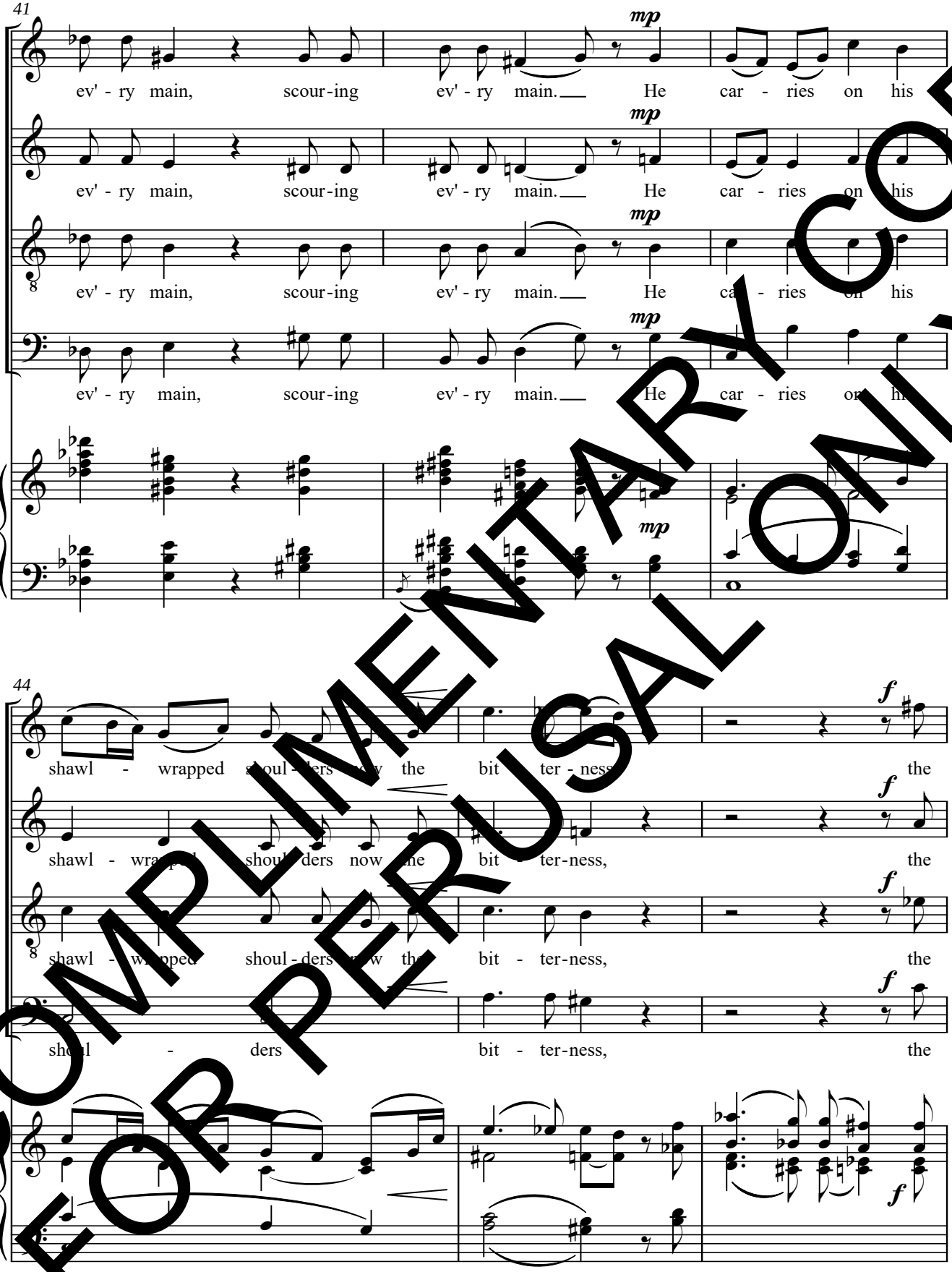

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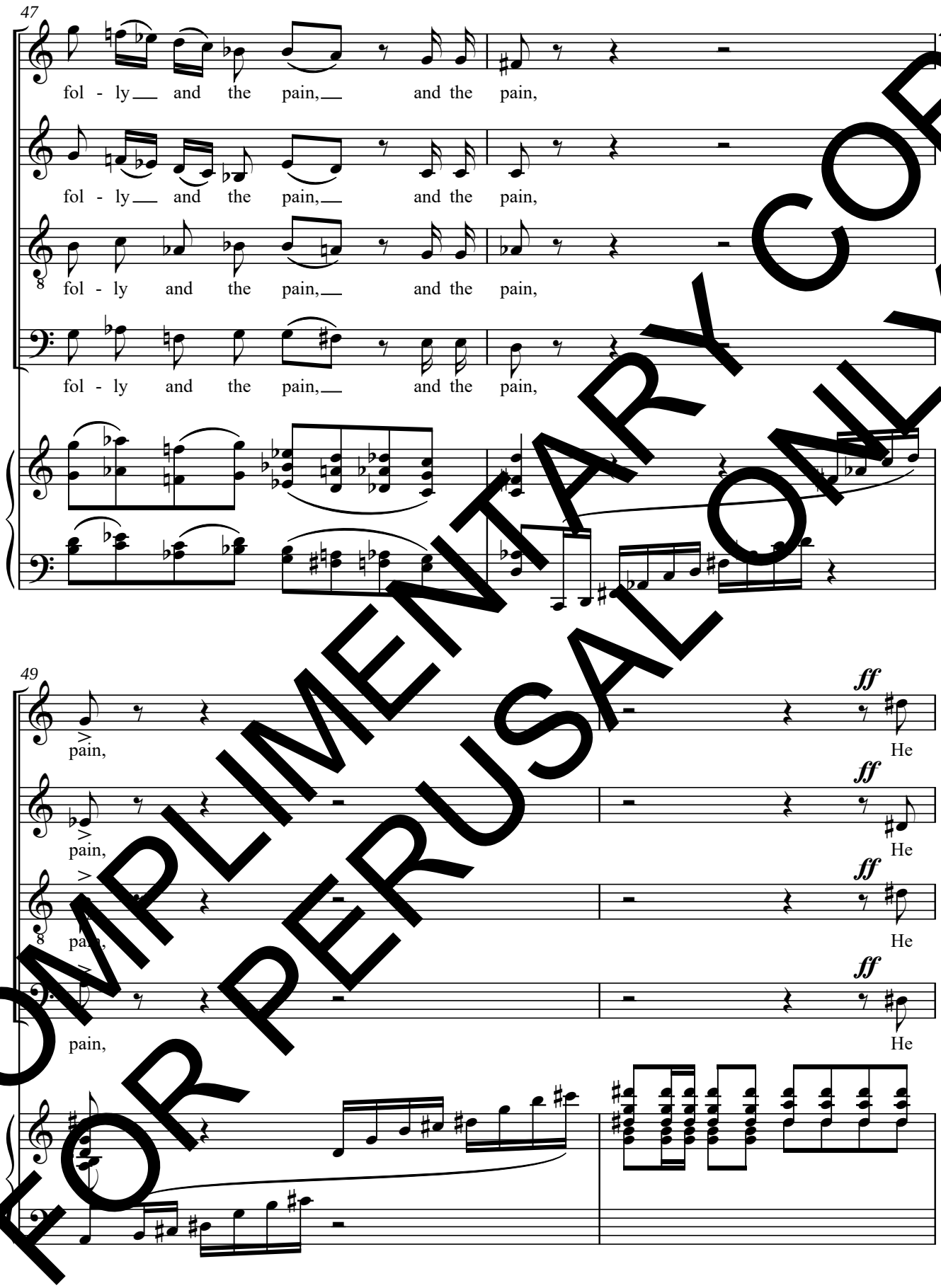

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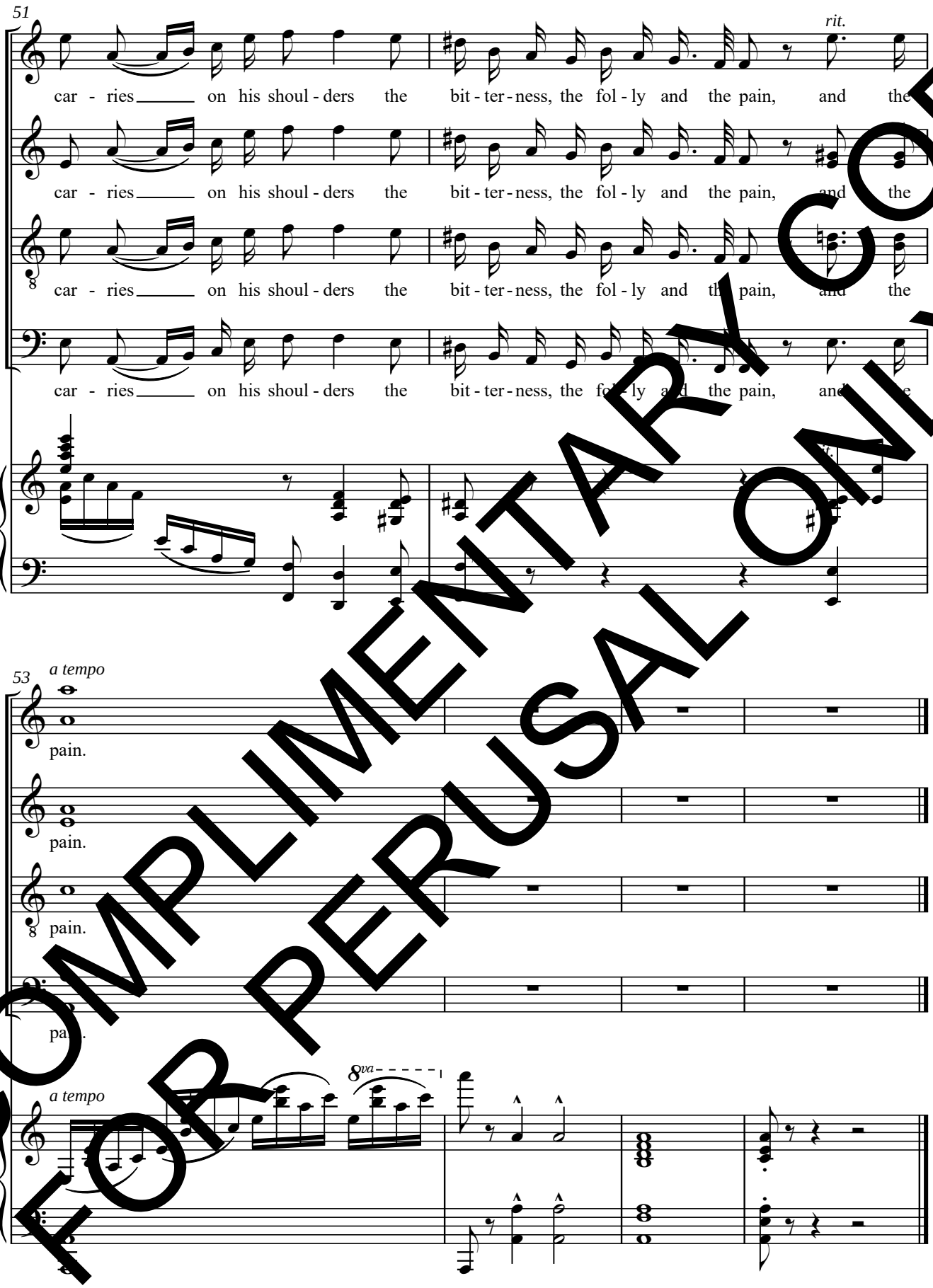

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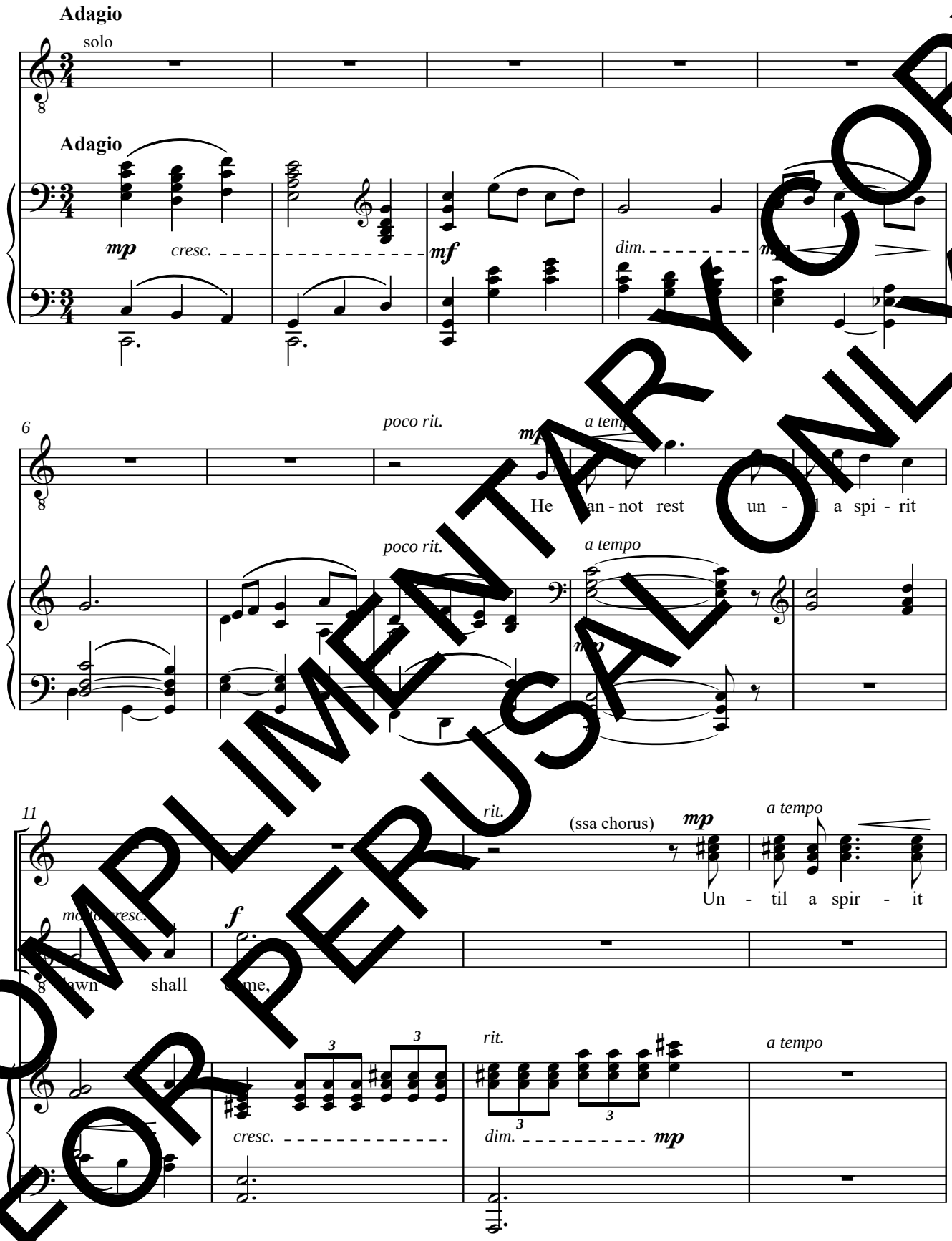

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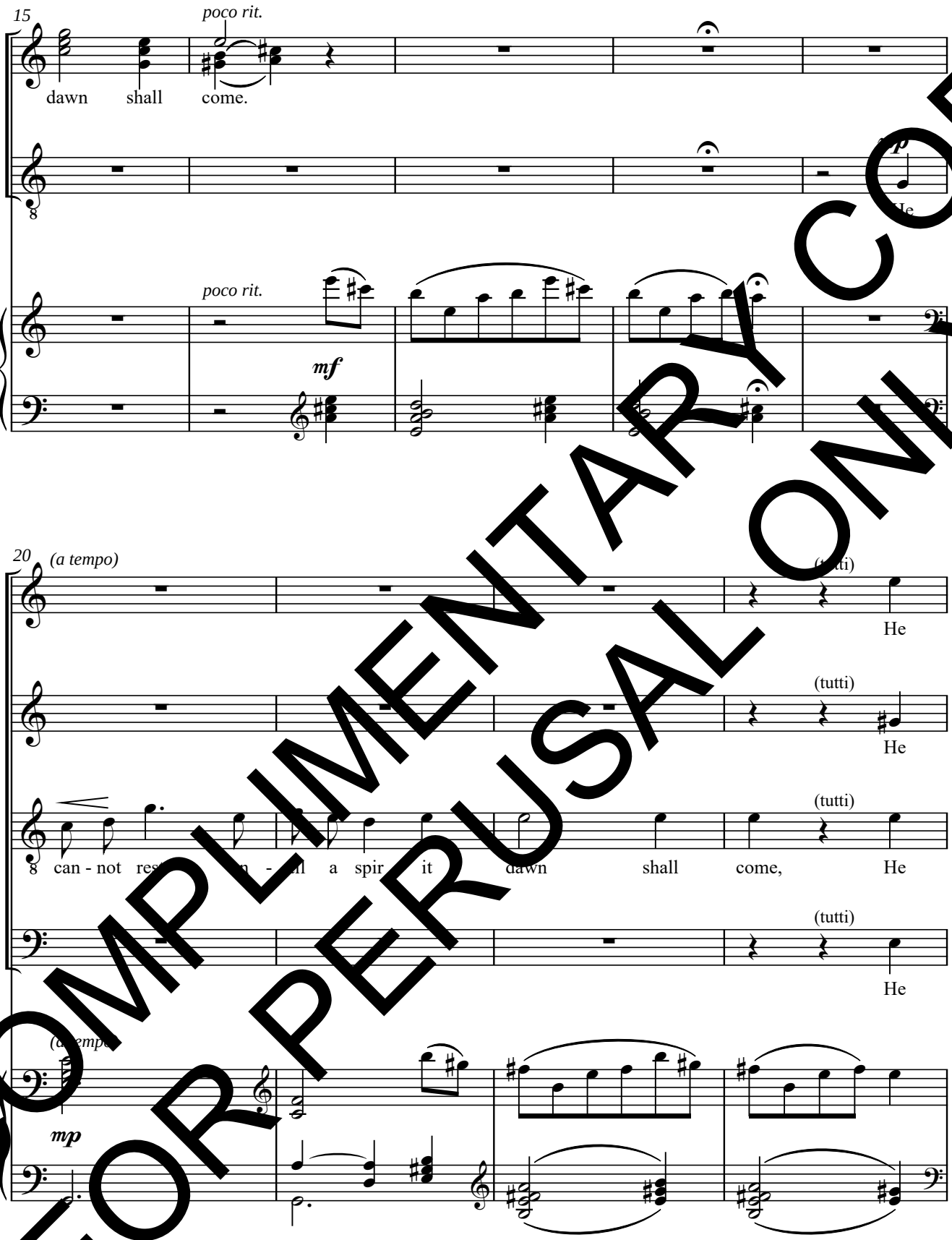

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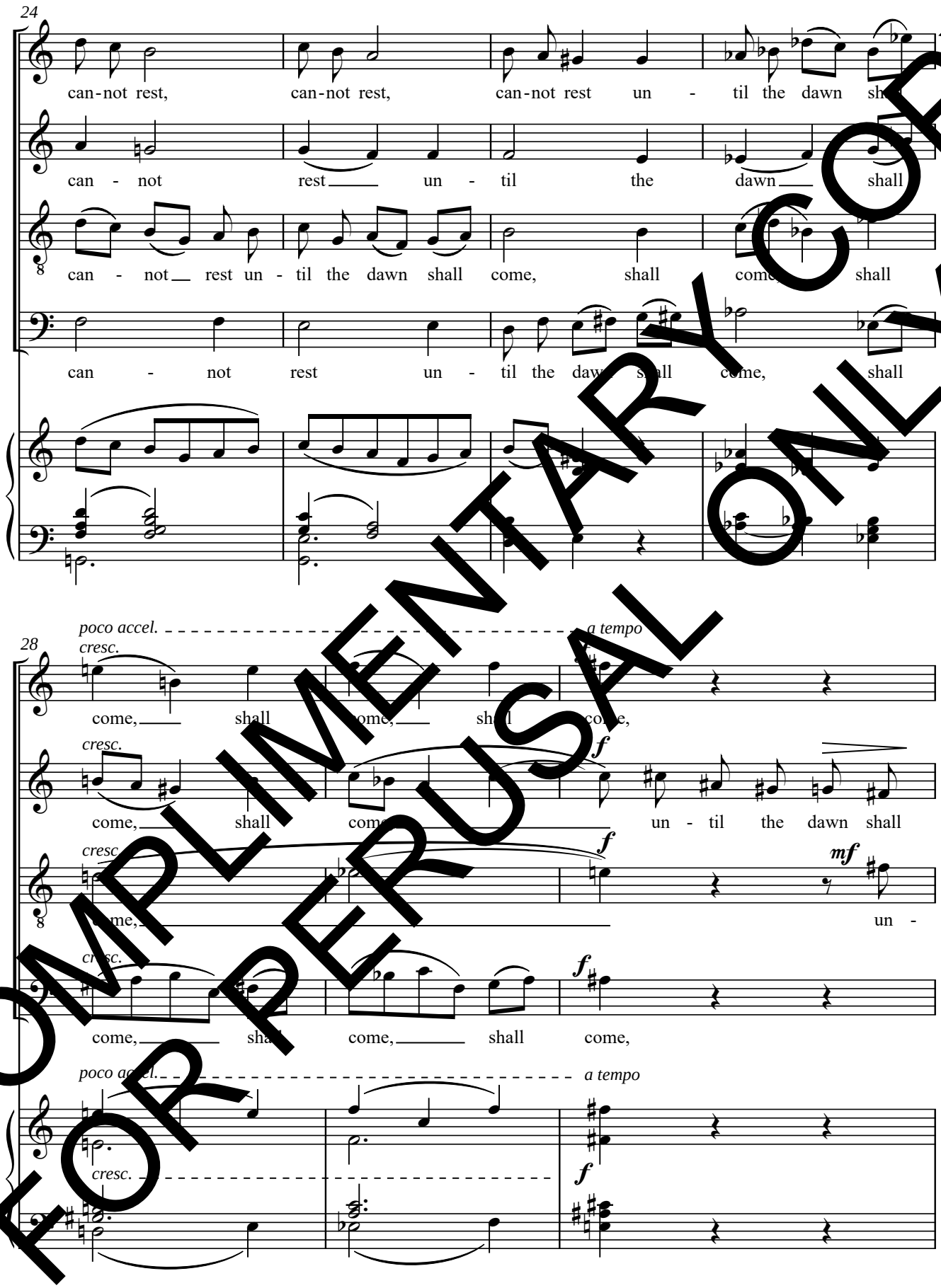

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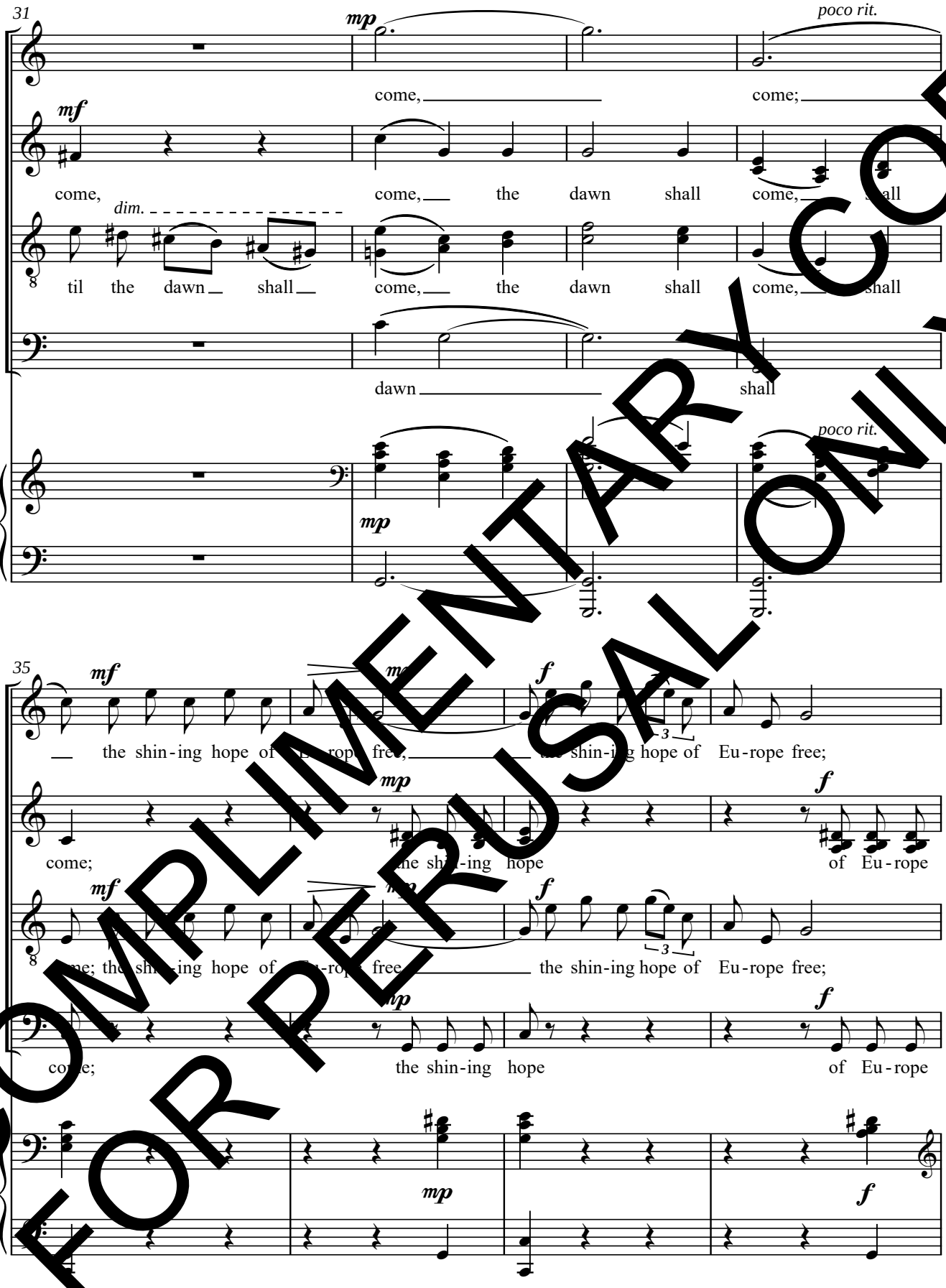

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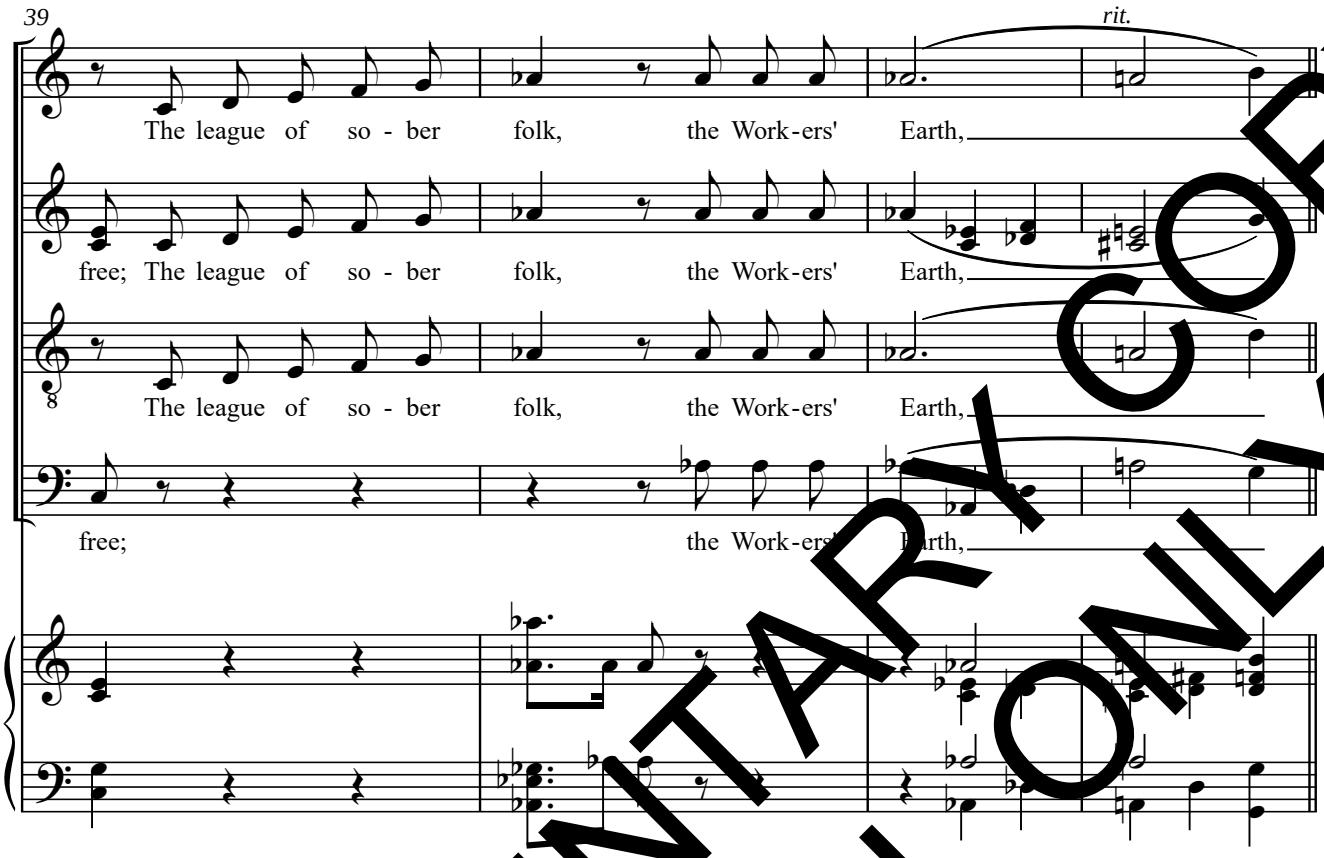

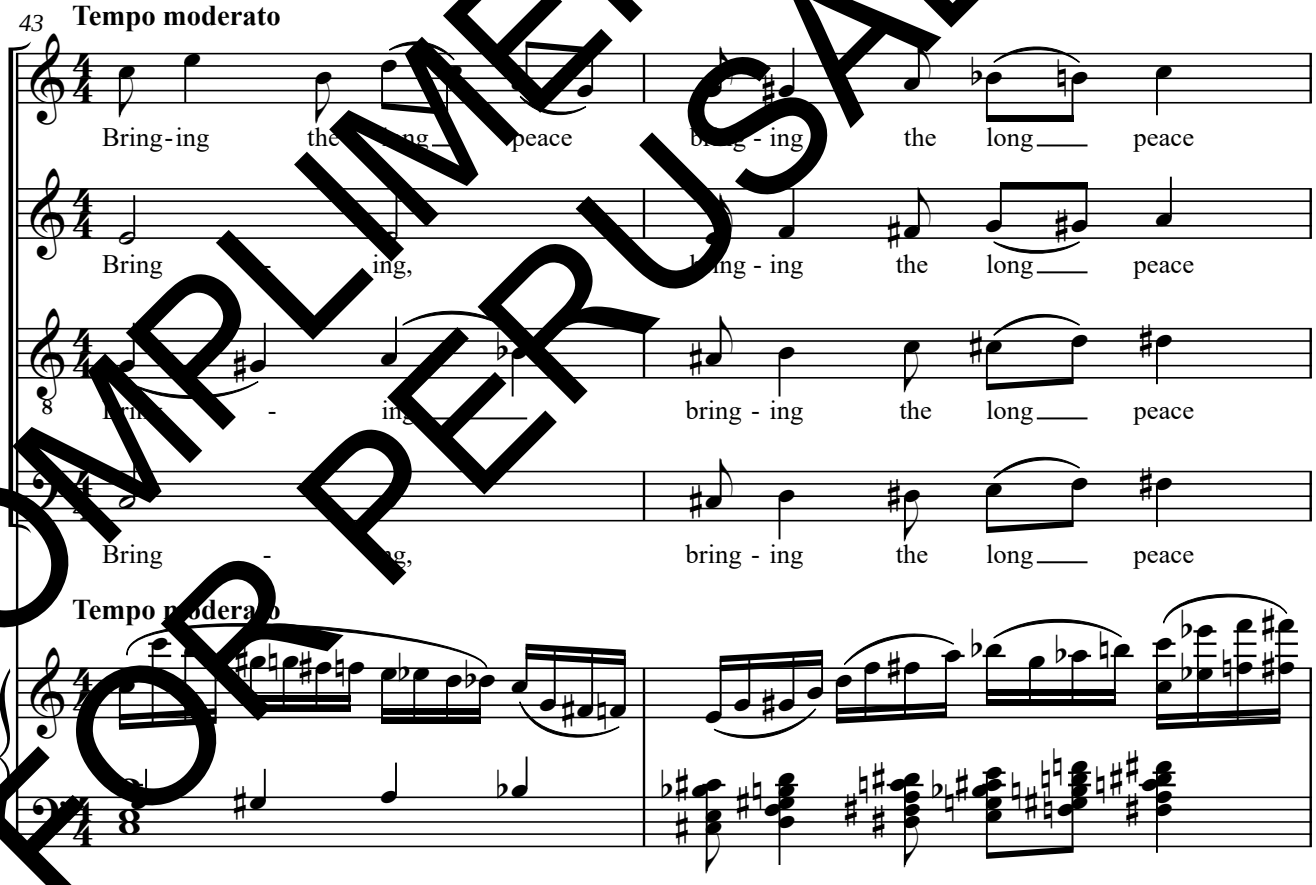

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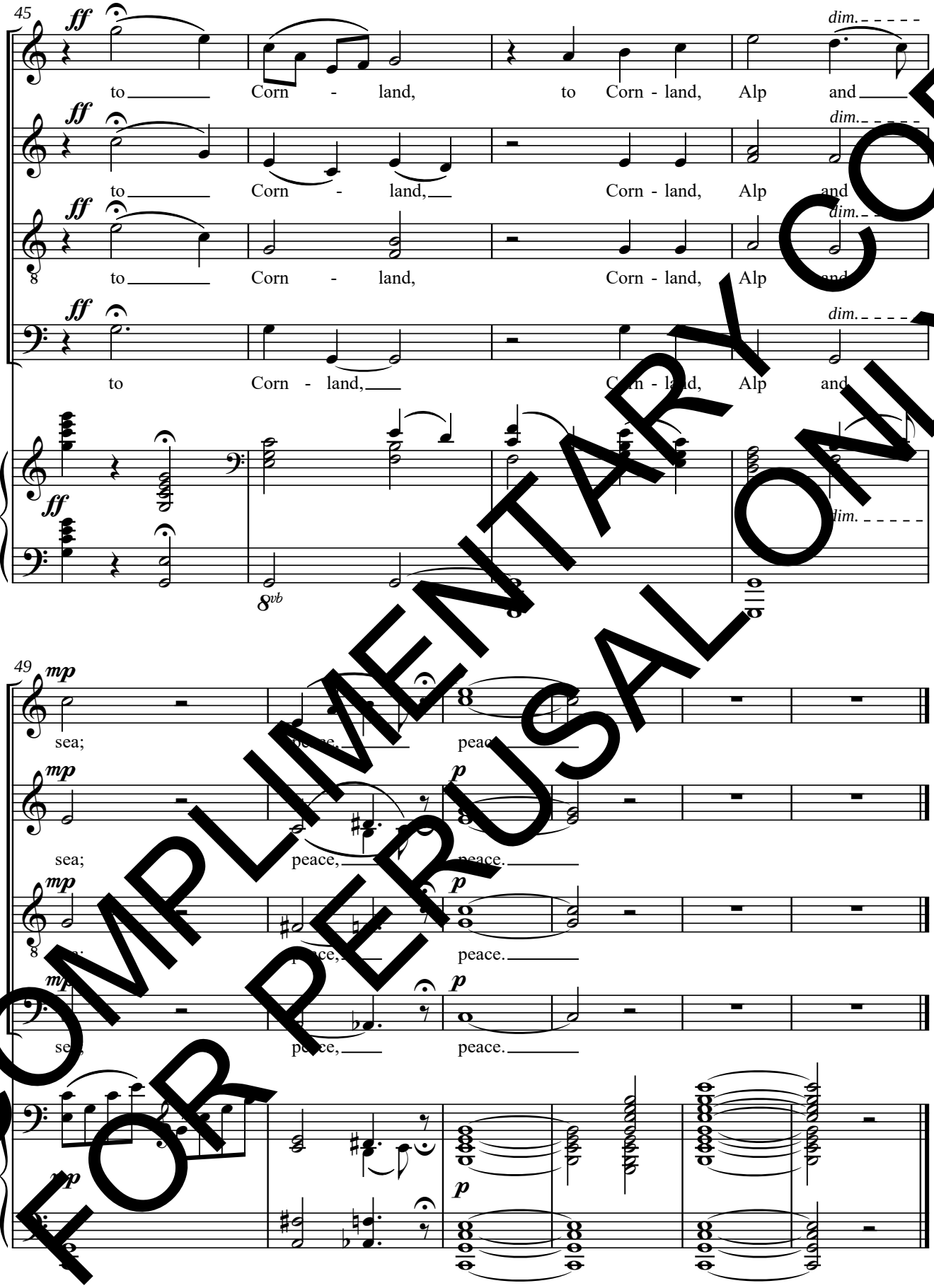

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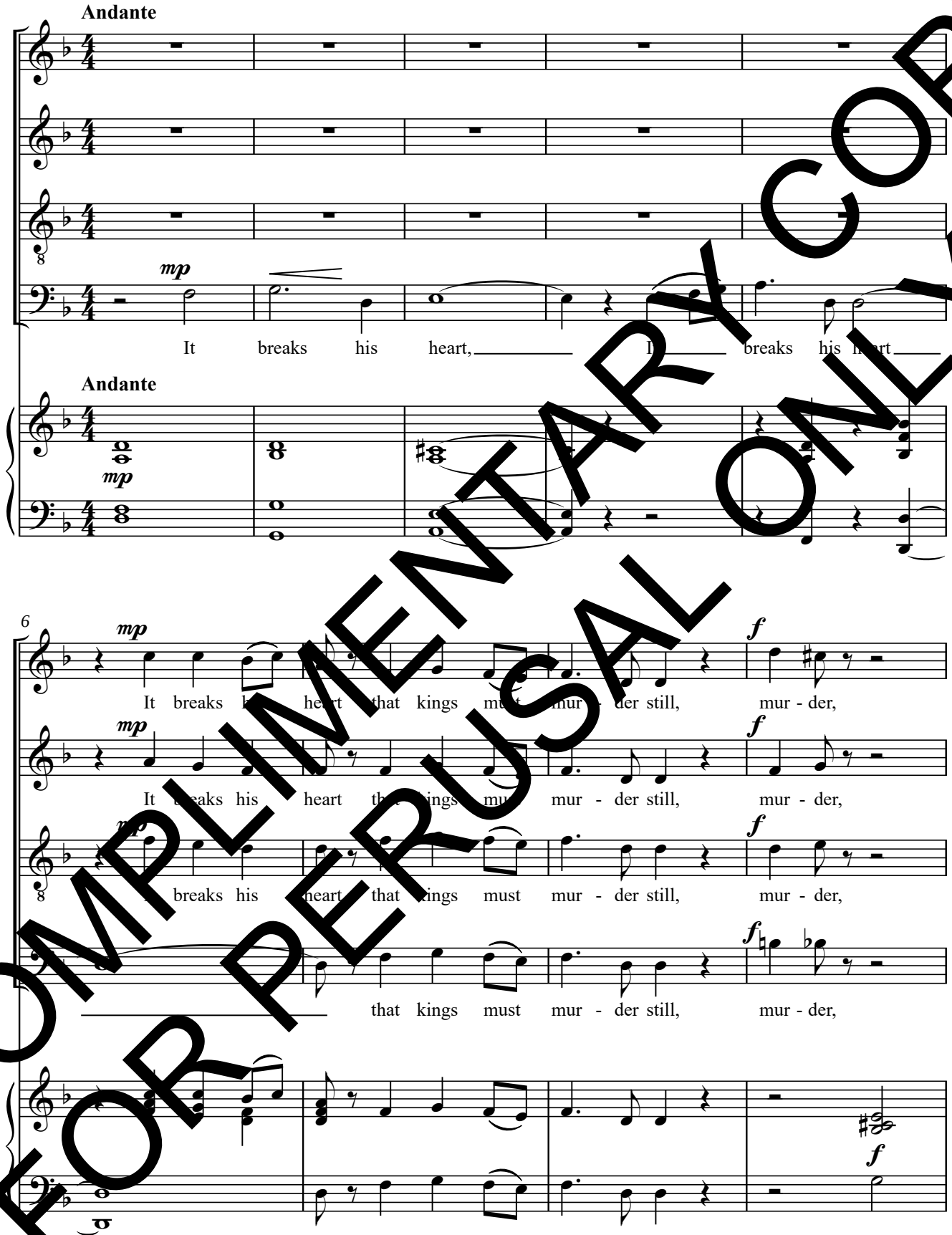

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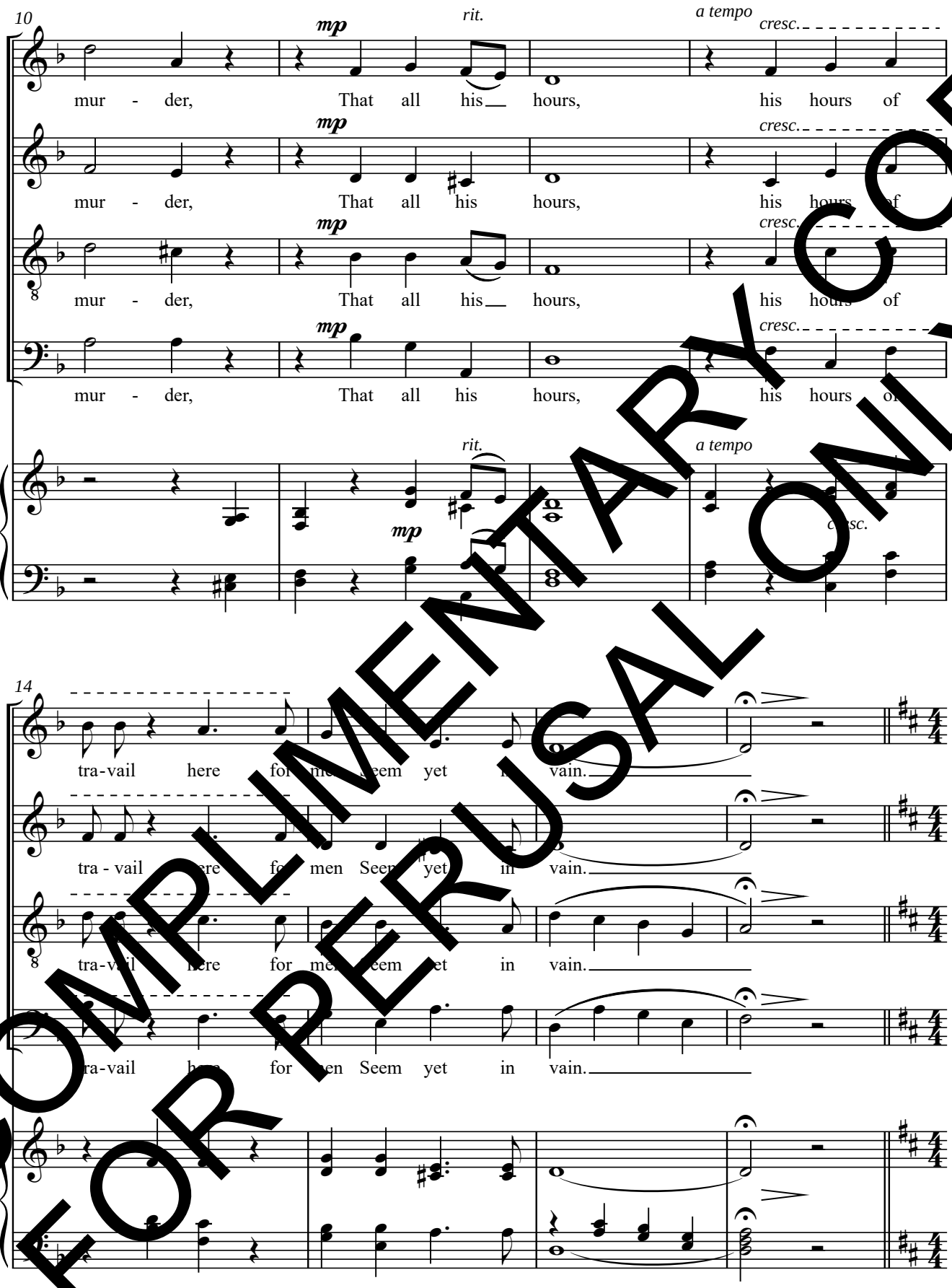

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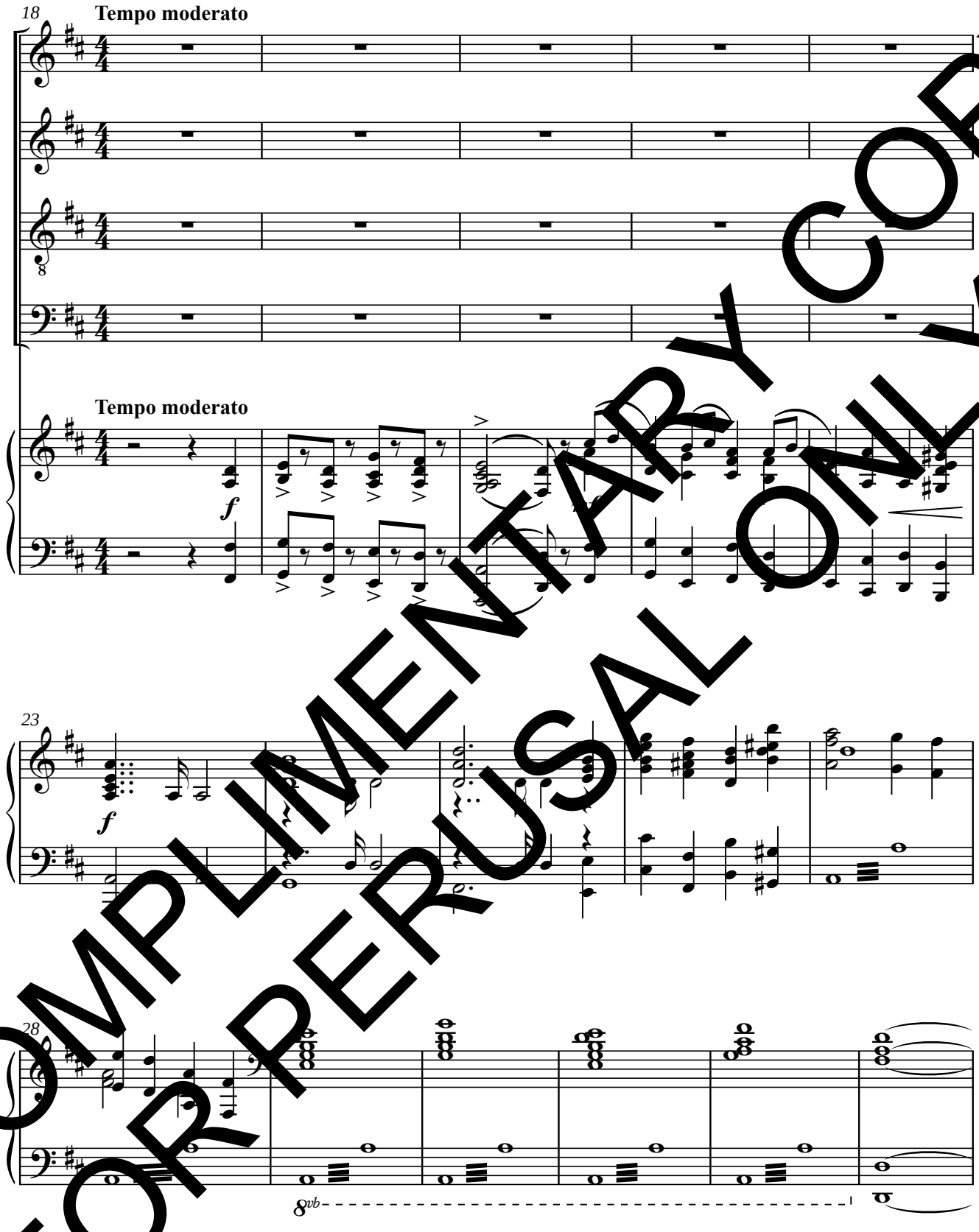

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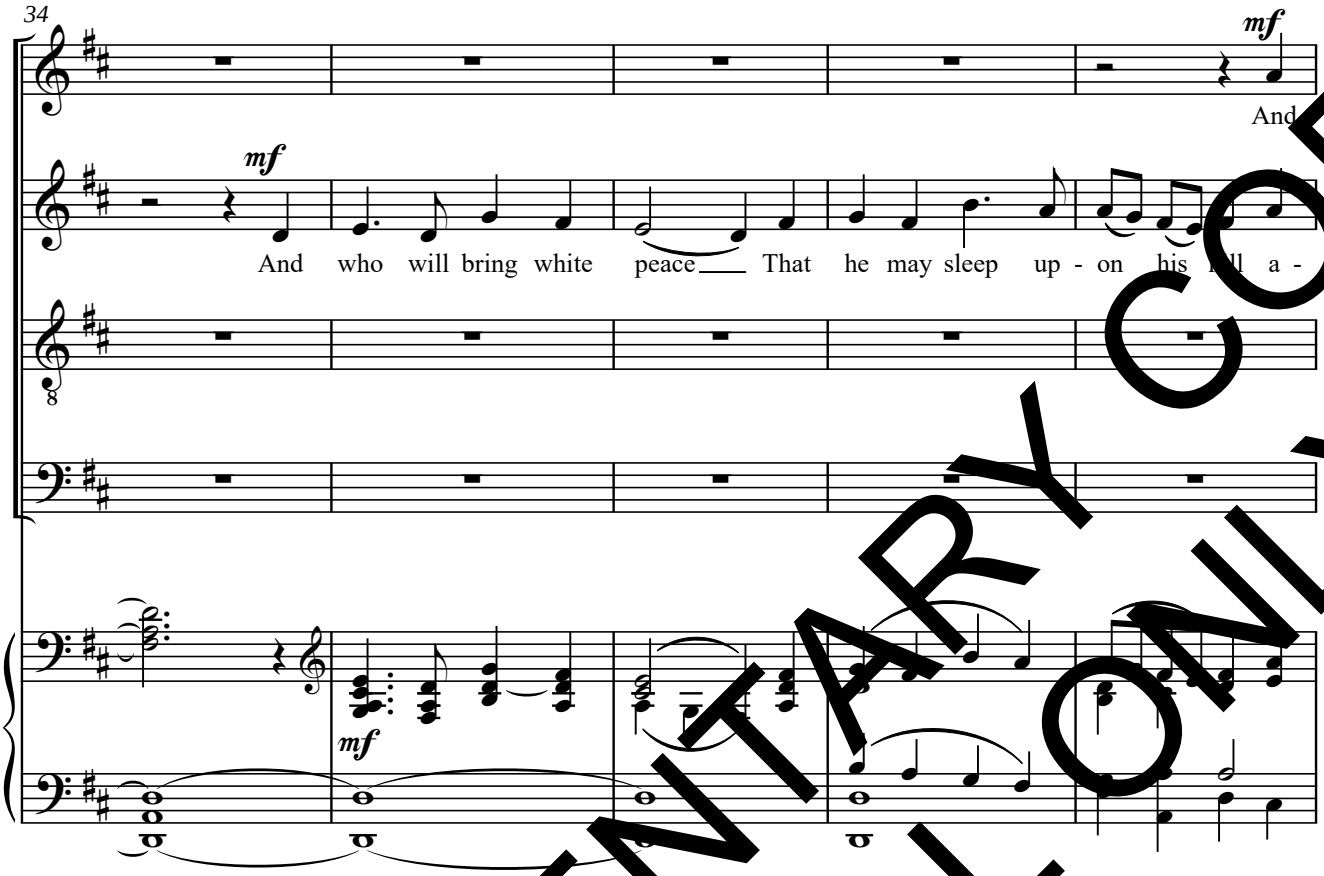

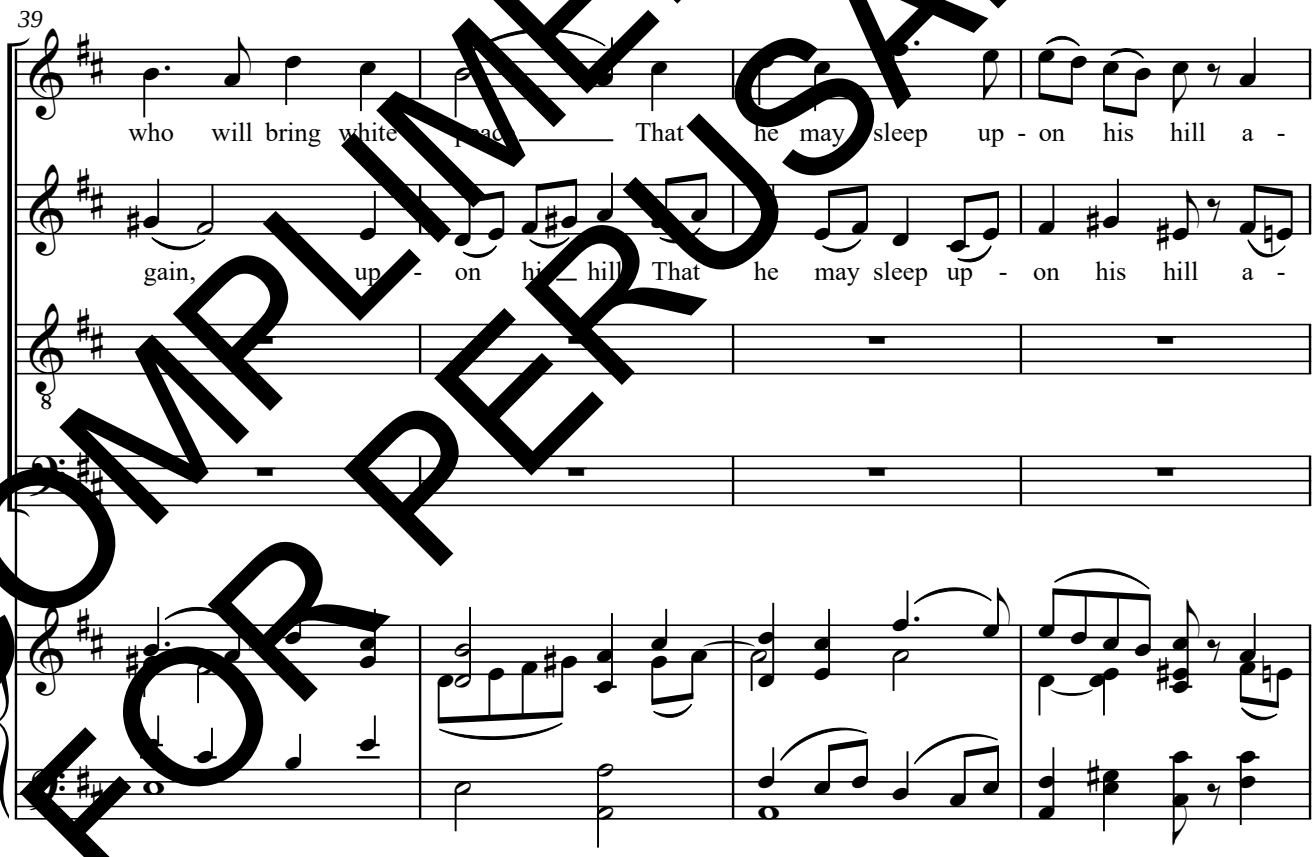

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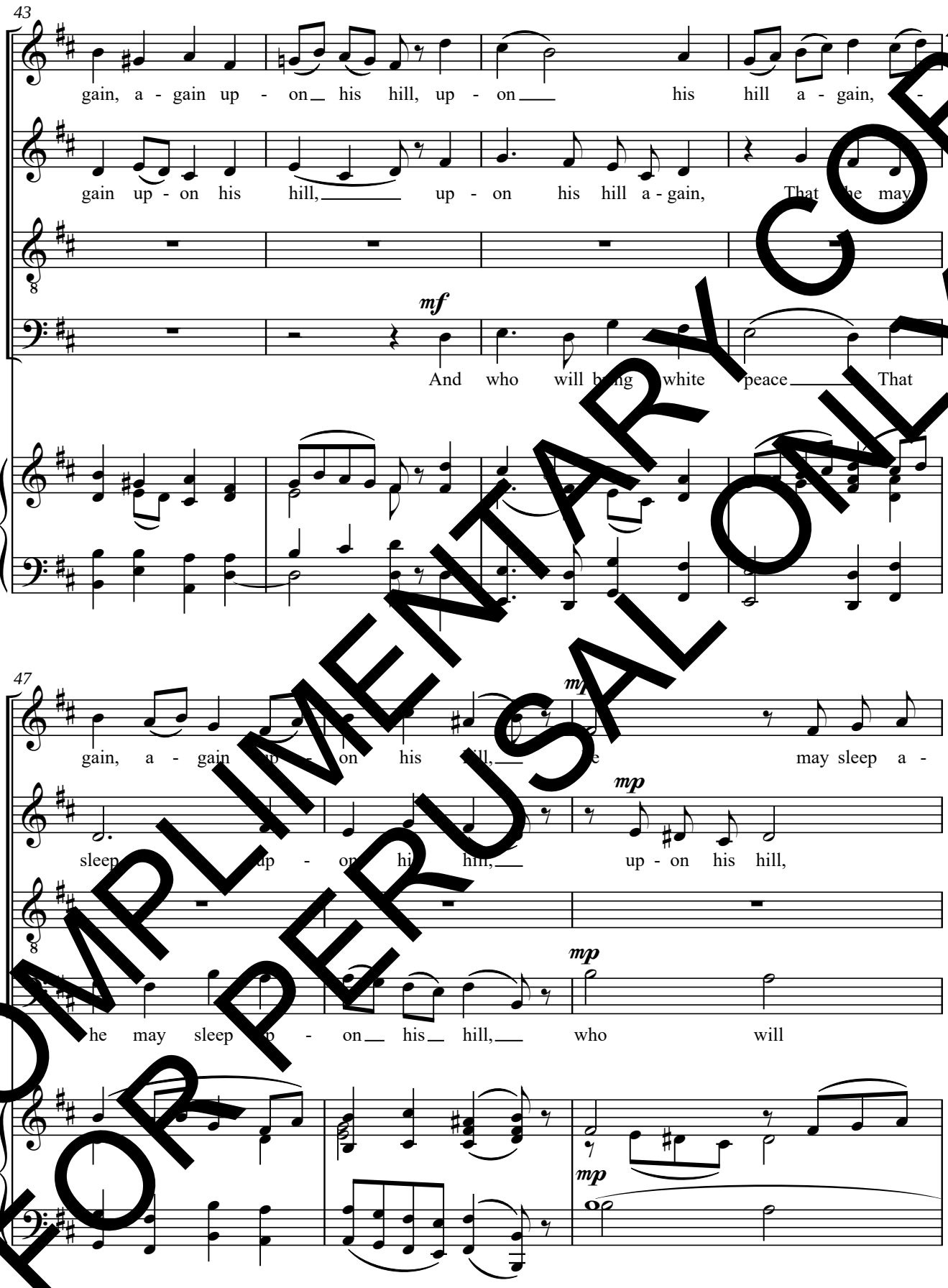

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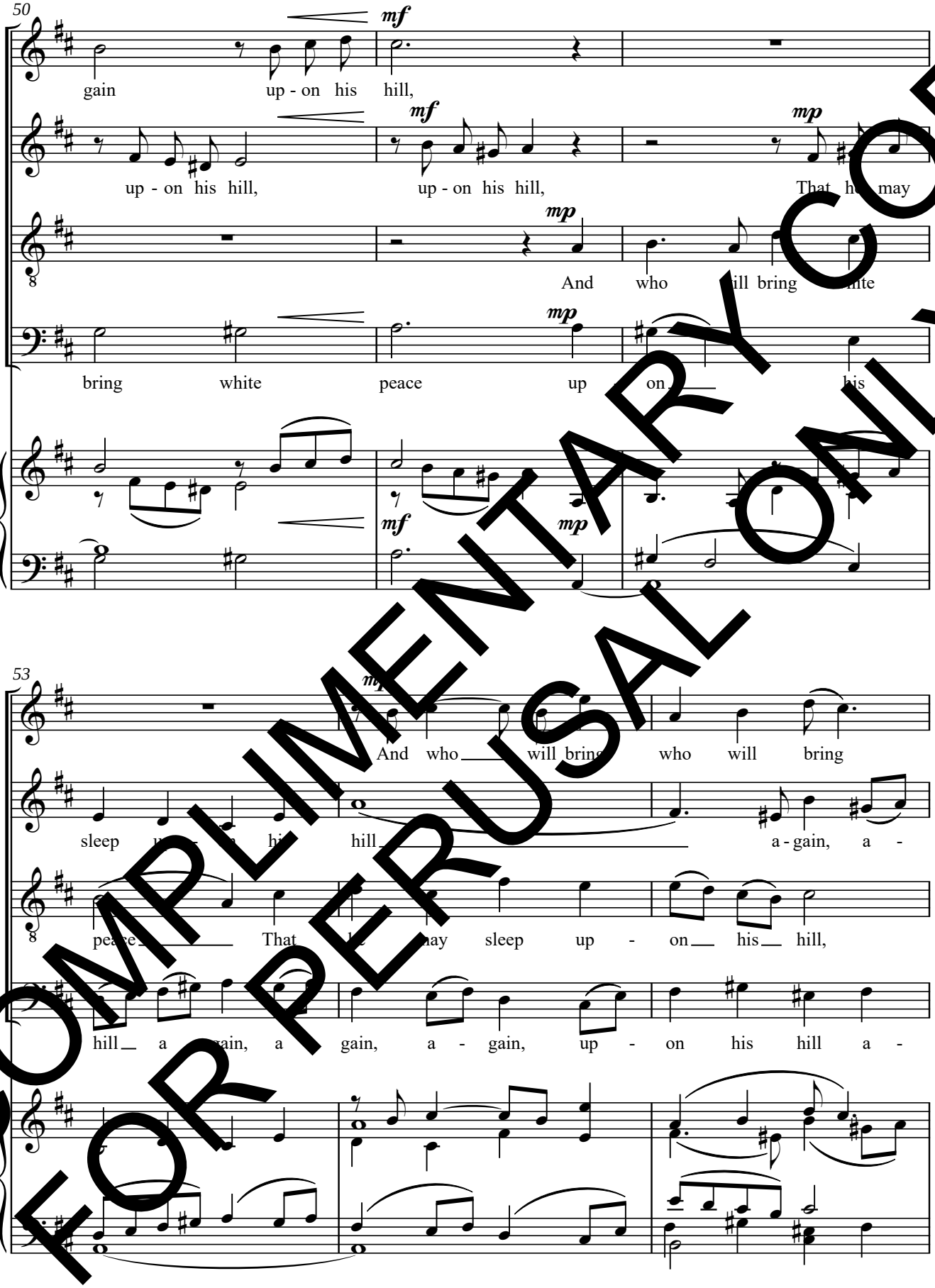

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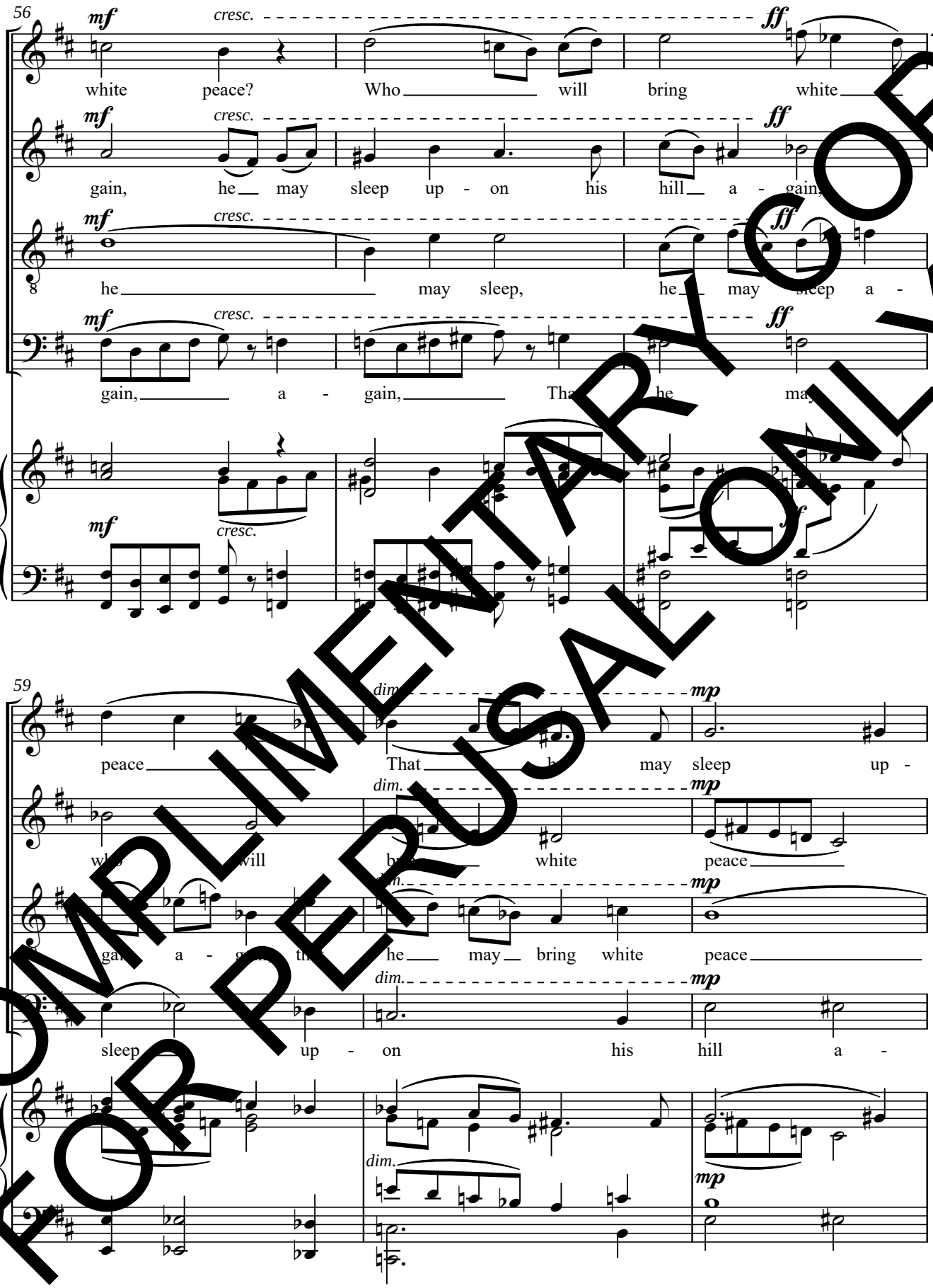

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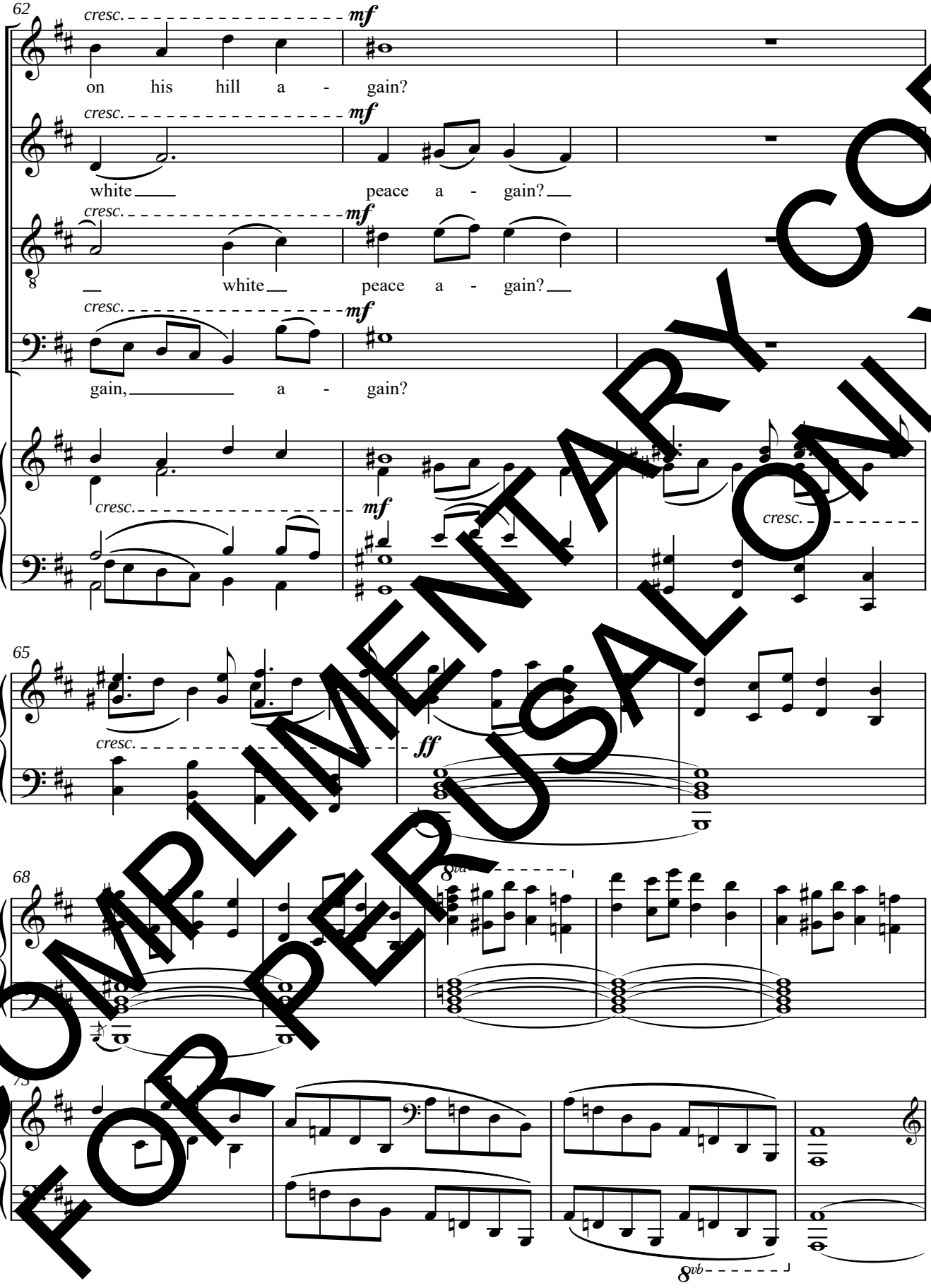

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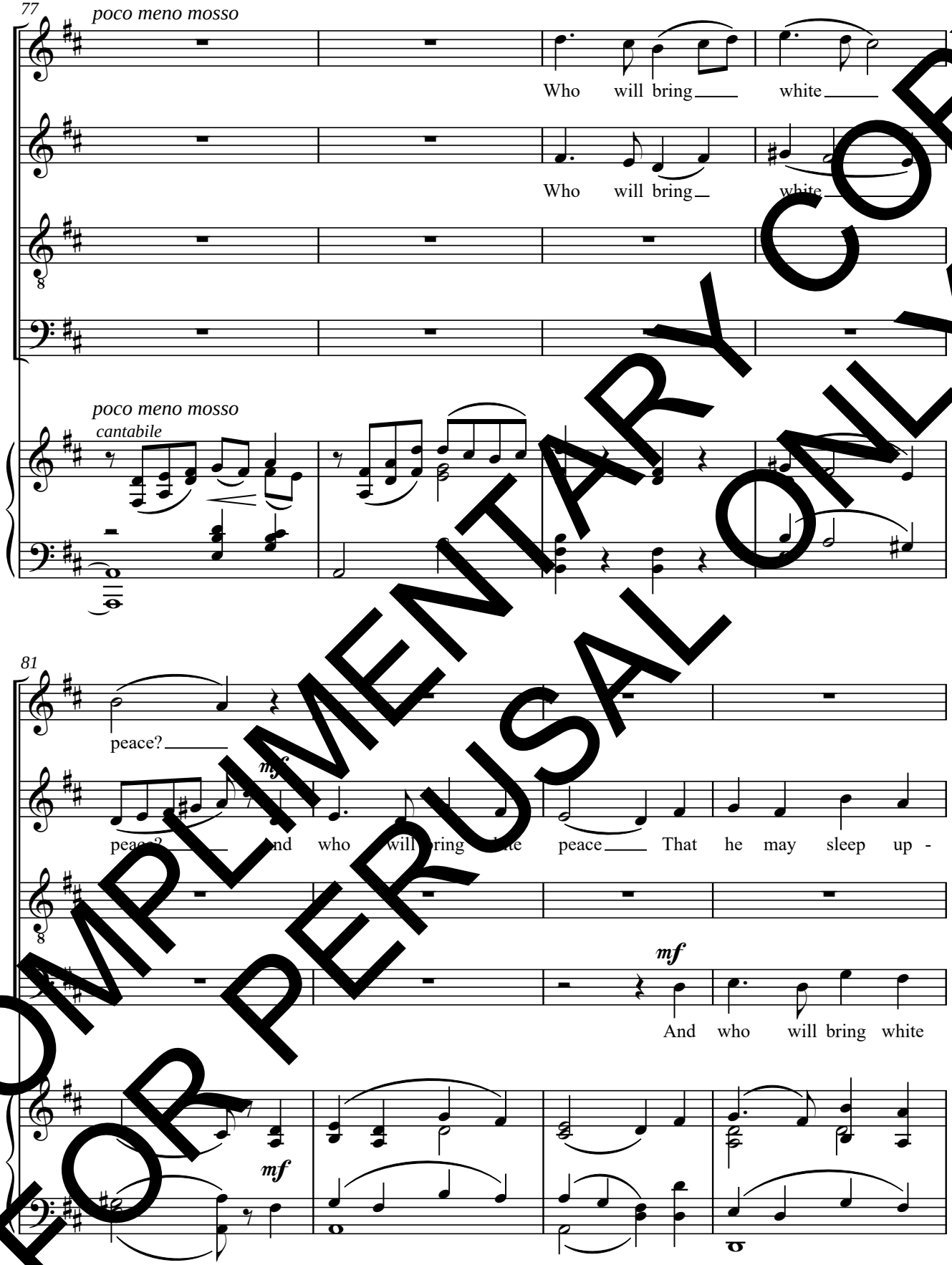

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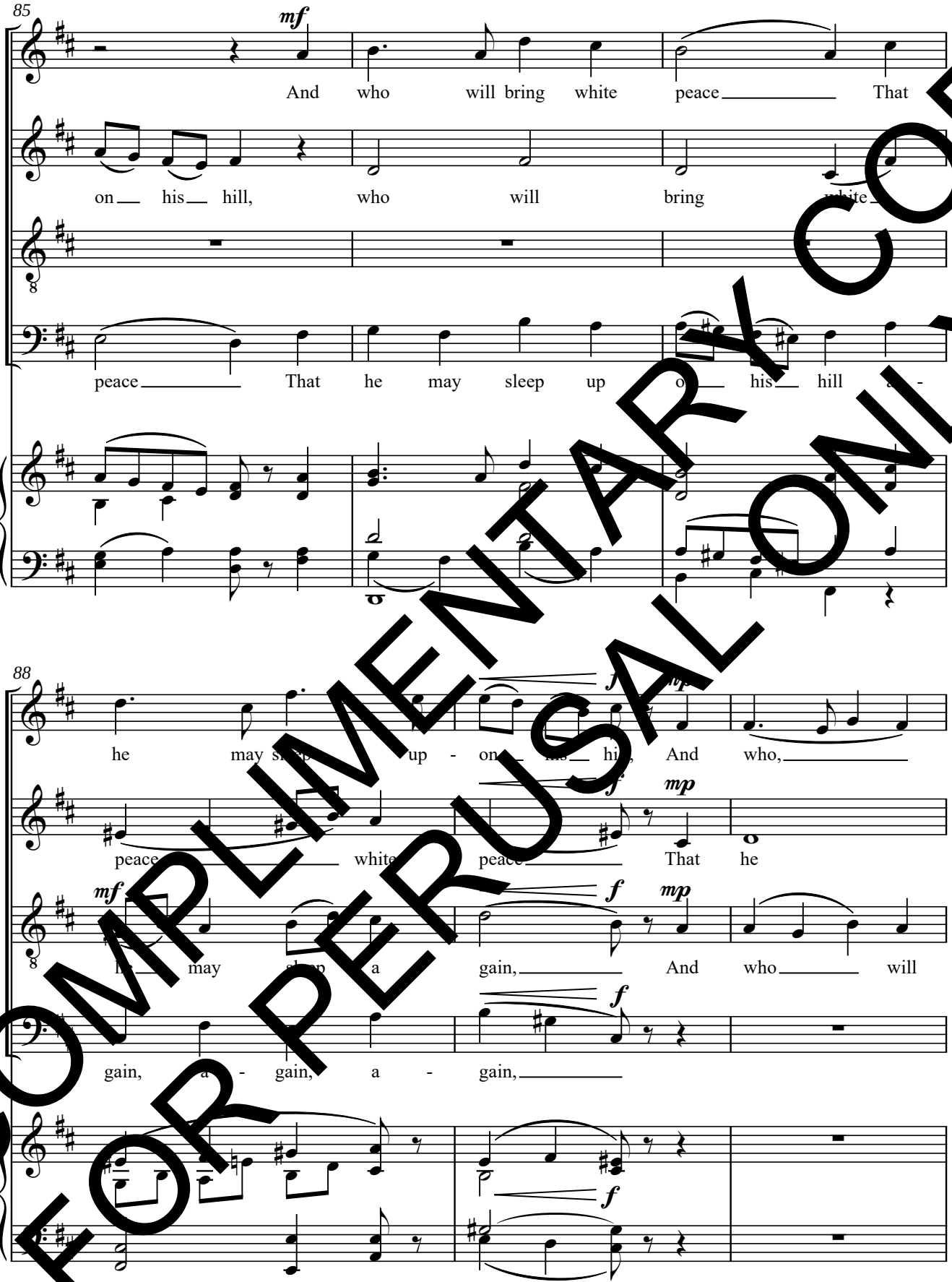

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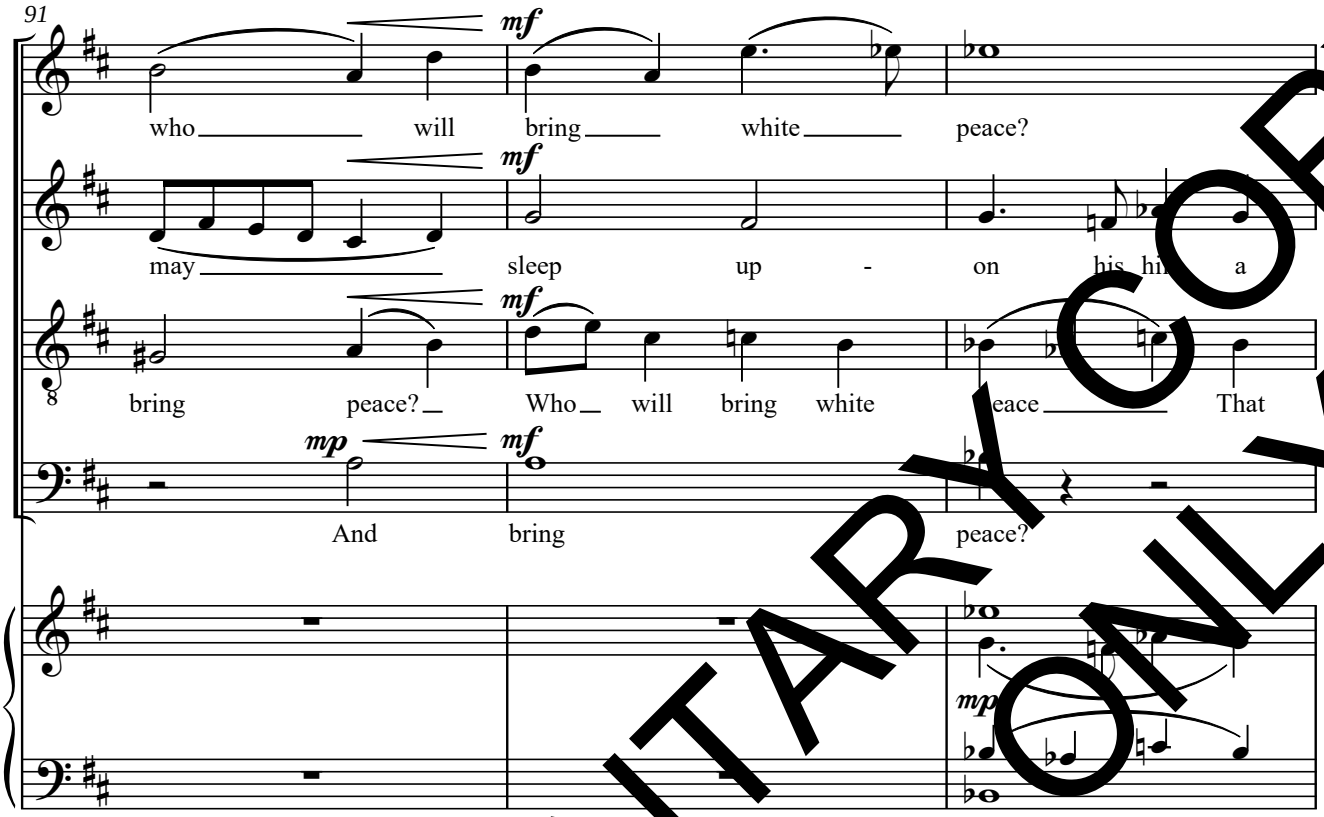

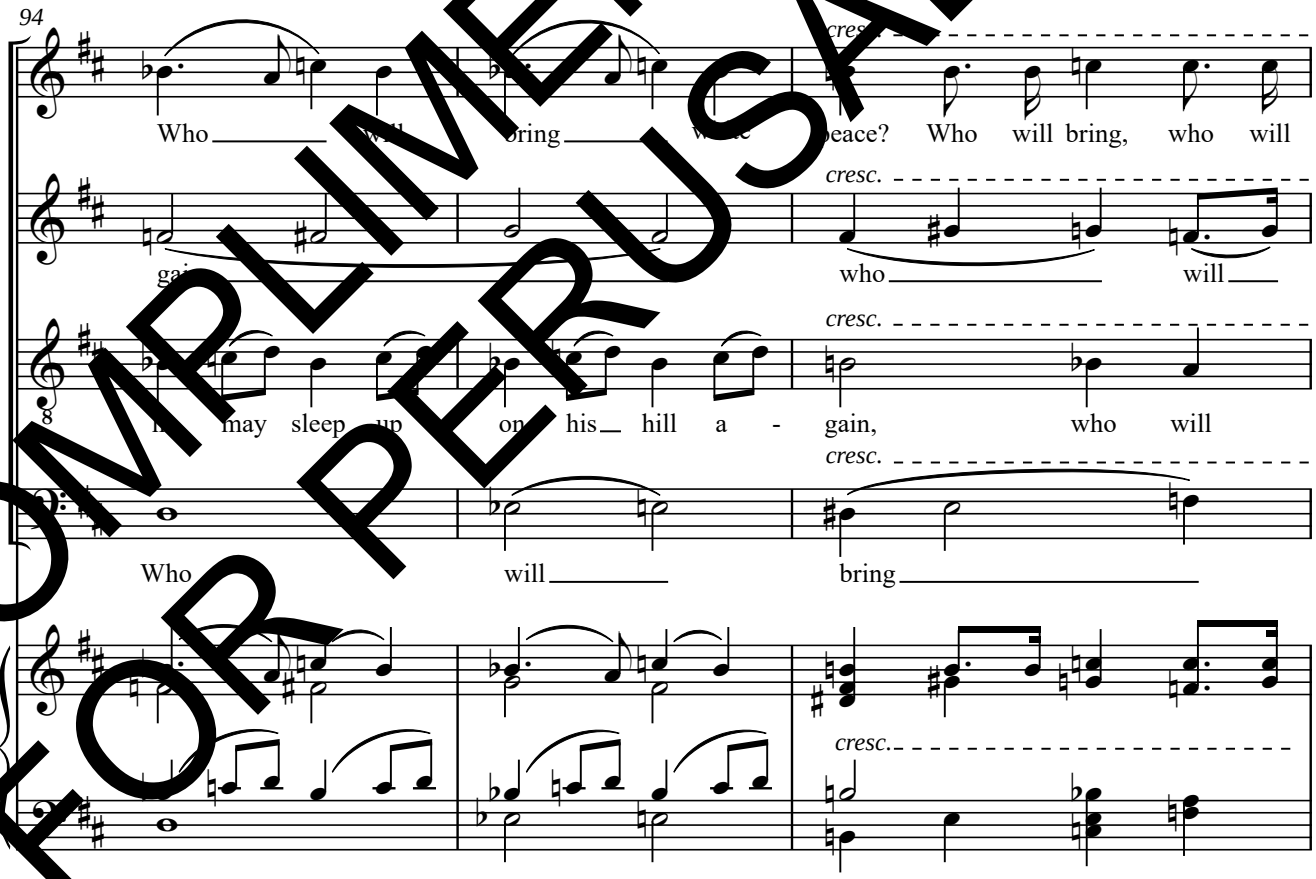

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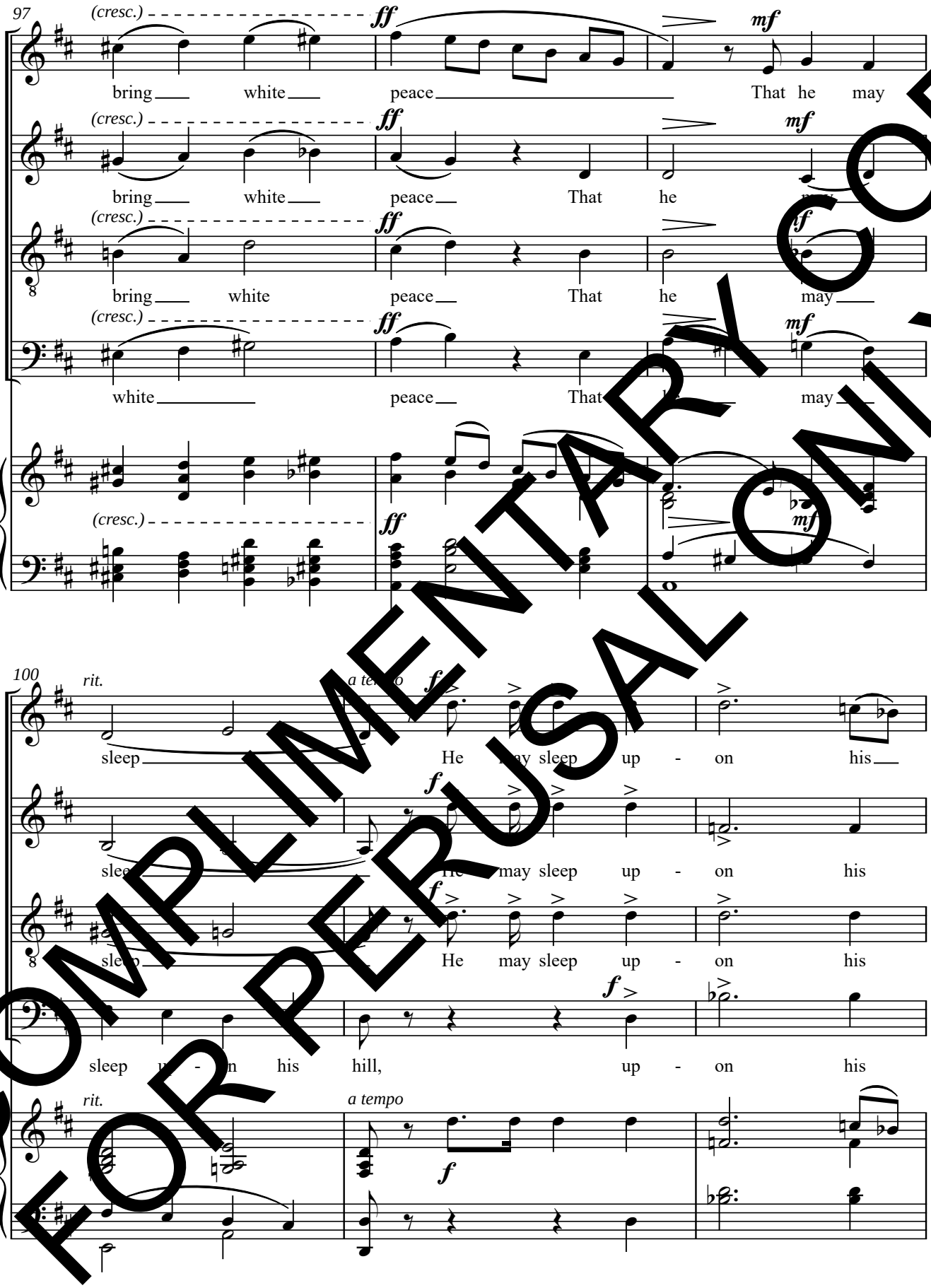

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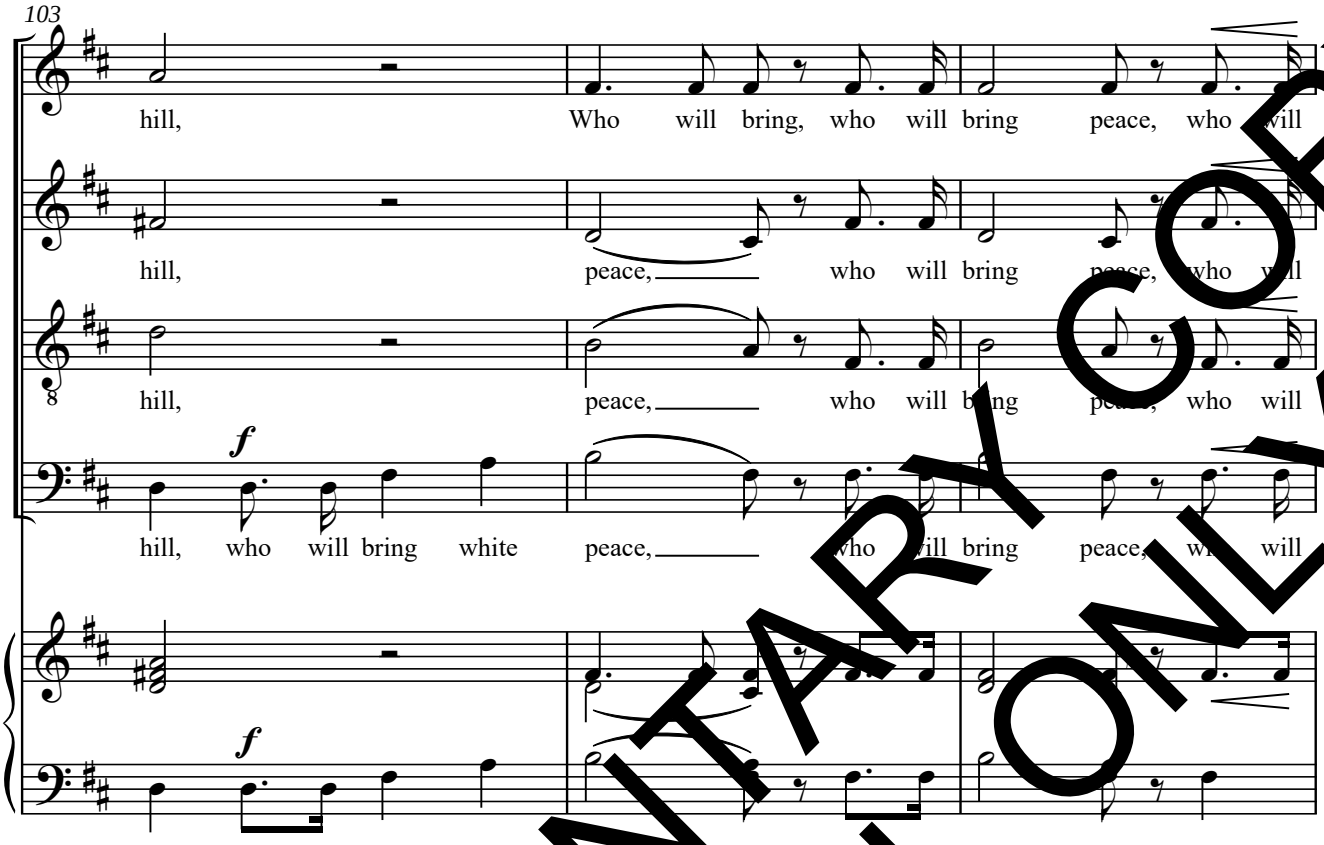

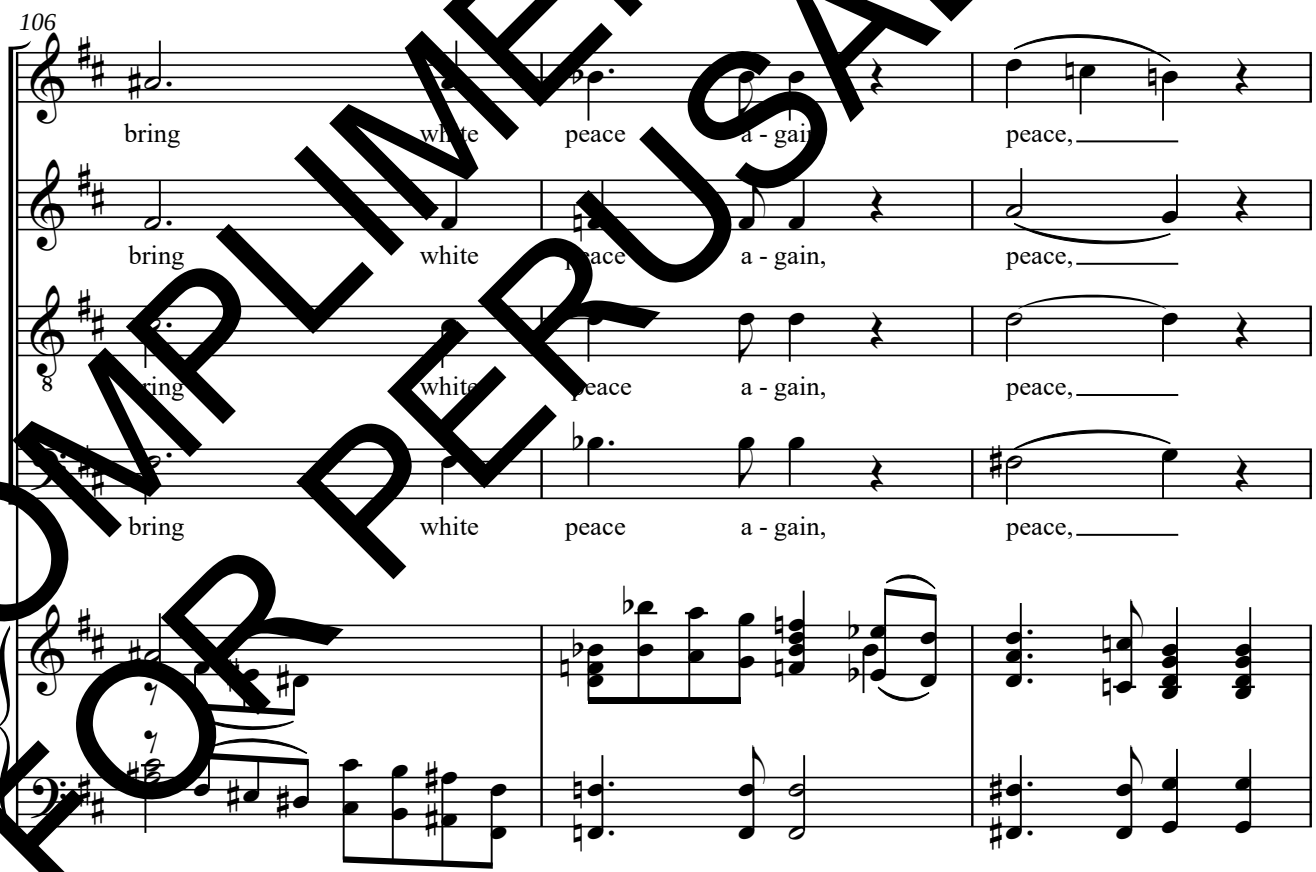

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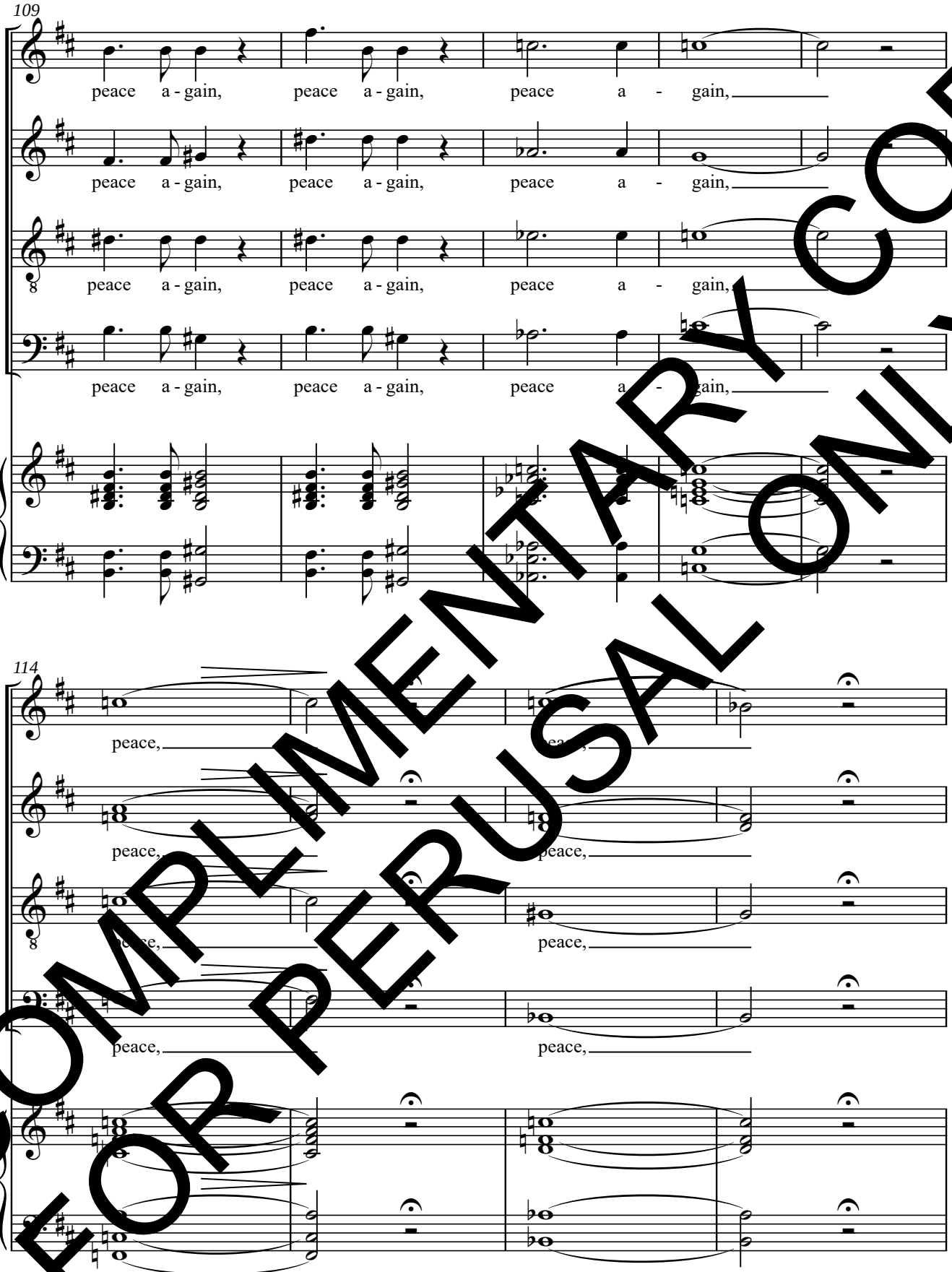

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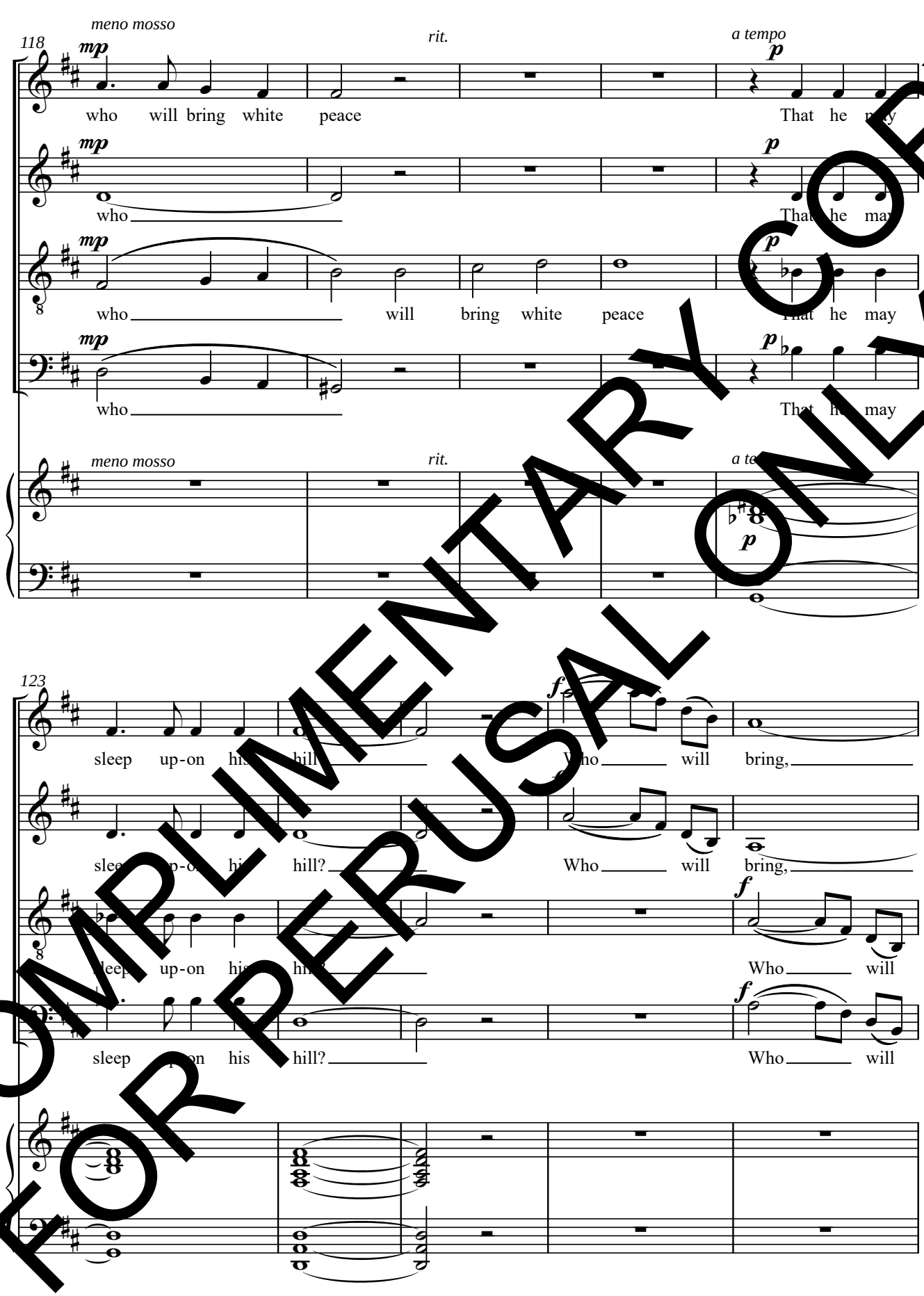

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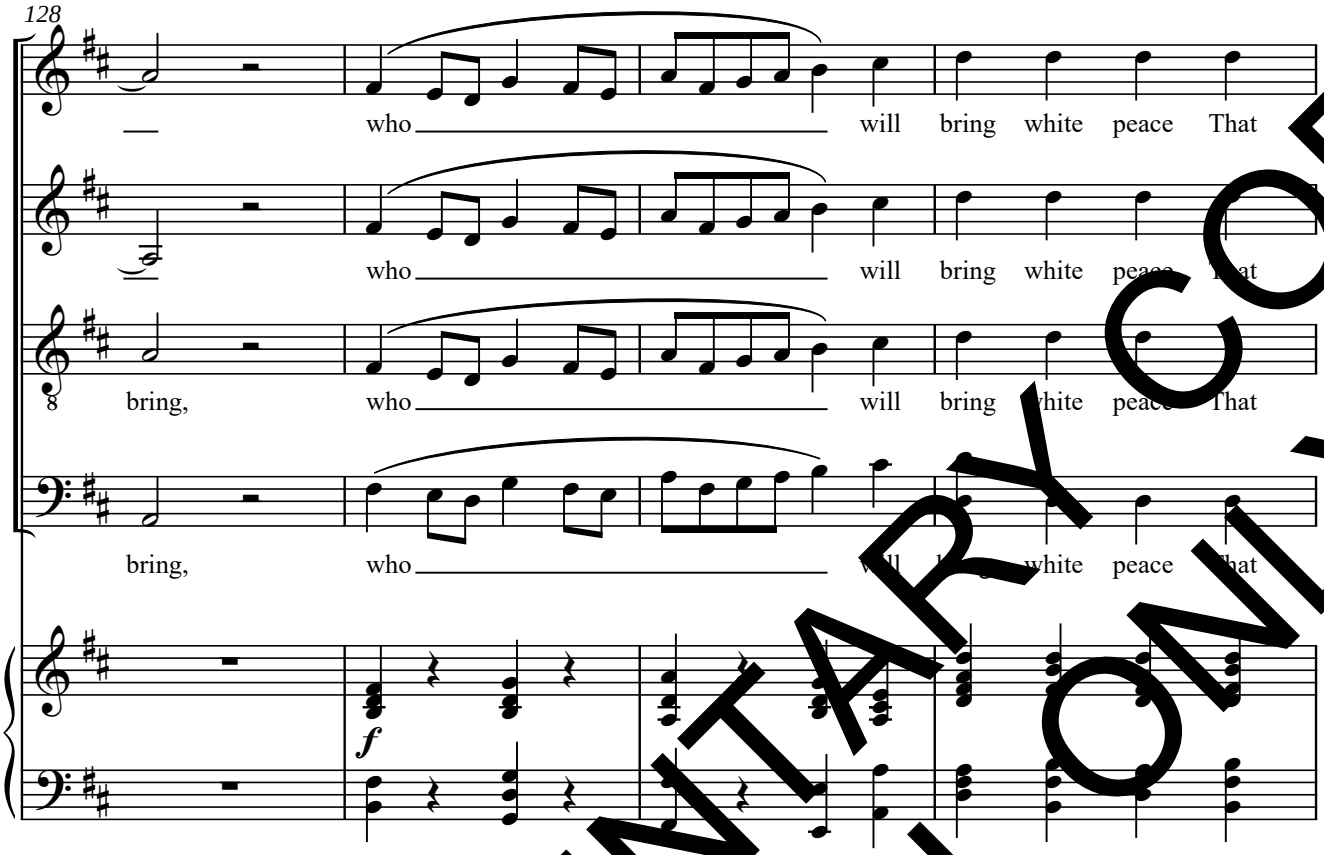

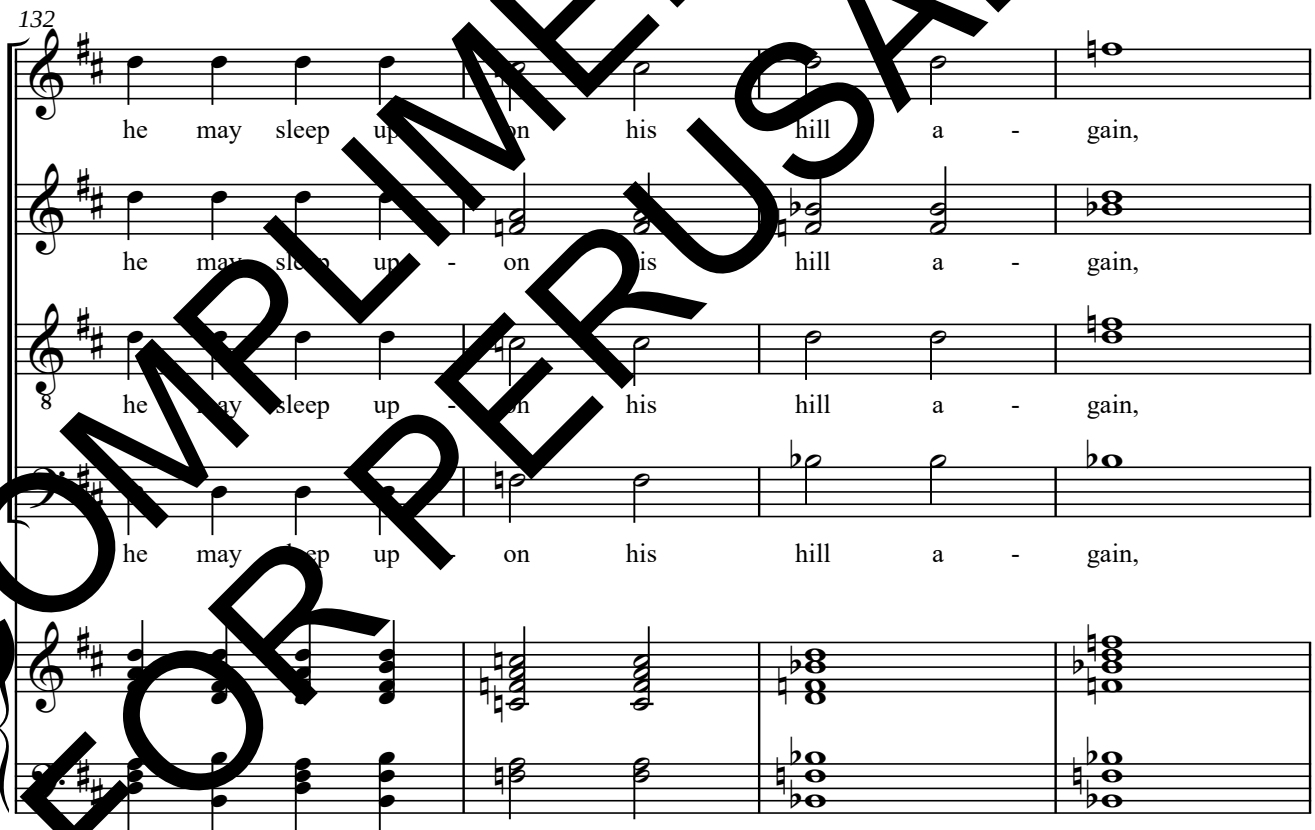

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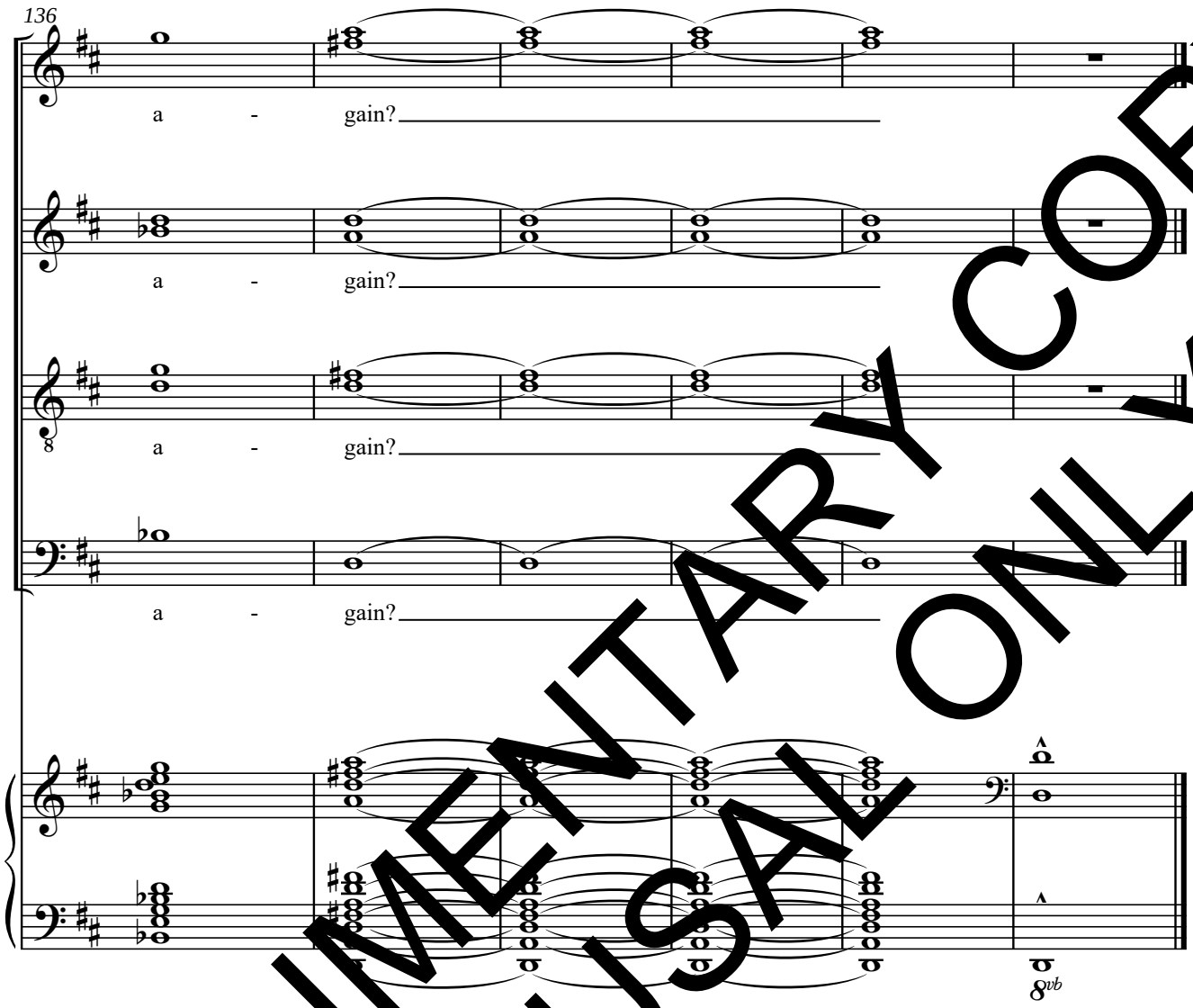

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