

NIGHT COMES TO THE CITY

A Choral Verse Selection

by
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CHORUS: 'Round upon our little globe, the gracious gloaming goes,
Touching his fingers to the cheek of each hemisphere.
The vagabond dealer in shadows flings out his dusks to the city,
And hurls the hot sun below the horizon,
Pursuing the light down the long city buildings,
'Til the wake of the sunset must show
A thousand Rasputins unbinding their lucent gold hair.
The Mutual Trust building has windows as bright as new pennies,
Dazzling the eyes of the weary shoppers,
Who look with relief at the six o'clock sky.
Bands of purple and pink wane in the west,
And above the North Station, the evening star
Quickens and burns

MEN'S VOICES: Down the full streets come the six o'clock busses,
Swelled to the seams with commuters:

VOICE I: Let me off at Fifth street, please--

VOICE II: Driver, take my fare--

VOICE III: I want a round trip ticket--

VOICE IV: Mister, please don't push!

BUS DRIVER: Okay everybody, the back end's going to the same place as the front end, so step lively and
step to the rear!

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