

To What You Said

Text by *Walt Whitman* (1819-1892) [Am]

Set by *Leonard Bernstein* (1918-1990) [Am], from *Songfest*, #4

To what you said,
[tu wɑt ju sɛd]

passionately clasping my hand, this is my answer:
Though you have strayed hither,
for my sake, you can never belong to me,
Nor I to you,
Behold the customary loves and friendships the cold guards
I am that rough and simple person
I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips at parting,
And I am one who is kissed in return,
I introduce that new American salute
Behold love choked, correct, polite, always suspicious
Behold the received models of the parlors—
What are they to me?
What to these young men that travel with me?

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

