

# Music Library Notes

The music library will be **OPEN UNTIL 8:00 p.m. during finals!**

issue no. 15 April 2017

**Music Library HOURS:**  
Monday – Friday  
8:00 a.m. – 7:00 p.m.

## Send suggestions for new items!

(click Suggestion Box link on the [music library homepage](#))

🎉 the winner is  
**Matthew Burns!**  
He guessed that the  
music faculty  
person who makes  
ceramics and really,  
*really* enjoys Italy is  
**KRISTIN GRANT!**



Thanks to everyone  
who participated!  
Trivia questions  
will resume in  
**September ☺.**

Summer's coming!  
Turn off that social  
media and read  
some good books.  
Go here to browse  
some **GoodReads!**

In honor of National Poetry Month,  
a poem about being a musician:

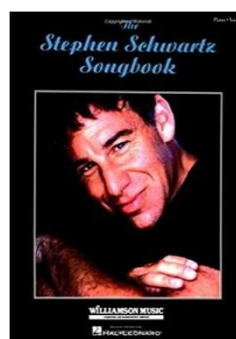
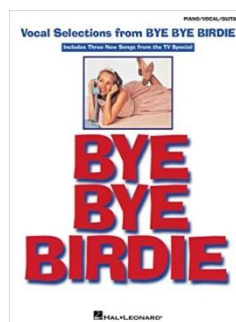
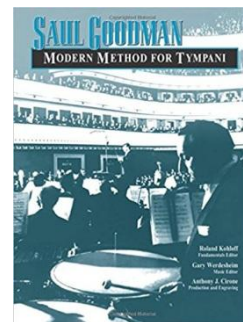
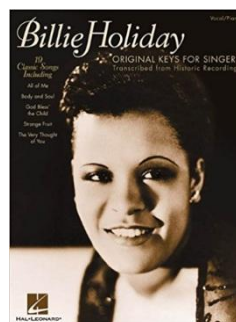
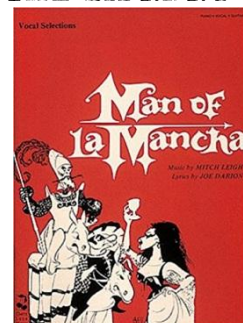
## Fiddler Jones

Edgar Lee Masters, 1868 - 1950

The earth keeps some vibration going  
There in your heart, and that is you.  
And if the people find you can fiddle,  
Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.  
What do you see, a harvest of clover?  
Or a meadow to walk through to the river?  
The wind's in the corn; you rub your hands  
For beeves hereafter ready for market;  
Or else you hear the rustle of skirts  
Like the girls when dancing at Little Grove.  
To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust  
Or whirling leaves meant ruinous drouth;  
They looked to me like Red-Head Sammy  
Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."  
How could I till my forty acres  
Not to speak of getting more,  
With a medley of horns, bassoons and  
piccolos  
Stirred in my brain by crows and robins  
And the creak of a wind-mill--only these?  
And I never started to plow in my life  
That some one did not stop in the road  
And take me away to a dance or picnic.  
I ended up with forty acres;  
I ended up with a broken fiddle--  
And a broken laugh, and a thousand  
memories,  
And not a single regret.



### NEW ITEMS IN THE LIBRARY



Good luck on finals, and have a wonderful summer!