A HUSH YOU COULD SEE

Soprano & Clarinet
Text by Robin Myers

daletrumbore
composer

1. [I woke so early]

I woke so early
that the blue light
hadn't yet become a substance,
was still more
of a hush
you could see,

and I heard the cat
communicating with
the curtains, saw
the shadows of my objects
all around, things
gifted or acquired,
softened by years of seeing them,

felt again
the shock of joy in my chest
as a challenge
to be honored,
without ever having truly
learned how

In the way of the sweet blues
that goes

I'm so glad,
I'm so glad,
I'm glad,
I'm glad,
I'm glad.

I don't know what to do,
I don't know what to do,
I don't
know what
to do.

2. [For awhile I tried writing it all down]

For awhile I tried writing it all down:

birds glimpsed on walks,
meals shared or not,
novels dog-eared,
animal organs skidded
into pavement,
names,
things that shifted across
my father's face in the months
of his illness,
neighbors and what I heard them shout
to their children,
meteorological surprises,
what day it was,
what time.

It was infuriating.
It never stopped.

Everything's just a fucking *catalogue*, I snapped
to my friend the biologist,
as if insulting his mother.
He looked up at me from the garden,
smiling, full of dirt.

Everything,
he said.

3. [When I sleep in the language I forgot]

When I sleep in the language I forgot
and wake, it's like kicking to the surface with the
sun
slanting in through the water,
it's like the memory of being under it,
it's like the weight,
it's like finding the air again,
breathing, the body
already forgetting again
what it was like, being there.

Robin Myers

SCORE IN C

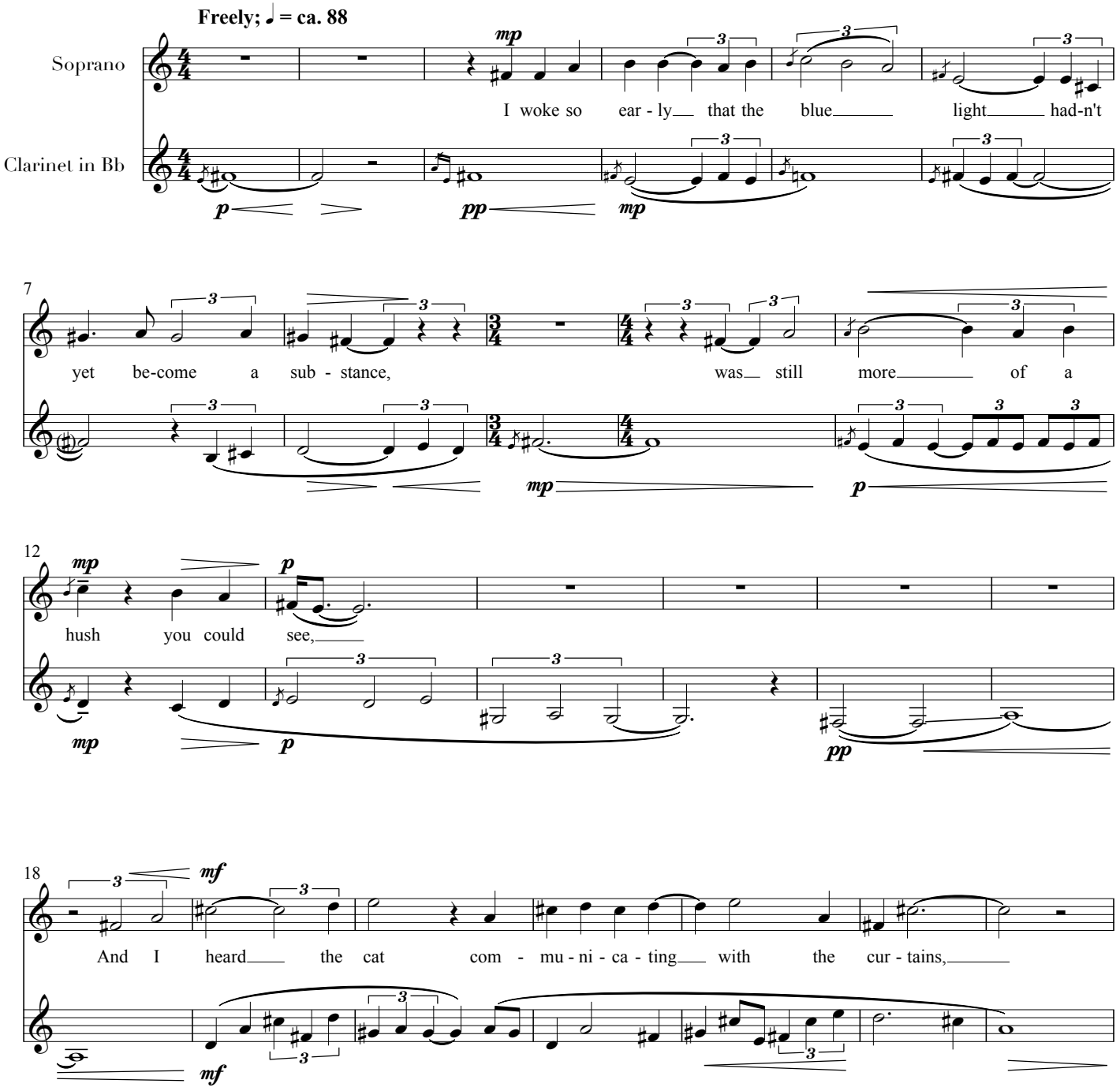
for Alicia Waller

A HUSH YOU COULD SEE

1. I woke so early

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore



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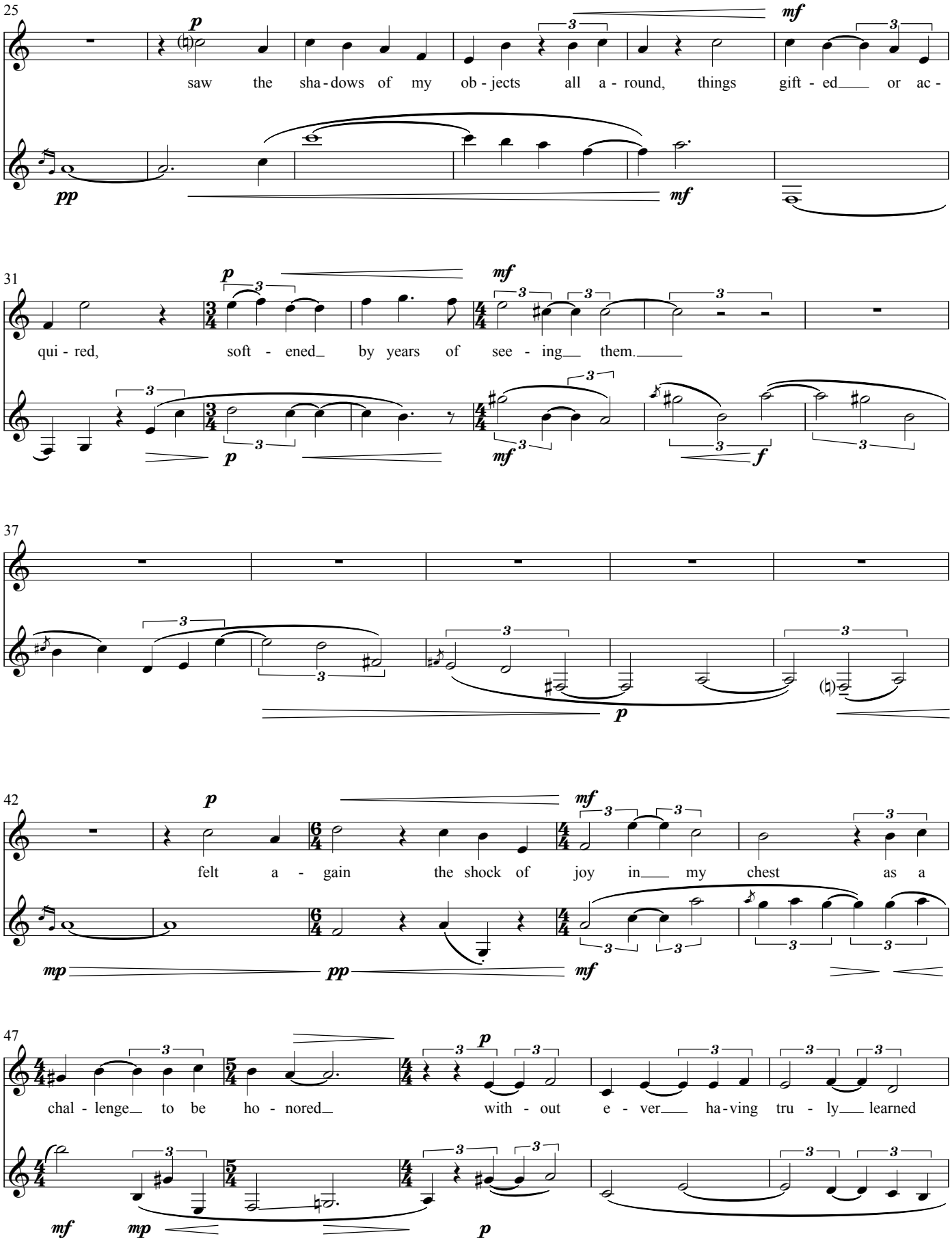
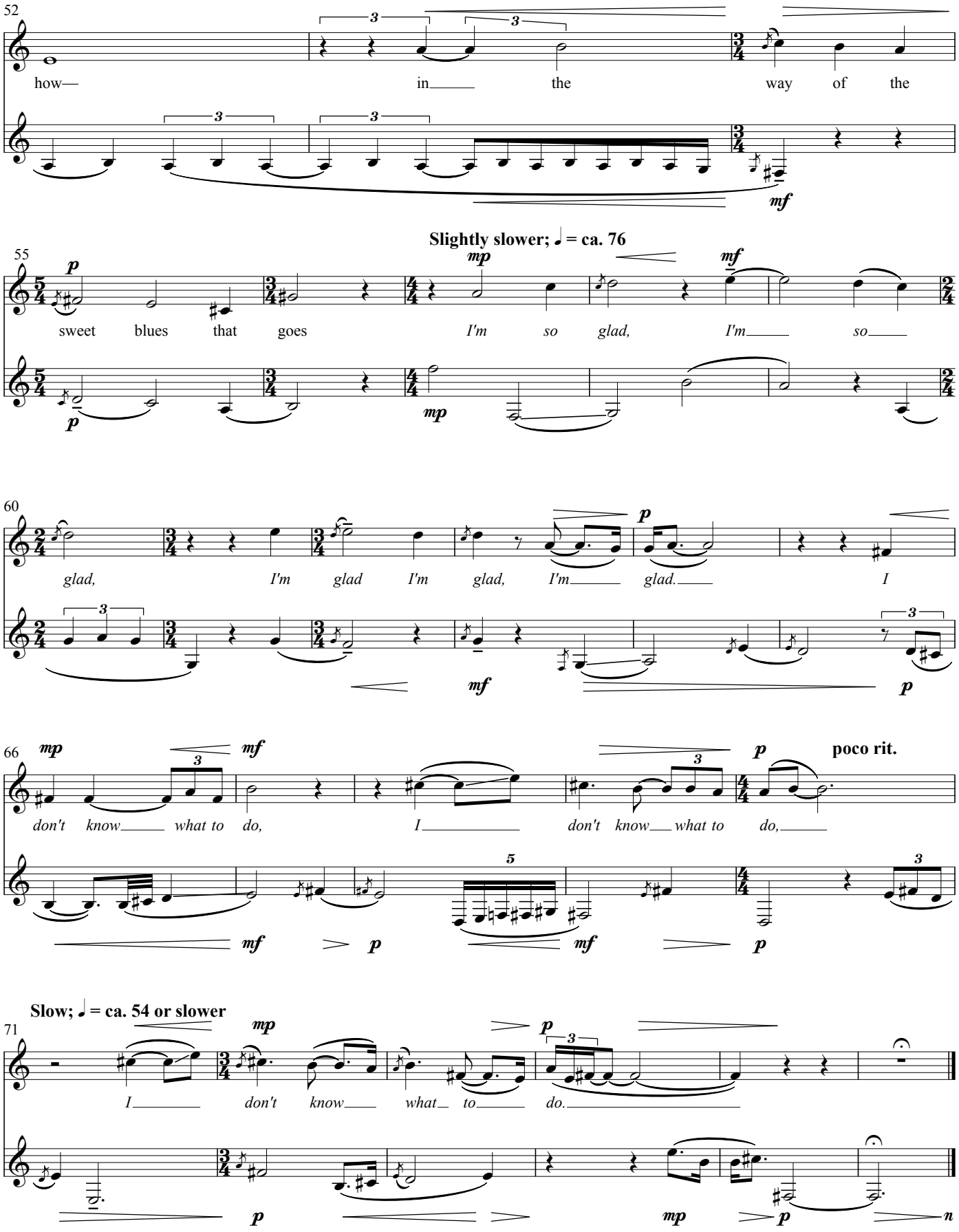
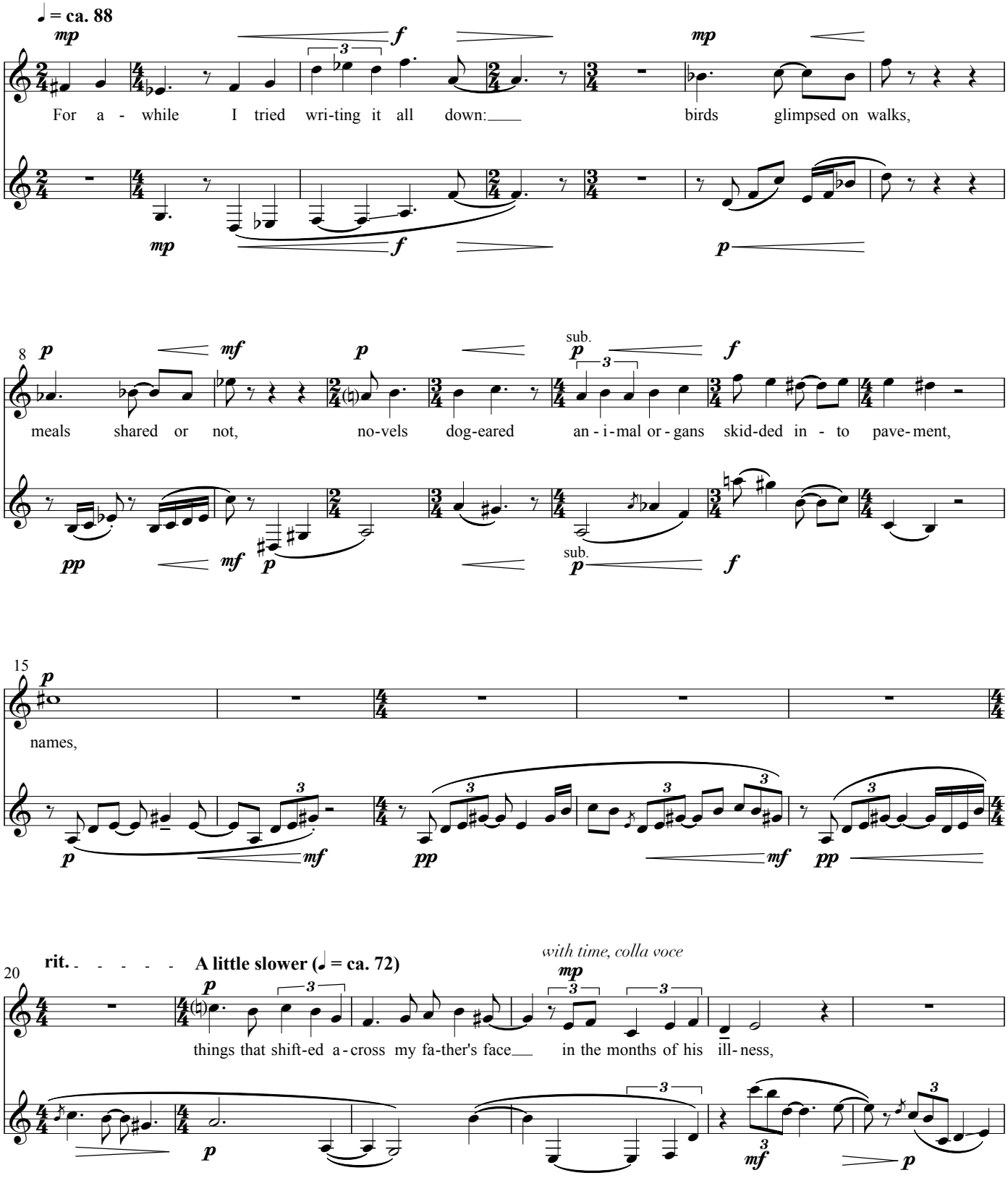
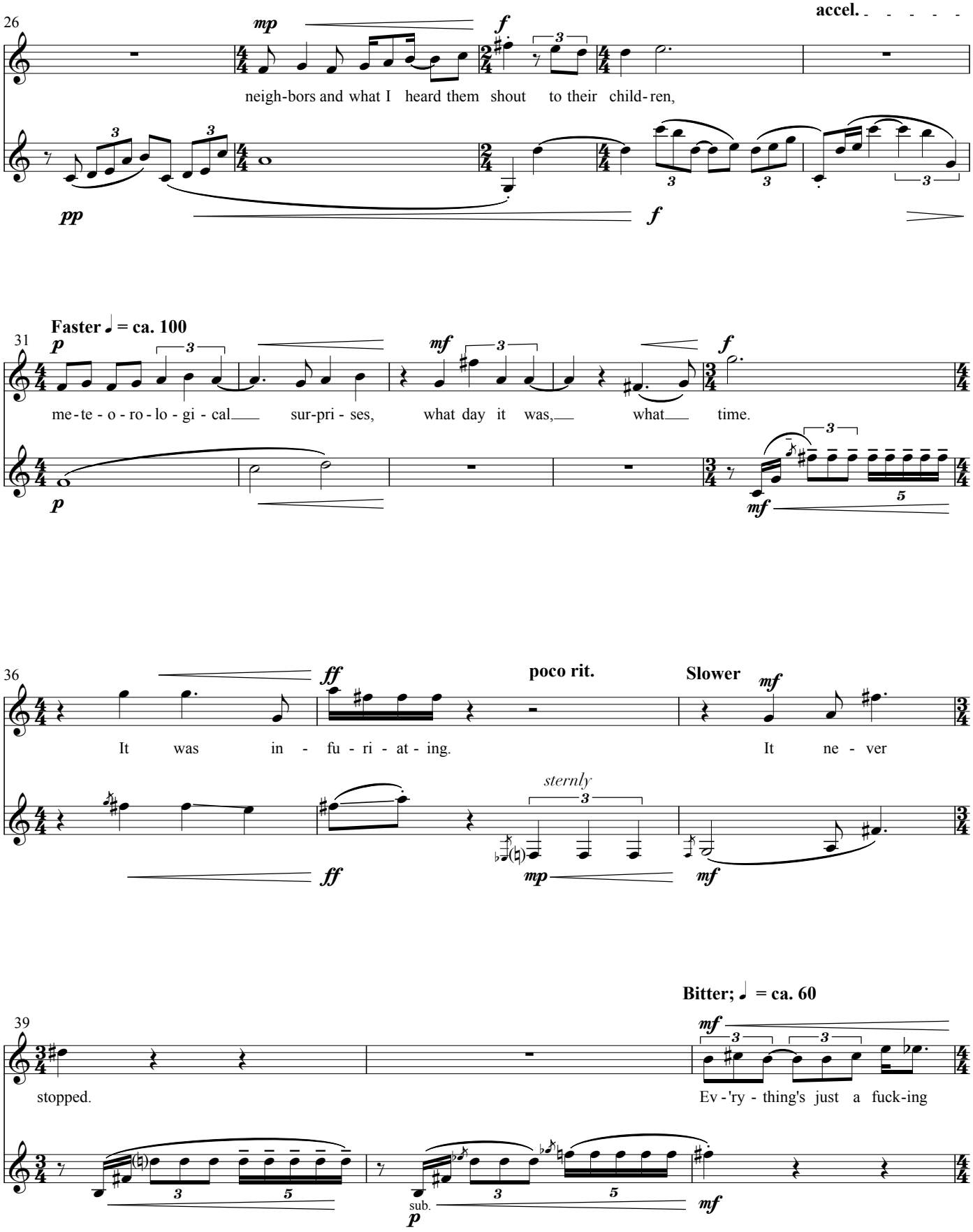
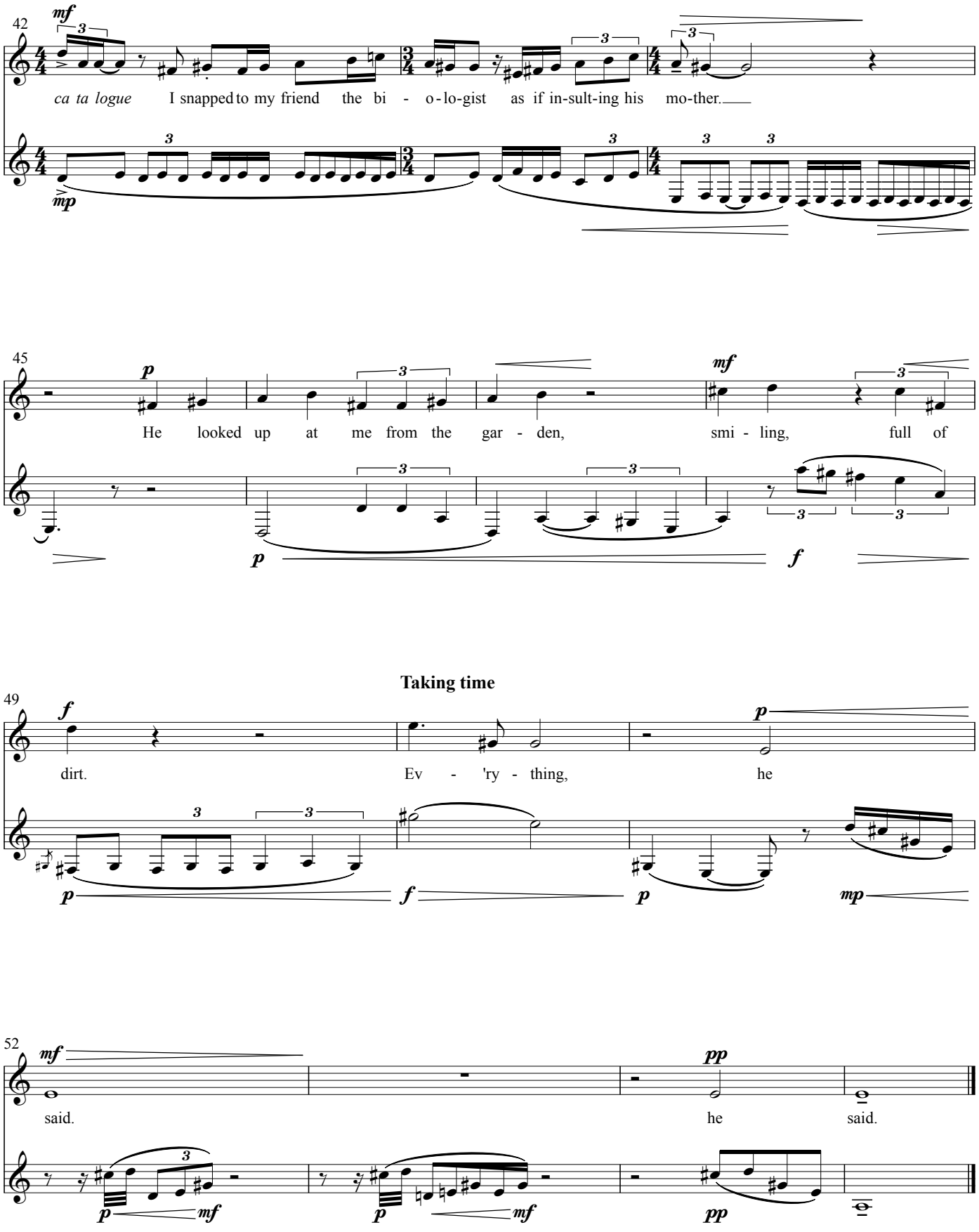

25
saw the sha - dows of my ob - jects all a - round, things gift - ed or ac -
31
qui - red, soft - ened by years of see - ing them.
37
42
felt a - gain the shock of joy in my chest as a
47
chal - lenge to be ho - nored with - out e - ver ha - ving tru - ly learned


52
how— in the way of the
mf
Slightly slower; ♩ = ca. 76
55
p
mp
mf
sweet blues that goes I'm so glad, I'm so
p
mp
60
glad, I'm glad I'm glad, I'm glad. I
p
mf
p
66
mp
mf
don't know what to do, I don't know what to do,
p
poco rit.
mf
p
mf
p
Slow; ♩ = ca. 54 or slower
71
mp
I don't know what to do.
p
p
mp
p
n

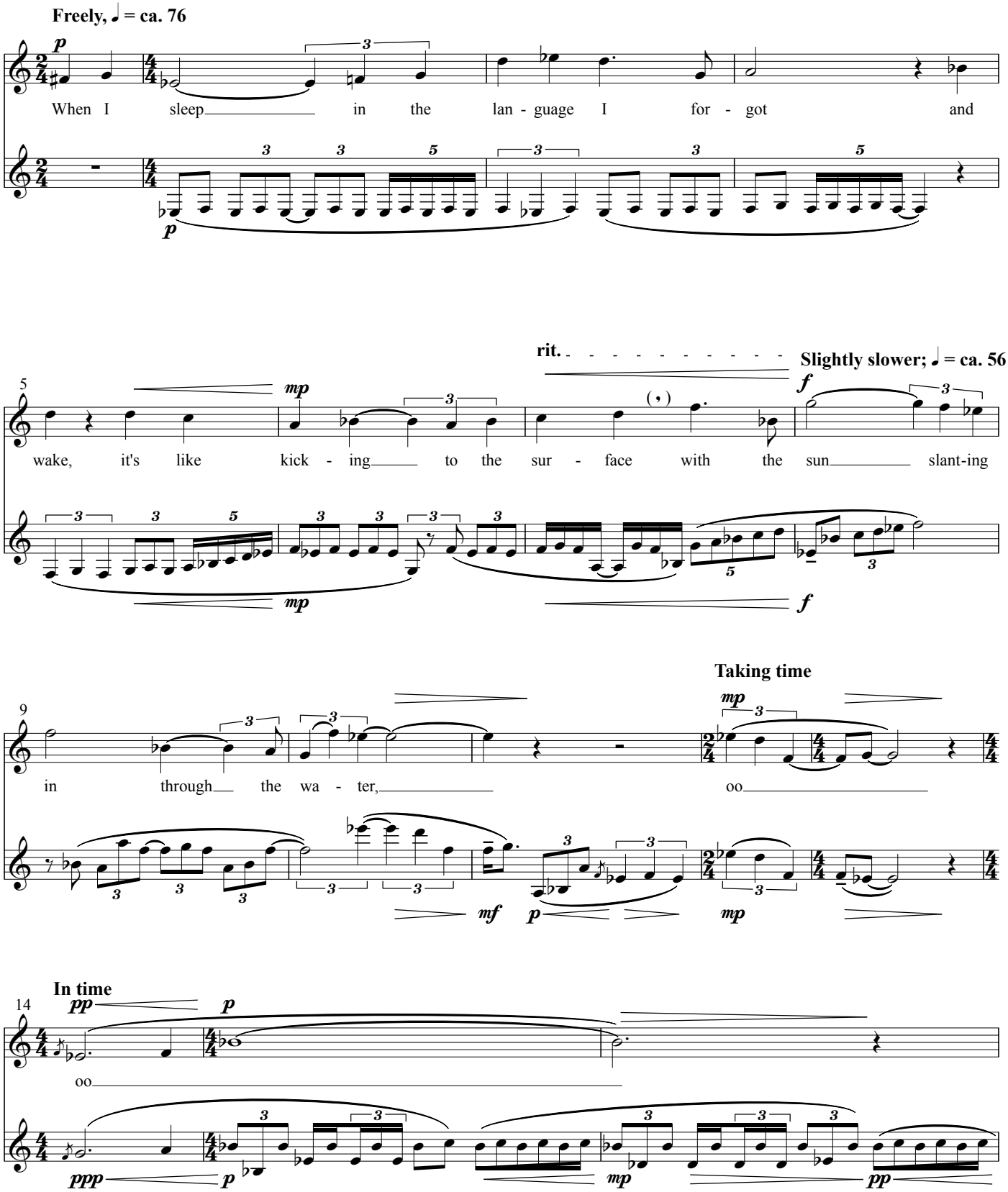
2. For awhile I tried writing it all down

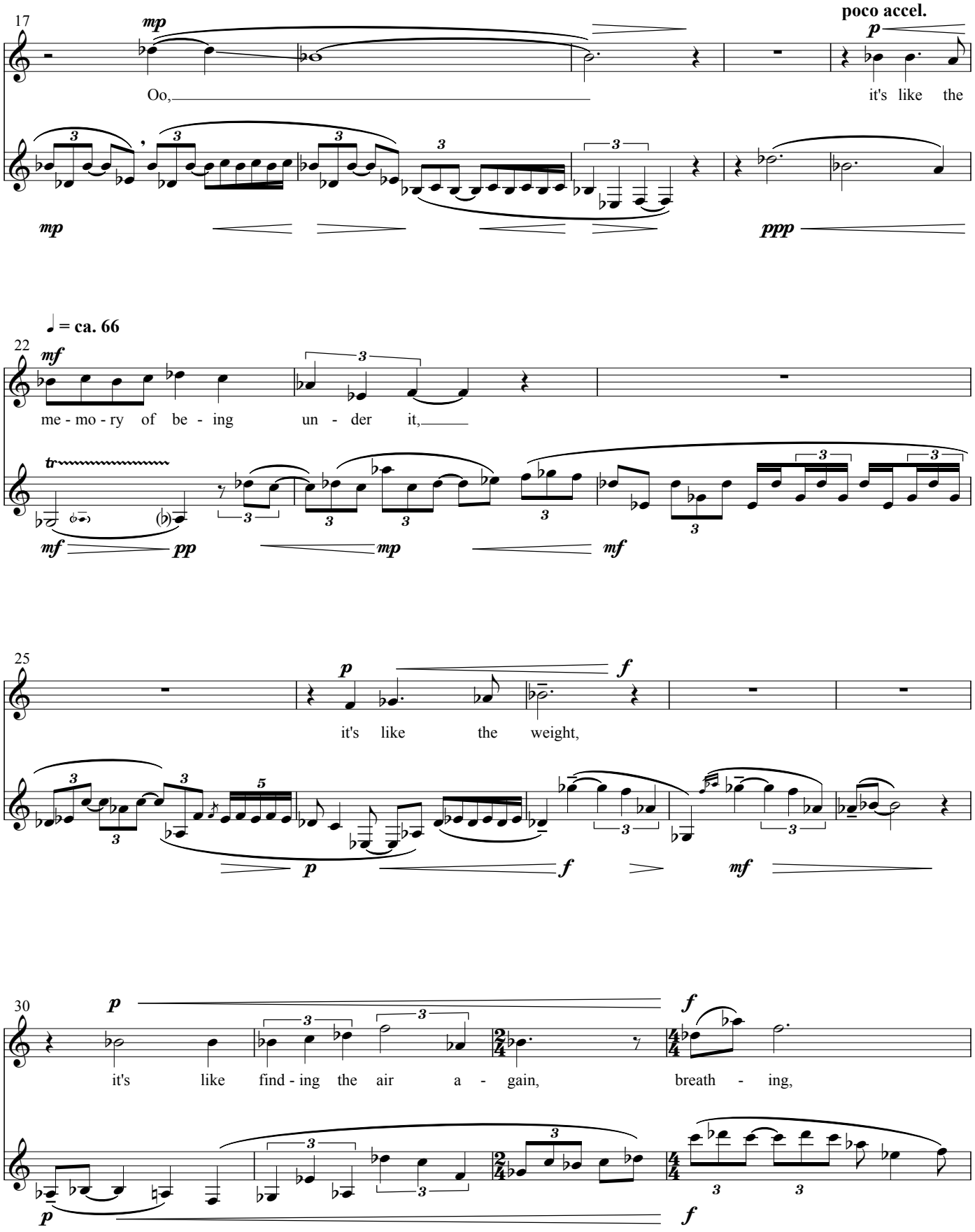


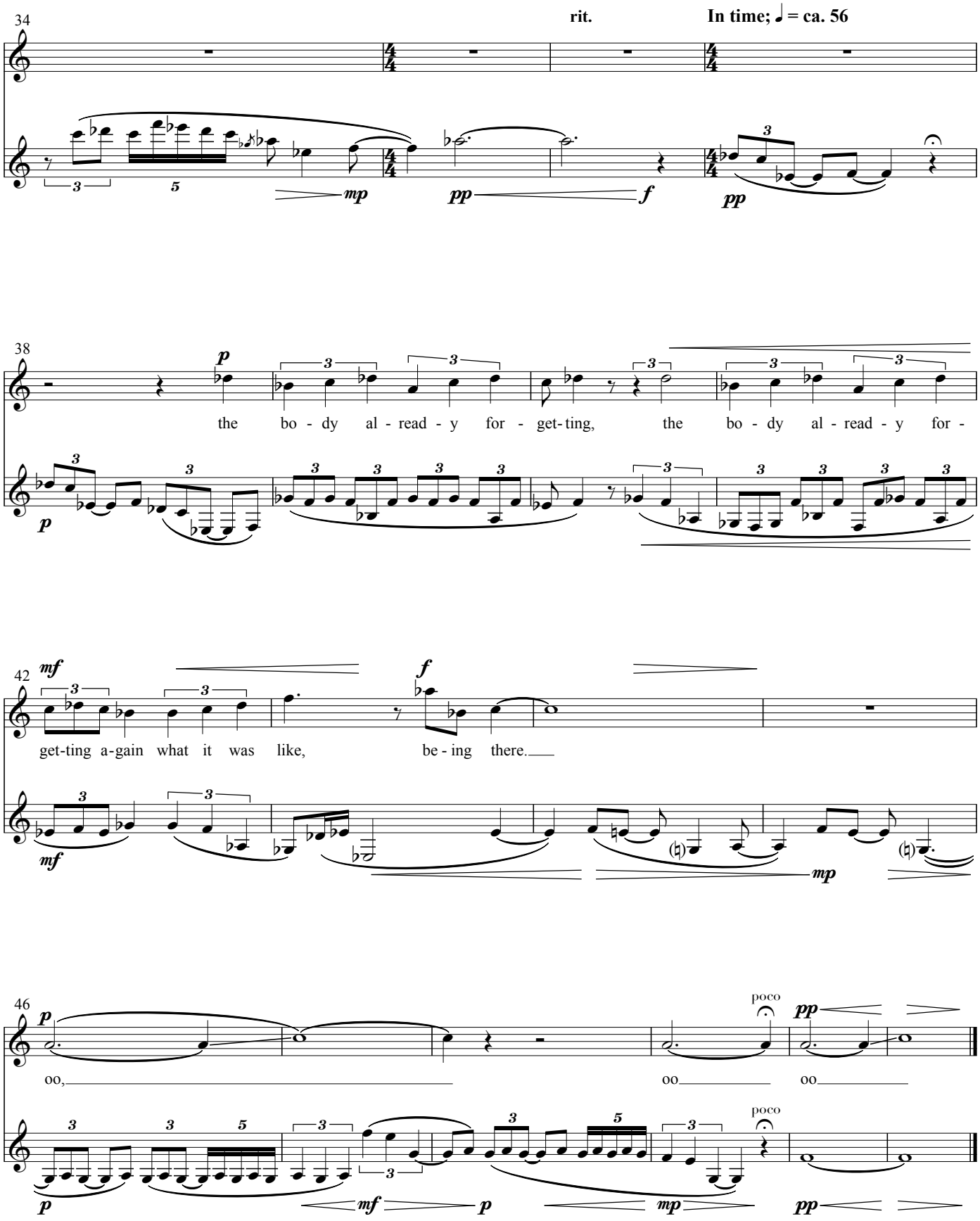

26
mp
f
accel.
neigh-bors and what I heard them shout to their child-ren,
pp
f
31
Faster ♩ = ca. 100
p
mf
f
me-te-o-ro-lo-gi-cal sur-pri-ses, what day it was, what time.
p
mf
36
ff
poco rit.
Slower
mf
It was in-fu-ri-at-ing. It ne-ver
sternly
ff
mp
mf
39
Bitter; ♩ = ca. 60
mf
stopped.
Ev-'ry-thing's just a fuck-ing
sub.
p
mf


42
mf
mp
ca ta logue I snapped to my friend the bi - o-lo-gist as if in-sult-ing his mo-ther.
45
p
He looked up at me from the gar - den, smi - ling, full of
mf
p
f
Taking time
49
f
dirt. Ev - 'ry - thing, he
p
p
f
p
mp
52
mf
said. he said.
p
mf
p
mf
pp
pp

3. When I sleep in the language I forgot




17
mp
poco accel.
p
Oo,
it's like the
mp
ppp
♩ = ca. 66
22
mf
me - mo - ry of be - ing un - der it,
tr
mf
pp
mp
mf
25
p
f
it's like the weight,
p
f
mf
30
p
f
it's like find - ing the air a - gain, breath - ing,
p
f


34
rit.
In time; ♩ = ca. 56
38
the bo - dy al - read - y for - get-ting, the bo - dy al - read - y for -
42
get-ting a-gain what it was like, be - ing there.
46
poco
poco
oo,
oo
oo

A HUSH YOU COULD SEE

Soprano & Clarinet
Text by Robin Myers

Clarinet in B ♭

daletrumbore
composer

TRANSPOSED SCORE
Clarinet in B♭

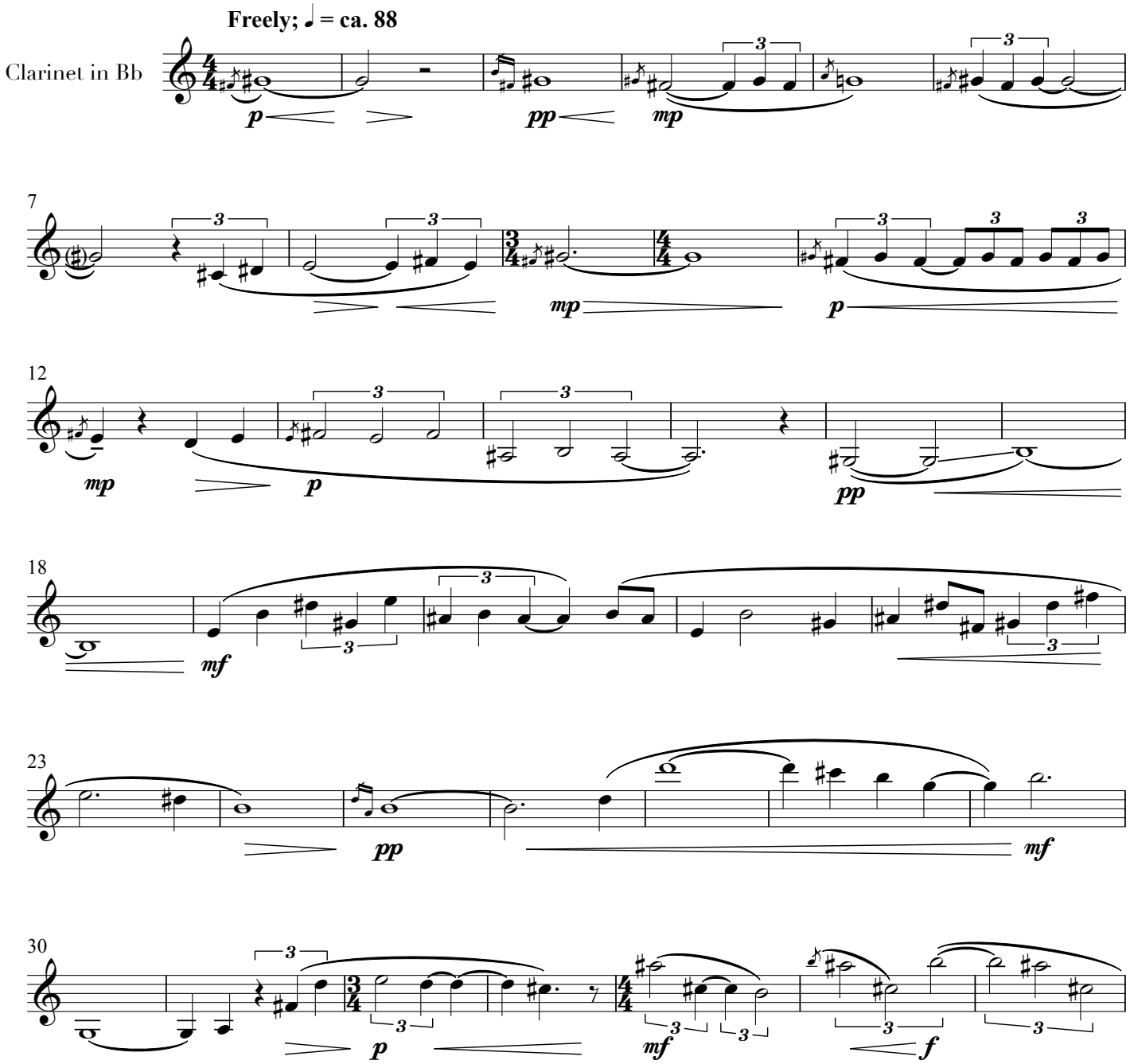
for Alicia Waller

A HUSH YOU COULD SEE

1. I woke so early

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore



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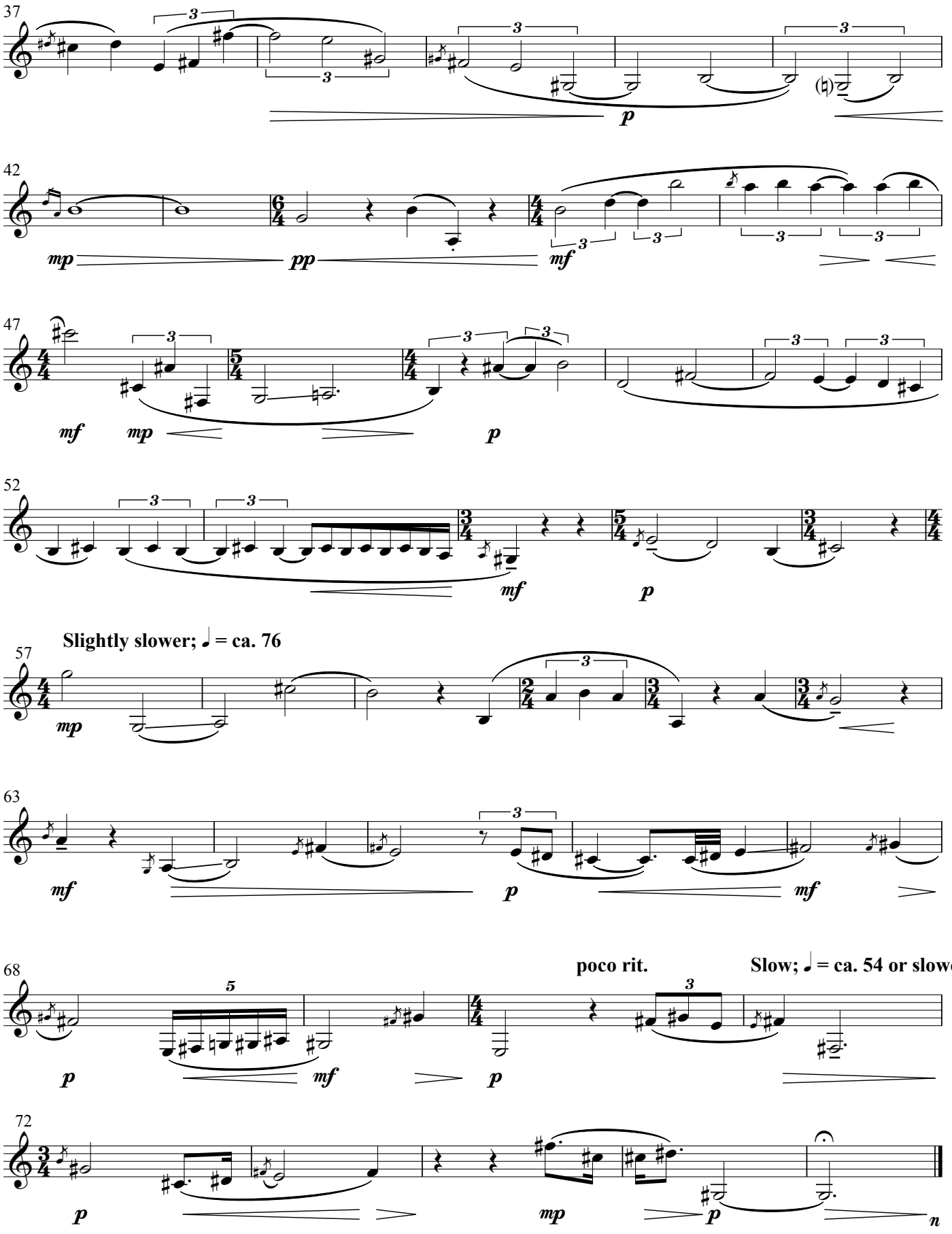
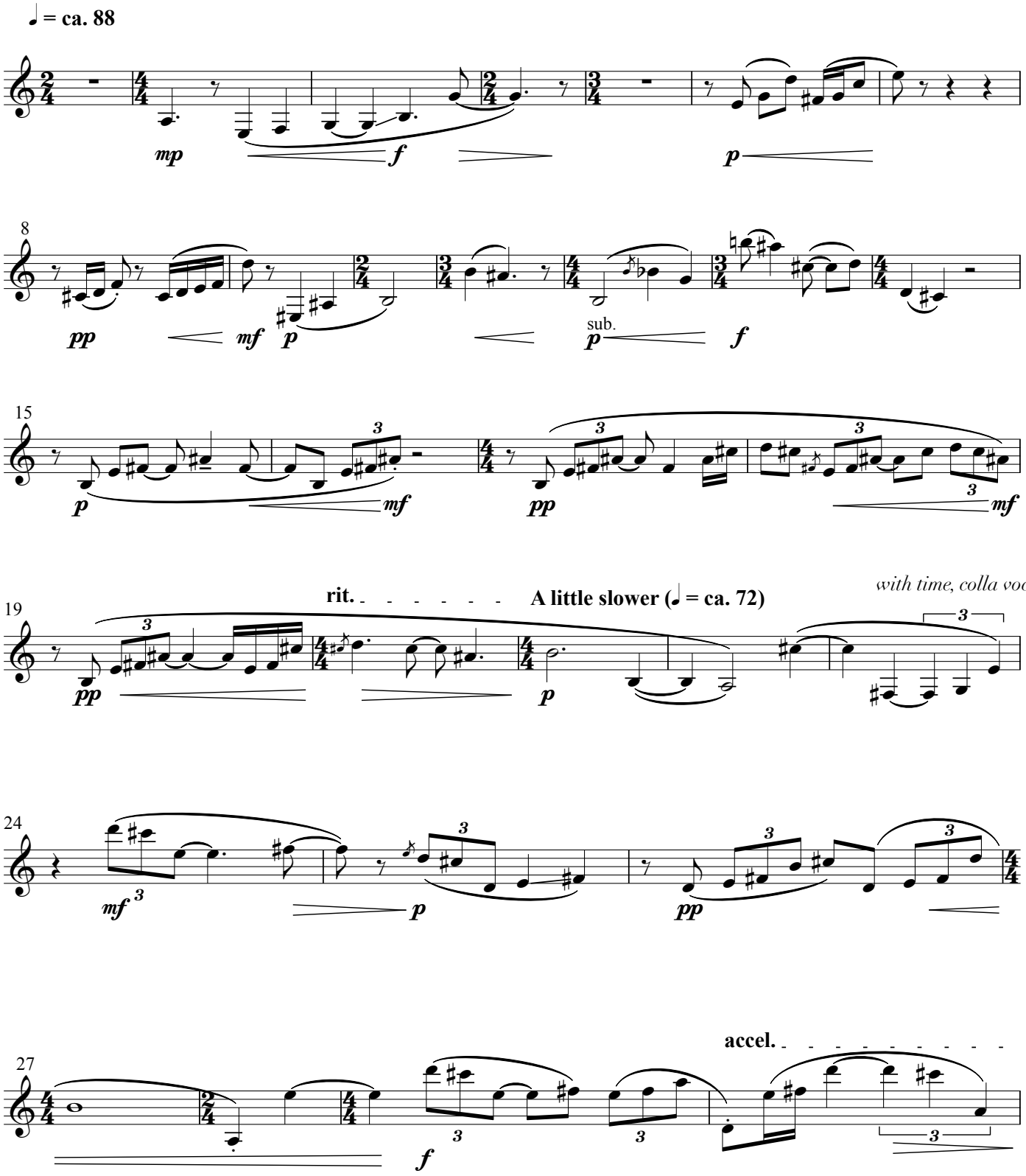
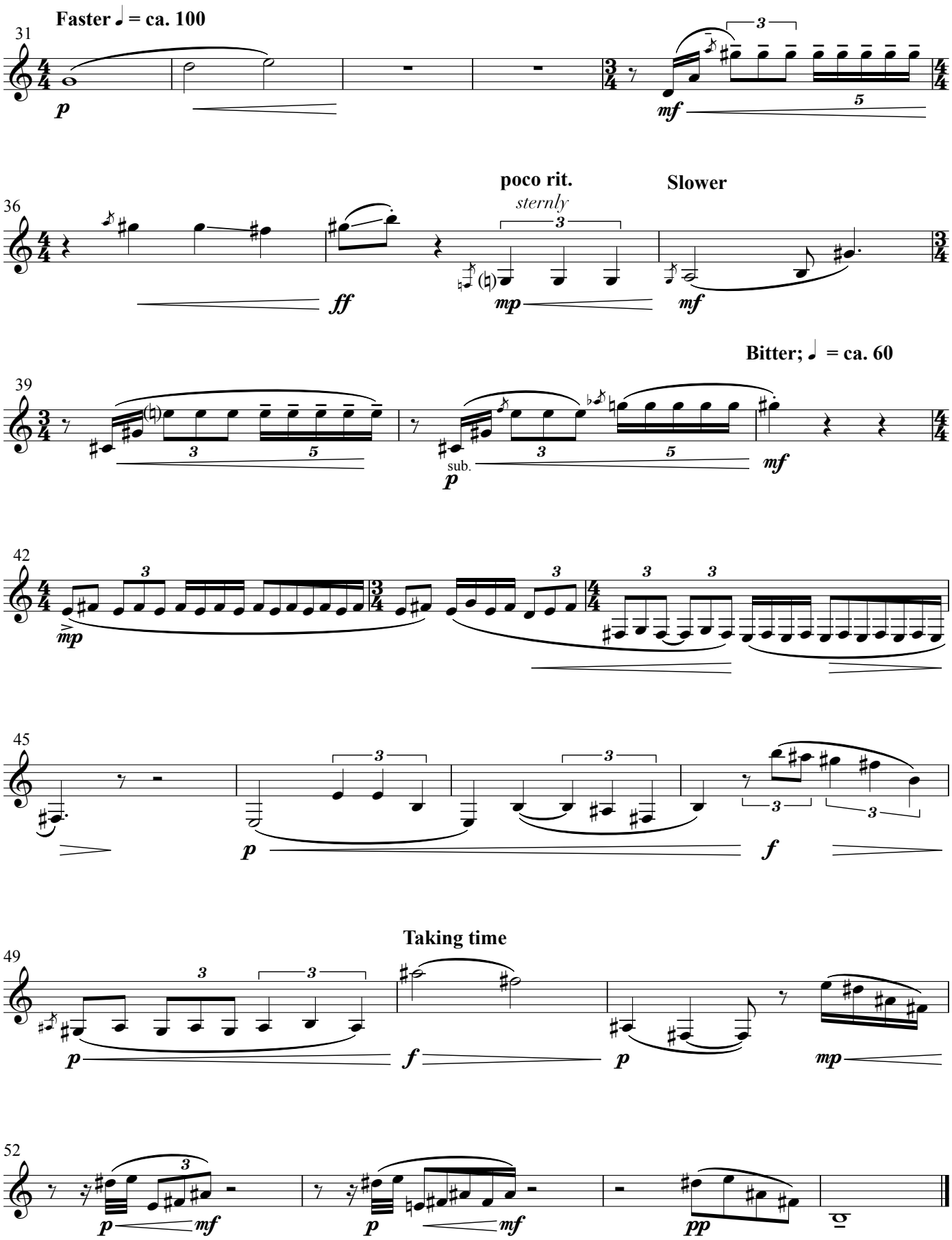
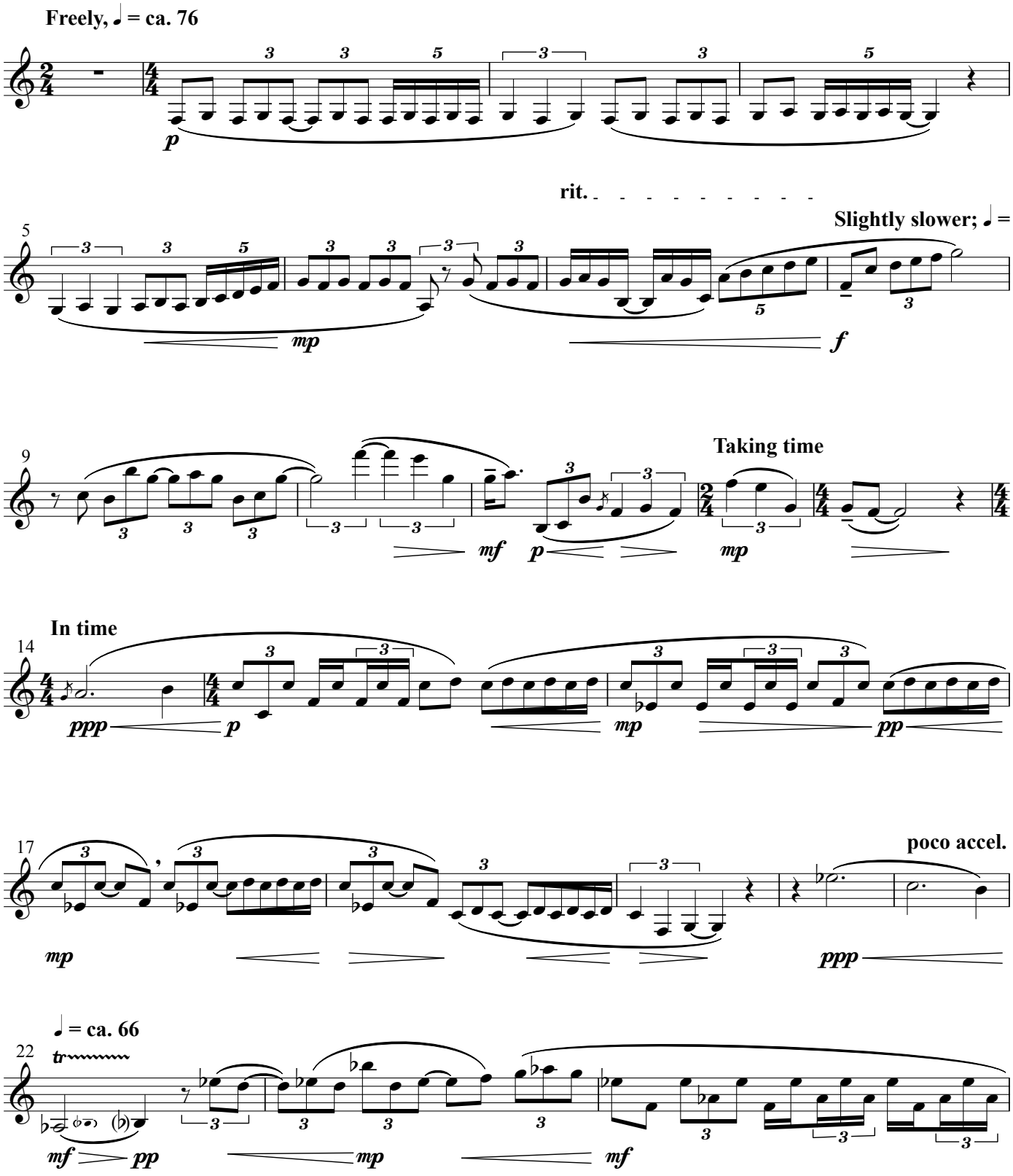

37
42
47
52
Slightly slower; ♩ = ca. 76
57
63
poco rit.
Slow; ♩ = ca. 54 or slower
68
72

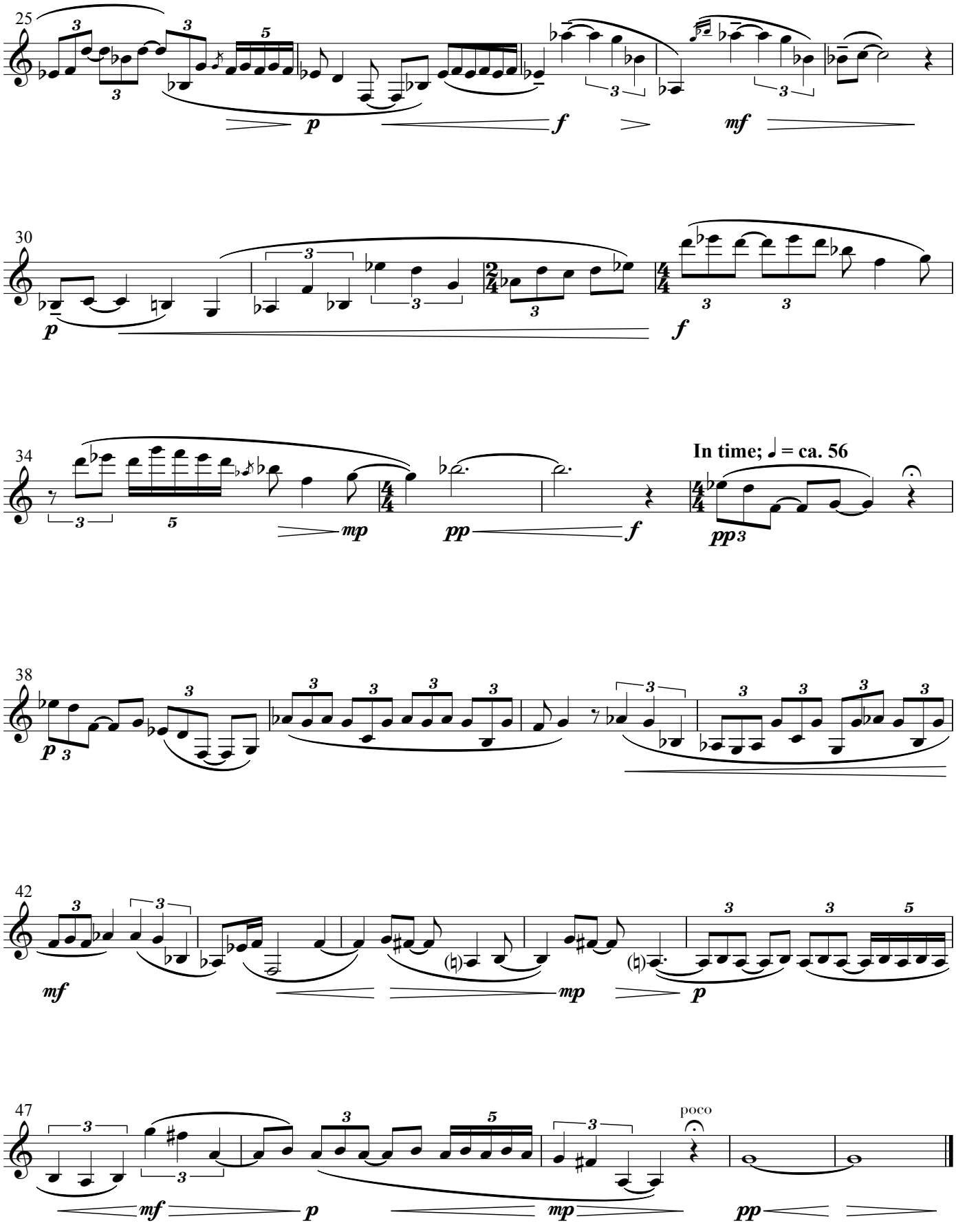
2. For awhile I tried writing it all down




Faster ♩ = ca. 100
31
poco rit.
sternly
Slower
36
Bitter; ♩ = ca. 60
39
sub.
42
45
Taking time
49
52

3. When I sleep in the language I forgot




25
p
f
mf
30
p
f
34
mp
pp
f
In time; ♩ = ca. 56
pp
38
p
42
mf
mp
p
47
mf
p
mp
poco
pp

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you could see,

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communicating with
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the shadows of my objects
all around, things
gifted or acquired,
softened by years of seeing them,

felt again
the shock of joy in my chest
as a challenge
to be honored,
without ever having truly
learned how

In the way of the sweet blues
that goes

I'm so glad,
I'm so glad,
I'm glad,
I'm glad,
I'm glad.

I don't know what to do,
I don't know what to do,
I don't
know what
to do.

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meals shared or not,
novels dog-eared,
animal organs skidded
into pavement,
names,
things that shifted across
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neighbors and what I heard them shout
to their children,
meteorological surprises,
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it's like the weight,
it's like finding the air again,
breathing, the body
already forgetting again
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Robin Myers

TRANSPOSED SCORE

for Alicia Waller

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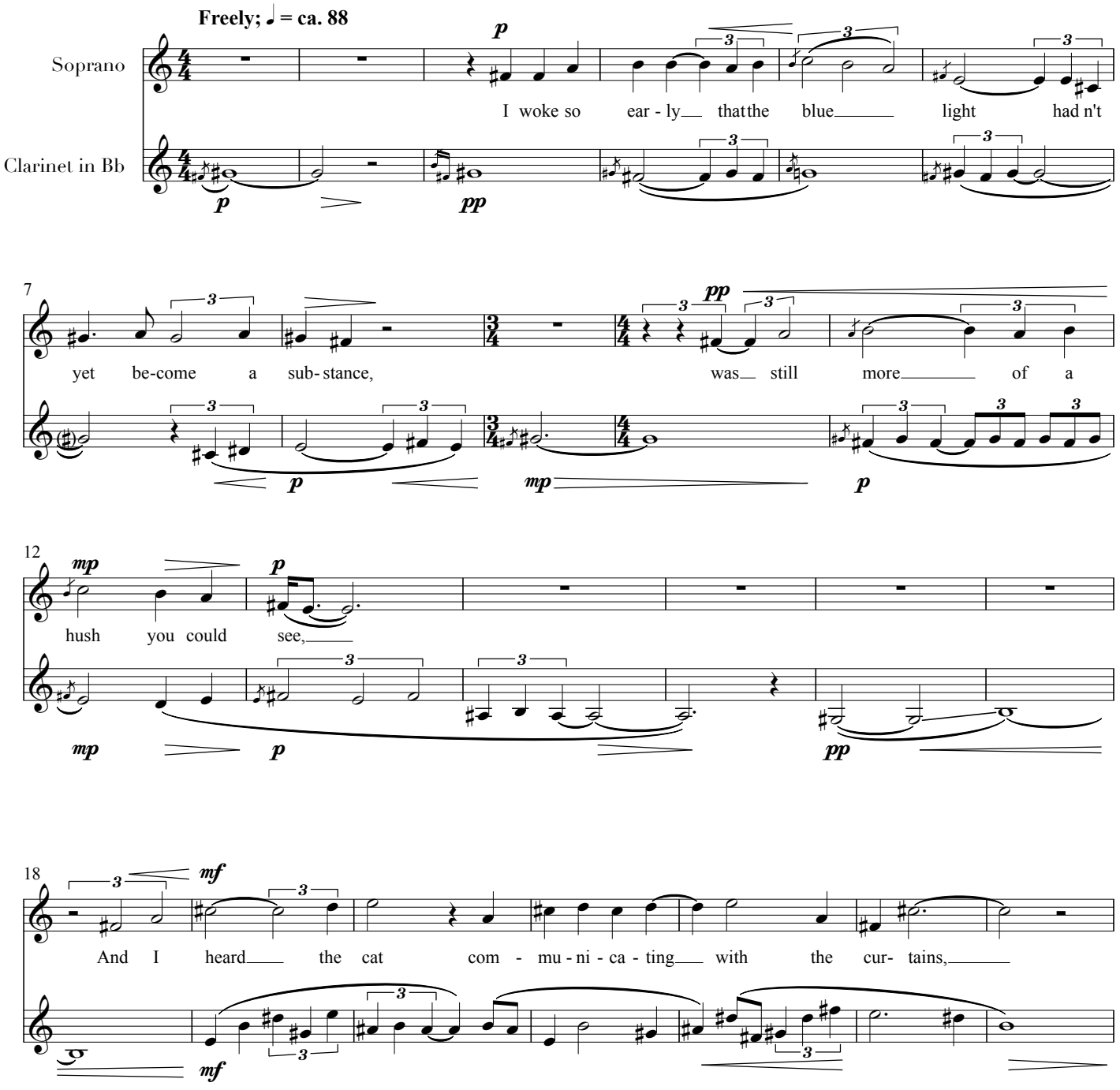

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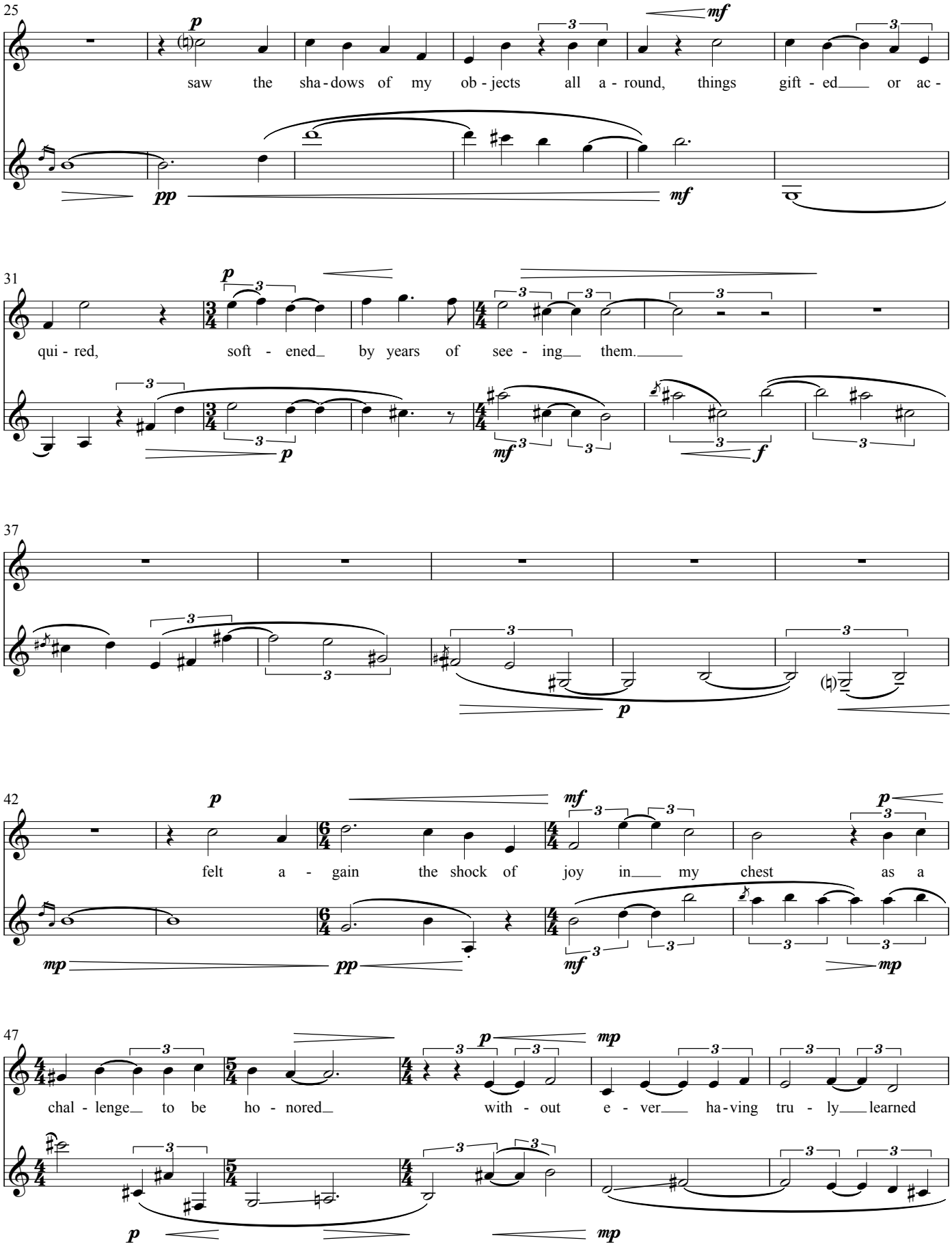
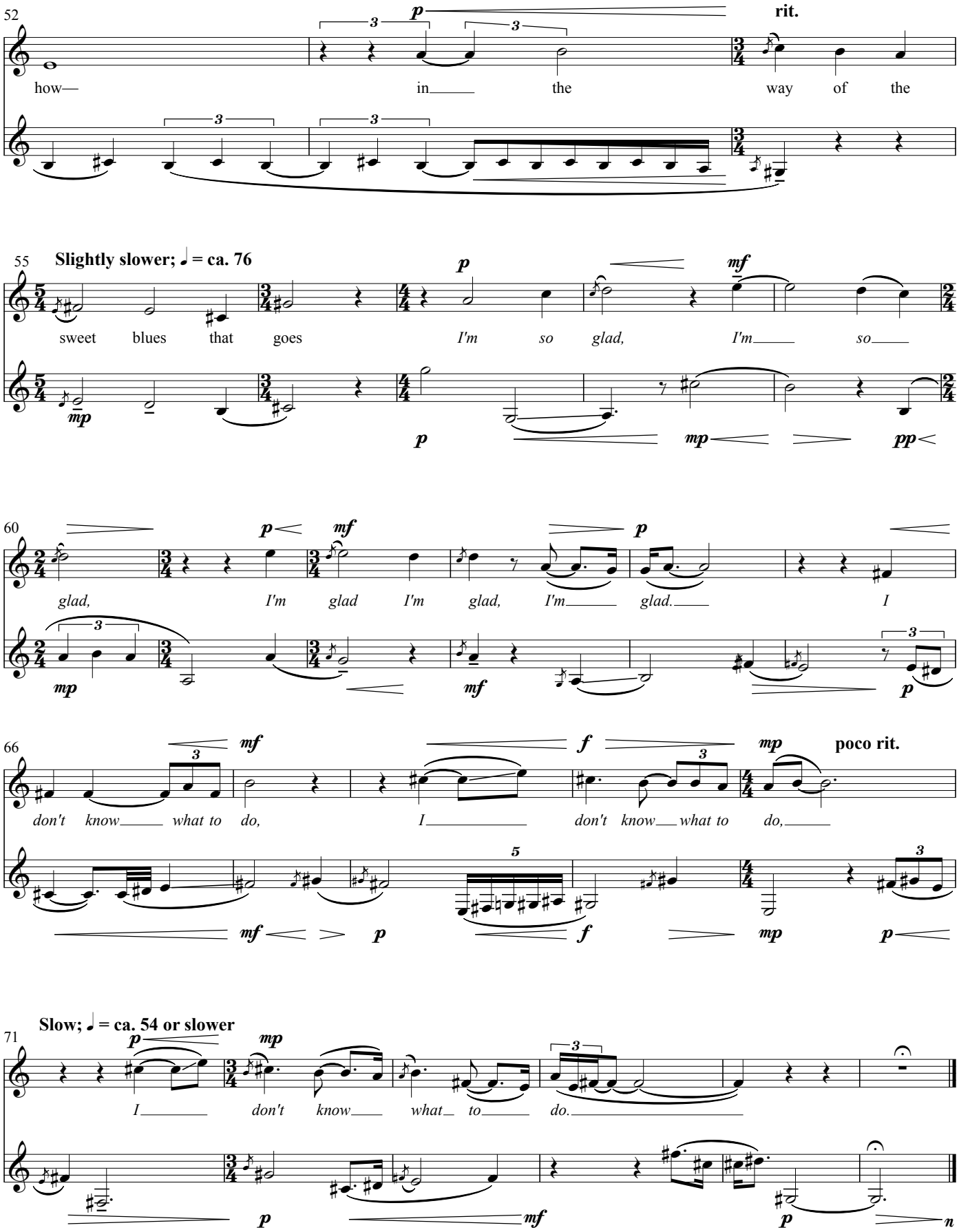
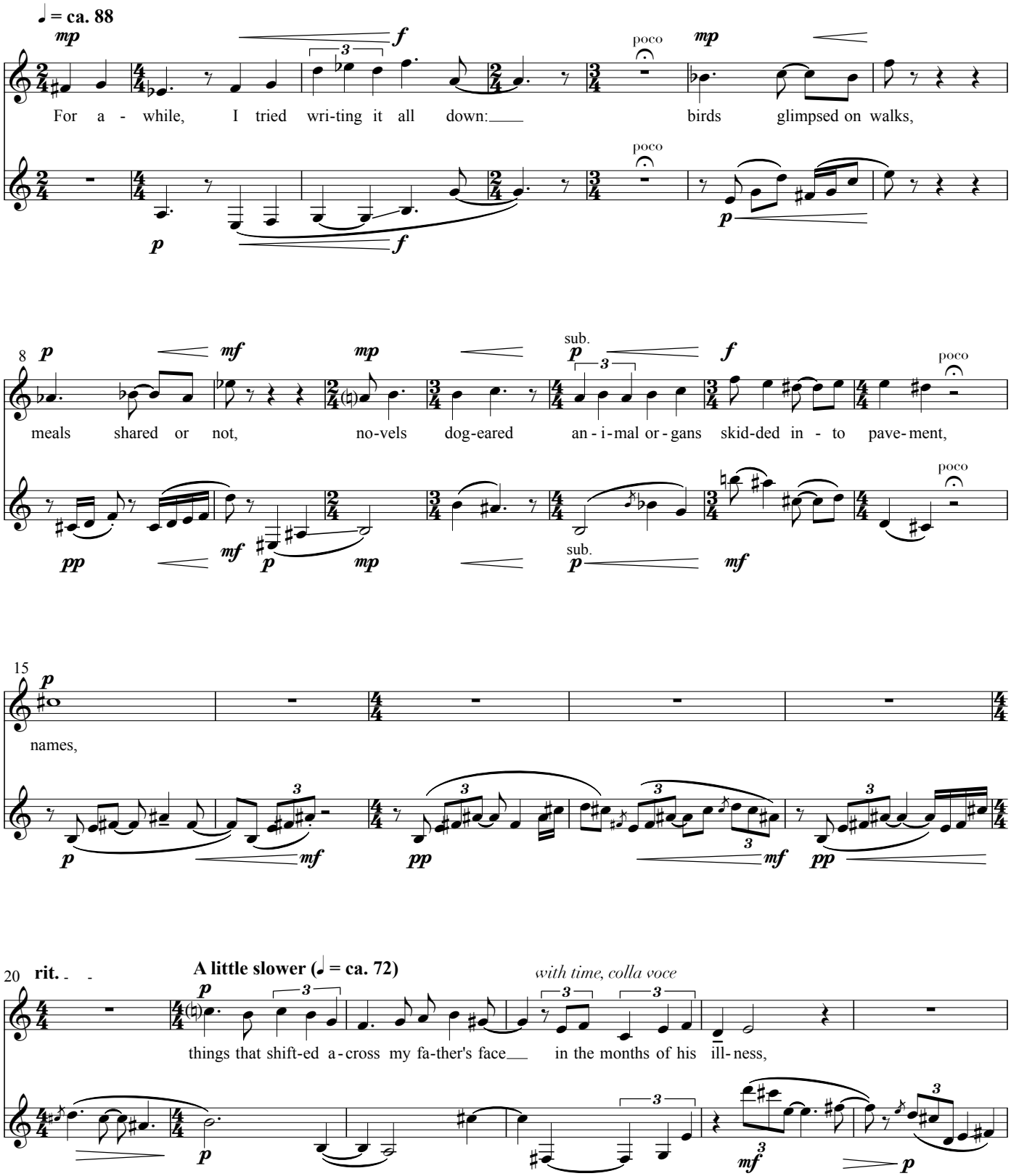
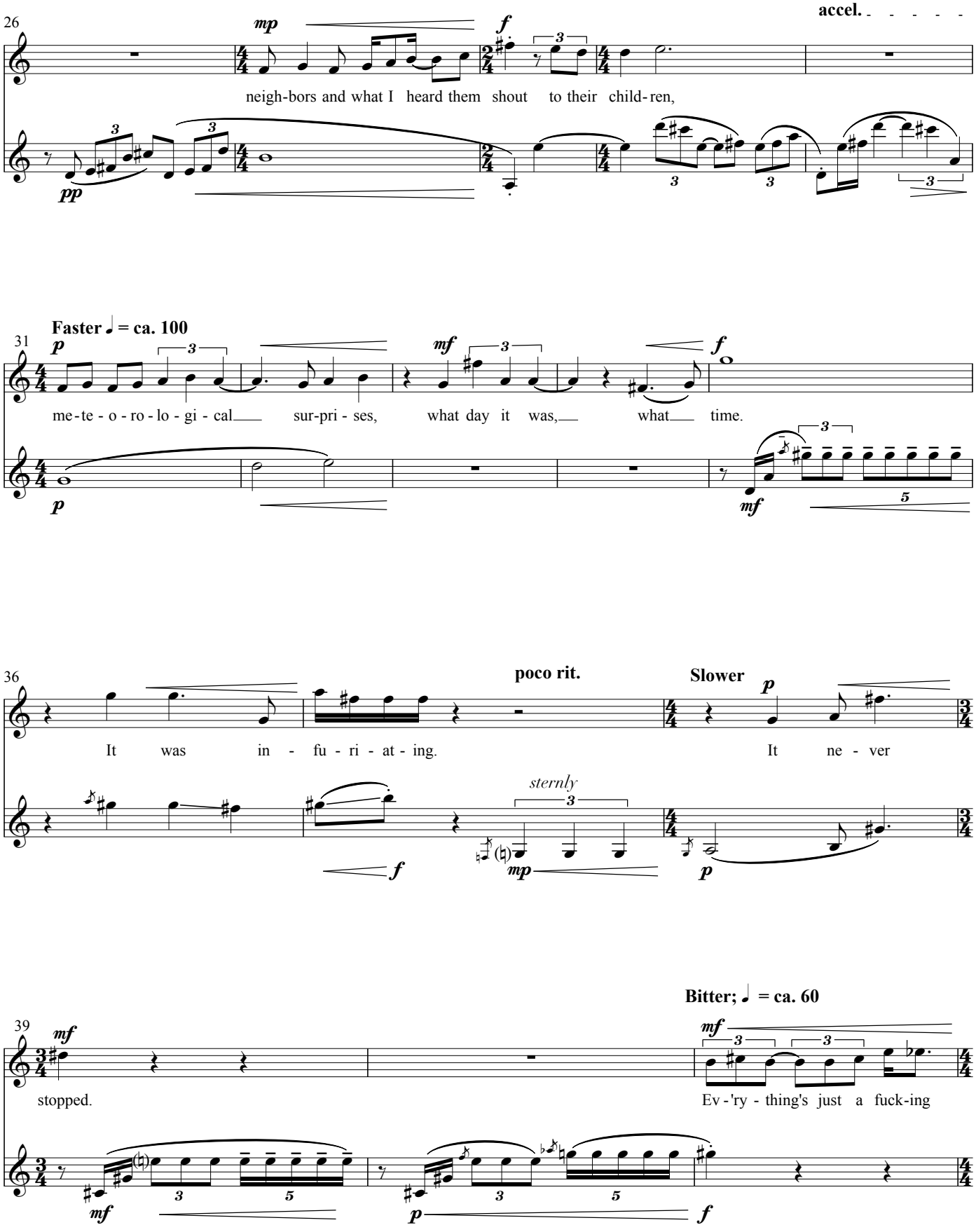
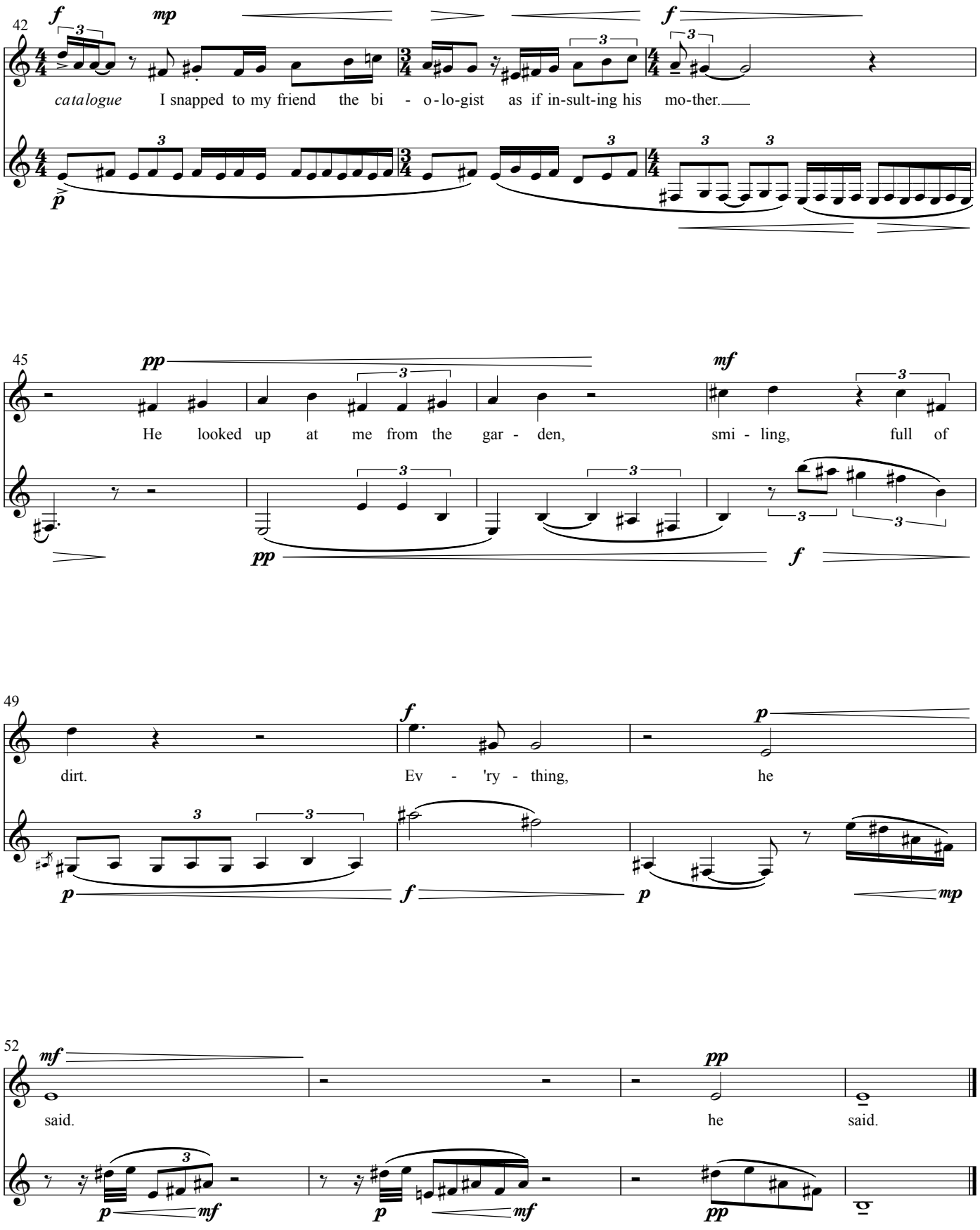

25
p
mf
saw the sha - dows of my ob - jects all a - round, things gift - ed or ac -
pp
mf
31
p
qui - red, soft - ened by years of see - ing them.
p
mf
f
37
p
42
p
mf
p
felt a - gain the shock of joy in my chest as a
mp
pp
mf
mp
47
p
mp
chal - lenge to be ho - nored with - out e - ver ha - ving tru - ly learned
p
mp


52
rit.
how— in the way of the
55
Slightly slower; ♩ = ca. 76
sweet blues that goes I'm so glad, I'm so
60
glad, I'm glad I'm glad, I'm glad. I
66
poco rit.
don't know what to do, I don't know what to do,
71
Slow; ♩ = ca. 54 or slower
I don't know what to do.

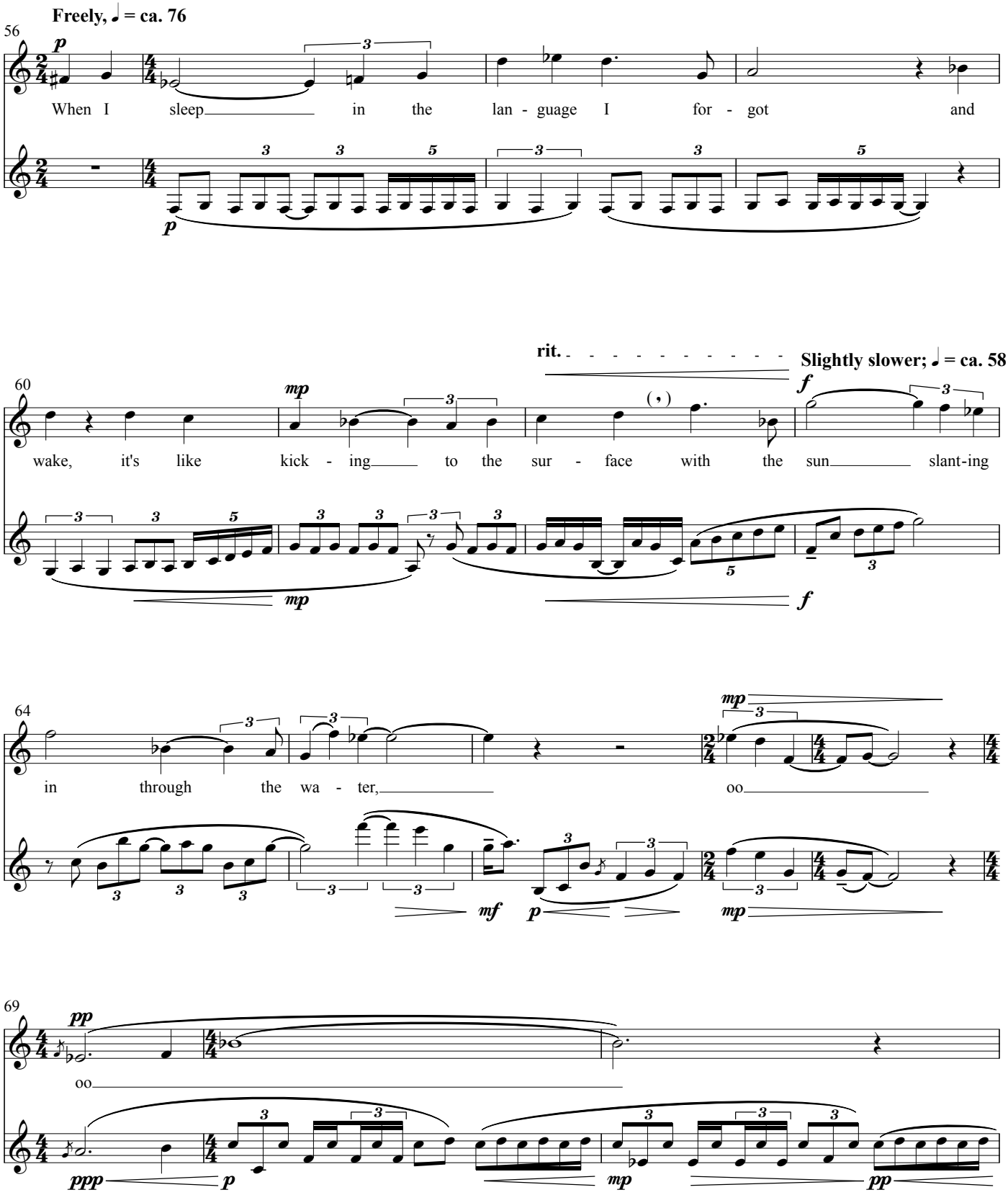
2. For awhile

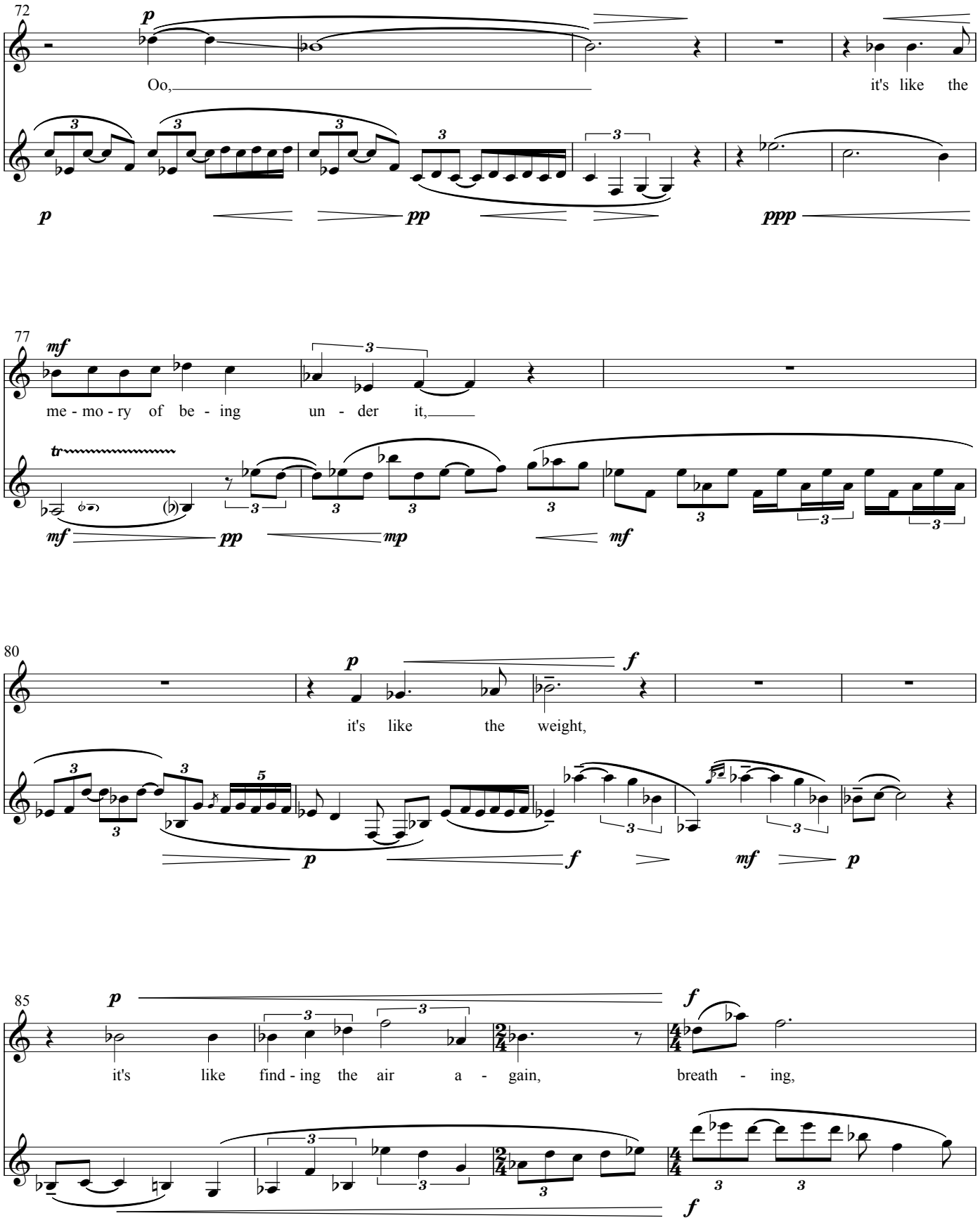

♩ = ca. 88
mp
f
poco
mp
For a - while, I tried wri-ting it all down:
birds glimpsed on walks,
p
f
poco
p
8
p
mf
mp
sub.
p
f
poco
meals shared or not, no-vels dog-eared an - i-mal or - gans skid-ded in - to pave-ment,
pp
mf
p
mp
sub.
p
mf
poco
15
p
names,
p
mf
pp
mf
pp
20
rit.
A little slower (♩ = ca. 72)
with time, colla voce
p
things that shift-ed a-cross my fa-ther's face
in the months of his ill-ness,
p
mf
p

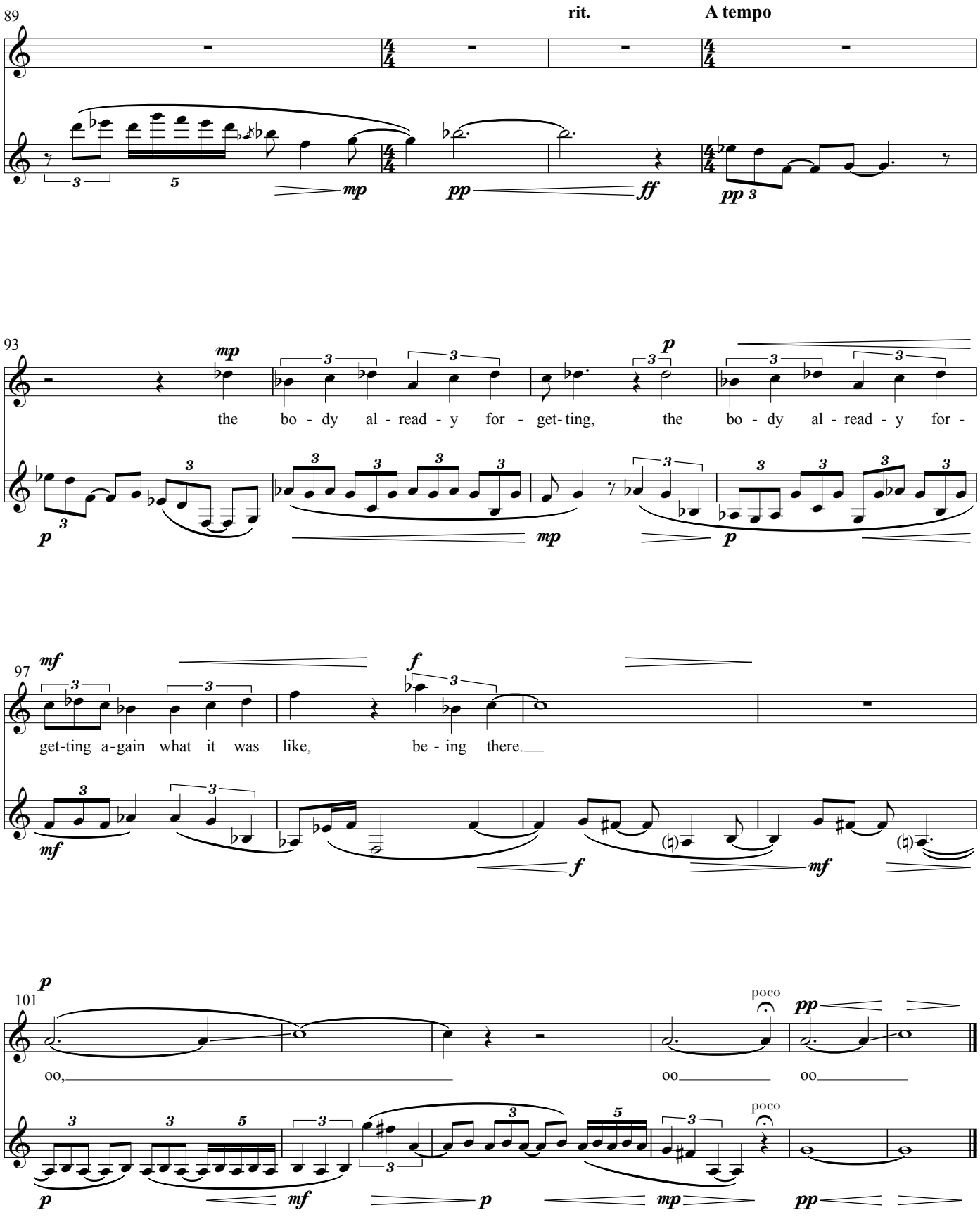

26
mp
f
accel.
neigh-bors and what I heard them shout to their child-ren,
pp
Faster ♩ = ca. 100
31
p
mf
f
me-te-o-ro-lo-gi-cal sur-pri-ses, what day it was, what time.
p
mf
36
poco rit.
Slower
It was in-fu-ri-at-ing.
It ne-ver
sternly
f
mp
p
Bitter; ♩ = ca. 60
39
mf
stopped.
Ev-'ry-thing's just a fuck-ing
mf
p
f


42
catalogue I snapped to my friend the bi - o-lo-gist as if in-sult-ing his mo-ther.
45
He looked up at me from the gar - den, smi - ling, full of
49
dirt. Ev - 'ry - thing, he
52
said. he said.

3. When I sleep




72
Oo,
it's like the
77
me - mo - ry of be - ing un - der it,
80
it's like the weight,
85
it's like find - ing the air a - gain, breath - ing,


89
rit.
A tempo
93
the bo - dy al - read - y for - get-ting, the bo - dy al - read - y for -
97
get-ting a-gain what it was like, be - ing there.
101
poco
poco
oo, oo oo