DT0043.1 | TRUMBORE | $10.00
MEZZO-SOPRANO & PIANO

PRACTICAL LOVE SONGS

Mezzo-Soprano & Piano

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

daletrumbore
composer

1. The Philosopher

And what are you that, missing you,
I should be kept awake
As many nights as there are days
With weeping for your sake?

And what are you that, missing you,
As many days as crawl
I should be listening to the wind
And looking to the wall?

I know a man that's a braver man
And twenty men as kind,
And what are you, that you should be
The one man in my mind?

Yet women's ways are witless ways
As any sage will tell—
And what am I, that I should love
So wisely and so well?

2. "I shall forget you presently" (Sonnet XI)

I shall forget you presently, my dear,!
So make the most of this, your little day,
Your little month, your little half a year,
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,!
And we are done forever; by and by
!I shall forget you, as I said, but now,
!If you entreat me with your loveliest lie
!I will protest you with my favorite vow.
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,
And vows were not so brittle as they are,
But so it is, and nature has contrived
To struggle on without a break thus far,–
Whether or not we find what we are seeking
Is idle, biologically speaking.

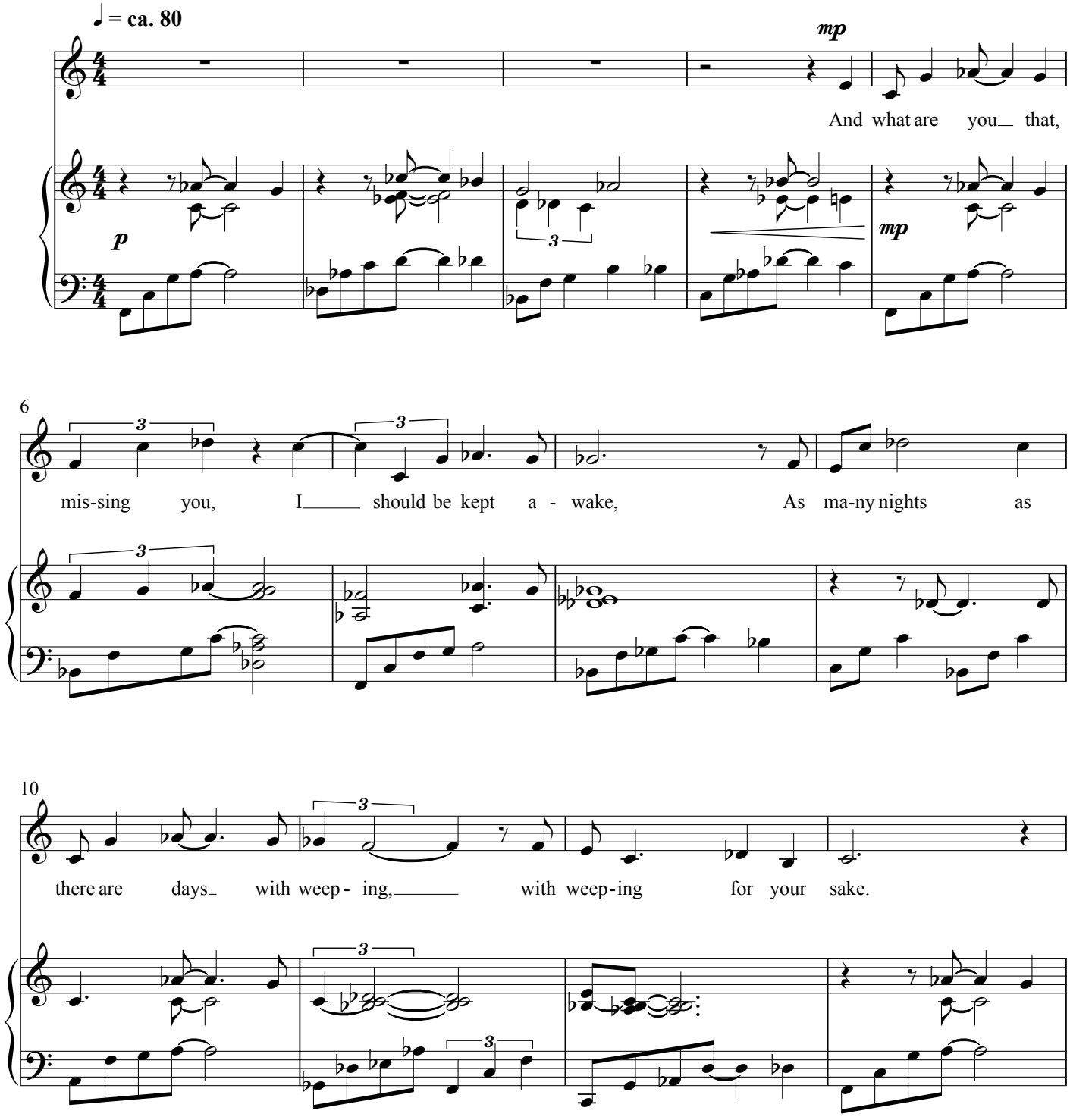
3. “If I should learn, in some quite casual way” (Sonnet V)

If I should learn, in some quite casual way,
That you were gone, not to return again—
Read from the back-page of a paper, say,
Held by a neighbor in a subway train,
How at the corner of this avenue
And such a street (so are the papers filled)
A hurrying man—who happened to be you—
At noon to-day had happened to be killed,
I should not cry aloud—I could not cry
Aloud, or wring my hands in such a place—
I should but watch the station lights rush by
With a more careful interest on my face,
Or raise my eyes and read with greater care
Where to store furs and how to treat the hair.

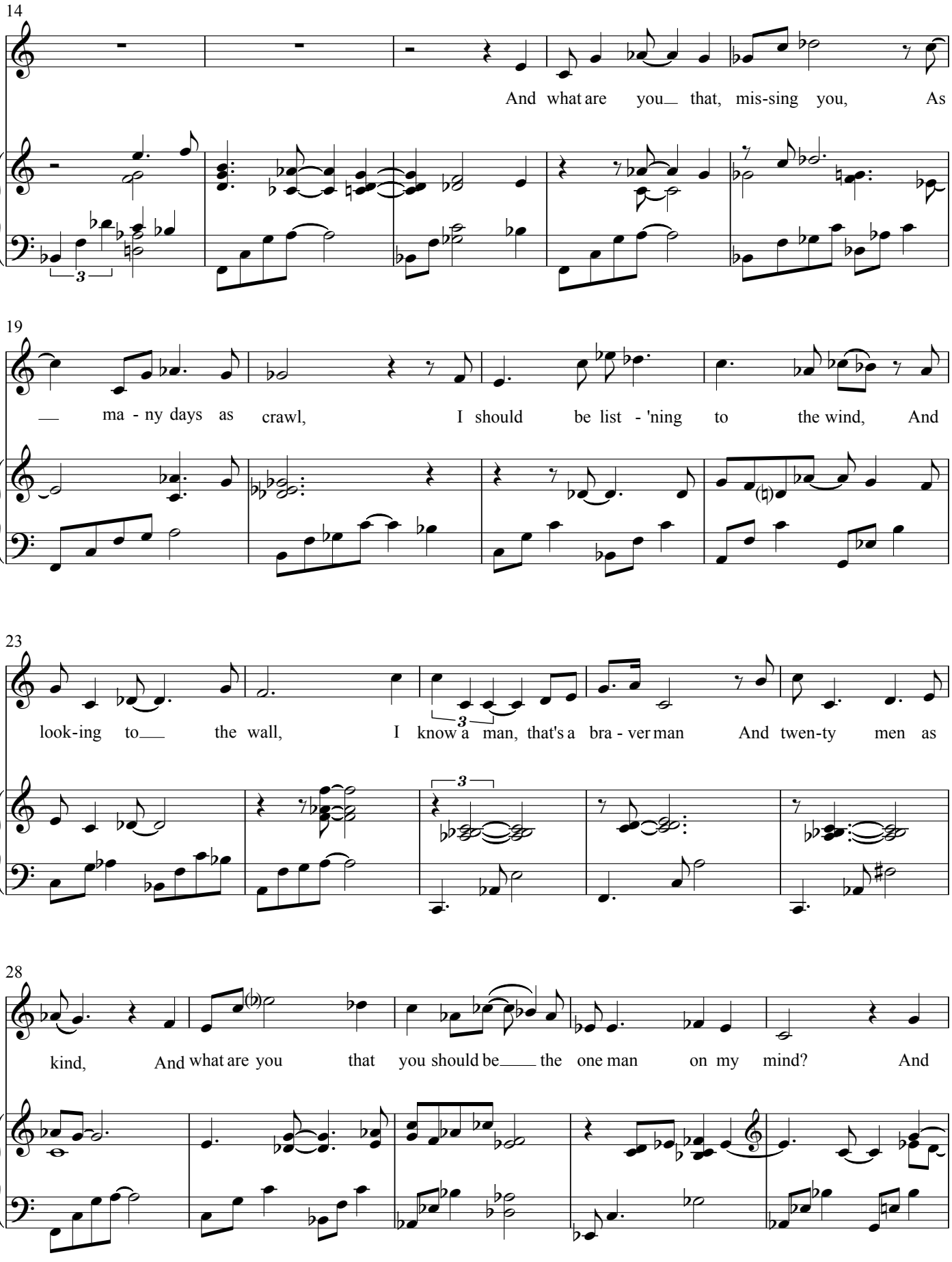
1. The Philosopher

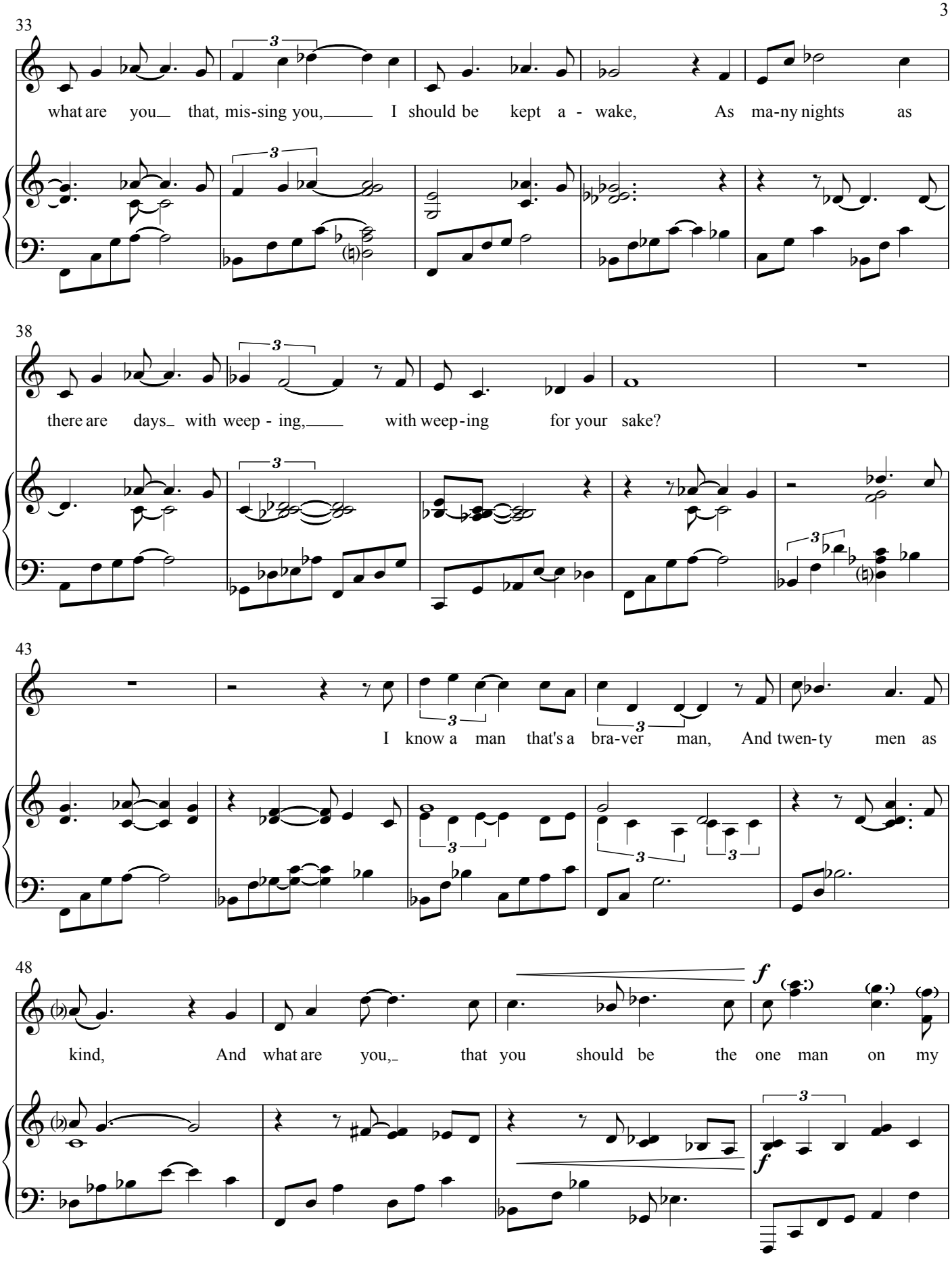
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

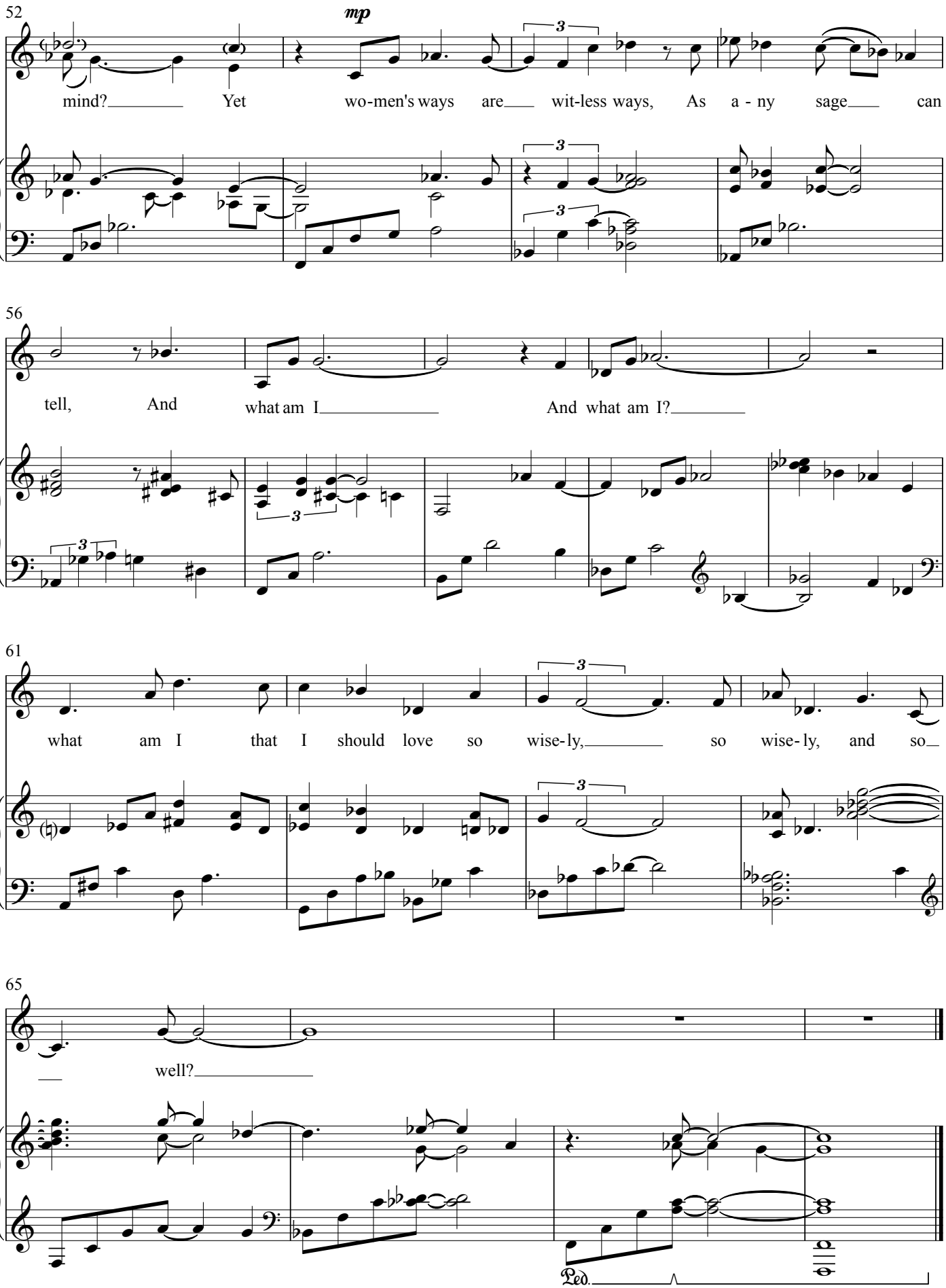
Music by Dale Trumbore



© Dale Trumbore 2009
www.daletrumbore.com


14
And what are you that, mis-sing you, As
19
ma - ny days as crawl, I should be list - 'ning to the wind, And
23
look-ing to the wall, I know a man, that's a bra - ver man And twen-ty men as
28
kind, And what are you that you should be the one man on my mind? And

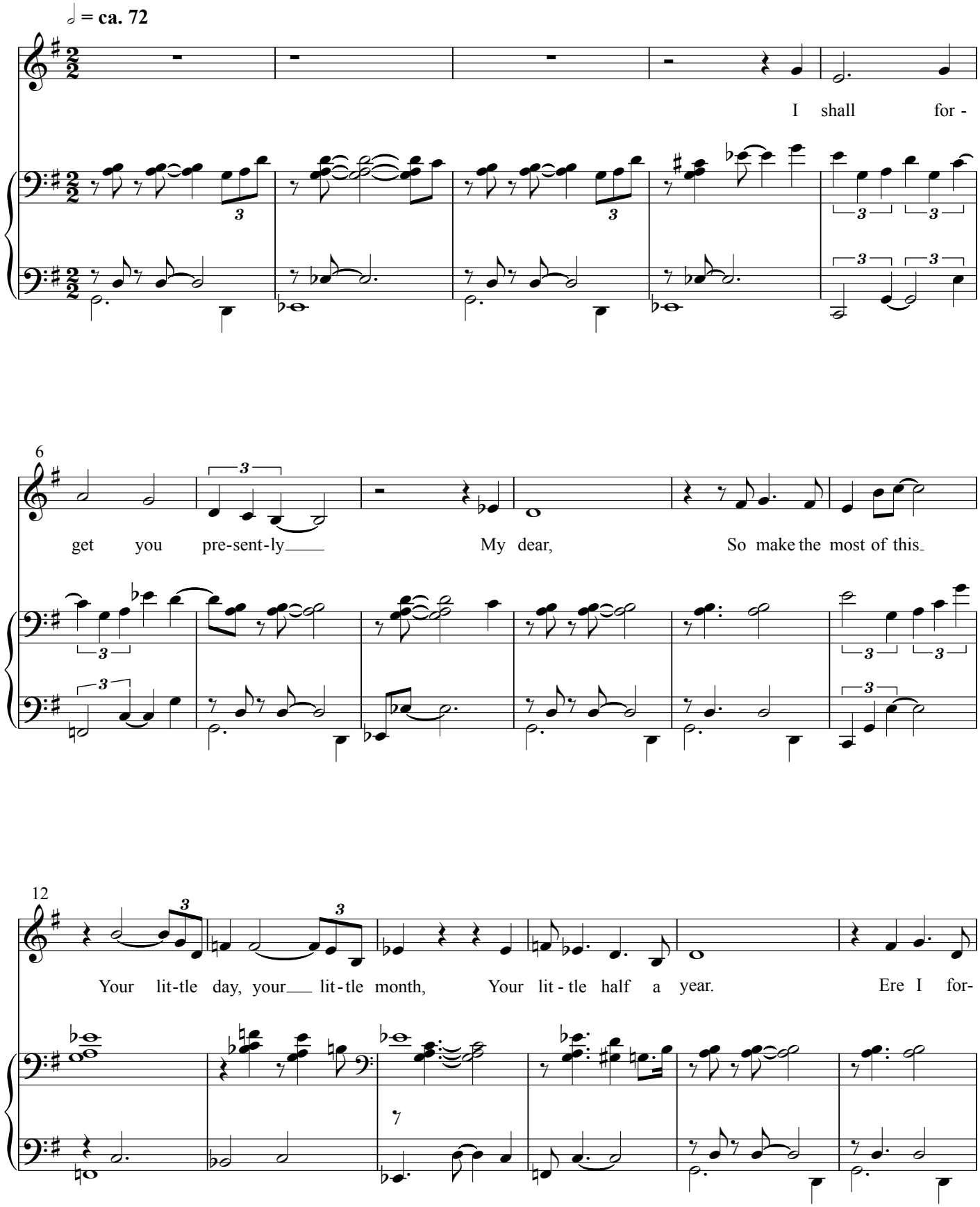

33
what are you that, mis-sing you, I should be kept a - wake, As ma-ny nights as
38
there are days with weep - ing, with weep-ing for your sake?
43
I know a man that's a bra-ver man, And twen-ty men as
48
kind, And what are you, that you should be the one man on my
f
f

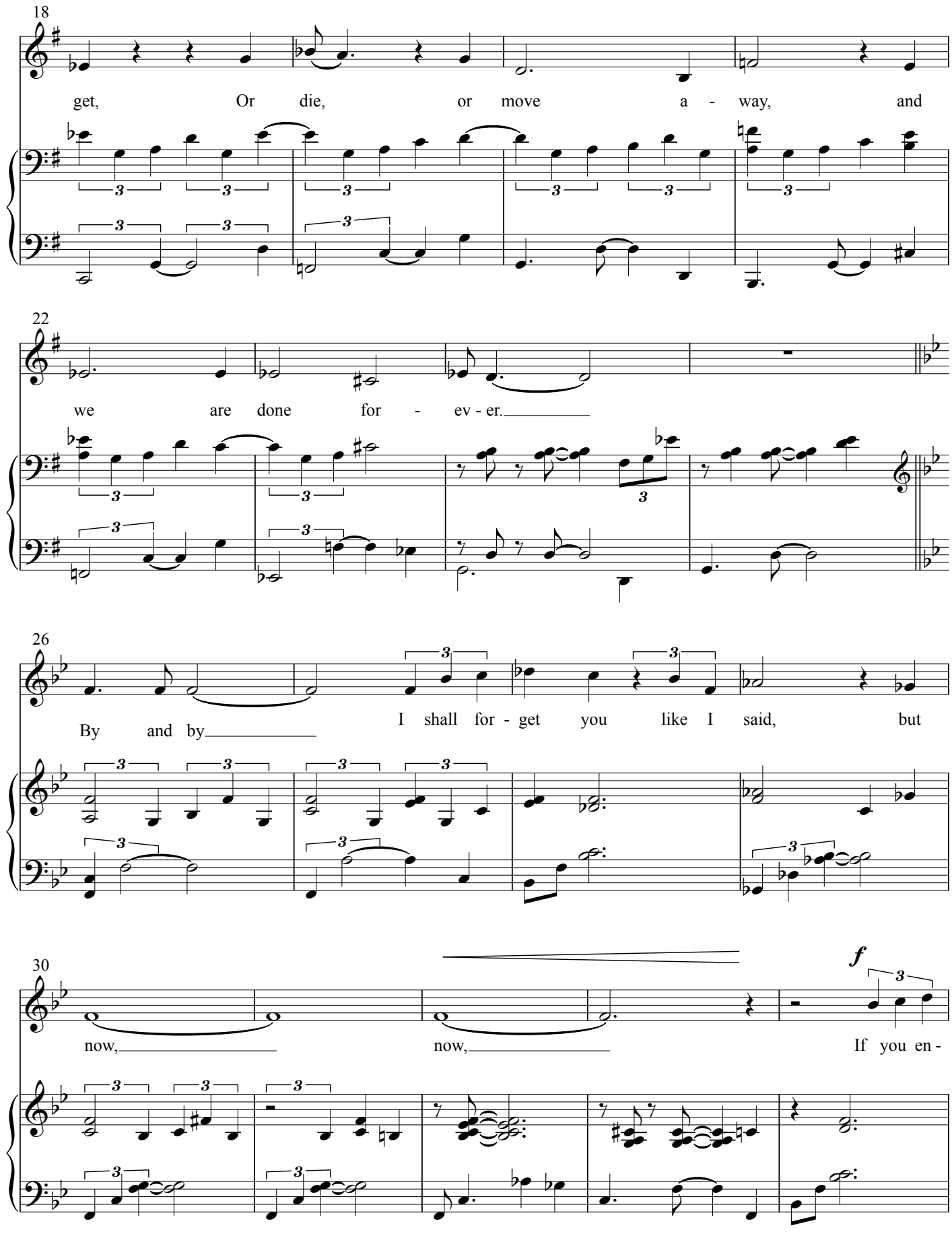

52
mp
mind? Yet wo-men's ways are wit-less ways, As a - ny sage can
56
tell, And what am I And what am I?
61
what am I that I should love so wise-ly, so wise-ly, and so
65
well?
Ped.

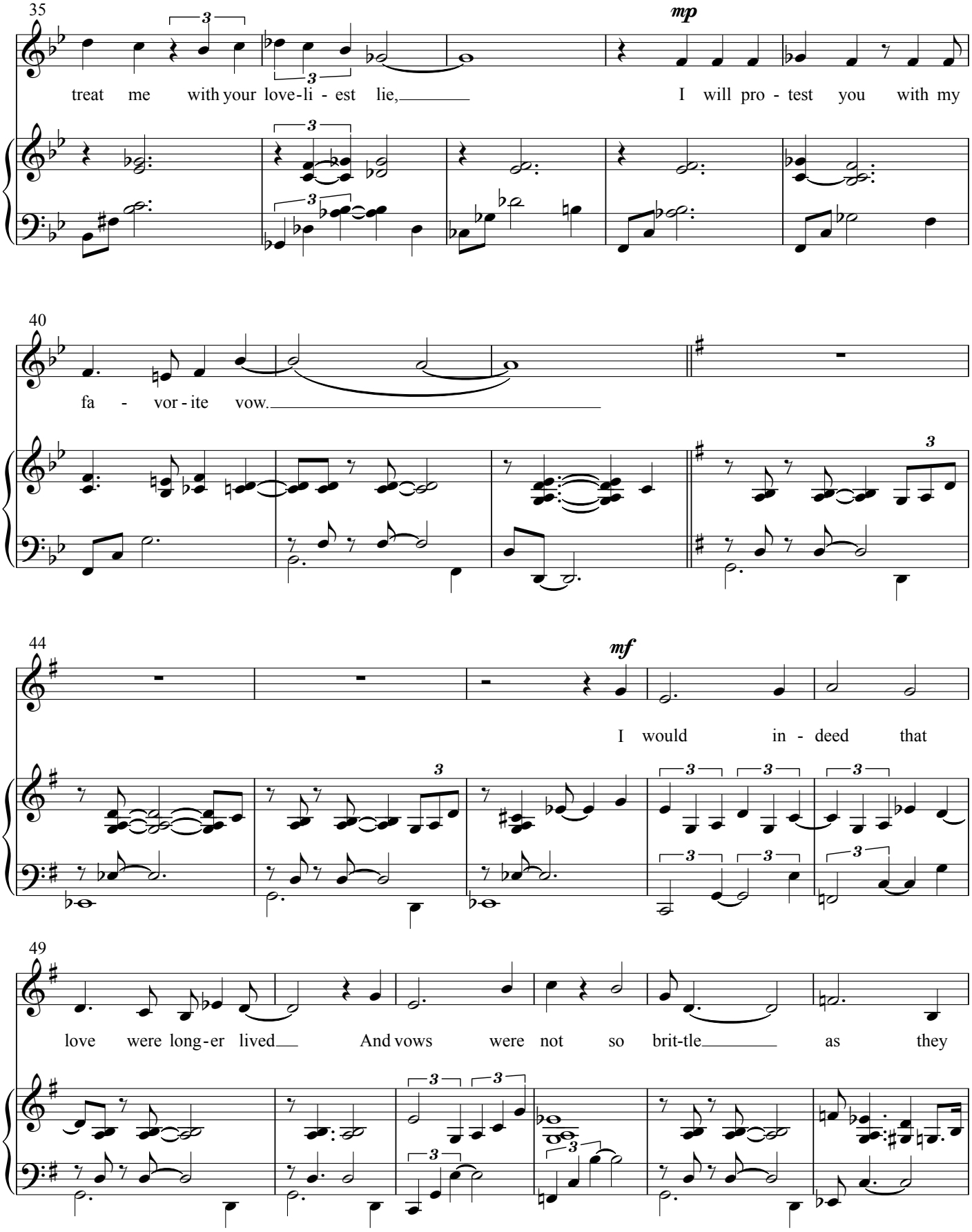
2. I Shall Forget You

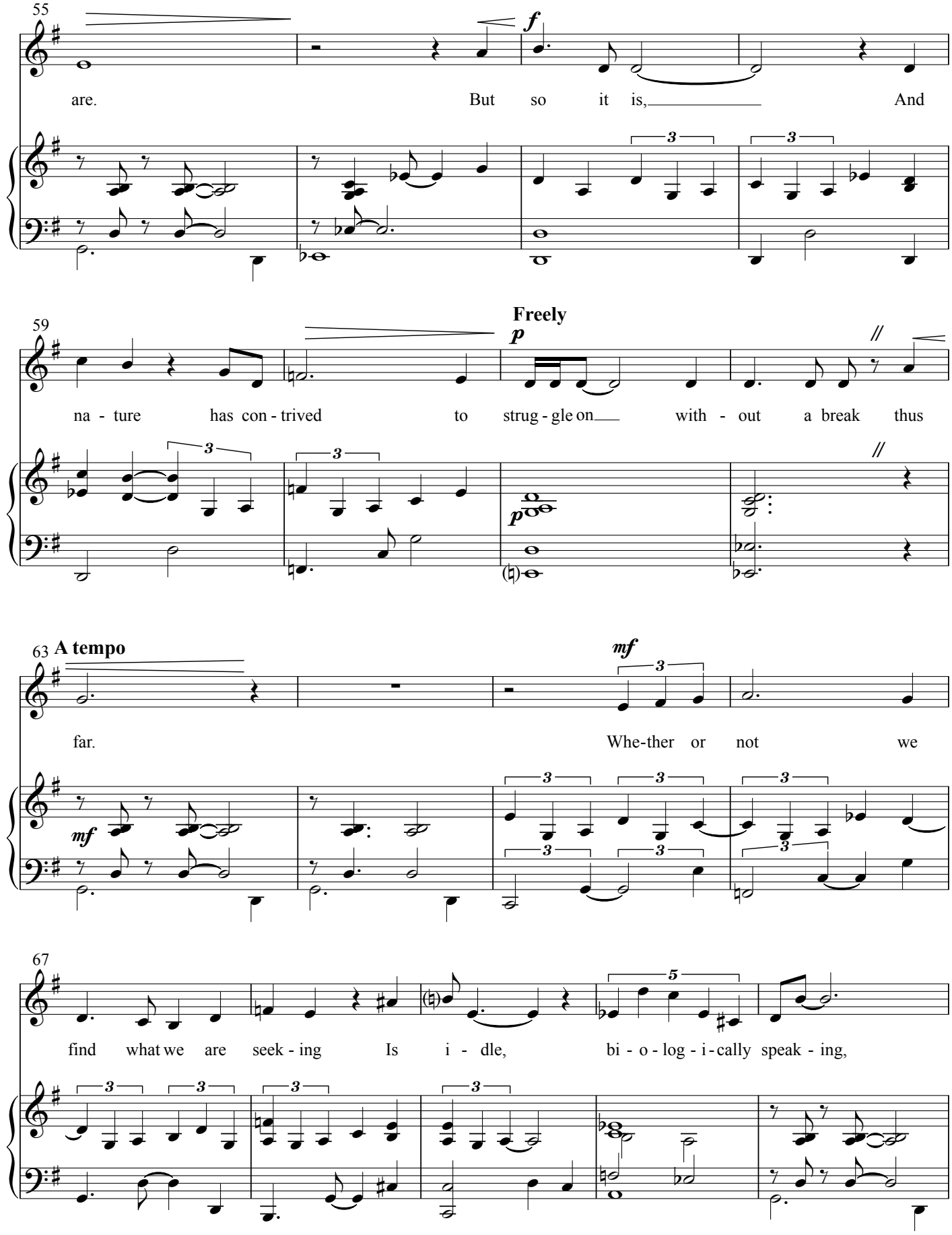
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

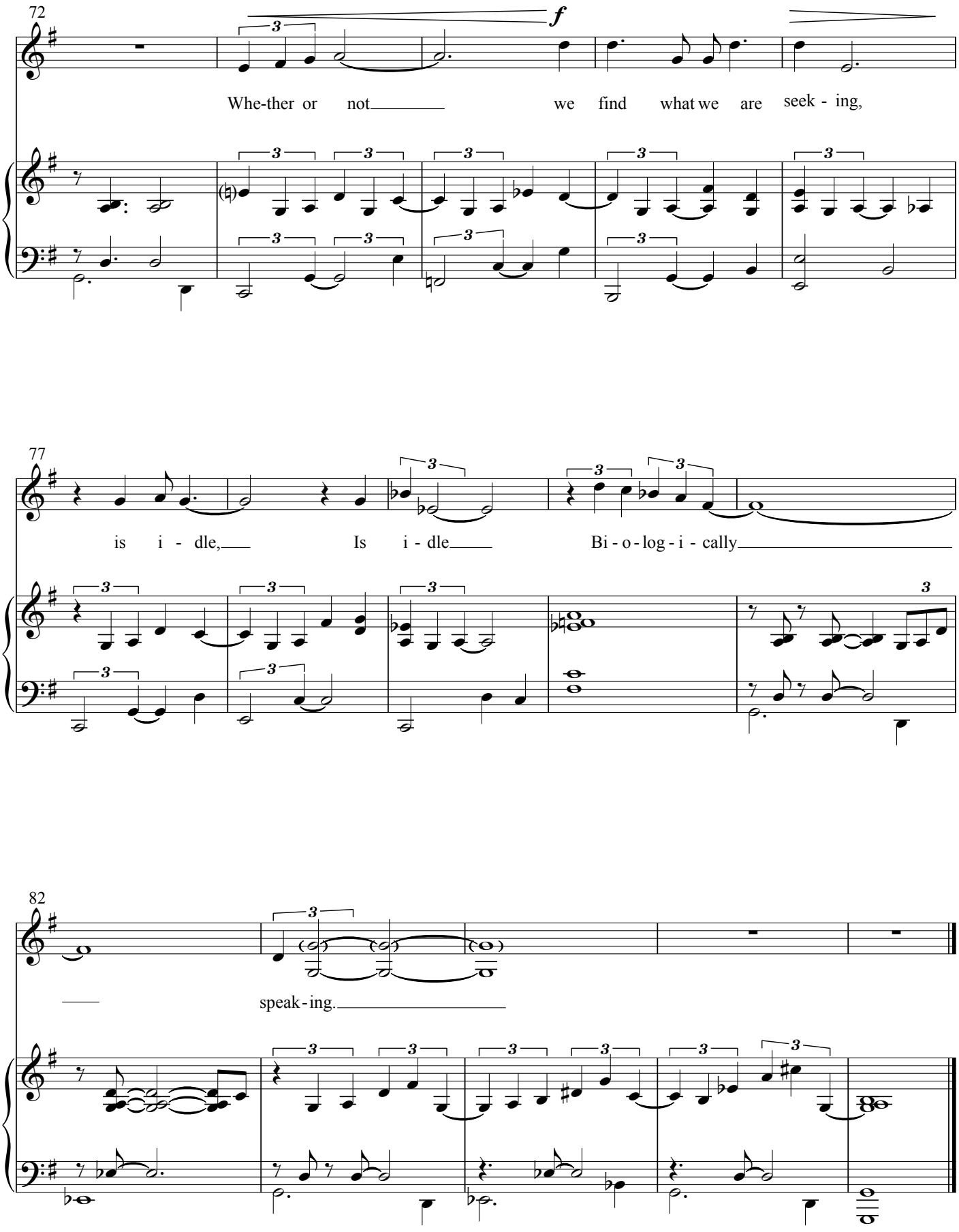
Music by Dale Trumbore




18
get, Or die, or move a - way, and
22
we are done for - ev - er.
26
By and by I shall for - get you like I said, but
30
now, now, If you en -
f


35
mp
treat me with your love-li - est lie,
I will pro - test you with my
40
fa - vor - ite vow.
44
mf
I would in - deed that
49
love were long-er lived
And vows were not so brit-tle
as they

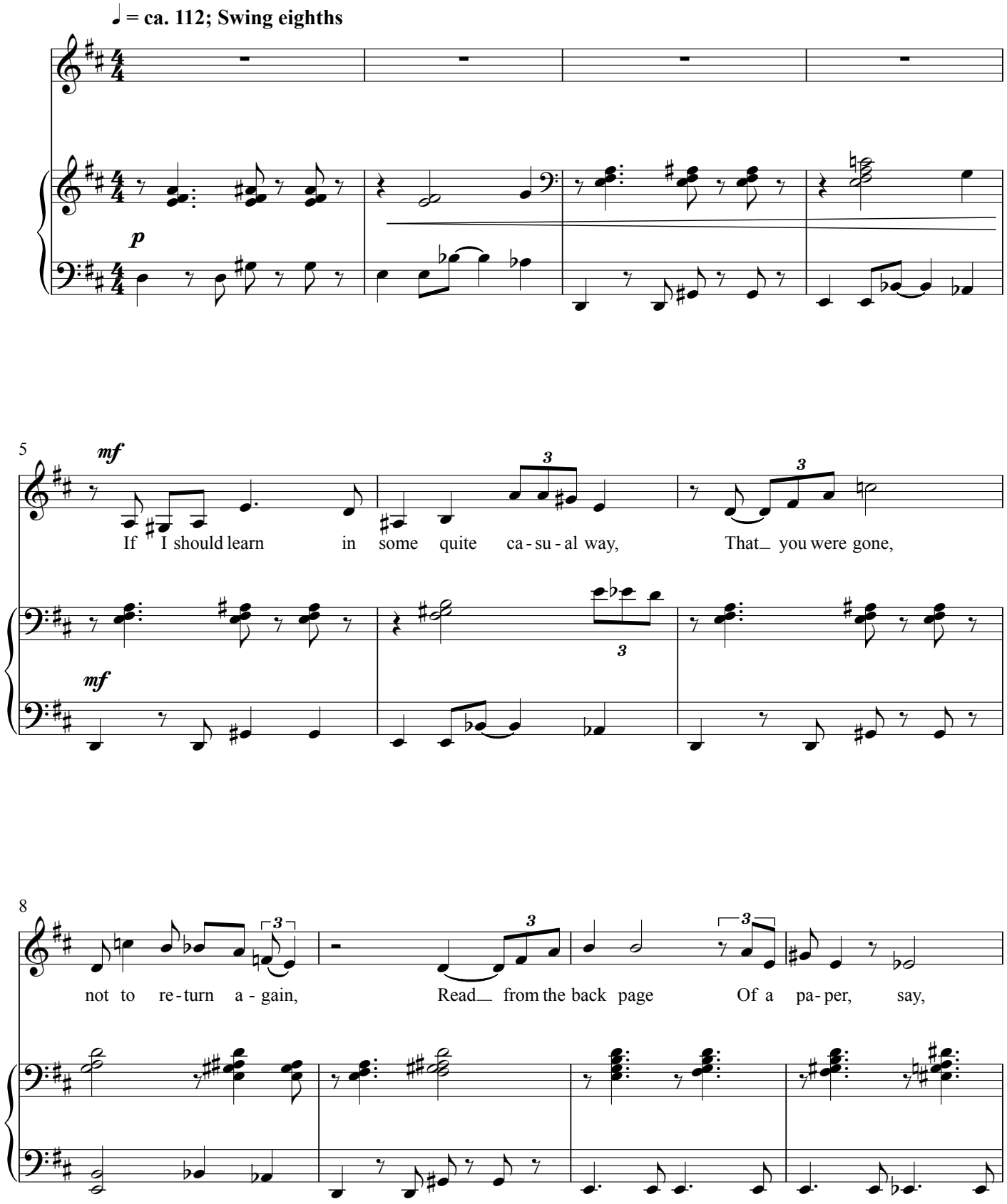

55
f
are.
But so it is,
And
59
Freely
p
na - ture has con - trived to strug - gle on
with - out a break thus
63
A tempo
mf
far.
Whe-ther or not we
67
find what we are seek - ing
Is i - dle,
bi - o - log - i - cally speak - ing,

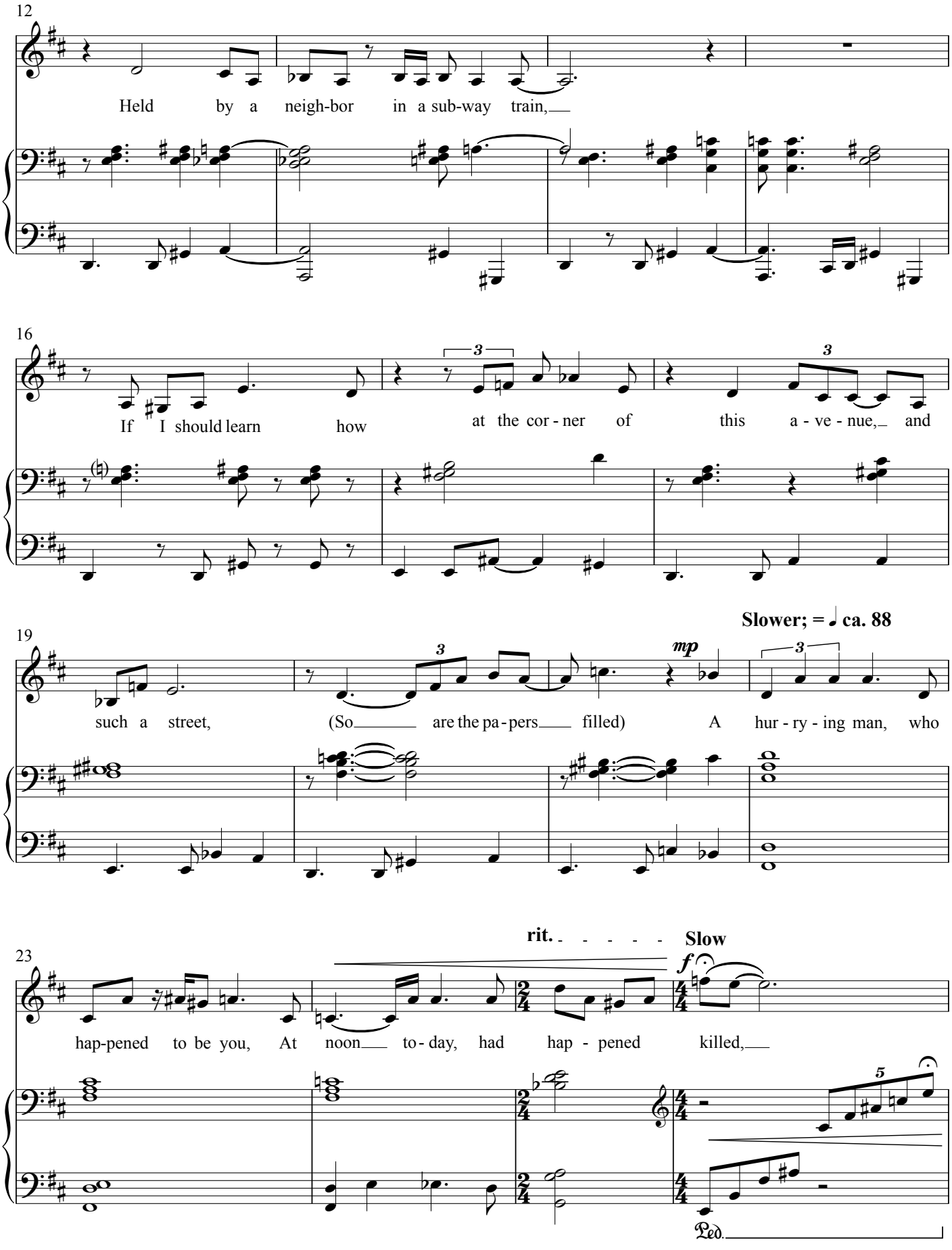

72
f
Whe-ther or not we find what we are seek - ing,
77
is i - dle, Is i - dle Bi - o - log - i - cally
82
speak - ing.

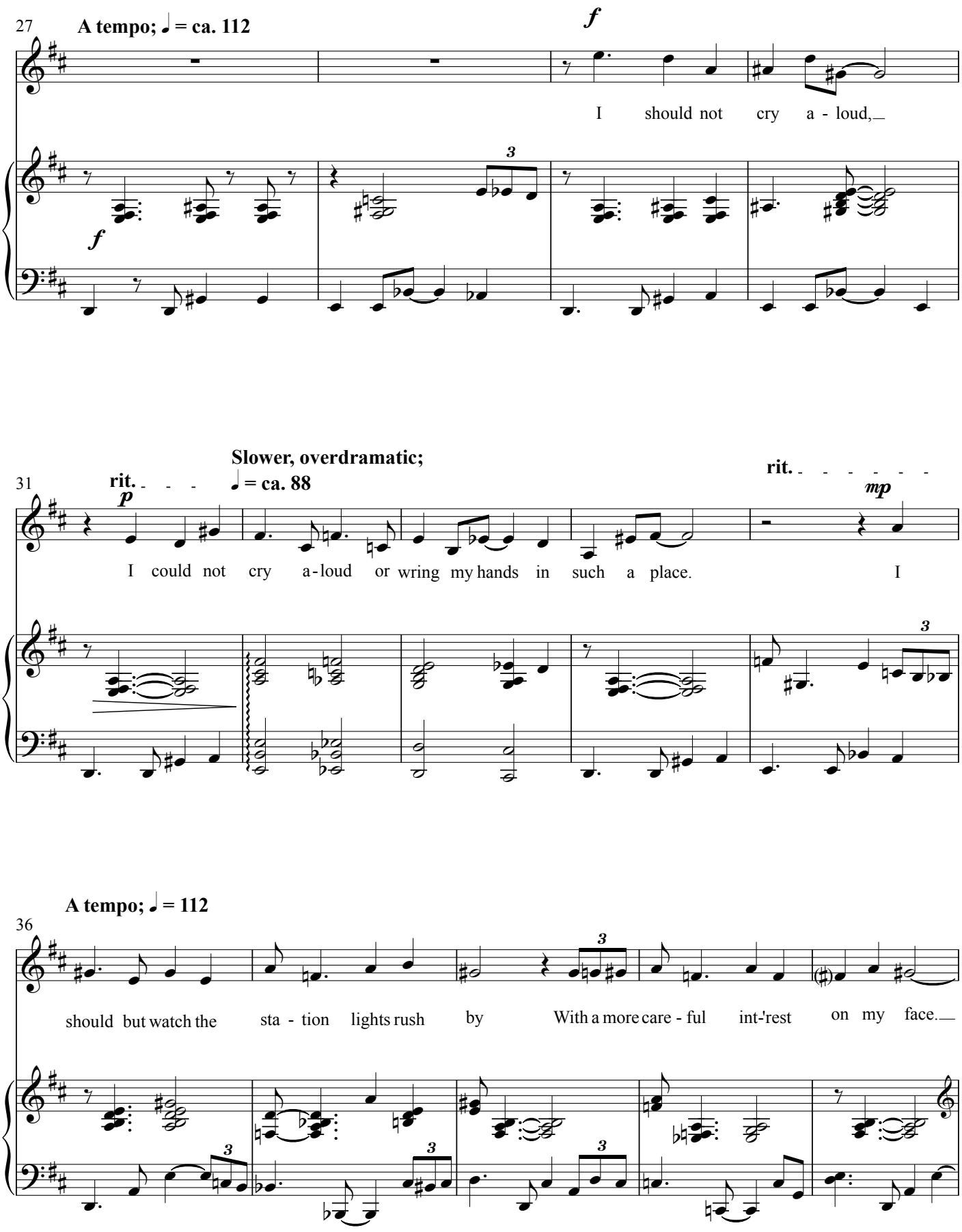
3. If I Should Learn

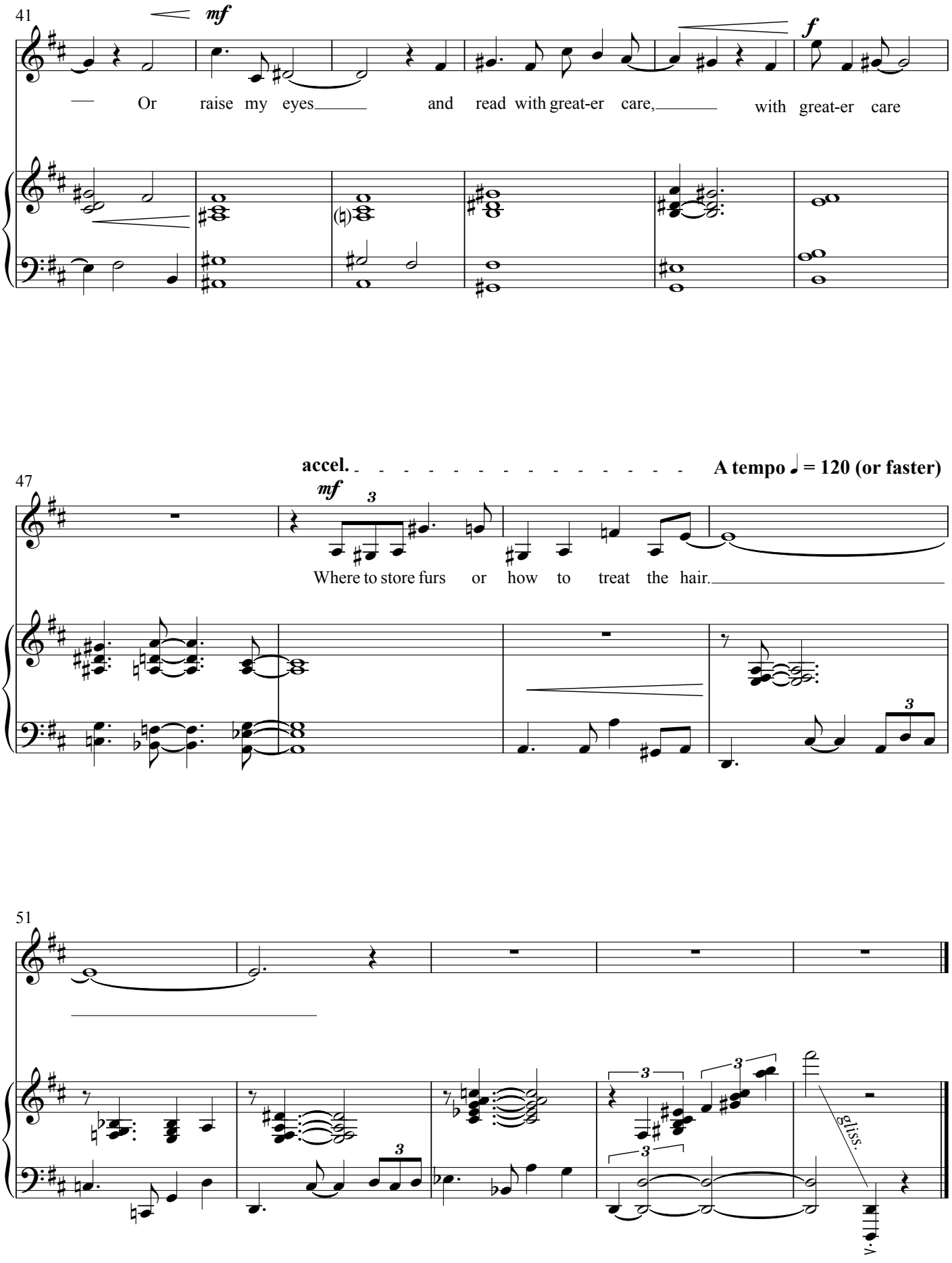
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Music by Dale Trumbore




12
Held by a neigh-bor in a sub-way train,
16
If I should learn how at the cor - ner of this a - ve - nue, and
19
Slower; = ca. 88
such a street, (So are the pa - pers filled) A hur - ry - ing man, who
23
rit.
Slow
hap-pened to be you, At noon to - day, had hap - pened killed,
Ped.


27
A tempo; ♩ = ca. 112
f
I should not cry a - loud,
f
3
31
Slower, overdramatic;
♩ = ca. 88
rit.
p
I could not cry a-loud or wring my hands in such a place.
rit.
mp
I
3
A tempo; ♩ = 112
36
should but watch the sta - tion lights rush by With a more care - ful int-'rest on my face.
3
3
3


41
mf
f
— Or raise my eyes and read with great-er care, with great-er care
47
accel.
A tempo ♩ = 120 (or faster)
mf
3
Where to store furs or how to treat the hair.
51
3
3
3
gliss.