DT0043 | TRUMBORE | $10.00
SOPRANO & PIANO

# PRACTICAL LOVE SONGS

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.

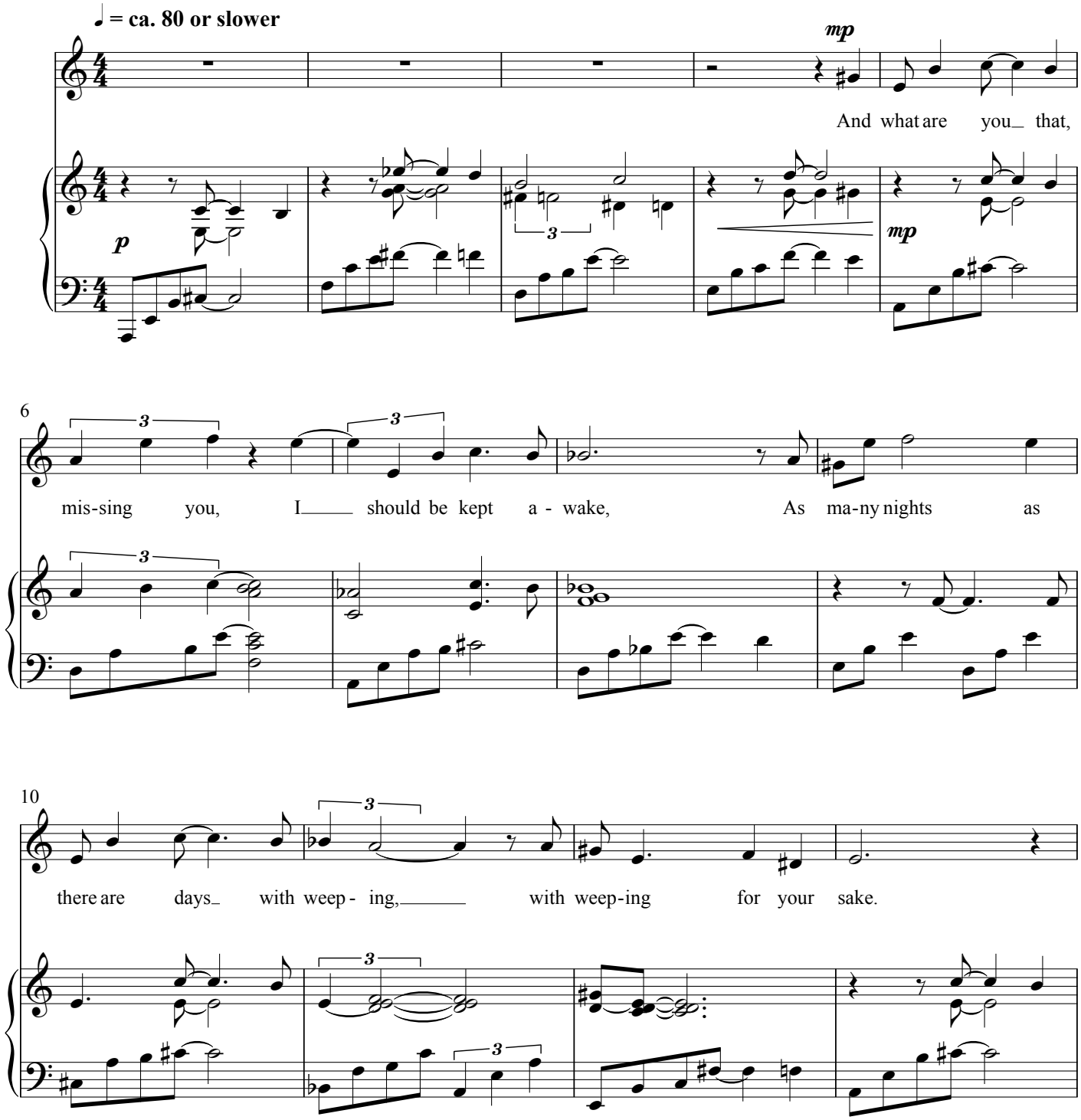
### 3. “If I should learn, in some quite casual way” (Sonnet V)

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.

# I. The Philosopher

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Music by Dale Trumbore



14

And what are you that, mis-sing you, As

19

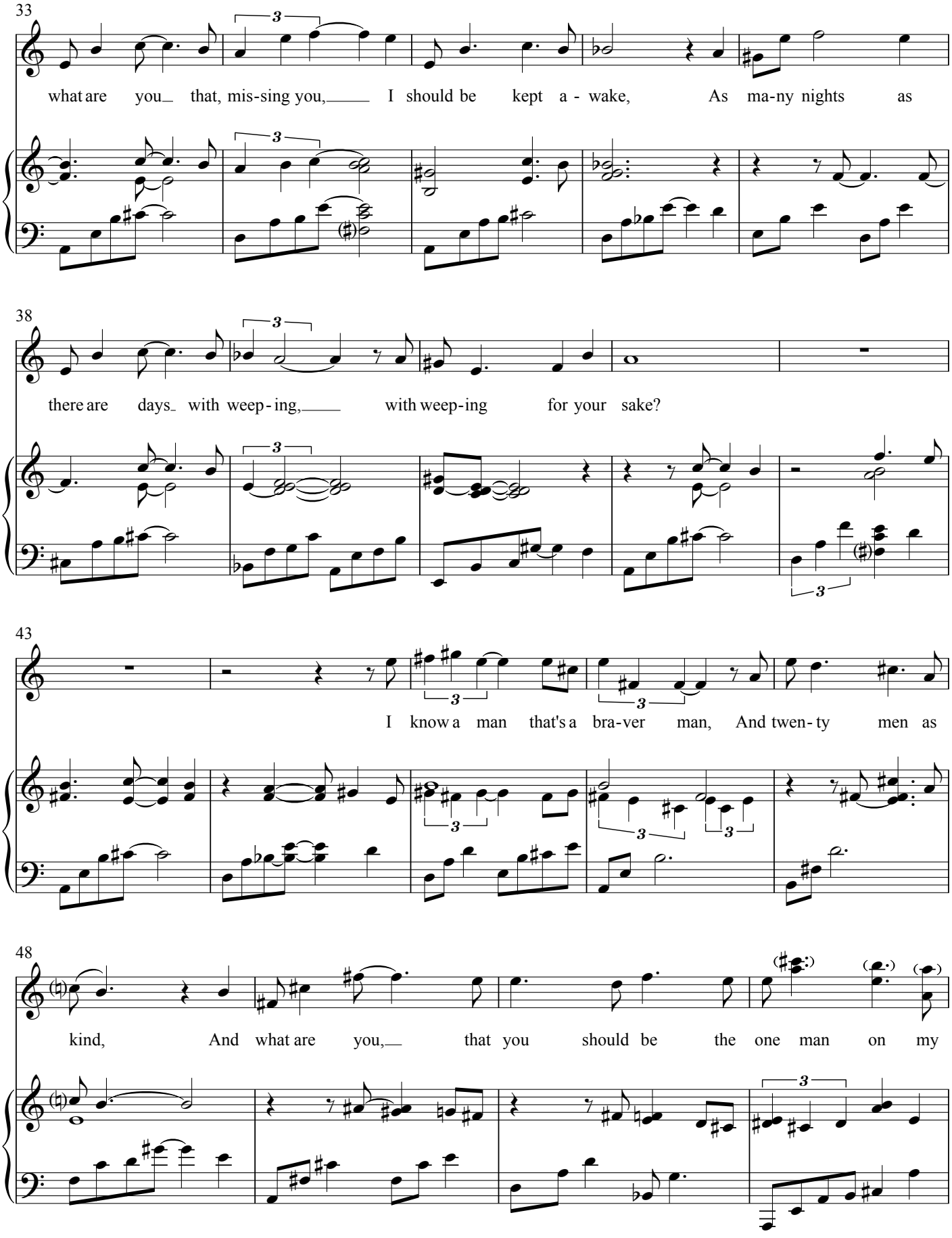
ma - ny days as crawl, I should be list - 'ning to the wind, And

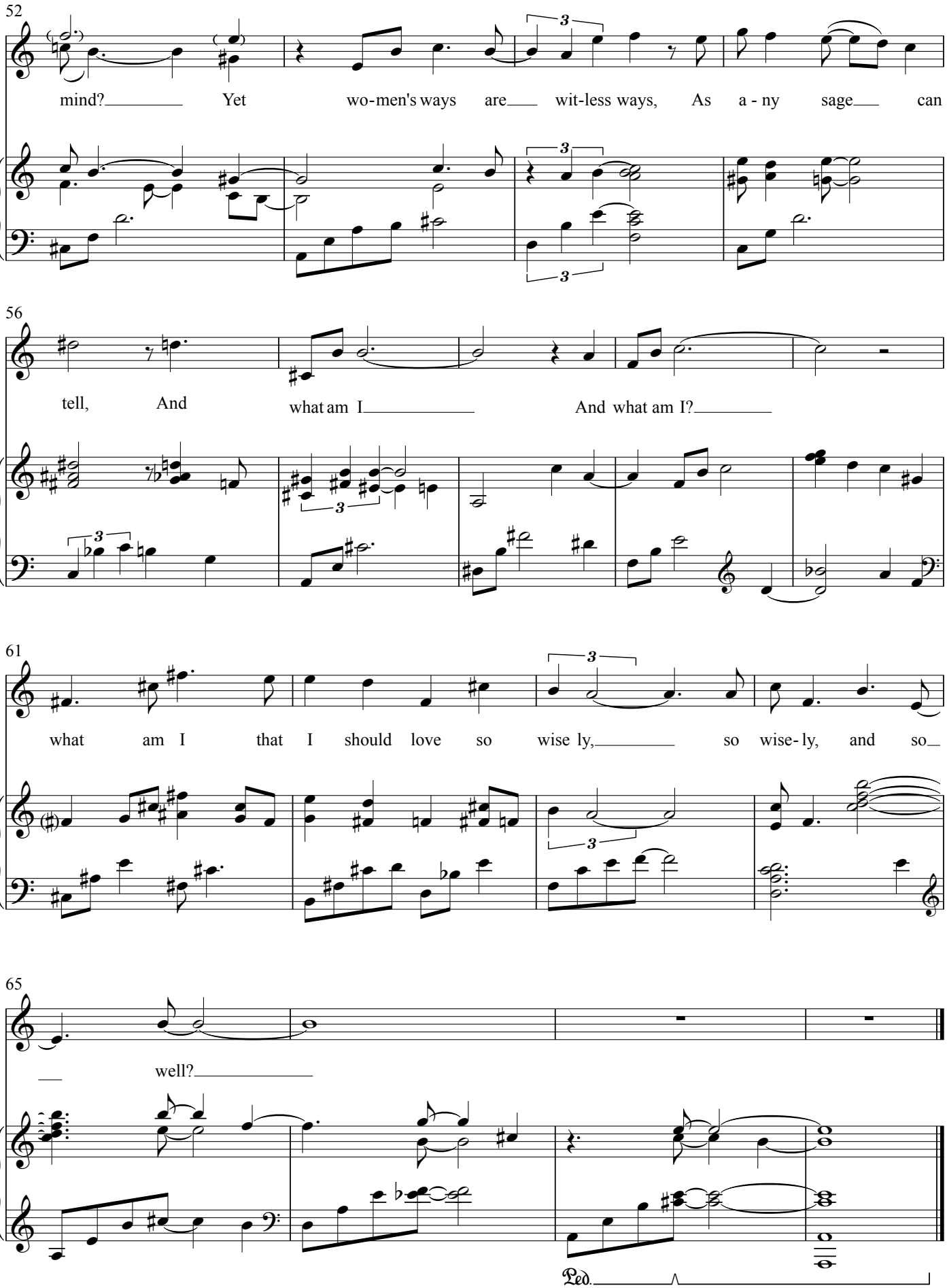
23

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

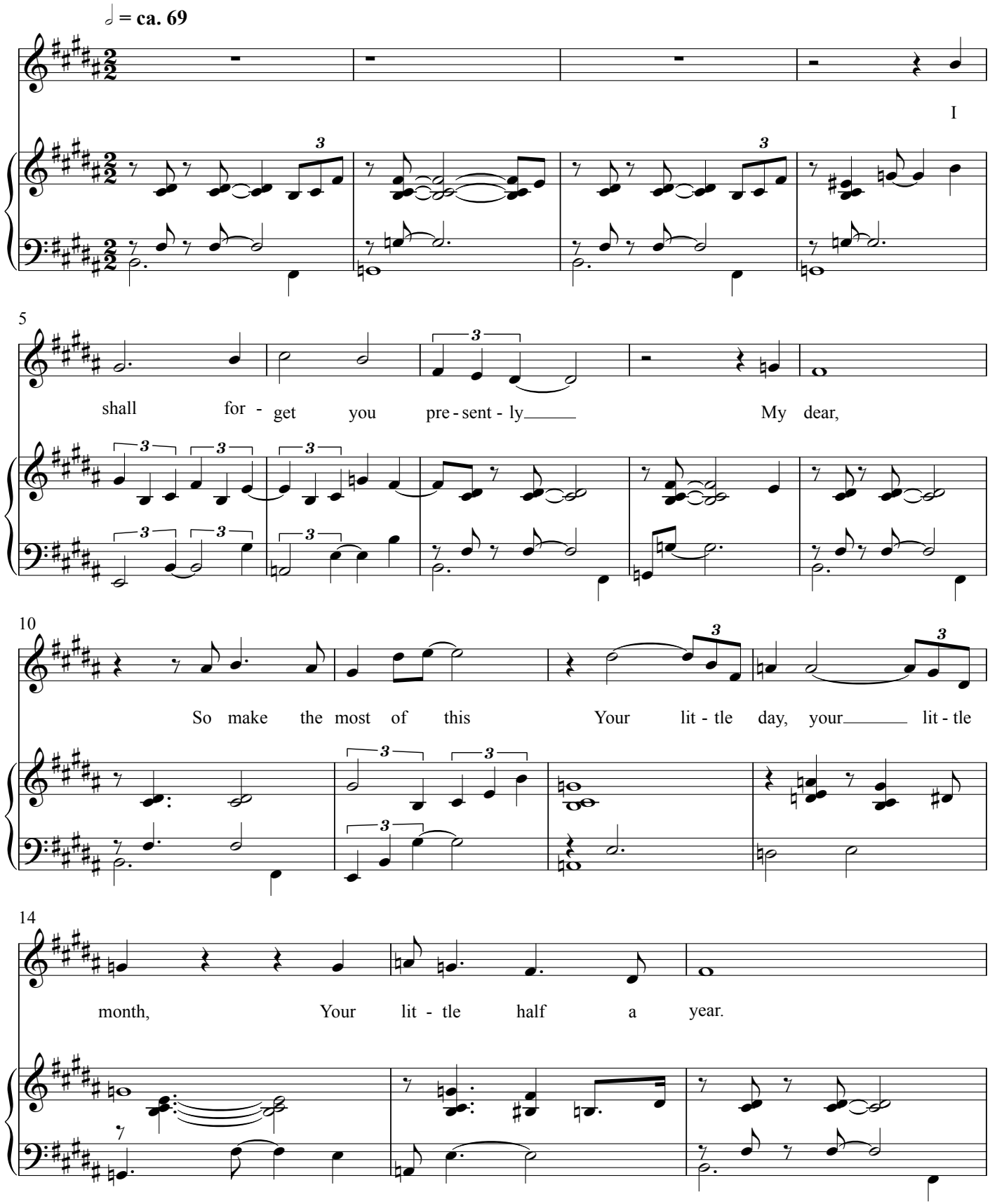

33
what are you_ that, mis-sing you,___ I should be kept a - wake, As ma-ny nights as
38
there are days_ with weep-ing,___ with weep-ing for your sake?
43
I know a man that's a bra-ver man, And twen-ty men as
48
kind, And what are you,__ that you should be the one man on my

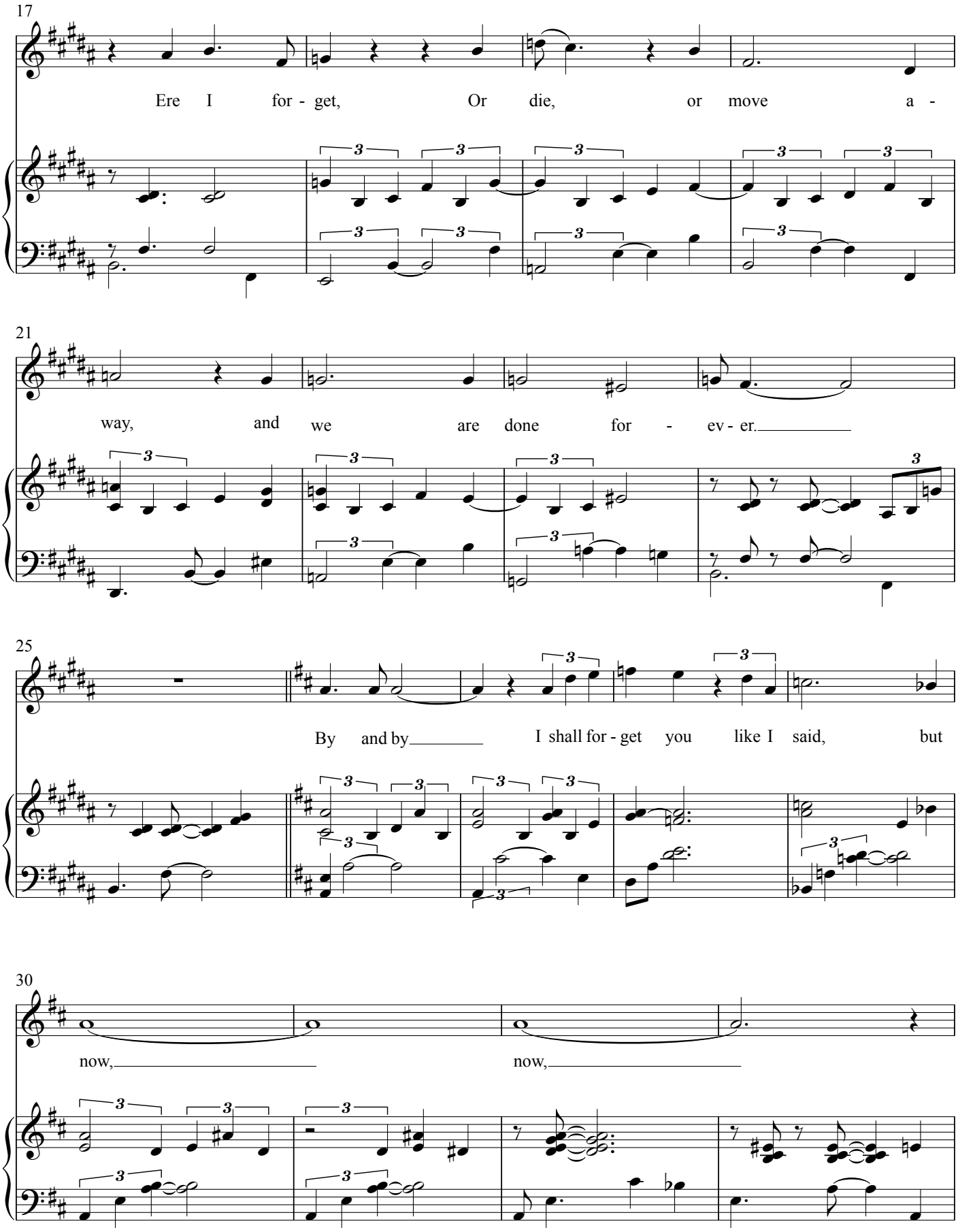

52
mind? Yet wo-men's ways are wit-less ways, As a - ny sage can
56
tell, And what am I And what am I?
61
what am I that I should love so wise ly, so wise-ly, and so
65
well?
Ped.

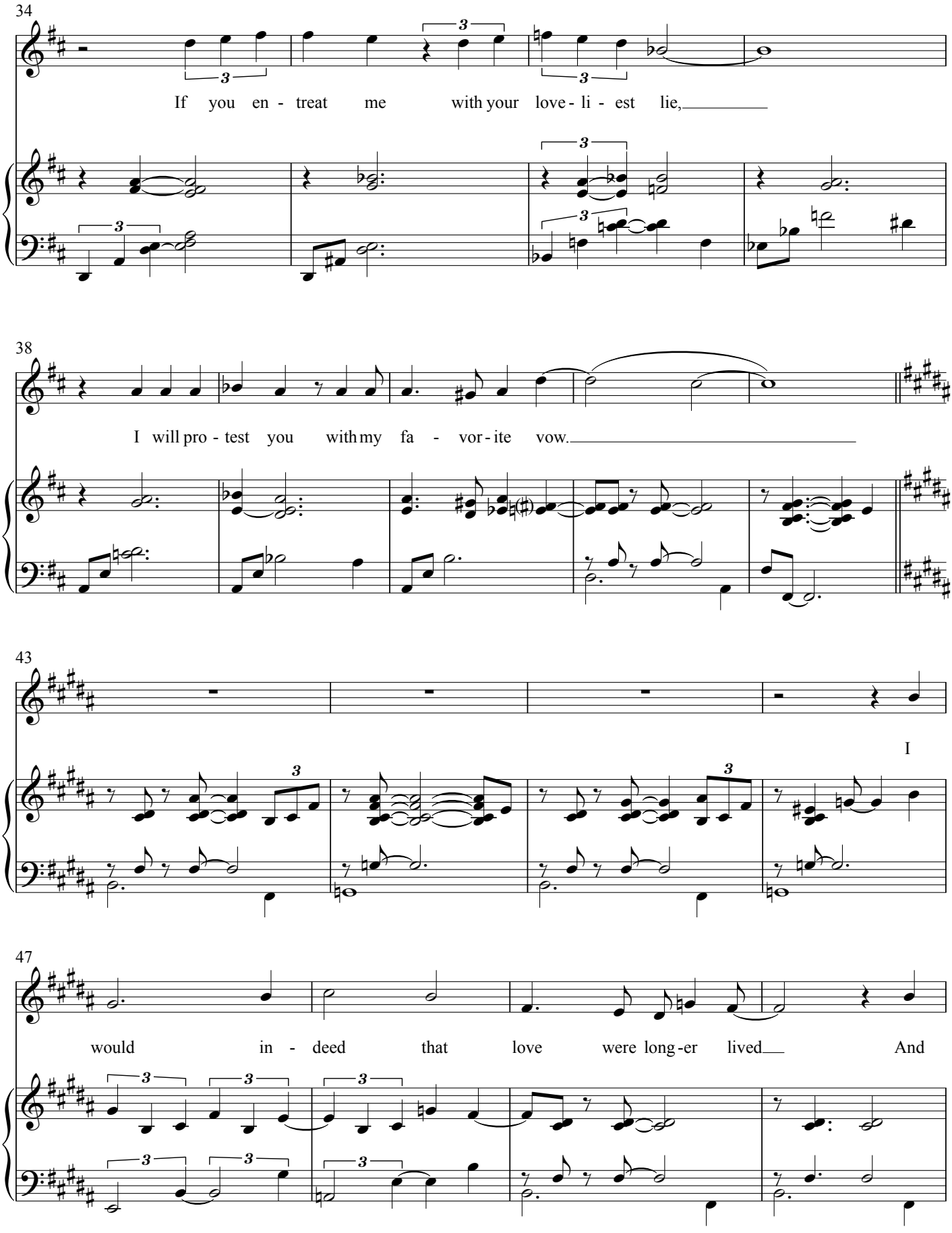
# II. I Shall Forget You

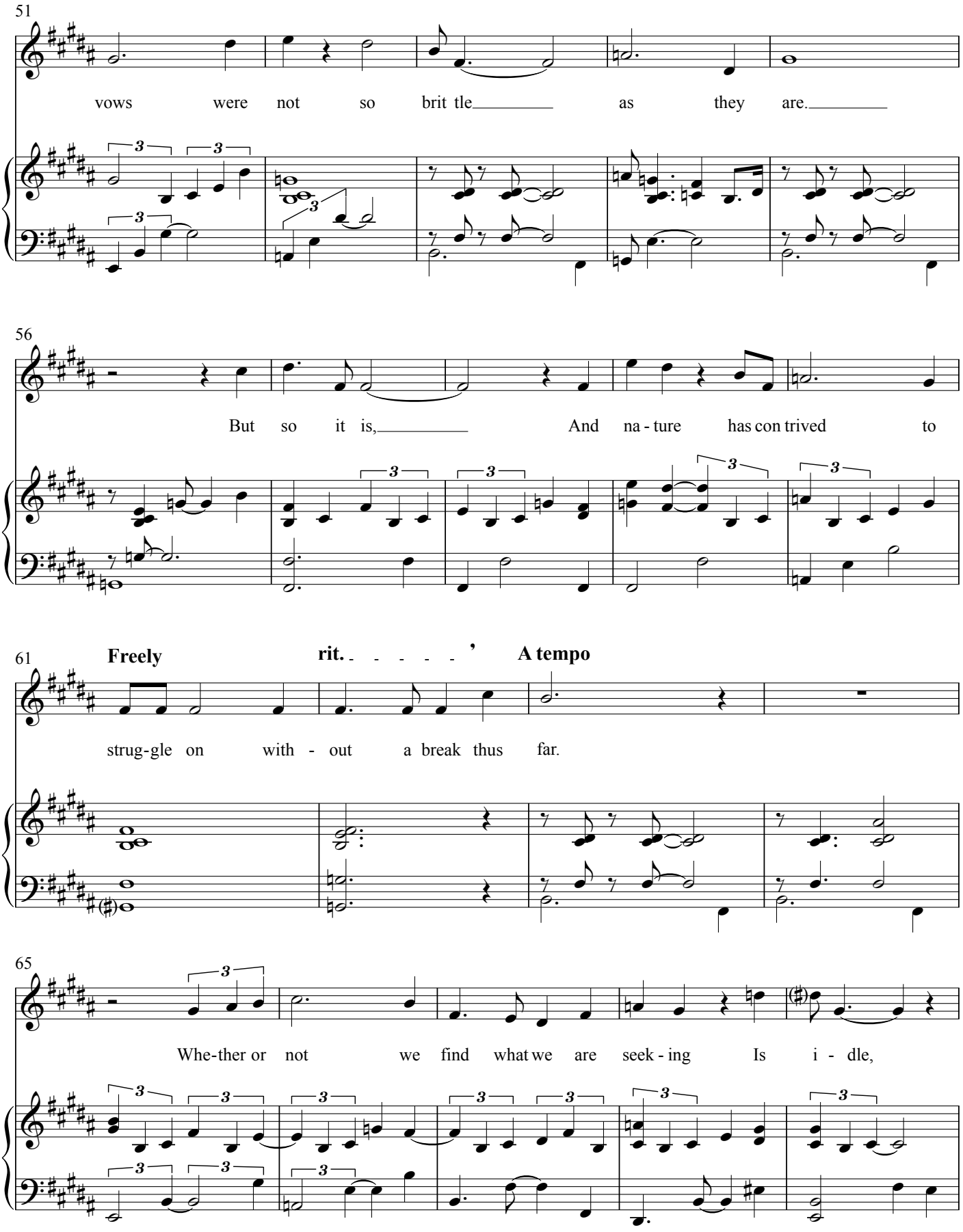
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

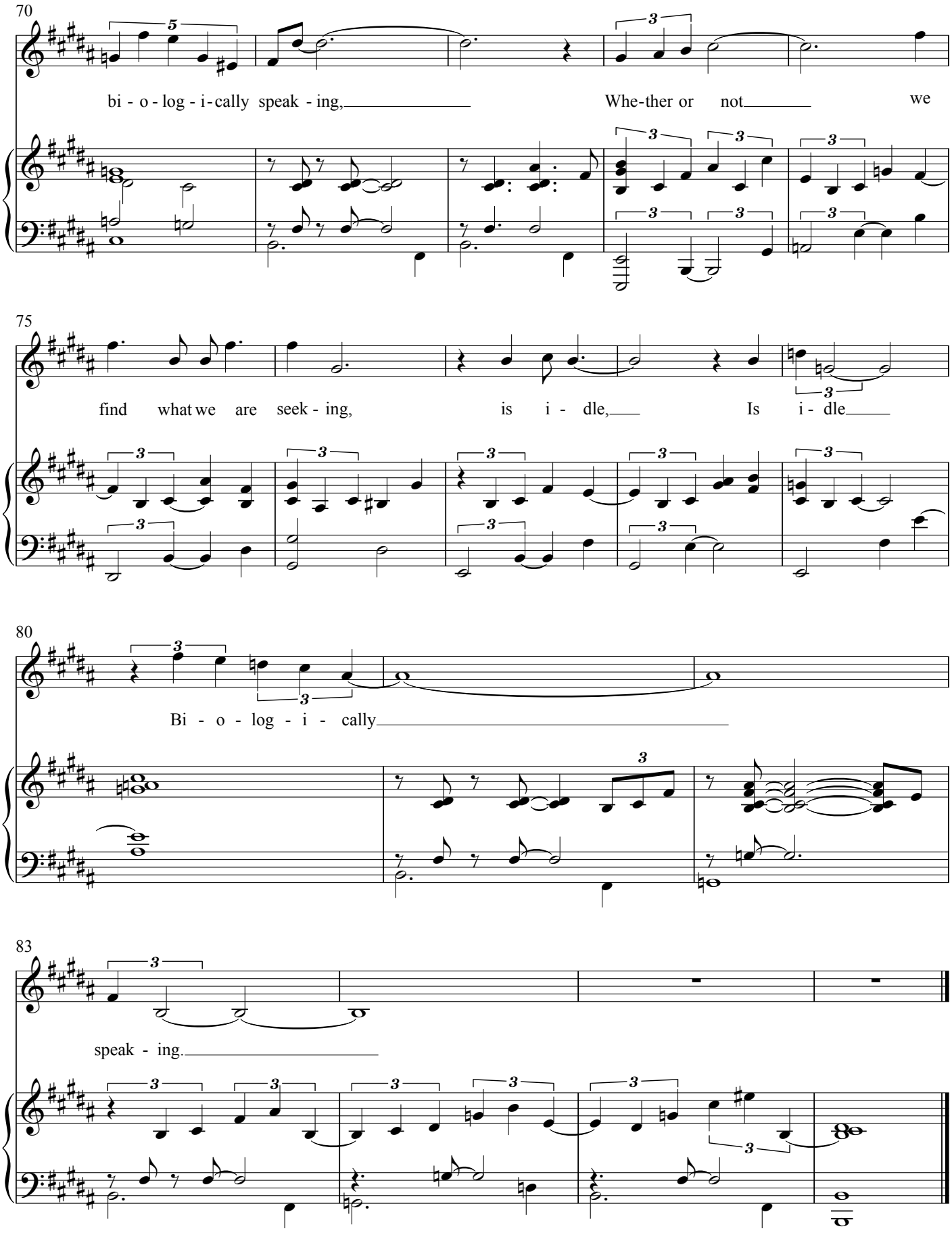
Music by Dale Trumbore




17
Ere I for - get, Or die, or move a -
21
way, and we are done for - ev - er.
25
By and by I shall for - get you like I said, but
30
now, now,


34
If you en - treat me with your love - li - est lie,
38
I will pro - test you with my fa - vor - ite vow.
43
I
47
would in - deed that love were long - er lived And

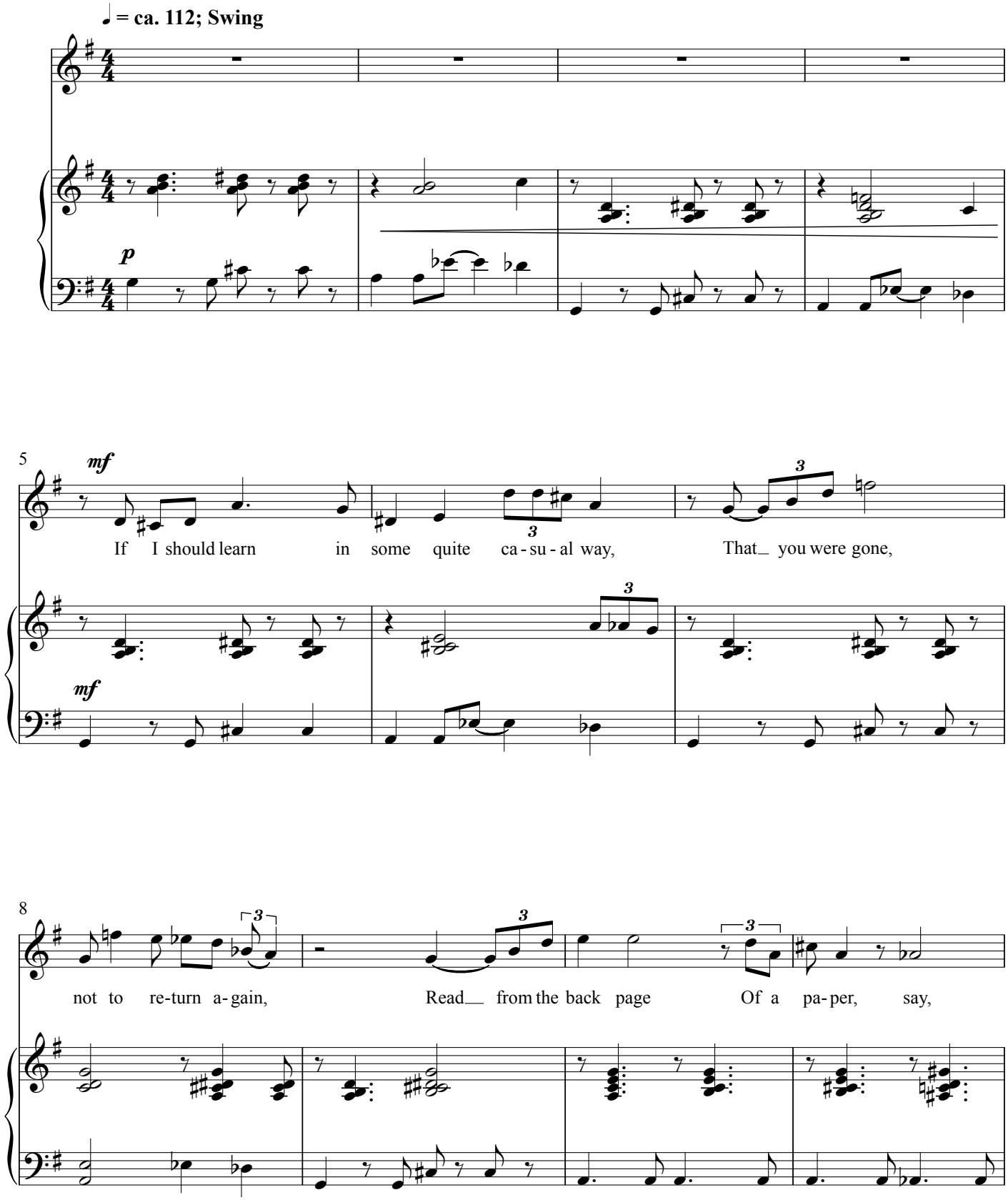

51
vows were not so brit tle as they are.
56
But so it is, And na - ture has con trived to
61
Freely
rit.
A tempo
strug-gle on with - out a break thus far.
65
Whe-ther or not we find what we are seek - ing Is i - dle,

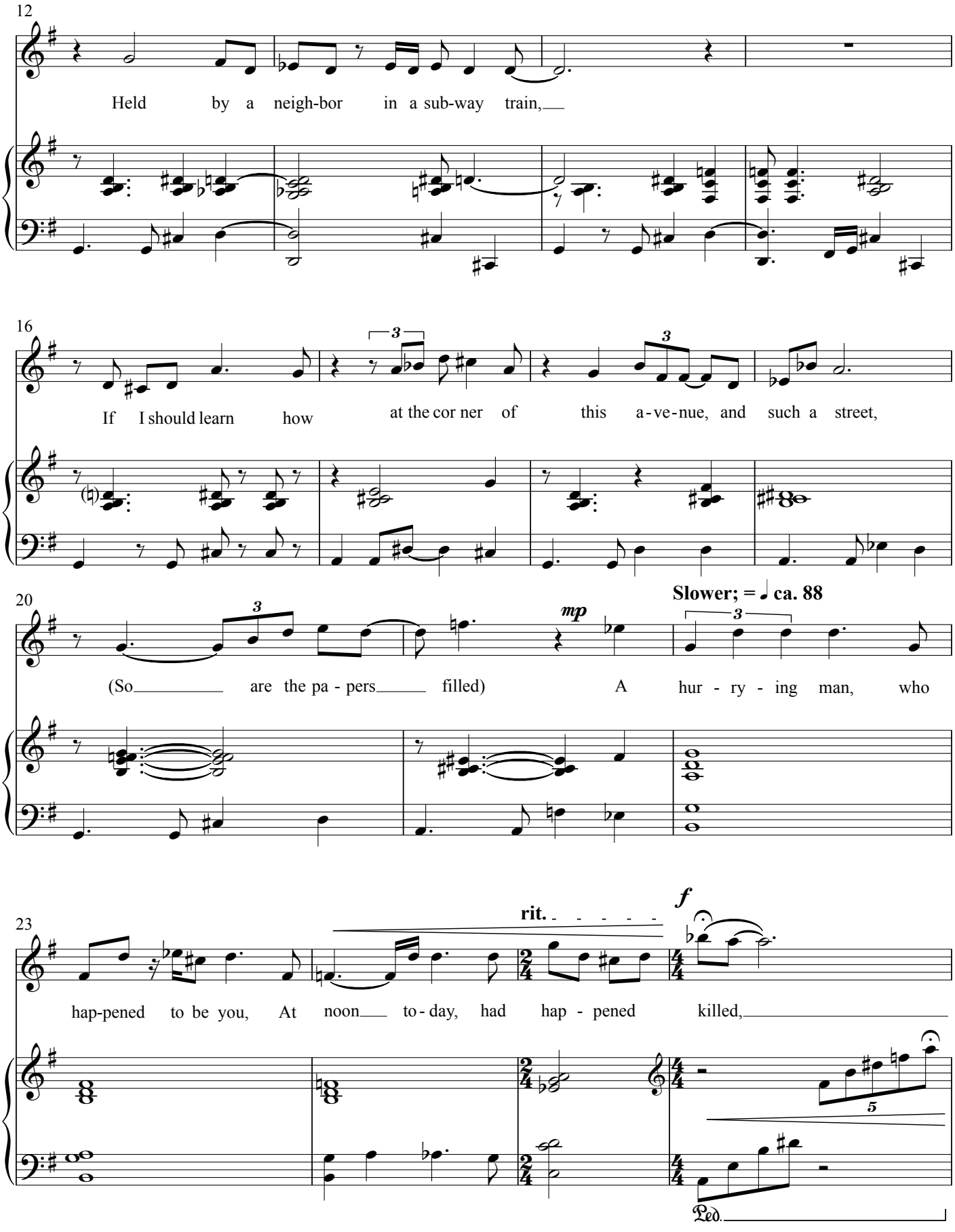

70
bi - o - log - i - cally speak - ing,
Whe-ther or not
we
75
find what we are seek - ing,
is i - dle,
Is i - dle
80
Bi - o - log - i - cally
83
speak - ing.

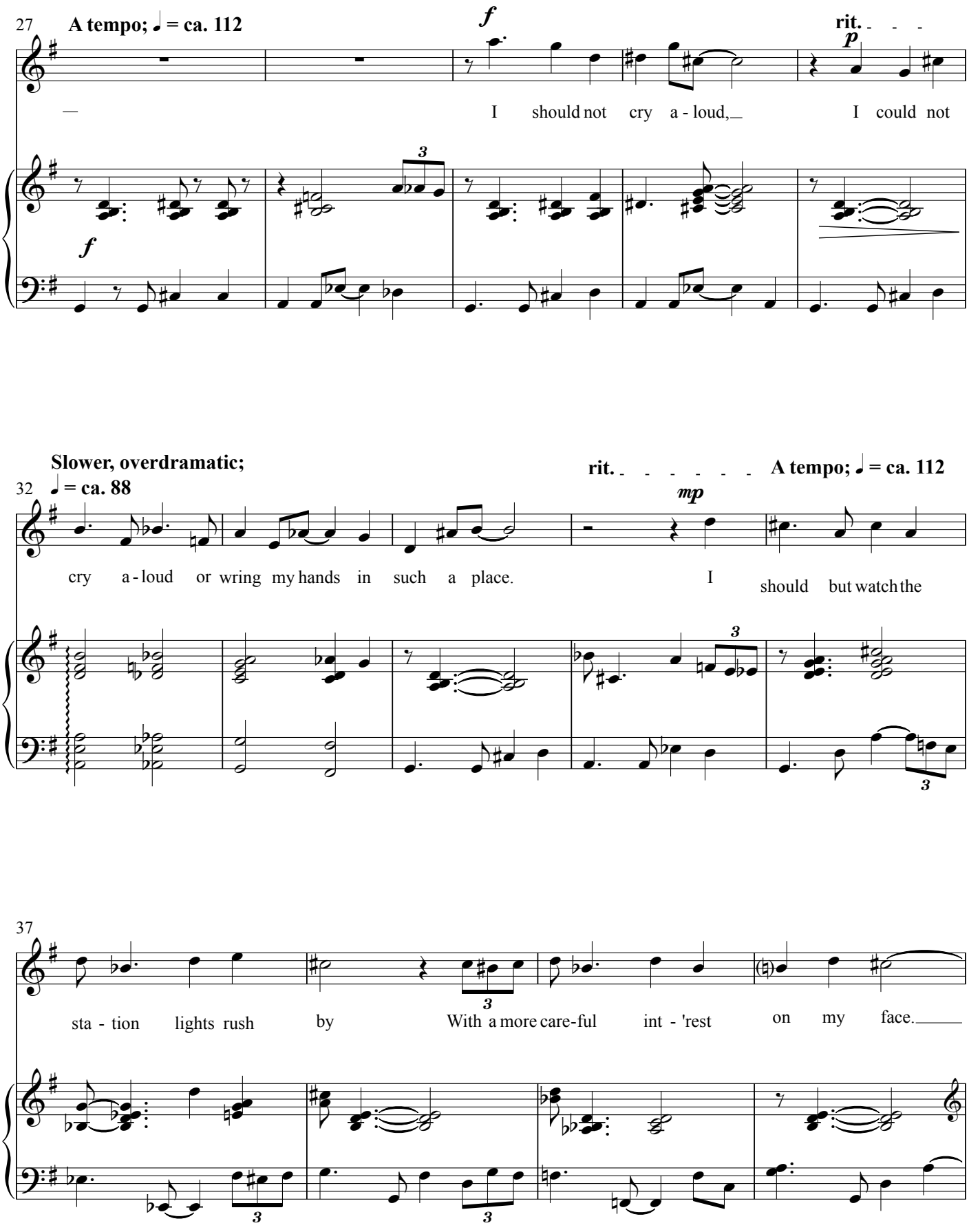
# 3. If I Should Learn

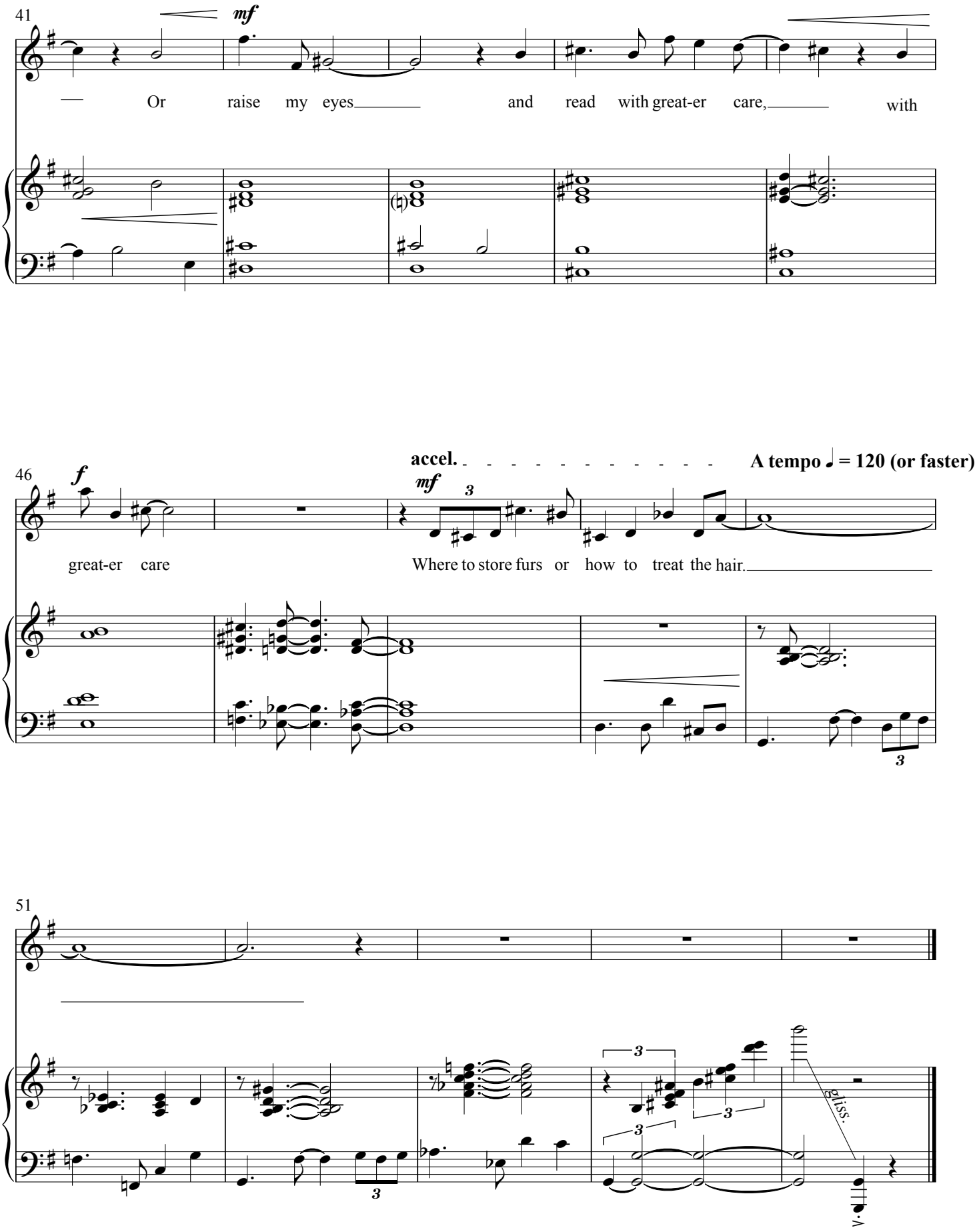
Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

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 such a street,
20
(So are the pa - pers filled) A hur - ry - ing man, who
Slower; = ca. 88
mp
23
hap-pened to be you, At noon to - day, had hap - pened killed,
rit.
f
Ped.


27
A tempo; ♩ = ca. 112
f
rit.
p
I should not cry a - loud, I could not
f
Slower, overdramatic;
♩ = ca. 88
32
rit.
A tempo; ♩ = ca. 112
mp
cry a - loud or wring my hands in such a place. I should but watch the
37
sta - tion lights rush by With a more care-ful int - 'rest on my face.


41
mf
Or raise my eyes and read with great-er care, with
46
f
accel.
A tempo ♩ = 120 (or faster)
mf
3
great-er care
Where to store furs or how to treat the hair.
51
3
3
3
3
gliss.