

DT0050 | TRUMBORE  
SOPRANO & PIANO

# THIS THIRST IN THE LUNGS

Soprano & Piano  
Text by Robin Myers

The logo for Dale Trumbore, featuring a stylized musical note above the letter 'd' in the word 'daletrumbore'. Below the name, the word 'composer' is written in a smaller, lowercase font, with each letter separated by a space.

daletrumbore  
c o m p o s e r

## Program Note

*This thirst in the lungs* sets three poems by Robin Myers.

Each poem dwells on the beauty of a single moment.

This piece is recorded on *Snow White Turns Sixty*, an album of art-songs featuring soprano Gillian Hollis accompanied by Dale Trumbore.

### Texts

#### 1. THIS MORNING

This morning, still, winter  
waking, kicking off the quilt.  
Till now, unthinking  
waiting, cupping in the quiet  
I will stretch from—the plant  
uncurling toward the glass,  
the light gone strong enough  
to break it, vines reaching to it  
not from wanting, just not knowing  
how not to. Dust shifting  
in the sun of the air, floor  
waiting for the bright  
that stains it. What  
is it, this thirst in the lungs,  
a breath pulled tight  
as the shade snapped up to let it  
in, this waking, this dense nothing  
of warmth across the rug,  
this sweet mourning.

#### 2. EVENING

I walk home at sundown. The light strikes  
the telephone wires full on,  
and the cables blaze as if from inside.

For an instant, I'm sure it's true—  
that November has fired up the veins  
of everything—  
that I, too, am briefly bright  
this way, and falsely transparent;  
a vessel for some joy I haven't learned  
to make myself, or bear,  
or give.

#### 3. UNION SQUARE STATION

After all the fervor—all the search  
for words, the reach for flesh,  
the warmth of both, or just  
a way to cope with what they do—  
and after all the space that's left  
when sought, whether found  
or not, I think, standing in the empty  
subway stop, while a lone cellist bows  
his low harmonics into the cave,  
that this, too, must be desire:  
reaching out not to the player,  
nor with any fire, but to the train: Be slow  
and far away. Let me stay  
with this raw sound humming  
in my lungs. Make me wait.  
Never come.

—Robin Myers

# I. This Morning

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 60; Gently

8va

*p*

This morn-ing,

*pp*  
(loco)

Ped.

6

still, win ter wa - king. kick-ing off the quilt. Till

*mp*

(8) (loco)

11

now, un - think-ing, wait - ing,

*mp*

15

Cup-ping in the qui - et I will stretch from.

19

The plant un - curl-ing toward the glass, the light gone strong e-nough to

23

break it, vines reach-ing to it not from want-ing just not know-ing how

27

not to. Dust shift-ing in the light of the

46 **A tempo** (♩ = ca. 60; Gently)

*p* *mp*

this dense no-thing of warmth a-cross the rug, this sweet

51 **poco rit.**

**A tempo**

mourn - ing

*8va*

55 (8)

(C)  
(Ab)

# II. Evening

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 70; Buoyant

*mf*

I walk home at

*pp*

*sub. p*

5

sun - down. The light strikes the tel - e - phone wires full on,

*ped.*

8

and the cab - les blaze as if from in

*mp*

*p*

10

side. For an in - stant I'm

*pp*

*8va*

14

sure it's true, that No - vem - ber has fired up the

*molto rit.*

17

veins of e - - - - 'vry - - - - thing

A tempo (♩ = ca. 70; Buoyant)

20

that I, too, am brief - ly bright this

*pp*

*Ped.*

# III. Union Square Station

for soprano & piano

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 60 or slightly slower

Piano introduction in 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. Dynamics include *ppp*, *mp*, *ppp*, *mf*, and *n*. A dashed line indicates the *una corda* pedal position.

Musical notation for measures 7-11. The soprano line is in 3/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Af-ter all the fer - vor all the search for words, the reach for". Dynamics include *p*.

Musical notation for measures 12-15. The soprano line is in 3/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "flesh, the warmth of both or just a way to cope with what they do and". Dynamics include *p*, *n*, and *ppp*. A dashed line indicates the *una corda* pedal position.

2 16

*mp*

af - ter all the space that's left when sought, Whe - ther found or not

*p*

8<sup>vb</sup>

20

*p*

I think, stand-ing in the empty sub-way stop while a lone cel-list bows his

*mp*

tre corde

Red.

24

*mf*

low har-mon-ics in - to the cave that this,

27

*f* *mp*

too must be de - sire; reach - ing

Red.

46

*p*

*mf*

wait. Make me wait.

51

*p*

*mp*

*p*

Ne - ver come. Ne - ver

54

*mf*

*p*

senza vibrato  
*pp*

*n*

come Ne - ver come.