

DT0047 | TRUMBORE  
SOPRANO & PIANO

# SARA TEASDALE SONGS

Soprano & Piano  
Text by Sara Teasdale

daletrumbore  
c o m p o s e r

### JOY

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,  
I will sing to the stars in the sky,  
I love, I am loved, he is mine,  
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,  
I have heart-fire and singing to give,  
I can tread on the grass or the stars,  
Now at last I can live!

### THE KISS

I hoped that he would love me,  
And he has kissed my mouth,  
But I am like a stricken bird  
That cannot reach the south.

For though I know he loves me,  
Tonight my heart is sad;  
His kiss was not so wonderful  
As all the dreams I had.

### NOVEMBER

The world is tired, the year is old,  
The fading leaves are glad to die,  
The wind goes shivering with cold  
Where the brown reeds are dry.

Our love is dying like the grass,  
And we who kissed grow coldly kind,  
Half glad to see our old love pass  
Like leaves along the wind.

### PRAYER

Until I lose my soul and lie  
Blind to the beauty of the earth,  
Deaf though shouting wind goes by,  
Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length  
And I have left the land of men,  
Oh, let me love with all my strength  
Careless if I am loved again.

Sara Teasdale

# I. Joy

Text by Sara Teasdale

Music by Dale Trumbore

Ecstatic; ♩ = ca. 63

*f*

I am wild, — I will sing to — the trees, — I will sing to the

5

*mf* *poco accel.* *mp*

stars in the sky, I love, I am loved, he is mine, —

11

*mp* *mf* *poco rit.* *♩ = ca. 72*

Now at last I can — die. —

## II. The Kiss

37  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 48$  **molto accel.**  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 72$

I \_\_\_\_\_ hoped that he would love me,

41 **accel.**  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 144$

And he has kissed my mouth But I am like \_\_\_\_\_ a strick-en bird that

47

can-not reach the south, \_\_\_\_\_ For though I know he loves me, to-

The musical score is for a piece titled 'II. The Kiss'. It consists of three systems of music. The first system starts at measure 37 with a tempo of ca. 48 and a 'molto accel.' instruction, reaching ca. 72. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment with triplets. The second system starts at measure 41 with an 'accel.' instruction, reaching ca. 144. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system starts at measure 47 and continues the vocal line. The piano part has a complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The score is marked with a large 'PENGUIN' watermark.

54 *rit.*  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 72$

night my heart is sad, His kiss was not so won-der-ful As all the dreams,

*(slow roll)*

*3*

*3*

*3*

*Ped.*

59 *f* *molto accel.* *Fast*

As all the dreams I had.

*p*

*Ped.*

63 *accel.* *As fast as possible*

*8va*

*ff*

*Ped.*

## III. November

66 **Slow**; ♩ = ca. 56 *mp*

The world is tired, the year is old The fa - ding

71 *mp*

leaves are glad to die. The wind goes

75 *mf* *p*

shi-ver-ing with cold Where the brown reeds are dry.

Red.

The musical score is for a piece titled 'III. November'. It is written in 4/4 time and features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slow' with a quarter note equal to approximately 56 beats per minute. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 66-70) begins with a vocal line that says 'The world is tired, the year is old The fa - ding'. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The second system (measures 71-74) continues the vocal line with 'leaves are glad to die. The wind goes'. The piano accompaniment features more triplet patterns. The third system (measures 75-78) has the vocal line 'shi-ver-ing with cold Where the brown reeds are dry.' and ends with a fermata over the word 'Red.'. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (mf) section and a piano (p) section, with a crescendo leading to the final measure.

# IV. Prayer

95 **Meditative;** ♩ = ca. 56 **rit.** **accel.** **rit.**

*pp* *mp* *pp* *mf* *p*

99 **poco accel.** ♩ = ca. 66 *mp* *mf*

Un - til I lose my soul and lie

*pp* *mf*

103 blind to the beau-ty of the earth, Deaf though a shout - ing wind goes by,

*pp* *mf*

107 Dumb in a storm of mirth; Un - til my heart is quenched at length, And I have left the land of

*pp* *mf*

112 *f* *mf*

men, Oh let me love with all my strength, Care-less if I am loved a gain.