**CRUMPLED SONNETS** 

soprano & clarinet

**DAVID MORNEAU** 

### duration $\approx$ 5'

Crumpled Sonnets is part of David Morneau's Love Songs Project, a songwriting project that pairs sonnets by William Shakespeare with contemporary poems by living poets. Each of the 11 collaborating poets has selected one sonnet and paired it with something of their own—either an existing poem or one written especially for this project. The nature of each pairing is left to the poet so that the works may compliment, contradict, or simply co-exist. Morneau is setting each pair simply, drawing on the structures and sensibilities of familiar love songs from popular music idioms. The goal is to compose in that small slice of common ground where art song and pop song overlap.

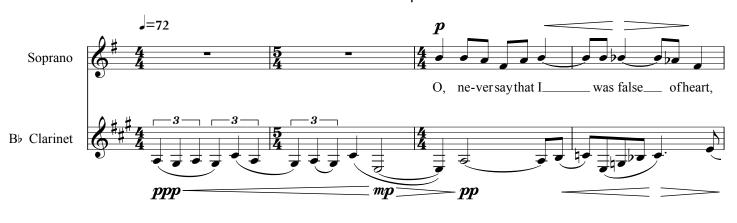
Crumpled Sonnets uses Evie Ivy's Crumpled Sonnet and William Shakespeare's Sonnet no. 109 "O, never say that I was false of heart".

Two copies of the score are included, one at concert pitch and one transposed.

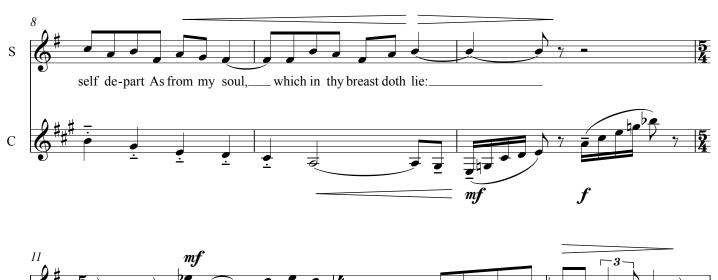
**David Morneau** is a composer of an entirely undecided genre, a provider of exclusive unprecedented experiments. In his work he endeavors to explore ideas about our culture, issues concerning creativity, and even the very nature of music itself. Learn more @ http://5of4.com

### **Evie Ivy** William Shakespeare

Sonnet no. 109 / Crumpled Sonnet

















# Evie Ivy William Shakespeare Sonnet

## **CRUMPLED SONNETS**

**David Morneau** 

Sonnet no. 109 / Crumpled Sonnet











#### Sonnet 109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all they sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

### Crumpled Sonnet

I cannot comprehend how you commenced,
From where in my heart the beginning foamed
To a fountain of such false inspiration.
A sonnet would have been too beautiful,
Too sweet and tamed for you, but for me - joyful.
You didn't want to be the brief haiku;
Of truth and nature you were no confection,
To have been brief would've been too kind of you.
You wished to be free verse and flow as pleased,
But in no order, sequence have you flowed!
Now as I sit among crumpled paper,
I realize that when your words first showed
I should not have cared, or have been stricken,
Yet, you were the sonnet I should've written.

*Crumpled Sonnet* © Evie Ivy (used with permission)