

MY SONG

Sonnet no. 102 / *The Twenty-Four Hour Song*

Dramatic $\text{♩} = 72$

The musical score is written for soprano and cello in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The tempo is marked 'Dramatic' with a quarter note equal to 72 beats. The score is divided into four systems, each with a measure number (1, 4, 7, 10) at the beginning of the soprano line. Dynamics include *f*, *mf*, *mp*, *p*, and *pp*. The lyrics are: 'E - ven your mak - er would not think you proud if she could re-poss-ess your eyes and see the green court-yards in morn - ing length-en - ing to fit your see-ing soul's ge - om - e - try'. The cello part features various textures, including sustained chords and triplet patterns.

soprano

E - ven your mak - er would not

4 think you proud if she could re-poss-ess your eyes and

7 see the green court-yards in

10 morn - ing length-en - ing to fit your see-ing soul's ge - om - e - try

cello

14 *p*

and how you wished they would stay — like a girl's face — be-fore you spoke to her. —

p *N*

18 *f* *mf*

The au - tumn — ov - er - turns — cof-fers_ of light, — freeze-frames their fall and

f *mf*

22 *mp*

calls it hick-o - ry. — A fi - nal kite — threads on the

mp

25 *f* *mp*

loom of — noon — a day tips — toward

f *mp* *N*

29 *pp*

mem-o - ry — set - ting, you walk on through — the rest-stop

mp *pp* *pizz* let ring

33 *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

hours, watch rays age — on planked store-fronts, in the tow-er of cloud. —

p *sim* *mp* *mf* *f* *arco*

37

— Rise_ in your-self but set in me. In rest-stop towns you are for-get - ting

p *mp* *mf* *f* *sim*

41 *ff*

— me... I have not — seen you sleep, — but I saw

ff

45

tapes of sleep-ing men, and they all wear the same un-want-ing face

f decrescendo

49

un-want-ing eve-ry - thing that you look through be-fore you

mf *mf* *pizz* *sim*

mf let ring

53

turn a - gain

arco *mp*

Lightly, sweetly

58

My love is strength-ened though more weak in seem-ing; I love not less, though

mp

61

less the show ap - pear; ——— That love_ is merch-an-dized, — whoserich es-teem-ing,

64

The own-er's tongue does pub-lish ev - ery where. Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

68

When I was wont to greet it with my lays; ——— As Phil-o-mel ——— in — sum-mer's front does sing,

72

And stops his pipe in growth of rip - er days: Not that_ the sum-mer ——— is less pleant now ———

76

— Than when her mourn-ful hymns — did hush the night,

79

But that wild music bur-dens ev-ery bough, And sweets — grown com-mon lose their

83

dear de-light. — There-fore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:

88

Be-cause I would not dull you with my song.