

from Poetry (May 1919)

Louis Untermeyer (1885-1977)

# End of the Comedy

Gary Bachlund

*a piacere*  $\text{♩} = 100$

E - le - ven o' - clock, and the cur - tain falls. The cold wind tears the

strands of il - lu - sion. The

de - li - cate mu - sic is lost in the blare of home go - ing crowds

and the mid - night pa - - - per. The

17 *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

de - li - cate mu - sic\_\_ is\_\_ lost\_\_\_\_\_ in the blare of home go - ing\_\_\_\_\_ crowds\_\_\_\_\_

21 *3* *3* *3*

— and the mid - night pa - - - per.\_\_\_\_\_ The

25 *3* *3*

night has grown mar - tial;\_\_\_\_\_ it meets us with blows and dis -

*f*

8vb

29 *3* *3* *3* *3*

as - ter.\_\_\_\_\_ E - ven the stars have turned shrap -

*mf*

32

nel, fixed in si - lent ex - plo - sions. And here

36

at our door the moon - light is laid like a

40

drawn sword. E - le-ven o' -

44

clock,

circa 2' 00"

8vb

21 VI 2008  
Monrovia