

Four Sonnets (1923)

for Emily Golden

Edward Estlin Cummings (1894-1962)

Gary Bachlund

goodby Betty

Allegretto ma non troppo

Mezzo soprano *mf*
good - by Bet - ty, don't re - mem - ber me _____

Clarinet in B \flat *f* *mp*

5 *rit.* *A tempo*

pen - cil your eyes dear and have a good time_ with the tall tight boys at Ta - ba - ri's, _____

Clarinet in B \flat

9 *rit.* *A tempo*

keep your teeth snow - y, stick to beer and lime_ wear dark, _____ and where your meet - ing

Clarinet in B \flat

13 *rit.*

breasts are round have ro - ses dar - ling, it's all i ask of you -- it's all i ask of

Clarinet in B \flat *f*

17 **Andante** *rit.*

you -- but that_ when light_ fails_ and this sweet pro - found Pa - ris

Clarinet in B \flat *mp*

Four Sonnets (1923)

22 **A tempo**

moves with lo - vers, two by two bound for them - selves, _____ when pas-sion-ate-ly dusk brings

pp

26 **Meno mosso**

soft - ly down the per - fume of the world (and small-er stars be-gin to husk

p

30 **Meno mosso**

hea - ven) _____ you, you ex-act-ly paled and curled_ (you) with

p

34 **rit. Tempo primo**

mys-tic lips take twi-light where i know: _____

f

38 **rit. A tempo**

pro - ving to Death that Love is so and so. _____ good - by Bet-ty,

mp

42 **rit.**

don't re-mem-ber me_ it's all i ask of you-- it's all i ask of you--

f *fff*

at Dick Mid's Place

Allegretto

Allegro

Mezzo soprano

Clarinet in B \flat

at Dick Mid's place... when you rang at

Dick Mid's Place the ma-dam was a bulb _____ stuck in the door. _____

stuck in the door. _____ at Dick Mid's place at Dick Mid's place a fang of win-cing

gas showed how_ hair, in two fists of shrill co - lour, _____ clutched the dull vo-lume of her tum-bling

face_ scrib-bled with a big grin. _____ at Dick Mid's

place_ her sow-eyes click-ing mis-chiev from thick lids. _____ the chunk-like nose on which

28

al-ways the four tab-lets of per - spi-ra - tion_ e-rect-ly sit - ting_ at Dick Mid's place at

32

Dick Mid's place If they knew you at Dick Mid's_

36

rit. **Andante** *rit.*

If they knew you at Dick Mid's_ the three trick-ling chins be-gan to traipse in-to the cheeks

40

A tempo

"eet smee - strai - re stee-ven-sun_ kum een, kum een, kum enn, da-re ea-se

45

Bet, an Lee lee, an dee beeg wun" her hand-less wrists did

49

Presto

goo-ey se- vere_ shapes_ at Dick Mid's place at Dick Mid's place

f *ff*

circa 2' 00"

"kitty"

Adagio

Mezzo Soprano

mp

"kit- ty."six-teen, five - one, —

Clarinet in B \flat

pp

p

3

5

white, pros- ti - tute. — duck - ing al - ways —

8

the touch of — must and shall, — whose slip-pe-ry bo - dy is Death's lit-tl - est

11

pal, — skilled in quick soft-ness. Un - spon - ta - ne - ous. — cute.

14

the sig-nal per-fume of whose un - re - pute — fo-cu-ses in the sweet

16

slow a - ni - mal bot-tom - less eyes im -

pp

20

por-tant-ly ba- nal, Kit-ty. a whore. Six - teen

23

you_ cor-king brute a - mused from time to time by

26

cle-ver, cle-ver, cle-ver drolls_ fear-some-ly who do keep their sun - day flow'r._

29

Kit-ty_ Kit-ty_ The ba-by-breast-ed broad "kit-ty" "kit - ty"

pp

33

"kit - ty" twice eight --beer no-thing, the la-dy-ll have a whisk-ey-sour--

38

whose least a-ma-zing smile is

41

the most great com - mon di - vi - sor

44

of un - e-qual souls. "kit - ty." six-teen, white, pros - ti - tute.

47

"kit - ty" twice eight "kit - ty" "kit - ty" "kit - ty" "kit - ty"

50

The ba - by-breast-ed broad "kit - ty"

molto rit.

circa 3' 30"

thy last applause

Adagio

Mezzo Soprano

Clarinet in B \flat

p

5

9

13

17

21

when thou hast ta - ken thy last ap - plause, and
 when the fi - nal cur - tain strikes the world a - way, — lea - ving to sha - dow - y si - lence and dis - may
 that stage which shall not know thy smile a - gain, lin - ger - ing a lit - tle — while i see thee then
 pon - der the tin - sel part they let — thee — play; — i see the large lips vi - vid, the
 face grey, — the si - lent smile - less eyes of Mag - da - len. — The lights have laughed their last; — with
 out, the street dark - ling a - wai - teth her — whose feet have trod the sil - ly souls of men to gol - den

24

dust: she paus - es she paus-es on the In-tel of de-feat,

p

28

her heart breaks in a smile-- and she is Lust... mine al - so,

3

32

lit-tle pain-ted poem of god she is Lust...

p

36

when thou hast ta - ken thy last ap-prise, and when the fi-nal cur-tain

40

strikes the world a-way, lea-ving to sha-dow-y si-lence and dis - may that stage which shall not

44

molto rit.

know thy smile a-gain, lin - ger-ing a lit - tle lin - ger-ing a lit - tle

p