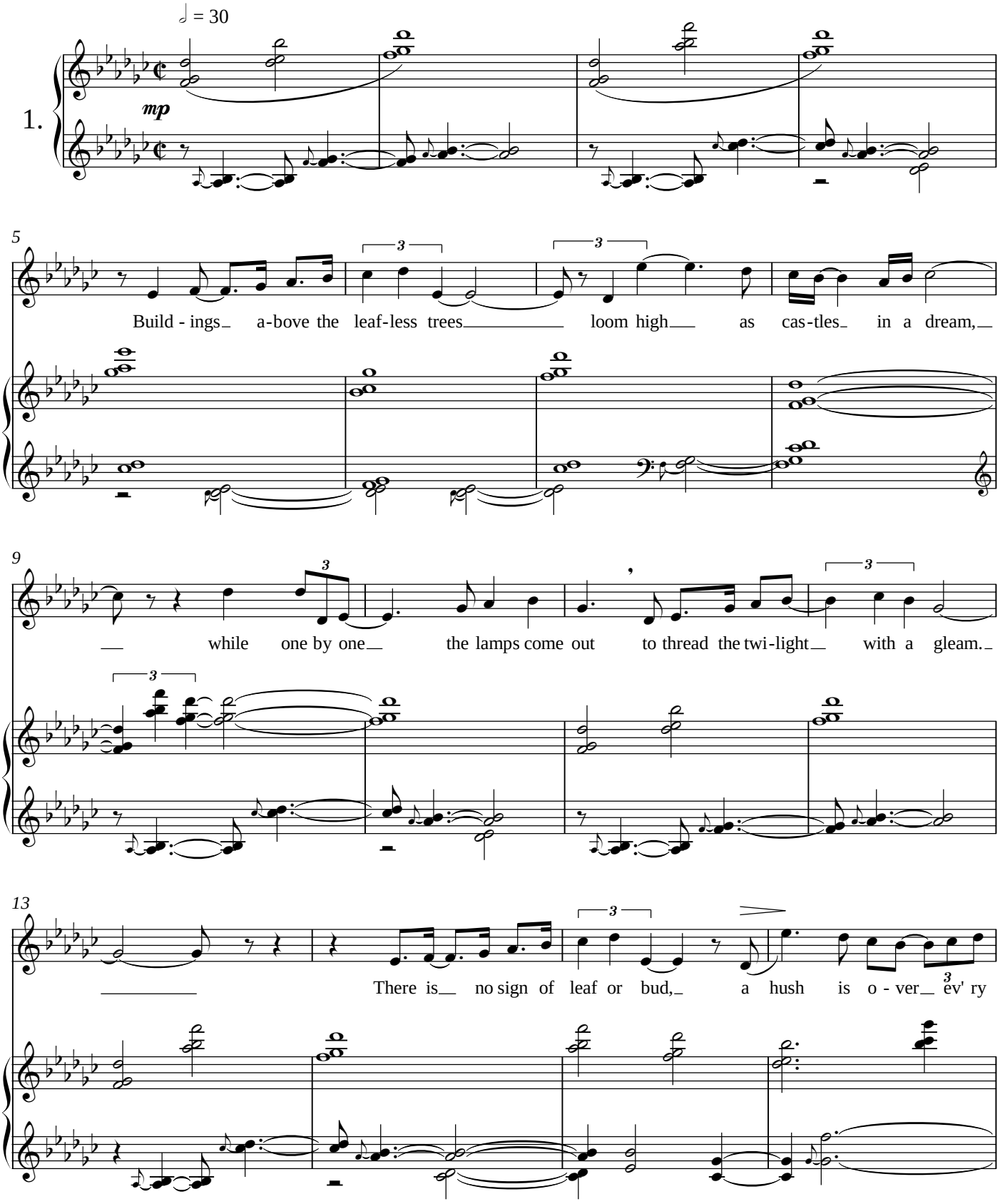
New York Sorrows

Seven songs for mezzo soprano and piano

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933) — Gary Bachlund

Central Park at Dusk



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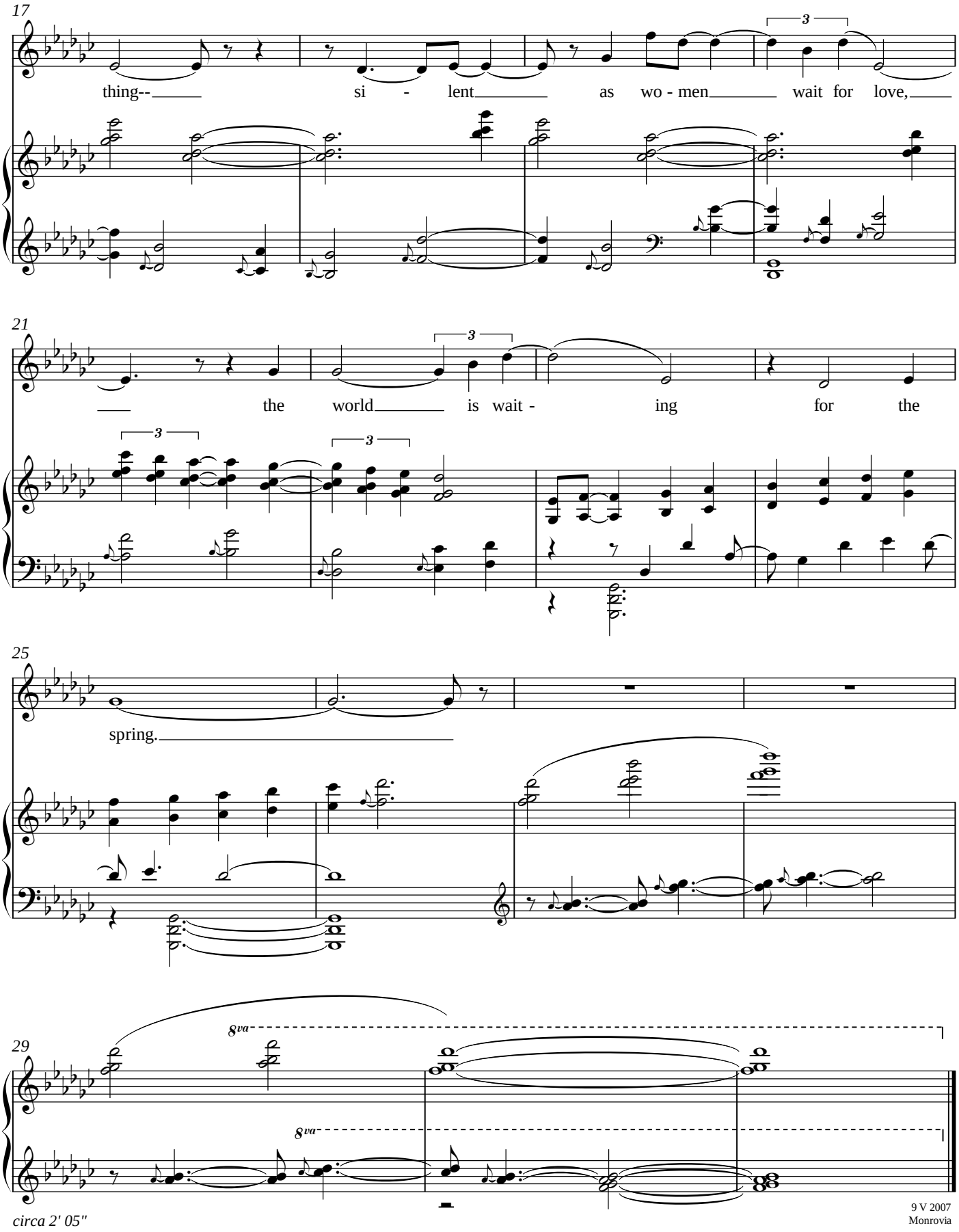
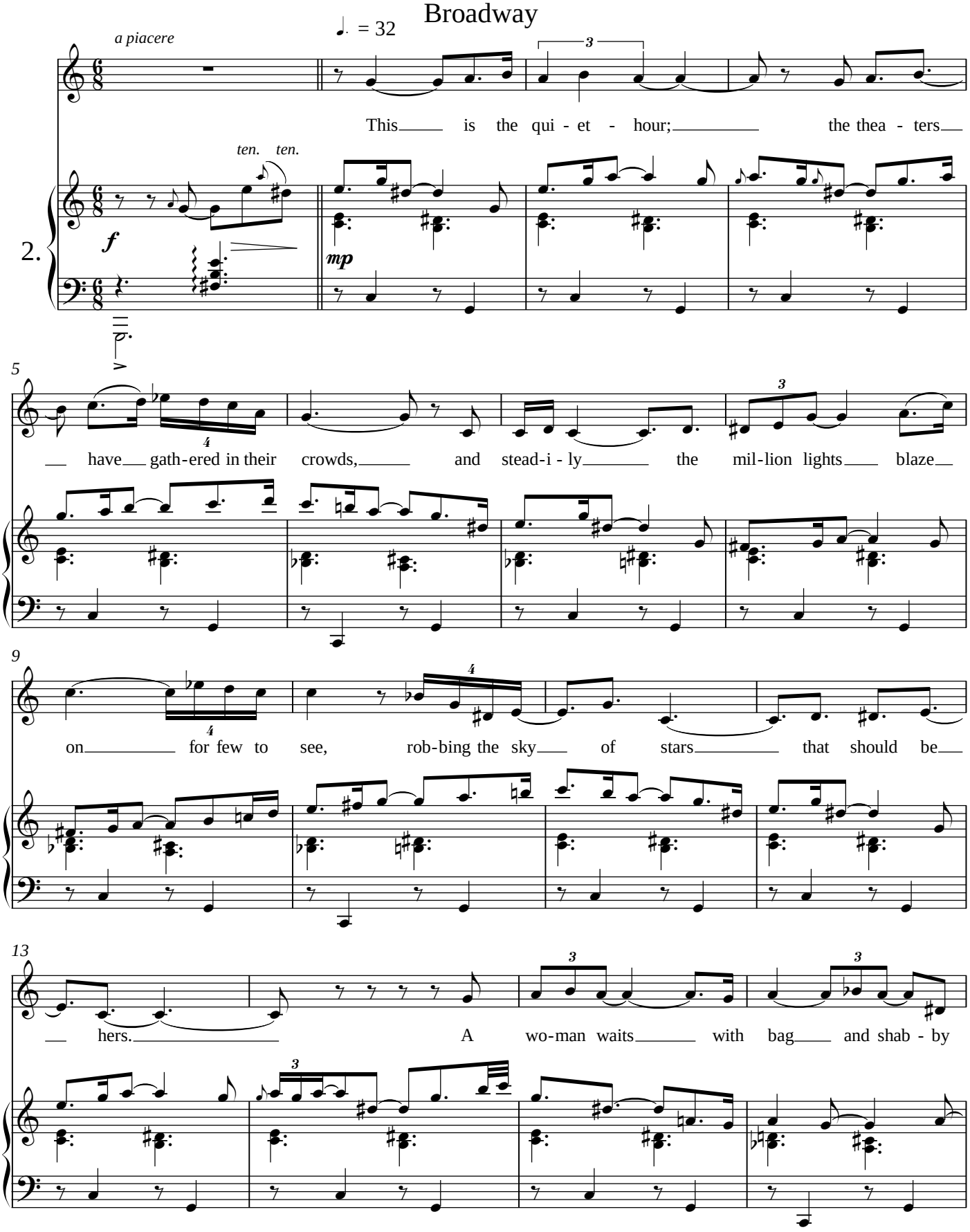
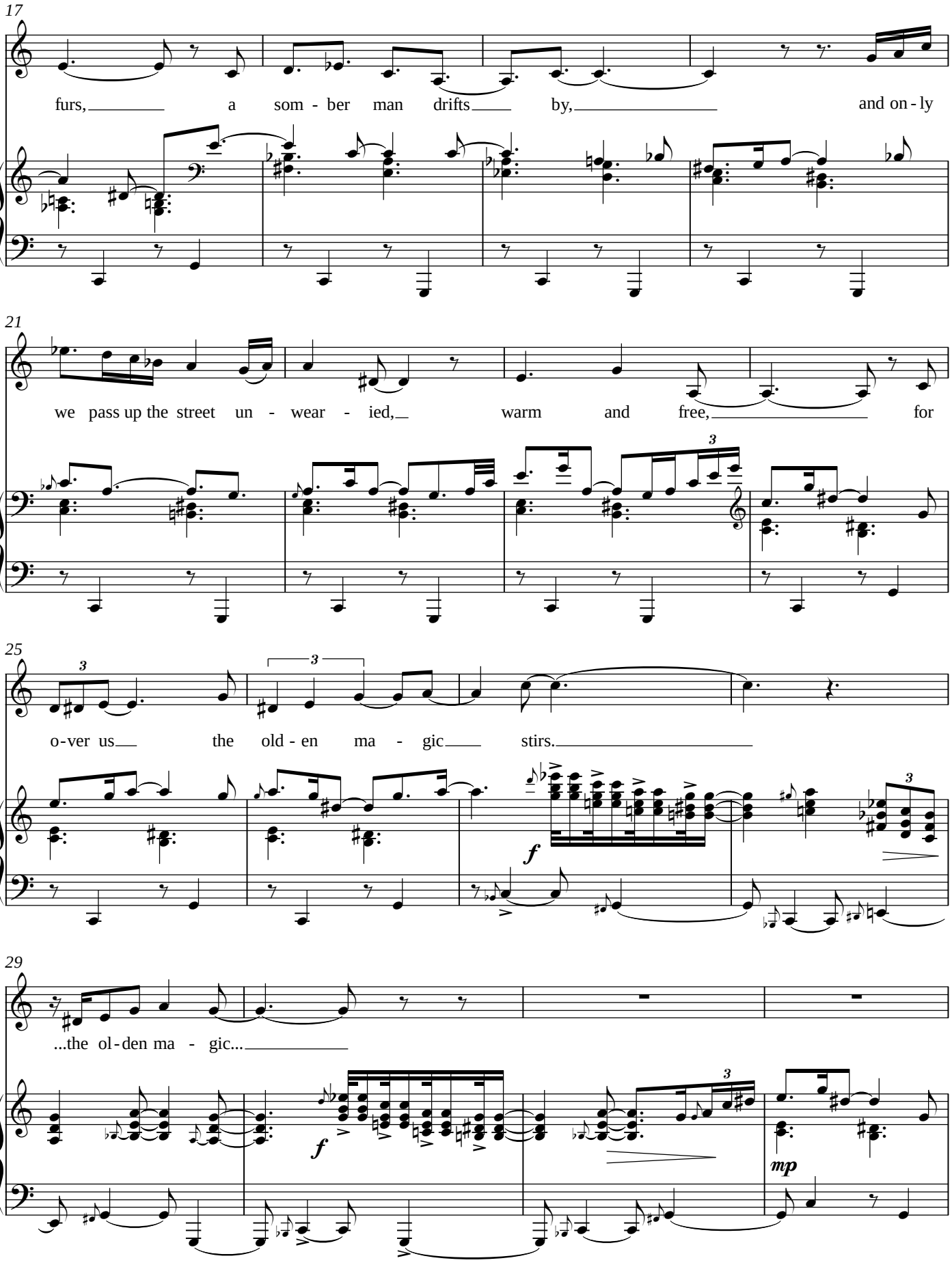
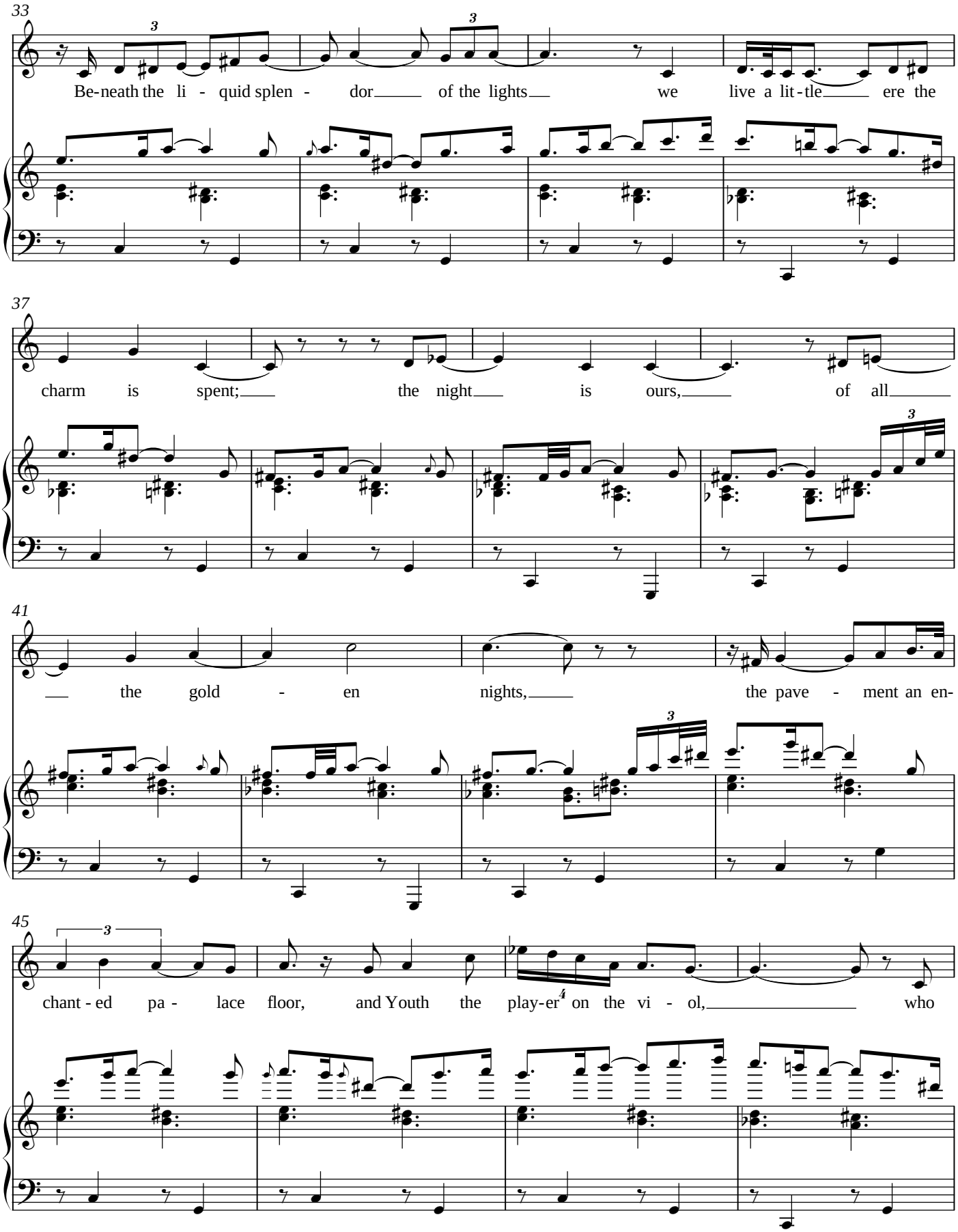
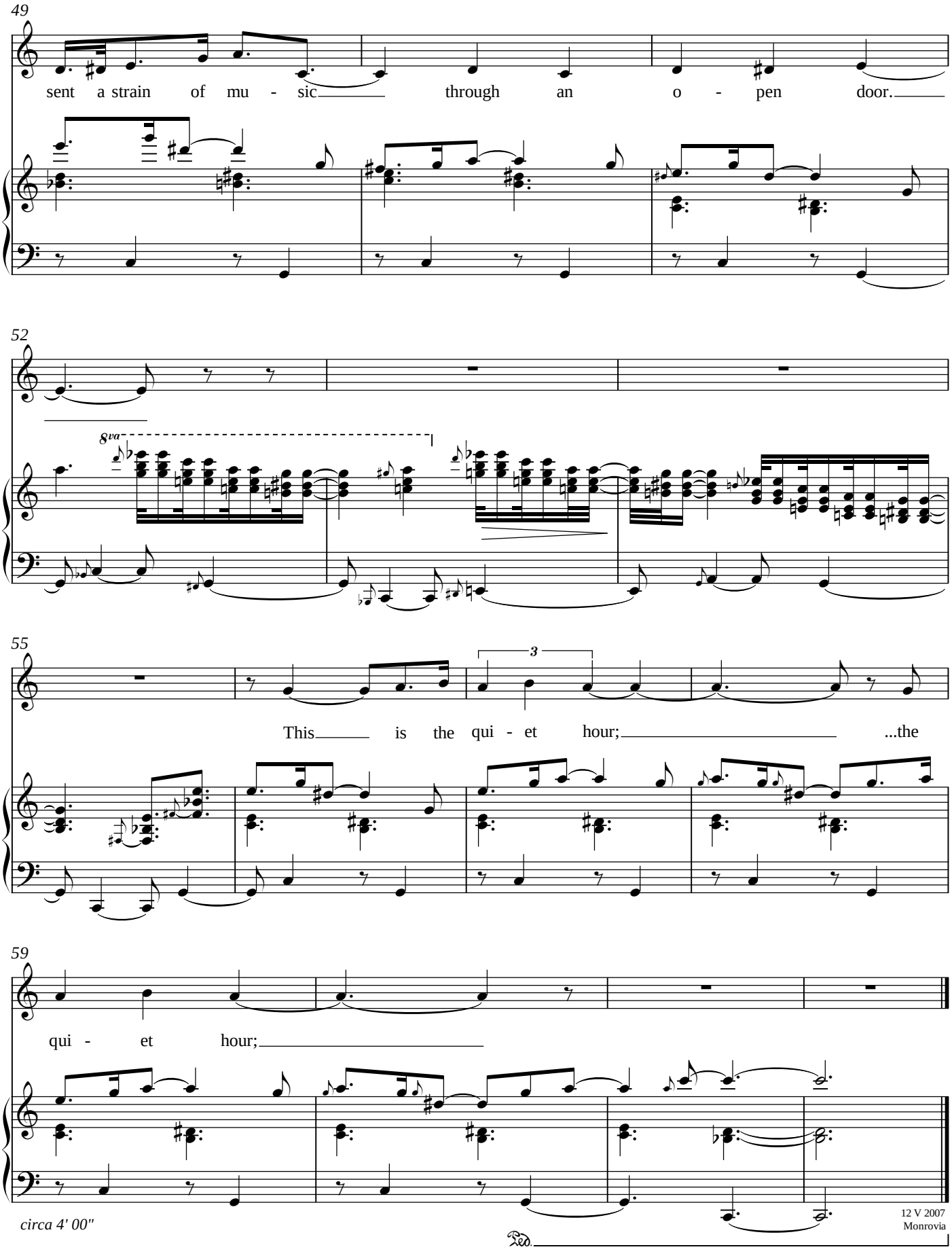

17
thing-- si - lent as wo - men wait for love,
21
the world is wait - ing for the
25
spring.
29
8va
8va
circa 2' 05"
9 V 2007
Monrovia

Broadway

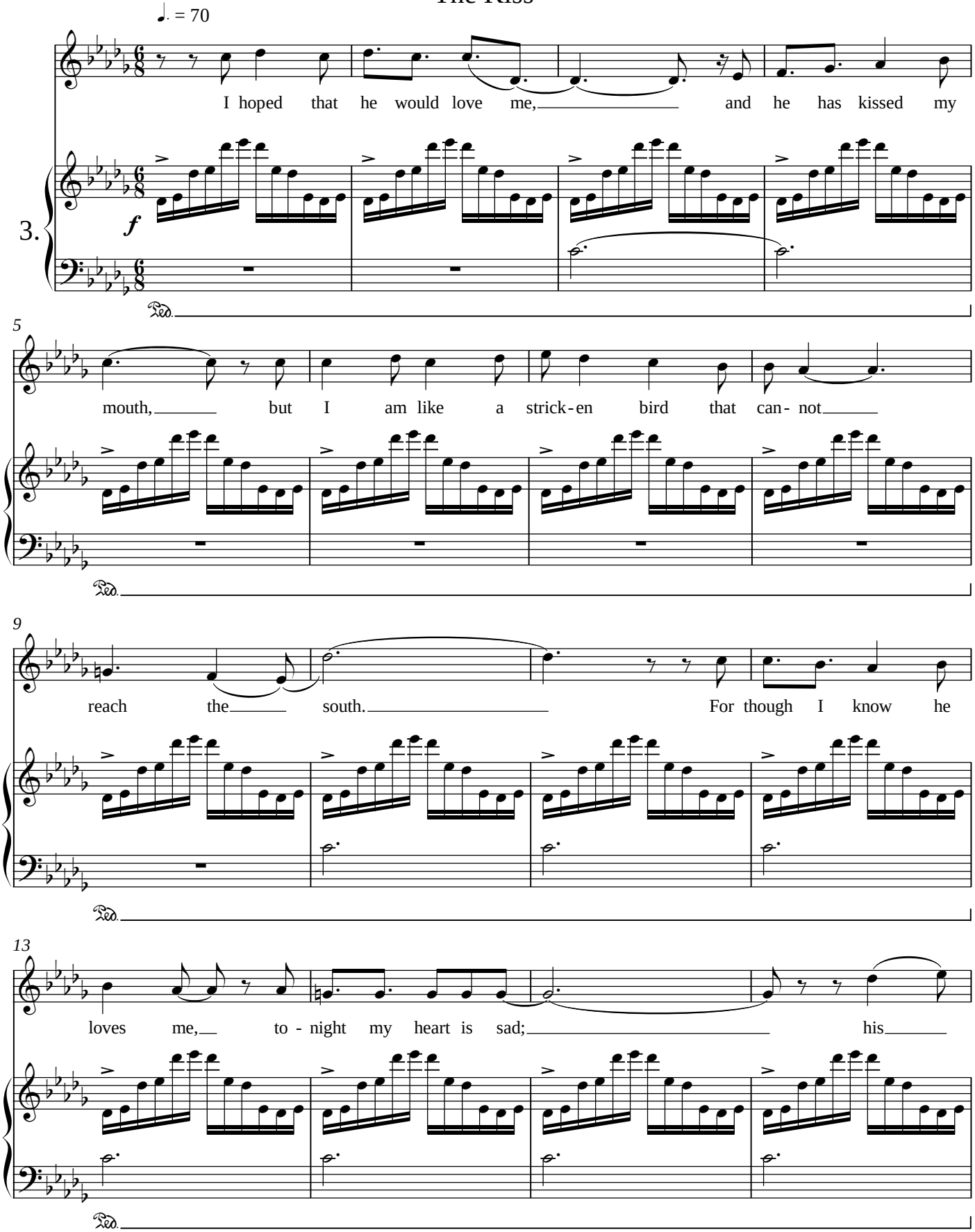

a piacere
♩. = 32
This is the qui - et - hour; the thea - ters
ten. ten.
2.
f
mp
5
have gath-ered in their crowds, and stead-i - ly the mil-lion lights blaze
9
on for few to see, rob-bing the sky of stars that should be
13
hers. A wo-man waits with bag and shab - by

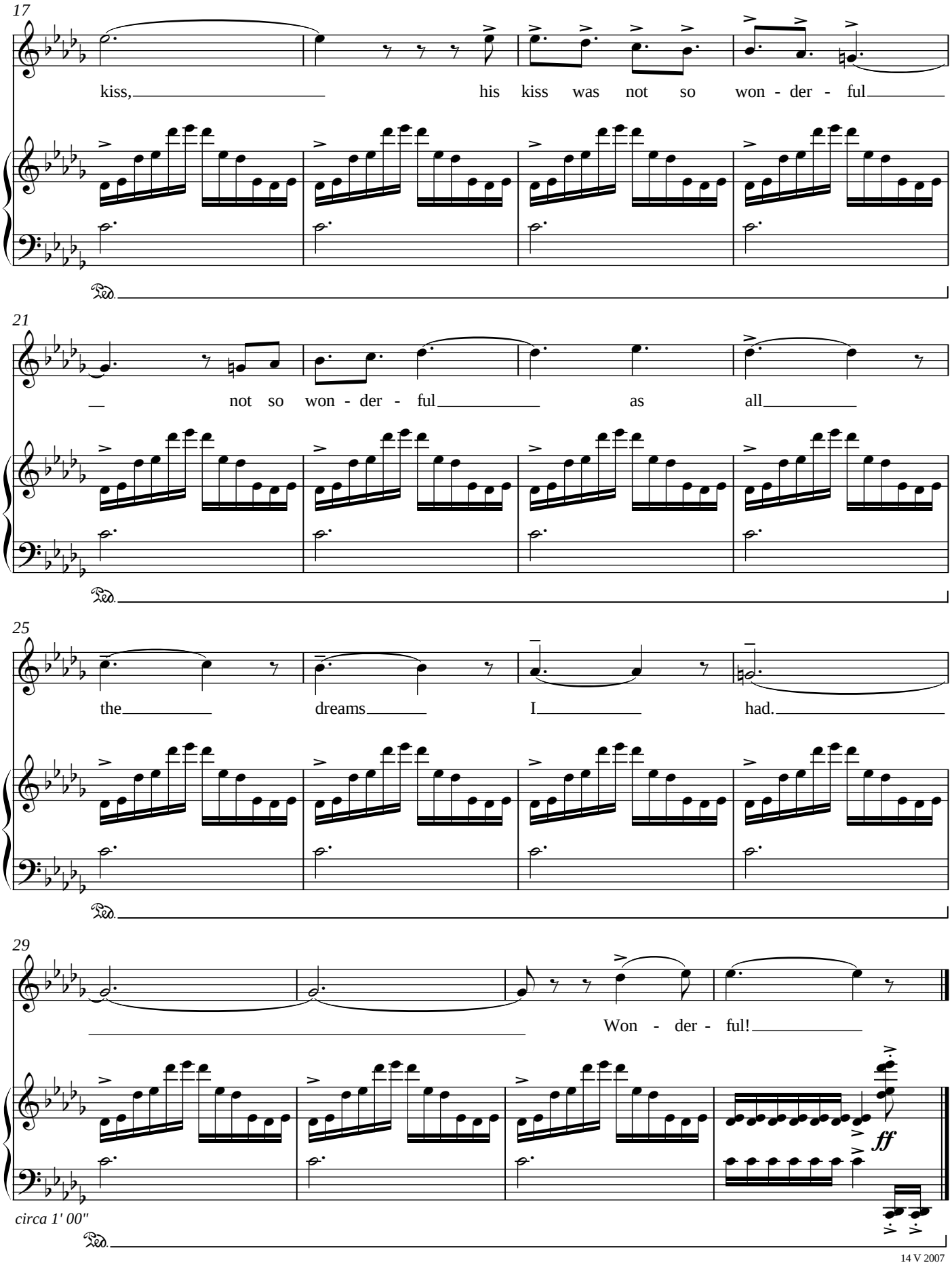

17
furs, a som - ber man drifts by, and on - ly
21
we pass up the street un - wear - ied, warm and free, for
25
o-ver us the old - en ma - gic stirs.
29
...the ol - den ma - gic...
f
mp


33
Be-neath the li - quid splen - dor of the lights we live a lit-tle ere the
37
charm is spent; the night is ours, of all
41
the gold - en nights, the pave - ment an en-
45
chant-ed pa - lace floor, and Youth the play-er on the vi - ol, who

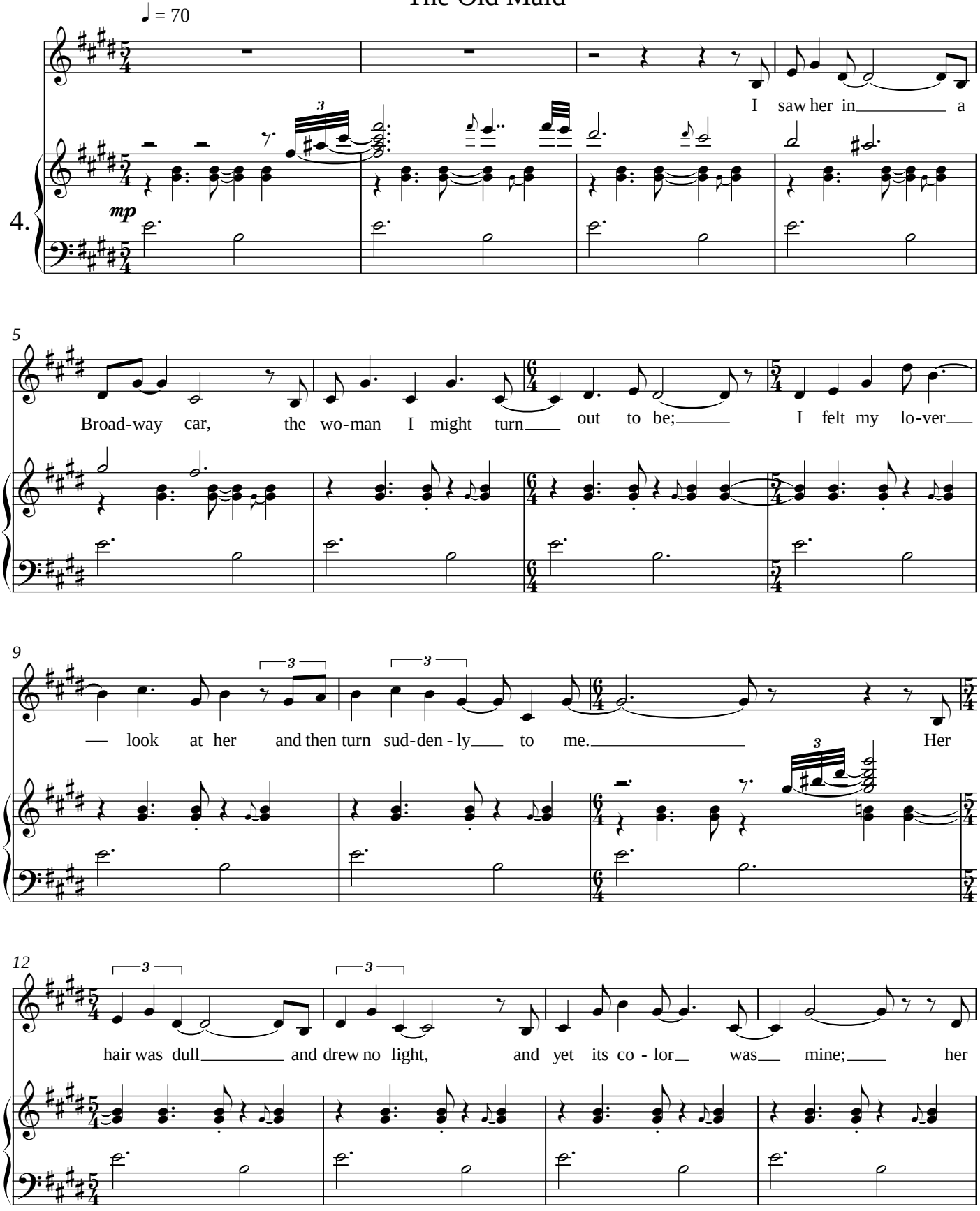

49
sent a strain of mu - sic through an o - pen door.
52
8va
55
3
This is the qui - et hour; ...the
59
qui - et hour;
circa 4' 00"
Ped.
12 V 2007
Monrovia

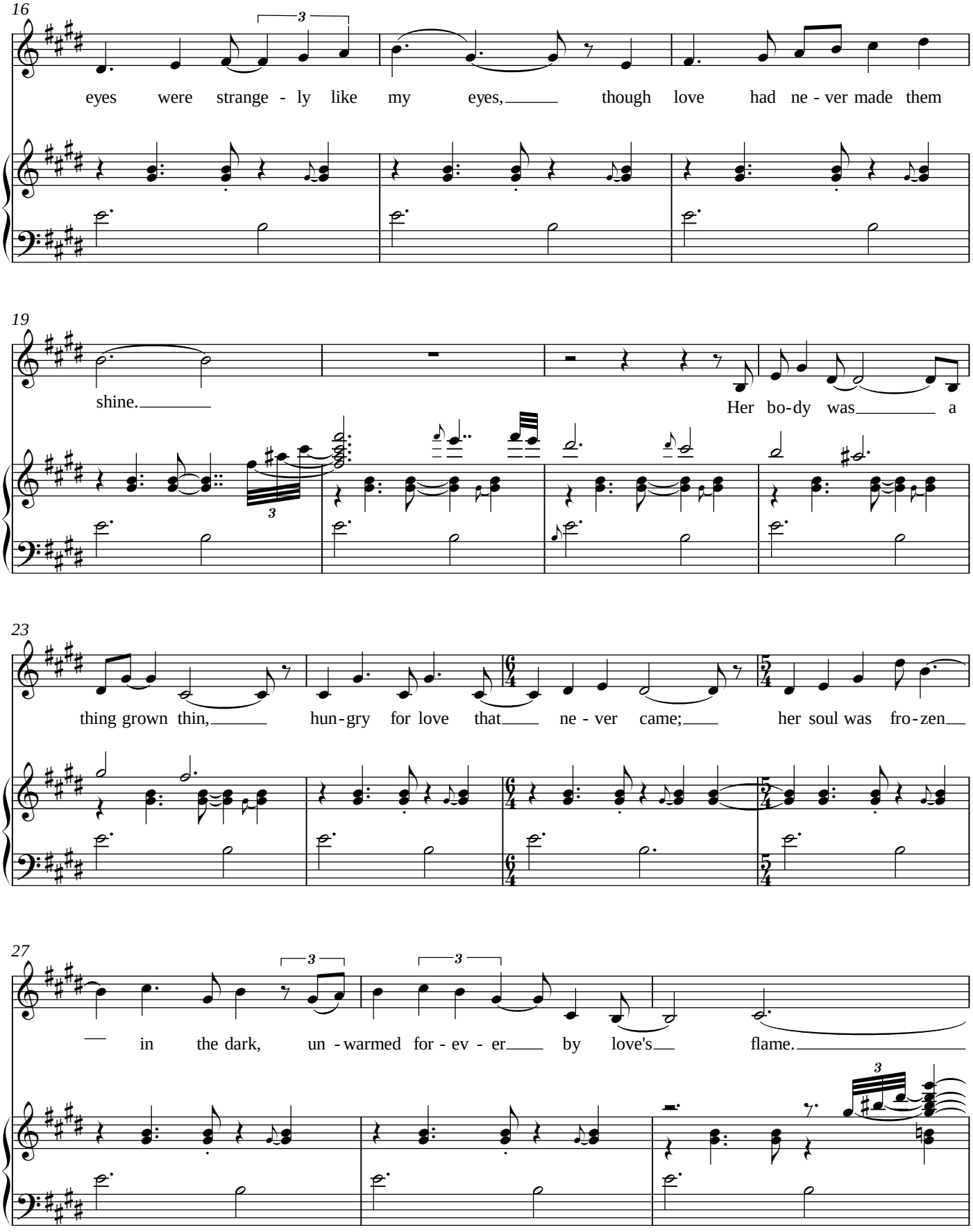
The Kiss

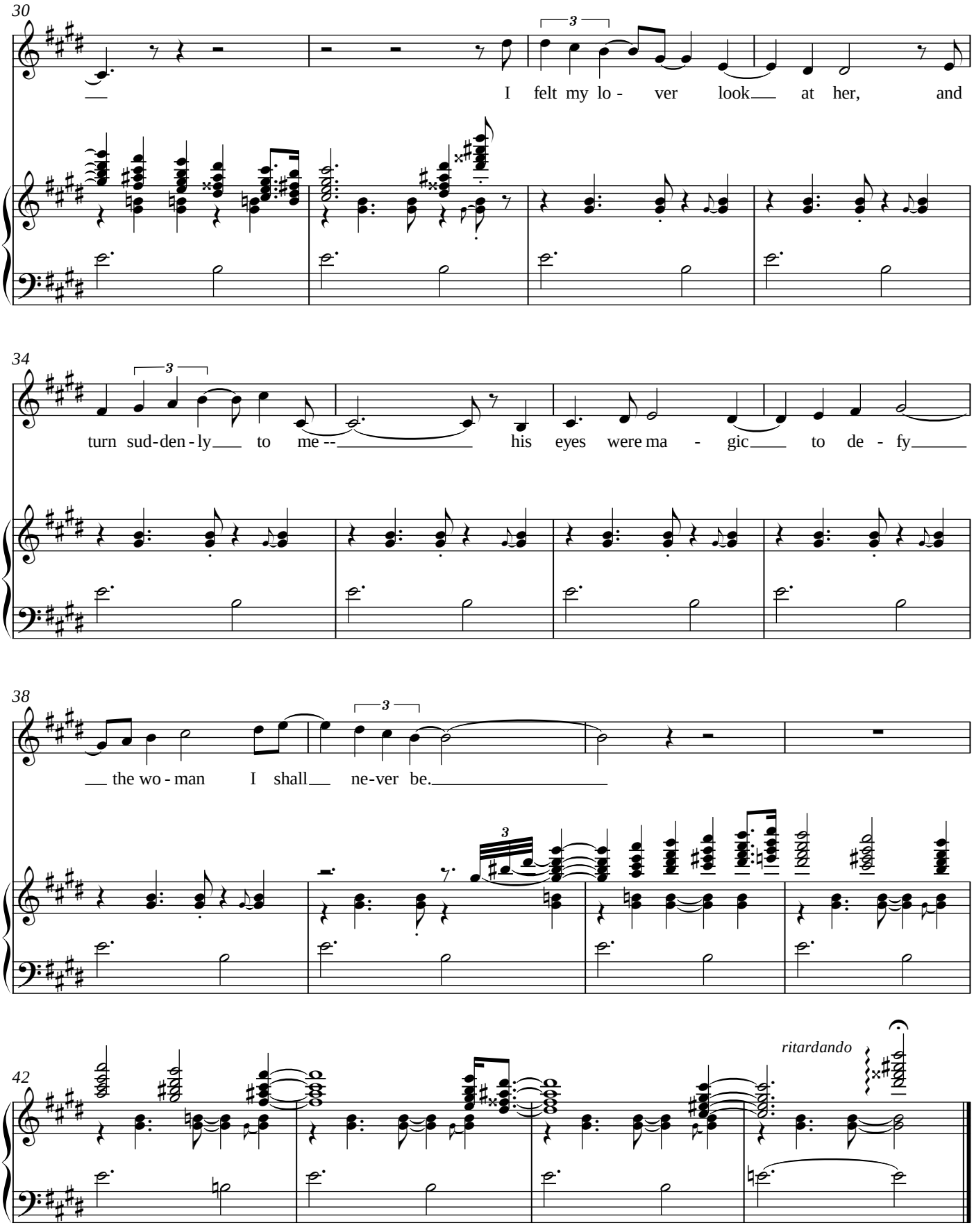

♩. = 70
I hoped that he would love me, and he has kissed my
3.
f
Ped.
5
mouth, but I am like a strick-en bird that can- not
Ped.
9
reach the south. For though I know he
Ped.
13
loves me, to - night my heart is sad; his
Ped.


17
kiss, his kiss was not so won - der - ful
21
not so won - der - ful as all
25
the dreams I had.
29
Won - der - ful!
ff
circa 1' 00"

The Old Maid


♩ = 70
4.
mp
I saw her in a
5
Broad-way car, the wo-man I might turn out to be; I felt my lo-ver
9
look at her and then turn sud-den - ly to me. Her
12
hair was dull and drew no light, and yet its co - lor was mine; her


16
eyes were strange - ly like my eyes, though love had ne - ver made them
19
shine.
Her bo-dy was a
23
thing grown thin, hun-gry for love that ne - ver came; her soul was fro-zen
27
in the dark, un - warmed for - ev - er by love's flame.



circa 3' 20"

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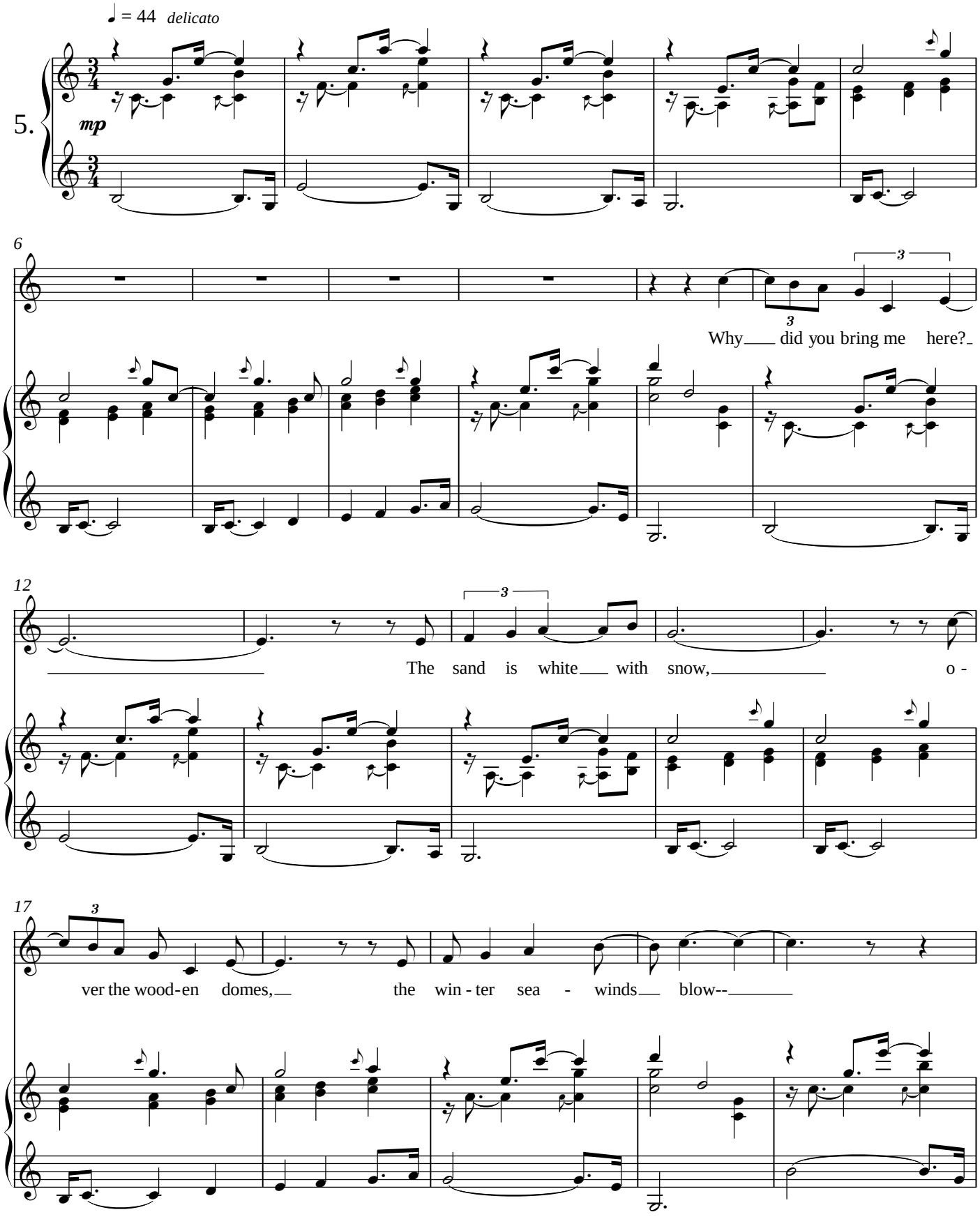
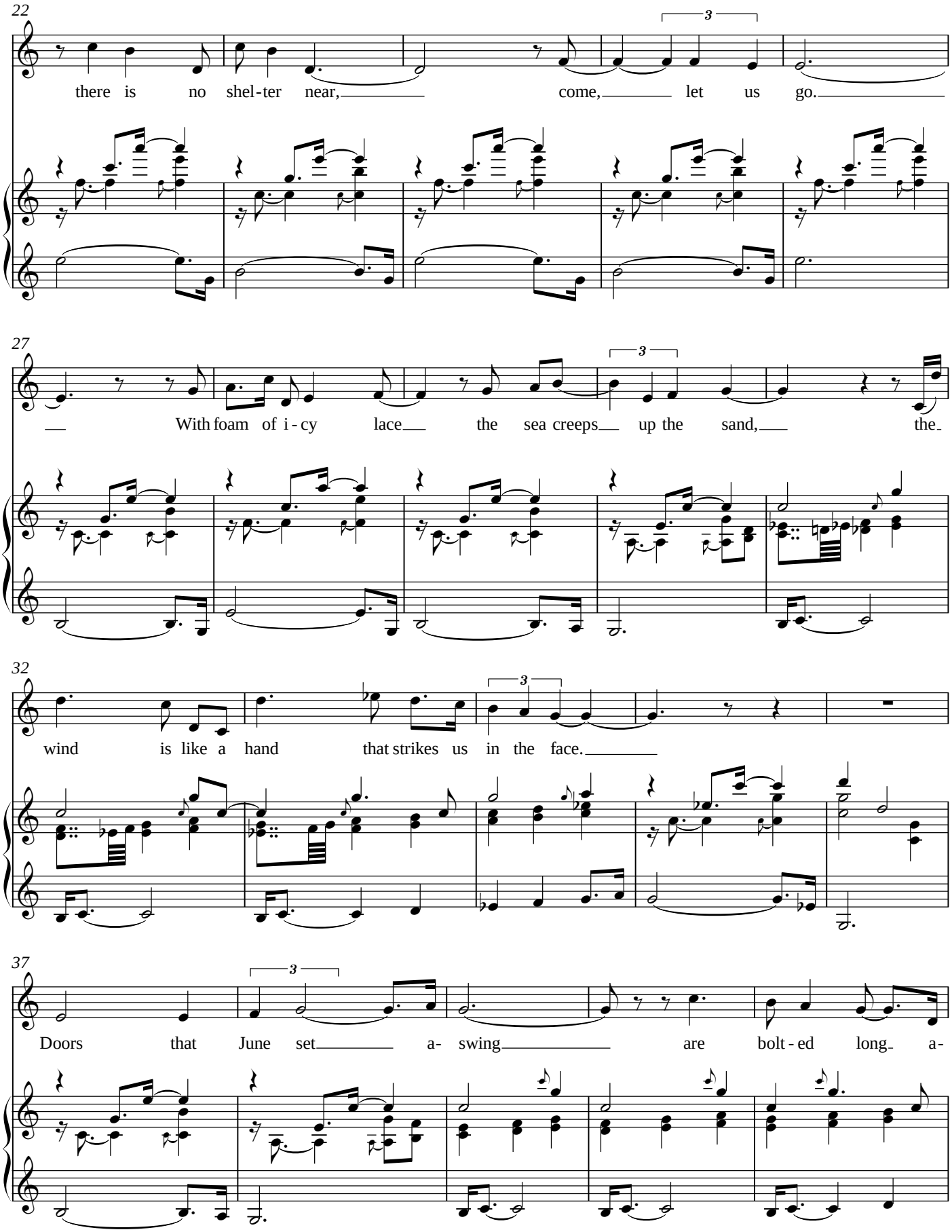
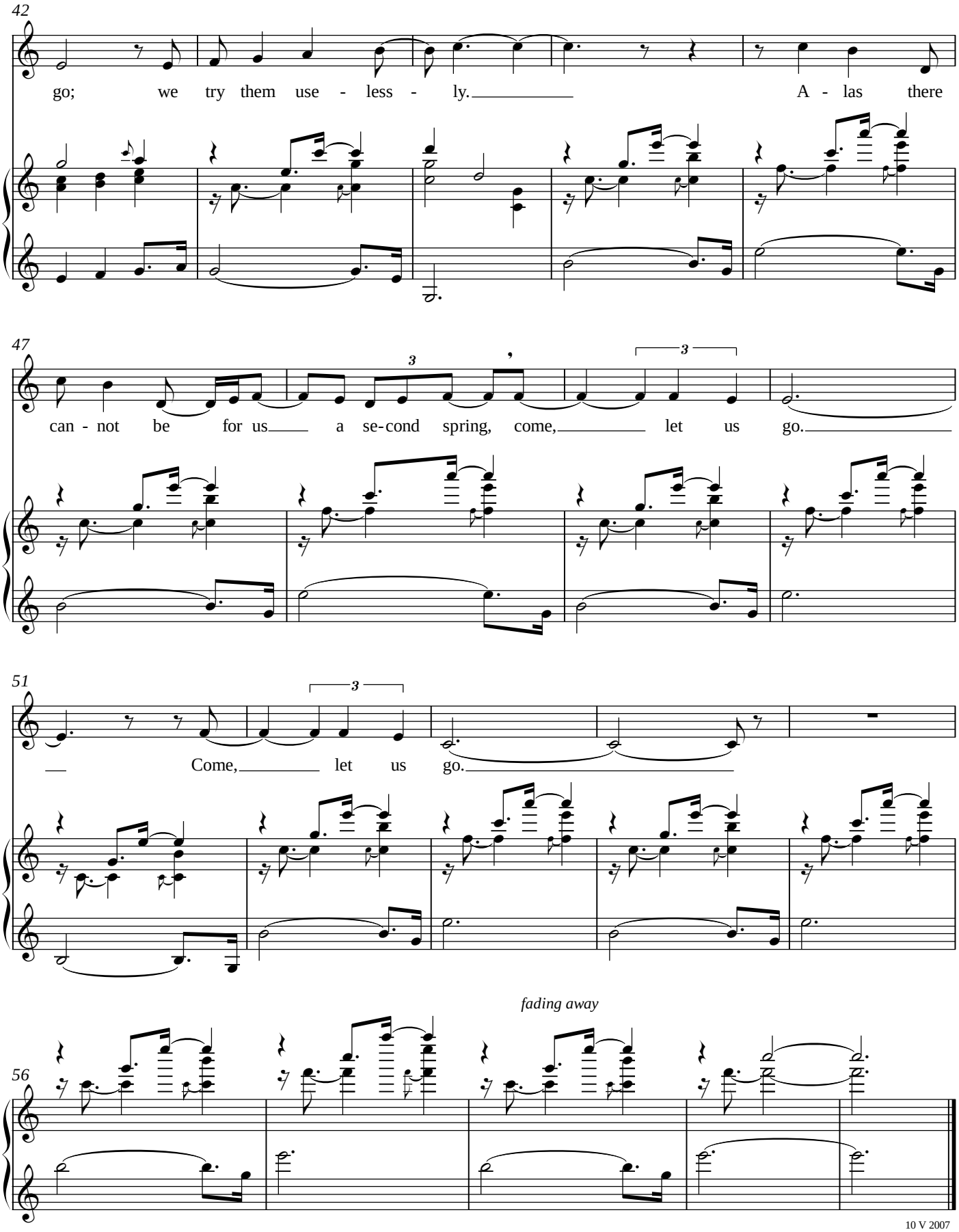
Coney Island

Gary Bachlund




22
there is no shel-ter near, come, let us go.
27
With foam of i-cy lace the sea creeps up the sand, the
32
wind is like a hand that strikes us in the face.
37
Doors that June set a- swing are bolt-ed long a-



circa 4' 05"

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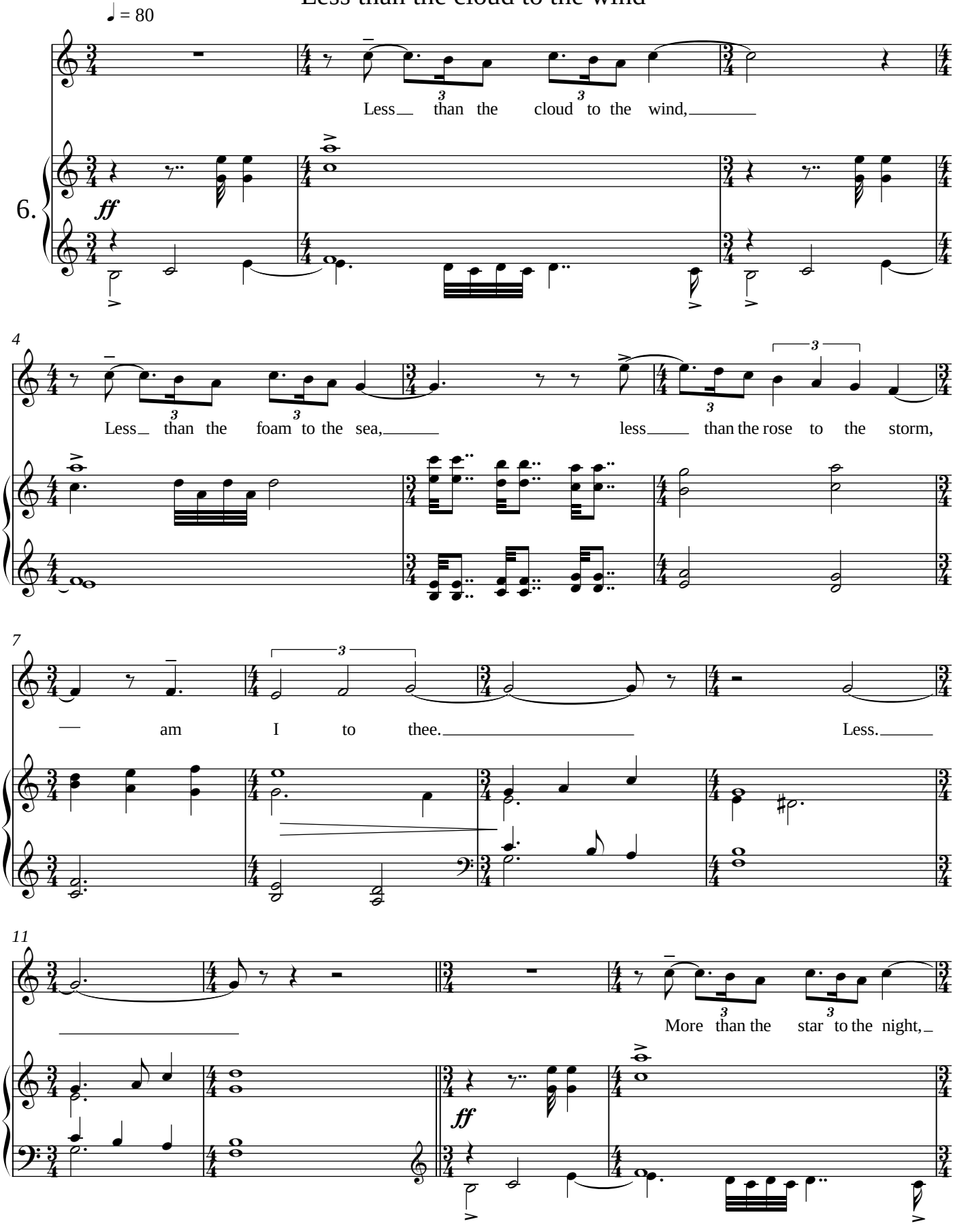
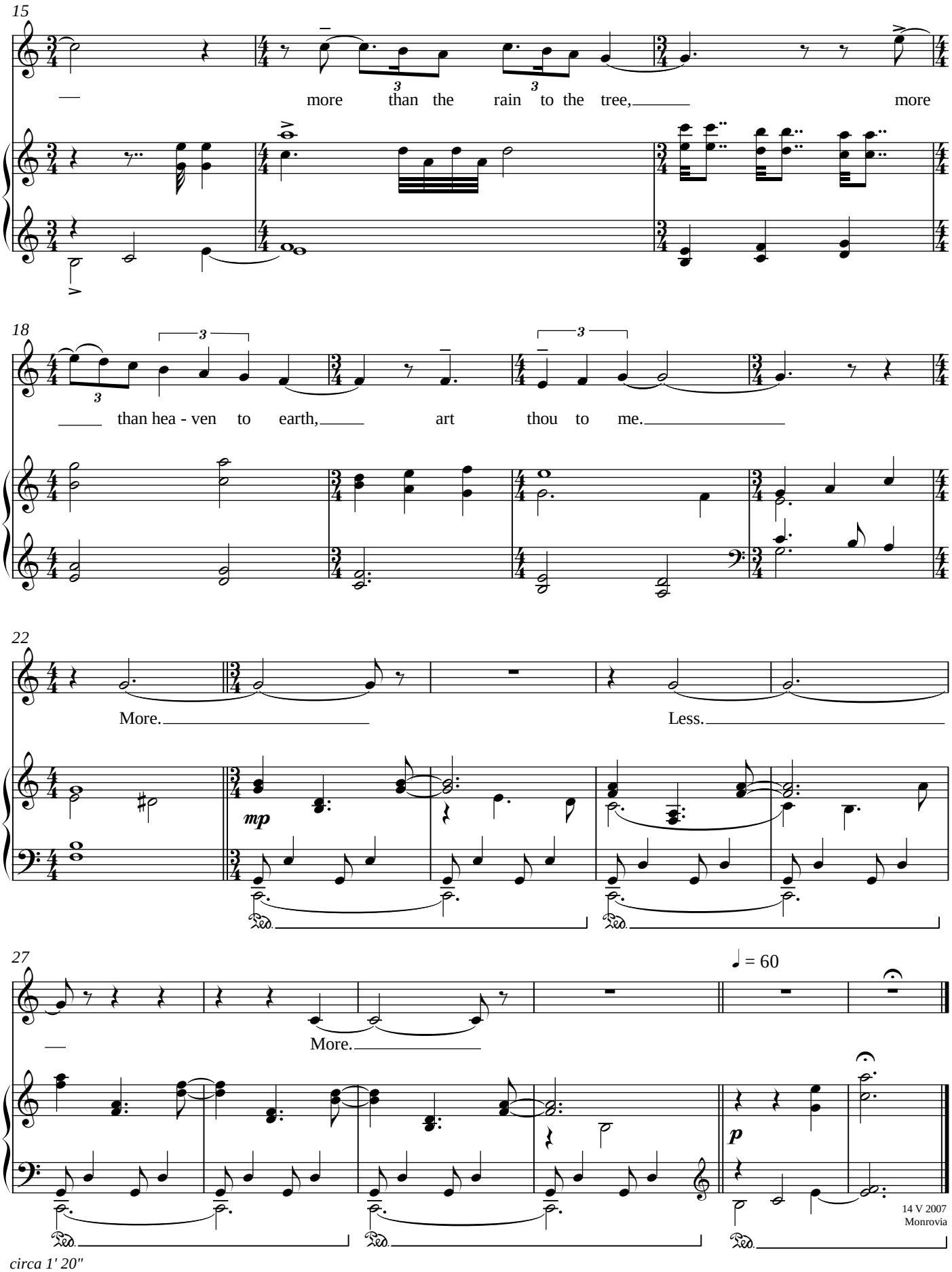
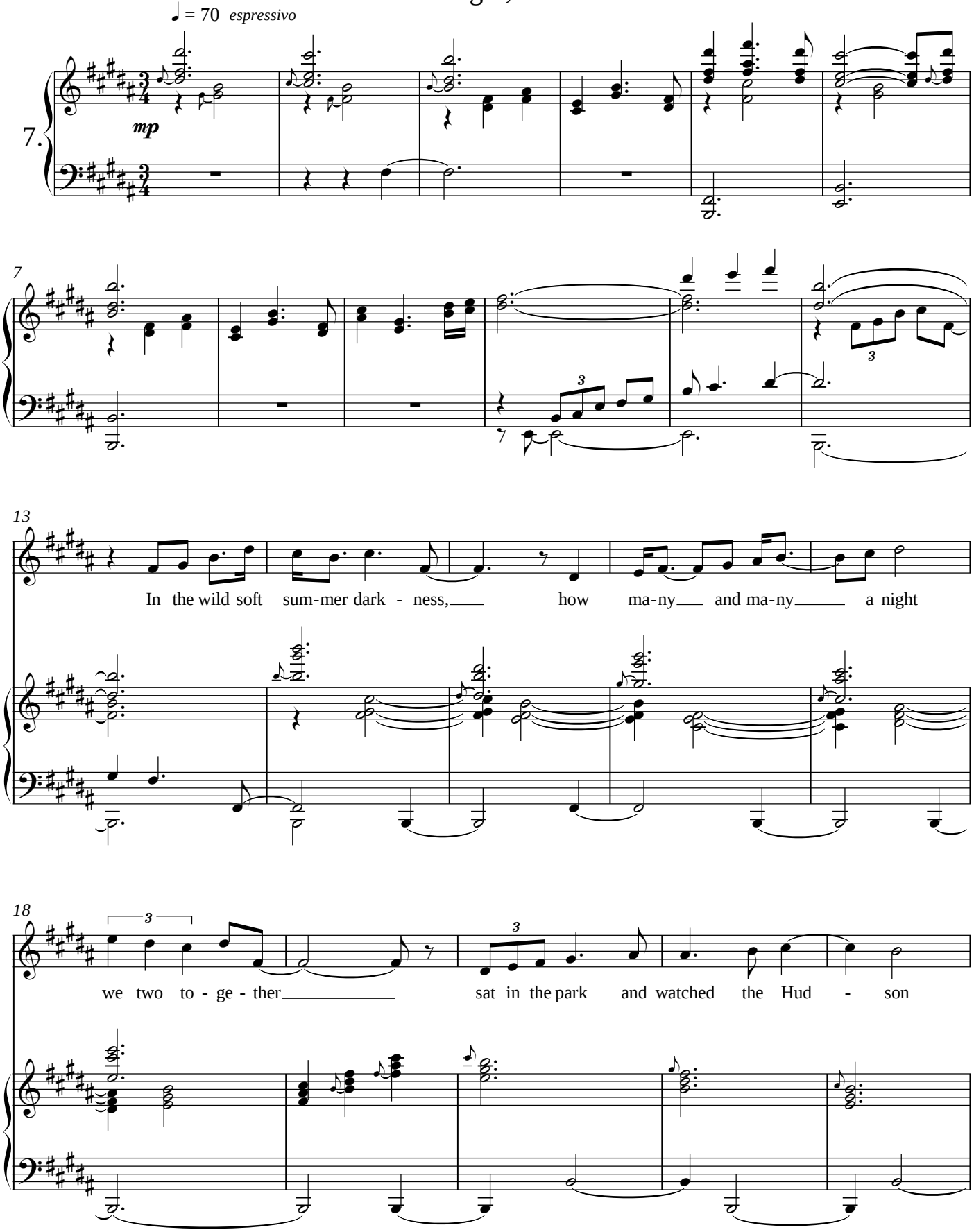
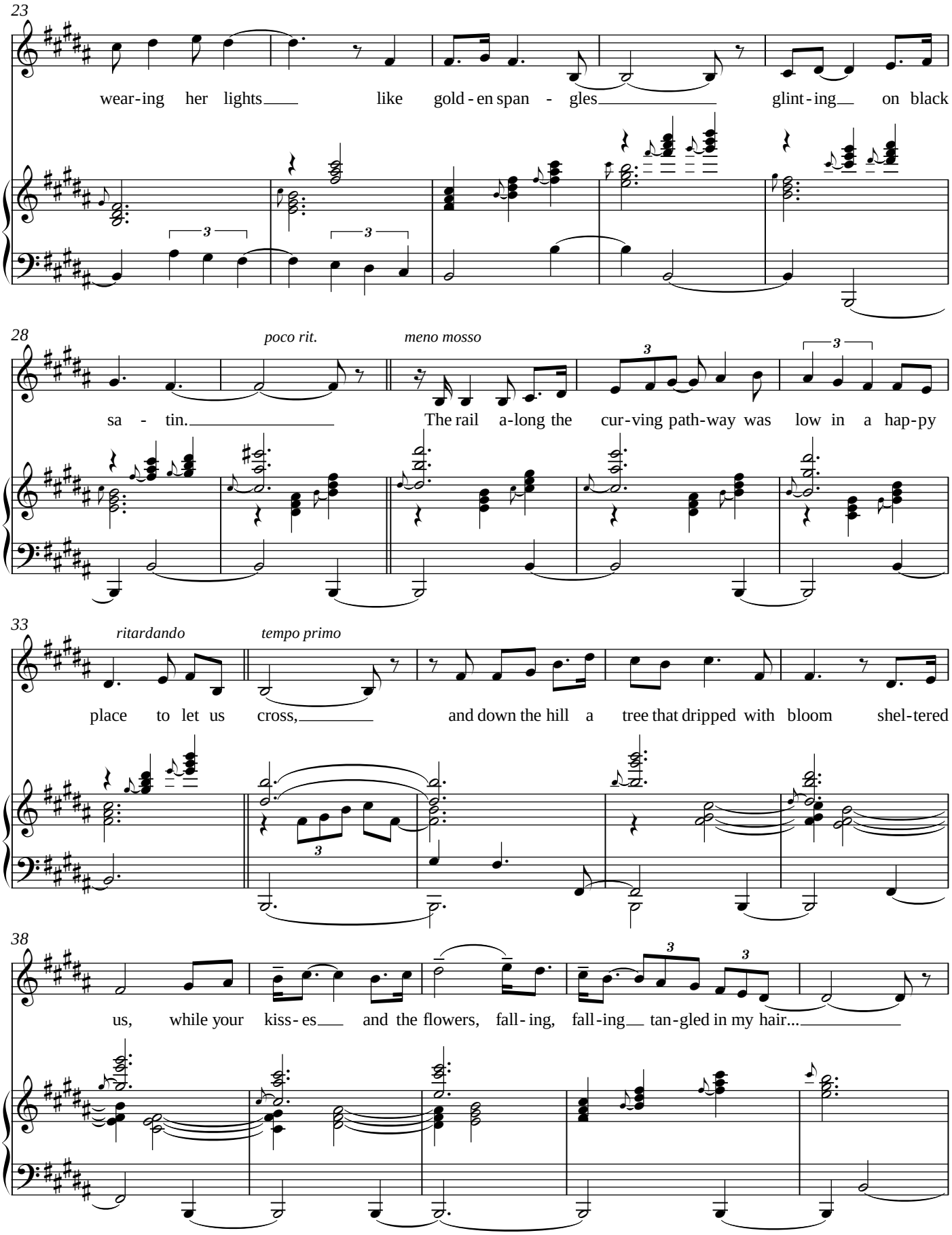
Less than the cloud to the wind

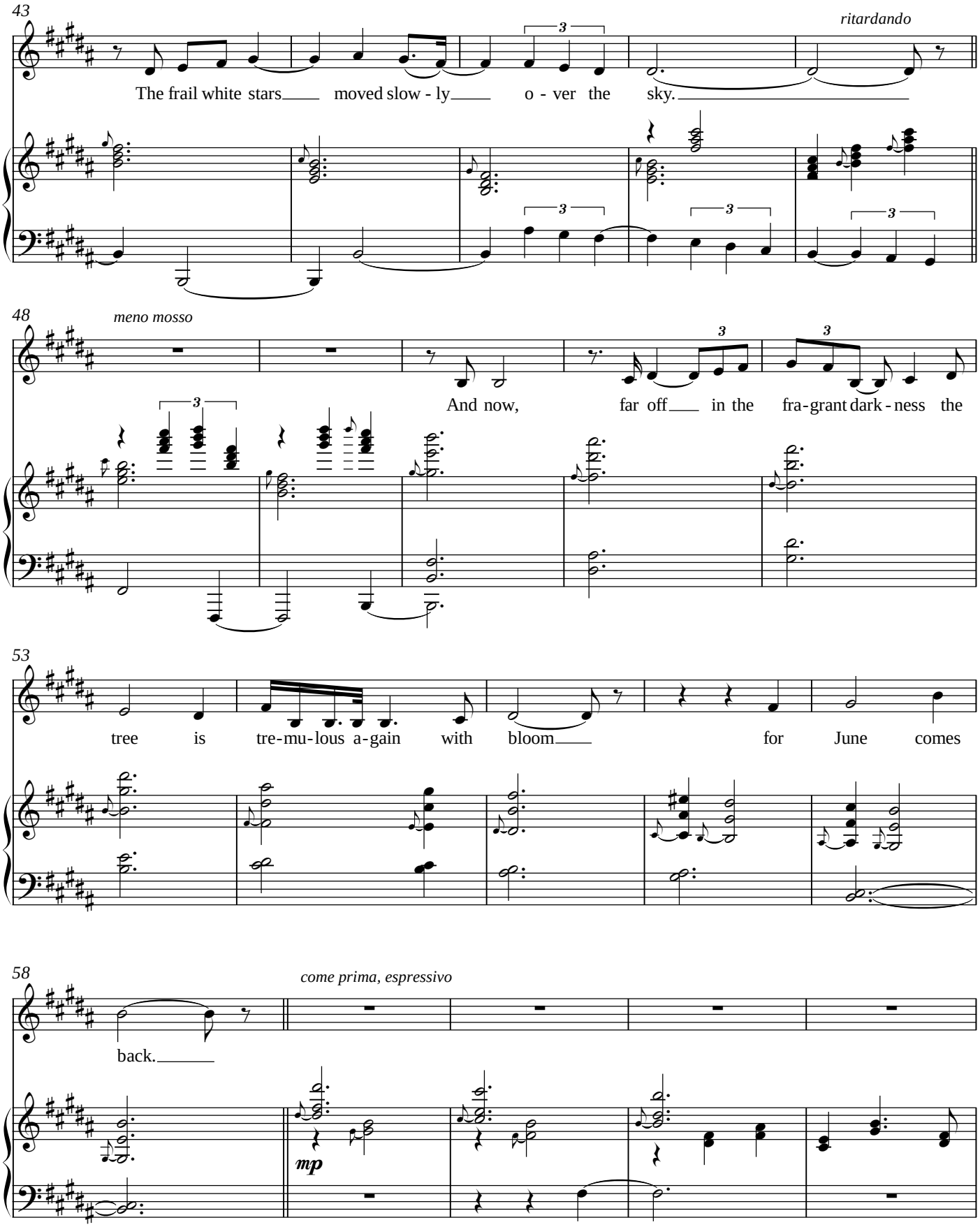


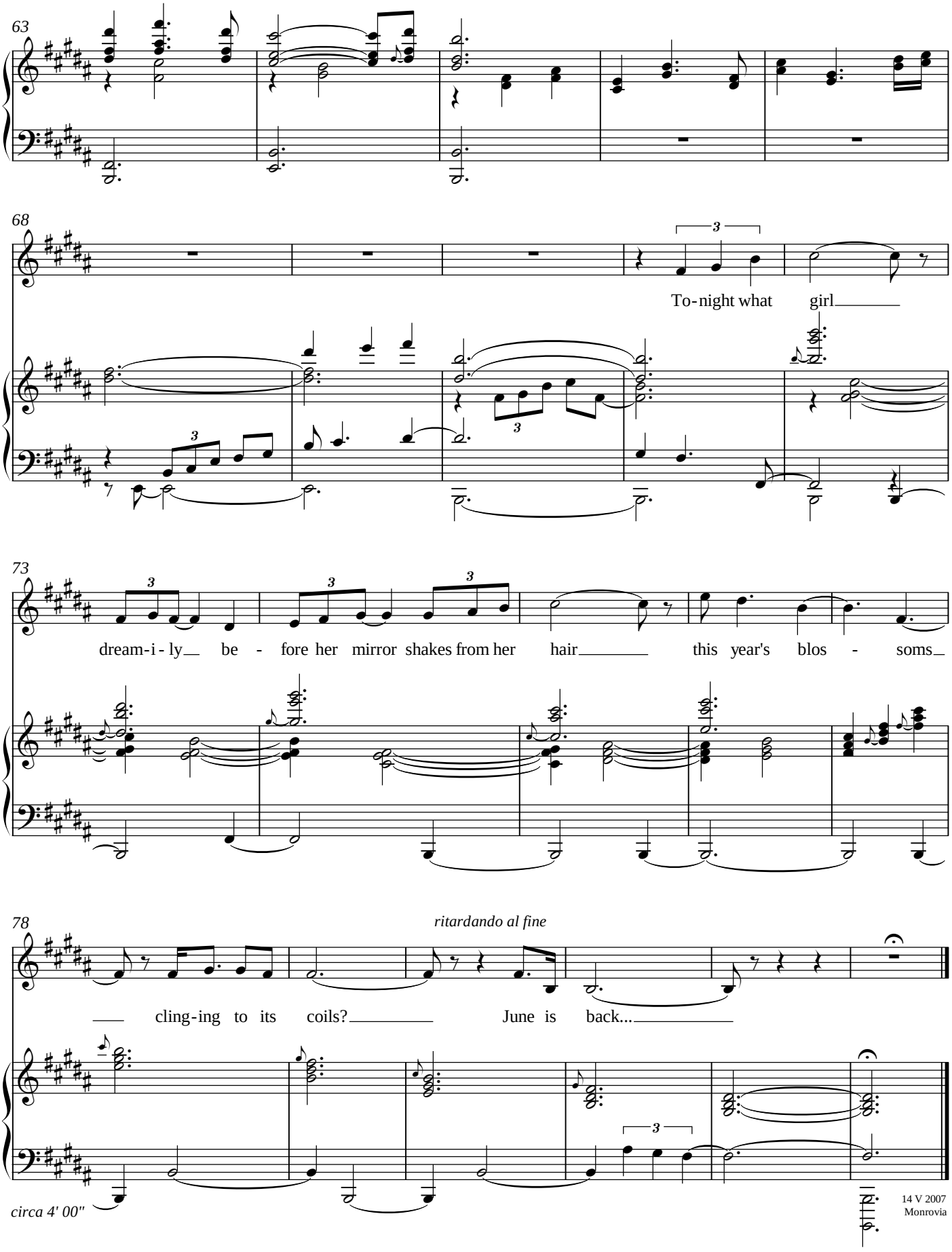

15
more than the rain to the tree, more
18
than hea - ven to earth, art thou to me.
22
More.
Less.
mp
27
More.
♩ = 60
p
14 V 2007
Monrovia
circa 1' 20"

Summer Night, Riverside




23
wear-ing her lights like gold-en span - gles glint-ing on black
28
poco rit.
meno mosso
sa - tin. The rail a-long the cur-ving path-way was low in a hap-py
33
ritardando
tempo primo
place to let us cross, and down the hill a tree that dripped with bloom shel-tered
38
us, while your kiss-es and the flowers, fall-ing, fall-ing tan-gled in my hair...


43
ritardando
The frail white stars moved slow - ly o - ver the sky.
48
meno mosso
And now, far off in the fra-grant dark-ness the
53
tree is tre-mu-lous a-gain with bloom for June comes
58
come prima, espressivo
back.
mp


63
68
To-night what girl
73
dream-i-ly be - fore her mirror shakes from her hair this year's blos - soms
78
ritardando al fine
cling-ing to its coils? June is back...
circa 4' 00"
14 V 2007
Monrovia