

# Broken Smiles

Carl Sandburg (1878–1967)

from *Chicago Poems* (1916)

Gary Bachlund

## i. It is much

Adagio

Andante

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is the vocal line, and the lower staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 12/8. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic marking, which changes to *mf* at the start of the second measure. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests.

5

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Wo-men\_\_ of night life\_\_ a - mid the lights\_\_\_\_\_ where the line of your full, round throats". The piano accompaniment continues with a *mp* dynamic marking. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests.

8

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "match-es in gleam\_\_ the glint of your eyes\_ and the ring of your heart - deep". The piano accompaniment continues with a *mp* dynamic marking. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests.

11

The fourth system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "laugh - ter:\_\_\_\_\_ it is much to be warm and sure of to-mor - row\_\_\_\_\_". The piano accompaniment includes a *8va* marking above a specific passage. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests.

14

Wo-men of night life a -

17

long the sha - dows, lean at your throats and skul-king the walls, gaunt as a bitch

20

worn to the bone, un - der the paint of your smi - ling fa - ces:

23

it is much to be warm and sure of to-mor - row.

26

*pp* *mf*

# ii. Harrison Street Court

29 **l'istesso tempo**

I heard a wo-man's lips\_ speak-ing\_ to a com-

35 **Più mosso**

pan-ion say these words:\_ "A wo-man what hus-tles ne-ver keeps no - thin'\_ for all her

40

hust - lin'.\_ Some-bo-dy al-ways gets what she goes on the street for.\_ If it

45

**Più mosso**

ain't a pimp it's a bull that gets it.\_ I been hust-lin' now till I ain't much good.\_

Broken Smiles

**Più mosso**

50

a - ny more. I got no - thin' to show for it. Some man

55

got it all, ev'-ry night's hust-ling I e - ver did."

**iii. Trafficker**

**Andante**

60

A-mong the sha - dows where two streets cross,

65

A wo-man lurks in the dark and waits to move on when a po-

rit. . . . .

70

3

lice - man heaves in-to view.\_\_\_\_ Smi-ling a bro-ken smile from a face paint-ed o-ver

75

hag-gard bones and des-p'rate eyes,\_\_\_\_ All night she of-fers

80

pass-ers-by what they will\_\_\_\_ of her beau-ty wast-ed,\_\_\_\_ bo-dy wast - ed,\_\_\_\_

85

molto rit. .

claims gone,\_\_\_\_and no ta - - kers.\_\_\_\_

# iv. Jungheimer's

Andantino

91

In

95

wes-tern fields of corn and north-ern tim - ber lands, they talk a-bout me,— the sa-

98

loon with a\_\_\_ soul, the\_ soft red lights, the

102

long cur-ving bar, the lea-ther seats and dim cor - ners, tall brass spit-toons, a

106

nig-ger\*cut-ting ham, and the paint-ing of a wo-man half - dressed\_\_\_\_\_ thrown

\* "black man" may replace Sandburg's original, as desired

109

*rit.* . . . . .

reck-less a-cross a bed\_\_\_\_\_ af - ter a night of booze and ri-ots. Booze and

*mp*

112

**A tempo**

ri-ots with a soul. Jung-heim-er's...\_\_\_\_\_ Jung-heim-er's.\_

*mf*

v. Soiled Dove

115

*molto rit.* . . **Allegro**

Let\_\_\_ us be hon-est; the

*pp* *mp*

Red. Red.

121

la-dy was not a har-lot un - til she mar-ried a cor-po-ra-tion law-yer who picked her from a

127

*rit.* . . . . . *A tempo*

Zieg-feld cho - rus. . . the la - dy. . . . . Be-fore then she ne-ver took

133

a - ny-bo - dy's mo-ney and paid for her silk stock-ings out of what she earned

138

sing-ing and dan - cing. . . . . She loved one man and



144

he loved six wo-men and the game was chang-ing her looks, cal-ling for more and

149

rit. . . . .

more mas-sage mo-ney and high coin for the beau-ty doc - tors.

154

rit. . . . .

Now she drives a long, un-der-slung mo-tor car all by her - self,

160

*quasi parlando* rit. . . . .

reads in the day's pa - per what her hus-band is do-ing to the in-ter-state com-merce com-mis-sion,

*col canto*

164

re - quires a lar - ger cor - sage from year to year, — and won - ders some - times how one

169

man is com - ing a - long — with six wo - men.

vi. Gone  
Lento

174

Gone. — Gone. Ev' - ry - bo - dy loved Chick Lo - ri - mer in our

180

town. Far off ev' - ry - bo - dy loved — her. — So we all love a — wild girl —

186 *accel.*

keep-ing a hold on a dream that she wants. No-bo-dy knows now where Chick

191 *Lento*

Lo - ri-mer went. No-bo-dy knows why she packed her trunk..a few things

196

and is gone. Gone with her lit-tle chin thrust a - head of her and her soft hair

201

blo-wing care-less\_ from un-der a wide hat, Dan- cer, sin- ger, a

204

laugh-ing pas-sio-nate lo-ver. \_\_\_\_\_ Were there ten men or a hun-dred hunt-ing Chick?\_

208

accel. . . . .

Were there five men or fif-ty with ach-ing hearts?\_

213

rit. . . . . Lento

Ev'-ry-bo-dy loved Chick Lo-ri-mer. \_\_\_\_\_

218

molto rit. . . . .

No-bo-dy knows where she's gone. Bro-ken smiles. \_\_\_\_\_

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