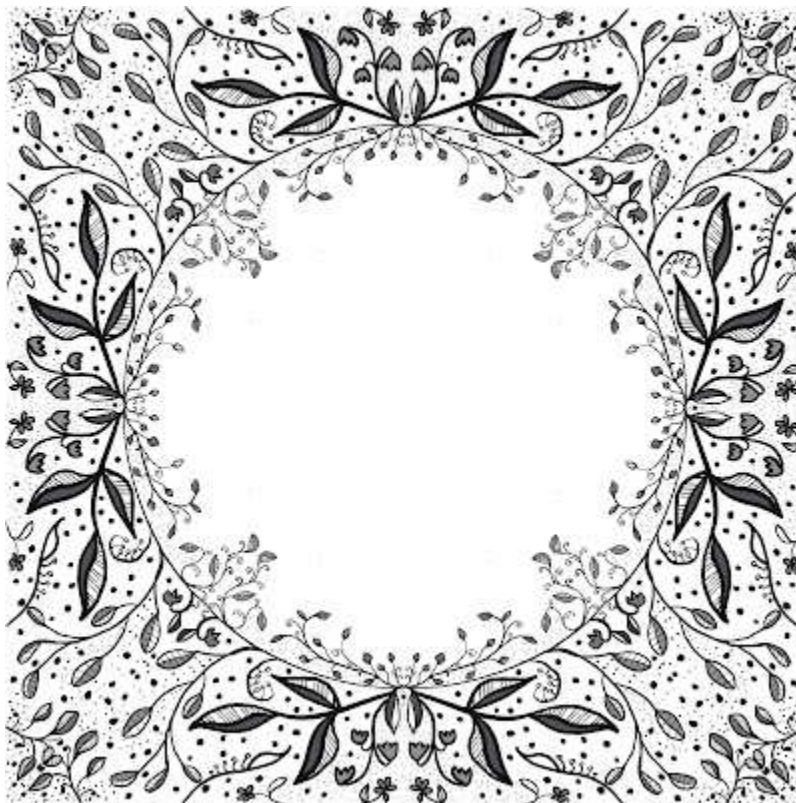


Love Songs

Texts of Dorothy Parker



1990

Gary Bachlund

Love Songs of Dorothy Parker

Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Two-Volume Novel

Gary Bachlund

$\text{♩} = 100$ *lyrically*

1. *mp* *mf*

The sun's gone

4 *dim.*

dim, and the moon's turned black;

7

for I loved him, and he did - n't love

10 *poco ritardando*

back.

poco ritardando

circa 30"

Copyright © 1990 by Gary Bachlund All international rights reserved. www.bachlund.org

17 VIII 1990
Van Nuys

Pictures in the Smoke

♩ = 60

in a matter-of-fact manner

Oh, gal - lant was my first love, and glit - ter - ing and

quasi arpa
mf

5 fine; the se - cond love was wa - ter in a clear white

9 cup, the third love was his, the fourth was — mine;

14 af - ter that, I al - ways get them all mixed up.

circa 40"

General Review of the Sex Situation

hard, yet philosophical

3. *poco secco*

mp

Wo-man wants mo - no-ga-my; man de-lights in no-vel-ty. Love is wo-man's moon and

6

sun; _____ man has o - ther forms of fun. _____ Wo-man lives but in her lord;

11

count to ten, and man is bored.

16 *ten. ten. a tempo* *molto ritardando*

mp

With this the gist and sum of it, what earth-ly good can come of it?

circa 35"

Theory

hymn-like

4.

In - to love and out a - gain, thus I went, and thus I go.

5

Spare your voice, and hold your pen -- well and bit - ter - ly I know

9

all the songs were ev - er sung, all the words were e - ver said;

13

could it be, when I was young, some - one dropped me on my head?

circa 45"

Symptom Recital

rit.

5. *mp* $\text{♩} = 50$ "arty"

8 *mf* *not too rushed, but faster than the introduction*

I do not like my state of mind; I'm bit-ter,— que-ru-lous, un-

14

kind. I hate my legs, I hate my

21

hands, I do not yearn for love - lier lands. I dread the dawn's re -

28

cur - rent light; I hate to go to bed at night.

ff

Ped.

35

I snoot at

mf

43

sim - ple, earn - est folk. I can - not take the gent - lest joke.

f

50

I find no peace in paint or type. My world is

mf

57

but a lot of tripe. I'm dis - il - lu - sioned, em - pty breast - ed. For

64

what I think, I'd be ar - rest - ed. I am no sick,

70

I am not well. My quon - dam dreams are shot to hell. — My soul is

77

crushed, my spi - rit sore; I do not like me a - ny - more. —

83

I ca - vil, quar - rel, grum - ble,

mf

89

grouse. I pon-der on the nar - row house. I shud - der at the

mp

96

thought of men... I'm due to fall in love a - gain.

f

103

ff *p* *ff*

circa 2' 00"