

Mad Girl's Love Song

Villanelle for Voice and Piano

Poem by
Sylvia Plath

Music by
Bruce Trinkley

Mad Girl's Love Song

*I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moonstruck, kissed me quite insane.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*God, God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.*

*I fancied you'd return the way you said,
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

*I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

Mad Girl's Love Song

Villanelle for Voice and Piano
from an opera-in-progress *The Bell Jar*

Sylvia Plath*(1932-1963)

Bruce Trinkley

Andante semplice ♩ = 92

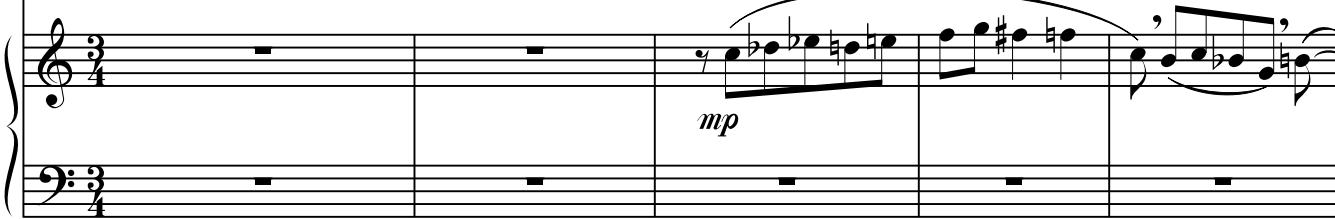
mf

Voice



I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;

Piano



< ten.

I lift my lids and all is born a - gain.



(I think _____ I made _____ you up _____)



— in-side _____ my head.)

18

precipitando

ff

mp

Piu mosso $\text{♩} = 120$

The stars go

22

f

decrescendo

mp

con pedale

waltz - ing out in blue and red, And ar - bi - tra - ry black - ness gal-lops

27

mp

in: I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

32 *f* *subito pp*

mp

mp

I dreamed that you be -

36 *8va* *delicato*

witched me in - to bed And sung me moon-struck,

(*8va*)

41

molto espressivo
sub. pp

kissed me quite in-sane. (I think I made you up in-side my

45

sub. *pp*

a tempo *ff*

portamento
head.) God, God top-ples from the sky,

50

ff sonore

f *p* *ff stridently*

hell's fires fade: Ex - it ser-a-phim and Sa-tan's men:

55

ff sonore

senza pedale

Meno mosso ♩ = 80
mf

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

mf enigmatico

Andante espressivo ♩ = 88
mp longingly

I fan - cied you'd re -

dolce

con pedale

turn the way you said, But I grow old and I for - get your

67

cresc.

f dim.

name. (I think I made you up

72

legato

cresc.

f

Con moto $\text{d} = 96$

mp cresc.

in-side

p
my head.)

I should have loved a

8va,

78

decrescendo

p

pp

mp cresc.

C

C

thun-der-bird in stead;

a tempo mf

At least when spring comes

a tempo

83

accel.

f

they roar back a - gain.

Meno mosso*mp*

ad libitum

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead. _____ (I think I)

made you up _____ in-side my head.) _____

fleeting, quickly

p sonore

pp

ppp