

# SONNET

for Voice and Piano

Poem by

**ELIZABETH**

Music by

**BRUCE TRINKLEY**

SONNET (1928)

*I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.  
Oh, for the healing, swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!*

*There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.*

**Elizabeth Bishop**, American poet and short story writer, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1911 and studied at Vassar College where she originally intended to become a composer. She was Poet Laureate of the United State from 1949 to 1950 and won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1956. In her later years she taught at the University of Washington and Harvard University. She died in Boston in 1979.

*Sonnet* is a very early poem, written when she was only sixteen years old.

# Sonnet

for Voice and Piano

Elizabeth Bishop\*(1911-1979)

Bruce Trinkley

**Largo espressivo** ♩ = 50

**Voice**

*p* 3

I am in need of mu - sic that would flow

**Piano**

*pp*

*con pedale*

3

Over my fret-ful feel-ing fin-ger-tips, O - ver my bit-ter-taint - ed, tremb-ling lips, \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

5

3

*cresc.*

*mf* 3

**Espansivo** ♩ = 100

*dim.*

\_\_\_\_\_ With mel - o - dy, deep, clear, and liq - uid - slow. \_\_\_\_\_

9

*mf*

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*

## Tempo primo

*pp* *3*

Oh, for the heal - ing, sway - ing, old and low,

[14] *pp* *3*

*molto cresc.* *ff*

Of some song sung to rest the tired \_\_\_\_\_ dead, A song to

[18] *cresc.* *f* *sonore*

*mp*

fall like wa - ter on my head, \_\_\_\_\_ And

[23] *poco dim.*

$\text{♩} = 100$

*f*

o - ver quiv' - ring limbs, \_\_\_\_\_ dream flushed to glow! \_\_\_\_\_

28 *mp* *f*

### Tempo primo

*p* 3

There is a mag-ic made by mel - o - dy: A spell of rest, and

34 *p* 3

3 3

qui - et breath, and cool Heart, that sinks through fad - ing col - ors deep \_\_\_\_\_

39 3 3 3 3

*pp* 3 3

— To the sub - a - queous still - ness of the sea, And floats for - e - ver —

43 *dim.* *pp* 3 3

3 *morendo* 3

— in a moon-green pool, Held in the arms of rhy - thm — and —

47 3 *morendo* 3 3

*dim. poco a poco*

— of sleep. —

51 3 3 3 3 *pppp*

*dim. poco a poco*