

16. Sonnet for Elizabeth

77

Elizabeth

Andante espressivo ♩ = 88

Voice

p You could not know who sends this note to you. *mp* It is not in his words or in his

Piano

pp

elegantly

mp

eyes. But in his se - cret thought you re - al - ize that

ev - 'ry let - ter formed gives not a clue to his i - den - ti - ty.

The mes - sage comes im - per - so - nal but ten - der

to your heart. *f* What dawn, what sun - set could to you im - *dim.*

18 *cresc.* *mf* *mp* *rubato* part each syl - la - ble as roar - ing sent from drums. Un -

23 *dim.* *mp* known am I that you may see a love hid - den in hu - mil - i - ty. My *ten.* *a tempo* *pp*

27 *colla voce* *a tempo* tongue is bound and can - not loose a cry. My

31 *pp*

poor heart can - not turn to oth - er thoughts. From my deep

eye no know - ing glance is shot.

Who sends this note to you?

It is not I.

35 *mp* *mf*

39 *mp* *mf*

43 *f* *dim.*

47 *mp* *rallentando* *p*