Love Sweet

Poems of Amy Lowell

Jennifer Higdon

Commissioned by SongFest

approx. duration: 15 minutes

Lawdon Press
www.jenniferhigdon.com

RECORDED EXCERPT:

Mvt. 5 - pg. 27

"A Fixed Idea"
Love Sweet
Apology

Amy Lowell

\( \text{Soprano} \)

\( \text{Violin} \)

\( \text{Cello} \)

\( \text{Piano} \)

\( \text{Be not an-gry with me that I} \)

* Use tips of fingers to dampen strings (stopped sound), placing them on the strings close to the pins (between hammers and pins). The sound should be muffled, but pitch still clear.

\( \text{keep ped. depressed} \)

\( \text{bear your col-ours eve-ry-where, all through each crowd-ed street, and meet the won-der-light} \)

\( \text{norm. notes (l.v. sempre)} \)
in every eye, as I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze, blinded by rainbow haze, the
stuff of happiness, no less, which wraps me in its glad-hued folds of pea-cock

Be-fore my feet the dust-y,
rough-paved way

flush-es be-neath it's gray.

My steps fall

ringed with

light, so

bright.

It seems a myr-i-ad

suns are strown a-bout the town.
Before me is the sound of steepled bells, and rich perfumed smells hang like a wind-forgot ten cloud, and
shroud me from close contact with the world. I dwell impearled. You dwell impearled.

bla-zon me with jeweled insignia. A

norm. ped. p f

ped.
flam- ing neb-u-la rims my life. And

non gliss.

yet you set the word up-on me, un-con-fessed...

keep ped. depressed
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me with its clear and rippled coolness, that, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,
out-stretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.
Let the flick-er-ing flame of your soul play a-bout me, that in-to my limbs——

may come the keen-ness of fire, the life and joy of tongues of
flame, and, going out from you, tightly strung and

in tune, I may rouse the blear-eyed world, and
pour into the beauty which you have begot.
Absence

\( \text{\textowns} = 92 \)

\( \text{S.} \)

\( \text{Vl.} \)

\( \text{Vc.} \)

(both notes stopped)

keep ped. depressed

My

\( \text{sena} \text{sord.} \)

\( \text{p} \rightarrow \text{ff} \)

\( \text{p} \rightarrow \text{ff} \)

(played norm.)

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| 6 |

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cup is empty tonight, cold and dry are its sides,

chilled by the wind from open window. Emp-ty and void,
it sparkles white in the moonlight.

The room is filled with the

strange scent of wisteria blossoms. They sway in the moon's

light.
34 > mf

ra-di-an-ce and tap a-gainst the wall.

39

But the cup of my heart is still, and old and emp-ty.

When
you come it brims red and trem with blood, heart's blood for your

drink 

To fill your mouth with love and the
bit-ter-sweet taste of a soul.

A Gift

$\text{j}=42$ ($\text{j}=84$)
See! I give my self to you, Beloved!
My words are little jars for you to take and put upon a shelf.

Their
shapes are quaint and beautiful, and they have many pleasant

colours and lustres to recommend them.
Also the scent from them fills the room

with sweetness of flow-ers and crushed grass-es. When I shall have giv-en you the last one,
S. 

you will have the whole of me,

Vl. 

But I shall be dead.

Vc. 

You will have the whole of me,
A Fixed Idea

\[ \text{S.} \]

\[ \text{VI.} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{What torture lurks within a} \]
single thought when grown too constant, and how-ever kind,

how-ever wel-come still, the wear-y mind aches with its pres-ence.
(distinct rhythm)
un-sought the old de-light__ is with us__ but to find that

all re-curr-ing joy__ is pain re-fined,__ be-come a hab-it,  and we

S. Vl. Vc.

S. Vl. Vc.
struggle, caught. You lie upon my heart as on a nest, folded in peace, for you can never know how
crushed I am with having you at rest heavy upon my life.

I love you so

(distinctly)
you bind my freedom from its right-ful quest.

(distinctly)
In mercy lift your drooping wings and_

S.

Vl.

Vc.

S.

Vl.

Vc.

(Sb)

S.

Vl.

Vc.

(Sb)