

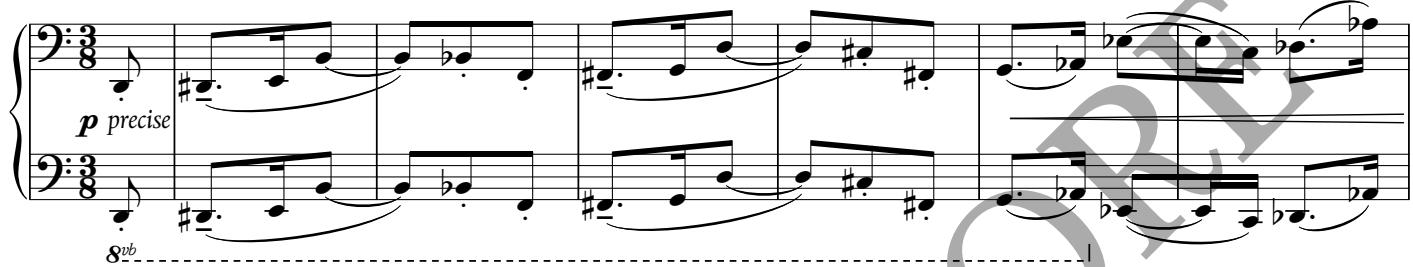
to John Taylor Ward
After Hearing a Waltz by Bartók
an art song mad scene

Amy Lowell

Zachary Wadsworth (2013)

Starting tentatively $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 56$

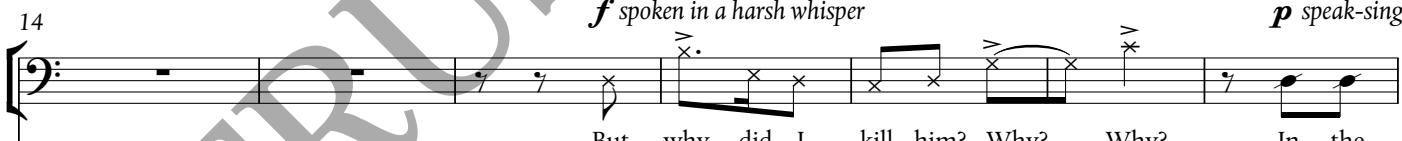
poco accel.



Con moto $\text{♩} = 72$

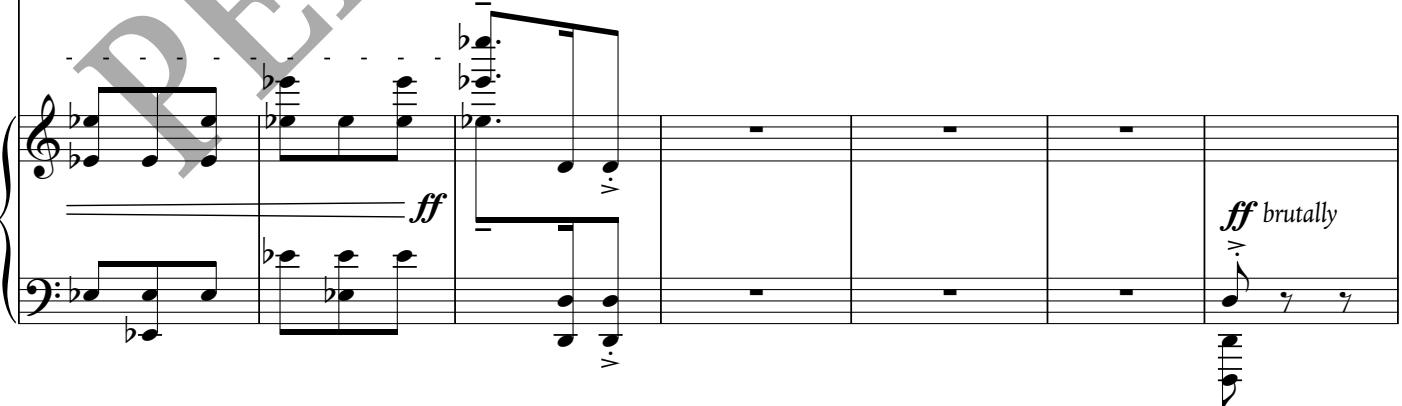
f spoken in a harsh whisper

p speak-sing



But why did I kill him? Why?— Why? In the

Con moto $\text{♩} = 72$



ff **ff** brutally

21

mf sing

small, gild - ed room, near the stair? My ears rack and throb with his cry,

f Romantically

p icily

28

mf

— And his eyes gog-gle un - der his hair, As my fin - gers sink in -

(8)

f

p misterioso

35

ff

to the fair White skin of his throat. It was I!

ff brutally

42 *tutta forza*

f

ff

I killed him! My God! Don't you hear? I shook him un -

(8)

sfz

8va

ff

sfz

49 *mf grotesquely*

til his red tongue Hung flap - ping out through the black, queer, Swol - len lines of his

mf morbidly

56 *ff*

ff

ff

lips. And I clung With my nails draw-ing blood, while I flung The loose,

8va

ff

ff

sfz

8va

ff

sfz

63

he gasps, panicked and short of breath.

heav - y bod - y in fear.

poco rit.

he gradually regains his composure

70

poco rit.

p dreamily

(con Ped.)

Adagio $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 56$

mp cantabile, as in a trance

77

Fear _____ lest he should still not

Adagio $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 56$

8va

84

— be dead. I

(8)

$\underbrace{\quad}_{3}$ $\underbrace{\quad}_{3}$

91 mp

— was drunk with the lust of his life. The blood - drops oozed

(8)

p $\underbrace{\quad}_{3}$ $\underbrace{\quad}_{3}$

mf

98 mp , p

slow from his head And dab-bled a chair.

(8)

p