

to John Taylor Ward

After Hearing a Waltz by Bartók

an art song mad scene

Amy Lowell

Zachary Wadsworth (2013)

Starting tentatively ♩ = ca. 56 poco accel.

p precise

8^{va}

7

mf *f*

14

f spoken in a harsh whisper *p* speak-sing

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

Con moto ♩ = 72

ff *ff* brutally

21 *mf* sing *f*

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

f *Romantically* *p* *icily*

28 *mf* *mf*

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

f *p* *misterioso*

35 *ff*

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

ff *brutally*

42 *tutta forza* *f* *ff*

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

49 *mf grotesquely*

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

mf morbidly

56 *ff*

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

ff *sfz* *ff* *sfz*

he gasps, panicked and short of breath.

63

heav - y bod - y in fear.

f *mf* *mp*

poco rit.

he gradually regains his composure

70

poco rit.

p dreamily

(con Ped.)

Adagio ♩ = ca. 56

mp cantabile, as in a trance

77

Fear lest he should still not

Adagio ♩ = ca. 56

8va

84 *mf*

be dead. I

(8) *mp* quasi arp.

91 *mp* *mf*

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

(8) *p* *mf*

98 *mp* , *p*

slow from his head And dab-bled a chair.

(8) *p*