

***TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS
SONGS***

Twelve Songs for Voice and Piano

**Poems by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**

**Music by
BRUCE TRINKLEY**

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Tennessee Williams was born March 26, 1911 in Columbus, Mississippi. He began writing and publishing his poetry while a student at the University of Missouri. Although he always wanted to be a poet, he began a remarkable career as a playwright with the success of *The Glass Menagerie* in 1944. He wrote several volumes of poetry, many short stories, as well as the plays and screenplays for which he is most famous. He died in New York City on February 25, 1983.

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Duration: approximately 19 minutes.

1. Salutation

It hasn't all been useless. Unless the box is destroyed the words that had value will rise again. Mine, all that mattered much of me except my response to your love, mostly that given me by those whom I never met: so many letters unanswered because the letter to you all was still being written: if writing survives, in mine you'll find all my answers, signed with my love. All my writing has been a letter to you, 'you all' as we say in the South.

2. We Have Not Long To Love

We have not long to love.
Light does not stay.
The tender things are those
we fold away.

Coarse fabrics are the ones
for common wear.
In silence I have watched you
comb your hair.

Intimate the silence,
dim and warm.
I could, but did not, reach
to touch your arm.

I could, but do not, break
that which is still.
(Almost the faintest whisper
would be shrill.)

So moments pass as though
they wished to stay.
We have not long to love.
A night. A day

3. Youth Must Be Wanton

Youth must be wanton, youth must be quick,
Dance to the candle while lasteth the wick,

Youth must be foolish and mirthful and blind,
Gaze not before and glance not behind,

Mark not the shadow that darkens the way –
Regret not the glitter of any lost day,

But laugh with no reason except the red wine,
For youth must be youthful and foolish and blind!

4. Cried the Fox

I run, cried the fox, in circles
narrower, narrower still,
across the desperate hollow,
skirting the frantic hill

and shall till my brush hangs burning
flame at the hunter's door
continue this fatal returning
to places that failed me before!

Then, with his heart breaking nearly,
the lonely, passionate bark
of the fugitive fox rang out clearly
as bells in the frosty dark,

across the desperate hollow,
skirting the frantic hill,
calling the pack to follow
a prey that escaped them still.

5. Kitchen Door Blues

My old lady died of a common cold.
She smoked cigars and was ninety years old.
She was thin as paper with the ribs of a kite,
And she flew out the kitchen door one night.

Now I'm no younger'n the old lady was,
When she lost gravitation, and I smoke cigars.
I feel sort of peaked, an' I look kinda pore,
So for God's sake, lock that kitchen door!

6. *The Ice-Blue Wind*

Being expert on the zither
he gave concerts twice a winter

And to these occasions twain
some would come unless it rained.

Swiftly did their number thin
as he played *The Ice-Blue Wind*.

No cries of Bravo nor encore
But, Oh, he dreamed, they long for more!

So he'd play it once again
and again and still again.

His fingers knew *The Ice-Blue Wind*
that single score and nothing more.

But what of that? It did suffice
to close him in a wall of ice,

Tinged with distance, always blue,
which somehow warmed him through and through.

Long, long after all had gone,
and in the hall crept winter dawn,

He would strike a final string,
take a bow and proudly shin

Up a column to the roof,
in union with The Absolute.

7. Temples to the Red Earth Shook

The poets of less than twenty years ago,
That bravely stood and fell against the sword,
From underneath those fields where poppies blow
With terrible voice oppose the rising horde:
Listen again to the songs of Rupert Brooke
And all the young that sang and singing died
Beholding their temples to the red earth shook,
And Beauty above the whole world crucified:
Poets, of every campus, town, and field,
This is the ultimate hour of your labor;
Lift song, lift song, your weapon and your shield
Against the threatening shadow of the sabre –
For beauty's voice may still oppose the tide –
Speak, fearless poets! Shall these horsemen ride?

8. Little Horse

Mignon he was or *mignonette*
avec les yeux plus grands que lui.
My name for him was Little Horse.
I fear he had no name for me.

I came upon him more by plan
than accidents appear to be.
Something started or something stopped
and there I was and there was he.

And then it rained but Little Horse
had brought along his *parapluie*.
Petit cheval it kept quite dry
till he divided it with me.

For it was late and I was lost
when Little Horse enquired of me,
What has a bark but cannot bite?
And I was right. It was a tree.

Mignon he is or *mignonette*
avec les yeux plus grands que lui.
My name for him is Little Horse.
I wish he had a name for me.

9. They That Come Late to the Dance

They that come late to the dance
more wildly must dance than the rest
though the strings of the violins
are a thousand knives in their breast.

They that come late to the dance
must dance till their slippers are thin
and the last white notes of the flute
are lost in the dawn-blowing wind.

They that come late to the dance
must dance till the lanterns expire
and the hearts they uncovered too late
are broken before they can tire.

10. Gold Tooth Blues

Now there's many fool things a woman will do
To catch a man's eye, she'll wear a tight shoe,
She'll wear a light dress and catch a bad cold
And she'll have a tooth pulled for a tooth of gold.

*I'm a gold tooth woman with the gold tooth blues
'Cause a gold tooth makes a woman look old!*

Now gold in the bank is a wonderful thing,
And a woman looks nice with a nice gold ring,
But, honey, take a tip, and the tip ain't cold,
Your mouth's no place to carry your gold!

*I'm a gold tooth woman with the gold tooth blues
'Cause a gold tooth makes a woman look old!*

Some late Sunday mawnin' when you're still in the hay
And you want a little lovin', your sweet man'll say,
With a look that'll turn your heart's blood cold,
Woman, that gold tooth makes you look old!

*I'm a gold tooth woman with the gold tooth blues
'Cause a gold tooth makes a woman look old!*

When he don't have a dollar but he must have his drink,
He'll sneak up behind you at the kitchen sink,
And before you can holler, I'm telling the truth,
He'll brain you with a blackjack and pull your gold tooth!

*I'm a gold tooth woman with the gold tooth blues
'Cause a gold tooth makes a woman look old!*

11. Why Do I Want To Go Away?

Why do I want to go away?
I don't have no reason to stay.
Do this, do that, they name the hour.
My heart is in a tall clock tower
And keeps striking hours that say:
"Time for you to slide away."
What should I do? Of course, obey?
And there's no profit in delay.
Never mind Number 1202
(I think the number is thirteen)
Going, going, almost gone –
Done my bit and travelled on.

12. Valediction

It hasn't all been useless. Unless the box is destroyed the words that had value will rise again. Mine, all that mattered much of me except my response to your love, mostly that given me by those whom I never met: so many letters unanswered because the letter to you all was still being written: if writing survives, in mine you'll find all my answers, signed with my love. All my writing has been a letter to you, 'you all' as we say in the South.

1. Salutation

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

from "Goodbyes Are Sentimental, But -- " unpublished*

Largo espressivo ♩ = 56

mp

Voice: It has-n't all been

Piano: *mf* *mp*

5 use - less. Un-less the box is de - stroyed the words that had val - ue will

mf

9 rise a - gain. Mine, all that mat - tered much of me ex -

espressivo dim. *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Largo espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 56 beats. The voice part starts with a rest for four measures, then enters with the lyrics 'It has-n't all been'. The piano accompaniment begins with a *mf* dynamic and features a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into three systems. The first system covers measures 1-4. The second system starts at measure 5 and includes the lyrics 'use - less. Un-less the box is de - stroyed the words that had val - ue will'. The third system starts at measure 9 and includes the lyrics 'rise a - gain. Mine, all that mat - tered much of me ex -'. The score concludes with a *dim.* marking in the piano part.

13 *mp* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

cept my re-sponse to your love, ___ most-ly that giv-en me by those whom I nev-er met: ___

18 *poco string. e cresc.*

so man-y let-ters un - an - swered be-cause the let - ter ___ to you all ___ was

poco string. e cresc.

22 *a tempo* *f* *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

still be - ing writ - ten: if writ-ing sur-vives, in mine you'll find all my

a tempo *f* *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

26 *mf* *f* *allarg.* *a tempo mp*

an - swers, signed with my love. All my writ-ing has

mf *cresc.* *f* *p* *allarg.* *a tempo*

30 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

been a let - ter to you, 'you all' as we

a tempo *poco rit.* *poco rit.*

34 *a tempo* *allarg.*

say in the South.

a tempo *allarg.*

2. We Have Not Long To Love

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Espressivo con moto ♩ = 128 *p*

Voice

Piano

p

We have not

6

long to love. Light does not stay. The

12

poco cresc. *mp* *dim.* *p* *poco rit.*

ten - der things are those we fold a - way.

poco cresc. *mp* *dim.* *p* *poco rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo and mood marking of 'Espressivo con moto' and a quarter note equal to 128 (♩ = 128). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the voice part with a rest followed by the lyrics 'We have not' and the piano accompaniment. The second system starts at measure 6 and includes the lyrics 'long to love. Light does not stay. The'. The third system starts at measure 12 and includes the lyrics 'ten - der things are those we fold a - way.'. Dynamic markings include piano (p), mezzo-piano (mp), and decrescendo (dim.). Performance directions include 'poco cresc.' and 'poco rit.'. The piano part features a prominent melodic line in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

18 *a tempo mp* *poco rit.* *p*

Coarse fab - rics are the ones for com - mon wear. In

a tempo mp *poco rit.*

24 *poco meno mosso* *pp*

si - lence I have watched you comb your hair. In - ti - mate the

poco meno mosso *pp*

p *pp*

30 *a tempo mp* *poco cresc.*

si - lence, dim and warm. I could, but did not,

a tempo mp *poco cresc.*

35 *mf* *poco allarg.* *f* *a tempo*

reach to touch your arm. I could, but do not, break that which is

poco allarg. *a tempo* *dim.*

mf *f*

40 *mp* *p poco meno mosso*

still. (Al - most the faint - est whis - per would be shrill.)

p poco meno mosso

mp *p*

45 **Molto espressivo** ♩ = 112

So mo - ments pass as though they wished to stay.

pp

49

We have not long to love. A night. A

54 *dim. al niente* *rit.*

day....

dim. *rit.*

3. Youth Must Be Wanton

Poem by Tennessee Williams
from *The Night of the Iguana* (1961)

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Danza con brio ♩ = 112

Voice

Piano

mp *f* *mp*

very well-articulated
mf

6 Youth must be wan - ton, youth must be

12 quick, Dance to the can - dle while last - eth the wick,

cresc.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Danza con brio' and a metronome marking of ♩ = 112. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The voice part enters at measure 6 with the lyrics 'Youth must be wan - ton, youth must be'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with the lyrics 'quick, Dance to the can - dle while last - eth the wick,'.

18 *mf*

Youth must be fool - ish and mirth - ful and blind, Gaze not be -

24 *f*

fore and glance not be - hind, Mark not the shad - ow that dark - ens the

30 *pochiss. rit.* *mf*

way, Re - gret not the glit - ter of an - y lost day, But

pochiss. rit.
dim.

36 **Poco meno mosso** ♩ = 108 *mp*

laugh with no reas - on ex - cept the red wine, For

mf *espressivo* *p*

42

youth must be youth - ful and fool - ish and

mf *p*

48 *molto rit.*

blind! _____

p *mp* *molto rit.*

4. Cried the Fox

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Allegro agitato $\text{♩} = 88$ *f*

Voice

I run, cried the fox, in cir - cles

Piano

f *mf*

5 nar - row - er, nar - row - er still, _____ a - cross the des - per - ate hol - low, _____

poco marcato

9 *mf*

skirt - ing the fran - tic hill _____ and shall till my brush hangs burn - ing

mp

13 *cresc.* *f*

flame at the hun - ter's door _____ con - tin - ue this fa - tal re - turn - ing to

17 *molto rit.* **Mesto** ♩ = 64

plac - es that failed me be - fore!

21 *mp* *mf*

Then, with his heart break - ing near - ly, _____ the lone - ly, pas - sion - ate bark of the

25 *poco accel.* *mp*

fu - gi - tive fox rang out clear - ly as bells in the frost - y dark, a -

mf *poco accel.*

29 **Tempo primo** **Allargando** $\text{♩} = 64$
cresc.

cross the des-per-ate hol - low, skirt-ing the fran-tic hill, call-ing the pack to

mp *cresc.*

34 *mf* *ten.* *mp*

fol - low a prey that es-caped them still.

mf *ten.* *mp* *dim.* *p*

5. Kitchen Door Blues

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Blues tempo ♩ = 88 *swing all dotted 8th and 16th notes* *mp*

Voice

swing all dotted 8th and 16th notes My old la - dy died of a

Piano

f *mf* *mp*

4

com-mon cold. She smoked ci - gars and was nine - ty years old. She was

7 *cresc. poco a poco* *f*

thin as pa - per with the ribs of a kite, And she flew out the kit - chen door one night.

cresc. poco a poco *mf* *sonore*

11 *mp* *mf*

Now I'm no young - er - 'n the old la - dy was, When she

14 *allarg.* *a tempo* *mp*

lost grav - i - ta - tion, and I smoke ci-gars. I

17 *f quickly*

feel sort of peak-ed, an' I look kind - a pore, So for God's sake, lock that kit-chen door!

15^{ma} *quickly* *f* 8^{va}

6. The Ice-Blue Wind

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Zither tempo ♩ = 108 *mf*

Voice: Be-ing ex-pert on the zith-er he gave

Piano: *mf* *mp* *con pedale*

4 con-certs twice a win-ter And to these oc-ca-sions twain some would

7 come un-less it rained. Swift-ly did their num-ber thin

10 as he played *The Ice - Blue Wind.* No *f* *mf* *mf dim.*

14 *poco rit.*
 cries of Bra-vo nor en-core But, Oh, he dreamed, they long for more! So he'd

poco rit.
mp

17 *a tempo* *cresc.*
 play it once a-gain and a-gain and still a-gain. His fin-gers knew The

a tempo *cresc.*

20 *f* *mf*
 Ice - Blue Wind that sin-gle score and noth - ing

f *mf*

24 *poco allarg.* *f* *a tempo* *poco rit.*
 more. But what of that? It did suf-fice to close him in a wall of ice,

a tempo *poco rit.*

27 *mf* *molto espressivo* *mp*

Tinged with dis - tance, al - ways blue, which some - how warmed him through and through.

molto espressivo *mf* *mp*

30 **Tempo primo, ma meno mosso** ♩ = 100

Long, long af - ter all had gone, and in the hall crept win - ter dawn, He would

33 *allarg.* *a tempo* *f* *mf*

strike a fin - al string, take a bow and proud - ly shin Up a col - umn to the roof, in

allarg. *a tempo* *f* *mf*

36 **Maestoso** ♩ = 72 *molto cresc.* *f*

u - nion with The Ab - so - lute.

molto cresc. sonore *f*

7. Temples to the Red Earth Shook

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Andante con passione $\text{♩} = 96$
mp

Voice

The po - ets of less than twen - ty years a - go, That

Piano

mp sempre sonore e legato

5 brave - ly stood and fell a - gainst the sword, From un - der - neath those fields where

solenne

8 pop - pies blow With ter - ri - ble voice op - pose the ris - ing horde:

cresc. f poco rit.

12 Lis - ten a - gain to the songs of Ru - pert Brooke And all the young that sang and sing - ing

mf a tempo

a tempo

mf

solenne

cresc.

f

poco rit.

15

died _____ Be - hold - ing their tem - ples to the red earth shook, And

18

cresc. *f* *poco rit.*

Beau - ty a - above the whole world cru - ci - fied: _____

cresc. *f* *poco rit.*

21

mp **Piu mosso** ♩ = 104 *cresc.*

Po - ets, of ev - 'ry cam - pus, town, and field, This is the ul - ti - mate

mp *cresc.*

24

rit. *f* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *ten.* *mp*

hour of your la - bor; Lift song, lift song, your weap - on and your shield A -

rit. *f* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *ten.* *mp*

28 **Poco meno mosso** ♩ = 88 *allarg.* **mf**

gainst the threat-'ning shad - ow of the sa - bre For

31 **Tempo primo** ♩ = 96

beau - ty's voice may still op - pose the tide Speak, fear - less po - ets!

34 *allarg. molto cresc.* **ff** **Piu mosso** ♩ = 112

Shall these horse - men ride?

37 *molto ritard.* **f** **mf**

8. Little Horse

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Andante con moto $\text{♩} = 108$ *p*

Voice

Mi-gnon he was or mi - gno-nette

Piano

p like a guitar

con pedale

5

a - vec les yeux plus grands que lui. My name for him was Lit - tle Horse. I

9

poco cresc. *mp*

fear he had no name for me. I came up - on him more by plan than

poco cresc.

13 *p poco cresc.*

ac - ci - dents ap - pear to be. _____ Some - thing start - ed or

mp *dim.* *p poco cresc.*

16 *mp* *sub. p* *rit.*

some - thing stopped and there I was and there was he. And

mp *sub. p* *rit.*

19 *a tempo* *sempre piano*

then it rained but Lit - tle Horse had brought a - long his pa - ra - plu - ie.

a tempo *delicato* *sempre piano*

23

Pe - tit che - val it kept quite dry till he di - vid - ed it with me.

27

Quasi recitativo ♩ = 108
mp

For it was late and I was lost _____ when Lit - tle Horse en - quired of me, _____

31

faster ***mf*** *slower* ***mp*** *drollly*

What has a bark but can - not bite? _____ And I was right. It was a tree.

faster *non arpegg.* *slower* ***mp***

35 **Tempo primo** *p sempre*

Mi-gnon he is or mi-gno-nette a-vec les yeux plus grands que lui.

p sempre

40

My name for him is Lit-tle Horse. I wish he had a name for me. I

44 *molto ritard.*

wish he had a name for me.

molto ritard.

9. They That Come Late to the Dance

Poem by Tennessee Williams
from *Now the Cats with Jewelled Claws* (1969)

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Allegro con brio ♩ = 120

Piano

f *dim.*

mf *con pedale*

5 *mf*

They that come late to the dance more wild - ly must dance than the

mf

11 *mp cantando*

rest though the strings of the vi - o - lins

cantando *p* *cresc.*

16 *mf* *cresc.* *f* *pochiss. rit.*

are a thou - sand knives in their breast.

mp *mf dim.* *pochiss. rit.*

a tempo

21

p with intensity

cresc. poco a poco

a tempo They that come late to the dance _____ must dance till their slip - pers are

p poco staccato

cresc. poco a poco

27

mf

f

mf dim.

mp

thin _____ and the last white notes of the flute _____ are

mf

dim.

mp

con pedale

33

ritardando

lost in the dawn - blow - ing wind. _____

ritardando

dim.

39

p molto espressivo al fine

They that come late to the dance _____ must dance till the lan - terns ex -

molto espressivo al fine

p

45 *cresc.*

pire and the hearts they un - cov - ered too

51 *f dim. mp*

late are brok -

56

en be - fore they can tire.

61 *ritardando al fine*

10. Gold Tooth Blues

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Freely *swing all dotted 8th and 16th notes* *p* **Andante con moto** ♩ = 100

Voice

swing all dotted 8th and 16th notes Now there's man - y fool things a

Piano

p

4 *poco cresc.*

wom-an will do To catch a man's eye, she'll wear a tight shoe, She'll wear a light dress and

poco cresc.

8 *mf* *dim.* *poco rit.* *ten. p a tempo*

catch a bad cold And she'll have a tooth pulled for a tooth of gold. I'm a

poco rit. *ten. a tempo*

mf *dim.* *p*

11 *poco cresc.* *mf*

gold tooth wom-an with the gold tooth blues 'Cause a gold tooth makes a wom-an look old!

poco cresc. *mp*

15 *mp* *sub. p*

Now gold in the bank is a won-der-ful thing, And a wom-an looks nice with a

mf sonore *mp* *p*

19 *cresc. poco a poco* *f*

nice gold ring, But, hon-ey, take a tip, and the tip ain't cold, Your mouth's no place to

cresc. poco a poco *f*

23 *poco rit.* *ten.* *a tempo* *sub. p* *poco cresc.* *mp*

car - ry your gold! I'm a gold tooth wom - an with the gold tooth blues 'Cause a

poco rit. *ten.* *a tempo* *p* *3* *3* *simile* *poco cresc.*

26 *mp* *mf sonore*

gold tooth makes a wom-an look old! Some

30 *pp*

late Sun-day maw-nin' when you're still in the hay And you want a lit-tle lov-in', your

mp *pp non arpeggio*

33 *mp* *molto cresc.* *f* almost bellowing

sweet man-'ll say, With a look that-'ll turn your heart's blood cold, Wom-an, that gold tooth

molto cresc. e sonore *f*

37 *ten.* *allarg.* *a tempo* *mp*

makes you look old! I'm a gold tooth wom-an with the gold tooth blues 'Cause a

ten. *allarg.* *a tempo* *ff* *p semplice*

41 *poco cresc.* *mf poco rit.* *p*

gold tooth makes a wom-an look old! When he

cresc. *mf* *poco rit.* *dim.*

45 **Slow and expressive** ♩ = 88

pp

molto cresc. poco a poco

don't have a dol-lar but he must have his drink, He'll sneak up be-hind you at the kit-chen sink, And be-

p *simile* *pp* *molto cresc. poco a poco*

49

ff

allarg.

fore you can hol-ler, I'm tell-ing the truth, He'll brain you with a black-jack and pull your gold tooth!_

f *allarg.*

53

mp

Tempo primo

I'm a gold tooth wom - an with the gold tooth blues 'Cause a

mp

56

rit. e dim.

gold tooth makes a wom - an look old!_

rit. e dim.

11. Why Do I Want To Go Away?

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Largo pensoso $\text{♩} = 44$ *mf*

Voice

Why do I want to go a - way? _____

Piano

mp sonore

5 *mp cresc. poco a poco*

I don't have no reas - on to stay. Do this, do that, they name the hour.

p cresc. poco a poco

9 *f mf*

My heart is in a tall clock tower _____ And keeps strik - ing hours that say: _____

f mf poco marcato, like chimes

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Largo pensoso' with a quarter note equal to 44 beats. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) shows the voice line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Why do I want to go a - way?'. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The second system (measures 5-8) begins with a measure rest marked '5'. The voice line continues with 'I don't have no reas - on to stay. Do this, do that, they name the hour.' The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic change to 'p' and a 'cresc. poco a poco' instruction. The third system (measures 9-12) starts with a measure rest marked '9'. The voice line says 'My heart is in a tall clock tower' followed by a rest and 'And keeps strik - ing hours that say:'. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic change to 'f' and 'mf', and is marked 'poco marcato, like chimes'.

13 *mp*

"Time for you to slide a - way." What should I do?

17

Of course, o - bey? And there's no prof - it in de - lay. Nev - er

20 *poco rit. cresc. f a tempo mp*

mind Num - ber twelve oh two (I think the num - ber is thir - teen) Go - ing, go - ing,

24 *espressivo allarg.*

al - most gone. Done my bit and trav - elled on.

12. Valediction

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

from "Goodbyes Are Sentimental, But --" unpublished*

Largo espressivo $\text{♩} = 56$

Voice *mp* It has-n't all been

Piano *mf* *mp*

5 use - less. Un-less the box is de - stroyed the words that had val - ue will

9 rise a - gain. Mine, all that mat - tered much of me ex -

espressivo *dim.*

dim.

13 *mp* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

cept my re-sponse to your love, ___ most-ly that giv-en me by those whom I nev-er met: ___

18 *poco string. e cresc.*

so man-y let-ters un - an - swered be-cause the let - ter ___ to you all ___ was

poco string. e cresc.

22 *a tempo* *f* *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

still be - ing writ - ten: if writ-ing sur-vives, in mine you'll find all my

a tempo *f* *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

26 *mf* *f* *allarg.* *a tempo mp*

an - swers, signed with my love. All my writ - ing has

mf *cresc.* *f* *p* *allarg.* *a tempo*

30 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

been a let - ter to you, 'you all' as we

a tempo *poco rit.* *poco rit.*

34 *a tempo* *allarg.*

say in the South.

a tempo *allarg.*