

***TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS
SONGS***

Twelve Songs for Voice and String Quartet

**Poems by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**

**Music by
BRUCE TRINKLEY**

Tennessee Williams Songs

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Song Texts	3
1. Salutation	9
2. We Have Not Long To Love	12
3. Youth Must Be Wanton	16
4. Cried the Fox	20
5. Kitchen Door Blues	24
6. <i>The Ice-Blue Wind</i>	26
7. Temples to the Red Earth Shook	30
8. Little Horse	34
9. They That Come Late To the Dance	38
10e minor. Gold Tooth Blues	42
11. Why Do I Want To Go Away	47
12. Valediction	49

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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Tennessee Williams Songs was composed during a residency at Dorland Mountain Arts Colony in Temecula, California in March 2017. The cycle was transcribed for voice and string quartet in State College, Pennsylvania in September and October 2020.

The string quartet version is dedicated to all those who are battling or have suffered from the Coronavirus pandemic.

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.

* "Number 1202" was the room number of the 12th (or perhaps 13th) floor room that Williams occupied in the Hotel Ellysée at 60 East 54th Street in New York City for the last 15 years of his life. The room was known as the "Sunset" suite and was where he died of a barbiturate overdose on February 25, 1983.

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from "Goodbyes Are Sentimental, But -- " unpublished*

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Largo espressivo ♩ = 56 *mp*

Voice: It has-n't all been

Violin 1: *f*, *mf*, *dim.*

Violin 2: *f*, *mf*, *dim.*, *mp*

Viola: *f*, *mf*, *dim.*, *mp*

Violoncello: *f*, *mf*, *dim.*, *mp*

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

mf

mp

pizz.

10 *espressivo dim.* *mp*

Mine, all that mat - tered much of me ex - cept my re - sponse to your love,

arco *dim.* *p*

15 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

mostly that giv - en me by those whom I nev - er met: so man - y let - ters un - answered be - cause the

pizz.

20 *poco string. e cresc.* *a tempo* *f* *mp*

let - ter to you all was still be - ing writ - ten: if

f

24 *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *f*

writ-ing sur-vives, in mine you'll find all my an - swers, signed with my love.

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

arco *p* *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.* *pizz.*

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

28 *allarg.* *a tempo* *mp* *poco rit.*

All my writ-ing has been a let - ter to you,

f *p* *f* *p*

f *arco* *p* *f*

32 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *allarg.*

'you all' as we say in the South.

pizz. *arco*

2. We Have Not Long To Love

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Espressivo con moto ♩ = 128 *p*

Voice

We have not

Violin 1 *p*

Violin 2 *p*

Viola *p* pizz.

Violoncello *p*

6

long to love. Light does not stay. The

The musical score is written for a voice and a string quartet. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Espressivo con moto' with a quarter note equal to 128 beats per minute. The dynamic is piano (*p*). The score is divided into two systems. The first system covers measures 1 through 5. The voice part begins in measure 5 with the lyrics 'We have not'. The string parts (Violin 1, Violin 2, Viola, and Violoncello) provide accompaniment. The second system covers measures 6 through 10. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'long to love. Light does not stay. The'. The string parts continue their accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

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

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

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

poco cresc. *mp* *dim.* *p* *arco*

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

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

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

mp *poco rit.* *p*

mp *poco rit.* *p*

mp *poco rit.* *p*

24 *poco meno mosso* *pp*

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

p *pp* *pp*

p *pp* *pp*

p *pp* *pp*

30

a tempo
mp *poco cresc.*

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

35

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

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

40

mp *p* *poco meno mosso*

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

45 **Molto espressivo** ♩ = 112

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

pp

pp

pp

pp

49 We have not long to love. A night. _____ A

pizz.

pizz.

54 *dim. al niente* *rit.*

day....

dim.

arco *ppp*

arco *ppp*

ppp

ppp

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

String Quartet

spiccato
mp *f* *mp*

mp *f* *mp*

mp *f* *mp*

mp *f* *mp*

mp *f* *mp*

6 *very well-articulated*
mf

Youth must be wan - ton, youth must be

f *mp*

f *mp*

f *mp*

f *mp*

f *mp*

f *mp*

12

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

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

18

mf

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

f *mf*

mf

f *mf*

f *mf*

24

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

f

30

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

pochiss. rit. *mf*

dim.

dim.

dim.

dim.

36

Poco meno mosso ♩ = 108

mp

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

42

youth must be youth - ful and fool - ish and

48

molto rit.

blind!

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__

String Quartet

f *mf*

f *mf*

f *mf*

f *mf*

5

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

poco marcato

poco marcato

9 *mf*

skirt-ing the fran - tic hill _____ and shall till my brush hangs burn - ing flame at the hun - ter's

14 *cresc.* *f* *molto rit.*

door _____ con - tin - ue this fa - tal re - turn - ing to plac - es that failed me be - fore!

19 **Mesto** ♩ = 64 *mp*

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

p

p

p

p

24 *mf* *poco accel.* *mp*

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

mf

mf

mf

mf

Tempo primo

Allargando $\text{♩} = 64$
cresc.

29

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

34

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

5. Kitchen Door Blues

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

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

Voice

My old la - dy died of a

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

4

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

7

cresc. poco a poco

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

11 *mp* *mf*

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

14 *allarg.* *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!

6. The Ice-Blue Wind

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Zither tempo ♩ = 108

mf

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

pizz. come una cetra *arco*

mf **mp**

arco

mf **mp**

pizz. come una cetra

mf **mp**

arco

mf **mp**

4

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

pizz. *arco*

mf **mp**

mf **mp**

mf **mp**

mf **mp**

7

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

pizz. *arco*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

mf *mp*

10

as he played The Ice - Blue Wind. No

f *mf* *dim.*

f *mf* *dim.*

f *mf* *dim.*

f *mf* *dim.*

f *mf* *dim.*

f *mf* *dim.*

14

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

arco *mp* *poco rit.*

mp *mp*

mp *mp*

mp *mp*

mp *mp*

17

a tempo

cresc.

play it once a - gain and a - gain and still a - gain. His fin - gers knew The

20

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

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,

27 *mf* *molto espressivo* *mp*

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

arco *mp* *mp* *mp*

31 **Tempo primo, ma meno mosso** ♩ = 100 *allarg.* *a tempo*

af-ter all had gone, and in the hall crept win-ter dawn, He would strike a fin-al string, take a bow and proud-ly shin Up a

35 **Maestoso** ♩ = 72 *molto cresc.* *f* *mf* *f*

col-umn to the roof, in u - nion with The Ab - so - lute.

mf *molto cresc. sonore* *f* *mf* *molto cresc. sonore* *f* *mf* *molto cresc. sonore* *f* *mf* *molto cresc. sonore* *f* *mf* *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

sempre sonore e legato The po - ets of less than twen-ty years a - go, That

mp *sempre sonore e legato* *simile*

String Quartet

mp *sempre sonore e legato* *simile* *solenne*

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

mp *simile* *solenne*

8 *cresc.* *f* *poco rit.*

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

solenne *cresc.* *f*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

12 *mf a tempo*

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

15 *mf*

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

18 *cresc. f poco rit.*

Beau - ty a - bove the whole world cru - ci - fied:

Piu mosso ♩ = 104

mp *cresc.*

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

rit. f a tempo poco rit. ten. mp

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

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!

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

simile *simile* *simile* *simile*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measures 31 through 33. It features a vocal line and four piano accompaniment staves. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Tempo primo' with a quarter note equal to 96 beats per minute. The lyrics are: 'beau - ty's voice may still op - pose the tide Speak, fear - less po - ets!'. The piano parts are marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'simile' instruction, indicating they should continue in a similar manner to the previous section.

34 *allarg.*
molto cresc.

Piu mosso ♩ = 112 *ff*

Shall these horse - men ride?

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

Detailed description: This block covers measures 34 through 36. Measure 34 begins with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo changes to 'Piu mosso' (112 bpm), and the dynamics are marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Shall these horse - men ride?'. The piano parts are marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The tempo marking 'Piu mosso' is accompanied by a quarter note equal to 112. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

37 *molto ritard.*

f *mf* *mf* *mf*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measures 37 through 40. The tempo is marked 'molto ritard.' (ritardando). The dynamics are marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the piano parts and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the vocal line. The piano parts consist of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line features a melodic phrase with a fermata over the final note.

8. Little Horse

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Andante con moto ♩ = 108

p

Voice

Mi-gnon he was or mi - gno-nette

pizz. *arco*

String
Quartet

pizz. like a guitar
p
pizz. like a guitar
p

5

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

arco
arco *pizz.*
pizz. like a guitar
p

9

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

poco cresc. *mp*
poco cresc.
arco *poco cresc. pizz.*
poco cresc.
poco cresc.

13

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

p poco cresc.

mp *dim.* *p poco cresc.*

mp *arco* *dim.* *pizz.* *arco* *p poco cresc.*

p poco cresc.

16

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

mp *sub. p* *rit.*

mp *sub. p* *pizz.*

mp *pizz.* *sub. p*

arco *mp* *pizz.* *sub. p*

mp *p*

19

a tempo sempre piano

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

delicato

sempre piano

sempre piano

23

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

Quasi recitativo ♩ = 108

27

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

31

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

35

Tempo primo *p sempre*

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

p sempre pizz.

arco

p sempre pizz.

p sempre

pizz.

p sempre

40

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

pizz.

arco

pizz.

44

wish he had a name for me.

molto ritard.

arco

arco

9. They That Come Late to the Dance

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

from *Now the Cats with Jewelled Claws* (1969)

Allegro con brio ♩ = 120

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

5 *mf*

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

11 *mp cantando*

rest _____ though the strings of the vi - o - lins _____

cantando

p

cresc.

p cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

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

are a thou - sand knives in their breast.

mp *mf dim.* *mf dim.* *arco dim.*

21 *a tempo* *p* *with intensity* *cresc. poco a poco*

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

poco staccato *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

poco staccato *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

poco staccato *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

poco staccato *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

27 *mf* *f* *mf dim.* *mp*

thin and the last white notes of the flute are

mf *dim.* *mp*

mf *dim.* *mp*

mf pizz. *dim.* *mp*

mf pizz. *dim.* *mp*

mf *dim.* *mp*

33

ritardando

lost in the dawn - blow - ing wind.

arco dim.

arco dim.

39

p molto espressivo al fine

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

p

pizz.

pizz.

p

45

cresc.

pire and the hearts they un - cov - ered too

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

arco

arco

51 *f dim.* *mp*

late are brok -

f dim. *mp*

f dim. pizz. *mp*

f dim. pizz. *mp* arco

f dim. *mp*

56

en be - fore they can tire.

dim. al fine

dim. al fine

dim. al fine

dim. al fine

61 *ritardando al fine*

pp

pp

pp

pp

10e minor. Gold Tooth Blues

Poem by Tennessee Williams

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Freely *swing all dotted 8th and 16th notes* ρ **Andante con moto** $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice: Now there's man - y fool things a

Violin 1: ρ

Violin 2: *pizz.* ρ *pizz.*

Viola: ρ *arco* ρ

Violoncello: ρ

4

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

pizz. *arco* *poco cresc.*

ρ *arco* *poco cresc.*

arco *poco cresc.* *pizz.*

poco cresc.

poco cresc.

8

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

mf *dim.* *poco rit.* *ten.* *a tempo* ρ

mf *dim.* *ten.*

mf *arco*

mf

mf

11 *poco cresc.* *mf*
 gold tooth wom-an with the gold tooth blues 'Cause a gold tooth makes a wom-an look old!

pizz. *p* *mp* *mp* *pizz.* *mp*

15 *mp* *sub. p*
 Now gold in the bank is a won-der-ful thing, And a wom-an looks nice with a

sonore *mf* *mp* *p*
arco *sonore* *mp* *p*
arco *mf* *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*
cresc. poco a poco *f*
cresc. poco a poco *f* *pizz.* *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

ten. *p* 3 3 *simile* *poco cresc.*

ten. *p* *arco* *poco cresc.*

ten. *p* *poco cresc.*

26 *mp*

gold tooth makes a wom - an look old! Some

mp *pizz.* *arco* *mf*

mp *pizz.* *arco* *mf* *sonore*

mp *mf*

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*

mp *pp*

mp *pp*

mp *pp*

mp *pp*

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

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

molto cresc. e sonore *f*

molto cresc. e sonore *f*

molto cresc. e sonore *f*

molto cresc. e sonore a tempo *f*

37 *ten.* *allarg.* *mp*

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

ten. *ff* *semplice* *p*

ten. *ff* *semplice* *p*

ten. *ff* *semplice* *p*

ten. *ff* *semplice* *p*

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

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

mf *dim.* *mf* *dim.* *mf* *dim.*

pizz. *arco* *mf* *mf* *dim.* *dim.*

pizz. *arco* *mf* *mf* *dim.* *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 *pp* *molto cresc. poco a poco*

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

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

p *ff* *allarg.* *mp*

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

f *f* *pizz.* *arco*

54 **Tempo primo**

rit. e dim.

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

p *p* *p*

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? _____

Violin 1: *sonore e legato*

Violin 2: *mp sonore e legato*

Viola: *mp sonore e legato*

Violoncello: *mp*

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

p cresc. poco a poco

p cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

9 *f* *mf*

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

poco marcato, like chimes

f *mf* *poco marcato, like chimes*

f *mf* *poco marcato, like chimes*

f *mf* *poco marcato, like chimes*

f *mf*

13 *mp*
 "Time for you to slide a-way." What should I do? Of course, o-bey? And

18 *mp* *poco rit. cresc.*
 there's no prof-it in de-lay. Nev-er mind Num-ber twelve oh two* (I think the num-ber is thir-

22 *mp a tempo* *espressivo* *cresc.* *allarg.*
 teen) Go-ing, go-ing, al-most gone. Done my bit and trav-elled on.

* "Number 1202" was the room number of the 12th (or perhaps 13th) floor room that Williams occupied in the Hotel Elysée at 60 East 54th Street in New York City for the last 15 years of his life. The room was known as the "Sunset" suite and was where he died of a barbiturate overdose on February 25, 1983.

12. Valediction

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

dim.

f *mf* *dim.* *mp*

String Quartet

f *mf* *dim.* *mp*

f *mf* *dim.* *mp*

f *mf* *dim.* *mp*

5

mf

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

mp

pizz.

10

espressivo dim.

mp

Mine, all that mat - tered much of me ex - cept my re - sponse to your love,

Musical score for measures 10-15. The vocal line starts with a fermata on the word 'love,'. The piano accompaniment includes an *arco* section and dynamic markings such as *dim.* and *p*.

15

poco rit.

a tempo

mostly that giv - en me by those whom I nev - er met: so man - y let - ters un - answered be - cause the

Musical score for measures 15-20. The piano accompaniment includes a *pizz.* marking. The tempo changes from *poco rit.* to *a tempo*.

20

poco string. e cresc.

a tempo

f

mp

let - ter to you all was still be - ing writ - ten: if

Musical score for measures 20-25. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo and dynamic markings *f* and *mp*. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'let - ter to you all was still be - ing writ - ten: if'.

24 *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *f*

writ-ing sur-vives, in mine you'll find all my an - swers, signed with my love.

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.* *pizz.*

p *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *cresc.*

28 *allarg.* *mp* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

All my writ-ing has been a let - ter to you,

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

32 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *allarg.*

'you all' as we say in the South.

pizz. *arco*