the cynic in springtime

for medium voice and piano

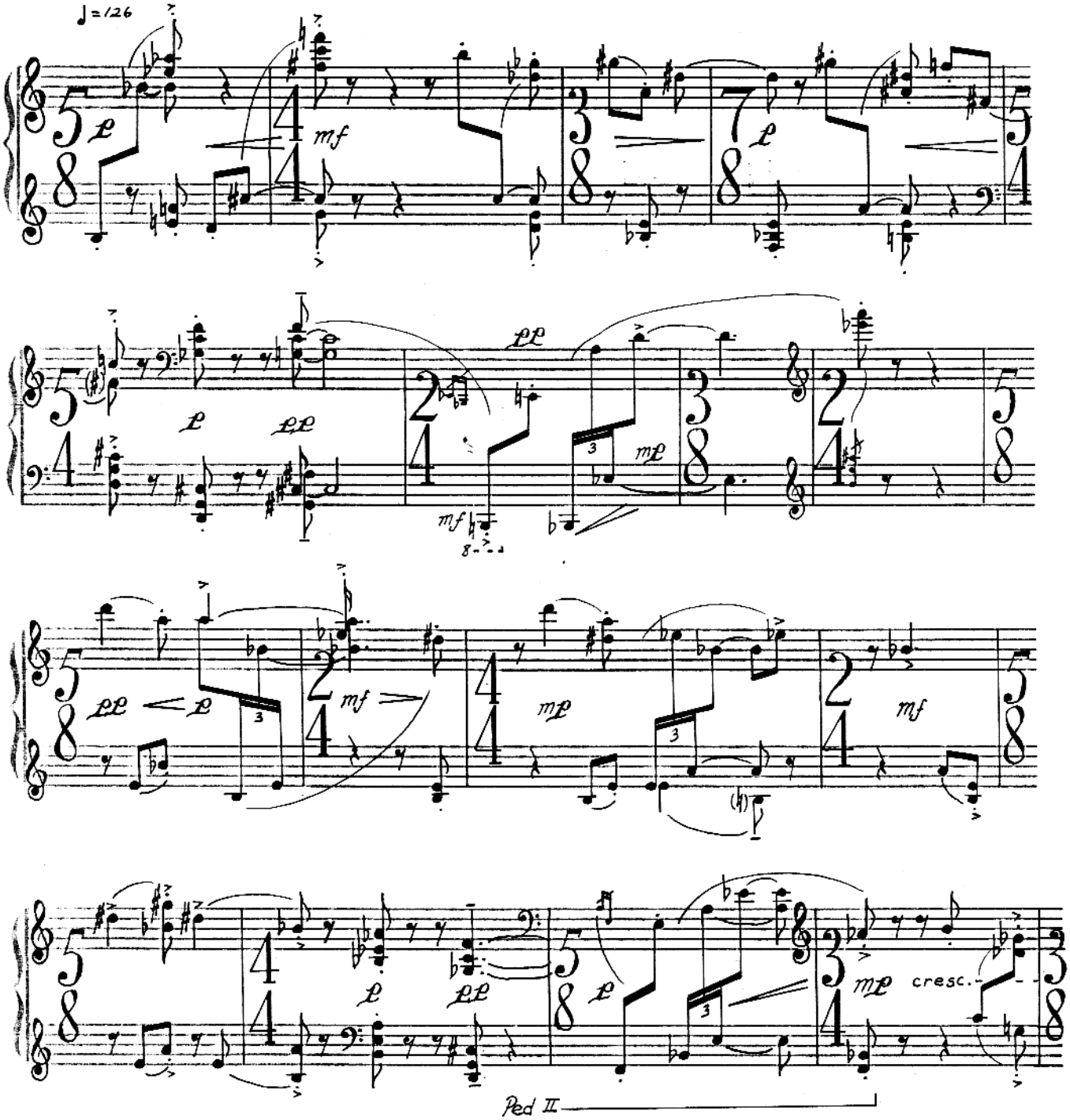
David Snow

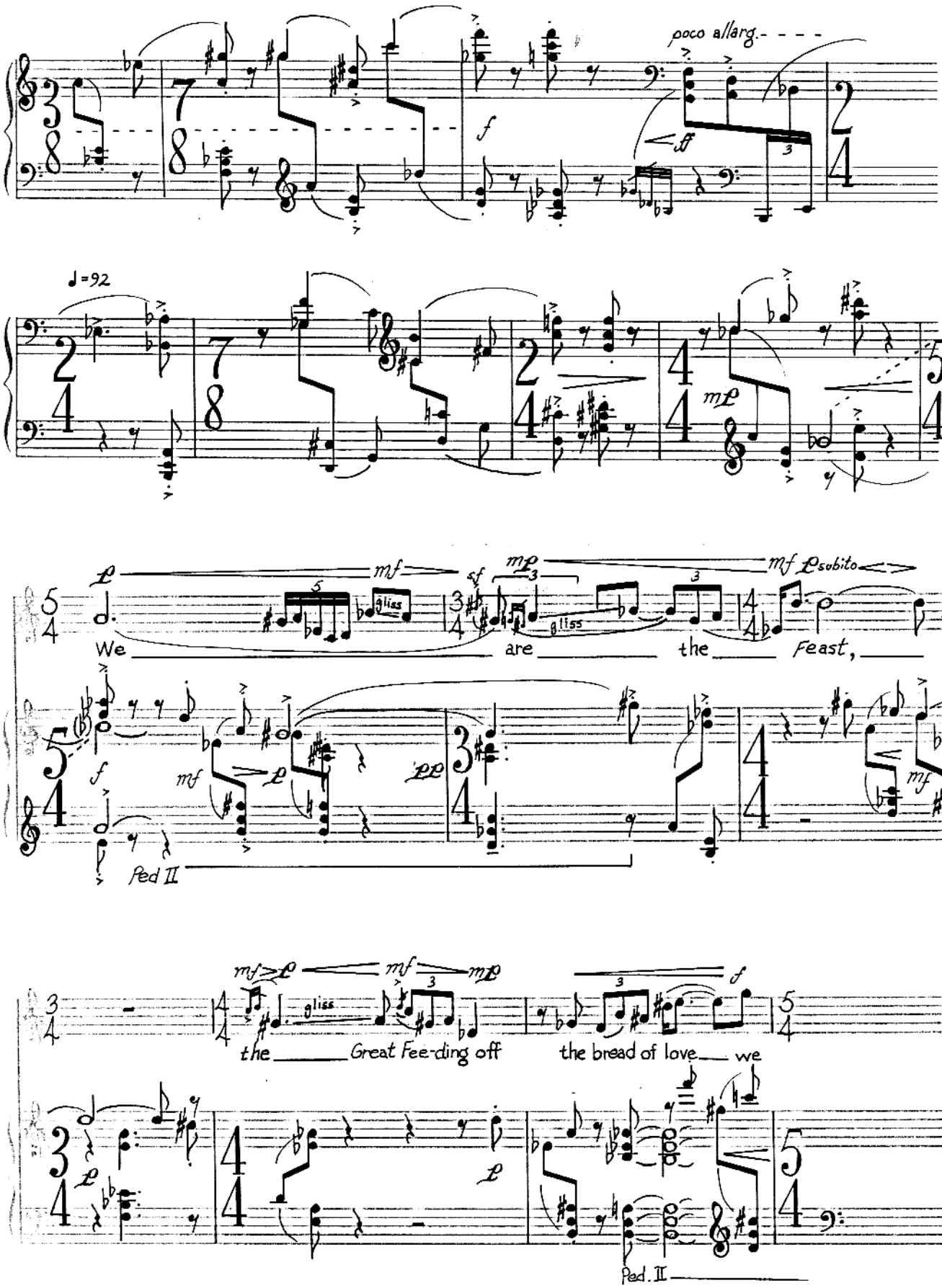
"The Cynic in Springtime"

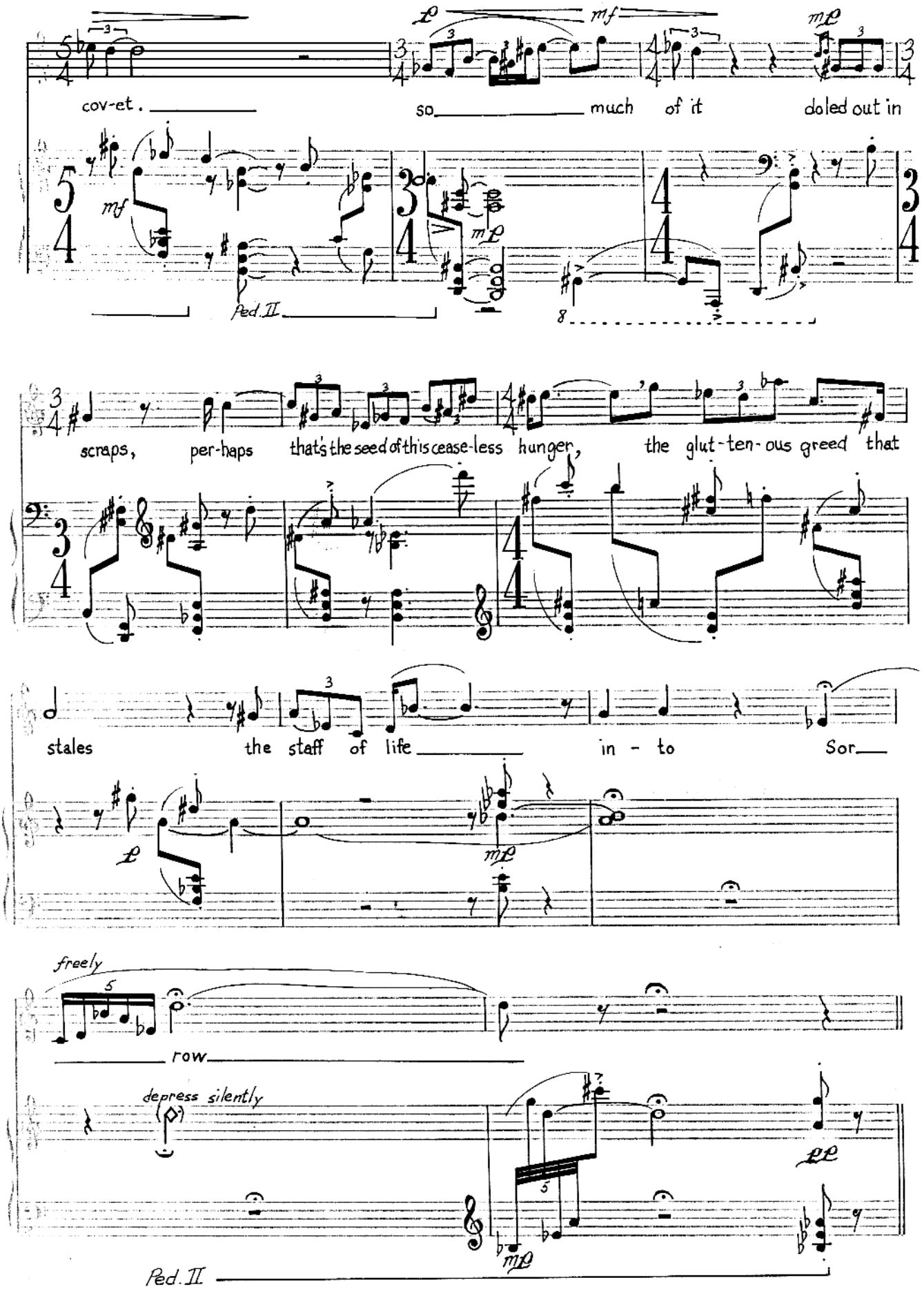
a cycle of songs for medium voice on original texts by

David Snow

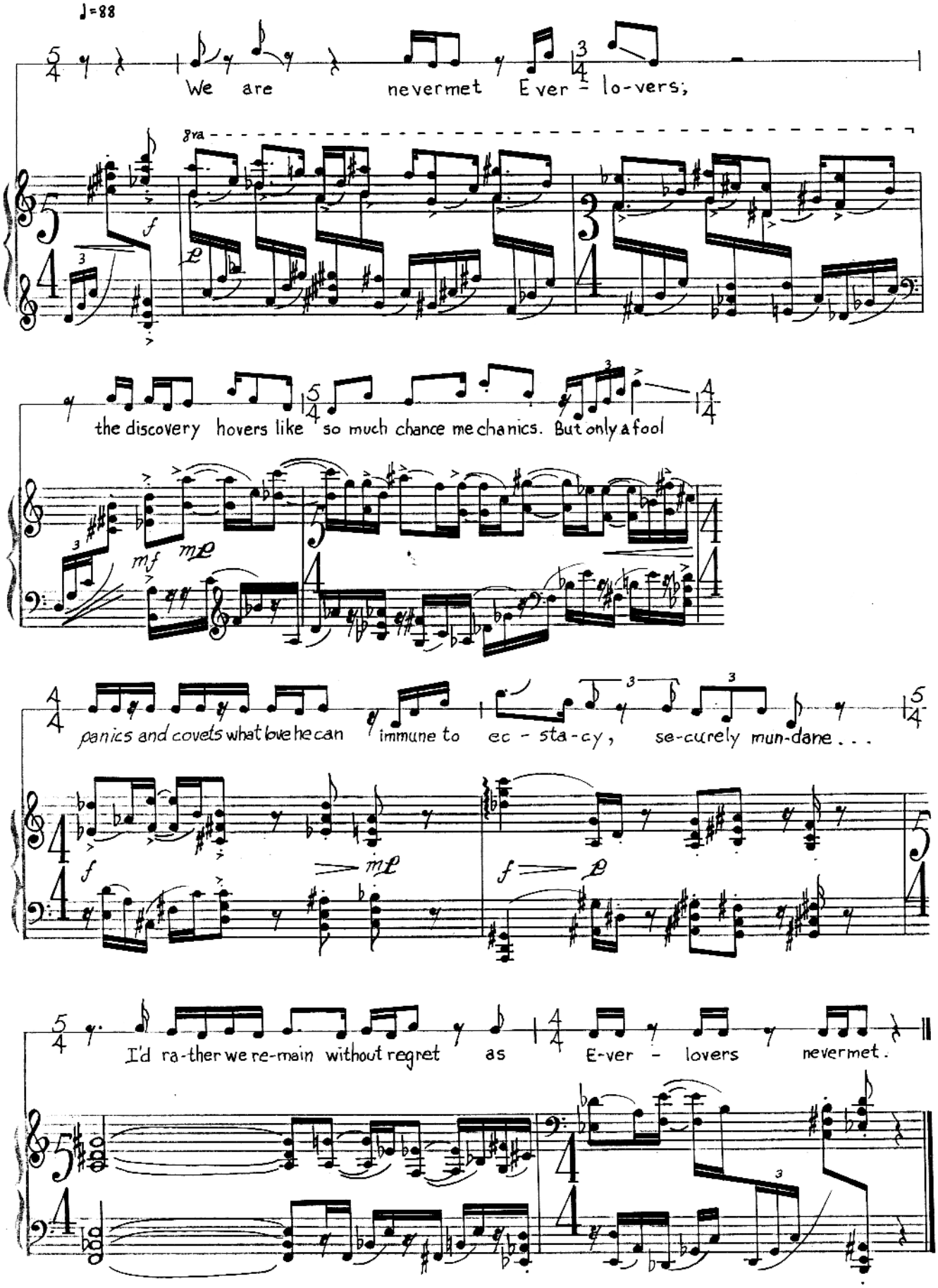
1.



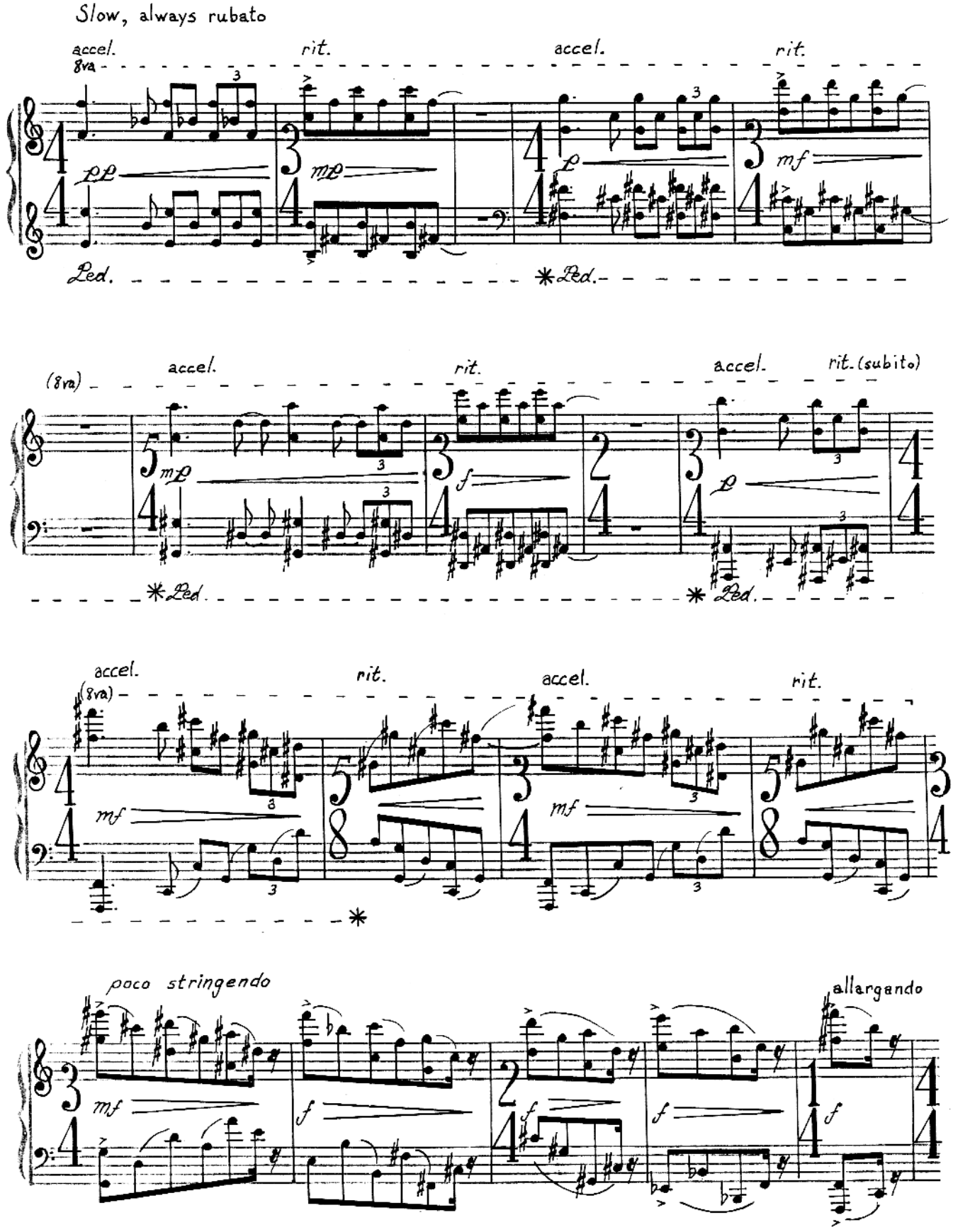

poco allarg.
♩=92
We are the Feast,
the Great Fee-ding off
the bread of love we
Ped II
Ped. II

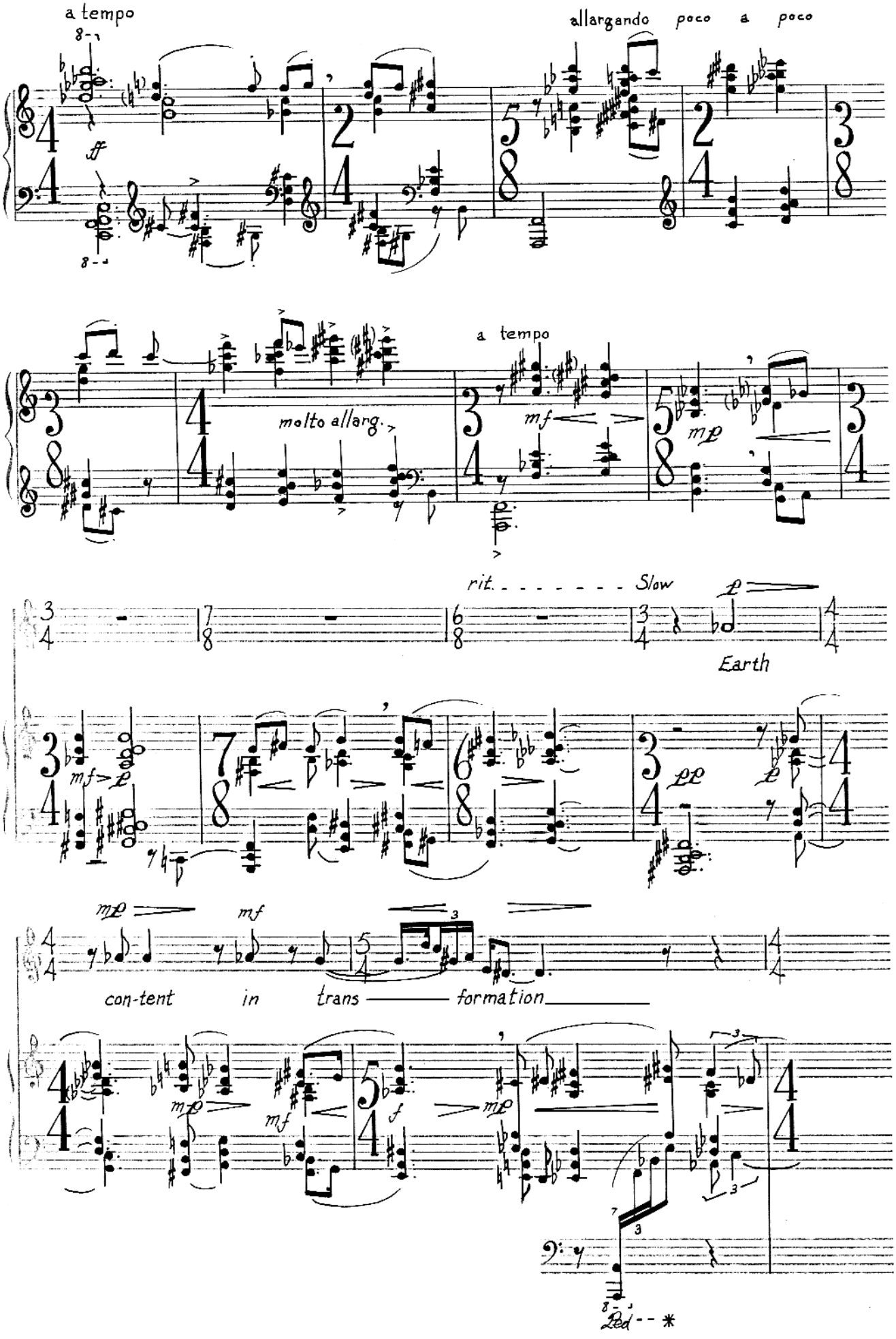

cov-et.
so much of it doled out in
Ped. II
scraps, per-haps that's the seed of this cease-less hunger, the glut-ten-ous greed that
stales the staff of life in - to Sor
freely
row
depress silently
Ped. II

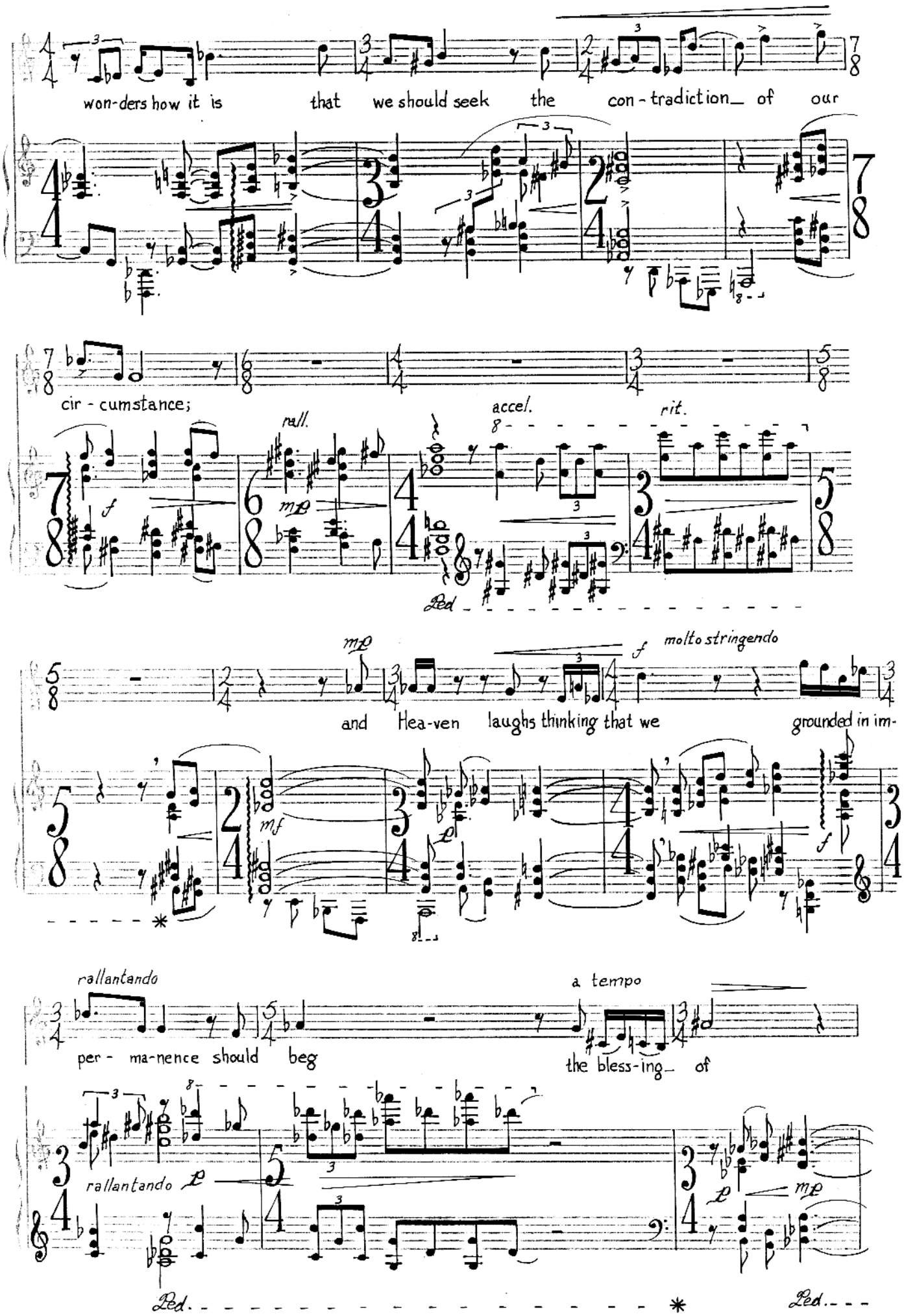
2.

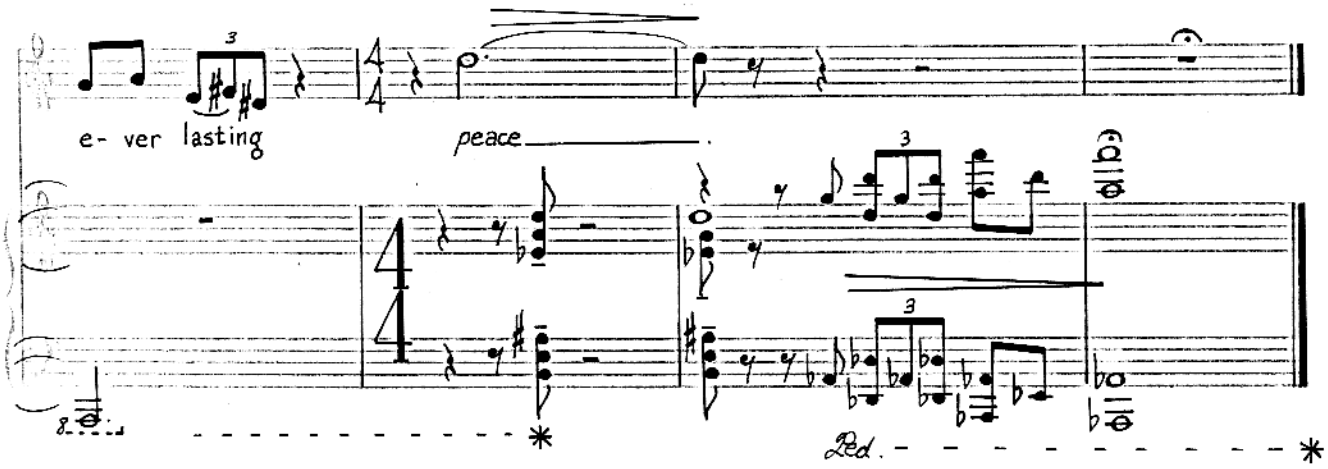

♩=88
We are nevermet Ever - lo-vers;
8va
the discovery hovers like so much chance mechanics. But only a fool
panics and covets what love he can immune to ec - sta-cy, se-curely mun-dane . . .
I'd ra-ther we re-main without regret as E-ver - lovers nevermet.

3.


Slow, always rubato
accel.
8va
rit.
accel.
rit.
pp
mp
p
mf
Ped.
*Ped.
(8va)
accel.
rit.
accel.
rit. (subito)
mp
f
p
*Ped.
*Ped.
accel.
(8va)
rit.
accel.
rit.
mf
mf
*
poco stringendo
allargando
mf
f
f
f
f


a tempo
allargando poco a poco
ff
molto allarg.
a tempo
mf
mp
rit. - - - - - - - - Slow
p
Earth
mf
p
pp
p
mp
mf
con-tent in trans formation
mp
mf
f
mp
Ped - - *


won-ders how it is that we should seek the con-tradiction of our
cir-cumstance;
rall.
accel.
rit.
mp
f
Ped
mp
f
molto stringendo
and Hea-ven laughs thinking that we grounded in im-
mf
p
f
rallantando
a tempo
per-ma-nence should beg the bless-ing of
rallantando
p
p
mp
Ped.
Ped.



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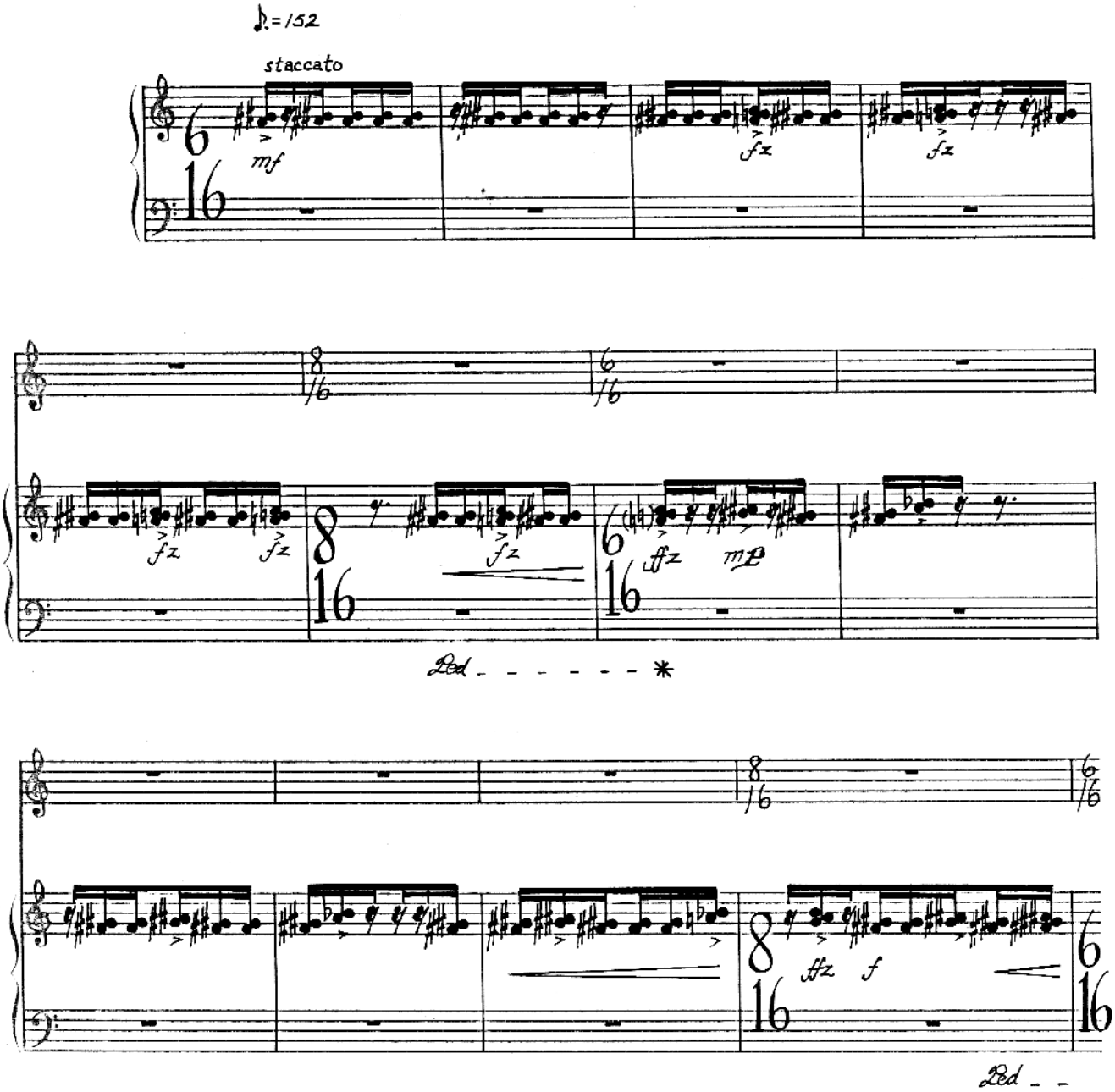
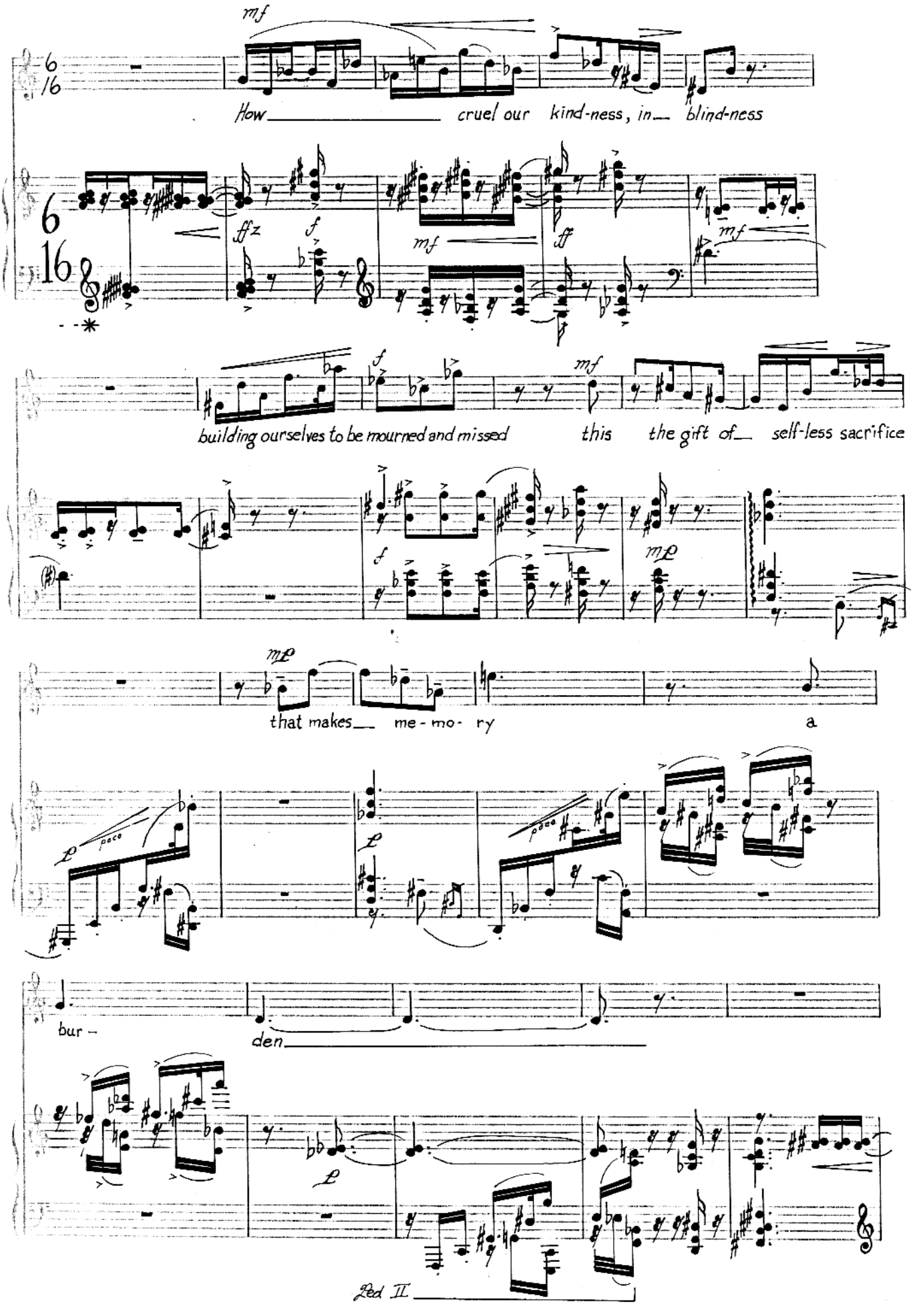
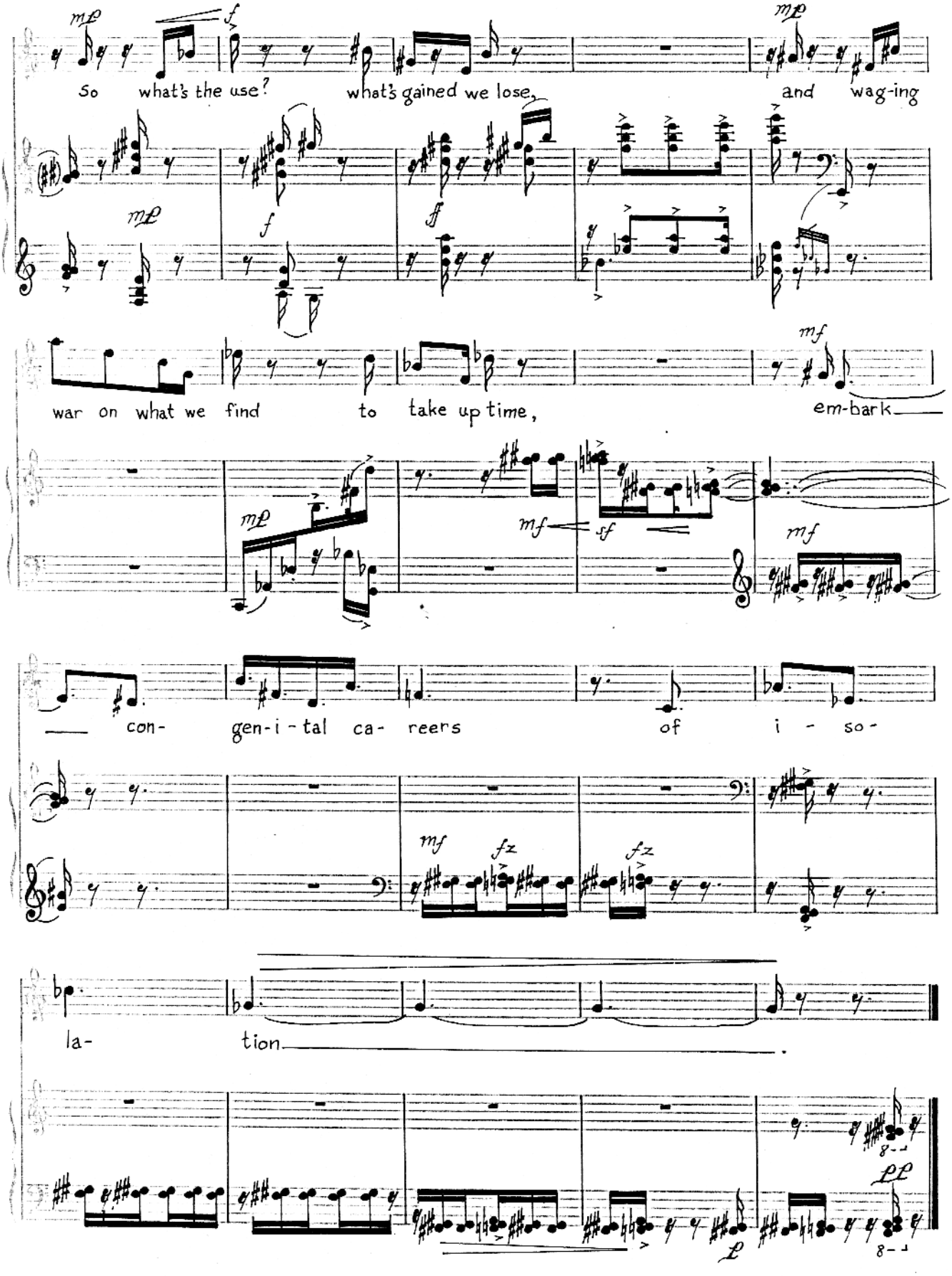
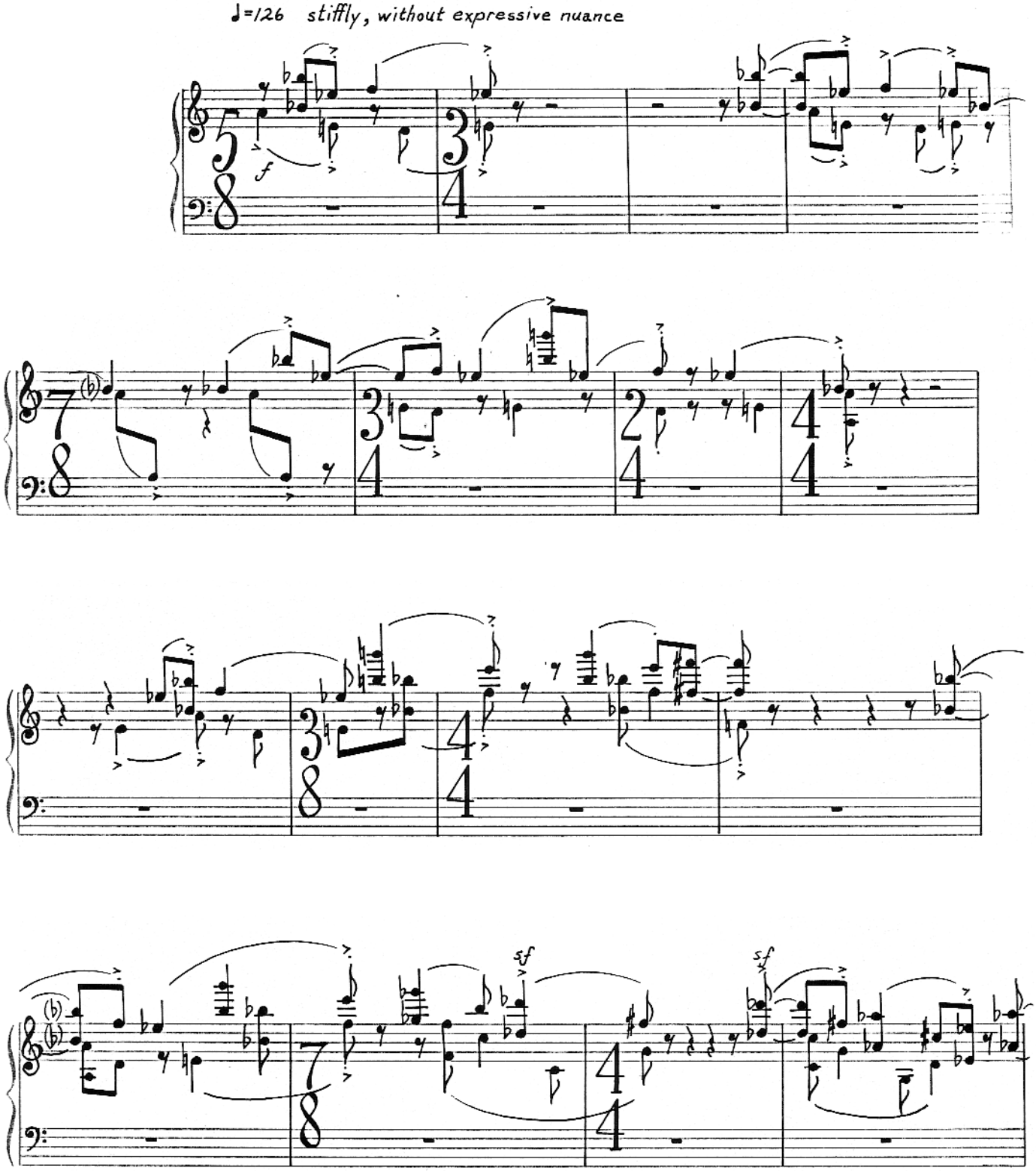
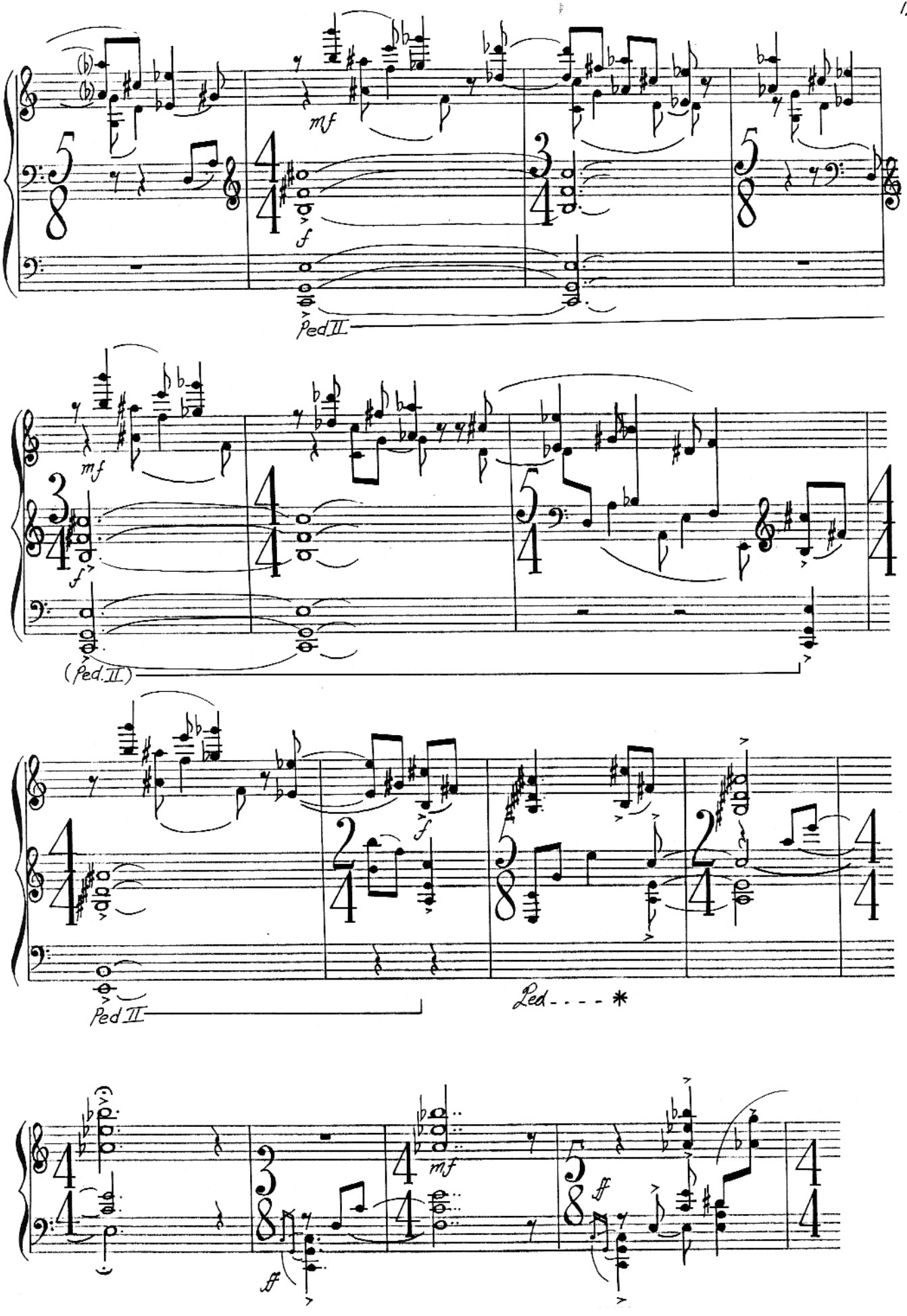


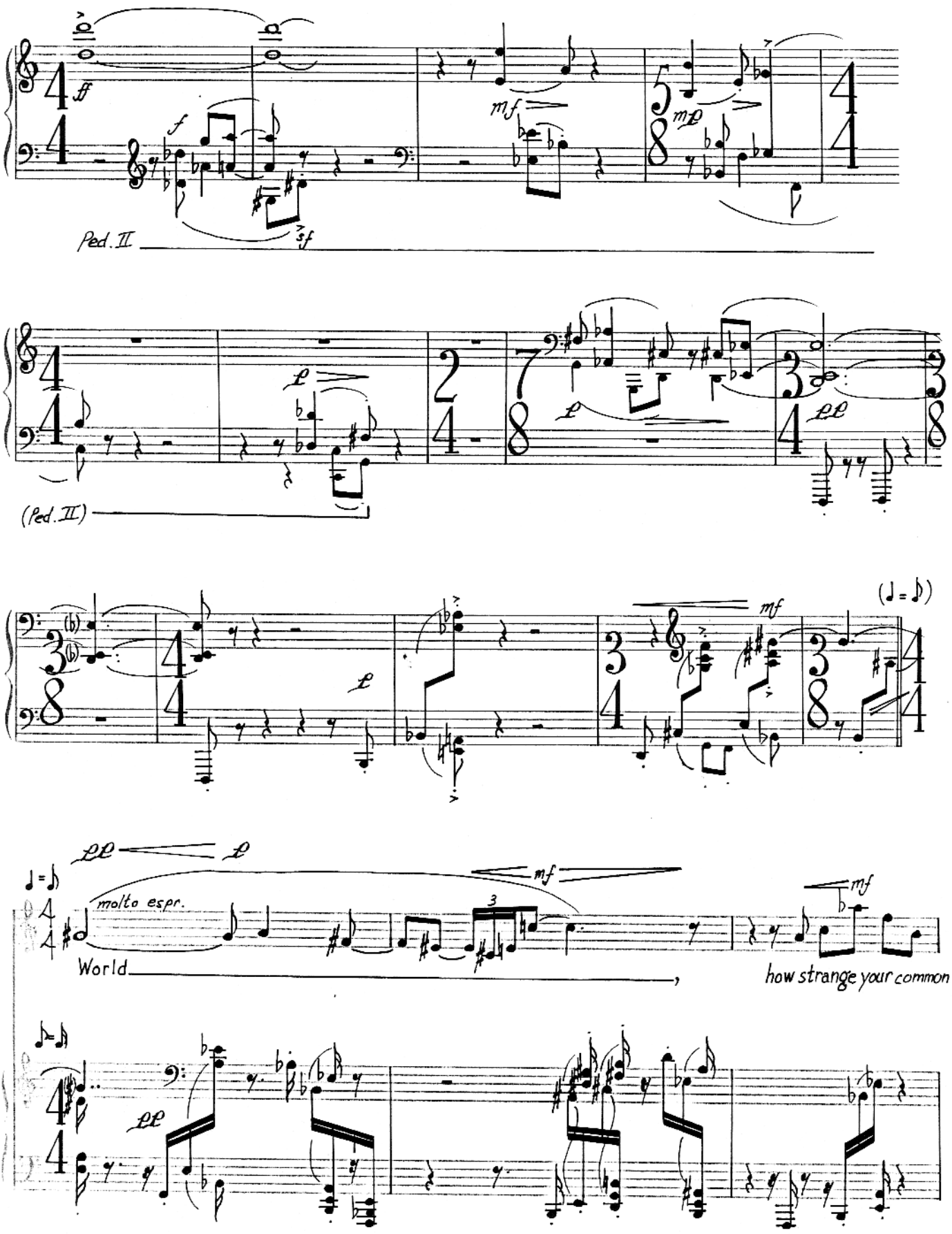

mf
How cruel our kind-ness, in blind-ness
ffz
f
mf
ff
mf
building ourselves to be mourned and missed
this
the gift of self-less sacrifice
mp
that makes me-mo-ry
a
poco
bur-
den
Red II

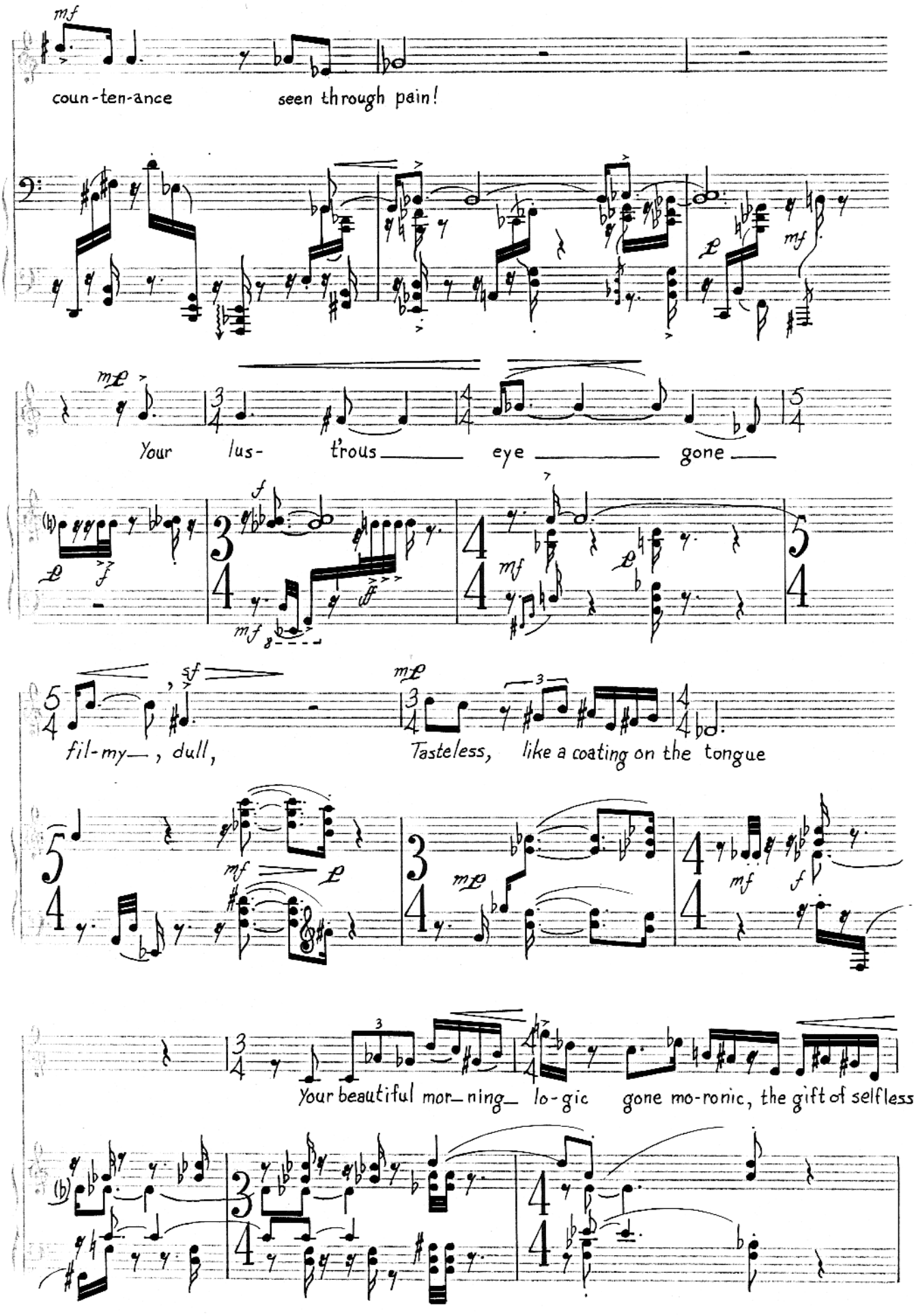

So what's the use? what's gained we lose, and wag-ing
war on what we find to take up time, em-bark
con- gen-i-tal ca- reers of i - so-
la- tion

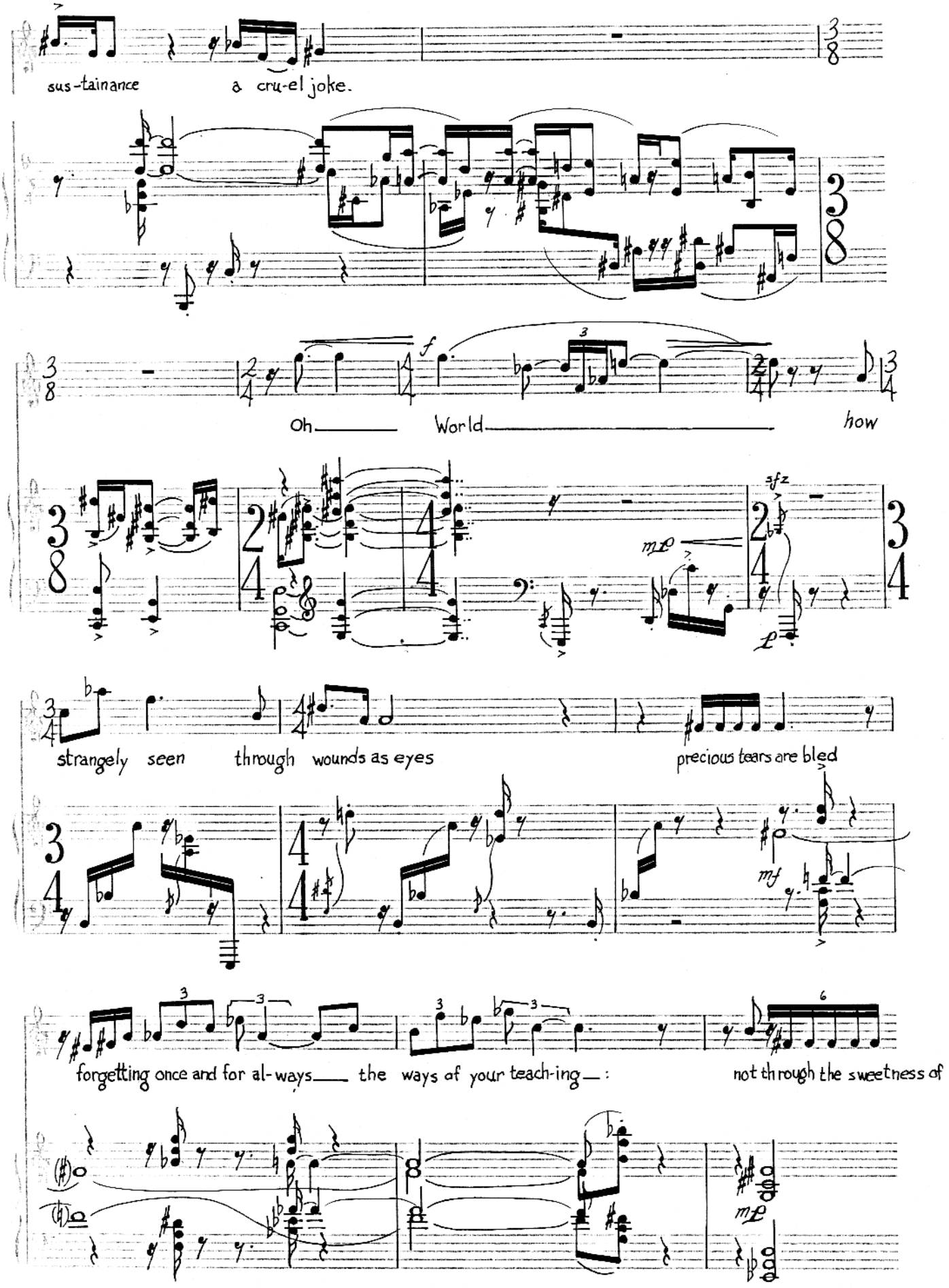
5.

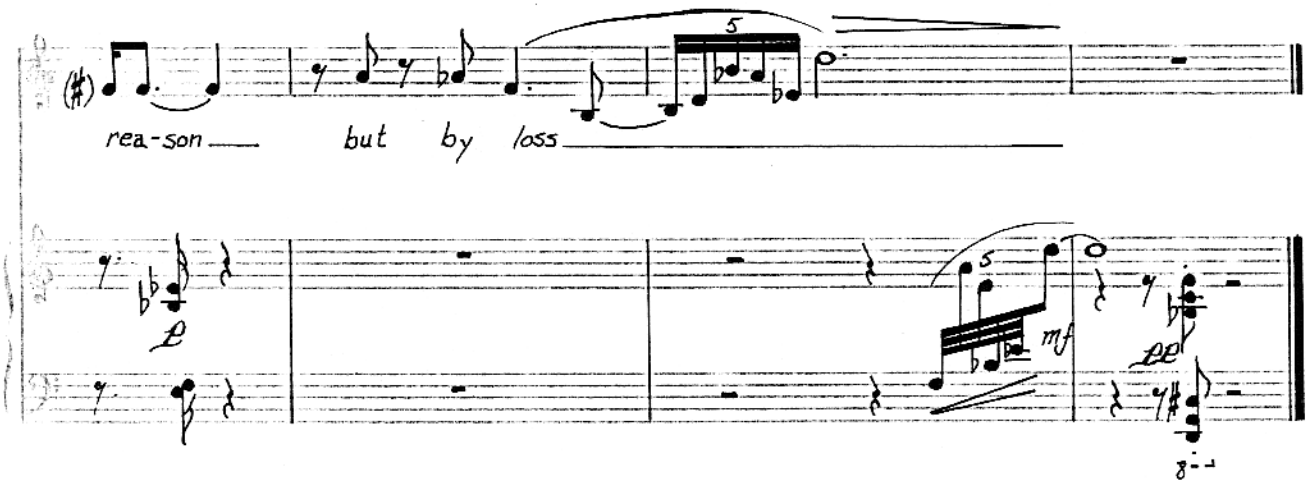



mf
f
Ped II
mf
f
(Ped. II)
f
Ped II
Led - - - - *
mf
ff
ff


ff
f
mf
mp
Ped. II
p
pp
(Ped. II)
(♩ = ♪)
molto espr.
World
how strange your common


coun-ten-ance seen through pain!
Your lus- t'rous eye gone
fil-my—, dull,
Tasteless, like a coating on the tongue
Your beautiful mor—ning— lo-gic gone mo-ronic, the gift of selfless


sus-tainance
a cru-el joke.
Oh
World
how
strangely seen
through wounds as eyes
precious tears are bled
forgetting once and for al-ways
the ways of your teach-ing:
not through the sweetness of



Feb. - March 1977, New Haven