Two Songs That Aren't What They Seem

Op. 69

Before Quiet (Hazel Hall)

Spring (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Andrew Ardizzoia

2024

Before Quiet (Hazel Hall)

I will think of water-lilies

Growing in a darkened pool,

And my breath shall move like water,

And my hands be limp and cool.

It shall be as though I waited

In a wooden place alone;

I will learn the peace of lilies

And will take it for my own.

If a twinge of thought, if yearning

Come like wind into this place,

I will bear it like the shadow

Of a leaf across my face.

Spring (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

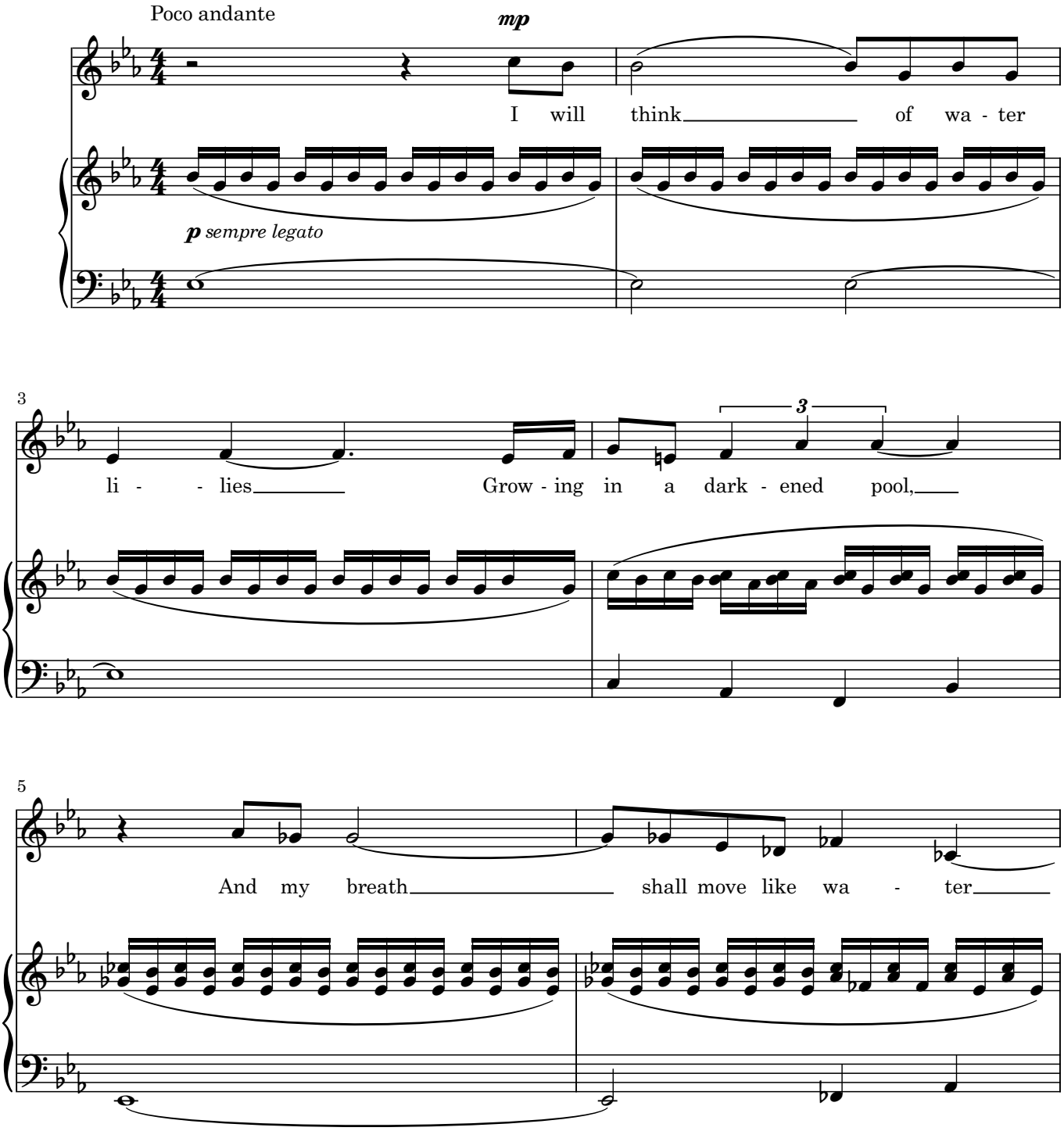
To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing
flowers.

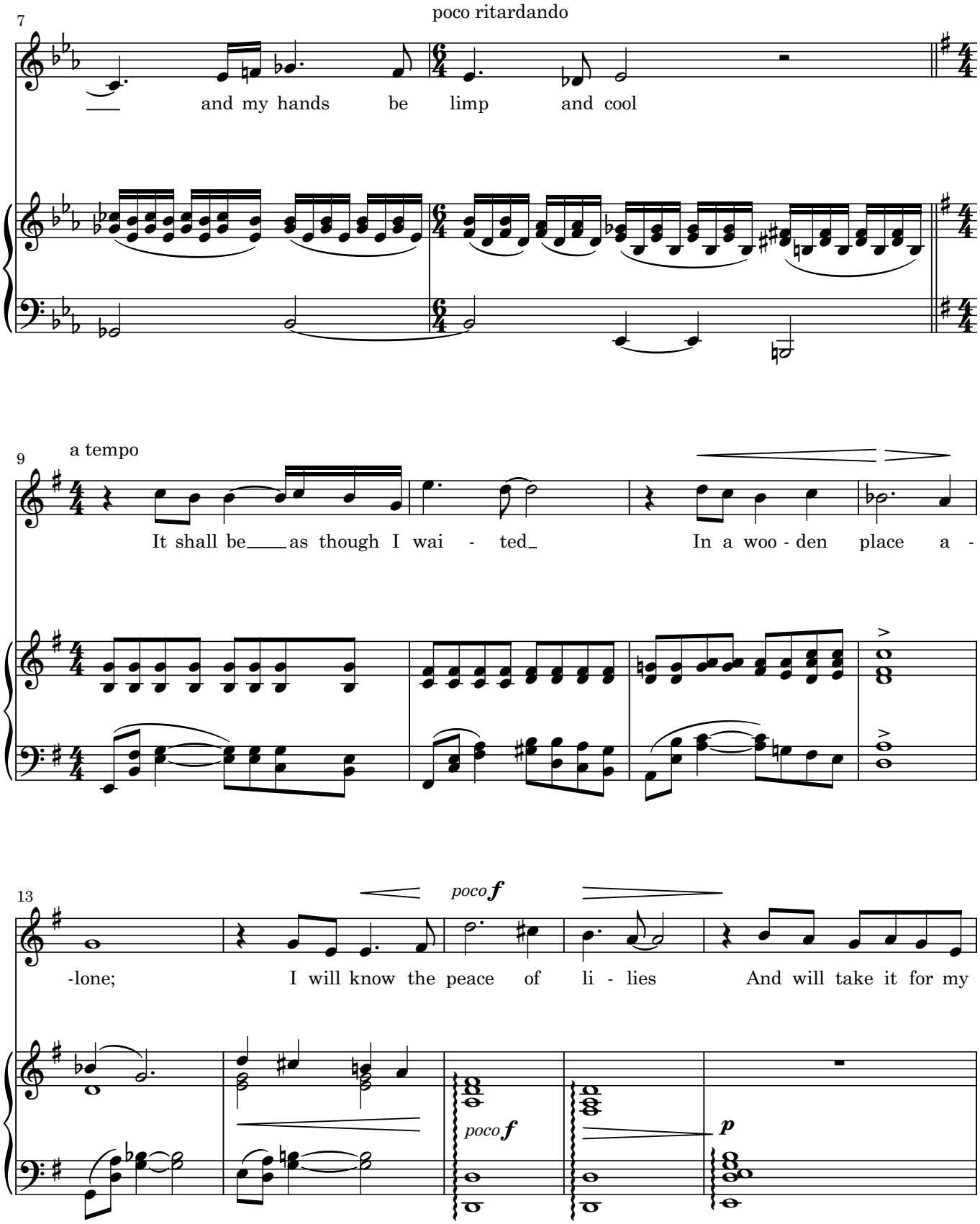
Two Songs That Aren't What They Seem

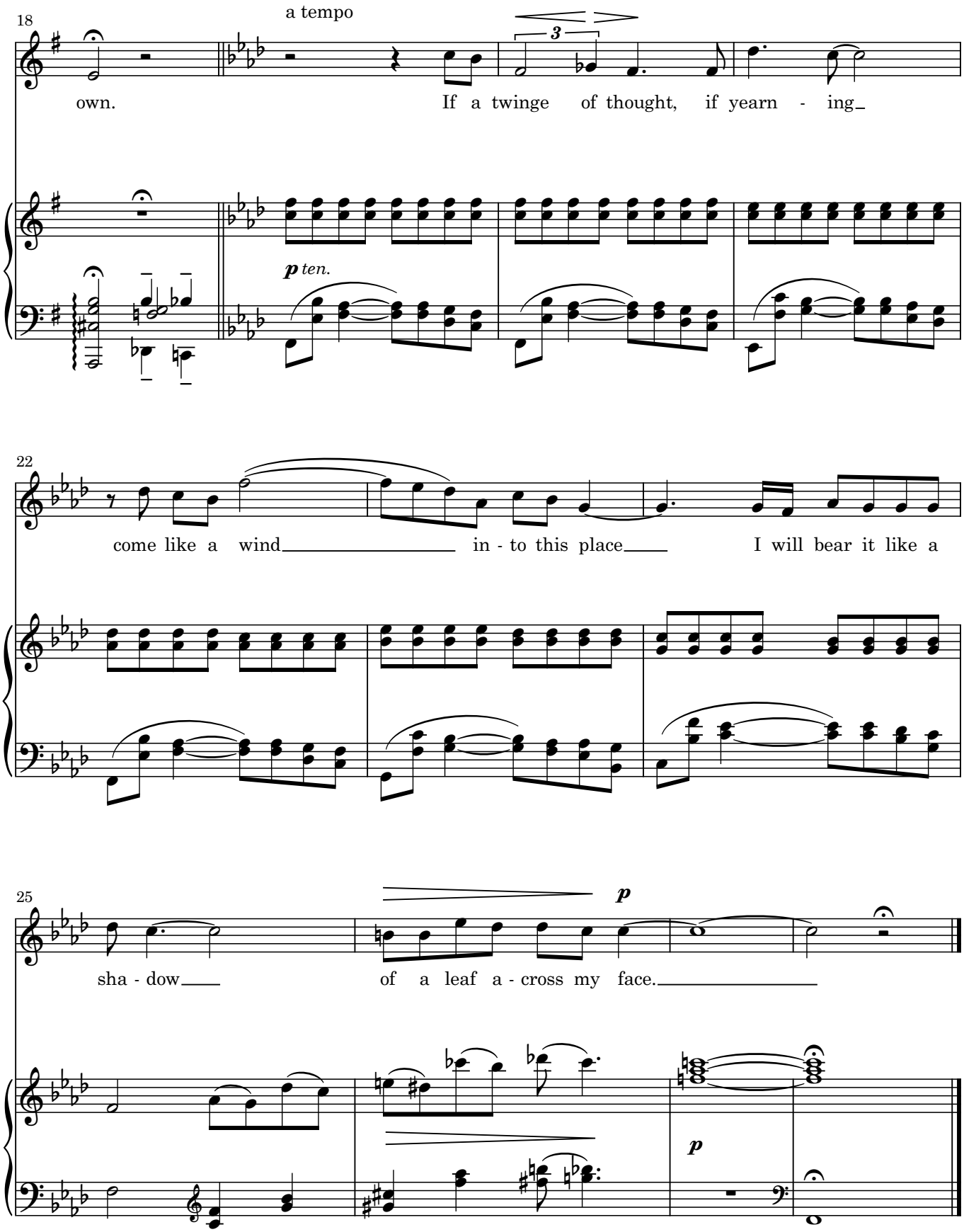
I. Before Quiet

Hazel Hall

Andrew Ardizzoia

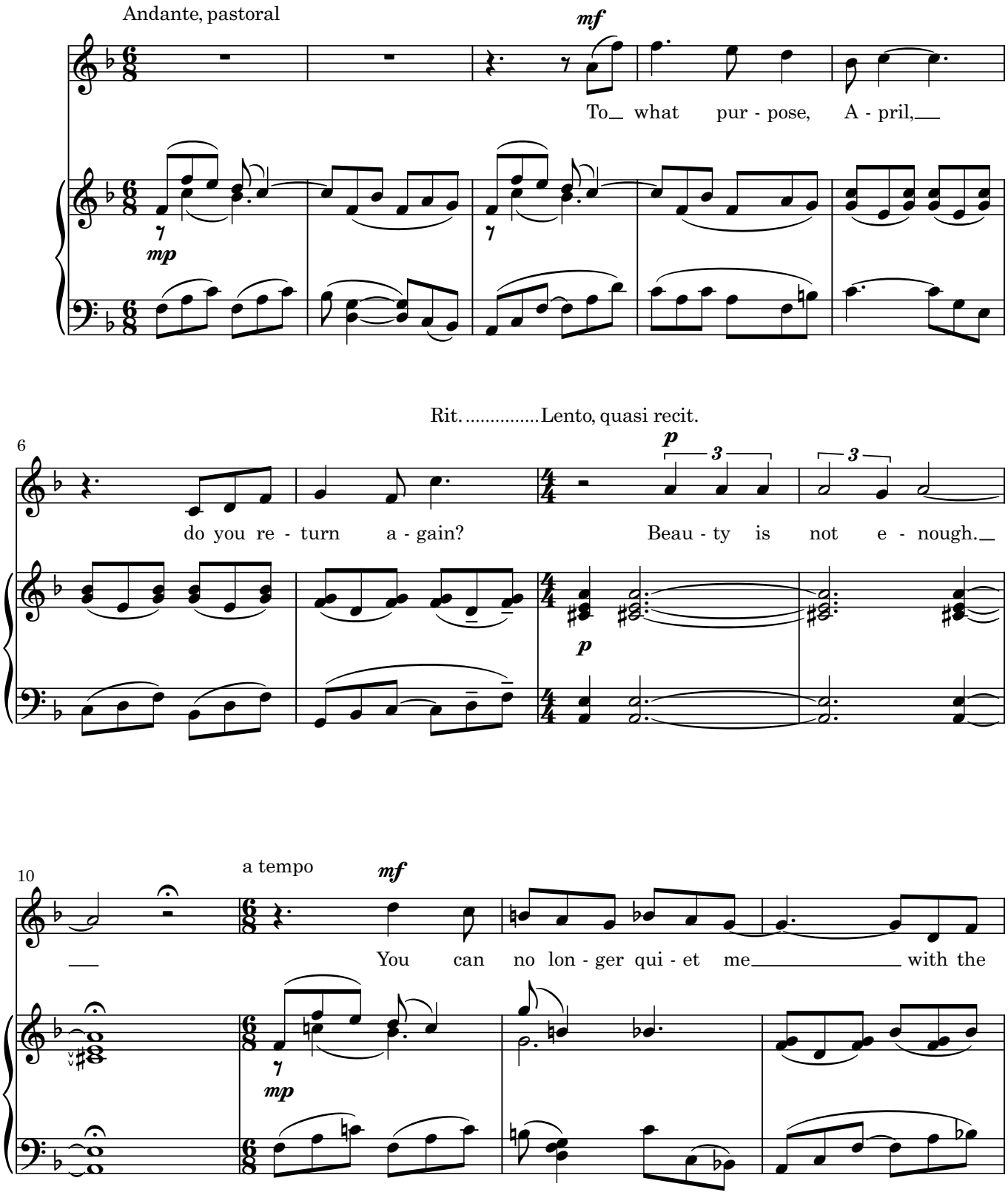


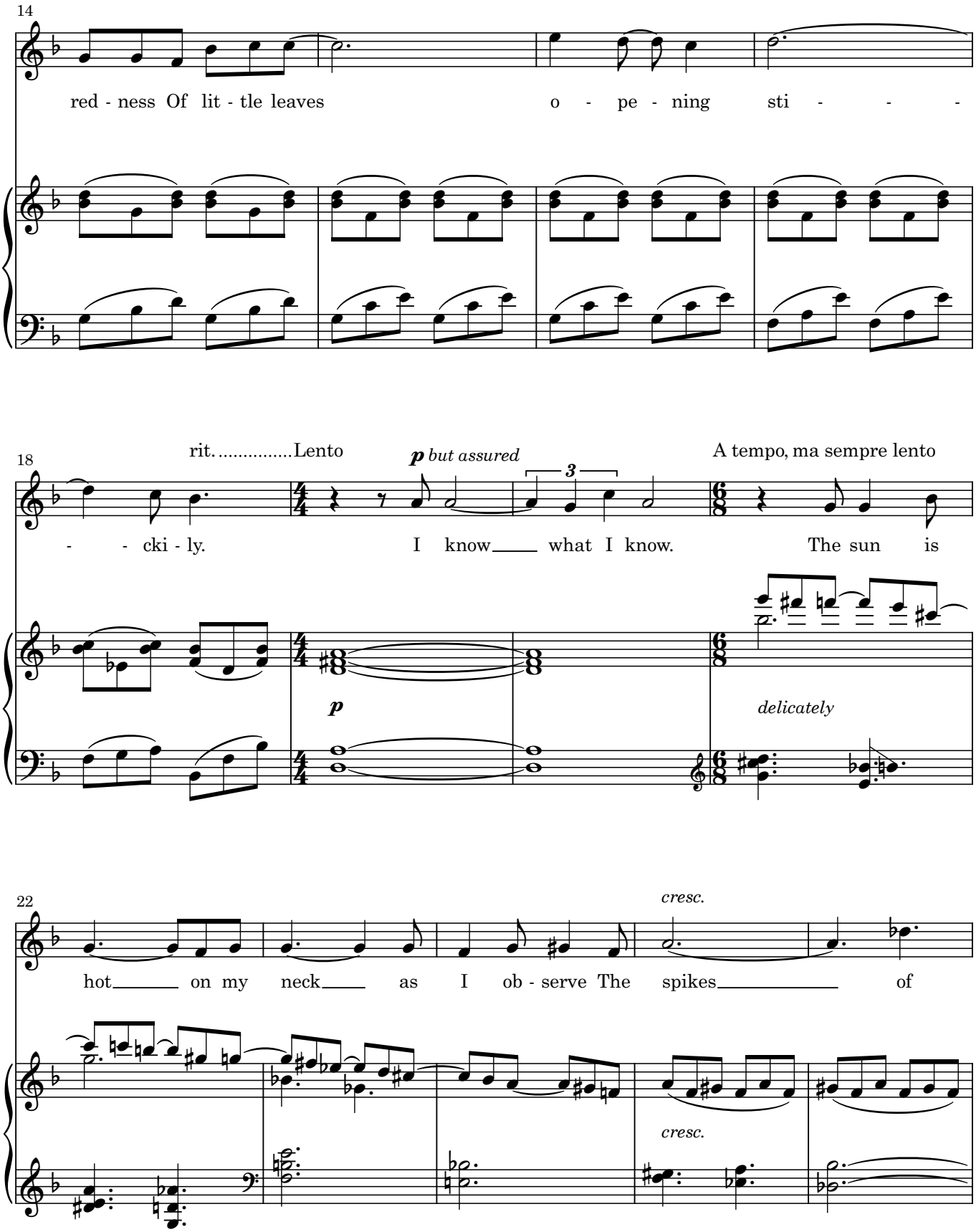

7
poco ritardando
and my hands be limp and cool
9
a tempo
It shall be as though I wai - ted In a woo - den place a -
13
-lone; I will know the peace of li - lies And will take it for my
poco f
poco f
p

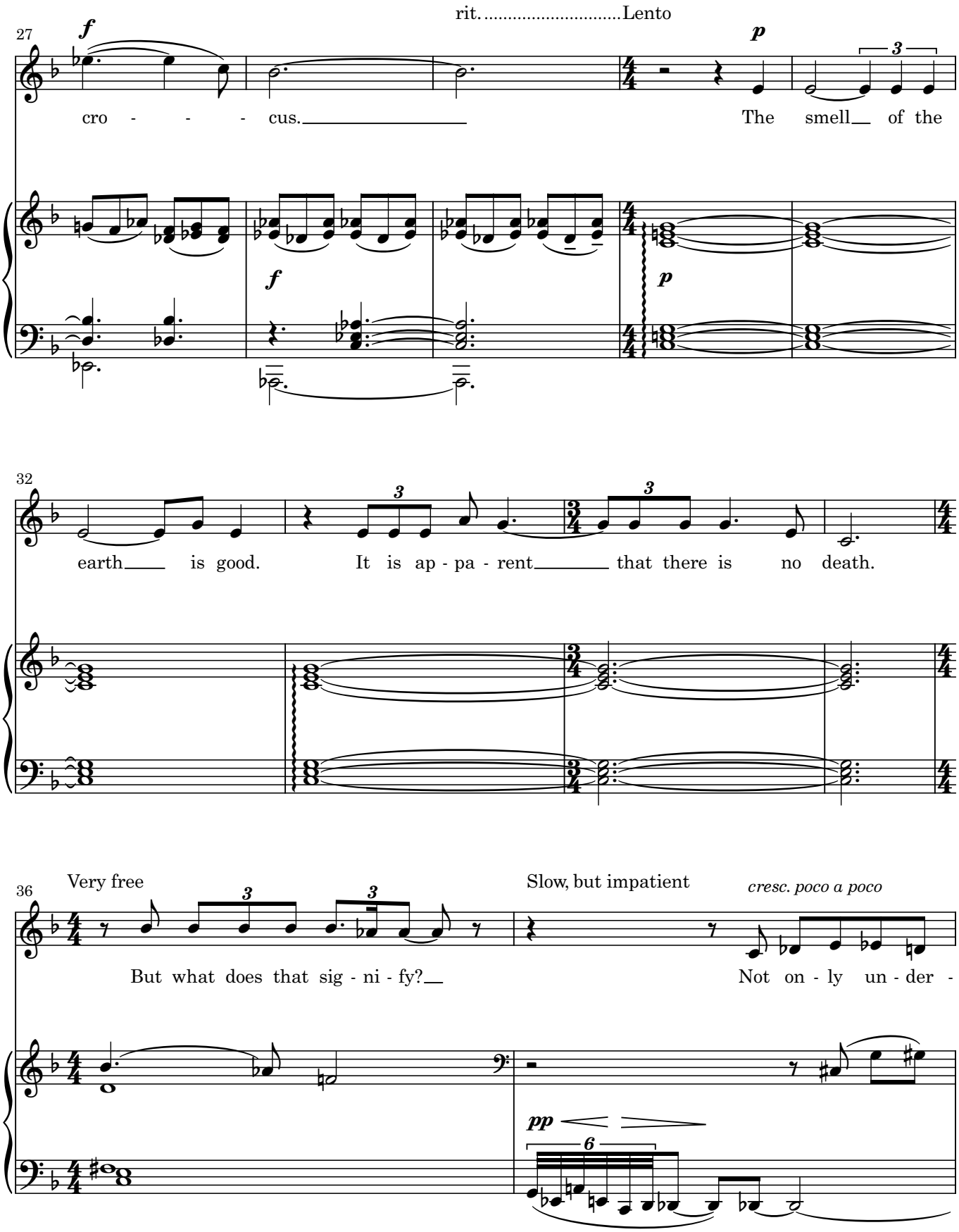

18
a tempo
own.
If a twinge of thought, if yearn - ing
p ten.
22
come like a wind in - to this place
I will bear it like a
25
sha - dow
of a leaf a - cross my face.
p
p

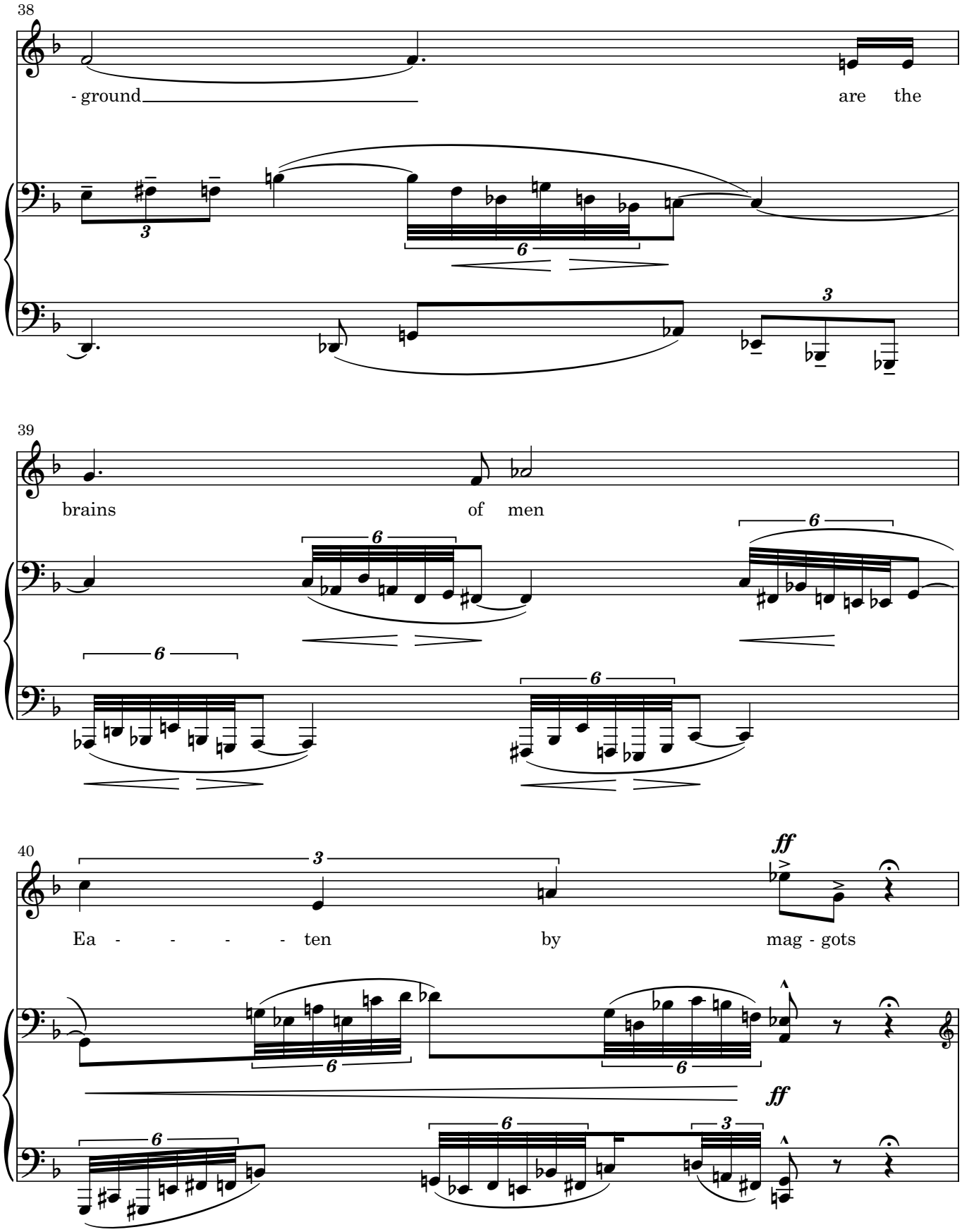
II. Spring

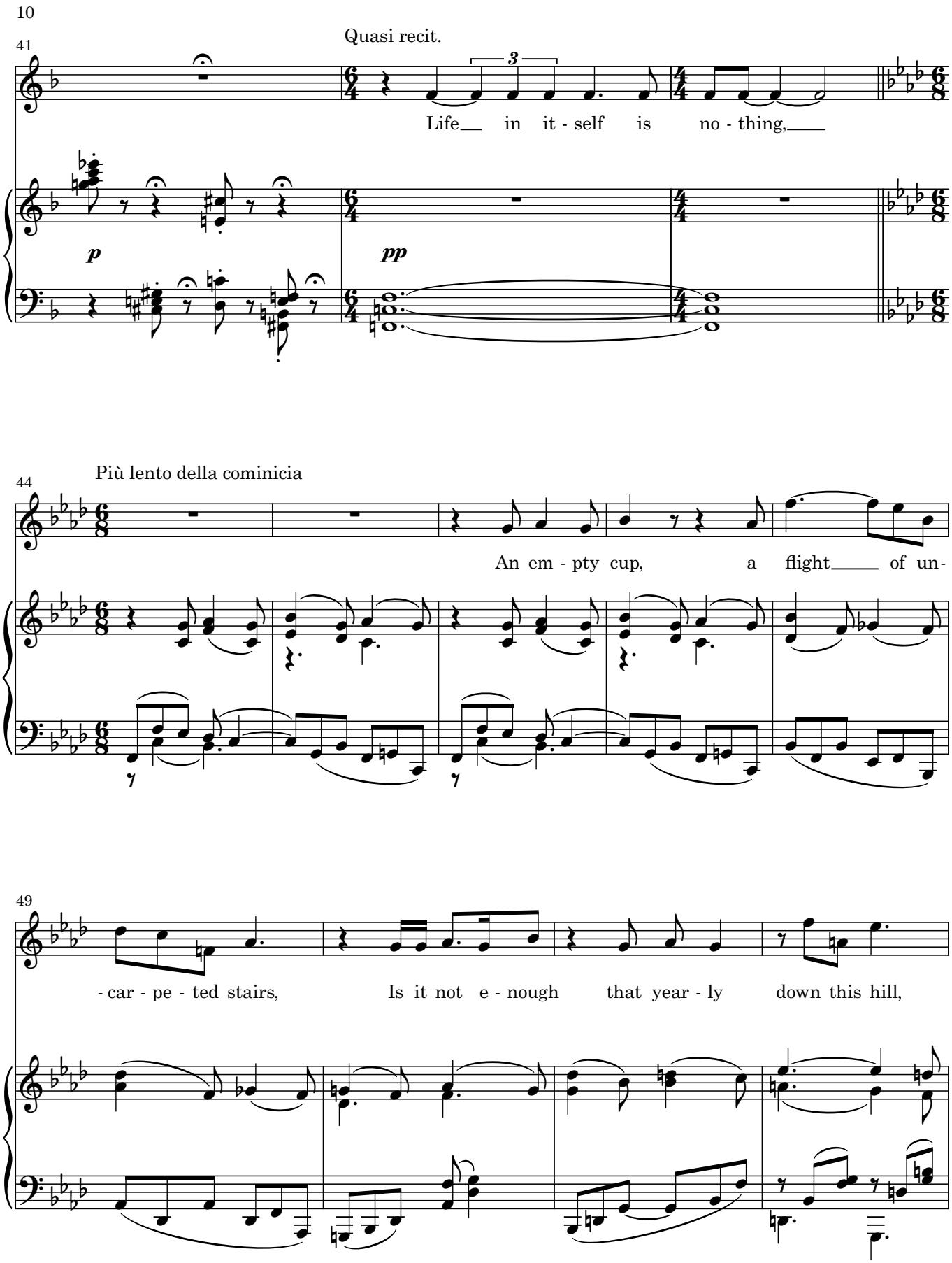
Edna St. Vincent Millay

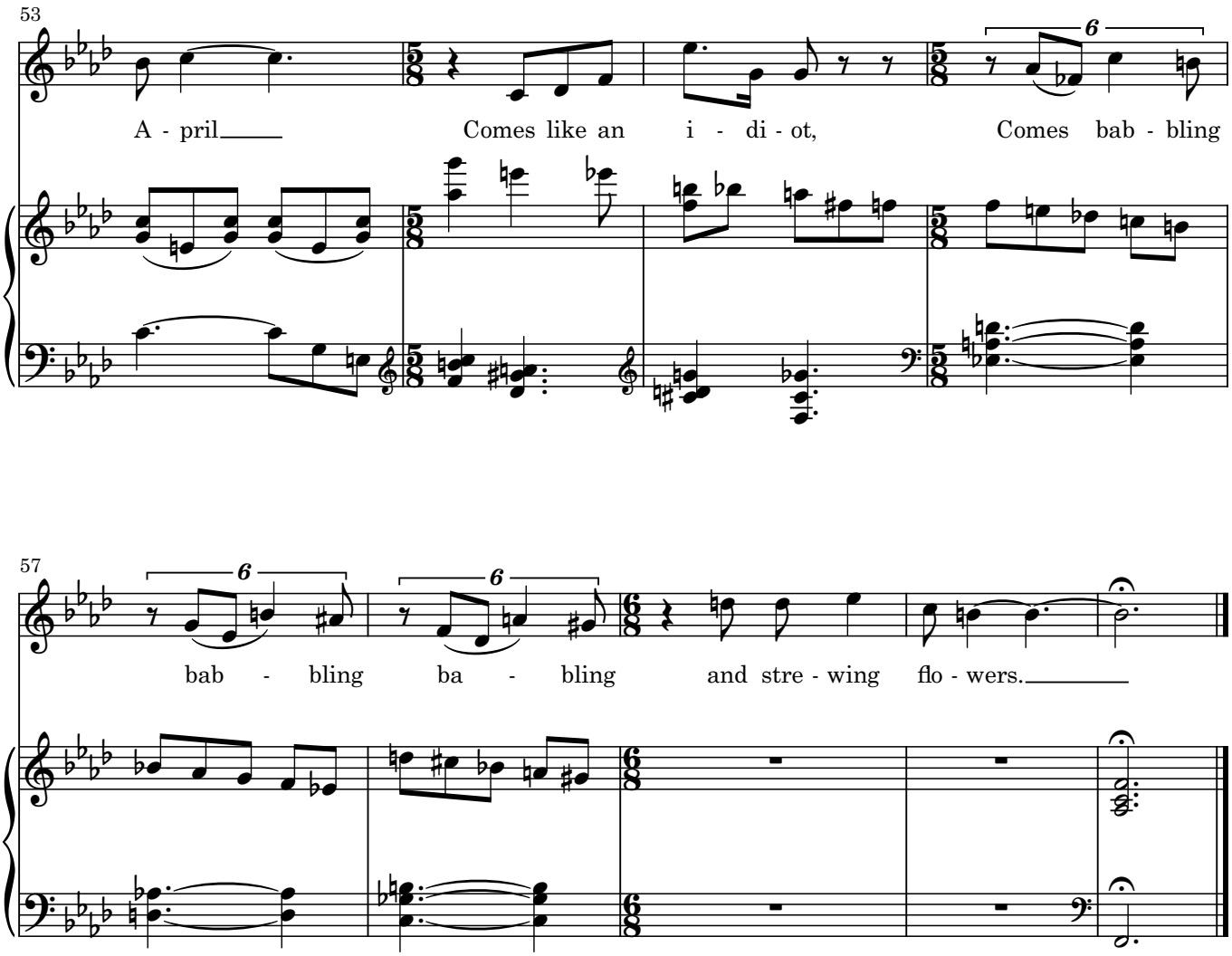



14
red - ness Of lit - tle leaves
o - pe - ning
sti - - -
18
rit. .....Lento
p but assured
A tempo, ma sempre lento
- - cki - ly.
I know what I know.
The sun is
p
delicately
22
cresc.
hot on my neck as I ob - serve The spikes of
cresc.


rit. .....Lento
27
f
p
cro - - - cus.
The smell of the
f
p
32
earth is good. It is ap - pa - rent that there is no death.
36
Very free
Slow, but impatient
cresc. poco a poco
But what does that sig - ni - fy?
Not on - ly un - der -
pp


38
- ground
are the
39
brains
of men
40
Ea - - - - - ten
by
mag - gots
ff
ff


10
41
Quasi recit.
3
Life in it - self is no - thing,
p
pp
44
Più lento della cominicia
An em - pty cup, a flight of un-
49
- car - pe - ted stairs, Is it not e - nough that year - ly down this hill,


53
A - pril
Comes like an i - di - ot,
Comes bab - bling
6
6
57
bab - bling ba - bling and stre - wing flo - wers.
6
6