

CRUMPLED SONNETS

soprano & clarinet

DAVID MORNEAU

duration ≈ 5'

Crumpled Sonnets is part of David Morneau's *Love Songs Project*, a songwriting project that pairs sonnets by William Shakespeare with contemporary poems by living poets. Each of the 11 collaborating poets has selected one sonnet and paired it with something of their own—either an existing poem or one written especially for this project. The nature of each pairing is left to the poet so that the works may compliment, contradict, or simply co-exist. Morneau is setting each pair simply, drawing on the structures and sensibilities of familiar love songs from popular music idioms. The goal is to compose in that small slice of common ground where art song and pop song overlap.

Crumpled Sonnets uses Evie Ivy's *Crumpled Sonnet* and William Shakespeare's Sonnet no. 109 "O, never say that I was false of heart".

Two copies of the score are included, one at concert pitch and one transposed.

David Morneau is a composer of an entirely undecided genre, a provider of exclusive unprecedented experiments. In his work he endeavors to explore ideas about our culture, issues concerning creativity, and even the very nature of music itself. Learn more @ <http://5of4.com>

CRUMPLED SONNETS

Sonnet no. 109 / Crumpled Sonnet

Soprano

p

O, ne-versay that I _____ was false___ of heart,

B♭ Clarinet

ppp *mp* *pp*

5

S

Though ab-sence seemed my flame to qua-li-fy,___ As ea-sy might I___ from my

C

mp

8

S

self de-part As from my soul,___ which in thy breast doth lie:_____

C

mf *f*

11

S

That is___ my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that tra vels___

C

ff *mf*

Crumpled Sonnets (Transposed Score)

14

S *p* I re-turn a-gain, *mf* Just to the time, *mp* not with the time ex-changed, So

C *p* *mf* *p*

17

S *f* that my-self bring wa - ter, *mf* for my stain, Ne - ver be - lieve, —

C *f* *mp*

20

S though in my na-ture reigned All frail-ties, that be-seige, all kinds of, blood, —

C *pp* *mf*

23

S *mp* That it could, so pre - post-er-ous-ly, be stained, *mf* To leave, for no - thing

C *mp* *mf*

Crumpled Sonnets (Transposed Score)

26 *p* *mf*

S *mf* all they sum of good; For no-thing this wide ³un-i-verse I call,

C *p* *mp*

30 *f* *mp*

S *f* Save thou, my rose; in it you are my all.

C *mf* *f* *mp*

34 *pp* *mp*

S *pp* I can-not com-pre-hend how you com-menced,

C *pp* *mp*

37 *mf* *f*

S *mf* From wherein my heart the be-gin-ing foamed To a foun-tain of such

C *mf* *f*

Crumpled Sonnets (Transposed Score)

40 *mf*

S false in - spir - a - tion. A son - net would have been too beau - ti - ful, Too

C *p* *mf*

43 *f* *mf* *f*

S sweet and tamed for you, but for me joy - ful. You did - n't want to be

C *f* *mf* *f*

46 *mp*

S the brief hai - ku; Of truth and nat - ure you were no con - fec - tion,

C *mp*

49 *f*

S To have been brief would have been too kind of you.

C *f*

Crumpled Sonnets (Transposed Score)

52 *mf*

S *mf* 3 3

You wished to be free verse and flow as pleased, But in no order,

C *mf* 3 3

56 *f* *ff*

S *f* *ff* 3 3

— se-quence have you flowed! Now as I sit among crumpled pa-per,

C *ff* 3 3

59 *mf*

S *mf* 3

I real-ize that when your words first showed I should not have cared, or have been

C *mf* 3

62 *ppp*

S *ppp* 3

strick-en, Yet, you were the son-net I should have writ-ten.

C *ppp* 3 3

♩=72

Soprano *p*
O, ne-versay that I _____ was false ___ of heart,

B♭ Clarinet *ppp* *mp* *pp*

5
S *mp*
Though ab-sence seemed my flame to qua-li - fy, ___ As ea - sy might I ___ from my
C *mp*

8
S
self de-part As from my soul, ___ which in thy breast doth lie: ___
C *mf* *f*

11
S *mf*
That is ___ my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that tra vels ___
C *ff* *mf*

Crumpled Sonnets (Concert Score)

14 *p* *mp*

S I re-turn a-gain, Just to the time, — not with the time ex-changed, So

C *p* *mf* *p*

17 *f* *mf*

S that my-self bring wa - ter — for my stain. — Ne - ver be - lieve, —

C *f* *mp*

20

S though in my na-ture reigned All frail-ties — that be-seige — all kinds of — blood, —

C *pp* *mf*

23 *mp* *mf*

S That it could so pre - post-er-ous-ly — be stained, To leave — for no - thing

C *mp* *mf*

Crumpled Sonnets (Concert Score)

26 *p* *mf*

S *mf*
all they sum of good; For no-thing this wide ³un-i-verse I call,

C *p* *mp*

30 *f* *mp*

S *f*
Save thou, my rose; in it you are my all.

C *mf* *f* *mp*

34 *pp* *mp*

S *pp*
I can-not com-pre - hend how you com-menced,

C *pp* *mp*

37 *mf* *f*

S *mf*
From where in my heart the be - gin - ing foamed To a foun - tain of such

C *mf* *f*

Crumpled Sonnets (Concert Score)

40 *mf*

S false in-spir-a - tion. A son-net would have been too beau - ti - ful, Too

C *p* *mf*

43 *f* *mf* *f*

S sweet and tamed for you, but for me joy - ful. You did - n't want to be

C *f* *mf* *f*

46 *mp*

S the brief hai - ku; Of truth and nat - ure you were no con - fec - tion,

C *mp*

49 *f*

S To have been brief would have been too kind of you.

C *f*

Crumpled Sonnets (Concert Score)

52 *mf*

S You wished to be free verse and flow as pleased, But in noor-der,

C *mf*

56 *f* *ff*

S se-quence have you flowed! Now as I sit among crump-led pa-per,

C *ff*

59 *mf*

S I real-ize that when your words first showed I should not have cared, or have been

C *mf*

62 *ppp*

S strick-en, Yet, you were the son-net I should have writ-ten,

C *ppp*

Sonnet 109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all they sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Crumpled Sonnet

I cannot comprehend how you commenced,
From where in my heart the beginning foamed
To a fountain of such false inspiration.
A sonnet would have been too beautiful,
Too sweet and tamed for you, but for me - joyful.
You didn't want to be the brief haiku;
Of truth and nature you were no confection,
To have been brief would've been too kind of you.
You wished to be free verse and flow as pleased,
But in no order, sequence have you flowed!
Now as I sit among crumpled paper,
I realize that when your words first showed
I should not have cared, or have been stricken,
Yet, you were the sonnet I should've written.

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