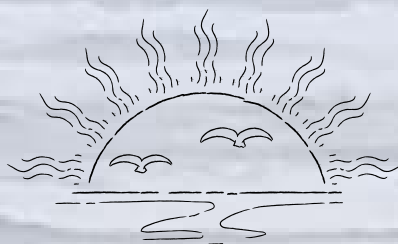


Song for the Disillusioned

Poetry by Germaine Shames

Music by Dawn Lenore Sonntag



Dagny Press

Perusal Score

Song for the Disillusioned: Covid-19 and the Malady of Forgetting

Germaine Shares

Dawn Sonntag

Clarinet in B $\flat$ $\text{♩} = 60$

mp *mf* *mp*

S

You — who car-ry his - try — in your

B $\flat$ Cl.

p

S

emp - ty pit — of sto - mach, you whose voice is lost — 3 In the deaf - 'ning drone —

B $\flat$ Cl.

S

of an - thems, You —

B $\flat$ Cl.

f *mp*

S

— who bear the brunt of soul stab - bing in - just - ice, — the wounds you bear are

B $\flat$ Cl.

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Dawn Sonntag

21
S my wounds, the wounds you bear _____ are my wounds _____

21
B♭ Cl.

26
S It is ea-sy to for-get _____ that love is all _____ em-bra-cing. Too ma-ny die a-lone

26
B♭ Cl. *p*

29
S _____ a-mid a sea of pi-xels. _____ Some-one I once knew lost the words _____ to tell me where the plague

29
B♭ Cl.

33
S _____ had left him when we'd meet a-gain...

33
B♭ Cl.

36
S Me, _____ I wake each day and breathe _____ the air I'm

36
B♭ Cl. *mf* *mp* *mf*

41
S gi-ven, my heart beat splint-ers bone. _____

41
B♭ Cl.

44

S

Sun pries my lids wide o - pen. I lift my eyes _____ and scream,

44

B♭ Cl.

47

S

"I'm a - live!"

47

B♭ Cl.

f

51

S

You _____ who burn in-side _____ while list-'ning to the head - lines,

51

B♭ Cl.

mp

54

S

you whose flesh re - mem - bers the surge of stif - led out - rage,

54

B♭ Cl.

mp

56

S

you who've felt the sting of o - thers' seeth - ing hat - red,

56

B♭ Cl.

mp *f* *mp*

59

S

the wounds you bear are my wounds, the wounds you bear are my wounds.

59

B♭ Cl.

64

S

It is ea-sy to for-get that pure love ne-ver

B $\flat$ Cl.

p

68

S

lies. Spar-rows ga-ther at my win-dow, each dawn they se-re-nade me,

B $\flat$ Cl.

72

S

I feed them toast and whis-per... I'm a-live.

B $\flat$ Cl.

mp

77

B $\flat$ Cl.

mp *mf* *mp*

83

B $\flat$ Cl.

rit.

p