

Dedicaçe

Text by R. Murray Shafer

for 'cello, piano and narrator

James DeMars

1996

lento ♩ = 48-52

pno. cues *f mp*

NARRATOR: "tou fo meryom, tou fo teh lusk tou fo teh lehmet

4

9 **[9]** nad teh chonc lehls,..." *solo mp sempre espressivo* tou syad nad hisgnt, I have noshiedaf sith tumcose of sdwor rof oyu, nwistiting titell of it at a mite. Eseth era royu losymb, royu urte confisigance,

15

21 **[21]** a rackced raj of urego, a bomt, shuped up out of meryom, out of teh lusk, out of the lehmet and the chonc lehls, out of syad and hisgnt, I have noshiedaf sith tumcose of sdwor for you, Eseth are royu losymb,

25

28 **[28]** *piu mosso e quasi ritmico* hohtug theiner of us Theiner of us kwen dowul one day mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec royu urte confisigance, kwen it neth. how the sulping learity of my elov,

34

36 **[36]** *solo risoluto e cantabile* a reckced jar of urego a bomt, shuped up, out of meryom, out of the lusk

40

42 **[42]** out of the lehmet and the chonc lehls, out of days and hisgnt, I have noshiedaf this tumcose of sdwor for you nwistiting titell of it at a time.

46

49 **[49]** *piu mosso* Eseth are your losymb, your true confisigance, hohtug theiner of us knew it then. Theiner of us knew how the sulping learity of my love dowul one day mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec,

a tomb, shuped up out of meryom, out of the skull, out of the lehmet

51 *a tempo* *mp*

55 **56** *distant* and the conch shell, out of days and hisgnt I have noshiedaf this tumcose of sdwor for you *mp*

60 *mp* nwtisting titell of it at a time. These are your losymb, your true canfisigance, Theiner of us knew of my love would hohtug theiner of us knew it then. how the sulping learity one day mecobe

66 a rentconai of rembranremec, a vase for your faded bloom, a rackced jar of rouge, a bomt, pushed up out of memory, out of the skull, out of the helmet and the conch shell, out of days and nights, I have noshiedaf *ritenuto* *f*

70 **70** *un poco piu mosso* this costume of words for you, These are your symbols, though neither of us knew it then, nwtisting little of it at a time. your true canfisigance, Theiner of us knew *ritenuto* *f*

sub. *P*
espress.- soloistic

stringendo *ritenuto* *cresc.*

75 **75** how the sulping learity of my love of rembranremec, a cracked jar of rouge, out of memory, out of the skull, would one day become a rentconai vase for your faded bloom, a bomt, pushed up out of the helmet and the conch shells *rit.* *mf* *g"*

p a tempo *con moto e molto rubato*

81 **81** *piu lento com prima* out of days and nights, These are your symbols, your true significance, though neither of us knew it then. I have fashioned this costume of words for you, Neither of us knew how the pulsing reality of my love would one day become a container of remembrance, *slow glis.* *p* *espress.* *niente*

88 a cracked jar of rouge, a tomb. *slow glis.* *p* *espress.* *niente* *ad lib. pp* *rall.*