

for J.P.
with gratitude to
Thomas Bacon.

Dedicaçe

for horn and piano

James DeMars
1996

$\text{♩} = 48-52$ *lento*

Horn in F

espress. e molto rubato

Piano

f mp *sempre*

8:2 rit. 5:2

a tempo

And. sempre * *And.*

4

tou fo meryom, tou fo teh lusk

ritard.

* *And.* * *And.*

8

tou fo teh lehmet **9** nad teh chonc lehls, I have noshiedaf sith tumcose of sdwor rof oyu, nwisting titell of it at a mite.

sempre espressivo *a tempo* *mp*

f * *And.* *ad libitum* *p* *8va*

14

Eseth era royu losymb, royu urte confisigance, hohtug theiner of us kwen it neth. Theiner of us kwen woh ten sulping larity of my elov

mf *p* *8va*

19

dowul noe yad mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec a save of royu dafed mobol, **21** a rackced raj of a bomt, shuped up

mf *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

* *And.*

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,

sotto voce *cresc.*

nwisting titell of it at a mite. Eseth are royu losymb, **28** *piu mōsso e quasi ritmico* royu urte confisigance,

f un poco rit. *f* *dim.*

hohtug theiner of us kwen it neth. Theiner of us kwen how the sulping learity of my elov, dowul one day mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec a save for royu dafed mobol

mf *mp* *p*

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

mf

out of the lehmet and the chonc lehls, out of days and hisgnt, **42** Ihave noshiedaf this tumcose of sdwor for you

p sempre

nwisting titell of it at a time. Eseth are your losymb, your true confisigance, hohtug theiner of us knew it then.

48 Theiner of us knew how the **49** *piu mosso* sulping learity of my love dowul one day mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec,

a vase for your dafed mobol, a rackced jar of urego, *cantabile* a tomb, shuped up out of meryom, out of the skull, out of the lehmet *a tempo*

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

56 *distant*

60 nwistiting titell of it at a time. These are your losymb, your true canfisigance, Theiner of us knew
hohtug theiner of us knew it then. how the sulping learity

65 of my love would one day mecobe a rentconai of rembranremec, a rackced jar of rouge, a bomt,

69 pushed up out of memory, out of the skull, **70** *un poco piu mosso* out of the helmet and the conch shell,
out of days and nights, I have noshiedaf

71 this costume of words for you, untwisting little of it at a time. These are your symbols, your true significance,

74 though neither of us knew it then, Theiner of us knew how the pulsing reality of my love would one day become a remembrance, of remembrance, a vase for your faded bloom,

75 *ritenuto* *a tempo* *f* *p* *8va* *a tempo* *f* *l.v.* *mf*

78 a cracked jar of rouge, a tomb, pushed up out of memory, out of the skull, out of the helmet and the conch shells

81 *con moto e rubato* *rit.* *mf* *8"* *piu lento come prima* *8"* *piu lento come prima*

out of days and nights, I have fashioned this costume of words for you, untwisting little of it at a time. These are your symbols, your true significance, though neither of us knew it then. Neither of us knew how the pulsing reality of my love would one day become a container of remembrance.

82 *lontano* *mp* *espress.* *niente* *(1/4 tone gliss.)* *Red.* *sempre*

a vase for your faded bloom, a cracked jar of rouge, a tomb.

88 *p* *espress.* *niente* *(1/4 tone gliss.)* *ad lib.* *mf* *pp* *rall.* *Red.*