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Finding One Self

Paul Salerni
Lehigh University

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Paul Salerni

Finding One Self

on poems by David Ferry

for

mezzo-soprano and guitar

A Charm
A Young Woman
Who Is It
Roman Elegy VIII
-Goethe

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Mezzo-soprano

I have a twin who bears my name; Bears it about with him in shame; Who goes a way I would not go; Has knowledge of things I would not know; When I was brave he was afraid; he told the truth, I lied; poco meno mosso

A Charm

Paul Salerni

David Ferry

Stern

mf

f

poco meno mosso
My friends, my friends, he doesn't love them; I

walk the daylight of his dream; He

breathes the air of my night —

mare.
That she, with such gifts given, in the abundance and grace of her youth and sweetness, as if in a garden walking, in a summer of freshness and of the wind lifting and falling in a lavishing of light and penultimate shadow, that she, should falter at all through this
phase, pressing with hand outstretched, the surface of the future, as one who is blind presses the surface of darkness, of corridor, or wall, for poco accel.

A tempo e un po pesante

A tempo

prayerfully

p

any assurance at all, may

she be blessed blessed in this faltering forward.
III. Who is It

Ruvido

\[ J = 140 \]

Here inside the fiction of myself, Two voices I

hear both of them mine, I guess, one of them

telling the truth, I guess. I don't know which

one it is that's telling the truth. The voice, the

voice that said what it was it had to say And heard what it said when it said it,

and didn't know Exactly what had become of the person who

said What it was he said, just now, to tell the truth.
Always like this. Always it's been like this. The one that told my parents who I was, And told my wife who I was, And told my children, And told whoever it was

I was talking to, So help me god, telling the truth, so help me god,
When you tell me that you were unpopular

Wistfully

as a child, and that your mother spoke of you in a rueful tone of

voice, and that all this seemed to go on for a very long time,

poco meno mosso  A tempo

the slow time that it took for you to grow up,

poco meno mosso  A tempo

I believe you, and

Roman Elegy VIII
-Goethe
I enjoy thinking about that odd, awkward child.

The grape-vine flower, you know, is nothing much, but the ripened fruit gives pleasure to men and gods.