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For Love or Money

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Paul Salerni

For Love or Money

song cycle on poems by
Dana Gioia

for

Soprano
Violin
Pianoforte
Contrabass
Percussion (Drum Set, Triangle, Vibraphone, Chimes)

Pity the Beautiful
Cold San Francisco
Alley Cat Love Song
Money

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Pity the Beautiful

Andante (swung)

Soprano

Violin

Piano

Contrabass

Drum Set

6

Pity the beau-ti-ful, the dolls, and the dish-es, Pity the beau-ti-ful, the habes with big dad-dies granting their wish-es. Pity the pret-ty boys, the
hunks and Apollos, Pity the pretty boys, the golden lads whom suc-
cess always follows. The hot-ties, the knock-outs, the tens out of ten, the drop dead gorgeous, the
great leading men.

Pi-ty the

beau-ti-ful, the
dolls, and the dish-es,

Pi-ty the beau-ti-ful, the
babe with big daddies granting their wishes. Pity the

faded, the bloated, the blowzy,
Pity the fad_ed, the paun-chy A-don-is whose luck's gone lou-sy, Pity the gods, no long-er di- vine.

Pity the night the stars lose their shine.
granting their wishes. Pity the pretty boys, the hunks and Apollo,

Pity the pretty boys, the golden lads whom success always follows. Pity the gods, no
long-er di-vine. Pi-ty the night that the stars lose their shine.
Cold San Francisco

I shall meet you again in cold San Francisco

On the hill-side street overlooking the bay.
We shall go to the

house where we buried the years.

Where the door is

pizz.
locked, and we have-n't a key.

We'll pause on the steps as the fog burns a way, And the chill waves shim-mer in the sun's dim
Tempo primo

S.  
glow,  And we'll gaze down the hill at the bustling piers.

Vln.  

Pno.  

Cb.  

Vib.  

Chim.  

Where the gulls shout their

S.  

Vln.  

Pno.  

Cb.  

Vib.  

Chim.
like a foreign word, uncertain what it means, and you

What will you say in that salty air?
On that bright afternoon, that will never arrive
Alley Cat Love Song

Come into the garden, Fred,
For the neighborhood tabby is gone.

Come into the garden, Fred, I have...
S. 8
no-thing but my flea col-lar on. And the scent of cat-nip has

Vln. 8

Pno. 8

Cb. 8

S.D. 8

S. 11
gone to my head. I'll wait by the screen door till dawn.

Pno. 11

Cb. 11

S.D. 11

S. 13
And the scent of cat-nip has

Pno. 13

Cb. 13

S.D. 13

B. D. 13
gone to my head. I'll wait by the screen door till
dawn. Come into the garden, Fred, For the
neighborhood tabby is gone. Come into the garden, Fred,
I have nothing but my collar on.
The
pizz.

The

fireflies court in the sweet gum tree.
The
night jar calls from the pine,
And she

seems to say in her rhapsody, "Oh,

arco

pizz.
S.

fur goes e - rect_ on my spine._ And she

Vln.

fp

Pno.


Ch.

S.D.


38 p

seems to say in her rhapsody, "Oh,

Vln.

arco

Pno.

P

Cb.

arco

Tri.

P

S.D.

B. D.

f
40

S.  

mush - tard brown Fred, be mine!  

Come

Vln.

pizz.

Tri.

S.D.

B. D.

42

S.  

in to the gar - den, Fred,  

For the
Come neighborhood tabby is gone.

into the garden, Fred, I have
no-thing but my flea collar on.

hear the frogs in the muddy lake
Croaking from shore to shore.  They've...

one swift season to soothe their ache. In autumn they sing no more.
S. 57

So__ ignore me now, and__ you'll

Vln. 57

f

Pno. 57

f

S.D.

f

hear my meow As__ I scratch all night at the door.

Vln. 59

f

Pno. 59

f

S.D.

p

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf
So, ignore me now, and you'll

(normale)

hear my meow As I scratch all night
at the door. Come into the garden, Fred, Come in!

Come into the garden, Fred, Come in!

pizz. arco

S. Vn. Pno. Cb. S.D. B.D.
Come into the garden, Fred, Come in!

for_ I have nothing, nothing, nothing,
no-thing but my flea col- lar on
Me-ow.

pizz.  p  pp  arco
Money
or just plain dough.

Chock it up, fork it over, shell it out. Chock it up, shell it out. Chock it

Chock it
rhi-no, jack, or just plain dough.

Green-backs double eag-les meg-a-bucks and Ginn-ie Maes._
It greases the palm,

feathers a nest
holds heads above water,
makes both ends meet.  Money breeds money.

It breeds money.

It breeds money.
It greases the palm,

Gathering interest, compounding daily, feathers a nest.
Gather- ing inter- est, com- pound- ing dai- ly,
Al- ways in cir- cu- la_ tion,
Al- ways in cir- cu- la_ tion,
Mon-ey.

Mon-ey, the long green, cash, stash, rhin-oe, jack, or just

plain dough.

Mon-ey, or just
don't know where it's been, But you put it where your mouth is. Well, you

Pno.

don't know where it's been, But you put it where your mouth is. Well, you

Vln.
cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

pizz. arco

pizz. arco

mp
don’t know where it’s been, But you put it where your mouth is.

And

it talks.

Mo-ney, Mo-ney, Mo-ney, Mo-ney, Mo-ney.