

I lift my heavy heart

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

(Sonnets from the Portuguese V)

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

pp (whistle) (hum) (gradually open mouth) (become "I") *p*
 Voice
 (hum)
 (...) (open) *mp*
 I lift my heav-y heart up sol - emn - ly, —
p (hum) *mp*
 As once E - le - ct - tra her
 (...hum) *p* (rhythm relaxed, ad lib.) (whistle) *p*
 se - pul - chral urn. ...
 (open mouth "zz") *mp* *mf*
 And, looking in thine eyes, — I o ver turn the
 (whistle) (whistle) (whistle)
 ash - (sh) - es - at thy - feet. Be - hold and see
 (...hum) *mf* *pp*
 What a great heap of grief lay hid in me —
 (whistle) breathe *ppp* x2 (hum) (gradually open mouth) (small-voiced)
p *p*
 And how the red wild spark - les dim - ly

p (hum) (gradually open mouth)

burn Through the ash - en gray - ness.

(hum) (easily; so may hum octave down)

If thy foot

mf (whistle; keep singing if possible)

in scorn Could tread them out to dark ness

pp *mp* (hum) (open) *p* *p*

ut-ter ly. It might be well perhaps. But if in - stead Thou wait wait wait

mf *mp* (throat creak...)

be - side me for the wind to blow The gray dust up

mf *f* (wide)

those laur - els on thine head O my be - lov - ed will not shield

mf *p* *pp*

thee so, That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred the hair be - neath

mp *p* (hum open mouthed) *pp* *f*

Stand far - ther off then! go!