

for Amy T.

How bootifull and how truetowife

James Joyce: *Finnegan's Wake*
for high voice and piano

*At the wedding of I myself and me;
The serpent fell in love,
The little dog laughed to see such glee,
We climbed the heavens above.*

John Webber 01-1

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. The high voice part consists of four measures of rests. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand, while the left hand has rests.

5

Musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. The high voice part begins with the lyrics "How boo - ti - full and how true - to - wife of". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final piano chord in measure 8.

9

Musical score for the third system, measures 9-12. The high voice part continues with the lyrics "her, when streng-ly fore-bid-den, to". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final piano chord in measure 12.

13

steal our his - to - ric pre - sents from the past post - pro - phe - ti - cals

16

so as to will make us all lor - dy heirs and la - dy - mai - des - ses

19

of a pret - ty nice ket - tle of fruit. She is liv - ving in our

22

midst of debt and laf - fing through all plores for us (her birth is

25

un - con - trol - la - ble),

29

with a na-per-on for her mask and her sab - boes kic-kin a - ri - as

32

(so sair! so sol-ly!) if yous ask me and I saack

34

you. Hou! Hou!

-3-

37

Gricks may rise and Troy-sirs fall

40

(there be - ing two sights for e - ver a pic - ture)

How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly forebidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of apretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt and laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture)

James Joyce
Finnegan's Wake