Paul A. Epstein

Three Sonnets
for mezzo-soprano, cello, and piano
poems by Harvey Gilman

3. Threnody

Those were our ever-

ending nights a lone,
Their soundings wound in tune to those
great scales____ As fit the sea-bird cry,____ the o-cean moan; Fierce the
ele-mental surge, as bar-nac-les Swept mute up on-to
ti-dal pools— and clung— Their blind_ mouths ga-ping at a mys-te-ry.
A threnody of bird-song now plays As prelude to the crisis of the sun; While mighty ocean’s moon-drenched threnody

20
24
28
(Our pri-mal vo-calise) un-sound... de-cays.

De-priv-ed of our au-bade,___
the sky un-tuned,___
As

re-fu-gees___ dis-placed___ from har-mo-ny____
We wan-der,___ ex-iled,___