the memory of all that

a holy sonnet of John Donne
for Milton Babbitt (1916-2011)

benjamin boretz
january/february 2011

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,
For, those whom thou thinkst thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flowe,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
THou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
ANd dost with poyson, warre, and sickness dwell,
And poppie, or charmes, can make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;
One shorte sleepe past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die

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John Donne

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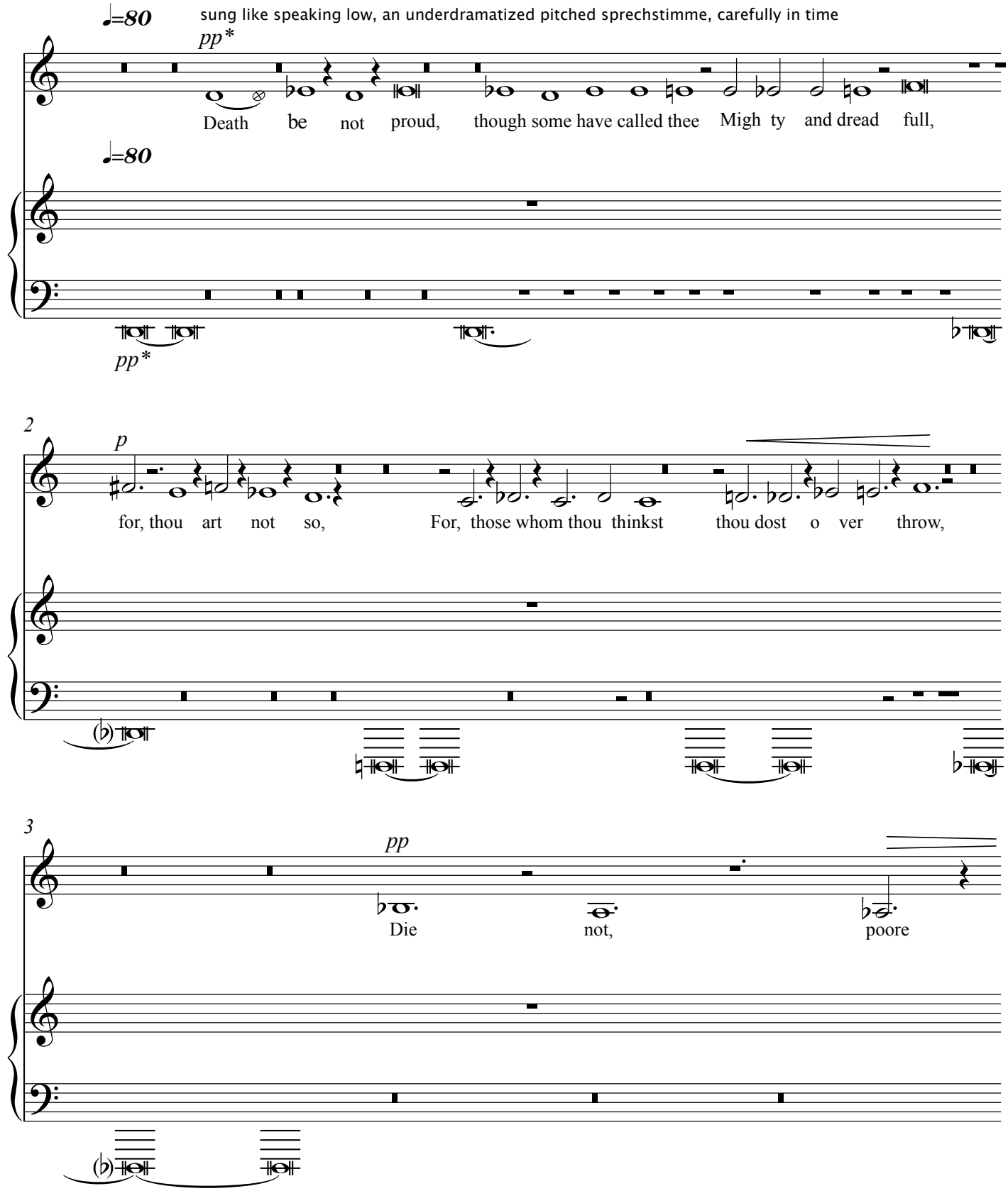
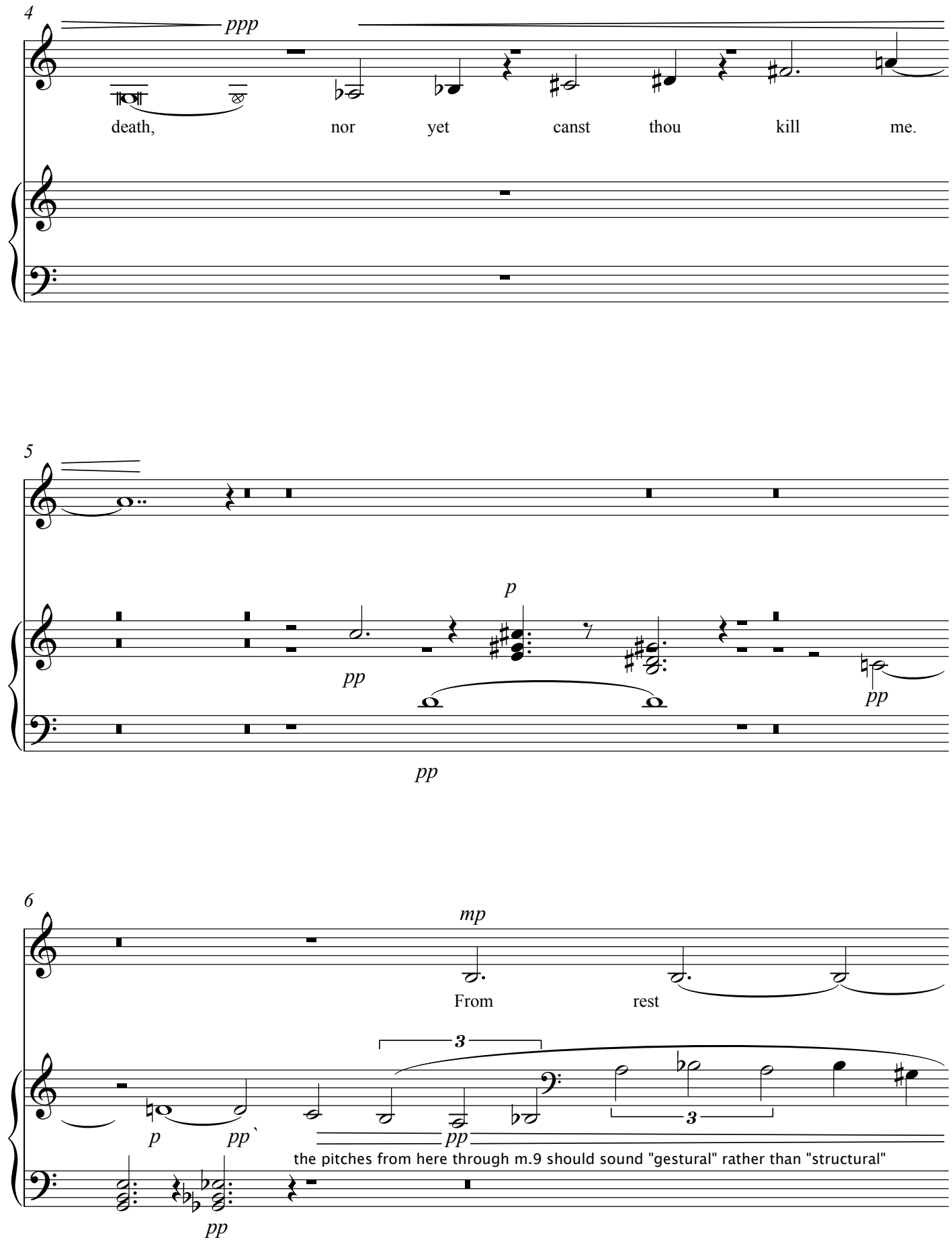
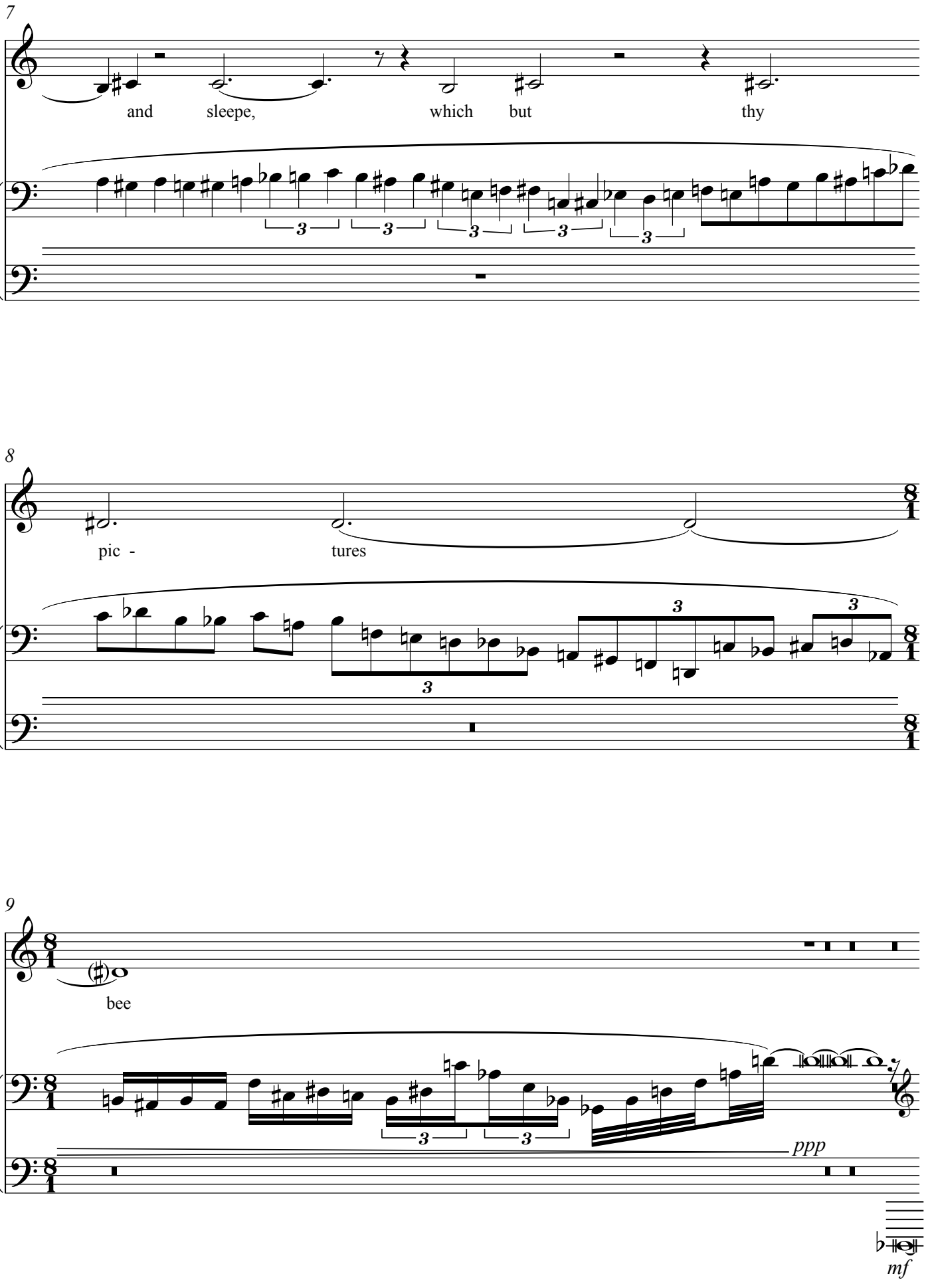
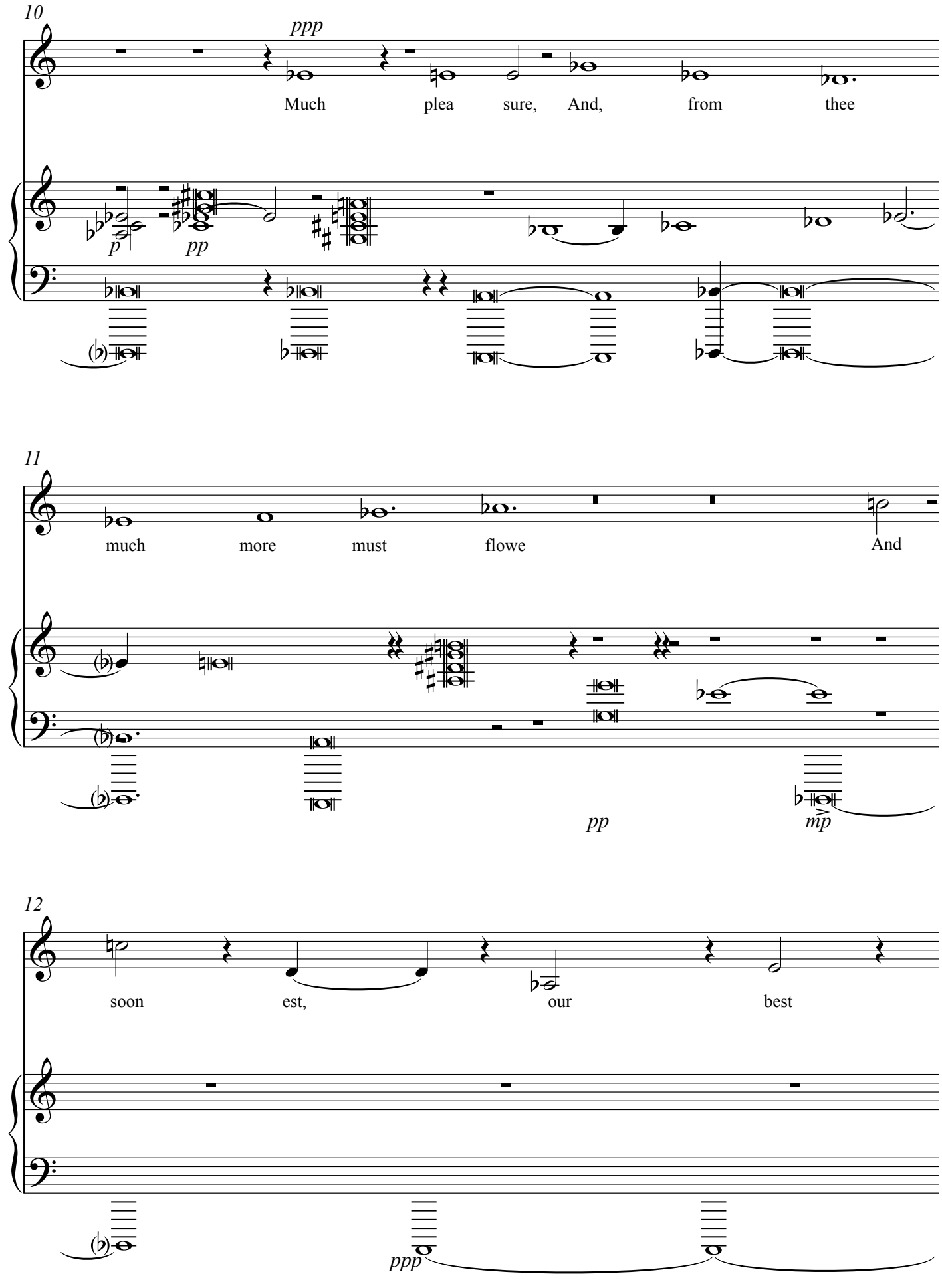


*dynamic markings in this score are intended to indicate sensibility rather than absolute volume levels.


4
ppp
death,
nor
yet
canst
thou
kill
me.
5
p
pp
pp
pp
6
mp
From
rest
3
3
p
pp
pp
the pitches from here through m.9 should sound "gestural" rather than "structural"
pp


7
and sleepe, which but thy
8
pic - tures
9
bee
ppp
mf


10
ppp
Much plea sure, And, from thee
p
pp
11
much more must flowe And
pp
mp
12
soon est, our best
ppp

15

men with thee doe goe,

pp

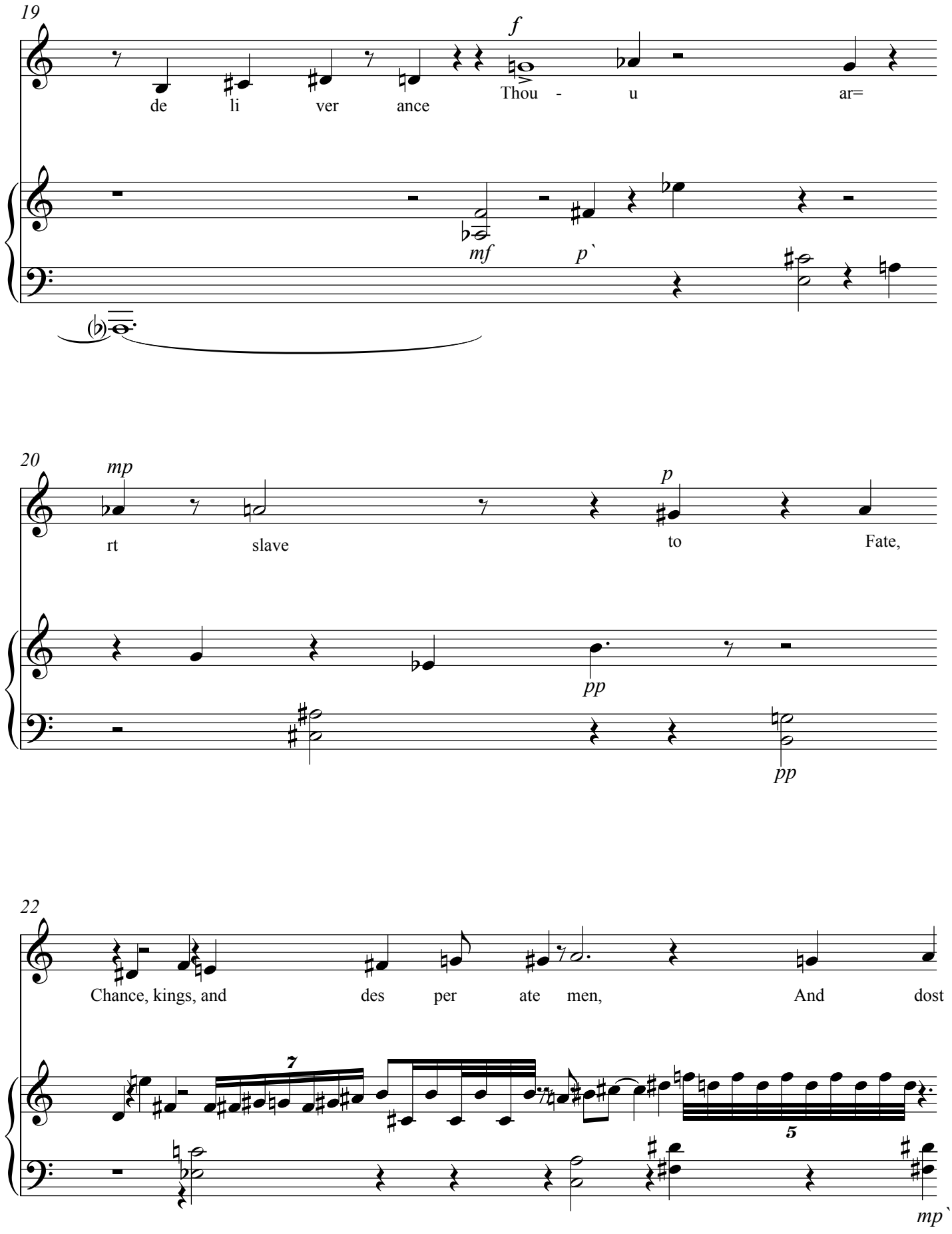
Rest

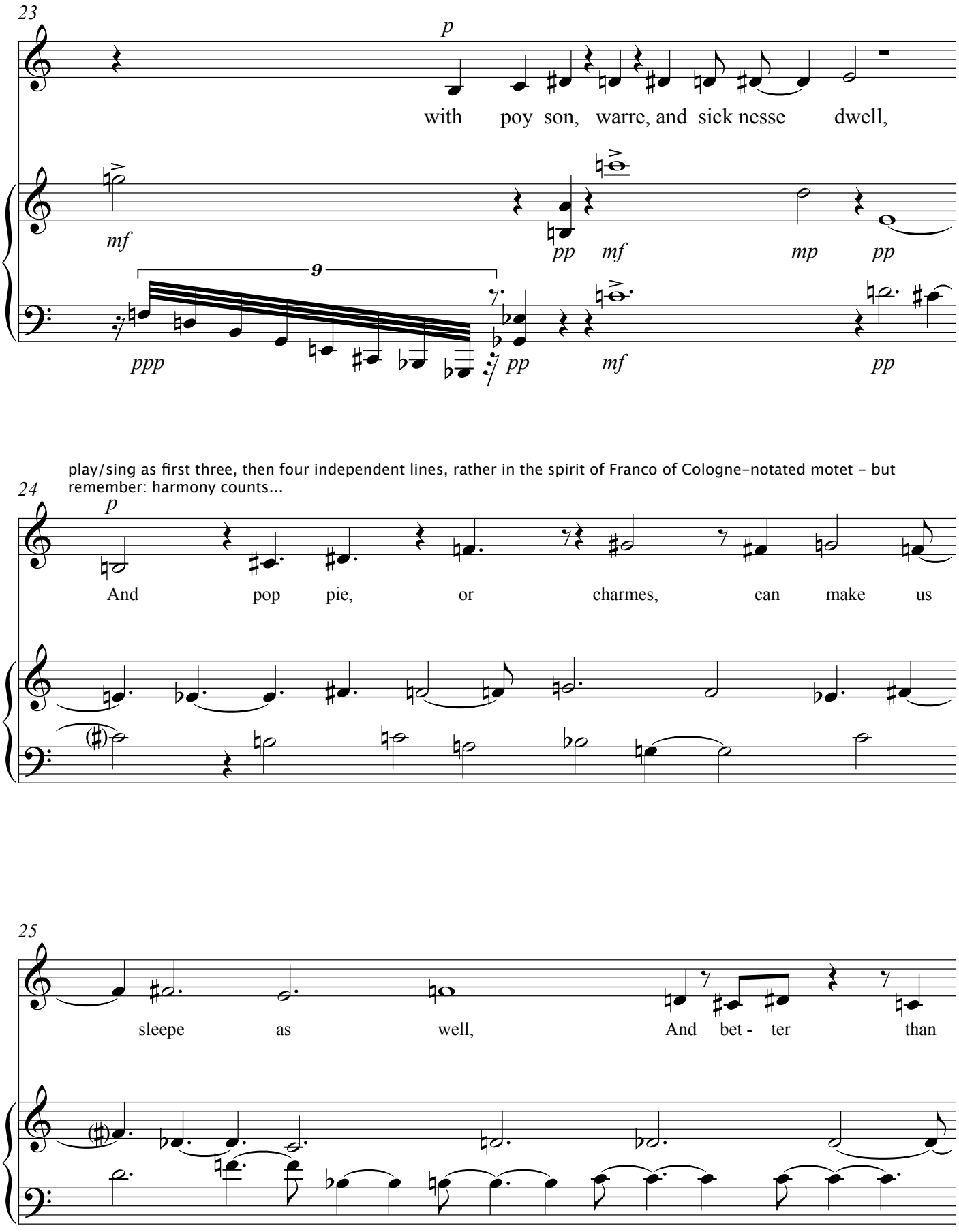
ppp

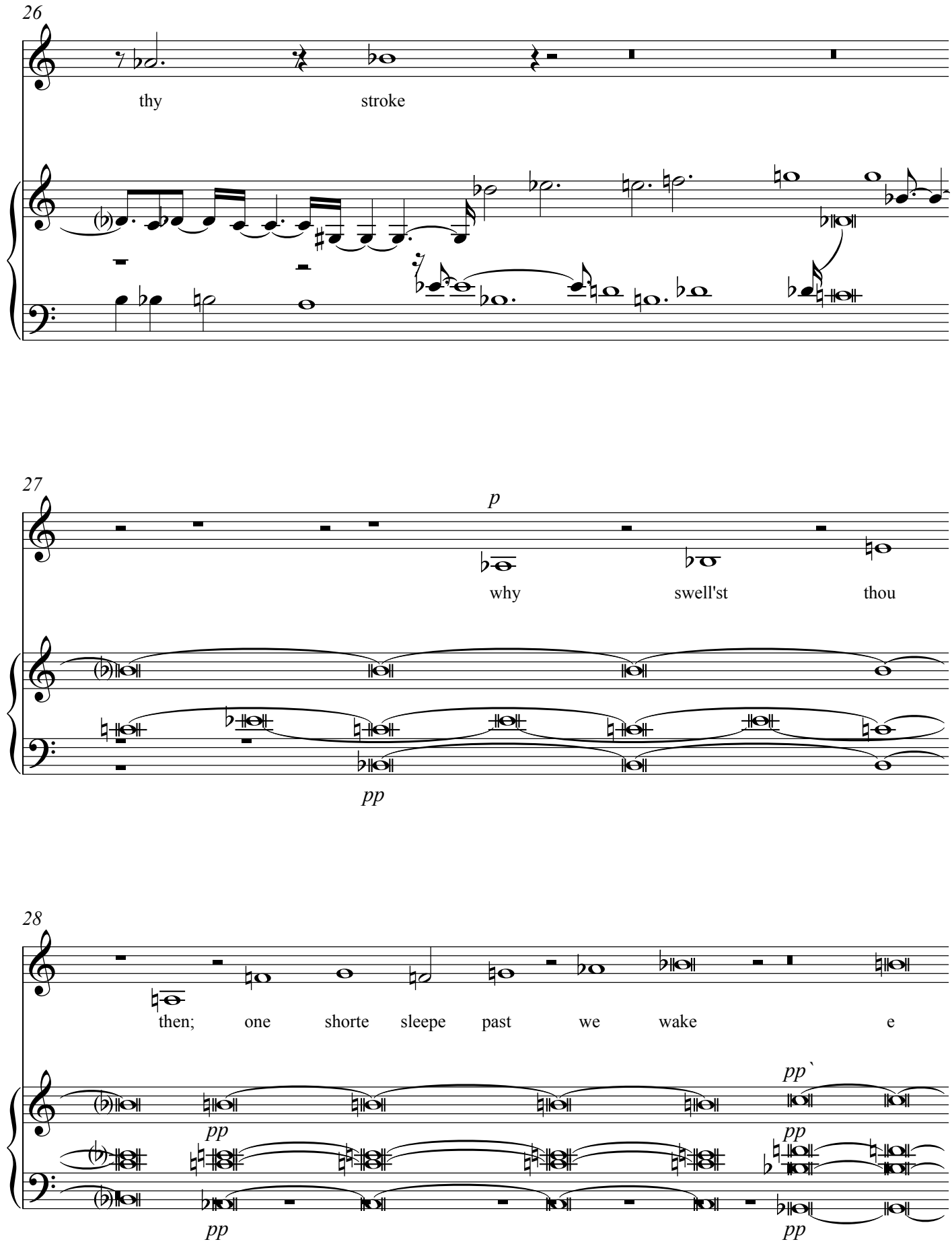
17

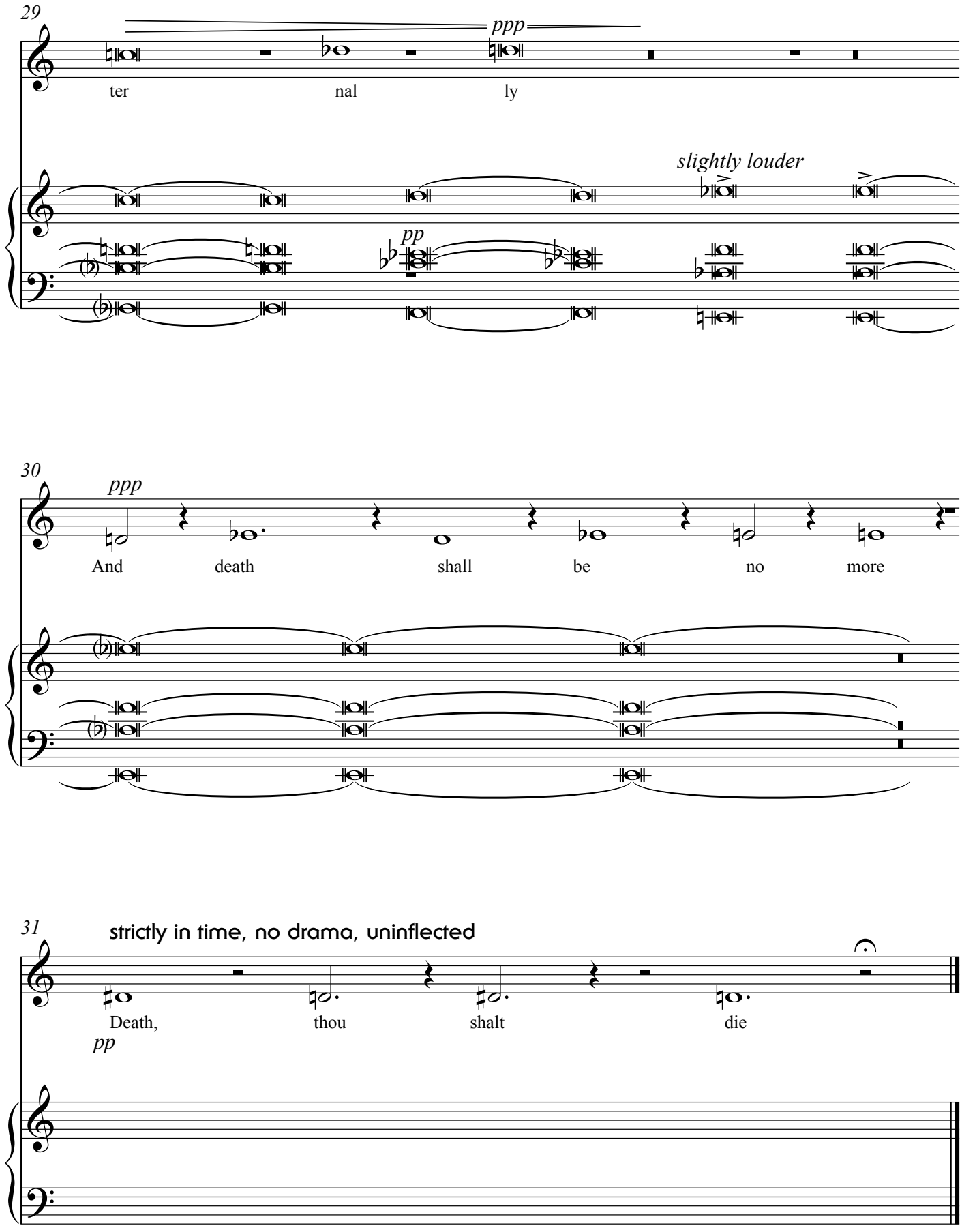
of their bones

And soules


19
f
de li ver ance
Thou - u ar=
mf
p`
20
mp
rt slave
p
to Fate,
pp
pp
22
Chance, kings, and des per ate men, And dost
7
5
mp`


23
p
with poy son, warre, and sick nesse dwell,
mf
pp mf mp pp
9
ppp
pp mf pp
play/sing as first three, then four independent lines, rather in the spirit of Franco of Cologne-notated motet - but remember: harmony counts...
24
p
And pop pie, or charmes, can make us
25
sleepe as well, And bet - ter than


26
thy
stroke
27
p
why
swell'st
thou
pp
28
then;
one
shorte
sleepe
past
we
wake
e
pp`
pp
pp
pp
pp



TT: 10:52

Barrytown, New York
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