

SONG

e. e. cummings "Song"

LIBBY LARSEN, 2009

Quiet, lilting

but we've the may (for you are in love and i am) to sing my dar-ling while old worlds and
young (big lit-tle and all worlds) mere-ly have the must to say and the when to do is ex-actly theirs
(dull worlds or keen; big lit-tle and all) but lose or win (come heav-en, come hell) pre - cise - ly ours is the
now to grow its love by whom (my beau-ti-ful friend) the gift to live is with-out un-til: but
pit-i-ful they've (big lit-tle and all) no power be-yond the trick to seem their joys turn woes and
right goes wrong (dim worlds or bright; big lit-tle and all) where-as (my sweet) our
sum-mer in fall and in win-ter our spring is the yes of yes, the yes of yes love was and
shall be this on-ly truth (a dream of a deed, born not to die) but
worlds are made of hel-lo and good-bye: glad sor-ry or both (big lit-tle and all)