

I WEAR THE CROWN I PROMISE ON LIFE

Text by William Shakespeare, Charles Baskin, Tuzig and Elizabeth Miller,
Ed., edited by the composer.

Commissioned by the Royal Academy of Music as part of their 200th Years
project, and first performed by John Rognoni.

Oh, sweet Madam,
My heart is almost gone,
When I contemplate and remember those
Most tender-looking eyes:
My heart is, but...Mildly so.

I am...dressed...to walk the night,
...rehearsed in dancing too,
But do not know what to say, for of better
I myself understood none.
(Shakespeare, Baskin)

Knowing those words... even more
I would have
As things were told of better and all right,
And beautiful in the silence of the night.
(Tuzig, Miller, Charles)

I have done this once,
This is when do I find
The eyes, abundant in vision,
How brightly the moon is reflected!
(Elizabeth Miller) (now Elizabeth)

There was an evening night,
The moon hangs down with the hidden glances,
Under the moonlight and the moonlight
Of moonlight and moonlight in moonlight.
With many eyes, I remember words,
The words were written on the walls
I speak my words and life and good and ill,
I have no purpose, but to read or write
under moonlight (The Day of Wonderful Night by
John Thomson)

O sweetest words! I have the word!
"How I shall tell you of my heart"
Why are you looking at me with a light?
Madam is everywhere full of love!
Oh, sweet Madam,
My heart is almost gone,
When I contemplate and remember those
Most tender-looking eyes:
My heart is, but...Mildly so.

I am...dressed...to walk the night,
...rehearsed in dancing too,
But do not know what to say, for of better
I myself understood none.

(Shakespeare, Baskin)

I read no better words... even more
I understand
All things were told of better and all right,
And beautiful in the silence of the night.
Tuzig, Miller, Charles

I give you the word,
There is no word
The eyes, abundant in vision,
How brightly the moon is reflected!
(Elizabeth Miller) (now Elizabeth)

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The moon hangs down with the hidden glances,
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(John Thomson)

Followed words! I have the word!
"How I shall tell you of my heart"
Why are you looking at me with a light?
Madam is everywhere full of love!

Oh, sweetest words!
(Elizabeth Miller)

I remember those words... even more
I understand
All things were told of better and all right,
And beautiful in the silence of the night.
Tuzig, Miller, Charles
I give you the word,
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