Stop All the Clocks: Three Auden Cenotaphs

Jonathan D Green, Illinois Wesleyan University
for Allen Huszti

No Time

Text—W.H. Auden

Music—Jonathan D. Green

Adagio

Clocks cannot tell our time of day

For what event to pray,

Because we have no time,

Because we have no time,
have no time until We know what time we fill. Why time is
other than time was.
Nor
can our question satisfy The answer in the statue's eye. Only the living ask whose

brow May wear the Roman laurel now: The dead say only how.
What happens to the living when they die?

Death is not understood by death: nor you, nor I.
for Allen Huszti

Elegy for J. F. K.

text—W. H. Auden

music—Jonathan D. Green

1
Andante

4
stringendo

8
Why then, why there, Why thus, we cry, did he die?
The heavens are silent.

What he was, he was;
What he is

accel. poco a poco
stringendo
rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.
fa-ted to be-come De-pends on us.

mem-b’ring his death, How we choose to live Will de-
cide its mean-ing
When a just man dies, Lamentation

and praise, Sorrow and joy, are one. Sorrow and joy, are one.

6 June 1999—Greensboro
for Allen Huszti

Stop All the Clocks

text—W. H. Auden
music—Jonathan D. Green

Stop all the clocks,

for Allen Huszti
clocks, cut off the telephone, Prevent the dog from

barking with a juicy bone, Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let the aero-planes circle, moaning overhead.
Scribbling on the sky the message.

He is Dead, Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves.
Let the
traffic policeman wear black cotton gloves. He was my North, my South, my East and West, My work- ing week and my Sun- day rest, My noon, my mid-night, my...
Talk, my song; I thought that love would last forever. I was wrong.
43
\( \[ \frac{4}{4} \] \)
\( \text{a tempo} \)

44
\( \[ \frac{4}{4} \] \)
\( \text{mp} \)

47
\( \[ \frac{3}{4} \] \)
\( \text{now: put out e\-'v\-'ry one; Pack up the moon and dis-mantle the} \)

\text{The stars are not wanted}
sun; Pour a-way the o-cean and sweep up the wood; For no-thing now can

8 June 1999—Greensboro