

# TONIGHT I CAN WRITE

FOR MIXED CHOIR

JEFFREY BERNSTEIN



C F M P

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TONIGHT I CAN WRITE by Jeffrey Bernstein (after Pablo Neruda)

Tonight I can write the saddest lines  
The night wind revolves in the sky and sings I loved her,  
And some-times she loved me too  
Tonight I can write the saddest songs  
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky  
She loved me, she loved me  
Tonight I can write the saddest lines  
Her infinite eyes  
Love is so short,  
Forgetting is so long  
She loved me, She loved me.

Jeffrey Bernstein is a California-based composer, conductor, pianist and educator. He is founding director of the Pasadena Master Chorale and artistic director of the Los Angeles Daiku and was for eleven years director of choral music at Occidental College. Bernstein holds music degrees from Harvard, Yale and UCLA. He has led choirs on fourteen tours of four continents and traveled extensively as a guest conductor, directing choirs and orchestras in Europe, Japan and throughout this country. Recently premiered works include *Dreams of Japan* with the Tokushima Symphony, *Fukushima Requiem* with the Los Angeles Daiku Orchestra, and *The Human Journey*, commissioned and premiered by the L.A. Choral Lab. Bernstein performs solo concerts of improvised piano music has released three piano albums: *Piano Journals* (2012), *Clear Mind Calm Water* (2015) and *The Desert House* (2015). A committed educator and strong advocate for children, Bernstein maintains a private studio and is on staff at the Pasadena Waldorf School, where he creates improvised piano music for young people.

# TONIGHT I CAN WRITE...

for Christopher Eanes and the Blair Academy Singers

TEXT BY THE COMPOSER (after Pablo Neruda)

JEFFREY BERNSTEIN (ASCAP)

**Doloroso**  $\text{♩} = 48$

2

3

S  
A  
T  
B

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines, To - night

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines, To - night I can write the

*p* *pp*

4  
5  
6

The night is shat - tered and the blue stars shiv - er

The night is shat - tered and the blue stars shiv - er

sad - dest lines, The night is shat - tered, blue stars shiv - er

*mp*



C F M P

7 *p* in the dis - tance. 8 9

*p* in the dis - tance. *p* To

*p* To - night I can write the sad - dest lines.

*p* in the dis - tance.

10 11 12

night I can write the sad - dest lines.

*mp* The night wind re - volves in the sky.

*mp* The night wind re - volves in the sky.

13 *p* 14 15

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines.

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines.

— and sings. I

— and sings. I

16 *mp* 17 18 19 *pp*

and some - times she loved me too.

and some - times she loved me too.

loved her, — and some - times she loved me too.

loved her, — and some - times she loved me too. To -

20 21 22 23 *f*

To -  
To - night I canwrite the sad-dest songs.  
To -  
night I canwrite the sad-dest songs.



24 25 26 27 *mp*

night I canwrite the sad-dest songs. I held her  
Through nights like this one  
night I canwrite the sad-dest songs.

28 29 30 31

in my arms. ...the end - less sky.

...the end - less sky.

*mp* I kissed her a - gain and a - gain un - der the end - less sky.

*mp* I kissed her a - gain and a - gain.

*f* *f* *f* *f*

32 33 34 35

*wistfully* *p* She loved me, she loved me.

*p* She loved me, she loved me.

*p* She loved me, she loved me.

*p* She loved me, she loved me.

*p* She loved me, she loved me.

36 37 38 39

She loved me, she loved me. She loved me, she loved me.

She loved me, she loved me. She loved me, she loved me.

She loved me, she loved me. She loved me, she

She loved me, she loved me. She loved me, she

40 41 42 43

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines,

To - night I can write the sad - dest lines, the

loved me. To - night I can write the

loved me. To -



44 45 46 47

the sad - dest lines.

sad - dest lines, the sad - dest lines, the sad - dest lines.

sad - dest lines, the sad - dest lines.

night I can write the sad - dest lines, the sad - dest lines. Her voice...

48 49 50 51

We are no long - er

Her in - fin - ite eyes.

Her bright bo - dy.

52 *pp* 53 54 55

Love is so short, for - get - ting is  
 the same. Love is so short, for - get - ting is  
 Love is so short, for - get - ting is  
 Love is so short, for - get - ting is

56 57 58 59 60

so long. She loved me, She loved me.  
 so long. She loved me, She loved me.  
 so long. She loved me, She loved me.  
 so long. She loved me, She loved me, She loved me.