

## Discordants [dɪ.'skɔɹ.dənts]

Text by *Conrad Aiken* (1889–1973) [Am]

Set by *Leonard Bernstein* (1918–1990) [Am], *Music I Heard with You*, from *Songfest*, #9; *John Duke* (1899–1984) [Am], *Bread and Music*; *Richard Hageman* (1882–1966) [Am], *Music I Heard with You*

**Music**    **I**    **heard**    **with**    **you**    **was**    **more**    **than**    **music,**  
[ˈmju.zɪk    aːɪ    hɜd    wɪθ    ju    wɜz    mɔɹ    ðæn    ˈmju.zɪk]

And bread I broke with you was more than bread;  
Now that I am without you, all is desolate;  
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,  
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.  
These things do not remember you, beloved,  
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart that you moved among them,  
And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes;  
And in my heart they will remember always,—  
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise.

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

