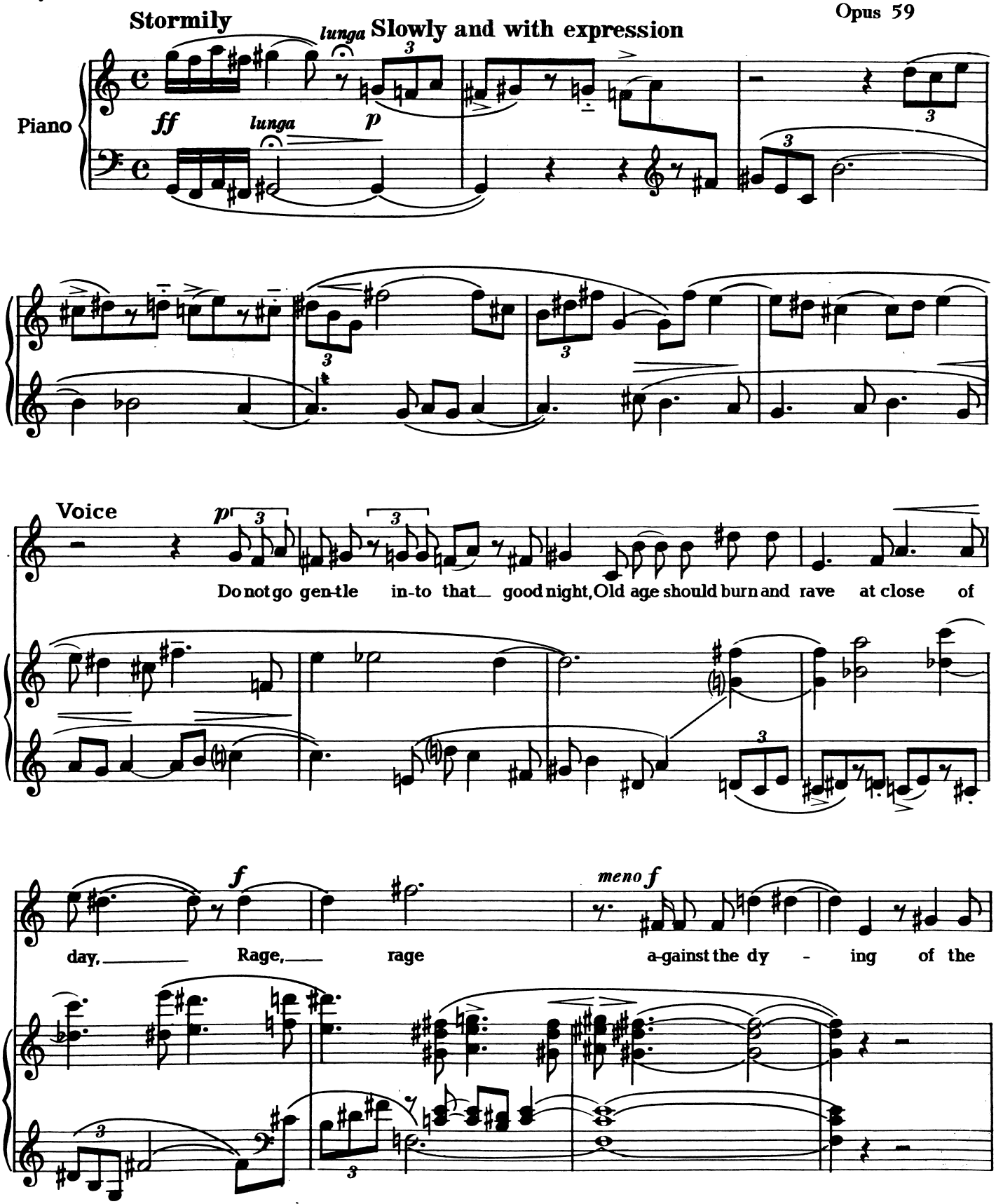
*Commissioned by and dedicated to The Juilliard School of Music**

The Dying of the Light

Dylan Thomas**

Wallingford Riegger
Opus 59



* Mr. Riegger was a member of the first graduating class of the Institute of Musical Art (1907), parent institution of the present school.

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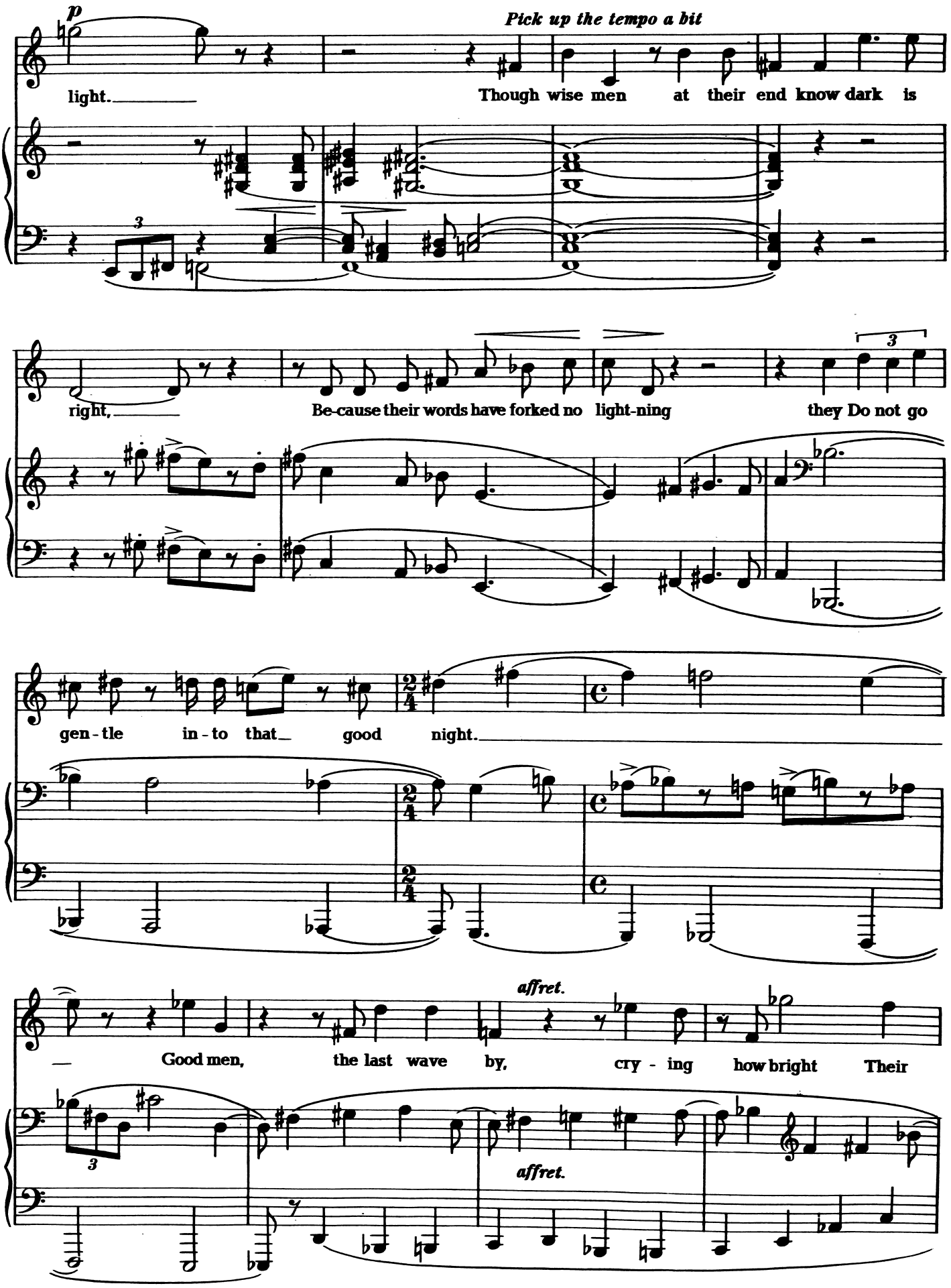
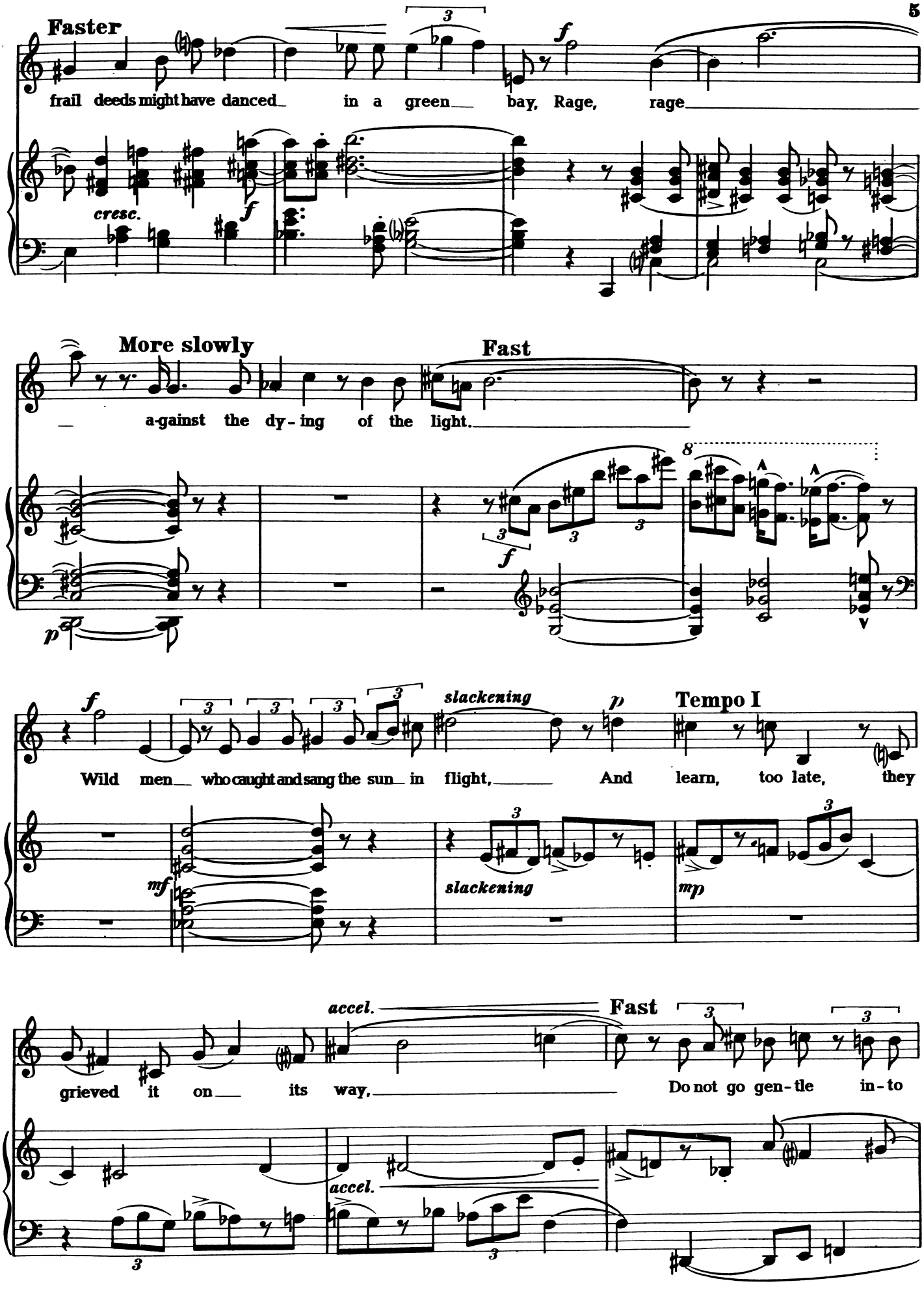
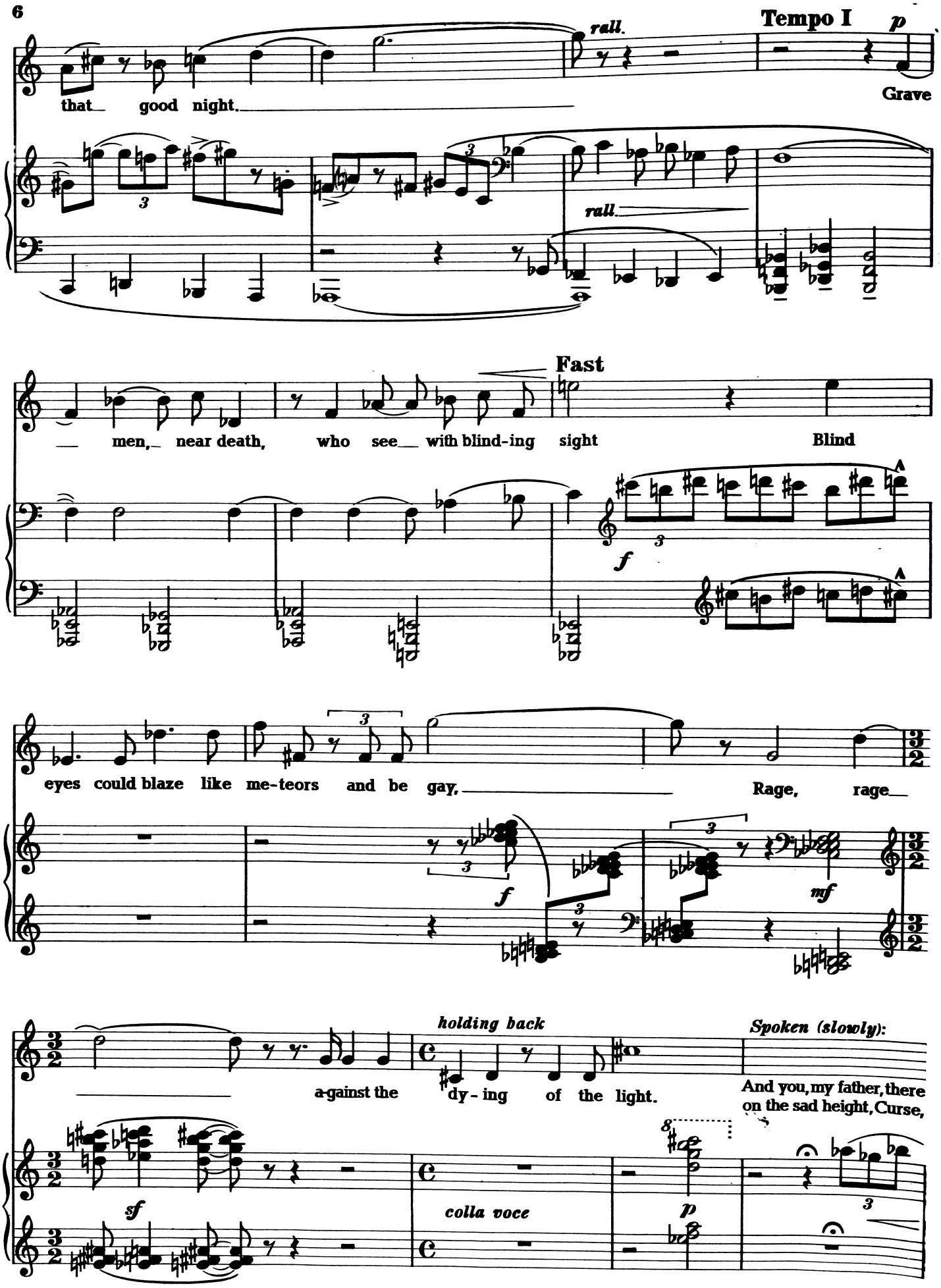
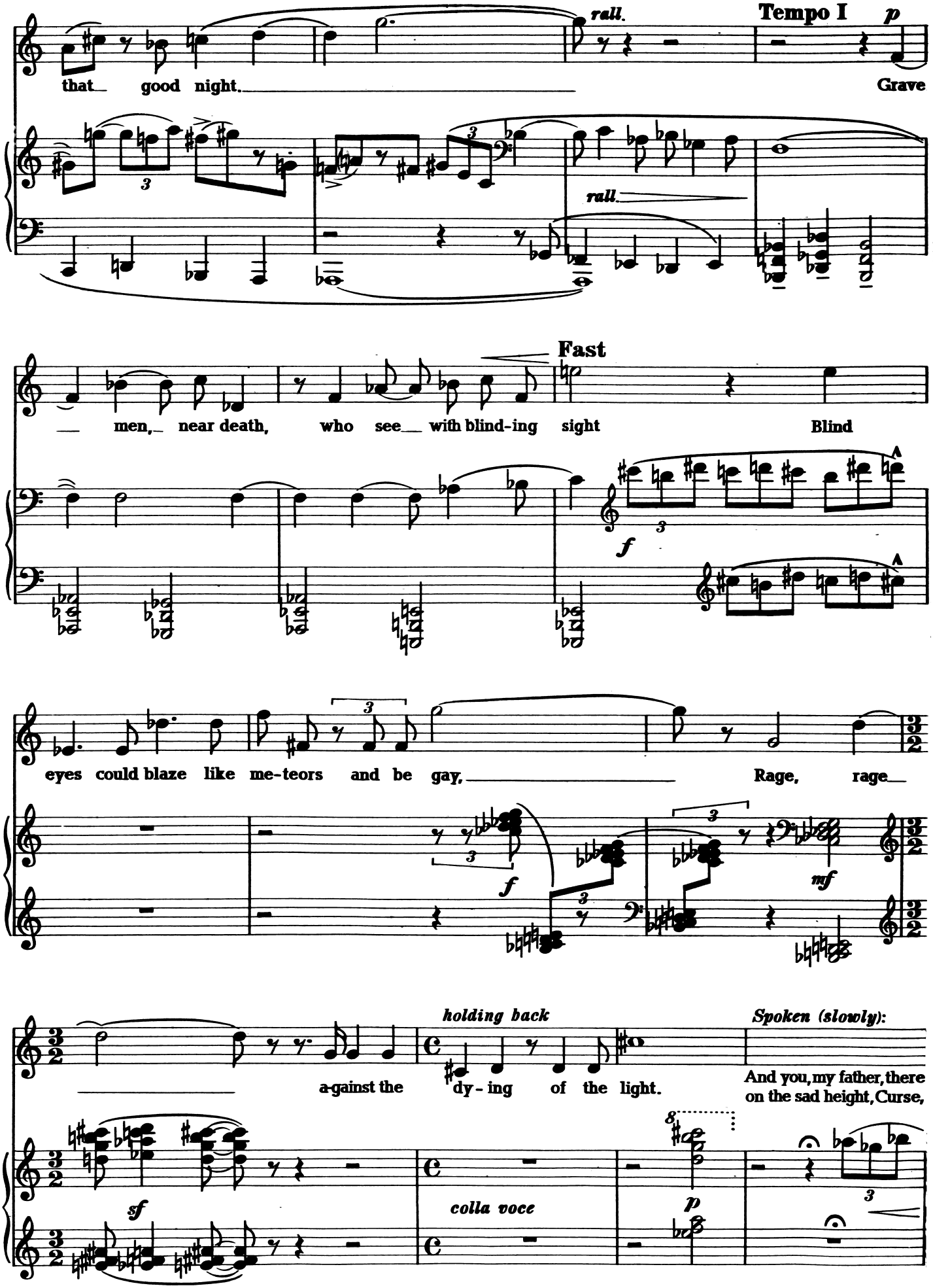

p
Pick up the tempo a bit
light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is
right,
Be-cause their words have forked no light-ning
they Do not go
gen-tle in-to that good night.
affret.
Good men, the last wave by, cry-ing how bright Their
affret.


Faster
frail deeds might have danced in a green bay, Rage, rage
cresc.
More slowly
Fast
a-gainst the dy-ing of the light.
slackening
Tempo I
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, And learn, too late, they
slackening
accel.
Fast
grieved it on its way, Do not go gen-tle in-to
accel.


rall.
Tempo I
p
Grave
that good night.
rall.
Fast
men, near death, who see with blind-ing sight
Blind
f
eyes could blaze like me-teors and be gay,
Rage, rage
f
mf
holding back
Spoken (slowly):
a-gainst the dy-ing of the light.
And you, my father, there on the sad height, Curse,
sf
colla voce
p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