

## INAMORATO: A TRIOLET

SHARON DOLIN

You're my oboe beaux, my oh-boy of woe

Met by chance, now we compose a contredanse.

I'm your cello (duo, solo), please pluck me pizzicato,

My oboe beaux, my woe boy no mo.

Crescendo, diminuendo—all my strings—obbligato, vibrato.

We met perchance, is this our contredanse?

My oh-boy of woe (no more), now my oboe beaux,

With one glance—mumchance—(no) dalliance in this romance.