

Why Should I Blow Out the Candle?

©1989 by Howard L. Kaplan

More wistful than waltzful (♩ = 120)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo of 120 beats per minute. It consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major/D minor). The melody is simple and wistful, with lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, E, Am, E. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'First trip out west, and we're here for a week For a taste of a wi-l-der land.' Chords: Am, E, C, Dm, E. The third staff: 'Ear-ly in Au-gust, it's not un-til nine That the lin-ger-ing sun dis-ap - pears.' Chords: E, Am, E. The fourth staff: 'We climb in-to bed, ha-ving fin-ished the wine, And I drink in your twen-ty-three years.' Chords: Am, E, C, Dm, E. The fifth staff: 'So, why should I blow out the can-dle When it might shed its light for a while,' Chords: Am, E, Am, E. The sixth staff: 'And I've no o - ther trea - sure as great as the plea - sure' Chords: Am, E, C. The seventh staff: 'Of ly - ing here eve - ry night see - ing you smile.' Chords: E, C, E, Am.

8 Up in the foot-hills be - yond Pin-cher Creek, Sketch-book and cam-era at hand,
8 First trip out west, and we're here for a week For a taste of a wi-l-der land.
8 Ear-ly in Au-gust, it's not un-til nine That the lin-ger-ing sun dis-ap - pears.
8 We climb in-to bed, ha-ving fin-ished the wine, And I drink in your twen-ty-three years.
8 So, why should I blow out the can-dle When it might shed its light for a while,
8 And I've no o - ther trea - sure as great as the plea - sure
8 Of ly - ing here eve - ry night see - ing you smile.

Up in the foothills beyond Pincher Creek,
Sketchbook and camera at hand,
First trip out west, and we're here for a week
For a taste of a wilder land.
Early in August, it's not until nine
That the lingering sun disappears.
We climb into bed, having finished the wine,
And I drink in your twenty-three years.

So, why should I blow out the candle
When it might shed its light for a while,
And I've no other treasure as great as the pleasure
Of lying here every night seeing you smile.

We were still dancing at twenty to one;
Now it's a quarter to two.
Speaking of David, the Mendelssohns' son,
We replay his big day in review.
All these Bar Mitzvahs we get to attend —
The speeches, the presents, the toasts —
We lie here and talk, and won't let the day end
Because next time we get to be hosts.

Bogart's on next, but at half past eleven
We're too tired to watch any more.*
We speak of the twins, who tomorrow turn seven —
Their party's from noon until four.
Given a chance at your lap or your shoulder,
They'll drop any pastime or toy;
Why should their grandfather, sixty years older, §
Not still feel that same rush of joy?

*Or, if you prefer,
Mozart's on next, but at half past eleven
We're too tired to hear any more.

§Or, if you prefer, grandmother

Howard L. Kaplan 172 Howland Avenue Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 3B6

howard@thrinberry-frog.com <http://www.thrinberry-frog.com>

Performing rights administered by SOCAN

This songsheet was prepared in November 2001