









# / JOHN CLARE ADAPTATION

"Written in Northhampton County Asylum"

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?  
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.  
 I am the self-consumer of my woes;  
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,  
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost,  
 And yet I am - I live - though I am toss'd!

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
 Into the living sea of waking dream,  
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,  
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem  
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best  
 Are strange - nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod -  
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept -  
 There to abide with my Creator, God,  
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,  
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie -  
 The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

1	I AM	I AM	I AM	I AM	I AM	SO LET ME LIE THE GRASS BELOW; ABOVE	➔
2		WHAT I AM WHO CARES OR KNOWS? MY ... LOST	LIKE A MEMORY LOST	LIKE A MEMORY LOST	LIKE A MEMORY LOST	THE VAULTED SKY ,,	➔
3			I AM THE SELF-CON- SUMER ... THAN THE REST	STRANGER THAN THE REST	STRANGER THAN THE REST	,,	➔
4					I LONG ... HIGH THOUGHTS UNBORN	,, (IMPROV.)	➔



/TWO : LESS TIME

BNZ	G Q	ZNC	R	B	M C	GSK
XMC	H R	M	X J Q	G HRJ	D L	QHR
DPW	J S	W	K H P	D TSQ	P V	XJK
VLF	K T	FLT	S	X	F Z	CDV