Four Songs

I. Three Friends

I had three friends
One asked me to sleep on the
ground
One asked me to sleep on his

Moderato, quasi recit.

Mezzo-soprano

Moderato assai

Piano

chromatic cluster

I saw myself carried on a river
I saw myself carried on a
I saw the king of the river

I saw the king of the river and the king of the sun

poco cresc.

poco allarg.
There in that country I saw palm trees so laden with fruit

That the trees bent under the fruit

And the fruit killed it
II. Lament

Mezzo-soprano

Poco lento, con tenerezza

Piano

pp molto dolce

p legatissimo, canto (ma dolce)

Your death has taken me by surprise

(wait for singer)
Four Songs

10 \( \textit{mp} \) molto dolce

What were your wares That they sold out so quickly?

13

M-S.

When I meet my father,

Poco più mosso

15

M-S.

he'll hardly recognize me:

Sprechstimme

He'll find me carrying all I've got

Pno.
17

M-S.

The night is fast
approaching

Somewhere a child is crying out for its

mother

(tail for singer)

Pno.

f

p pianegrole

and a horde of flies

19

M-S.

Tempo I

The night is fast
approching

Somewhere a child

is crying out for its

mother

(tail for singer)

Pno.

p poco ten.
III. The Little Bird

Folk Song - Gabon

Andantino

M-S.

Andantino

Pno.

Ea-ry one mor-ning I got up to pick o-ran-ges in the gar-den.

And I saw this. I saw the ri-sing sun and the lit-tle bird

sin-ging his mor-ning song.

Ben Hoadley
And I heard this.

The little bird cried "Cui cui! Please leave my little ones in their nest. Cui cui cui!" And I said this:

First I cried "Cui cui cui!" And then I said this. "Don't be afraid..."
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19
M-S.
I am your friend.
And what was asked I did.

Pno.

21
M-S.
Since that day the little bird is my friend
and his song gives me great pleasure.

Pno.

23
M-S.
And that is my story.

Pno.
cantabile

25
M-S.

Pno.
Four Songs

IV. Death

Kuba

Mezzo-soprano

Piano

Moderato, quasi recit.

Lento

mf

pier-

ing—

tren-

chant-

blade

Death

comes

Moderato, quasi recit.

Lento

mp

in ma-

ny

forms.

With

our

feet

Allegro moderato

mf

our

feet

Allegro moderato

mf molto marcato

we walk the goat's earth

With our hands we touch God's sky

There is no needle without piercing point.

There is no tre-chant blade razor without Death comes
Four Songs

One day in the heat of noon I will be carried shoulder high through the
town of the dead

Don't bury me under the forest trees I fear their thorns

Don't bury me under the forest trees
19
M-S.
I fear the dripping water

Pno.

20
M-S.
Molto tenuto
Bu-ry me un-der the great shade trees

Pno.

22
Vivo, poco accel. a fine
mar-ket I want to feel the dan-cers feet

Pno.

23
M-S.
I want to hear the beat-ing of the drums

Pno.