

Bendt Astrup

Fem lyriske sange
for sopran og klaver

Med tekst af
Rabindranath Tagore

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The young Prince

Bendt Astrup

Apassionato

Soprano

O mo - ther the young prince ³ is to

Piano

2

pass by your door, — how can I at - tend to my work this mor - ning?

4

Show me how to braid up my hair, tell me ³ what garment to put on.

6

Moderato

p Why — do you look at me a - mazed —

rit.

8 recitativo

mo-ther? I know

12

well, he will not glance up once at my win-dow, I know, he will pass

16

out of my sight in the twink-ling of an eye. on - ly the

18

va - ni - shing strain of the flute will come sob - bing to me from a -

dolce *rit.*

20

far

24 *a tempo*

f But the young prince will pass by our

26

door, — and — I will put on my best for the mo - ment

28

rit.

32 *a tempo*

f O mo - ther the young prince did

3 3 3 3 3 3

This system contains measures 32 and 33. The vocal line begins with a rest in measure 32, followed by the lyrics "O mo - ther the young prince did" in measure 33. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with triplets in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

34

pass by our door, — and the mor-ning-sun flashed — from his

3 3 3 3

This system contains measures 34 and 35. The vocal line continues with "pass by our door, — and the mor-ning-sun flashed — from his". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

36

cha - riot. I swept a - side the veil from my face, I

3 3 *mf*

This system contains measures 36 and 37. The vocal line continues with "cha - riot. I swept a - side the veil from my face, I". The piano accompaniment features a change in tempo and dynamics, marked *mf* in measure 37.

38

tore the ru - by chain from my neck and — flung — it in his path. *rit.*

This system contains measures 38 and 39. The vocal line concludes with "tore the ru - by chain from my neck and — flung — it in his path." The piano accompaniment concludes with a *rit.* marking.

40

a tempo

f *rit.*

41

Why do you look at me a - mazed mo-ther?

mf

44

dolce

dolce

I know well, he did not pick up my chain, —

p

48

I know it was crushed under his wheels leav-ing a red stain u-pon the

50

dust, and no one knows what my gift was nor *dolcissimo* to

53

whom.

57

But the young prince did pass by our

59

door, and I flung the jewel from my

61 *rit.* *a tempo*

breast be-fore his path.

f

My Heart

Bendt Astrup

Soprano

Adagio espr.

mf

My heart the bird of the

5

rit. **Tempo I**

wil-derness has found its sky in your eyes. They are the crad-le of the

8

rit.

mor-ning. they are the king-dom of the stars, my songs are lost in their

11

piu mosso

p *mf*

depts.

15

Let me but soar in that sky, in its lone - ly im -

mf

mp

19

men - si - ty, let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its

rit.

23

Tempo I

sun - shine. *p* My heart the bird of the

27

rit.

wil - der - ness has found its sky in your eyes. *pp*

The two Sisters

Bendt Astrup

Soprano

Leggiero

Piano

mf

When the

5

two si-sters go to fetch wa-ter, they_ come to this spot and they smile.

9

They must be a-ware of some-bo-dy, who_ stands be-hind_ the

12

trees, when e-ver they go to fetch wa-ter.

rit

16

a tempo

The_ two sisters whis-per to each o - ther when they

20

pass_ this spot. They must have guessed the se - cret of that

22

some-bo - dy. who_ stands be - hind_ the trees, when_

25

meno mosso

e - ver they go to fetch wa-ter. Their

rit

mf

29

pit - chers lurch_ sud-den-, and wa - ter spills when they reach this spot, they

33

must have found out that some-bo-dy's heart_ is bea-ting, bea-ting, bea -

38

ting, who_ stands be-hind_ the trees when e-ver they go to fetch

43

wa - ter. The two si - sters glance at each

48

o - ther, when they come to this spot, and they smile,

51

there is a laugh-ter in there swift-step-ping feet, which makes con-fu-sion in

54

some - bo - dy's mind, who — stands be hind - the trees, when —

57

e - ver they go to fetch wa-ter.

Speak to me

Bendt Astrup

Soprano

legato espr.

mf

Speak — to me my love

5

tell me in words what you sang. The

9

night is dark, the stars are lost in clouds, the wind is sigh - ing

13

piu mosso

3

in the leaves. I will let loose my hair, my blue cloak will

17

cling round me like night, I will clasp your head to my bo-som, and

21

there in the sweet lon - li - ness — mur-mur on your heart.

rit.

25

Tempo I

I will shut my eyes and li-sten, I will not look in your face. —

mf

29

When your words are en-ded, we will sit still and si-lent,

p

33

on - ly the trees will whis - per in the dark. the

36

night will pale, the day will dawn, we shall look at each o - thers eyes and

40 rit. meno mosso

go on our diffe - rent path. — Speak — to me my love,

43

tell me in words what you sang

The Secret

Bendt Astrup

Adagio espr.

Soprano

Piano

p *mf* *f*

Do — not keep — to your - self the se - cret of your

pp *mp*

rit.

heart, — my friend. Say — it to — me, to

mp

rit. *a tempo*

me — on - ly to me — in se - cret. You who smile so — gent - ly

mf

rit.

soft - ly whis-per, my heart will hear it not my ears.—

pp

a tempo

The night is— deep. The house is si - lent, the

mp

rit.

bird's nests are shrou-ded with— sleep.—

a tempo

Speak to

mf

me through he-si-ta-ting tears, through fal - te-ring smiles,— through

rit.

sweet — shame and pain the se - cret of your heart. —

a tempo

p

rubato al fine

pppp