

Bendt Astrup

# Two Partingsongs

Med tekst af  
Rabindranath Tagore

For blandet kor

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Strofe MMIV

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med tekst af Rabindranath Tagore  
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# Two Partingsongs

I

Bendt Astrup

$\text{♩} = 60$

Why do you whis - - - - sper so faint - ly in my

*mf*

Why do you whis-per, whis-per, whis-per so faint-ly in my

ears, in my ears, O Death, my Death? When the flo - wers droop in the

*p* *mf*

ears, in my ears, O Death, my Death? When the flow - ers droop in the

eve - ning, and the cat - tle come back to their stalls,

*f*

eve - ning, and the cat - tle come back to their stalls, you

you steal - thi - ly, steal - thi - ly come to my side and speak words

and speak

steal - thi - ly come to my side

rit. a tempo

that I do not un - der - stand. Is

words

and speak words, that I do not un - der - stand. Is

and speak words,

*mf*

this how you must woo and win me with the o - piate of drow-sy mur - mur and

this how you must woo and win me drow-sy mur - mur and

rit. a tempo

cold kis - ses O Death, my Death? Will there

cold kis - ses O Death, my Death? Will there

*p* *mf*

be no proud ce - re - mo - ny for our wed - ding? Will you not tie up with a

be no proud ce - re - mo - ni for our wed - ding? Will you not tie up with a

wreath your taw - ny coi - led locks? Is there none to car - ry your ban - ner be -

fore you, and will not the night be on fire

with your red

with your red torch lights, O Death my Death?

Come, come with your conch - shells sound - ing come in the sleep - less

rit. a tempo

night, the sleep - ness night. Dress me with a crim - son man - tle, grasp my

night, the sleep - ness night Dress me with a crim - son man - tle, grasp my

*p* *mf*

hand, my hand and take me. Let your cha - ri-ot be rea - dy at my

hand, my hand and take me. Let your cha - ri-ot be rea - dy at my

door with your hor - ses neigh - ing im - pa - tient - ly. Raise my veil and

door with <sup>3</sup> your hor <sup>3</sup> ses neig <sup>3</sup> hing im - pa - tien - ly Raise my veil and

*f*

look at my face prod - ly, O Death, my Death.

look at my face proud - ly, O Death, my death.

*ff* *mf*

II

Rubato

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 80$

Peace peace, my heart, let the time for the par-ting be sweet.

*p* *mf*

Peace peace, my heart, let the time for the par-ting be sweet.

Let it not be a death but com-plete-ness. Let love melt in-to

*mf*

Let it not be a death but com-plete-ness. Let love melt in-to

me-mo-ry and pain in-to songs. Let the flight through the sky

me-mo-ry and pain in-to songs. Let the flight through the sky

end in the fold-ing of the wings o-ver the nests. Let the last touch

*rit.* *a tempo* *p*

end in the fold-ing of the wings o-ver the nests. Let the last touch

rit. Rubato

of your hands be gen - tle like the flow - ers of the night. Stand

of your hands be gen - tle like the flow - ers of the night. Stand

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 80$

still O Beau - ti - ful End, for a mo - ment, and say your last words in

still, O Beau - ti - ful End, for a mo - ment, and say your last words in

si - - - lence. I bow to you and hold up my

si - - - lence. I bow to you and hold up my

lamp to light you on your way, on your way.

mf to pp

lamp to light you on your way on your way,

to

Vrå.13/9.01