

Famine Song

by

Christopher Lee Fraley

based on a poem by Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)

F. 164

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Instrumentation

SATB (a cappella), solo Alto

Performance Time

approximately 3'10"

Famine Song

Death and famine on every side and never a sign of rain—
The bones of those who have starved and died unburied upon the plain.
What care have I that the bone bleach white? Tomorrow they may be mine.
But I shall sleep in your arms tonight, and drink your lips like wine.

I hear the sound of a thousand tears, like softly pattering rain,
I see the fever, folly, and fears fulfilling man's tale of pain.
What care have I that the bones bleach white? Tomorrow they may be mine.
But I shall sleep in your arms tonight, and drink your lips like wine.

So we work on, in the blazing sun, to bury what dead we may,
But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night fall round us grey.
Would those we covered away from sight had a rest as sweet as mine!
For I shall sleep in your arms tonight...

—excerpted from Famine Song by Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)

Famine Song

Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)

Christopher Lee Fraley

(F. 164)

Durge, ♩ = 72

p

T
8
Death and fam - ine on ev - 'ry side and nev - er a sign of

B
p
Death and fam - ine on ev - 'ry side and nev - er a sign of

Drum
4/4
l.v. sempre
mf

4
rain— the bones of those who have starved and died un - bur - ied up - on the

rain— the bones of those who have starved and died un - bur - ied up - on the

8
plain. What care have I that the bones bleach white? To - mor - row they may be

plain. What care have I that the bones bleach white? To - mor - row they may be

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12 **Slower, legato, and very freely**
mf

A. Solo

But I shall sleep in your arms to - night, and drink your lips like

S

A

T
mine.

B
mine.

Perusal Copy

16 **a tempo**

wine.

p, legato

I hear a thou - sand tears, like soft - ly

p, legato *non legato*

I hear the sound of a thou-sand tears, like soft - ly pat-ter-ing,

p, legato *non legato*

I hear a thou-sand, thou-sand tears, like soft - ly pat-ter-ing, pat-ter, pat-ter,

p, legato *non legato*

I hear the sound of a thou-sand tears, like soft - ly pat-ter-ing, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter,

20

non legato
pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, rain, I see the fever,
mf
pat-ter-ing, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter-ing pat-ter-ing rain, I see the
mp
pat-ter-ing rain, I see the fever, fol-ly, and fears ful-
mf
pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter-ing rain, I see the fever, fol-ly, and

23

*Removed for security purposes.
Thank you for your understanding.*

fears ful - fil-ling man's tale of pain. What

27

that the bones bleach white? To -

What care have I To -

that the bones bleach white? To -mor-row they may be

care have I that the bones bleach white? To -

31

But

mor - row they may be mine.

mor - row they may be mine.

mine.

mor - row they may be mine.

34

I shall sleep in your arms to - night, and drink your lips like

p Mmm

p Mmm

p Mmm

p Mmm

37

wine.

(mmm) So we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

(mmm) So we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

(mmm) So we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

(mmm) So we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

42

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Would those we covered a -

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Would those we covered a -

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Mmm

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Mmm

Perusal Copy

47

Molto meno mosso

For I shall sleep in your arms to - night... 3'15"

way from sight had a rest as sweet as mine!

way from sight had a rest as sweet as mine! Mmm

(mmm)

(mmm)

df 27-Sep-2014

f