

Famine Song

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

Christopher Lee Fraley

*unaccompanied mixed voices
SATB, Alto Solo, Drum*

Perusal Score

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*My name is Chris Fraley. I'm a composer from Kona, Hawaii (previously from the less sunny Seattle area). **I need your help!** I am looking for choirs to partner with—either as a composer-in-residence, to commission new pieces, or simply to perform music I've already written. Please check out my website www.FraleyMusic.com, call my cell 425-829-9654, or email me at Chris@FraleyMusic.com to discuss possibilities.*

Thank you!

Instrumentation

SATB (a cappella), Solo Alto, Drum

*The drum should be of medium-pitch with no snares,
such as a djembe or a field drum.*

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

p

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

Perc. *mf* l.v. sempre

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

Slower, legato, and very freely

12 *mf*

Solo

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

S

A

T
mine.

B
mine.

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,

a tempo

(Piano reduction, for rehearsal only)

p, legato *non legato*

20 *non legato* *mf*

pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, rain, I see the fev - er,

mp

pat - ter - ing, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter - ing pat - ter - ing rain, I see the

mf

pat - ter - ing rain, I see the fev - er, fol - ly, and fears ful -

mp

pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter - ing rain, I see the fev - er, fol - ly, and

23 *p*

fol - ly, and fears ful - fil - ling man's tale of pain.

p

fev - er, fol - ly, and fears ful - fil - ling man's tale of pain.

p f

fil - ling man's tale of pain. What care have I

p f sub.

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

27

f that the bones bleach

f What care have I

f that the bones bleach white? *f* To -

care have I that the bones bleach white?

30

p white? To - mor - row they may be mine.

p To - mor - row they may be mine.

mor - row they may be mine.

p To - mor - row they may be mine.

33

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

p Mmm *mf* So

p Mmm *mf* So

p Mmm *mf* So

p Mmm *mf* So

mf *p* *mf*

38

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

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

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

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

Molto meno mosso

47

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)

Molto meno mosso

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