

Carus

[no psalm] Little hymn

from: post tenebras lux

Burkhard Kinzler (*1963)
T: Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

$\text{♩} = 72$ simple and plain
mf „c.f.“

Sang from the Heart, Si-re, Dipped my Beak in it, If the Tune drip too much Have a tint too Red

Sang from the Heart, Si-re, Dipped my Beak, If the Tune drip too much Have a tint too Red

Sang from the Heart, Si-re, Dipped my Beak in it, If the Tune drip too much — Have a tint too Red

Sang from the Heart, Si-re, Dipped my Beak, If the Tune drip too much — Have a tint too Red

9 *p molto espr.*

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

„c.f.“

Par - don the Co - chi - neal Suf - fer the Ver - mil - lion, Death is the Wealth of the Poo - rest Bird. Ah! _

molto espr. p

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

molto espr. p

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,

17 *poco meno mosso*

sfp sf sf sempre sim.

Death, death, death, death, death, death, death, death,

sfp sf sf sempre sim.

Death, death, death, death, death, death, death,

„c.f.“

Bear with the Bal - lad wk - ward fal - ter - ing twists the strings _ It

23 *a tempo*

p

death, death, death, Pause in your Li - tur - gies, Wait your

p

death, death, death, Pause in your Li - tur - gies, Wait

p

was - n't my Blame _ Pause in your Li - tur - gies, Wait your

mp „c.f.“

Oh, Pause in your Li - tur - gies, Wait your Cho - rals, While I re -

