

With all my love, to Inge

Song

Kurt Bikkembergs

words: William Blake (1757-1827)

Dolce e cantabile ♩ = c. 66

Soprano *p*
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,

Alto *p*
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,

Tenor *p*
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,

Bass *mp*
 How sweet I roam'd from field to field, And

5 *mp*
 how sweet, how sweet, 'Till I the prince of love be-held, Who

how sweet, how sweet, I the prince of

how sweet, how sweet, I the prince of

p
 tast-ed all the sum-mer's pride, I the prince of

9
 in the sun-ny beams did glide, who in the sun-ny beams did glide!

love did glide, who in the sun-ny, sun-ny beams did glide! Sweet,

love did glide, who in the sun-ny beams did glide! Sweet,

love did glide, who in the sun-ny beams did glide! Sweet,

13 *mf*
 He shew'd me li - lies for my hair, and
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,
 How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet, how sweet,

18
 blush - ing ros - es for my brow; He led me through his gar - dens fair, Where
mf
 how sweet, how sweet, He led me through his gar - dens fair, Where
mp *mf*
 how sweet, how sweet, He led me through Where
mp *mf*
 how sweet, how sweet, He led me through Where

22
 all his gold - en pleas - ures grow, where all his gold - en pleas - ures grow.
 all his gold - en pleas - ures grow, where all his pleas - ures grow.
 all his gold - en pleas - ures grow, where all his gold - en pleas - ures grow.
 all his gold - en pleas - ures grow, where all his pleas - ures grow.

26 *mf*
 With sweet May dews my

p

p

mf
 With sweet May dews my

30
 wings were wet, and Phoe-bus fir'd my vo-cal rage; He caught me in his

mp

mp

wings were wet, and Phoe-bus fir'd my vo-cal rage; He caught me in his

34 *Ritard.*
 silk-en net, And shut me in his gol-den cage, and shut me in his gol - den

p

p

p

p

silk-en net, And shut me in his gol-den cage, and shut me in his

A Tempo

solo/soli/alcuni

38

cage. He loves to sit and hear me sing, Then,

pp

cage. (m)

pp

cage. (m)

pp

cage. (m)

42

laugh-ing, sports and plays with me; Then stre-ches out my gol-den wing, And

all mp

mp

stre-ches out my gol-den wing, And

mp

Then stre-ches out my gol-den wing, And

mp

Then stre - ches my gol - den wing,

46

mocks my loss of lib - er - ty, and mocks my loss of lib - er - ty.

Molto ritard. al Fine

mf

mocks my loss of lib - er - ty, and mocks my loss of lib - er - ty.

mocks my loss of lib - er - ty, and mocks my loss of lib - er - ty.

loss of lib - er - ty, and mocks my loss of lib - er - ty.