

for Pearl Yeadon and Ani Berberian

Five Blake Songs

for Soprano and Clarinet

- I. The Smile**
- II. I heard an Angel singing**
- III. The Fly**
- IV. Holy Thursday**
- V. The Little Vagabond**

Michael Murray
(2001)

I. The Smile

William Blake

Michael Murray

$\bullet = 54$

Voice

Clarinet*

There is a Smile of Love, And there
is a Smile of De - ceit, And there is a Smile of Smiles In which these two Smiles
meet. And there is a Frown of Hate, And there is a Frown of dis - dain, And there
is a Frown of Frowns Which you strive to for - get in vain; For it sticks in the Heart's deep

mf *p* *mf* *p* *f* *mp* *mf*

*score in C

Core, And it sticks in the deep Back - bone, And no Smile that ev-er was smiled, But

f *mf*

on - ly one Smile a - lone, That be - twixt the Cra-dle & Grave, It on - ly once Smiled can

mp

be, But when it once is Smiled; There's an end to all Mis - er - y.

rit. *p*

II. I heard an Angel singing

William Blake

Michael Murray

$\text{♩} = 60$

I heard an An-gel sing-ing When the day was spring-ing:

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} \cdot$ (*sempre*)

"Mer-cy, Pi-ty, Peace Is the world's re-

lease." Thus he sung all day Ov-er the new mown hay,

Till the sun went down And hay-cocks look-ed brown. I

heard a Dev-il curse Ov-er the heath & the furze: "Mer-cy could be no more If there

was no-bo - dy poor, And pi - ty no more could be If all were as hap-py as we."

At his curse the sun went down, And the heav-ens gave a frown.

Down poured the hea-vy rain Ov-er the new reap'd grain, And Mis-er - ies' in - crease Is

Mer - cy, Pi - ty, Peace.

III. The Fly

William Blake

Michael Murray

ca. 1.5"
sim.
sfp

f *sfp* *f* *sfp*

f = 200

Lit - tle Fly, Thy sum-mer's

play My thought-less hand Has brushed a - way. Am not

I A fly like thee? Or art not thou A man like me?

mp

♩ = 100

For I dance And

p

drink & sing, Till some blind hand Shall brush my wing. If

thought is life And strength & breath, And the want Of

thought is death, Then am I A hap - py

f *mp*

fly, If I live, Or if I die.

IV. Holy Thursday

William Blake

Michael Murray

♩ = 80

mf *p* *mf* *mf*

Is

f *mp* *p* *mf*

this a ho - ly thing to see In a rich and fruit-ful land Babes re - duced to mis-er -

(sub-tone)

pp

y, Fed with cold and us-ur-ous hand?

mp *mf* *p* *f*

Is that trem - bling cry a song? Can it be

mp *p*

a song of joy? And so ma - ny child-ren poor; It is a land of po - ver - ty!

mf

f *mf* *p*

f *p* *sub.* *f* *pp* (sub tone)

And their sun does nev - er shine. And their fields are bleak & bare. And their ways are filled with

thorns. It is e - ter - nal win - ter there. For where - er the sun does shine, And where - er

mp

the rain does fall, Babe can nev - er hun - ger there, Nor pov - er - ty the mind ap - pall.

molto rit. *mf* *p*

V. The Little Vagabond

William Blake

Michael Murray

♩ = ca. 80

Dear Moth-er, dear Moth-er, the

mp

Church is cold, But the Ale-house is health-y & pleas-ant & warm;

mf

spoken*:
Be - sides, I can tell where I am used well; Such us-age in heav-en will

p

ne-ver do well. But if at the Church they would give us some Ale And a

mp *mf*

pleas-ant fire our souls to re-gale, We'd sing and we'd pray all the live - long day

*The notated rhythm of the spoken passages is not to be interpreted literally.

Nor ev-er once wish from the Church to stray. Then the Par-son might preach & drink & sing, And

p *mf*

we'd be as hap-py as birds in the spring, And mod-est dame Lurch, who is

mp

al-ways at Church, Would not have ban-dy chil-dren nor fast-ing nor birch. And

p *mf*

God, like a fa-ther re-joic-ing to see His chil-dren as pleas-ant and hap-py as he, Would

have no more quar-rel with the De-vil or the bar-rel But kiss him & give him both drink and ap-par-el.