

Lewis Krauthamer

Four Virginian Ballads on Themes of Human Weakness (2014)

for solo guitar.

Accompanied by the poetry of Combor

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Four Ballads on Themes of Human Weakness

For solo guitar

to Thomas Schuttenhelm

General indications

Scordatura microtonal notation and tuning:

This piece is written in a microtonal 6th-tone scale (36-EDO) – each conventional “half-step” is divided into three, hence the term “6th-tone.” This is notated with the use of upward and downward arrows applied to conventional accidentals. An accidental with an upward arrow indicates a pitch sounding a 6th-tone (33 cents) higher than written, downward arrows indicate a 6th-tone (33 cts) lower, while no arrow indicates a pitch sounding as written. This is playable on a guitar with a conventional fretboard, tuned in the following manner:

String 1: D# tuned w/ a reference A 449 Hz (tuned a 6th-tone sharp).

String 2: B \flat tuned w/ a ref. A 432 Hz (6th-tone flat).

String 3: F# tuned normally (A 440 Hz).

String 4: C# tuned w/ a ref. A 449 (6th-tone sharp).

String 5: A \flat tuned w/ a ref. A 432 Hz (6th-tone flat).

String 6: E \flat tuned normally (A 440 Hz).

Music is notated on two staves – the upper staff indicates pitches as sounding; the lower tablature staff indicates where on a conventional fretboard notes must be played.

Note – All notes should generally be played legato and sustained, as a piano with the damper pedal down, unless otherwise indicated (hand position changes, staccato articulations and other musical concerns may impede the prolonged vibration of a note).

Movement-specific indications

II. “x” note-heads (page 5, bottom syst., through page 6) indicate a percussive (unpitched) sound made by applying the LH finger nail to string 1 (precise fret position is not important, though the major harmonic nodes should be avoided), and plucking forcefully with the RH.

III.

Guitar “preparation”: place a thin (in diameter) nail between strings 4, 5 and 6, close to and parallel with the bridge; plucking these strings should result in a bell/gong-like sound.

Boxed tablature: played with a glass or metal slide (LH). (Note – Diamonds, distinct from “boxes,” still indicate harmonics and may be stopped with fingers). “Upward-looking” boxes (like arrows) = place slide approx.. 1/3 higher than the indicated fret. “Downward” boxes = 1/3 lower. The slide should only be pressed lightly against strings, allowing for the most full and resonant tone possible.

“x” note-heads (page 8, bottom syst. to page 9, middle syst.) indicate strumming on the fingerboard, on the opposite side of the slide. Movement of the slide should be unaffected by this, in continual motion.

IV.

Fan: An unobtrusive background noise – a vent, fan, motor, or similar, that can be turned on at the beginning of this movement, turned off at the middle of p. 14, then turned on again in the middle of p. 15. This should be audible, but, if possible, hidden from the audience’s view. Ideally, audience members should not be aware that the sound functions as part of the piece.

Small note-heads with downward stems (staff) and small numbers with upward stems (tablature) (page 13 to page 14, middle syst.; and page 16, middle syst. to end) = material played by fingering the LH only. Normal-sized note-heads with upward stems (staff) and normal-sized numbers with downward stems (tab.) = notes plucked normally with the RH. Generally speaking, dynamics are meant to apply only to notes articulated with the RH.

“x” note-heads (page 13 to page 14, middle syst.; and page 16, middle syst. to end) indicate a percussive tapping with one of the RH fingers (if possible, on the pad of the finger, not the nail or knuckle) on the body of the instrument.

Notes & indications regarding the incorporation of text

In this work, the performer is given the option of incorporating spoken and/or recorded text. Alternately, the work may be performed musically, with no verbal interference.

The poetry included is by a French poet known only as Combor. After I completed the music to this piece, I was struck with the idea of approaching my long-lost poet friend from France to see whether he would be interested in composing poetry to accompany my composition. After months of searching for a way to contact him, I finally tracked him down, and he welcomed my invitation. The parameters I gave him were quite simple; I gave him the gist of the images and stories that inspired each piece. I also sent the musical recording; though he expressed no interest in knowing about the music, and I suspect he never gave it a listen. Through this process, he and I interacted very little. For this reason, when I began looking for ways to arrange his poetry over my music, I was stunned to find how closely and beautifully his images fit mine.

Text may be spoken or a recording may be used. If you are interested in using Combor's own recording, please contact me at sixthtones@gmail.com.

The text, indicated in the score, appears on three levels: above the "grand staff," below, and once or twice in the middle: it is important always to read the text left-to-right, even zig-zagging low to high. Text indicated above the "grand staff" should be used as cues for the guitarist. The guitarist must play after hearing the final word of that cue (given underlined and with an asterisk). This does not happen at every appearance of text; indeed, for the most part it is up to the speaker or the sound-recording-operator to follow the guitarist. Numbers that precede the text indicate places where the operator (if a recording is used) should press play. The recording should continue playing until "/" is seen at the end of a verse. At this point, the operator should press pause or stop until the next number is seen. This will allow the guitarist to continue freely, and as long as numbers and "/" signs are followed, text will be synchronized with music. The placement under the music of unnumbered verses is suggestive – the guitarist should not feel confined to follow the rhythm/placement of the recording. Finally, when text is seen in between the two staves, this indicates a place where the guitarist may attempt to play "along with" the rhythm of the text. This need not be done strictly or literally.

Program notes

This work incorporates songs and subjects derived from Virginian popular folklore. In preparing it, I have borrowed material from the following places:

Thomas E. Barden (ed.), *Virginia Folk Legends* (Charlottesville, VA: University Press of Virginia, 1991).

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr. (ed.), *Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1929).

Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr. (ed.), *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia* (Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1960).

“Virginia Traditions”: Nine albums of music collected in Virginia, originally issued between 1978 and 1988 by the Blue Ridge Institute of Ferrum College, now available through Smithsonian Folkways.

I. “The Two Sisters”

Two loving sisters walked to the salt sea brim
--Oh, the wind and rain
One pushed the other in to the waters waters deep
--and she cried a dreadful wind and rain...

Each of these pieces deals with one form or another of human weakness. What is dealt with in this first piece is Jealousy. Two sisters are in love with the same man – one pushes the other into the sea to drown. She then floats or swims to a milldam, where she is fished out, and (in some versions of the song) her bones and hair are fashioned into a magic fiddle that, when played, is made to recount the tragic tale.

II. “Pretty Polly and the Elf Knight”

She jumped upon the bonny, bonny brown,
And he the piebald bay,
And rode along by the broad water side...

The subject dealt with here is Treachery. An evil Elf Knight seduces a woman and the two ride together to a secluded spot near the waterside where he has previously drowned other young maids. The tables turn, however, as the woman, strong and courageous, seizes the Elf-Knight and throws him into the water instead. The woman’s pet, a meddlesome parrot named Polly, also forms part of this ballad. Since in most versions the woman and the parrot share the same name (Polly), it is not always easy to distinguish between the two. The music of this piece is forward moving – the two lovers ride side-by-side, Polly with her loving optimism, the Elf-Knight with evil designs. The music is pervaded by Parrot clucks and caws.

III. “The Mermaid”

’T was Friday morn when we set sail, and we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a mermaid fair with a comb and a glass in her hand.
Oh, the ocean waves they roll, and the stormy winds they blow...

What concerns us in “The Mermaid” is that most basic and primitive form of human weakness – Fear. In maritime folklore, a mermaid sighting is considered a dark omen, boding rough and dangerous weather ahead.

IV. “A Performing Artist Meets his Spirit Dog”

There stood a big, black dog. It had eyes as big as saucers, and they looked like balls of fire.

The final piece of this collection, dealing with Vanity, is the only one of these not directly linked to a traditional song or ballad theme. The “Spirit Dog” is a supernatural creature that finds its way into many folk-tales from Virginia and elsewhere. They are often said to appear before a dying person’s bed. Why they are there is not always clear – perhaps they are an indication of the person’s past wicked deeds, perhaps they serve as some mysterious kind of warning – or perhaps they appear more simply as a mere omen of death. In composing this piece I conceived of a meeting between one of these little devil dogs and a performing artist (whether a singer, dancer, drummer, guitarist, etc. is irrelevant). Having led a life of vanity, pettiness, self-involvement, self-promotion, he is suddenly faced with the reality of death. Moments of quiet and solitude alternate with moments of bargaining, where the artist attempts to “audition” for a way out of his predicament.

French poetry by Combor; English translation by L. Krauthamer

The Two Sisters

What wind and rain!
What kind of idea of yours was it
To lead me out to these rocks?

“Do you not enjoy the forces overtaking us?
This love, grudgingly shared between us?
Fix your eyes a moment on the horizon.”

As her eyes fixed, her sister approached with open arms
We shall hear no more of her
Her cry is covered by the storm.

Hurled by the wave-crests
On the wide-open sea
The body, broken, now reappeared

The wind’s hand cradled her
And on a shore set her down
A few leagues down, vanes stood at attention for aeolus

The miller who was fishing
Having entrusted the mill’s sails to the wind
Saw the out-of-tune instrument, a body.

“Here it is, my dream come true:
Hair for the bow
And bones for the fingerboard!”

Hardly had he tightened the strings of the violin
That an undine-voice escaped there
Intoning the present ballad
Yes, this one, the same you have just heard.

Les deux sœurs

Que de vent que de pluie !
Quelle idée t’es venue
De m’amener sur ces rochers ?

« N’aimes-tu pas les forces qui nous dépassent ?
Cet amour, que nous partageons de mauvaise grâce ?
Fixe un peu l’horizon. »

Comme elle fixait, sa sœur fit l’accolade
On n’entendra plus parler d’elle
La tempête couvre son hurlement.

Passée la crête des vagues
Sur la mer plus étale
Le corps broyé refit surface

Le vent d’une main la berçait
Qui l’a posée sur une grève.
A quelques lieues, des pales requerraient éole

Le meunier qui pêchait
Confiant au vent les ailes du moulin
Vit l’instrument désaccordé, un corps.

« Voici mon rêve qui s’accomplit :
Des cheveux pour l’écrin
Et des os pour le manche ! »

À peine tendues les cordes du violon
Qu’une voix d’ondine s’en échappa
Entonnant la présente ballade
Oui, celle-là même, que vous venez d’ouïr.

Pretty Polly and the Elf-Knight

“This is not my first plot,” thought the elf, “neither my first nor my last.
There, at the lakeside, I will have a well-stocked store of fiancées.”
He especially dreamed of Polly, the most beautiful of them all.

Polly, she dreamed of love; in reverie she came upon it.
“Elf, my elf, my knight...” she mumbled. But then she fancied she heard a reply:
“I am here and I shall come. We will meet at the lakeside.”

Could it have been imagined, such a lifelike voice?
On the set day, he appeared, more elf-like than ever, valiant knight.
“Polly, am I the one who is now dreaming, or will you accept me as I am?”

She followed him enraptured, love-drunk.
- Where are we going?
- We are exiting the dream, we are going to the lakeside, to our destiny.

It was then that a voice, ringing out high and shrill, intervened in the dialogue:
“Elf, my elf, my knight... I am here, and I shall come for you all. We will meet at the lakeside.”

“Amusing,” said the knight.
“Unsettling,” said Polly.
The voice was unceasing.

“Elf, my elf, my knight... I am here, and I shall come for you all. We will meet at the lakeside.”
How many young ladies does that make, giving the same speech?

And how many young ones whistling the same tune?

The elf kept silent, his eyes open but lifeless.

Having arrived at the lake, the knight, taking Polly by the shoulder, posed a question:
“Don’t you have a pet?”
But she had already plunged him into the water, the parrot on the shoulder, the bruised shoulder.
Polly, parrot, will remain a virgin for some time longer.
Happy bird, ill-fated bird, the clever bird
Cried out into the air:

Hurrah!
Parrot beaming, parrot distributing her colors,
To all betrayed women, all around.

The elf kept silent, his eyes open but lifeless.

Polly papagaye

« Ce n’est pas mon premier coup, pensait l’elfe, ni mon premier ni le dernier.
Là-bas, sur la rive, mes prétendantes seront nombreuses. »
Surtout, il songeait à Polly, la plus belle d’entre toutes.

Polly, elle songeait à l’amour, qu’elle avait croisé en rêve.
« Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... » marmonnait-elle. En retour, elle croyait entendre :
« Je suis là et je viendrai. Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »

Était-ce un rêve que cette voix si tant réelle ?
Au jour fixé, il apparut, plus elfique que jamais, preux chevalier.
« Polly, est-ce moi qui te rêve à cet instant, ou m’acceptes-tu tel que je suis ? »

Ensorcelée, elle le suivit, ivre d’amour.
- Où allons-nous ?
- Nous sortons du rêve, nous allons vers la rive, à nous promise.

C’est alors qu’une voix, issue du très aigu, s’interposa dans le dialogue :
« Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... Je suis là, et pour vous toutes je viendrai.
Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »

« Amusant », dit le chevalier.
« Inquiétant », murmura Polly.
La voix ne se lassait pas.

« Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... Je suis là, et pour vous toutes je viendrai.
Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »
Ça en fait combien, de jeunes femmes, tenant le même discours ?

Et combien de prétendants, sifflant la même rengaine ?

L’elfe garda le silence, les yeux ouverts, sans vie.

Arrivé au lac, le chevalier, prenant Polly par l’épaule, osa une question :
« N’as-tu pas un animal familier ? »
Mais déjà elle l’avait noyé, le perroquet posé sur l’épaule, l’épaule meurtrie.
Polly, papagaye, pour un temps encore, restera vierge.
Oiseau de bonheur, oiseau de malheur, l’oiseau connaisseur criailla à la cantonade :

Hourrah !
Perroquet chatoyant, perroquet distribuant ses couleurs
À toutes les femmes trahies, aux alentours.

L’elfe garda le silence, les yeux ouverts, sans vie.

The Mermaid

We were moving along, our vessel unblemished
We looked upon this journey smiling
We, draining our cups with relish
As we left port

Capt'n Hawks, our protector!
Strangely, the man remained pensive
He was even losing at cards
... Over some sweetheart, it's clear.

We saw him at the parapet
Scrutinizing the horizon without a compass
You'd have thought him Christopher Columbus
Worried over a mistaken course

It was noon when he cried there!
There, there, there!

Serene it was, half submerged in its watery home
Out of the water, the human half held
In one hand, a shard of quartz
In the other, a comb

Mermaid!
Fellows, say your prayers
We have not reached the end of our trials
Avert your eyes from the Sirens' smiles'
Better still, cover your ears!

So these hardened sailors
Counting their death in the gushy flow
To the odious rhythm
Of women and algae in bifid forms
Captain Hawks, your crew
You have not kept at the anchor
The storm is at the helm
Its name: fear, old as man

“Good God, cover your ears!
I order you.
And pull, pull hard!
I order you. Pull.
We will force our way out, or else... we perish.”

Omen

Nous allions sans une avarie
Nous sourions à ce voyage
Nous purgeant de nos beuveries
De quand nous marinions à quai

Cap'taine Hawks, notre providence !
Bizarrement, le gars restait songeur
Il perdait même aux cartes
... Une peine de cœur, c'est l'évidence

On le voyait au bastingage
Scruter l'horizon
On aurait dit Christophe Colomb
Croyant se gourer de cap

À midi, il a crié là !
Là, là, là !

Tranquille, avec sa seule partie humaine
Hors de l'eau, il l'avait avisée
Dans une main, un éclat de quartz
Dans l'autre un peigne

Mermaid !
Les gars, faites votre prière
Nous ne sommes pas au bout de nos peines
Recueillez-vous, au chant des sirènes
Ou bien, bouchez-vous les oreilles !

Donc ces marins tant aguerris
Comptaient leurs morts dans le bouillon
Au rythme odieux
De femmes et d'algues aux formes bifides
Capitaine Hawks, ton équipage
Tu ne le tiens plus à l'ancre
La tempête est à la barre
Son nom : frayeur, c'est séculaire

« Bon dieu, bouchez-vous les oreilles !
J'ordonne.
Et souquez, souquez ferme !
J'ordonne. Souquez.
Nous passerons en force, ou bien... nous périrons. »

A Performing Artist Meets His Spirit Dog

Why did it appear to him so ugly, because he, like it, had no care for the future, so full of himself?
Why did it appear to him so black, because he himself, consumed in his career, had not noticed the small things?
Why did it appear to him so large, in order to make room for himself, the artist!

Above all, this large hound, black and loyal, why had it lodged lead shot in its sockets, these aiming gun-dog eyes?
At the culmination of such a brilliant career, why bother himself with such company?
He had to admit that he had not chosen the hound, but that the beast had chosen him.

Since when?
Since the time at the festival, when he had won the award, the trophy, the most coveted prize?
Since the time when the small things in life came to seem petty?
Since the time he became an Artist, took the role of an Artist, was first called an Artist?

The worst thing about this hound was that it expressed nothing.
All these questions fell into nothingness.
Was he, after all, simply alone?
Henceforth, not a single step without this evil eye, this lead-eye, making children run and collaborators stammer.
Lie down!

Ah yes sleep, on the laurels
Press them against your head
Sleep covered in glory
Beside the bedside rug, black, ugly, hairy, dislocated jaw, dwelling upon that wonderful career
Behind those lead-eyes.
Vanity!

Vanity

Pourquoi le voyait-il si moche, puisqu'il était comme lui, sans souci pour l'avenir, plein de lui-même ?
Pourquoi le voyait-il si noir, puisque lui-même, pour mener sa carrière, n'avait pas regardé aux détails ?
Pourquoi le voyait-il si gros, alors qu'il faut bien se faire une place, l'artiste !

Surtout, ce gros chien, noir et fidèle, pourquoi avait-il logé du plomb dans ses orbites, des yeux braqués de chien de fusil ?
Au bout d'une carrière si brillante, pourquoi s'encombrer d'une telle compagnie ?
Il dut s'avouer qu'il n'avait pas choisi ce chien, mais que la bête l'avait choisi.

Depuis quand ?
Depuis qu'au festival, il avait reçu la coupe, la palme, le trophée, le prix tant convoité ?
Depuis que les petites choses de la vie lui semblaient mesquines ?
Depuis qu'il était l'Artiste, qu'il faisait l'Artiste, qu'on l'appelait l'Artiste ?

Le pire avec ce chien, c'est qu'il n'exprimait rien.
Toutes ces questions tombaient dans le néant.
En fin de compte, était-il tout seul ?
Désormais, pas un pas sans ce mauvais œil, cet œil de plomb, faisant fuir les enfants et balbutier les partenaires.
Couché !

Ah oui dormir, sur les lauriers
Les écraser de la tête
Dormir couvert de gloire
Auprès d'une descente de lit, noire, moche, pelucheuse, à la mâchoire démise, ressassant la belle carrière
Derrière ses yeux de plomb.
Vanity !

Poco rit. ----- Tempo I *sol part.*

Moving toward bridge gradually...

Moving toward bridge gradually...

*Poco rit. ----- Tempo I *sol part.**

normale.

normale.

tr. mmmmm
le body, moving toward the bridge.

ppp

4. Le meunier qui pêchait
Confiant au vent les ailes du moulin
Vit l'instrument désaccordé, un corps.

« Voici mon rêve qui s'accomplit :
Des cheveux pour l'écrin
Et des os pour le manche ! »

À peine tendues les cordes du violon
Qu'une voix d'ondine s'en échappa
Entonnant la présente ballade
Oui, celle-là même, que vous venez d'ouïr. //

L.H. fingered only (*mf*) ----- *normale.*

L.H. fingered only

R.H. (tr.)

normale.

ppp

ppp

ppp

II. PRETTY POLLY AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

Moving along

5. « Ce n'est pas mon premier coup, pensait l'elfe, ni mon premier ni le dernier. Là-bas, sur la rive, mes prétendantes seront nombreuses. » Surtout, il songeait à Polly, la plus belle d'entre toutes.

Polly, elle songeait à l'amour, qu'elle avait croisé en rêve. « Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... » murmurait-elle. En retour, elle croyait entendre : « Je suis là et je viendrai. Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »

« Était-ce un rêve que cette voix si tant réelle ? Au jour fixé, il apparut, plus elfique que jamais, preux chevalier. « Polly, est-ce moi qui te réveille à cet instant, ou m'acceptes-tu tel que je suis ? »

C'est alors qu'une voix, issue du très aigu, s'interposa dans le dialogue : *

bring out melody

Ensorcelée, elle le suivit.*

[repeat appro x. 4 X]

« Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... »

ivre d'amour. Où allons-nous ? Nous sortons du rêve, nous allons vers la rive, à nous promise.

bring out melody (mf)

Je suis là, et pour vous toutes je viendrai. Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »

pp subito

« Amusant », dit le chevalier. « Inquiétant », murmura Polly. La voix ne se lassait pas. //

« Amusant », dit le chevalier. « Inquiétant », murmura Polly. La voix ne se lassait pas. //

piu f

piu f 6. « Elfe, mon elfe, mon chevalier... Je suis là, et pour vous toutes je viendrai.
Nous irons nous réjouir sur la rive. »

Ça en fait combien, de jeunes femmes, tenant le même discours ?

Sweetly (sustained) *ppoco rit.* *a tempo*

Et combien de prétendants, sifflant la même rengaine ? //

Polly, papagaye,
pour un temps
encore, restera
vierge.
Oiseau de bonheur,
oiseau de malheur.*

(non rit.) *(non rit.)* *As in opening*

7. L'elfe garda le silence, les yeux ouverts, sans vie.

8. Arrivés au lac, le chevalier,
prenant Polly par l' épaule, osa une
question :
« N' as-tu pas un animal familier ? »
Mais déjà elle l' avait noyé, le
perroquet posé sur l' épaule,
l' épaule meurtrie.

l' oiseau connaisseur criaila
à la cantonade :

Handwritten musical score for guitar, first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The melody includes slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like "mf" and "mp". The bass line features a sequence of notes with diamond-shaped fingering markers and some triplets. There are also some handwritten annotations like "tamb." and "pp".

9. L'elfe garda le silence, les yeux ouverts, sans vie. //

Handwritten musical score for guitar, second system. It continues the two-staff format from the first system. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the bass line with diamond-shaped fingering markers and a triplet of notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

III. THE MERMAID

10. Nous allons sans une avarie
 Nous sourions à ce voyage
 Nous purgeant de nos beuveries
 De quand nous marinions à quai *

Slow.

*Somewhat faster;
 bring-out upper line.*

Prepare strings
 4, 5 & 6 with
 a nail (see notes)

Cap' taine Hawks, notre providence !
 Bizarrement, le gars restait songeur
 Il perdait même aux cartes
 ...Une peine de cœur, c' est l' évidence //

11. À midi, il a crié là !
 Là, là, là !

* "X" note-heads: strike strings on fingerboard,
 on the opposite side of the slide.

Hummed by
guitarist
(at any 8ve)

Tranquille, avec sa seule partie humaine / Hors de l' eau, il l' avait avisée / Dans une main, un éclat de quartz / Dans l' autre un peigne

Mermaid ! //

12. Les gars, faites
votre prière

(Slow!)

Nous ne sommes pas au bout
de nos peines

Recueillez-vous, au
chant des sirènes

Ou bien, bouchez-
vous les oreilles !

Donc ces marins tant
aguerris
Comptaient leurs
morts dans le bouillon
Au rythme odieux *

12. Les gars, faites
votre prière

De femmes et d' algues aux
formes bifides

(cresc. poco a poco)

Cresc. poco a poco

(cresc. poco a poco)

Cresc. poco a poco

Capitaine Hawks, ton équipage / Tu ne le tiens plus à l'ancre / La tempête est à la barre
 « Bon dieu, bouchez-vous les oreilles ! / J'ordonne. / Et souquez, souquez ferme ! / J'ordonne. / Souquez.

ff dim. e rit. poco a poco

ff

ff dim. e rit. poco a poco

Nous passerons en force, ou bien... nous périrons. » //

sost.

freely (somewhat slow)

f (but project)

sost.

IV. A Performing Artist Meets his Spirit Dog.

Turn on fan.

13. Pourquoi le voyait-il si moche, puisqu' il était comme lui, sans souci pour l' avenir, plein de lui-même ? Pourquoi le voyait-il si noir, puisque lui-même, pour mener sa carrière, n' avait pas regardé aux détails ? Pourquoi le voyait-il si gros, alors qu' il faut bien se faire une place, l' artiste !

Unsettled, restless, not overly rushed
Surtout. *

mp (sustain lower melody)

ce gros chien, noir et fidèle, pourquoi avait-il logé du plomb dans ses orbites, des yeux braqués de chien de fusil ? //

14. Au bout d' une carrière si brillante, pourquoi s' encombrer d' une telle compagnie ?

Il dut s'avouer qu'il n'avait pas choisi ce chien, mais que la bête l'avait choisi.

Vocal humming (any pitch)

All legato, hushed (behind guitar), mark silence(s) for breath.

poco rit.

resonant

mp

p cresc. poco a poco

mp cresc.

down

A tempo

(prophetic)

sol pont.

sol pont.

15. Depuis quand ? *

Tapping with finger on body of instrument (RH)

(Tapping, RH)

Depuis qu' au festival, il avait reçu la coupe, la palme, le trophée, le prix tant convoité ?

(brief)

(brief)

Depuis que les petites choses de la vie lui semblaient mesquines ?

(plucked, RH)

(plucked, RH)

(fingered, LH)

(fingered, LH)

(plucked, RH)

Depuis qu' il était l' Artiste, qu' il faisait l' Artiste, qu' on l' appelait l' Artiste ? //

4

3 2

4 4

4

Depuis qu' il était l' Artiste, qu' il faisait l' Artiste, qu' on l' appelait l' Artiste ? //

16. Le pire avec ce chien, c' est qu' il n' exprimait rien.

Toutes ces questions tombaient dans le néant.

En fin de compte, était-il tout seul ? * //

poco rit. -----

(cresc. poco a poco)

a tempo

ff decresc.