9. Child Soldiers-Reunion

Instructor

Kur

Dur

Tenor

Bass

Snare Drum

Marimba

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

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al-am-har? Glad to red-army boys

Are we win-ning the war?

We're al-ways win-ning the war.
The lips almost closed
(as if blowing hot soup
to cool it down)

It's so small
the opening

In wonder

B

In wonder

B

bullet is not wide

Is the bullet hot?

Whispering

Sharp inhale

Phoo

Sharp inhale

Whispering

Ny-an

Ny-an

Oh

The gun makes it
The gun makes it hot

The bullet is not wide

The bullet is not wide

The bullet is not wide
We are jay - sh al-am-har?

We are red ar-my boys

Buot kee rou ween Buot kee rou mith Buot kee

Buot kee rou ween Buot kee rou mith Buot kee
Shaken

I feel I'm not doing so well but one month later I'm back in hell

Change the freq. by moving the lips gradually from an open smile to a pout at varying rates as desired. Each voice going at a different rate, to create a "layered wind"

Make the sound as continuous as possible, retake breath when necessary

Hmm

arco

mp
Sophie

Ben

S.

A.

T.

B.

S. D.

Vla.

Vc.

A mobile hospital On the front-line, a shrie-king tent with a red cross sign.

I thought they'd for-gotten a bout us and
I'm here again

Change of tone, very direct

now they send an angel Are you well? angel Sophie? Well welcome to the plague days Our gory spectacle of blunders It's
all going down angel Sophie We're all going down so gloves on Stage Whisper

Stage Whisper

Buot kee rou mith Buot kee rou

Buot kee rou buot kee buot kee rou

Stage Whisper

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

arco

p
The day had a wife

Buot kee rou mith

Buot kee ween Buot kee rou mith

Buot kee rou

Buot kee rou Buot kee rou Buot kee rou
before the crash we sat
and watched the terns baa-ling

then spread their wings in the snow
rising and falling over
I didn't know I'm sorry

a grey Lincolnshire sea.

When I sleep I can forget her I can forget all this blood.
I can forget the hundreds of bullets I've removed. I can forget the flick of her just washed hair. He's done take him back.
Sophie: Confidently

Ben: Give him some mor-phine then take him a-way  A bu-llet in his skull and his

S.: Next! Kee rou rou Kee rou rou Kee rou

A.: Next! Kee rou rou Kee rou rou Kee rou

T.: kee rou kee rou kee rou kee rou kee rou kee rou rou

B.: Buot Buot Buot Buot Buot Buot Buot Buot

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.
balls blown away I won't waste my knife for a vegetable life There's a queue out there.

Thirty men in a queue out there I can't wait for a vegetable life

There's a queue out there.

Thirty men in a queue out there I can't wait for a vegetable life
Ben

saw him up but he'll have no balls, just a life-time of pain and a wee-ta-bix brain

Next.

S.

S. D.

Mar.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla

Vc
just got a whole lot worse

Di-dn't they tell you?

They should have told you.
I'll come.

If I make it to the end of the queue will you come and mop my brow?
This is the best elephant I've ever tasted. This elephant will make me kill an arab.

It tastes better than glucose biscuits.

That is what Din-ka boys are for. Din-ka boys are the best army boys. Din-ka boys have the biggest pricks. Din-ka boys will win the war.