Two Songs

On poems by Barry Fentiman-Hall
Two Songs

1. Dark at Teatime

Barry Fentiman-Hall

Quite fast, but freely, like recitative

This train is not stop-ping To corrupt the dream-ing

mf bright

No ad-ding grey to white

A chia-ros-cu-ro ma-ni fe-sto

Dead sea scrol-ling past my

(poco rall...)

(più cantabile)

\(j = 90\) bluesy

Trees get caught in the

\(pp\) semplice
lens flare Of low still water dark ing

Under shivering power cables hung

Like pig's bellies off to the mar

mf pp subito f pp p sotto voce

mf pp
Far hills fast fading blue

Wreathed like scarves behind The bleak

chuch tower, stilled After gentle bells have chimed
Pen-ny-ing the proffered plate  Too late for buried

bones  Lost for want of coal

accel.  \( \begin{array}{c} \text{in hearth} \\ \text{The clocks} \end{array} \)  \( \begin{array}{c} f \\ mp \\ f \end{array} \)  \( \begin{array}{c} ff \\ p \end{array} \)  \( j = 128 \text{ with sardonic anger} \)
are all turned back Kee-ping

day light safe in Eng land Com-for-ting

the silent silent Sha-dows
Dark at tea-time as it should be

Sun, sun, sun,

sun, sun,

Sun

Sun,

to-morrow, in their hands
2. Go and Look At The Moon

\[ \text{\`d} = 56 \text{ calm, still} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

Go and look at the moon, she said
It shows the colour of your

\[ \text{p} \]

dreaming
The blood red water Where the sturgeon swims, The streams of

\[ \text{mf} \]

thought About once-time things

\[ \text{pp} \]

Go and look at the moon, she said
You will see your

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]
self the way I see you Friday night diamonds Many

shine with your reflection Where you walk the dark desire lines

Where you walk the dark desire lines To find me
Go and look at the moon, she said.

Tell me of its light casts where you are.
Catch it in your hands And bring it safely home

Bright still, like your eyes

Finding me the first time