

Till Martin Lindau

Night songs

Op. 24

(2012)

Fem sånger till texter ur
William Blakes Songs of Innocence
komponerade av

David Unger

(f. 1982)

Though soon this evening will turn into night
and darkness cover every single thing
I think that if we all join in and sing
the darkness will not chase away our light.

For even if it is not burning bright
for all to see, the singing it will bring
an inner light to all who join our ring
of singers, singing with their hearts delight.

And any evil creatures of the dark
who mean to cause us harm and make us fear
by pouring poisoned sand into our sleep
will back away when they see the bright spark
of light that has been lit by songs so dear,
so that we safely all our dreams can keep.

David Unger, April 18th, 2013

Night

(William Blake)

Till Martin Lindau

David Unger

Op. 24 nr. 1

Steadily ♩ = 130

mf

mp

5

The sun de -
Fare - well, green

mp

5

10

scen fields - ding and in hap - the py west, groves, the where eve flocks - ning star took does de -

10

2
15

Night

shine; light. Where the birds are si - lent in their

20

*mf**p*

nest, moves and the I feet must of seek an - gels mine. bright; The un -

25

pp

moon, like a flo - wer, in hea - ven's high bo - wer, with si -
seen they pour bles - sing, and joy with - out cea - sing, on each

30 *mp* *p* Night

lent bud de - light sits and each smiles on the
bud and blos - som, and each slee - - on - the ping

35 *mp*

night. Sits and smiles on the ping night.
bo - som. And each slee - on the ping bo - som.

40

40

4
45Night *mf*

They look in eve ry
And there the li on's

50

thought - less nest, where birds are co - ver'd warm;
rud - dy eyes shall flow with tears of gold,

55

they and vi pi - sit ty - caves of the eve ten - ry der beast, to and
cries,

60

keep - them all round from harm. If they see a - ny His
wal - king round the fold, sa - ying 'Wrath by His

60

mp

65

p *mf*

wee - ping that should have been slee - ping, they pour sleep on their
mee - ness, and by His health sick - ness is dri - ven a -

65

p *mf*

70

mp

head, _____ and sit from down im by mor - their bed. _____
way _____ from our day. _____

70

mp

6
75

Night

mf

And sit down by their bed.
From our im mor - tal day.

80

85

mp

When wolves and ti - gers howl for
And now be - side thee, blea - ting

90

prey, lamb, they pi - ty - ing stand and weep; _____ or
I can lie down and sleep; _____

95

see - king to drive their thirst a - way name, and keep them
think on Him who bore thy name, graze af - ter

mf

100

from thee the and sheep. But For if wash'd they in rush life's dread - ful, the My
weep. _____ ri - ver. _____

p *pp*

8
105

Night *mp*

an - gels, most heed - ful, re - cieve each mild spi - rit,
bright mane for - e - ver shall shine like the gold

105

mp

110

p *mp*

as new worlds guard to o'er in - he - rit. As New I

110

p

115

worlds guard to o'er in - he - rit.

115

mp *mf*

120

120

f

125 *rit.*

125 *rit.*

Oskarshamn den 10:e september 2012
(reviderad april 2013)

A cradle song

(William Blake)
Till Martin Lindau

David Unger
Op. 24 nr. 2

Gently flowing

mp

5 *mp*

Sweet dreams, form a shade o'er my lit - tle in - fants head;
Sweet smiles, in the night ho - ver o - ver my de - light;
Sleep, sleep, hap - py child, all cre - a - tion slept and smil'd;
Wept for me, for thee for all, when He was an in - fant small.

9 *poco rit.*

sweet dreams of plea - sant streams by hap - py, si - lent, moo - ny beams.
sweet smiles, mo - thers smiles, all the live - long night be - guiles.
sleep, sleep, hap - py sleep, while o'er thee thy mo - ther weep.
Thou His i - mage e - ver see, heav'n - ly face that smiles on thee

poco rit.

2
13*p* *a tempo*

A cradle song

Sweet sleep, with soft down weave thy brows an in - fant crown.
Sweet moans, — dovelike sighs, chase not slum - ber from thy eyes.
Sweet smiles on thee, on in thy face; ho - ly i - mage I can trace.
a tempo who be - came an in - fant small.

17

*mf**mp*

Sweet sleep, An - gel mild. Ho - ver o'er my hap - py child.
Sweet moans, swee - ter smiles, all the dove - like moans be - guiles.
Sweet babe, once like me thy Ma - ker lay and wept for me,
In - fant smiles are His own smiles; Heav'n and earth to peace be - guiles.

21

mf *mp*

A dream

(William Blake)
Till Martin Lindau

David Unger
Op. 24 nr. 3

Dreamy, not too slow (♩ = 120)

5 *pp*

Once a dream did weave a shade o'er my An - gel - guar - ded bed.

9

That an em - met lost its way where on grass me - thought I lay.

13

Agitated (♩=♩)

17

mf

Troub-led, 'wil-der'd and for-lorn. Dark, be-nigh - ted, tra-vel - worn,

21

o - ver ma - ny a tan - gled spray, all heart - broke I heard her

(♩=♩)

accel.

Very upset (♩ = 180)

f

24

say:

'O, my chil - dren!

say: 'O, my chil - dren!

27

do they cry? Do they hear their fa - ther sigh? Now they look a -

31 *molto rit.*

broad to see: Now re - turn and weep for me.'

31 *molto rit.*

Agitated (♩. = 80)

34 *mf*

Pi - ty - ing, I dropp'd a tear; but I saw a glow-worm near,

34 *mf*

38 *(♩ = ♩)*

who re - plied: 'What wai - ling wight calls the watch-man of the night?'

38

42 **Dreamy, not to slow**

42 *pp*

46 *pp*

46 'I am set to light the ground, while the beet - le goes his round:

50

50 Fol - low now the beet - les hum; lit - tle wand' - rer, hie thee home.'

54

54

58

58 *mf* *pp*

Ped.

The little boy lost

(William Blake)

Till Martin Lindau

David Unger

Op. 24 nr. 4

Upset

5 *f*

'Fat - ther! fa - ther! where are you go - ing? O do not walk so fast.

5 *f*

9 *mf*

Speak, fa-ther, speak to your litt - le boy, or else I shall be lost. Or

9 *mf*

f

2
13

The little boy lost *p*

else I shall be lost.' The night was dark, no fa - ther was there; the

13

f *p*

17

mf

child was wet with dew; the mire was deep and the

17

mf

20

f

child — did weep, and a - way the va - pour flew.

20

f *subito p* *f*

24

24

ff

The little boy found

(William Blake)

Till Martin Lindau

David Unger
Op. 24 nr. 5

Like a merry dance

mf

The litt - le boy lost in the lone - ly fen, led by the wand' - ring light, be -

mp

5

gan to cry; but God, e - ver nigh, ap - peared like his fa - ther, in white. He

mp

p

9

kissed the child, and by the hand led, and to his mo - ther brought, who in

p

2
13

The little boy found *p*
rit.

sor - row pale, thro' the lone - ly dale, her litt-le boy wee-ping sought. *a tempo*

13

rit.
p

18

18

mf

Oskarshamn den 12:e september 2012