Malcolm Hill
(1944 -)

Three Songs of a Fleeing English Slave

for

high Mezzo-Soprano

or Baritone

and Piano

(transposed pitch)

mj26 1965

www.malcolm-hill.co.uk

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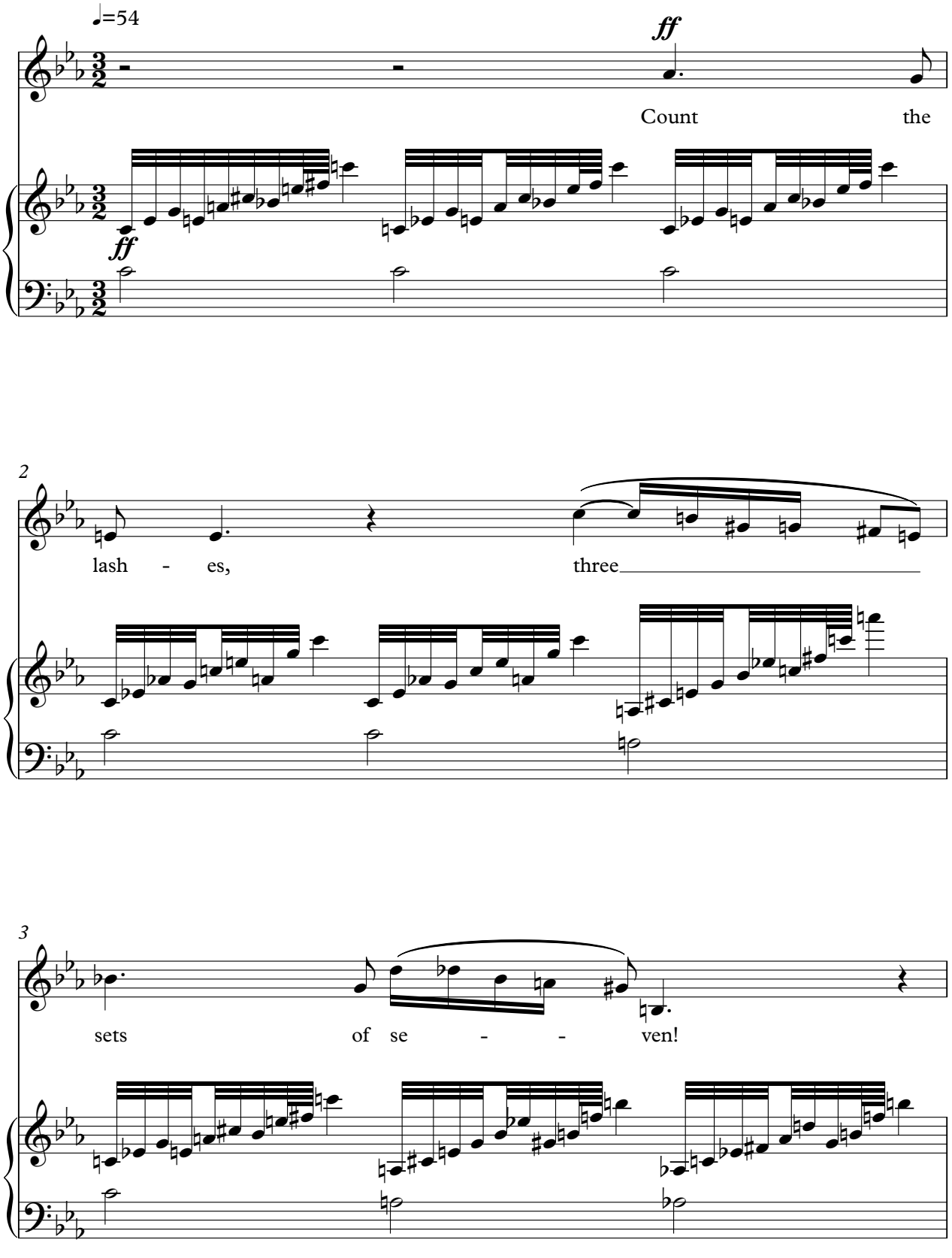
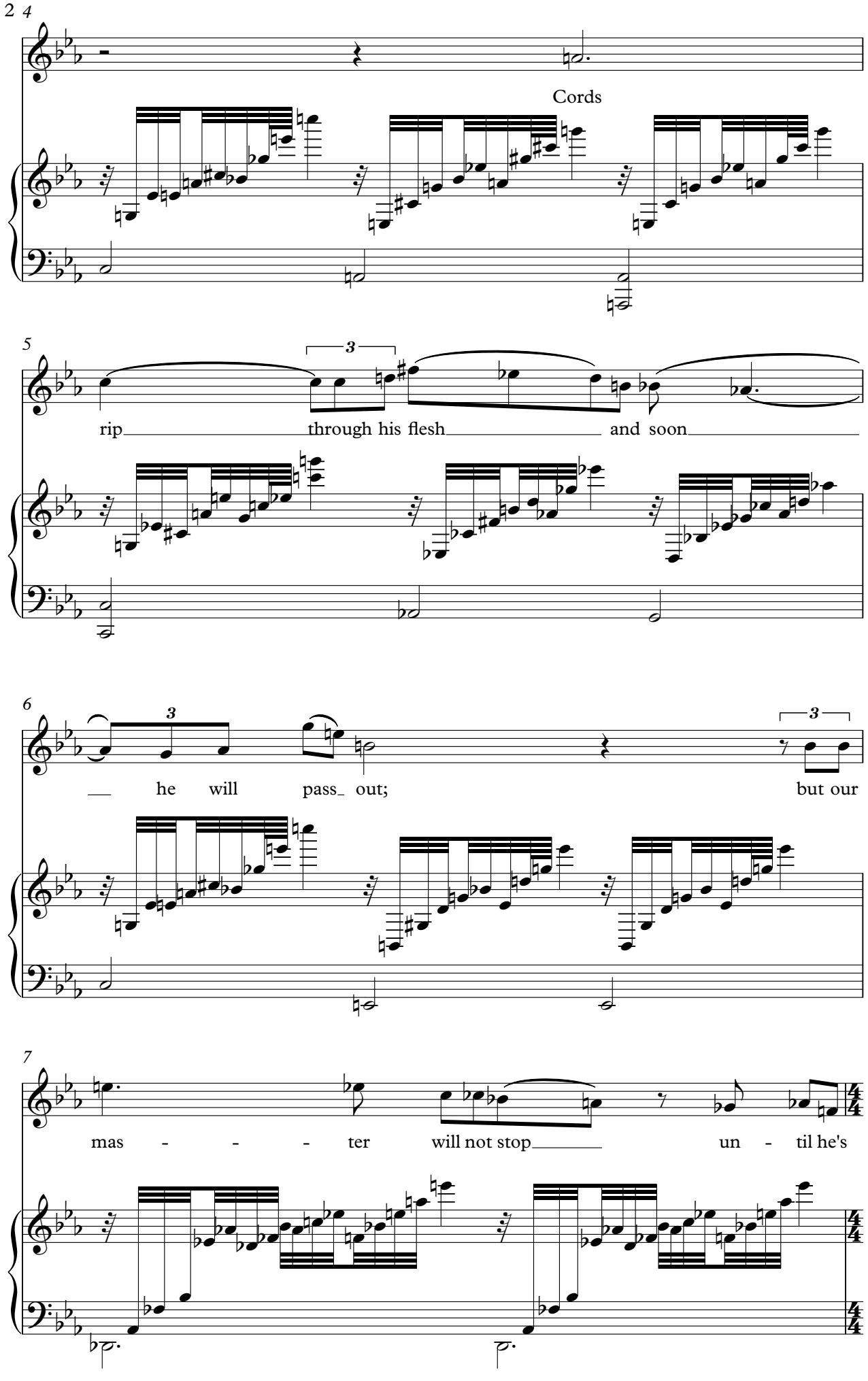
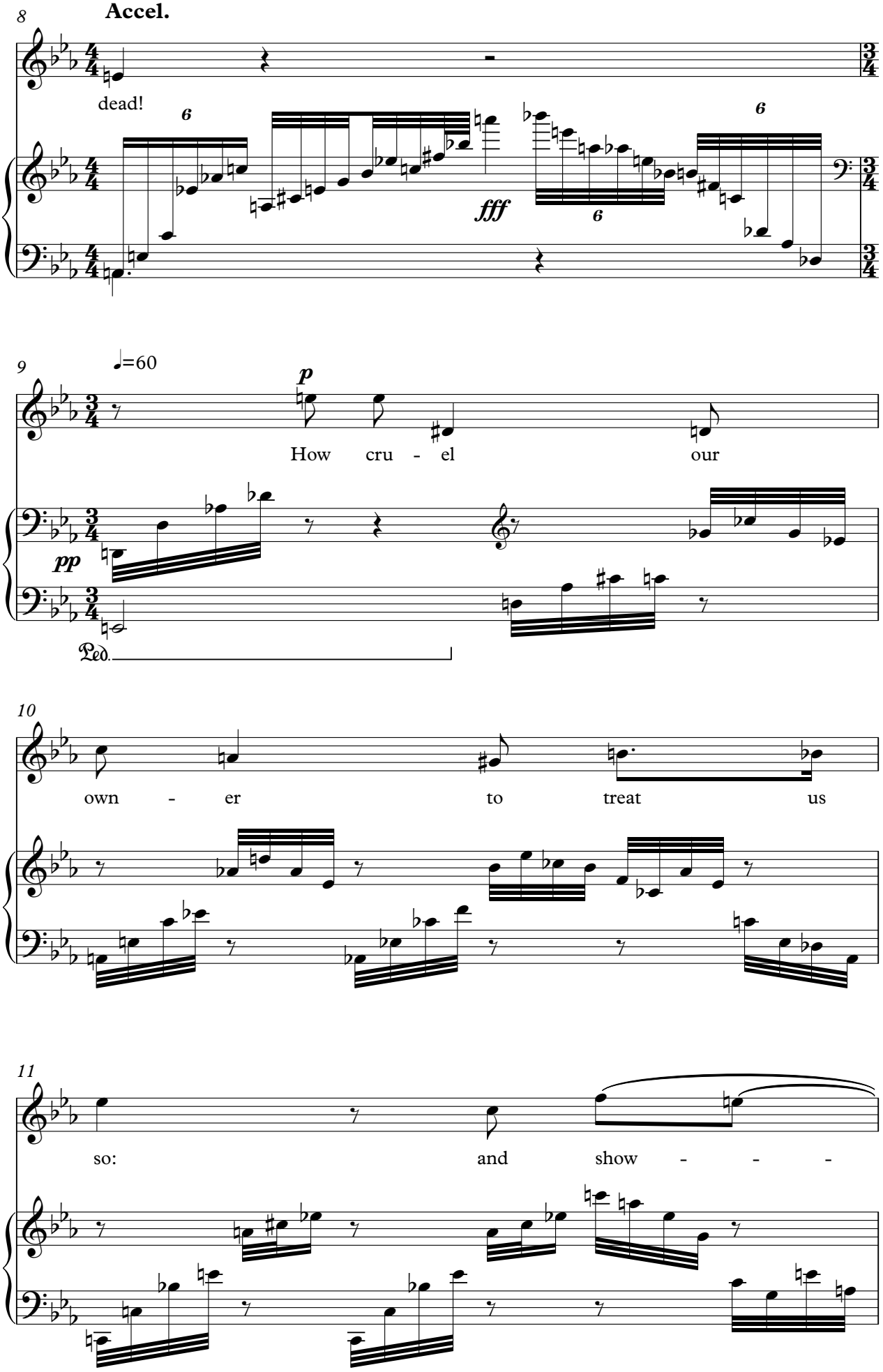
Three Songs of the Fleeing English Slave

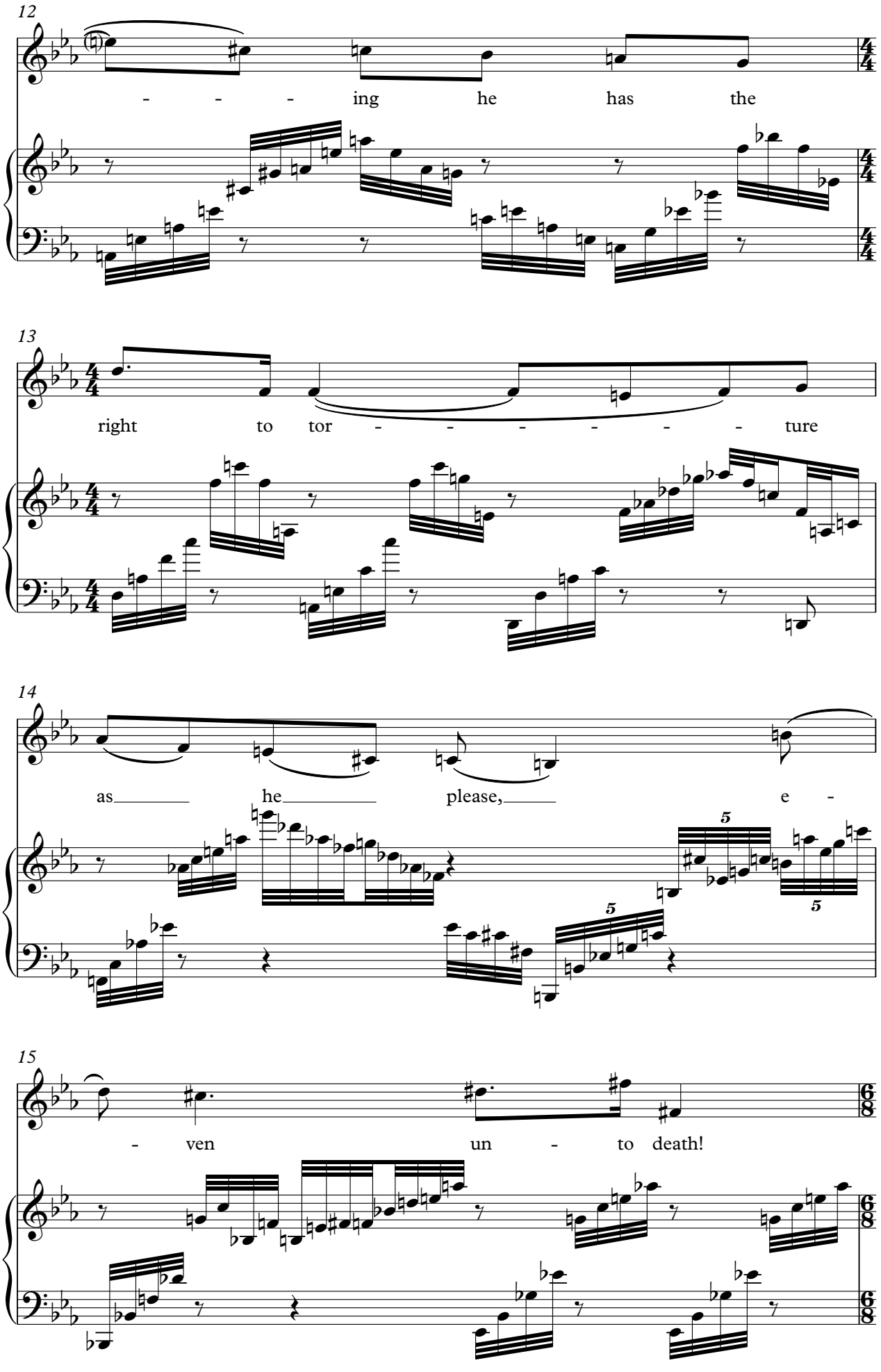
for high Mezzo-Soprano (or Baritone) and Piano
[Transposed]

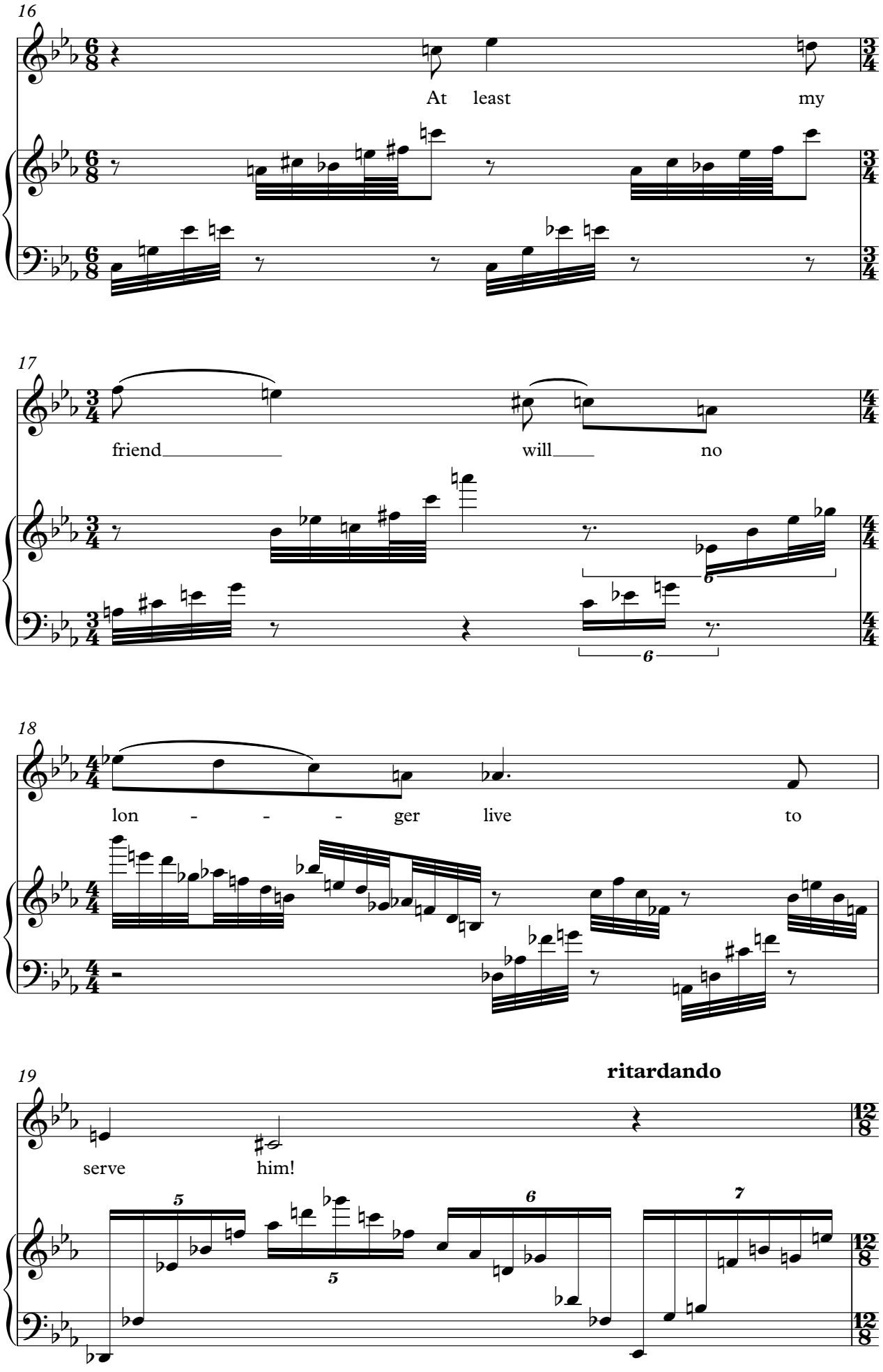
Malcolm Hill
1965 mj26

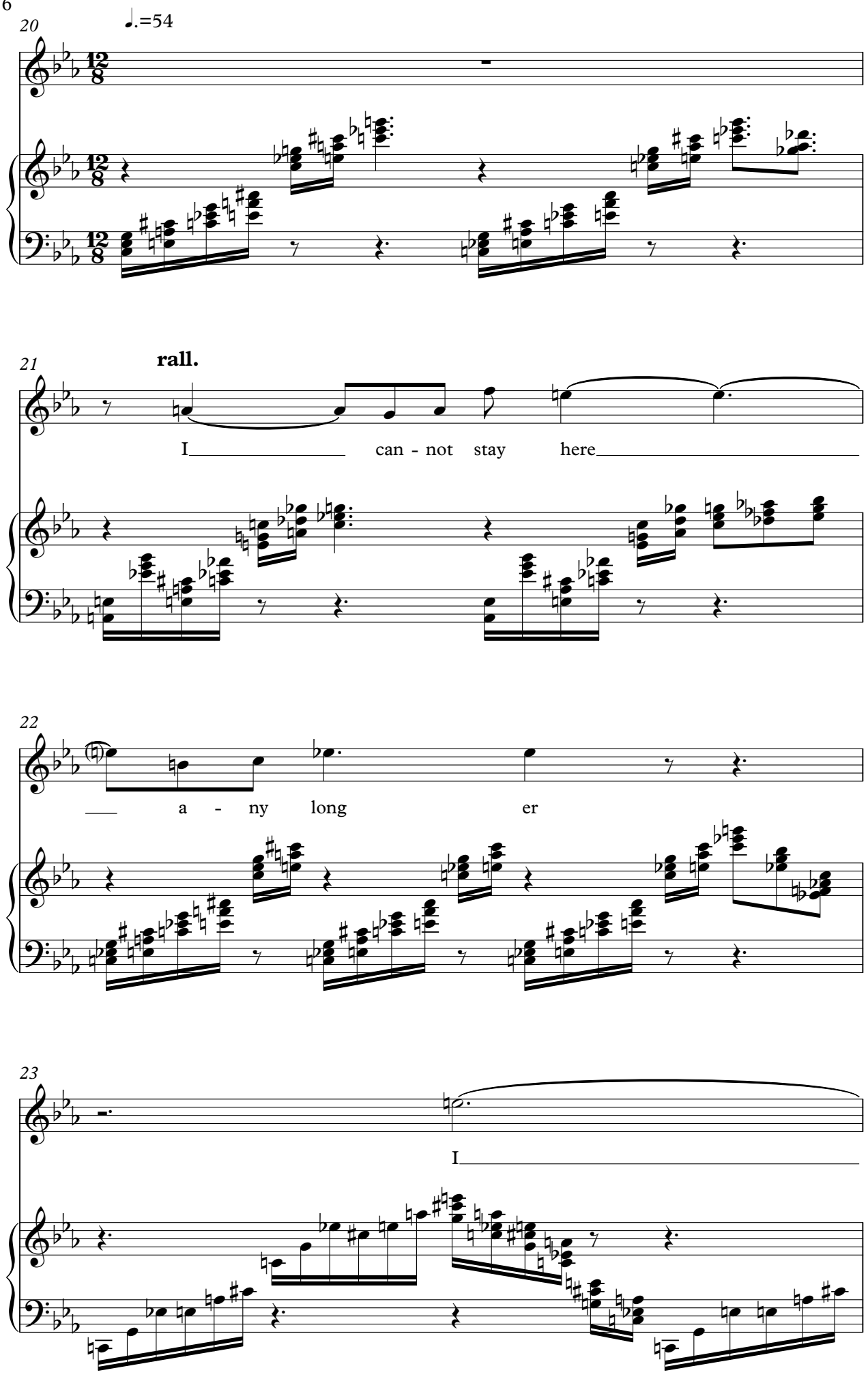


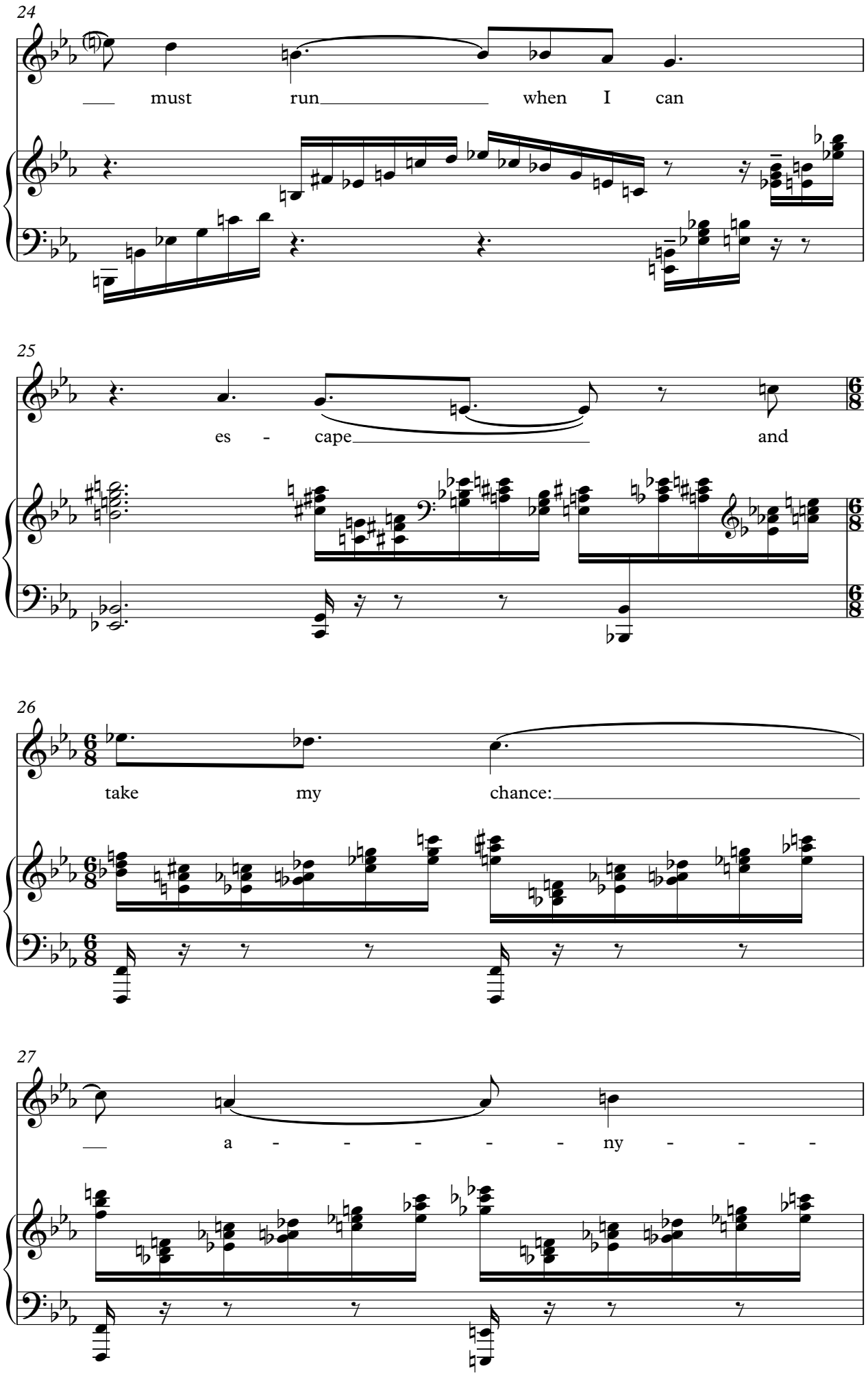

2 4
Cords
5
3
rip through his flesh and soon
6
3
3
he will pass out; but our
7
mas - - - ter will not stop un - til he's

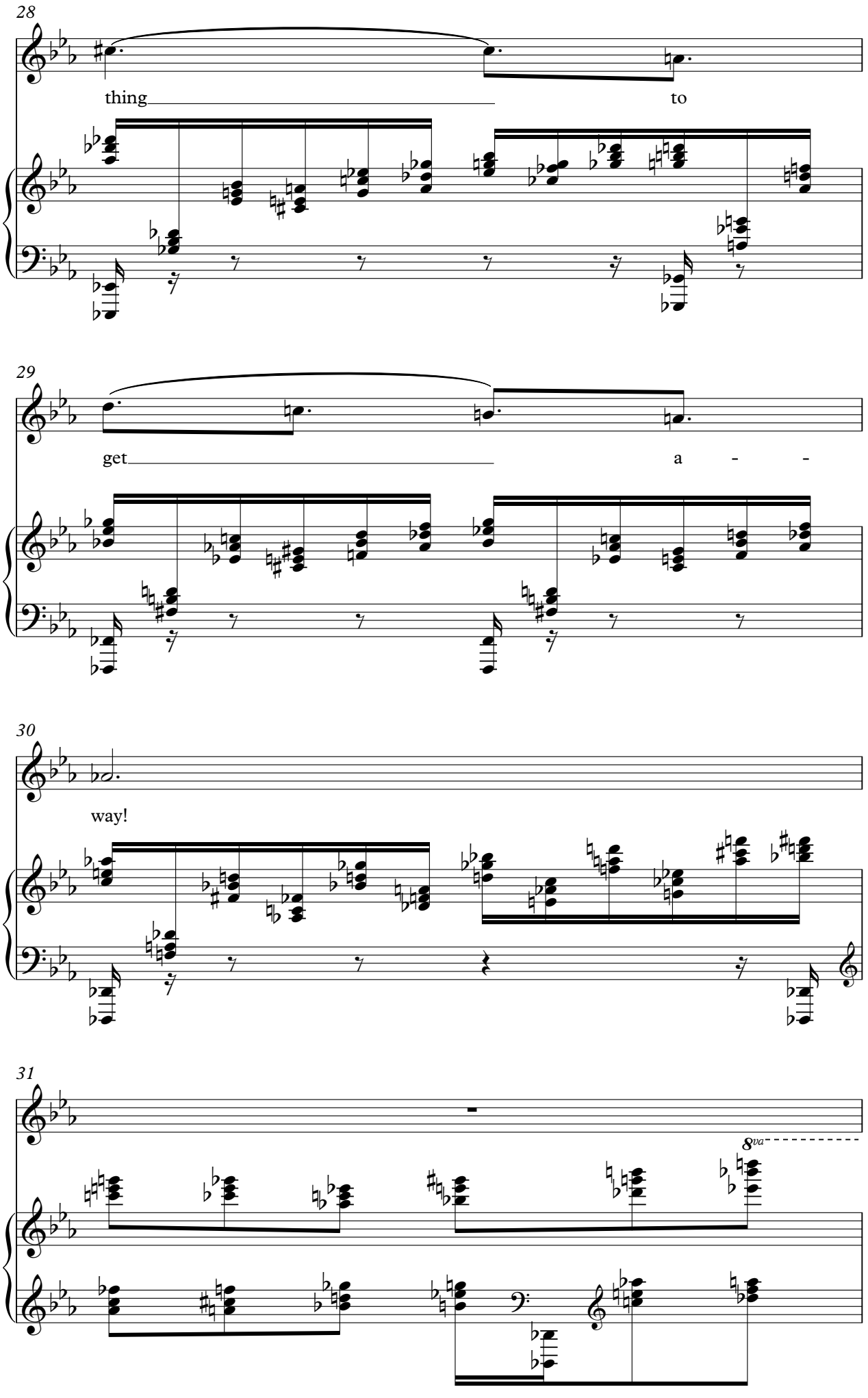

8
Accel.
dead!
fff
9
♩=60
p
How cru - el our
pp
Ped.
10
own - er to treat us
11
so: and show - - -

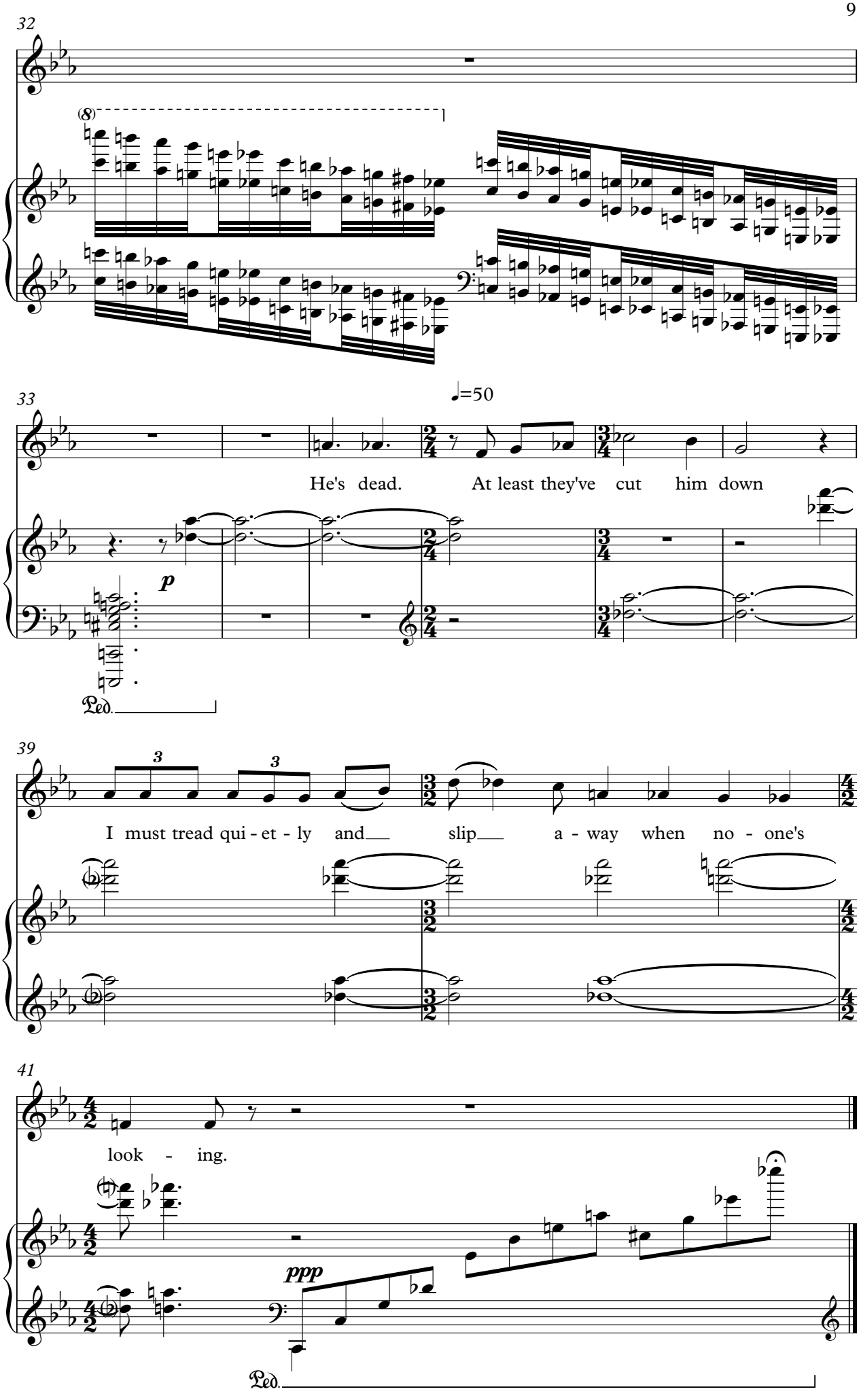

12
- - - ing he has the
13
right to tor - - - - - - ture
14
as he please, e -
15
- ven un - to death!


16
At least my
17
friend will no
18
lon - - - ger live to
19
ritardando
serve him!


20
♩.=54
21
rall.
I can - not stay here
22
a - ny long er
23
I


24
must run when I can
25
es - cape and
26
take my chance:
27
a - - - - - ny - - -


28
thing
to
29
get
a - -
30
way!
31
8va


32
(8)
33
♩=50
He's dead. At least they've cut him down
p
Ped.
39
3
3
I must tread qui - et - ly and slip a - way when no - one's
41
look - ing.
ppp
Ped.

II

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♩=126

mf

47

mf

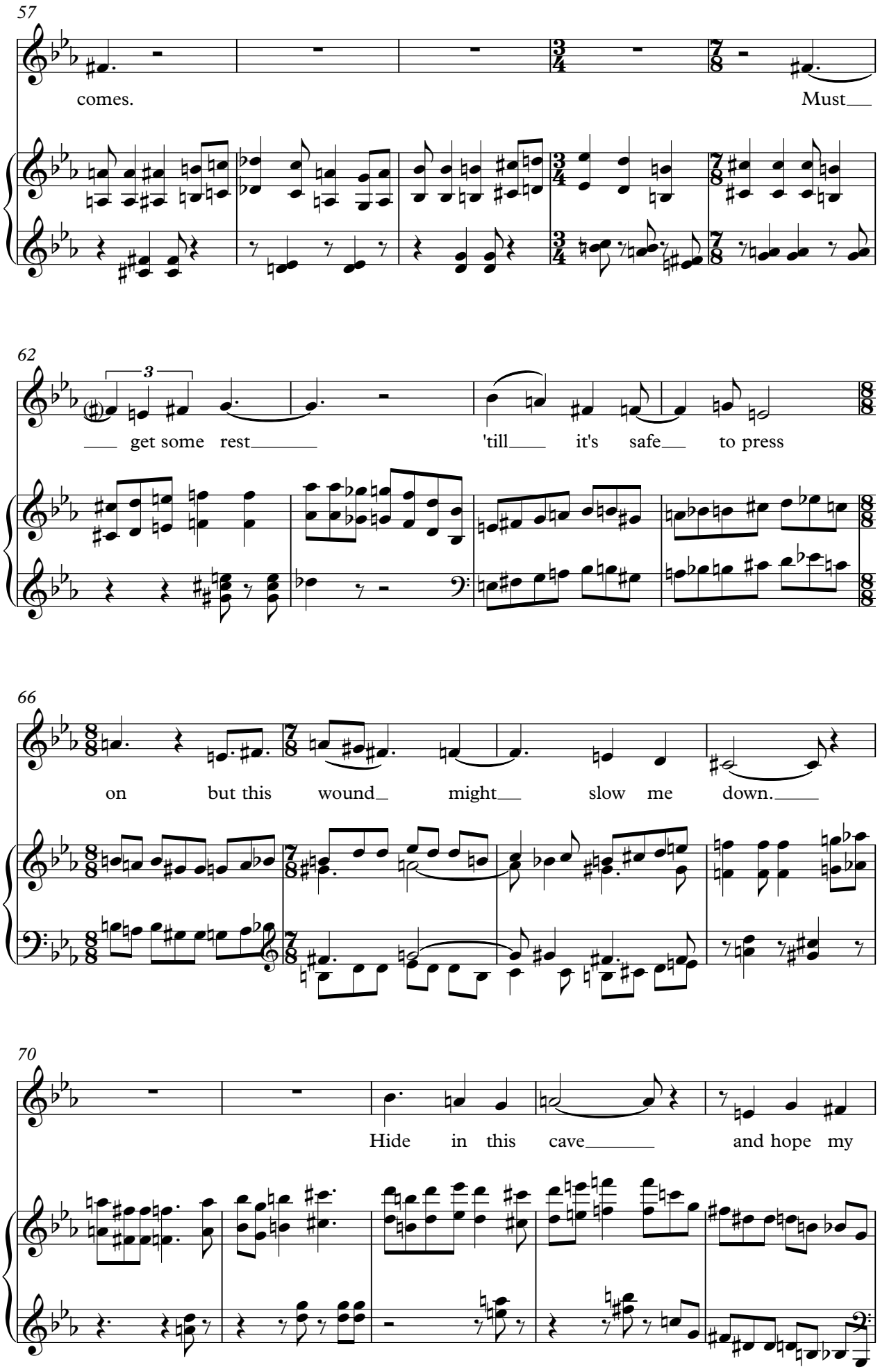
Flee - ing,

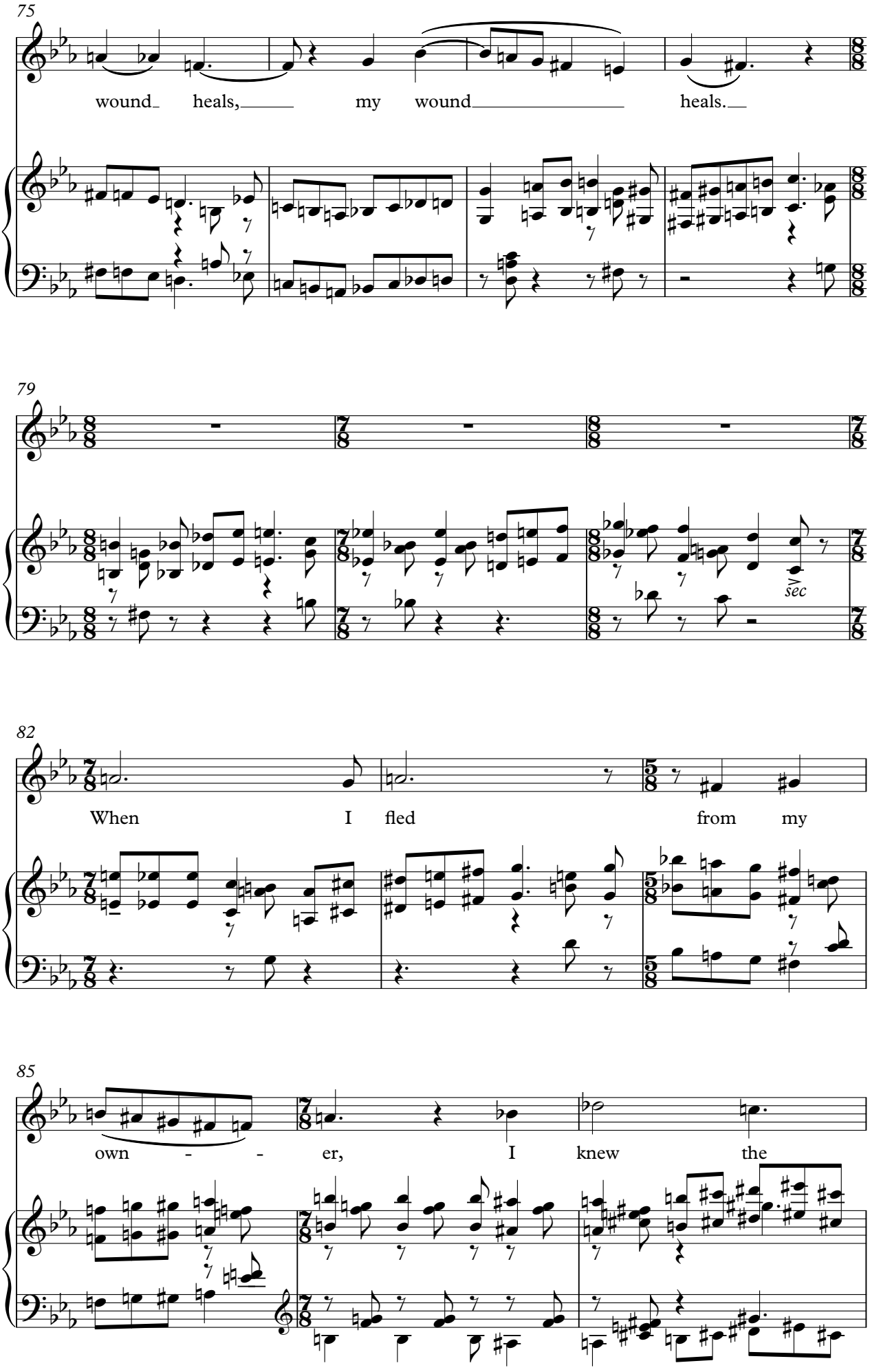
50

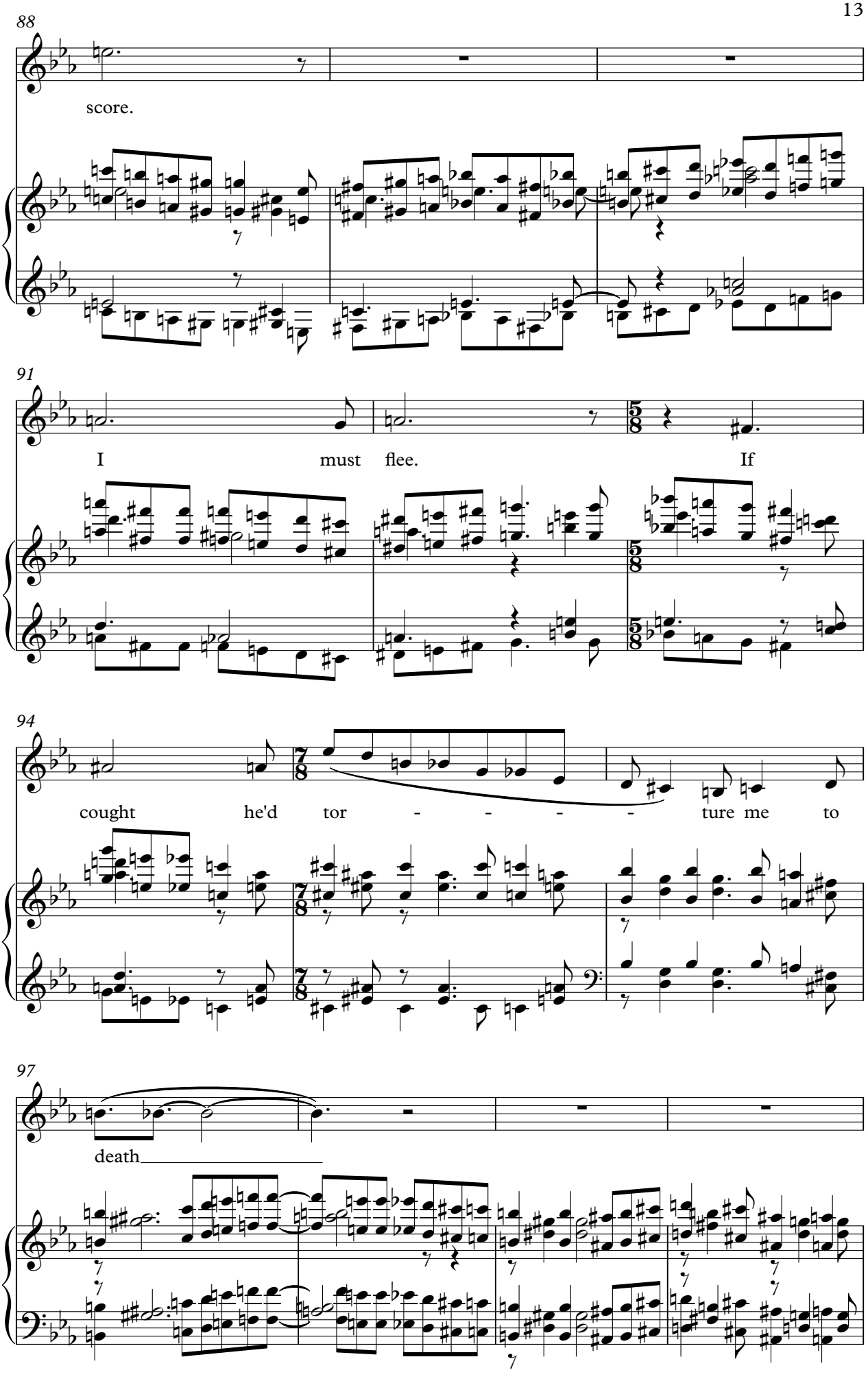
I found this small

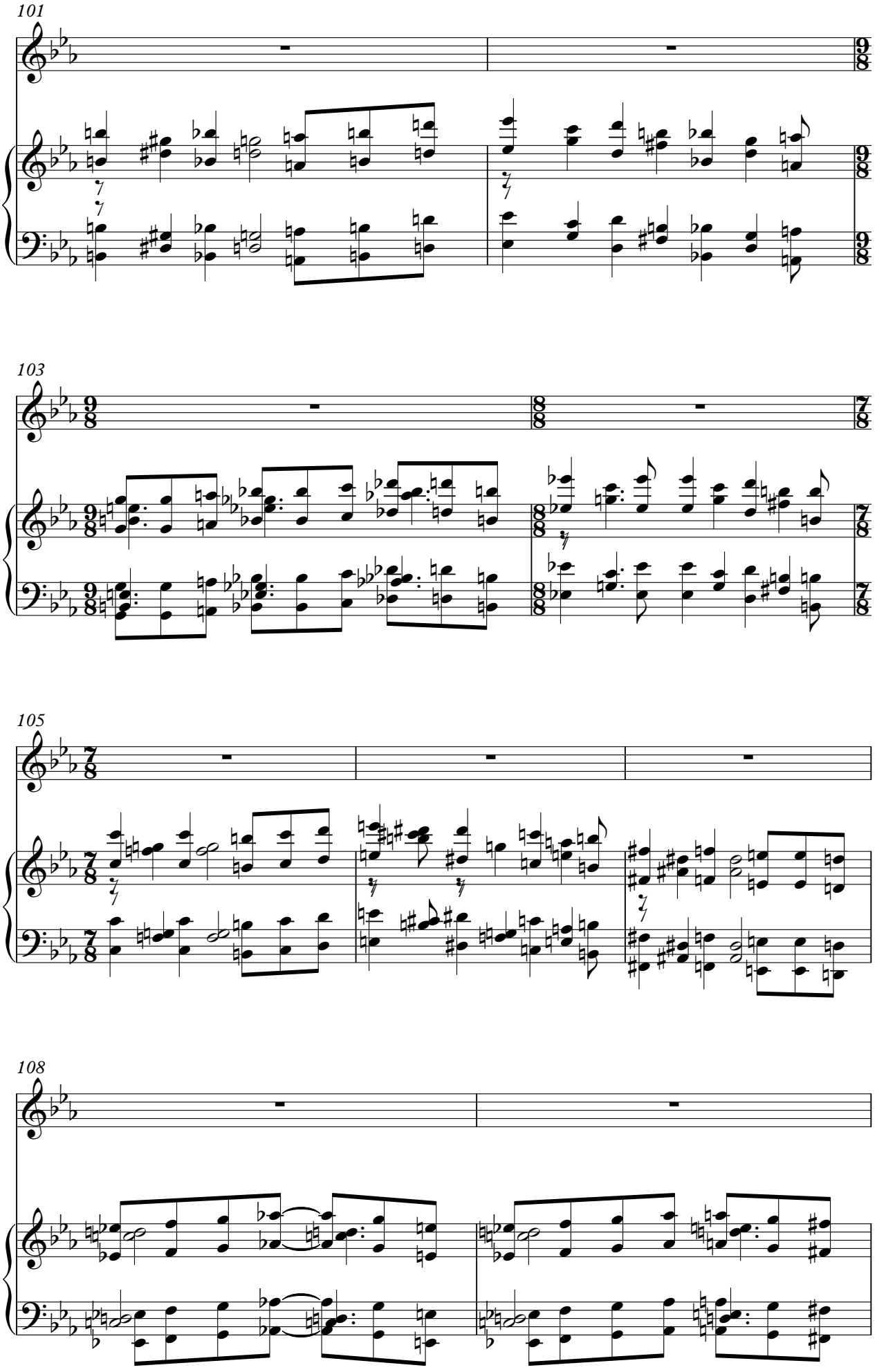
53

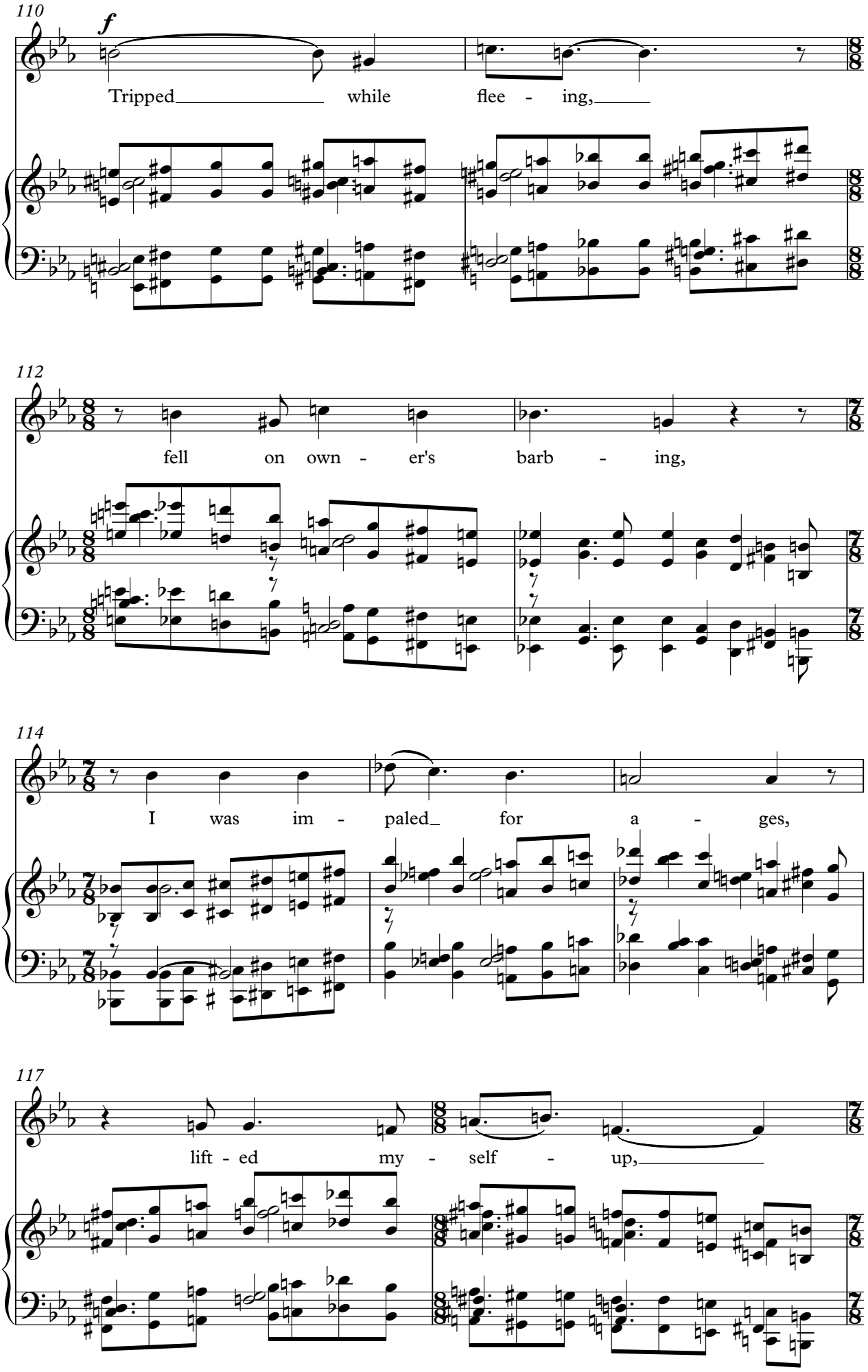
cave and hope to stay here till night - time

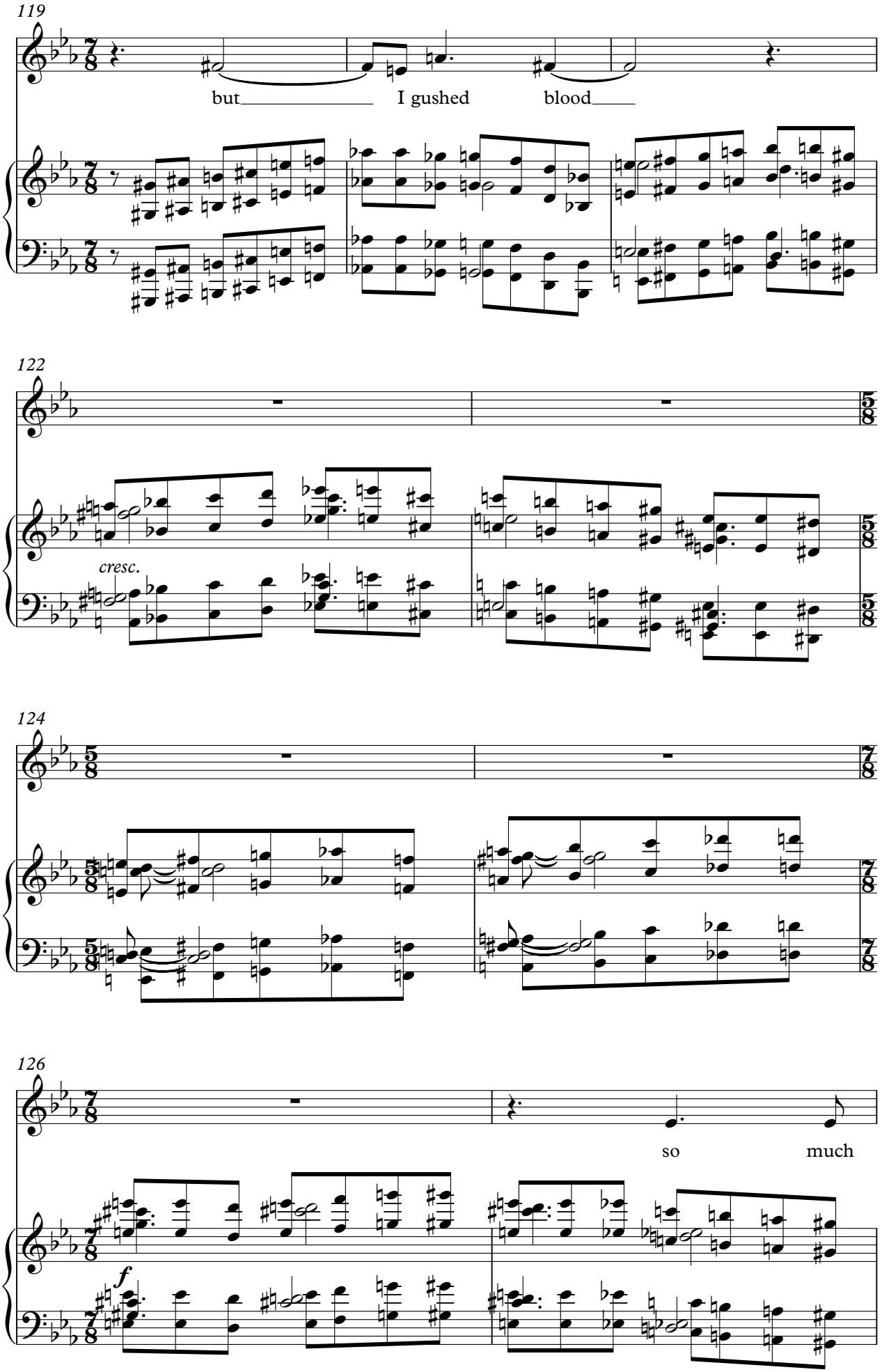

57
comes.
Must
62
3
get some rest
'till it's safe to press
66
on but this wound might slow me down.
70
Hide in this cave and hope my

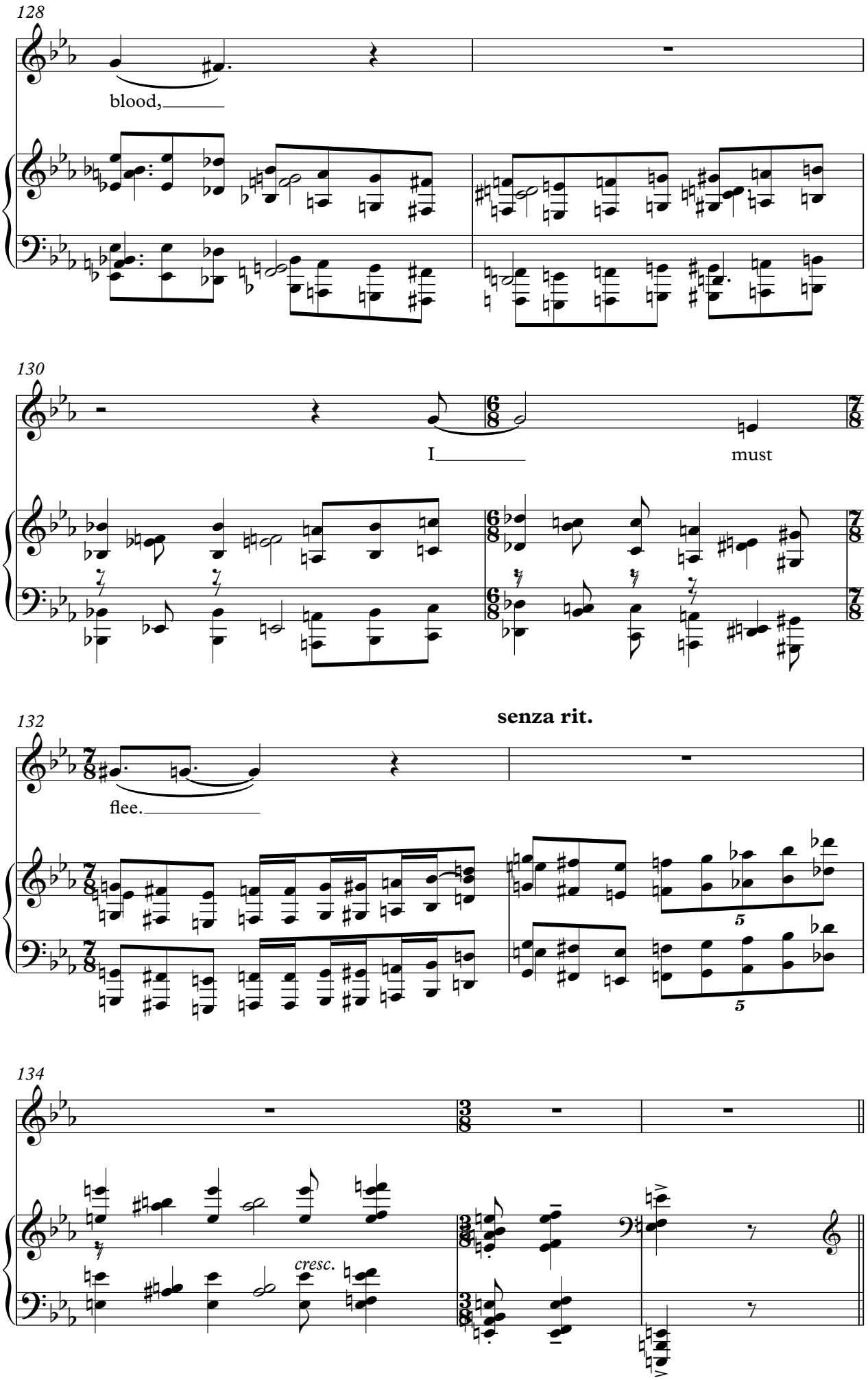

75
wound heals, my wound heals.
79
sec
82
When I fled from my
85
own - - er, I knew the


88
score.
91
I must flee. If
94
cought he'd tor - - - - ture me to
97
death


101
103
105
108


110
f
Tripped while flee - ing,
112
fell on own - er's barb - ing,
114
I was im - paled for a - ges,
117
lift - ed my - self - up,


119
but
I gushed
blood
122
cresc.
124
126
so
much
f


128
blood,
130
I
must
senza rit.
132
flee.
5
5
134
cresc.

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III

137 ♩=60

p

Blood slow - ly

p

No chords to be spread: omit upper note if absolutely necessary.

140

drips_ from my wound._____ Some - how doubt that_

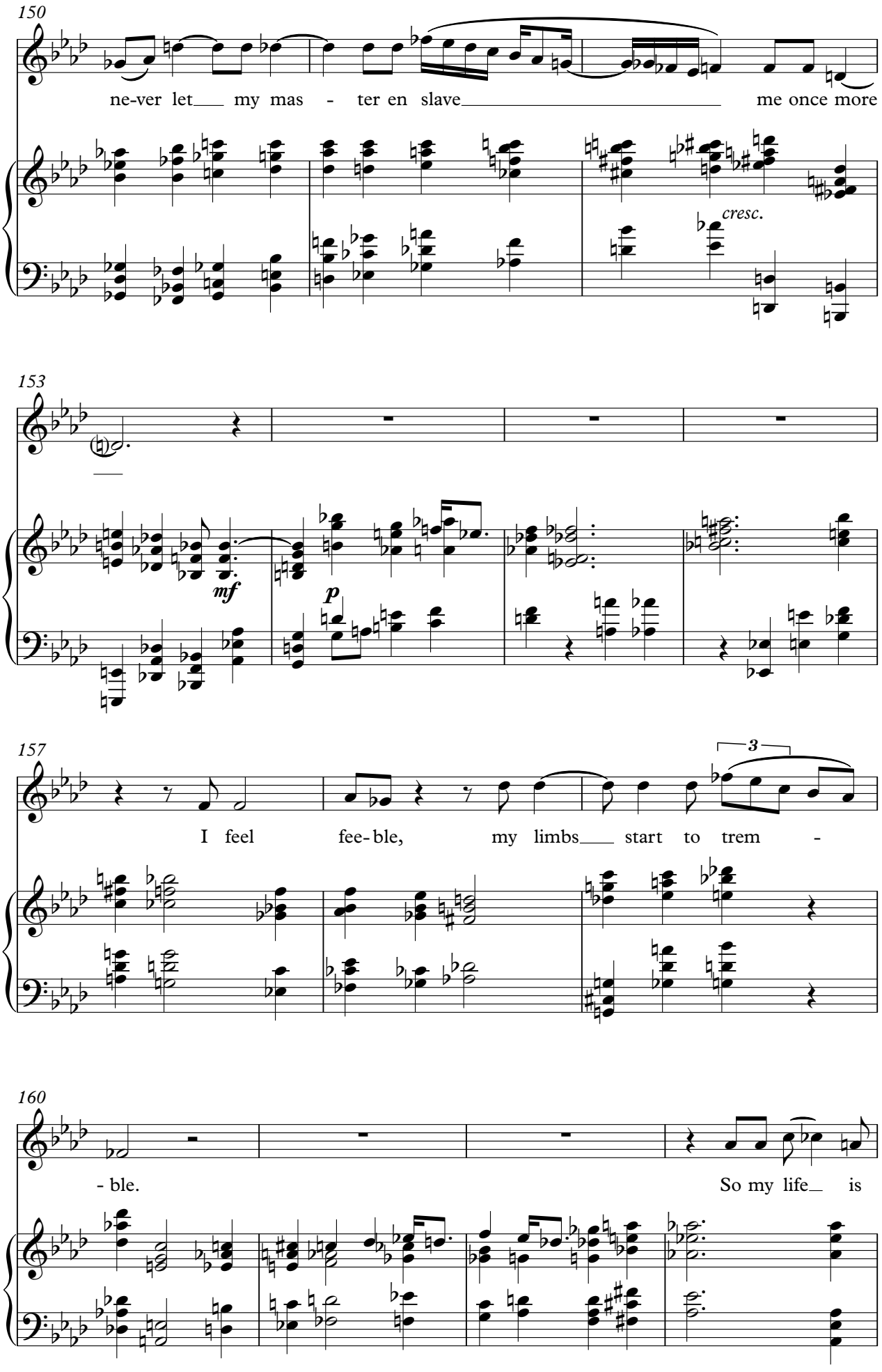
143

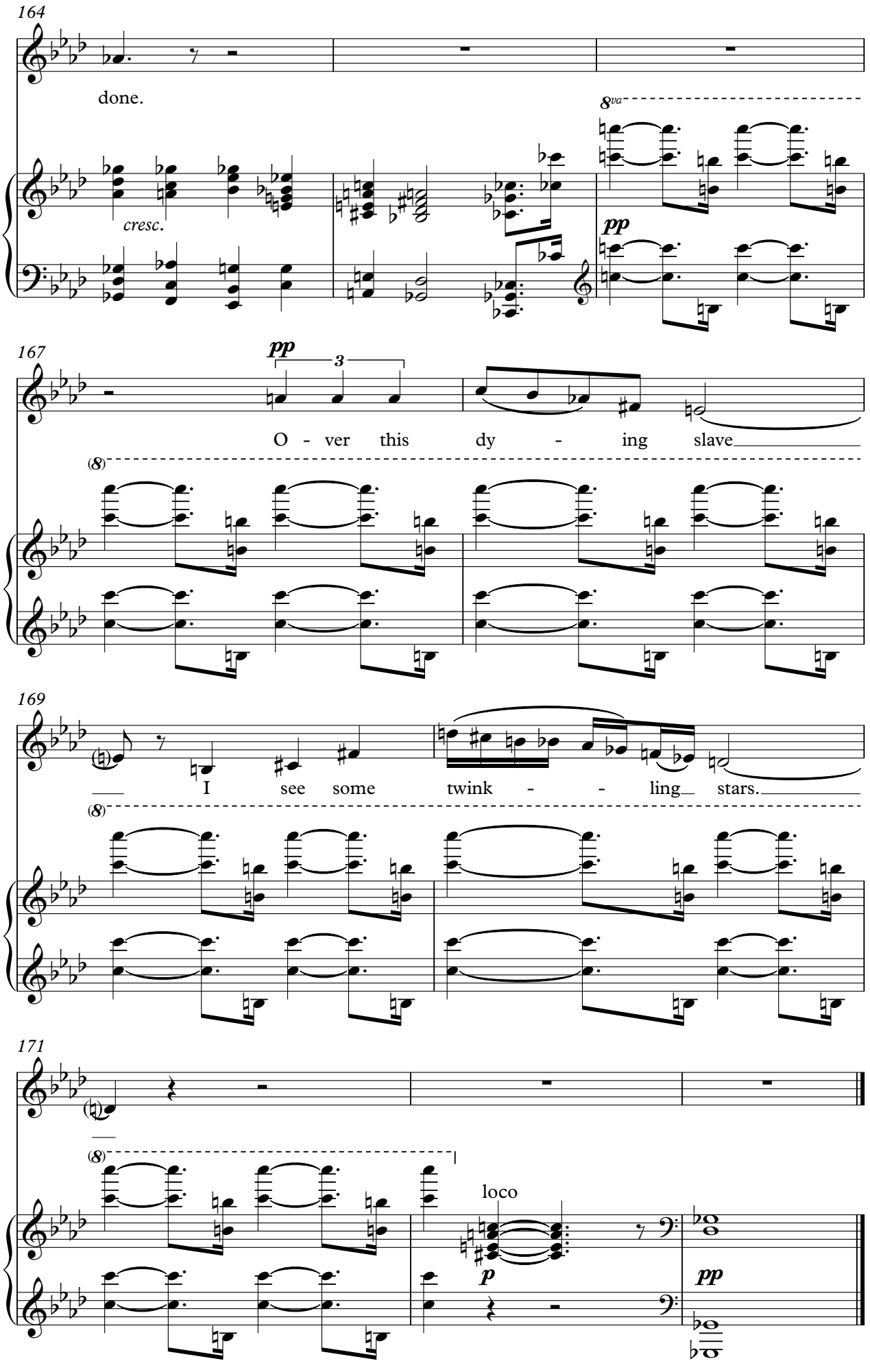
_____ I will e - ver run a - gain_____ to_

146

3

_____ get a way._____ But I will


150
ne-ver let my mas - ter en slave me once more
cresc.
153
mf
p
157
3
I feel fee-ble, my limbs start to trem -
160
- ble.
So my life is


164
done.
cresc.
8va
pp
167
pp
3
O - ver this dy - ing slave
(8)
169
I see some twink - - ling stars.
(8)
171
(8)
loco
p
pp