

Don Freund

The Chimney Sweeper

Two Songs from William Blake

for Soprano and Piano

(1967)

Freundworks Publishing

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I. From "Songs of Innocence"

(1967)

$\text{♪} = 144$

mp childlike

Soprano

Piano

When my moth-er died I was ve - ry young,

6

And my fath-er sold me while yet my tongue Could

12

scarce - ly cry "weep! 'weep! 'weep!

18

mp

'weep!" — So your chim - neys I— sweep, and in

23

soot— I sleep.—

30

Piu Mosso ($\text{♪} = 208$)

There's lit-tle Tom Dac-re, who cried

Piu Mosso ($\text{♪} = 208$)

36

when his

head, That curl'd like a lamb's back,— was shav'd:

42

rit. -----

$\text{♪} = 160$
warmly

rit. -----

$\text{♪} = 160$
warmly

48

Piu Mosso ($\text{♪} = 208$)

Piu Mosso ($\text{♪} = 208$)

Sostenuto Ped. -----

55

soot can-not spoil your white hair."-----

60

$\text{♩} = 144$ *mp childlike*

$\text{♩} = 144$ And so he was

mp *p*

8^{vb}

65

$\text{♩} = 192$ (*lilting*)

qui-et, and that ve-ry night, As Tom was a-sleep-ing he had such a

8va

(8^{vb})

70

rit. molto

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 100$, wondrous

sight! That thou-sands of sweep-ers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and

8va

p

(8^{vb})

74

$\text{♩} = 208$ mysterious

Jack, Were all of them lock'd up in cof-fins of black.

8va

$\text{♩} = 208$

p, legato

(8^{vb})

very sustained, miraculous

poco rit.
8va
And by came an
pp

(*8va*)
(*loco*)
an - gel who had a bright key, And he o - pen'd the cof - fins and
pp
p

Exuberant ($\text{d} = 80$) *f*
set them all free; Then down a green plain leap-ing,
pp
f

laugh - ing, they run, And wash in a riv - er,
pp

95

and shine in the Sun.

marcato

99

Then na - ked and white, all their bags left be -

port.

hind, They rise up - on clouds and sport in -

Ped

Sostenuto Ped.

104

- the wind;

poco rit.

sustained, reverent

And the an - gel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,

(8^{va})*pp**pp*

He'd have God for his fath - er, and nev - er want joy.

(loco)

(8^{va})*mf**mp**p* $\text{♩} = 80$ $\text{♩} = 144$ *mp, bleak*

And

so Tom a - woke; and we rose in the dark, And got with our

120

bags and our brush-es to work. Tho' the morn-ing was cold,

127 (♩ = ♪)

Tom was hap - py and warm: So if

132

all do their du - ty they need not fear

138 ♩ = 192, simple

harm. If all do their du - ty they need not fear harm.

p attacca

10

Interlude (Piano alone)

Prestissimo ($\text{♩} = 138$)

139

143

146

150

154

157

159

poco rit.

Slow (♩ = 60)

161 *f* ♩ = 120 *pp* *p* *pp*

164 *mp* *p*

166 *mp* *f* *accel.*

168 *Slow* *Fast* *Slow*

attacca

Sostenuto Ped.

II. From "Songs of Experience"

170 $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 44$ *desolately*

A lit - tle black thing a - mong the snow,

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 44$

fff f mp

174

Cry - ing “weep! weep! ‘weep!” in notes of woe!

f (an adult voice)

“Where— are thy fath - er and moth - er? say?”

176 *mp childlike*

"They are both gone up to the church to pray."

with increasing bitterness to the end

177

"Be - cause I was hap - py up - on the heath,"

178

"And smil'd, — smil'd a - mong the win - ter's snow,"

14

179

They clothed me, cloth-ed me— in the clothes of death, And

mp, but heavy

181

taught me, taught me to sing,— sing the notes of woe.

a little faster (♩ = 60)

183

"And be - cause I am hap - py and dance,— dance— and sing,

f

185

They think they have done me no in - ju - ry, And are gone

f

187

to praise God, praise God ,

f

188

and his Priest and King,

ff

189 *marcatissimo*

(optional doubling)

191 *p, dolce* *ff, violent* 3

Who make up a heav - en of our mis - e - ry."

ff

193

accel.

ff *p* *ff* *ff*

Ped Sostenuto Ped.

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*The Chimney Sweeper: Two Songs to Poems of William Blake
for Soprano and Piano*

*from SONGS OF INNOCENCE
THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER*

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry “weep! ‘weep! ‘weep! ‘weep!”
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
“Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.”

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight!
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the Sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

(*Piano Interlude*)

*from SONGS OF EXPERIENCE
THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER*

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying “weep! ‘weep!” in notes of woe!
“Where are thy father and mother? say?”
“They are both gone up to the church to pray.

“Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.
“And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.”