

# Beethoven Frieze

Ian Harker

Genii - Introduction

Aran Browning

With spirit, ♩=80

Mezzo-soprano

Violoncello

*pp* gliss.

8

M-S.

Vc.

*ppp* *pp* *ppp* Typhoeus

16

M-S.

Vc.

*pp* *f* The \_\_\_\_\_

23

M-S.

Vc.

*mf* *mf* beast is pulled in by the paws caped by his own

28

M-S. *p*  
 fur al - most mi - tred a black nail Through an

Vc. *p*

36

M-S. *mf*  
 off cen - tre eye mouth as square as the teeth

Vc. *mf*

42

M-S. *mp* *dim.*  
 Where his arms should be are di - sease mad - ness

Vc. *pp* *p*

48

M-S.  
 death the Gor - gon daugh - ters with gil - ded hair

Vc. *ppp*

54

M-S. *p* *ff*  
 This is Ty - phoe - us de - men - ted the on - ly ru - ler

Vc. *f*

60 *fff*

M-S. the on-ly ru - ler of this world

Vc. *fff*

Poetry

Lilting, ♩.=90

68 *rit. mp*

M-S. skulls un-der his paws cat-ar-act eyes The hed-ges were full of

Vc. *mp* *p*

74

M-S. threa - ted song then up the line un-der cov-er ing fire un-der the flack

Vc. *mp*

79 *mf*

M-S. came the mud flecked cap - tains haw-thorn in their

Vc. *mp* *pp*

85 *mf* *p* *mp*

M-S. caps the peo-ple's flower it's bit - ter pang Every

Vc. *mp*

Defiant, ♩=100

91

M-S. *mf*  
 song they sang is a po - em\_\_\_\_\_ now We are crowned with

Vc. *mp*  
*arco.*

98

M-S.  
 haw - thorn\_\_\_\_\_ glo - ry of hedge - rows Strong\_\_\_\_\_ One

Vc.

103

M-S. *f*  
 Strong\_\_\_\_\_ One your ar - mour is soft as so - lid gold your

Vc. *mf*  
*mf*

108

M-S. *p*  
 sword is too much heft Why should we turn to

Vc. *pp*

113

M-S.  
 you\_ on our knees with what we've worked for with ev -'ry hour and

Vc.

118

M-S. *mp*  
 ev - 'ry ounce of our sweat Hills and Black - birds

Vc. *p*

122

M-S. *mf*  
 Thrush - es and dia - lects at - tend us

Vc. *mp*

Freude Schoner Gotterfunken

Majestic, ♩ = 80

127

M-S. *ff*  
 why are we on our knees? When were we ex - er?

Vc. *f* *p* *fp*

131

M-S. *mp*  
 Most of all I re - mem - ber you un - der the lights

Vc. *mp*

134

M-S.  
 base thum - ping my whole bo - dy your eyes closed arms a - bove your head

Vc.

137

M-S. *mf*  
 And how our fin-gers caught in the dawn cho-rus

Vc. *p* *mp*

140

M-S.  
 my ears ring-ing street - lights flick-ing off the ci - ty's heave and pitch

Vc.

143

M-S. *p* *mf*  
 And I re-mem-ber the tra - ffic tu - ning up

Vc. *p* *mp*

147

M-S. *f*  
 and the view as wide as our arms and the fea-thered flecks of

Vc. *mf*

151

M-S. *mp*  
 green in your brown eyes How you shi - vered

Vc. *f* *p*

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157

M-S.   
un - der my ja - cket In the fro - zen mor -

Vc.

162

M-S.   
- ning

Vc.   
*ppp*