

Prelude IV

music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz
words by T. S. Eliot

1 Adagio (♩ = 40)

Soprano

Flute

mf *p* *mf* *mp*

3 *mp*

S

Fl.

His soul stretched tight a - cross the skies

5

S

Fl.

That fade be - hind a ci - ty block, Or

6

S

Fl.

pp

tramp - led by in - sis - tent feet At

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7

S
four and five and six o'clock; and short square

Fl.

mp

8

S
fin - gers stuff - ing pipes, And eve - ning news -

Fl.

f *ppp*

9

S
pa - pers, And eyes Ass - sured of cer - tain cer-tain-ties,

Fl.

f *mf* *p*

10

S
The con-science of a black-ened street Im - pa - tient to ass - ume the world.

Fl.

pp *ppp*

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12

S

Fl.

p

pp

7

3

3

14

S

Fl.

I _____ am moved by fan - cies that are curled _____

5

3

3

15

S

Fl.

_____ A - round these im - a - ges, and cling: _____ The

mp

17

S

Fl.

no - - - tion of _____ some _____ in-fin-ite-ly _____ suf - fer-ing thing.

ppp

ppp

10

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20 *p* *f*

S
Wipe your hand a - cross your mouth, and laugh; The world re-volve

Fl.
11 6 5 *f*

22 3

S
like an-cient wo - men Ga - ther - ing fuel in va-cant lots.

Fl.
9 *ff*

25

S

Fl.
7

*Trenton, New Jersey
April 1971*