"Et Faim Sallir les Loups des Boys"

do Bob Gilmore, in memoriam

Ezra Pound
1915

Piano

Voice

Ezra Pound
1915

Kyle Gann
2015

\( \begin{align*}
& J = 40 \\
& J = 40 \\
& J = 84 \\
& J = 84
\end{align*} \)

\begin{align*}
& \text{I cling to the spar, Washed with the cold salt ice I cling to the spar} \\
& \text{Suddenly faster}
\end{align*}

\( \begin{align*}
& J = 40 \\
& J = 84
\end{align*} \)

\begin{align*}
& \text{Insidious modern waves, civilization, civilized hidden snares.}
\end{align*}

\( \begin{align*}
& \text{Co-wardly editors threaten: "If I dare" Say this or that or speak my open mind,}
\end{align*} \)

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Say that I hate my hates, Say that I love my friends, Say I believe in Lewis,

Spit out the later Rodin, Say that Epstein can carve in stone, That Brzeska can

use the chisel, Or Wadsworth paint; Then they will have my guts They will cut

down my wage, force me to sing their cant, up-hold the press and be before all a

Et Faim Sallir les Loups des Boys
ad libitum - in falsetto if desired or necessary

model of literary decorum. Mer-de! Co-ward-ly edi-tors threat-en:

Friends fall off at the pinch, the love-li-est die.

That is the path of life this is my fo-rest.

Et Faim Sallir les Loups des Boys

July 1-9, 2015
Germantown, NY