

Wolfgang Florey  
(2019)  
*für Friedrich Danielis*

*Aging*

Three Poems by  
Michael Hamburger

für eine Stimme, 2 Violinen, Viola und Bassklarinette

Violine 1

1

It is a return, with the luggage lighter,  
 Some of it lost, though it held the snapshots, notes  
 But for whose evidence none could be sure  
 Where he has been, the traveller come home.  
 Hardly himself, rid of the clutter,  
 More lithe for hat in mind, in limb the heavier  
 For having dragged belongings yet again  
 From house to train, station to station,  
 From train to airport, counter to gate,  
 From airport to new lodging,  
 Slepp wrung from strange street noises, on a rented bed.  
 There's not room in one heart, one head  
 For the ten times ten thousand things.

Winter light, then, an a field grown barer,  
 Some of the great trees rotted, some cut to the stump.  
 Plainsong once more, after polyphony  
 That clotted, cloyed the ear and died of richness.  
 Within a single line, the lenght and depth  
 Of all past seeing now, past hearing,  
 Concert of absent voices, instruments;  
 And in one faint unseasonable breath  
 Essence of what the winds of many seasons carried  
 Across the frontiers, shores,  
 Parallel, solstice, turning of eras, years.

*Michael Hamburger*

4  
Violine 1

1

$\text{♩} = 60$

B. Kl.

*accel.*

*rall.*

*ppp*

5

Stimme

it is, it is,

$\text{♩} = 60$

10

*pp*

*8<sup>va</sup>*

(8)

12

14

*pp*

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Violine 2

## Violine 2

1

3

$\text{♩} = 60$   
B. Kl.

*accel.*

3 6 3 6 6

*rall.*

*ppp*

5

3 3

9 Stimme  $\text{♩} = 60$

3 it is, *ppp* *pp*

15

19 *p* *accel.*

3 3 3

23  $\text{♩} = 84$  *B. Kl.*

29 *mp*