

to Bob Gilmore, in memoriam

Et Faim Sallir les Loups des Boys

Ezra Pound
1915

Kyle Gann
2015

♩ = 40 ♩ = 84

Voice

I cling to the spar, Washed with the cold salt ice I cling to the spar *Suddenly faster*

Piano

p *f*

5 *f*

In - si - di - ous mo - dern waves, ci - vi - li - za - tion, ci - vi - lized hid - den snares.

8

Co - ward - ly e - di - tors threa - ten: "If I dare" Say this or that or speak my o - pen mind,

ad libitum - in falsetto if desired or necessary

Tempo I

25 *mp* *rit.* *ff* *mp* ♩ = 40

mo-del of li-te-ra-ry de-co-rum. Mer-de! Co-ward-ly e-di-tors threa-ten:

rit. ♩ = 40

28 *p* *3*

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

30 *rit.*

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

rit. *p* *pp*