

All Day Long He Flew

Brian Mountford

Flute $\text{♩} = 156$

Clarinet in B \flat *mp*

Bassoon *mf*

Horn in F *mf* $\text{♩} = 2$

Swallow *mf* *dreamily*
All day long he flew, and at night-time he ar-rived at the

Violin I *mf* *div.* *mp*

Violin II *mf* *div.* *mp*

Viola *mf* *non div.* *mp*

Cello *mf* *mp*

Contrabass *mf*

poco rit. $\text{♩} = 72$ [A]

Fl. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Swal. *mf* *with aristocratic chirp*
ci-ty. "Where shall I put up?" he said, "I hope the town has made prep-a-ra-tions." Then he saw the stat-ue on the tall col-umn. "I will put up

V. I *mp*

V. II *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

17 **B** *increasingly drowsy*
 Swal. there," he cried; "it is a fine po-si-tion with plen-ty of fresh air." So he a - light-ed just be-tween the feet of the Hap-py Prince. *mp* "I have a gol-den bed-room," he

V. I *div. 3*

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

22 *♩ = 60* **C** *senza misura*
 Swal. said soft-ly to him-self as he looked round, and he pre-pared to go to sleep; but just as he was put-ting his head un-der his wing

V. I *p*

V. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

Cb. *p*

26 *♩ = 72* *(l.v.)* *mf* *wide awake* *mf* *mf*
 Swal. a large drop of wa-ter fell on him. "What a cu-ri-ous thing!" he cried, "there is not a sin-gle cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is rain-ing.

V. I *mf* *non div.*

V. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Cb. *mf*

30 (♩ = 60) (♩ = 54) (♩ = 72) *wistfully* *snapping out of it*

Swal. The cli-mate in the north of Eu-rop-e is real-ly dread-ful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was mere-ly her self-ish-ness." Then an-oth-er drop fell.

V. I *p* *mf*

V. II *non div.* *p* *mf*

Vla. *p* *mf*

Vc. *p* *mf*

Cb. *p* *mf*

34 [D] (♩ = 72) (♩ = 84) (♩ = 72)

Fl. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Trgl. *mp*

Swal. *exasperated* "What is the use of a stat-ue if it can-not keep the rain off? I must look for a good chim-ney-pot," and he de-ter-mined to fly a-way. But be-fore he had o-pened his wings,

V. I *mp*

V. II *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

39 (♩ = 60) [E] (♩ = 92)

Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mp* à 2

Trgl. *mp*

Swal. *surprised* a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw - Ah! what did he see? The eyes of the Hap-py Prince were filled with tears, and tears were run-ning down his gol-den cheeks.

(♩ = 54)

44

Cl. *ppp* *p*

Bsn. *ppp* *p*

Hn. *ppp* *p*

Tpt. *ppp* *p*

Swal. *ppp* *p*

His face was so beau-ti-ful in the moon-light that the lit-tle Swal-low was filled with pit-y. "Who are you?" he said.

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

49

(♩ = 60)

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Tpt.

Swal. *ppp* *p*

"Why are you weep - ing then? You have quite drenched me."

Prin.

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.