

The Poor House

Brian Mountford

Clarinet in B \flat $\bullet = 76$ *pp* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Horn in F *mp* *ff* *mp*

Happy Prince *mp*
Far a way, far a way, far a way in a lit tle street there is a poor house. One of the win dows

Violin I *pp*

Violin II *pp*

Cello *mp*

Cl. *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* [A] *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Hn. *p* *p*

Prin. *p*
is o pen, and through it I can see a wom an seated at a ta ble. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse red hands,

V. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

Cl. [B] *mp* *ff* *mp* *poco rit.*

Hn. *mp*

Prin. *mp*
all pricked by the nee dle, for she is a seam stress. She is em broi der ing pas sion flowers on a sat in gown for the love li est of the Queen's maids ofhon our

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

The Poor House

28 *a tempo* *poco rit.* [C] *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Cl.

Hn.

Prin.
to wear at the next Court ball. In a bed in the cor ner of the room her lit tle boy is ly ing ill. He has a fe ver, and is

V. I
p

V. II
p

Vla.
p

Vc.
p

38 *poco rit.* [D] *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* [E] *a tempo*

Cl.
mp

Hn.
p

Prin.
ask ing for or an ges. His moth er has noth ing to give him but riv er wa ter, so he is cry ing. *mf* Swal low, Swal low, lit tle

V. I
p *mp*

V. II
mp

Vla.
mp

Vc.
p *mp*

Cb.
p

47 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* **F** *a tempo*

C1. *mp*

Swal. *mf*
"I am wait ed for in

Prin. *mp*
Swal low, will you not bring her the ru by out of my sword hilt? My feet are fast ened to this ped es tal and I can not move.

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *mp*

54 *mp* *p*

Swal. *chirpy*
E gypt. My friends are fly ing

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

57 *poco rit.* G *a tempo*
mp

Cl. *mp*

Pno. *mp*

Swal. *exaggerated*
 up and down the Nile, and talk ing to the large lo tus flow ers. *mp* Soon they will

V. I *mp* *mf* *mp*

V. II

Vla.

Vc. *p*

Cb. *p*

64

Cl. *mp*

Tamb. *jingles*
mp

Pno. *mp pesante*

Swal. be go ing to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there him s elf in his pain ted cof fin. He is

Vla.

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

72

Cl. *ppp*

Tamb.

Pno. *ppp*

Swal.
 wrapped in yel low lin en and em balmed with s pic es. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands

V. II *pp*

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *mp*

77

Cl. *mp*

Tamb.

Pno.

Swal.
 are like with ered leaves."

Prin. *mp* Swal low, Swal low, *mf* lit tle Swal low, will you not

V. I *p* *mp*

V. II *p* *mp*

Vc. *p* *mp*

85 Cl. *mf* *à 2*

85 Hn. *mf*

85 Swal. *mf* *hesitating* "I *hitting upon an excuse* don't think I like boys.

85 Prin. stay with me for one night, and be my mes seng er? The boy is so thirs ty, and the moth er so sad.

85 V. I *mf*

85 V. II *mf*

85 Vla. *mp* *mf*

85 Vc. *mf*

85 Cb. *mp* *mf*

96 Cl. *poco rit.* *mp* *mf*

96 Swal. *mf* *an angry little bird* Last sum mer, when I was stay ing on the riv er, there were two rude boys, the mil let's sons, who were al ways throw ing stones at me.

96 V. I *mp* *mf*

96 V. II *mp* *mf*

96 Vla. *mp* *mf*

96 Vc. *mp* *mf*

96 Cb. *mp* *mf*

101 $\text{♩} = 104$ $\text{♩} = 92$

Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Swal. *contemptuous* They nev er hit me, of course; we swal lows fly far too well for that, and be sides, I come of a fam i ly fa mous for its a gi
proudly *show off your coloratura, something like:*

V. I *mp*

V. II *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

106 $\text{♩} = 126$ *poco rit.* $\text{♩} = 76$ *poco rit.*

Cl. *mf* *p*

Hn. *mf* *p*

Swal. *angry again* li ty, but still, it was a mark of dis re spect."
lyrically But the Hap py Prince looked so sad that the lit tle Swal low was sor ry.

V. I *mf* *p*

V. II *mf* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p*

Cb. *mf* *p*

115 *a tempo* *poco rit.* L *a tempo* *a battuta* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Cl.

Hn.

Swal. *conversationally*
 "It is ver y cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your mes seng er."
p

Prin.
mp Thank you, lit tle Swal low.

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

125 M $\text{♩} = 84$ *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Cl.
mp

Hn.
mp

Swal. *lyrically*
 So the Swal low picked out the great ru by from the Prin ce's sword, and flew a way with it in his beak o ver the roofs of the town.
mp

V. II
pp

Vla.
pp

Vc.
mp

Cb.
p