

**Eduard de Boer:
Children of Gaza**

Song cycle for high voice and piano

Poems by Michael R. Burch



SCORE

opus 33
MUSIC

INTRODUCTION

In 1976, I was 19 years old when I spent my summer holidays in Israel. I worked for three weeks in a Kibbutz, then travelled one week through the country. I very much enjoyed those weeks and have many beautiful memories of them. However, contrary to the expectations I had at the time, my fondest memories today have to do with Palestinians rather than Israelis. For instance, I vividly remember that, during my weeks in the Kibbutz, I was ordered to join a group that worked on a sunflower field in a nearby village, supervised by an old Palestinian man. He turned out to be the friendliest, mildest and loveliest person I had ever met. And I also remember hitchhiking somewhere, with a large backpack on my shoulders and a big camera hanging around my neck, when someone shouted at me, inviting me to come into his house; which I did. Maybe it was a naïve thing to do, especially for someone who obviously looked as much like a young and vulnerable Western tourist as I did, but I never regretted it. I was welcomed by a group of very friendly Palestinians, who offered me food and drink, and even showed me where the key to the house was hidden, so I could enter it at any time, whenever I wished. I had never encountered such hospitality before. These experiences formed a contrast to what I had learned at the Christian schools I had attended, where I had been told that Arabs were stupid heathens and that it was a good thing that God had finally returned the 'Holy Land' to his 'chosen people'.

I never returned to Israel, but I did develop a fondness for Jewish folk melodies, which I incorporated into some of my compositions, for instance in my first symphony and in my Yiddish Suite for cello and piano. (Recordings of these compositions can be found on YouTube, under my pseudonym Alexander Comitas.)

It was many years after my visit to this country, that my Belgian friend André Posman, at the time an organizer of classical concerts, made me aware of the plight of the Palestinians and the lack of attention by the mainstream media for their dire situation. He offered me a book about the situation in the Gaza Strip, a book that among other things contained some poems. Slowly the idea began to take shape in my mind 'to do something' with this, at some point in the future.

Again, years later, this idea had developed to the point that I wished to compose a song cycle about Palestinian children in Gaza. By then, the Internet had become commonplace, so I began searching it for poems having to do with this theme. In doing so, I came across the name of the American poet Michael R. Burch, who on his website www.thehypertexts.com has for many years been campaigning very actively for the Palestinian cause. I found his e-mail address and in January 2016, I finally decided to contact him about the idea of a song cycle. By then, the idea of a 'storyline' had become rather clear. I envisaged a cycle with two consecutive climaxes, one where a child's family is shot by Israeli soldiers during a raid, and later another one where a child is killed by a bomb dropped by an Israeli plane¹. I also had found a number of Palestinian folk songs on YouTube and I had purchased a CD called *Lost Songs of Palestine*. In this way, I had acquired a small collection of songs to which I could allude.

And then a miracle happened, or rather: a series of miracles. Michael not only gave me permission to use any of his poems I wanted, but also offered to write any additional poems I needed for the cycle. Furthermore, I could feel free to instruct him not only about the subject of each poem, but also about its length, its meter and form, and about certain melodies I would like to use. He turned out to be just the ideal collaborator to make the wish of composing a cycle like this come true!

And it didn't stop there. I had proposed to Michael to make it a project extending over several years. I earn my income mainly by composing in response to commissions and I intended to write one song at a time in between them. But then, in February, I received an e-mail from Nelly, the widow of Christoph, a dear friend of mine who had sadly died a few months earlier, informing me that in his will he had left me and my wife an amount of money. I asked her if she would allow me to regard this amount as a commission fee for a *Children of Gaza* song cycle, and she liked the idea, because Christoph was the type of person who always stood up against injustice.

And on top of all this, against my expectation, I couldn't start with either of both composition commissions I had at this time: for one of them, a scenario still hadn't been written and for the other one I needed a detailed account

¹ The idea for both dramatic climaxes came from a number of poignant accounts on Michael Burch's website www.thehypertexts.com, (search for 'Nakba Index', *nakba* being Arabic for catastrophe). See www.breakingthesilence.org.il with testimonies by critical Israeli soldiers, for similar stories. A particularly poignant testimony by founder of the Palestina Medical Relief Society Mustafa Barghouti can be found on YouTube (www.youtube.com/watch?v=kDe_ZXOwWIU, search words *Gaza Barghouti*).

of the technical level of the members of the performing band. So, suddenly and unexpectedly, I had the collaboration of an ideal poet, the money necessary to write the cycle, and also an unexpected and perhaps provident amount of time!

Michael and I decided to go for it the cycle rapidly progressed, until 2½ months later we reached the point that it was ready. Luckily, inspiration came abundantly, and during the whole composing process I had the feeling that everything was just falling into place automatically. To give an example: the impact of the fatal bomb at the end of the song *In the Shelter* turned out to be exactly at the Golden Ratio point of the cycle as a whole; something I had neither expected nor influenced consciously in any way. The whole experience felt to me as if 'it just had to be'.

The Palestinian folk songs that are quoted or alluded to in the cycle are:

- *Al-Yadil Yadi (My Carefree Ways)*. This melody appears right at the opening of the first song and it returns at various places throughout the cycle.

- A so-called *Dabka*, a Palestinian folk song and dance, dealing with the occupation of Palestine in 1948. This theme, too, is heard for the first time in the first song, and it, too, returns a number of times, throughout the cycle.

- *Mouvasha Lamma Bada Yathanna*, an ancient song of lament. Merely hinted at in the song *For God's Sake, I'm only a Child*, it is clearly alluded to in the songs *In the Shelter* and *Among the Angels*.

- *Hala Layya*, a lullaby. The beginning of this melody appears for the first time in the song *Mother's Smile*, reappearing in *In the Shelter* and *Among the Angels*.

Happy as the story of this cycle's creation is, the plight of the Palestinians living in Gaza and the West Bank is far from happy. No parent would allow his or her own children to be subject to the dire circumstances under which the children born there are living, and this alone ought to be enough reason for everyone to want to put an end to the atrocities that have been going on far too long in this troubled region. Everyone who has access to the Internet can now read about this, for instance on Michael Burch's website www.thehypertexts.com (search for the terms 'Palestine' or 'Nakba') or can watch videos, for instance on Facebook pages like *The Eye of Palestine* or *The Palestinian Information Center*. No 'Holy Land' or text in Bible or Torah can justify how Palestinian children are treated on their native soil.

Eduard de Boer, May 14th, 2016.

Children of Gaza

Song cycle for high voice and piano

Poems by Michael R. Burch

I. Prologue: Where does the Butterfly go?

I'd love to sing about things of beauty,
like a butterfly, fluttering amid flowers,
but I can't,
I can't ...

Where does the butterfly go
when lightning rails
when thunder howls
when hailstones scream
while winter scowls
and nights compound dark frosts with snow,
where does the butterfly go?

Where does the rose hide its bloom
when night descends oblique and chill
beyond the power of moonlight to fill?
When the only relief's a banked fire's glow,
where does the butterfly go?

Where does the butterfly go
when mothers cry
while children die
and politicians lie, politicians lie?
When the darkness of grief blots out all that we know:
when love and life are running low,
where does the butterfly go?

And how shall the spirit take wing
when life is harsh, too harsh to face,
and hope is flown without a trace?
When the light of life runs low,
where does the butterfly go,
where does the butterfly go?

II. The Raid

When the soldiers came to our house,
I was quiet, quiet as a mouse...
But when they beat down our door with a battering ram,
and I heard their machine guns go "Blam! Blam! Blam!"
I ran! I ran! I ran!

First I ran to the cupboard and crept inside;
then I fled to my bed and crawled under, to hide.
I could hear my mother shushing my sister...
How I hoped and prayed that the bullets missed her!
My sister! My sister! My sister!
Then I ran next door, to my uncle's house,
still quiet, quiet as a mouse...
Young as I am, I did understand
that they had come to take our land!
Our land! Our land! Our land!
They've come to take our land!

They shot my father, they shot my mother,
they shot my dear sister, and my big brother!
They shot down my hopes, they shot down my dreams!
I still hear their screams!
Their screams! Their screams!

Now I am here: small, and sad, and still ...
no mother, no father, no family, no will.
They took everything I ever had.
Now how can I live, with no mom and no dad?
How can I live, with no mom and no dad?
How can I live? How can I live?

III. For God's Sake, I'm only a Child

For God's sake, ah, for God's sake, I'm only a child —
and all you've allowed me to learn
are these tears scalding my cheeks,
this ache in my gut at the sight
of so many corpses, so much horrifying blood!

For God's sake, I'm only a child —
you talk about your need for "security,"
but what about my right to play
in streets not piled with dead bodies
still smoking with white phosphorous!

Ah, for God's sake, I'm only a child —
for me there's no beauty in the world
and peace has become an impossible dream;
destruction is all I know
because of your deceptions.

For God's sake, I'm only a child —
fear and terror surround me
stealing my breath as I lie
shaking like a windblown leaf.
For God's sake, for God's sake, I'm only a child,
I'm only a child, I'm only a child.

IV. King of the World

If I were King of the World, I would make
every child free, for my people's sake.
And once I had freed them, they'd all run and scream
straight to my palace, for free ice cream!
[Directly to the audience, spoken:]
Why are you laughing? Can't a young king dream?

If I were King of the World, I would banish
hatred and war, and make mean men vanish.
Then, in their place, I'd bring in a circus
with lions and tigers (but they'd never hurt us!)

If I were King of the World, I would teach
the preachers to always do as they preach;
and so they could practice being of good cheer,
we'd have Christmas—and sweets—each day of the year!
[Directly to the audience, spoken:]
Why are you laughing? Some dreams do appear!

If I were King of the World, I would send
my couns'lors of peace to the wide world's end ...

[spoken:] But all this hard dreaming is making me thirsty!
I proclaim lemonade; please *[spoken]* bring it in a hurry!

If I were King of the World, I would fire
racists and bigots, with their message so dire.
And we wouldn't build walls, to shut people out.
I would build amusement parks, have no doubt!

If I were King of the World, I would make
every child blessed, for my people's sake,
and every child safe, and every child free,
and every child happy, especially me!
[Directly to the audience:]
[spoken] *Why are you laughing? Appoint me and see!*

V. Mother's Smile

There never was a fonder smile
than mother's smile, no softer touch
than mother's touch. So sleep awhile
and know she loves you more than "much".

So more than "much", much more than "all".
Though tender words, these do not speak
of love at all, nor how we fall
and mother's there, nor how we reach
from nightmares in the ticking night
and she is there to hold us tight.

There never was a stronger back
than father's back, that held our weight
and lifted us, when we were small,
and bore us till we reached the gate,
then held our hands that first bright mile
till we could run, and did, and flew.
But, oh, a mother's tender smile
will leap and follow after you ...

VI. In the Shelter

Mother:
Hush my darling, please don't cry.

The bombs will stop dropping, by and by.
Hush, I'll sing you a lullaby...

Child:
Mama, I know that I'm safe in your arms.
Your sweet love protects me from all harms,
but still I fear the sirens' alarms!

Mother:
Hush now my darling, don't say a word.
My love will protect you, whatever you heard.
Hush now...

Child:
But what about pappa, you loved him too.

Mother:
My love will protect you.
My love will protect *you!*

Child:
I know that you love me, but pappa is gone!

Mother:
Your pappa's in heaven, where nothing goes wrong.
Come, rest at my breast and I'll sing you a song.

Child:
But pappa was strong, and now he's not here.

Mother:
He's where he must be, and yet ever-near.
Now we both must be strong; there's nothing to fear.

Child:
The bombs are still falling! Will this night never end?

Mother:
The deep darkness hides us; the night is our friend.
Hush, I'll sing you a lullaby.

Child:
Yes, mama, I'm sure you are right.
We will be safe under cover of night.
[spoken] But what is that sound? *[screamed]* Mama! I am
frightened)....!

VII. Frail Envelope of Flesh

Frail envelope of flesh,
lying on the surgeon's table
with anguished eyes
like your mother's eyes
and a heartbeat weak, unstable...

Frail crucible of dust,
brief flower come to this—
your tiny hand
in your mother's hand
for a last bewildered kiss...

Brief mayfly of a child,
to live five artless years...
Now your mother's lips
seal up your lips
from the Deluge of her tears...

VIII. Among the Angels

Child:

*There is peace where I am now,
I reside in a heavenly land
that rests safe in the palm
of a loving Being's hand;
where the butterfly finds shelter
and the white dove glides to rest
in the bright and shining sands
of those shores all men call Blessed.*

Mother:

My darling, how I long to touch your face,
to see your smile,
to hear your laughter's grace.
Great Allah, hear my plea.
Return my child to me.

Child:

*My darling mother, here beyond the stars
where I now live,
I see and feel your tears,
but here is peace and joy, and no more pain.
Here is where I will remain.*

Mother:

My darling, do not leave me here alone!
Come back to me!
Why did you turn to stone?
Great Allah, hear my plea.
Please send my child back to me...

Child:

*Dear mother, to your wonderful love I bow.
But I can't return...
I am among the Angels now.
Do not worry about me.
Here is where I long to be.*

Mother:

My darling, it is as if I hear your voice
consoling me.
Oh, can this be your choice?
Great Allah, hear my plea.
Impart wisdom to me.

Child:

*Dear mother, I was born of your great love,
a gentle spirit...
I died a slaughtered dove,
that I might bring this message from the stars:
it is time to end earth's wars.*

*Remember—in both Bible and Koran
how many times each precious word is used—
“Mercy. Compassion. Justice.” Let each man,
each woman live by the Law
that rules both below and above:
reject all hate and embrace Love.*

IX. Epilogue. I have a dream

I have a dream...
that one day all the world
will see me as I am:
a small child, lonely and afraid,
a small child, lonely and afraid.

Look at me... I am flesh...
I laugh, I bleed, I cry.
Look at me; I dare you
to look me in the eye
and tell me and my mother
how I deserve to die.

I only ask to live
in a world where things are fair;
I only ask for love
in a world where people share,
I only ask for love
in a world where people share.

Oh, I have a dream...
that one day all the world
will see me as I am:
a small child, lonely and afraid,
a small child, lonely and afraid.

Composing this song cycle was made possible by Christoph Bouthillier and Nelly Bouthillier - Den Boer
Dedicated to the children of Gaza and their parents
Duration: ca. 40 minutes

Drawings on cover and page 10 by Rafeeq Omar Isalami, courtesy of the Middle East Children's Alliance (www.mecaforpeace.org). I found these drawings on the website electronicintifada.net. They were part of a planned exhibition in Oakland, California, entitled *A Child's View of Gaza*; an exhibition that unfortunately was cancelled, due to pressure from pro-Israel organizations.

A note about the piano part. It is advisable that the pianist has at least one, but preferably more of the following three things at his disposal: 1) large hands; 2) a third pedal; 3) a very delicate pedal technique, with the capacity to make use of the shadings of 'half-peddalling' (which cannot be notated in the score) to a very subtle degree.

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E-mail: eduard.menno.de.boer@gmail.com
www.eduarddeboer.org

This score may be copied, shared and distributed freely. It will be appreciated if information about performances and / or recordings of this cycle or part thereof is sent to hallo@eduarddeboer.org.

for the children of Gaza, and their parents

Children of Gaza

Song cycle for high voice and piano



I. Prologue. Where does the butterfly go?

Poems by Michael R. Burch

Music: Eduard de Boer, op. 79 (2016)

1 **Andante piacevole**

Voice

Piano

pp *leggiero*

con Ped.

3 *p dolce*

I'd

(pp)

Al-Yadil Yadi

mp *ben in rilievo*

tr

The musical score for the first two systems of the piece. The first system (measures 1-2) is marked 'Andante piacevole' and features a voice line with a whole rest and a piano accompaniment starting with a piano (*pp*) and *leggiero* character. The second system (measures 3-4) continues the piano accompaniment, with the voice line entering in measure 3 with the lyrics 'I'd' and a dynamic marking of *p dolce*. The piano part includes a section marked *(pp)* and *ben in rilievo* with the lyrics 'Al-Yadil Yadi' and a trill (*tr*) in measure 4.

poco rit. . 9

5

love to sing a - bout things of beau - - - ty, like a

3 3

... Dabka

tr

7 **A tempo**

but - ter - fly, flut - te - ring a - mid flo - wers,

8^{va}

pp

mp la melodia in rilievo

pp

9

but I can't, I

pp

1

11 **poco rit.** **A tempo**

can't

ff sub.

13

Musical score for measures 13-14, piano accompaniment. The score is written for a grand piano with treble and bass clefs. Measure 13 features a descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with a '7' marking. Measure 14 contains a triplet of eighth notes in both hands, marked with a '3'.

poco allarg.

14

Musical score for measures 14-15, piano accompaniment. Measure 14 continues with a descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with a '13' marking. Measure 15 features a triplet of eighth notes in both hands, marked with a '13'.

2

15

più allarg.

Allegro inquieto

mp

Musical score for measure 15, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Where does the but-ter-fly go" and features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes trills (trn) and dynamic markings: *sff*, *sff*, *sff*, *sff*, and *p*.

18 *f* *ff*

when light-ning rails when thun-der howls when hail - stones

20

scream while win - - ter scowls and

22 *mp* **3**

calmando poco a poco - - -

nights com - pound dark frosts with

in rilievo Al-Yadil Yadi

24

snow, where does the

Adagio

più rall. - - -

26 *p*

but - ter - fly go?

pp

p

4 3

Molto adagio

rall. - - -

Adagio

28 *pp*

Where does the rose hide its

Dabka

p legato

Red.

31

bloom when night des - cends o-blique and chill

Red.

33

be - yond ³ the po - wer of moon-light to fill?

trium

35

When the on - ly re - lief's a banked fire's glow,

poco in rilievo

tr

37

where does the but - ter - fly go?

f

f

legato

mp

5

39

Allegro inquieto

mf

Where does the but - ter - fly go when mo - thers cry while

f

ff

ff

ff

mp

42

chil - dren die and po - li - ti - cians

ff

f

ff

8va

6

11

44

lie, po - - - li - ti - - cians

46

lie? When the dark - ness of grief

48

calmando poco a poco - - -
blots out all that we know: when love and life

50

are run - ning low, where does the

Adagio

52

but - ter - fly — go?

legato

8

55

rall. . . Adagio *mp*

And how shall the spi-rit take wing —

espress.
p legato

59

mf

when life is harsh, too harsh to face,

mf
Ped.

60

and hope ³ is flown with -

mf

61

out _____ a trace?

trm

(ben ritmico) *(ben ritmico)*

62

f

When the light _____ of life runs low,

f

trw

64

where _____ does the but - ter - fly _____ go,

ff

ff

9

65

where _____ does the

9 12 12

rall. **9** A tempo, poco meno

66

but-ter-fly_ go?

pp

8va

p

mf > p

mf >

rall.

69

pp

p

mp > pp

mp > pp

attacca:

II. The Raid

Allegro ♩ = 116 *pp*

1 When the sol-diers came to our house, I was qui-et, qui-et as a

5 mouse... **10** *f* But when they beat down our

8 door with ³a bat - ³te - ring ram, and I heard their ma-chine guns go

10 *ff* "Blam! Blam! Blam!" I ran! I ran! I

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 116 beats per minute. The dynamics range from pianissimo (pp) to fortissimo (ff). The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with triplets and a treble line with arpeggiated chords and triplets. The vocal line includes lyrics and a box containing the number '10'.

12

ran!

Dabka

15

11

17

pp

First — I ran to the

tr

pp
(b)

tr

19

cup-board and crept in-side; then I fled to my bed and crawled

(tr)

(b)

(tr)

(b)

21

un-der, to hide.. I could hear my mo-ther shush-ing my sis - ter...

24

How I hoped and prayed... that the bul-lets missed her!

12

26

My sis - ter! My sis - ter! My sis - ter!

f

Dabka, cont.

29

ff

31

Then I ran next door,

34

to my un-cle's house, still qui-et, qui-et as a mouse...

37

Meno mosso

Young as I

40

am, I did un-der-stand that they had come to take our

A tempo primo

44

land! Our land!

ff

Dabka

ff f

46

Our land! Our land!

49

f

They've come to take our

Dabka, cont.

tr

51

land!

tr

ff

They shot my fa-ther, they shot my mo-ther, they shot my

dear sis-ter, and my big bro-ther!

16 *allargando poco a poco* ---

mf

They shot down my hopes, they shot down my dreams! I still

allargando ---

hear their screams! Their screams! Their screams!

66

66

67

68

69

fff

fff

70

17 *♩ = ♩ Adagio*

Dabka, cont.

p

tr

p

71

72

(b) (b)

73

73

74

75

76

p

18

rall. A tempo (Adagio)

77

p

Now I am here: small, and sad, and still no mo-ther, no

78

79

80

tr

81

fa-ther, no fa-mi-ly, no will. They took e - very-thing I e - ver had.

19

84

Now how can I live, with no mom and no dad? How can I live,

87

with no mom and no dad? How

90

can I live? How can I live?

attacca:

III. For God's sake, I'm only a child

1 *Adagio mesto, senza rigore*

Musical score for measures 1-4. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand with triplets and a bass line with sustained notes. Dynamics include *espr.* and *p*.

Musical score for measures 5-8. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment continues with complex rhythmic patterns, including a sextuplet in measure 7. Dynamics include *p*.

Musical score for measures 9-12. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "For God's sake, ah, for". Dynamics include *p espress.*, *mp*, and *rit.*. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand with sextuplets and triplets, and a bass line with sustained notes.

13 **A tempo**

God's sake, I'm on-ly a child and all you'veal- lowed me to

18

learn are these tears scal - ding my cheeks, this ache in my gut at the sight.

22

of so ma-nycorp-ses, so much hor - ri-fy-ing blood!

f **rall.** **molto**

25 **A tempo**

For God's sake, I'm on-ly a

p **pp**

poco f **pp** *legato* **(pp)** **(pp)** **p**

29

child you talk a-bout your need for "se-cu-ri-ty," but what a-bout my right to play in streets not piled

p *mp* *mf*

33

with dead bo-dies still smo-king with white phos-pho-rous!

f

22

36

Ah, for God's sake, I'm on-ly a

pp *p*

41

child for me there's no beau-ty in the world and peace

p

23

45 *mp* *p*

— has be-come an im-pos - si-ble dream; — des-truc-tion is all — I know be -

48 *rit.* *f espr.*

cause of your de-cep-tions.

24

51 *A tempo* *pp*

For God's sake, — I'm on-ly a child —

30 55

p

fear and ter-ror sur-round me steal - ing my breath as I lie sha - king like a

poco affrettando

58

wind-blown leaf. For God's

f

pp

61

calmando

25

sake, for God's sake, I'm on - ly a

f

p

f

f

65

child, I'm on - ly a child, I'm on - ly a

p

26

70

Musical score for measures 70-73. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly silent, with a few notes at the beginning. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melodic line in the right hand with triplets and a bass line with sustained chords. Dynamics include *child. espr.* and *p*.

74

Musical score for measures 74-77. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly silent. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with melodic lines in the right hand, including a sextuplet, and sustained chords in the bass line.

27

78

Musical score for measures 78-81. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly silent. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melodic line in the right hand with a sextuplet and sustained chords in the bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

82

Musical score for measures 82-85. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly silent. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melodic line in the right hand with sustained chords and a bass line with some rhythmic activity. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

IV. King of the World

1 **Allegretto**

f

If I _____ were King of the

f

5

World, I would make ev' - ry child free, for my peo - ple's

Al-Yadil Yadi

2 *tr* *2* *2*

28

9 *p*

sake. And once I had freed them, they'd all run and scream _____

pp *mf*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of three systems of music. The first system (measures 1-4) features a vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'If I _____ were King of the'. The piano accompaniment is marked *f* and consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the vocal line with 'World, I would make ev' - ry child free, for my peo - ple's'. The piano accompaniment includes a section labeled 'Al-Yadil Yadi' with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The third system (measures 9-12) begins with a boxed measure number '28' and the vocal line 'sake. And once I had freed them, they'd all run and scream _____'. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* and *mf*, featuring a complex texture with sixteenth notes in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand.

13 *f*

straight to my pa-lace for 2 free ice cream!

Palestine tomorrow will be free

f

29

17 *Directly to the audience, spoken:*

Why are you laughing? Can't a young king dream?

tr

p *f*

21

If I were King of the World,

p

25

I would ba-nish ha-tred and war, and make mean men

tr

2

30

28

mf

va - nish.

And then, in their

31

f

place, I'd bring in a cir-cus with li - ons and ti-gers (but they'd ne- ver

35

hurt us!)

31

39

If I were King of the World,

rit.

43

I would teach the preach-ers to al - ways do — as they

46

Meno mosso

poco rit.

preach; and so they could prac - tice be - ing of good cheer,

32

Tempo primo

49

Ancora meno mosso

mp

p

mf

Oh Little we'd have Christ - mas — and sweets — each day of the year!

Town of Bethlehem

53

Directly to the audience, spoken:

Why are you laughing? Some dreams do appear!

33

57

p

If I _____ were King of the World,

f *p*

34

62

poco rit. *Meno mosso*

I would send my coun-s'lors of peace to the wide world's end ...

2

Palestine tomorrow will be free

3 4

66

spoken: mf *Tempo primo*

But all this hard dream-ing is ma - king me thir - sty!

tr

3 3 3

70

f

I pro - claim le - mo-nade; please bring it⁴ in a hur-ry!

f *mp*

73

If I

77

were King of the World, I would fire ra - cists and bi-gots,

81

Meno mosso

with their mes - sage so dire. And we

84

would - n't build walls, to shut peo - ple out. I would build a -

Palastine tomorrow will be free

con Ped.

rit.

87

f

muse - ment parks, — have no doubt!

Musical score for measures 87-90. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part has a dynamic marking of *mf* and *f*. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *f*.

37

90

Tempo primo

If I were King of the

Musical score for measures 90-93. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part has a dynamic marking of *p*. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *p*.

94

rit.

World, I would make ev' - ry child blessed, for my peo - ple's

Musical score for measures 94-97. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part has a dynamic marking of *p* and a *Ped.* marking. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *p*.

38

98

Meno mosso

sake, and ev' - ry child safe, and ev' - ry child free,

Musical score for measures 98-101. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part has a dynamic marking of *pp* and a *Ped.* marking. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *pp*.

Tempo primo

101 *mf* *f*

and ev' - ry child hap - py, _____ es - pe - cial - ly

104 *f* *p* *f*

me! Why are you laughing?

39

Più mosso

un poco accelerando

107 *f*

Ap - point me and see! _____

Al-Yadil Yadi

111 *p* *pp*

V. Mother's Smile

1 **Andante con amore** *p dolce*

There ne - ver was a

p *sempre legato*

4

fon - der smile than mo - ther's smile, — no sof - ter touch than mo - ther's touch.

7

So sleep a - while — and know she loves you more than "much". —

10 *poco rit.*

poco f

13 **A tempo**

p

So more than "much", much more than "all". _____ Though ten - der words, these

16

do not speak of love at all, nor how we fall and mo - ther's there, nor how we

19

reach from night - mares in the tick - ing night and she is there to hold us

rit.

41

A tempo

pp

Hala tight.
layya *8va*

26 *mf*

There ne - ver was a strong - er back than fa - ther's back, that held our

29 *p*

weight and lif - ted us, when we were small, and bore us till we reached the

32

gate, then held our hands that first bright mile till

42

35 *f*

we could run, and did, and flew.

37 *mp* rit.

But, oh, _____

40 **A tempo** *pp*

a mo-ther's ten - der smile _____ will leap and fol - low af - ter you...

Hala layya

44 **rall. A tempo, tranquillo**

pp

pp

Ped.

attacca:

VI. In the Shelter

1 **Allegro agitato** *Mother* **pp**

Hush my dar-ling, please don't

pp *ff*

8^{va} *8* *8^{vb}*

Led.

5

cry. The bombs will stop drop -

pp

8^{va}

8

- ping, by and by.

pp

8^{va}

sempre con Led. $\frac{1}{2}$

43

11 Hush, I'll sing you a lul - la - by...
 (pp) Hala layya
 8^{va}

14

Dabka, cont.
 ff
 7

44

18

Child in a small voice
 pp
 Ma-ma, I
 7
 14
 sub. pp legato
 Ped.

22

know that I'm safe in your arms. Your sweet love pro- tects me from all
 Hala layya, cont.

27

harms, _____ but still _____ I fear _____ the

sempre con Led.

30

si - rens' _____ a - larms! _____

(pp)

Led.

45

Meno mosso ♩. = 96

Mother

pp

33

Hush now my

ff

8^{vb}

37

dar - ling, - don't say a word. My love will pro - tect you, -

pp

(8)

46

42

what - e - ver you heard.

45

Child

Hush now... But what a-bout pap-pa, you loved him too.

47

50 *Ancora meno mosso* ♩ = 88 *Mother*
p

My love will pro - tect you. My

poco

48 *A tempo primo*

55

love will pro - tect you!

59 **Poco meno** **A tempo** *Child* **pp**

I know that you love me,

62

but pap - pa is gone!

49

65 *Mother* **pp**

Your pap - pa's in hea - ven, where noth - ing goes wrong...

sempre con Ped.

68

68
Come, rest at my breast and I'll

8^{va}

8^{va}

8^{va}

Detailed description: This system contains measures 68, 69, and 70. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "Come, rest at my breast and I'll". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff with a series of eighth-note chords, a left-hand bass staff with a similar eighth-note pattern, and a grand staff (treble and bass) with a descending eighth-note line. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *pp* and *ff*, and performance instructions such as *8^{va}* (octave up) and accents.

71

71
sing you a song.

8^{va}

1

1

pp

ff

Detailed description: This system contains measures 71, 72, and 73. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sing you a song." The piano accompaniment features a right-hand treble staff with a descending eighth-note line, a left-hand bass staff with a similar pattern, and a grand staff with a descending eighth-note line. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *pp* and *ff*, and performance instructions such as *8^{va}* (octave up) and accents.

50

74

74

7

7

ff

14

sub. pp

Ped.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 74, 75, and 76. The vocal line is mostly silent. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand treble staff with a series of eighth-note chords, a left-hand bass staff with a similar eighth-note pattern, and a grand staff with a descending eighth-note line. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *ff* and *sub. pp*, and performance instructions such as *7* (fingerings), *14* (fingerings), and *Ped.* (pedal).

50 *Child*
pp

78 *Mother*

But pap-pawas strong, and now he's not here. He's where he must be, and

legato

51

83 *calmando poco a poco - - -*

yet e - ver - near. Now we both must be

Ped.

52

88 *A tempo, agitato*

strong there's no - thing to fear.

(pp)

poco

94

ff

sub. pp

Ped.

8^{ub}

96 *Child*

The bombs are still fal - ling! Will this night ne -

99 *poco hesitando - - -* *Mother*

ver end? The deep dark - ness

53 A tempo

102 *poco rit.*

hides us; the night is our friend. Hush,

106

I'll sing you a

lul - la - by.

Child

Yes, ma - ma, I'm

sure you are right.

54

We will be

116

safe un - - der

118

co - ver of night.

120

spoken:

But what is that sound?

122 *screamed:*

molto lunga

Ma - ma! I'm fri..(ghtened!) *molto lunga*

VII. Frail Envelope of Flesh

1 **Adagio mesto** *pp* Mouwashsha

Frail en - ve-lope of flesh, ly - ing on the sur-geon's ta - ble with an-guished eyes ___ like your

5 **55**

mo - ther's eyes and ___ a heart - beat weak, un - sta - ble..

9 *p*

Frail cru - ci-ble of dust, brief flo-wer come to this

13

your ti - ny hand in your mo - ther's hand for a last be-wil- dered

56

17

kiss... Brief may - fly of a child, to live five art-less years...

poco

21

Now your mo-ther's lips seal up your lips from the De - luge of her

VIII. Among the Angels

1 **Tranquillo** *Child P*

There is

5

peace — where I now a-bide. I re - side — in a hea - ven-ly land that

9 **57**

rests safe — in the palm of a lo - ving Be - ing's

poco

12

hand; where the but - ter-fly finds shel - ter and the white — dove

poco

15

glides to rest in the bright and shin - ing sands

poco

pp Al-Yadil Yadi
la melodia in rilievo

8^{va}

18

of those shores that men call

(8)

20

blessed.

poco

(8)

22

(8)

59

poco rit. . . . A tempo, appassionato

24

Mother *f* Dabka

My dar - ling, how I long to touch your face, to

legato

f

27

mf *p*

see your smile, to hear your laugh - ter's grace.

mf *p*

trm

allargando e calmando

29

f

Great Al - lah, hear my

Dabka... *f*

... Mouwashsha

60

A tempo, tranquillo

Child *pp*

32 *p*

plea. Re - turn my child to me. My

p *pp*

60

36

dar - ling mo-ther, here be-yond the stars where I now live,

40

I see and feel your tears,

61

poco rit. . . . A tempo

45

but here is peace and

la melodia in rilievo

poco *pp* Hala layya

5

Red.

48

joy, and no more pain.

poco rit. . .

51

Here is where I will remain.

62 A tempo, appassionato

54 *Mother* **f** Dabka

My dar - ling, do not leave me here a - lone! Come

56

back to me! Why did you turn to stone?

tr

allarg. e calmando

6258

Musical score for measures 62-58. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "Great... Mouwashsha" in a box. The piano accompaniment features a melody with triplets and a dynamic marking of *mp*. The score concludes with a *f* dynamic marking.

A tempo, tranquillo

60

Musical score for measures 60-63. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Al - lah, hear my plea. Please send my child back to me...". The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic marking.

64

Musical score for measures 64-67. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Dear mother, to your won - der - ful love I bow. But I". A box labeled "63" is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* dynamic marking.

68

Musical score for measures 68-71. The vocal line contains the lyrics "can't re - turn... I am a -". A box labeled "Palestine ..." is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* dynamic marking.

71

- mong the An - gels now.

74

poco rit. . . . *A tempo*

Do not wor - ry

la melodia in rilievo Hala layya

poco *pp*

Red.

77

a - bout me.

80

rit.

Here is where I long to be.

poco

A tempo, più tranquillo

83 *Mother* *p* **Dabka**

My dar - - - ling, it is as if I hear your voice con -

85

so - ling me. Oh, can this be your choice?

87 *poco tratto* *mf*

Great

Dabka

89 *A tempo* *p*

Al - - lah, hear my plea. Im - part wis - dom to

66

Child
pp

92 me. Dear mo-ther, I was born of your great love, a

97 gen - tle spi - rit... I died a slaugh - tered.

Palestine ...

102 dove, that I might bring this mes-sage from the stars:

67 A tempo, poco meno mosso

poco rit. . . .

106 it's time to end earth's wars.

(8) LH

68 A tempo primo

110

p

Re-mem-ber in both Bi - ble and Ko - ran_ how ma - ny times each

(pp)

114

pre - cious word. is_ used: "Mer - cy. Com - pas - sion. Jus - tice."

(NB)

69

118

Let each man, each wo - man. live by the Law that rules both be -

poco

121

low and a - bove: re - ject all hate and_ em - brace

mp

poco

70

126

Love. _____

pp *la melodia in rilievo*

Al-Yadil Yadi

8^{va}

3 3 3 3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3 3 3 3

3 3 3

3 3 3

129

3 3 3 3

3 3

3

132

8^{va}

attacca:

IX. Epilogue. I have a Dream

1 *Adagio mesto, senza rigore*

p ³
I have a dream...

p

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a long note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line with a (b) marking and a treble line with chords and a melodic line.

6
— that one day all the world will see me as I am: — a small child, —

³

This system contains measures 6 through 9. The vocal line continues with a triplet of eighth notes (B4, C5, D5) and then a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

10 *poco rit.*
lone - ly and a - fraid, a small child, — lone - ly and a -

This system contains measures 10 through 13. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is indicated. The vocal line concludes with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a long, sweeping melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line with a (b) marking.

71

A tempo, poco meno

Un poco più mosso

13

fraid. Look at me... I am flesh... I laugh, I bleed, I cry.

mf *f*

pp *p* *f*

72

16

Look at me; I dare you to look me in the eye and tell me and my mother

p

mp *legato* *p*

20

how I deserve to die. I only

f

ff

23

ask to live in a world where things are fair;

p

p

73

26 *rit.* *A tempo*
pp *p*

I on - ly ask for love in a world where peo-ple

mp *la melodia in rilievo*
pp (*pp*)

30

share, I on - ly ask for love in a

34 *rit.*

world where peo - ple share.

74

38 A tempo

pp *p*

Oh, I have a dream... that one day

42

all the world will see me as I am: a small child, lone - ly and a-fraid,

75

rit. molto **Molto lento**

46

a small child, lone - ly and a - fraid.

pp

49

Ped.