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Prayers of the Animals

Alan Stringer

Carmen Bernos de Gasztold

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FAL
X
Stringer, A.
Box III, no. 38

PRAYERS OF THE ANIMALS

words by Carmen Bernos De Gasztold translated by Rumer Godden

Prayer of the Cricket

Oh God, I am little and very black, but I thank you for having shed your warm sun and the quivering of your golden corn on my humble life. Then take, but be forebearing, Lord, this note of music you have set thrilling in my heart.

Prayer of the Duck

God give us a flood of water. Let it rain tomorrow and always. Give us plenty of slugs to eat and other luscious things to eat. Protect all folk who quack and everyone who knows how to swim.

Prayer of the Cock

Do not forget, oh Lord, I make the sun to rise. I am your servant but with the dignity of my calling. I need some glitter and ostentation. Noblesse oblige. All the same, I am your servant. I make the sun to rise. Do not forget, Lord, I make the sunrise.

The Fly's Prayer

Lord, shall I always go in black for this life? Fugitive from its tumult on my transparent wings, pausing weightless on my thin legs, I, whom the world finds such a burden? You have made me stick to what lures me. Yet if I am caught clinging there, don't let me die like the poor useless thing I am.

Prayer of the Monkey

Dear God, why have you made me so ugly, with this ridiculous face? Shall I always be the clown of your creation? Oh, lift this melancholy from my heart. Could you one day not let someone take me seriously, Lord?

Prayer of the Goat

Lord, let me live as I will. I need a little wild freedom, a little giddiness of heart, the taste of unknown flowers. For whom else are your mountains for? your snow wind? these springs? The sheep do not understand. They graze and graze, all of them, always in the same direction, and they always chew their cud. I love to bound to the heart of your marvels, leap your chasms, my mouth stuffed with grasses, guiver with pure delight on the world's summit.

Prayer of the Donkey

O God, who made me to trudge always along the road and to carry heavy loads and to be beaten always, give me great courage and gentleness. One day let someone understand me, that I may no longer long to weep. I can never say what I mean. They make fun of me. Let me find a juicy thistle and make them give me time to pick it. O lord, let me find again one day my little brother of the Christmas crib.

Prayer of the Butterfly

Lord, where was I? Oh yes! this flower, this sun. Thank you. Your world is beautiful, the scent of roses. Where was I? This drop of dew rolls to sparkle in a lily's heart. I have to go. I don't know where. The wind has painted fancies on my wings--fancies. Where was I? Oh yes, Lord, I had something to tell you.

The Centipede's Prayer

With innumerable little footsteps I go through life, but Lord, I can never get to the end of myself. It's a really queer sensationto be a multitude that fallows in Indian fashion. True, it is really the first step that counts, or rather the first foot. All that matters is to be in step with oneself. I only ask, Lord, that I may jog along, one in spirit without troublesome reticences.

Payer of the Ox

Dear God, give me time. Men are so driven. Make them understand I never hurry. Give me time to eat. Give me time to sleep. Give me time to think.

Prayer of the Little Bird

(The music incorporates the call of an actual bird, the chiff-chaff.)

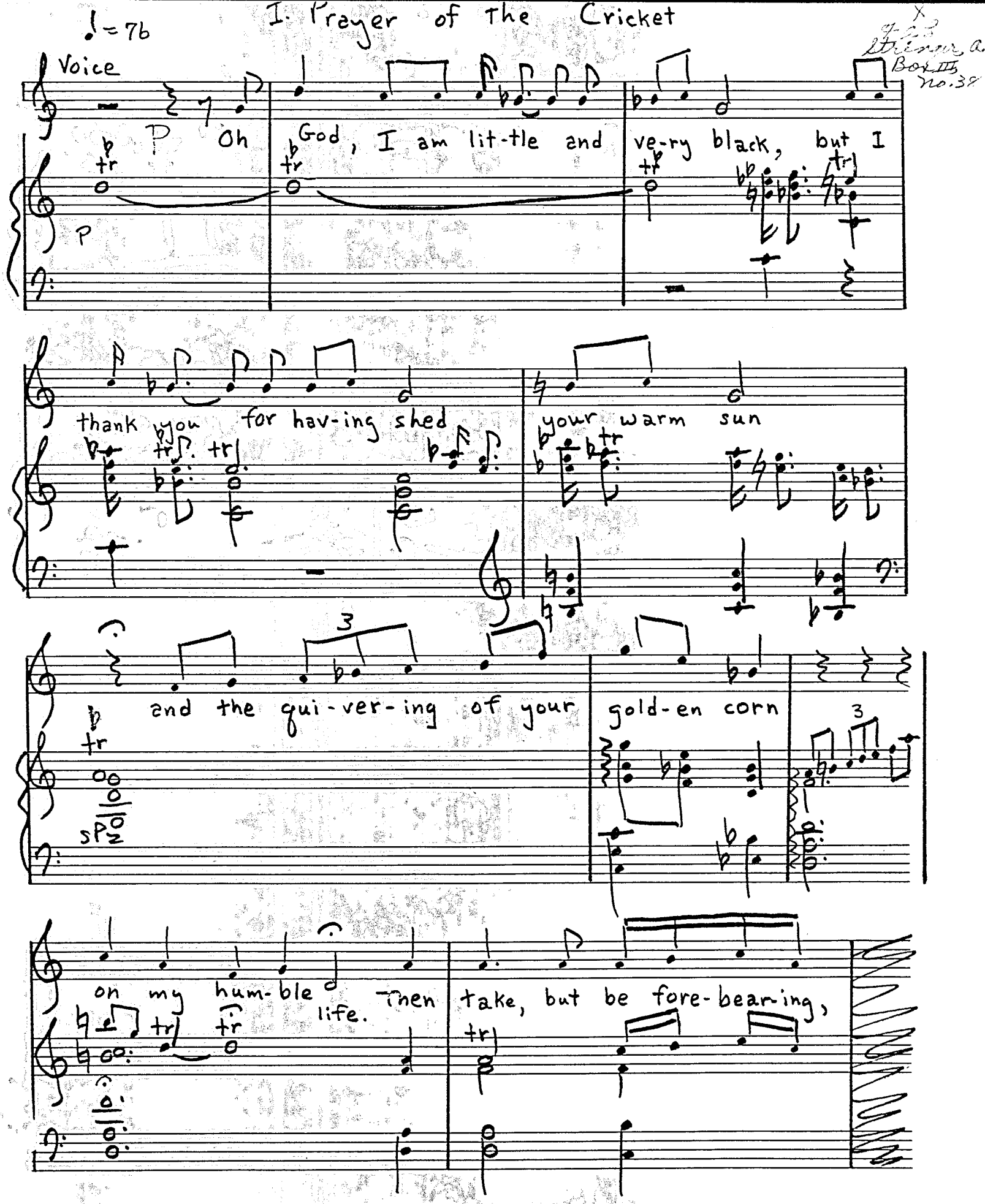
Dear God, I don't know how to pray by myself very well. Protect my nest from wind and rain. Put a good deal of dew on the flowers, many seeds in my way. Make your blue very high. Make your branches lissom. Let your kind light stay late in the sky, set my heart brimming with such music that I must sing. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! Please, Lord.

Prayer of the Dog

Lord, I keep watch. If I'm not here, who will guard their house, watch their sheep? No one but you and I understand what faithfulness is, faithfulness is. I take their pats. I take old bones, and I am pleased. Sometimes they kick me and spurn me, but none of that matters. Still I keep watch. May I not die till all danger for them is driven away.

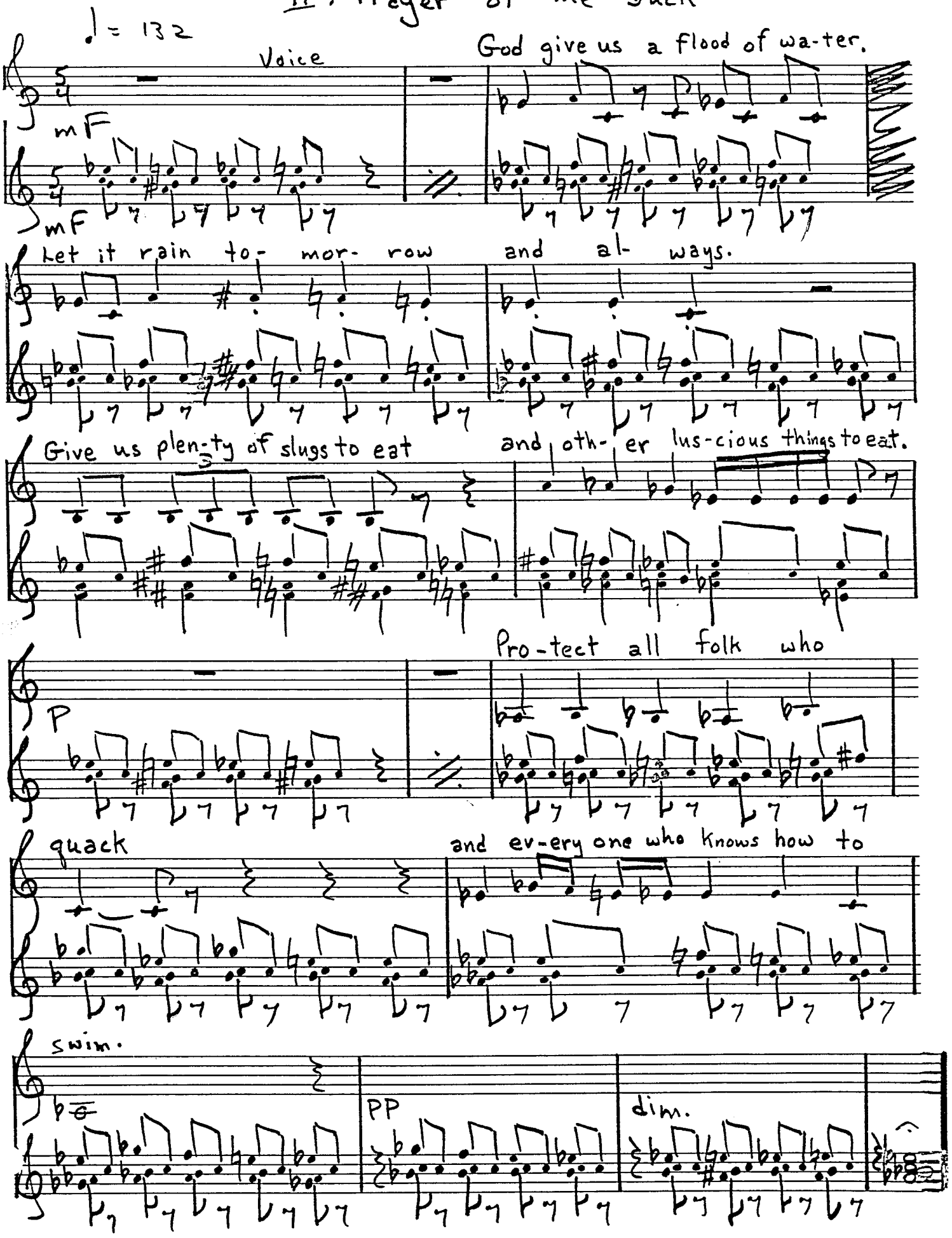
The Beaver's Prayer

To build, Lord, that is a vocation. I speak of my passion architecture. Of course one should build on a rock, but what fillip is there in doing anything easy? My element is to struggle--it is water that allures--and tell me to build a safe and steady house on the moving stream of a river--moving as life does, swiftly--what an adventure! With patience and ingenuity one can do anything. But I am one who loves to swim against the current, to build something lasting--and all my own work--at the very core of life. And if You give me living water, I would build Your paradise for You.



Carl Fischer, Inc., New York
12 staves - 96 sides
AC112-Printed in the U.S.A.

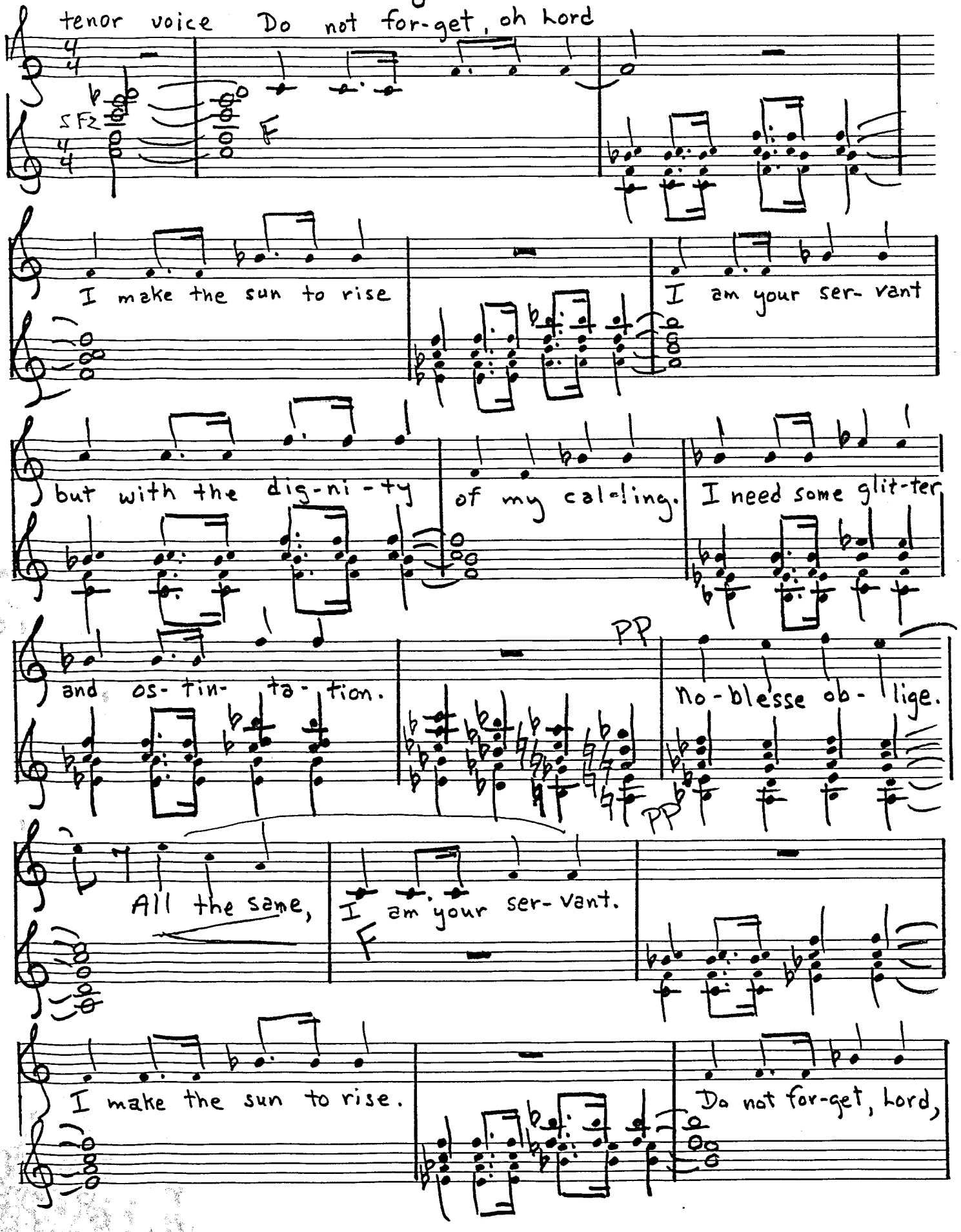
II. Prayer of the Duck



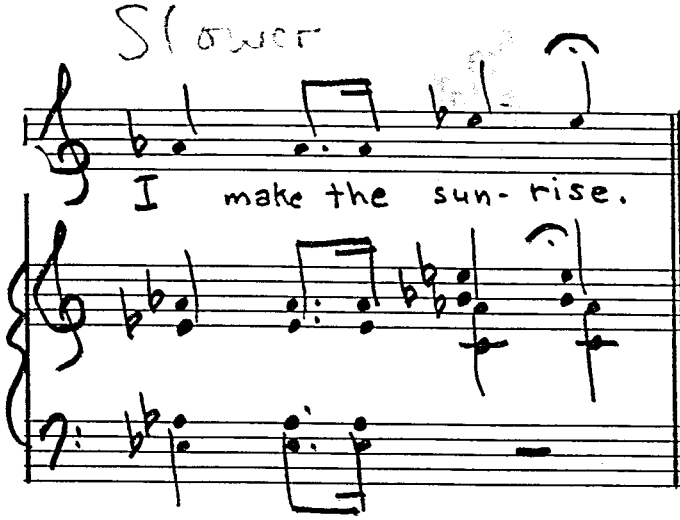
Carl Fischer, Inc., New York 12 staves - 96 sides AC112-Printed in the U.S.A.

♩ = 126

III. Prayer of the Cock



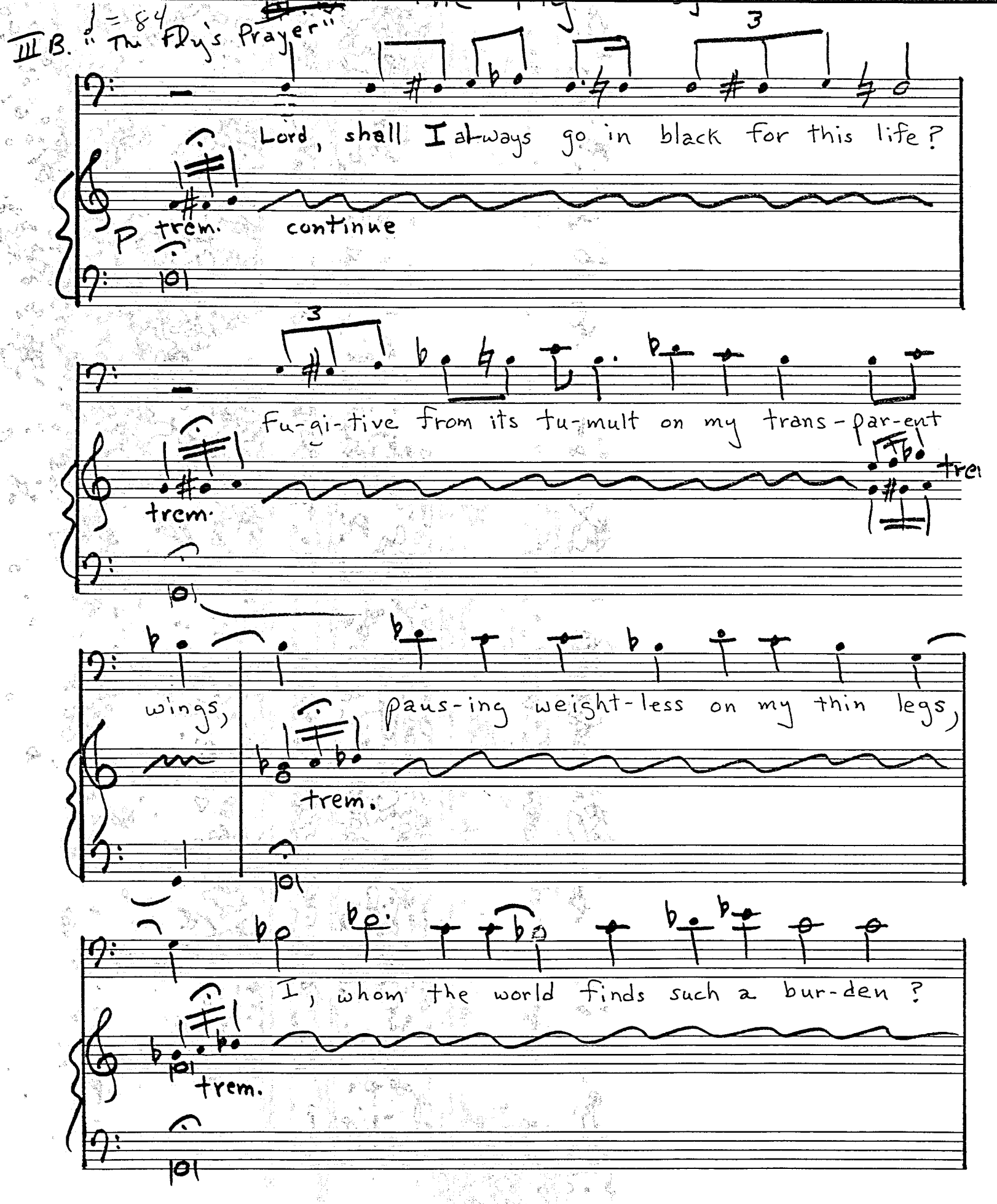
Slower

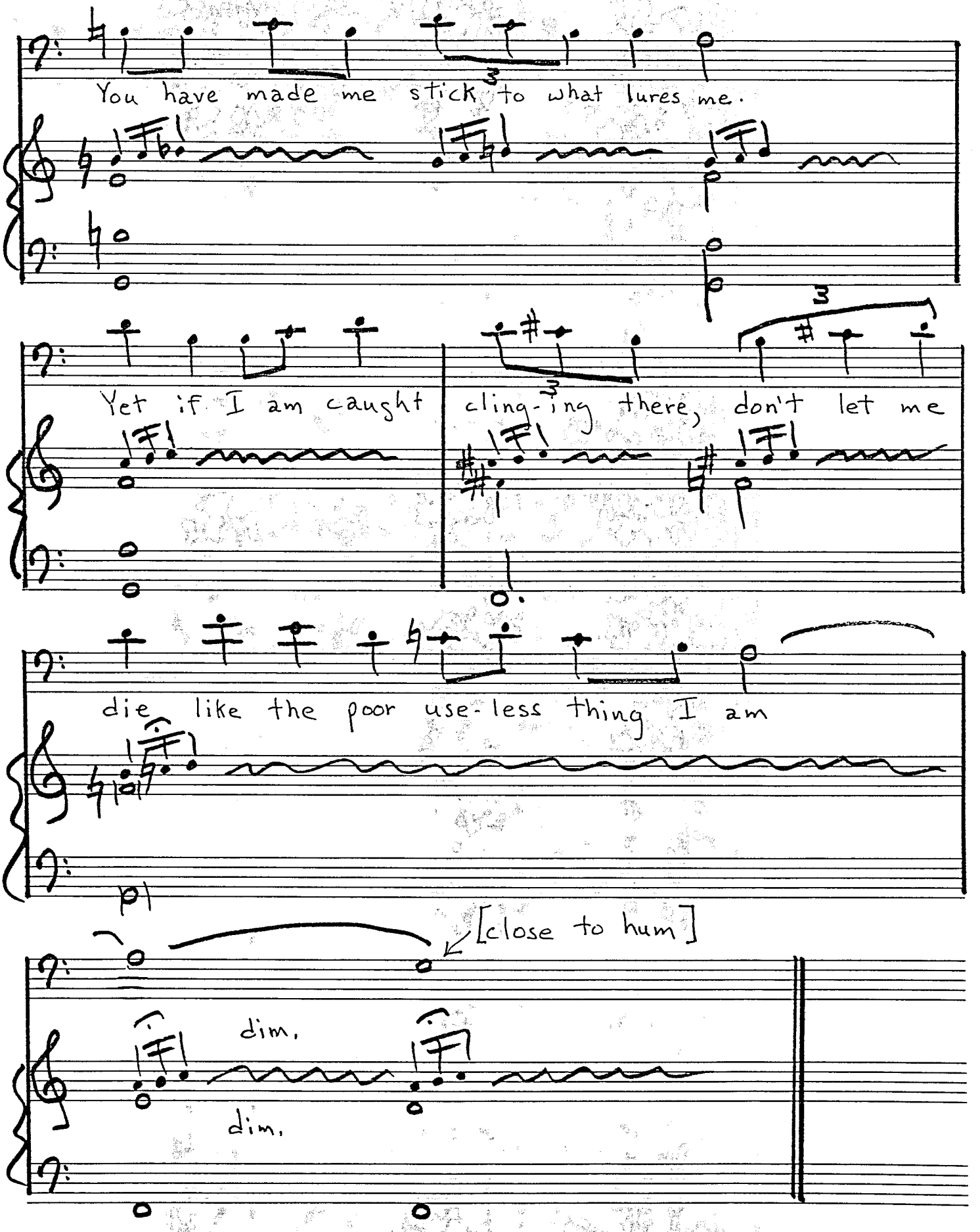


Carl Fischer, Inc., New York

12 staves - 96 sides

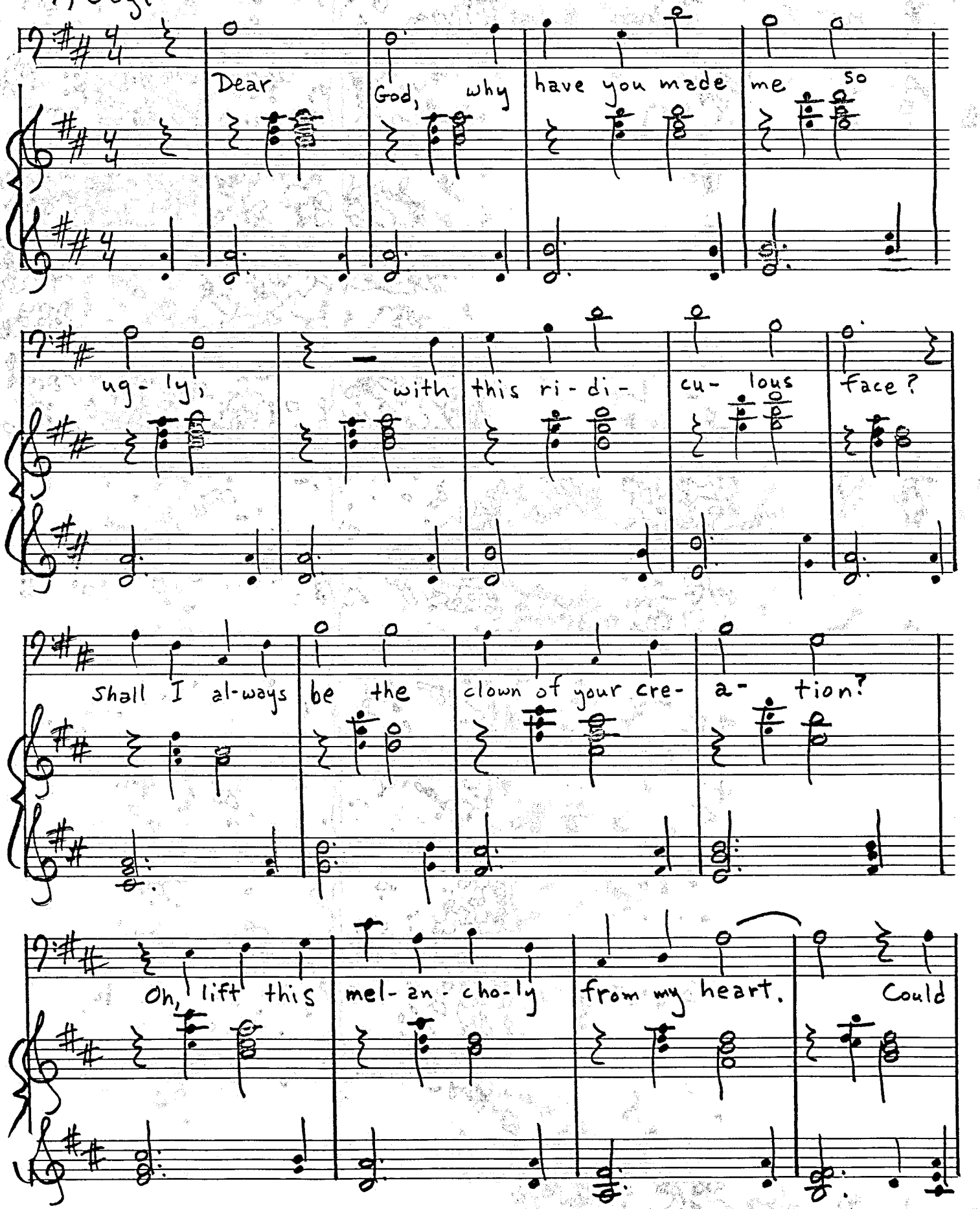
AC112-Printed in the U.S.A.

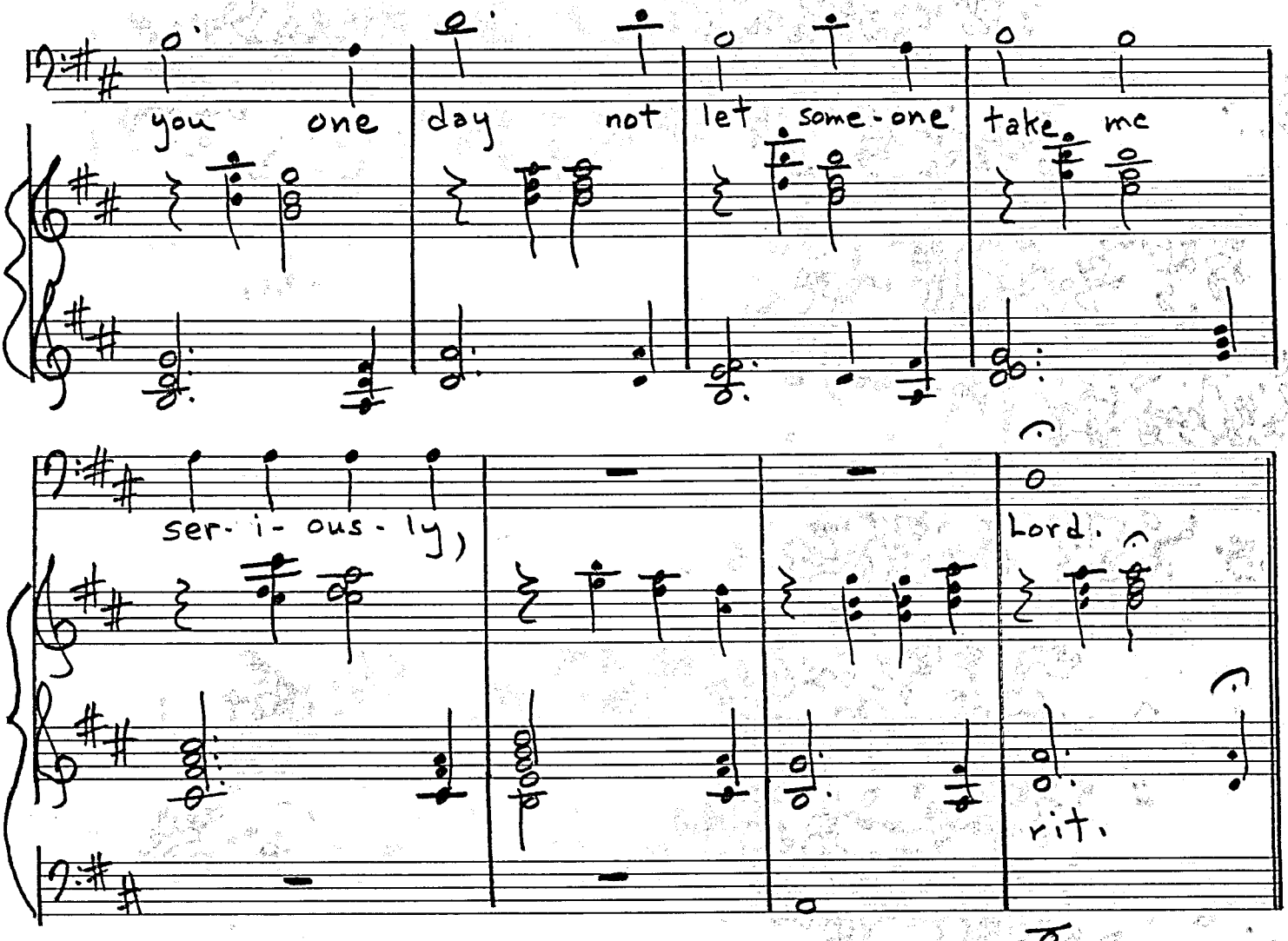

III B. "The Fly's Prayer"
♩ = 84
Lord, shall I always go in black for this life?
P trem.
continue
fu-gi-tive from its tu-mult on my trans-par-ent
trem.
wings,
paus-ing weight-less on my thin legs,
trem.
I, whom the world finds such a bur-den?
trem.


You have made me stick to what lures me.
Yet if I am caught
cling-ing there, don't let me
die like the poor use-less thing I am
p
[close to hum]
dim.
dim.

IV. Prayer of the Monkey

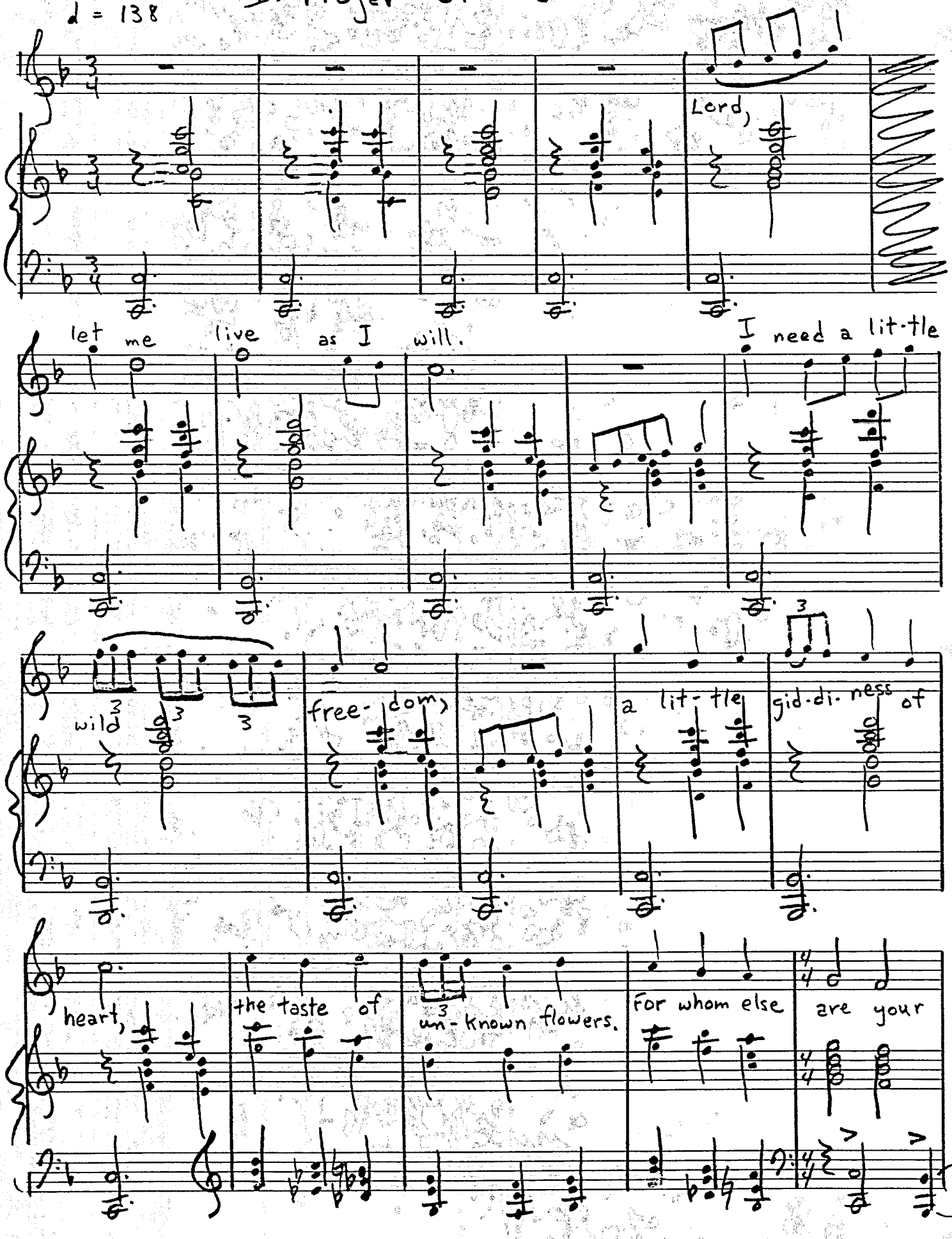
Adagio ♩ = 104

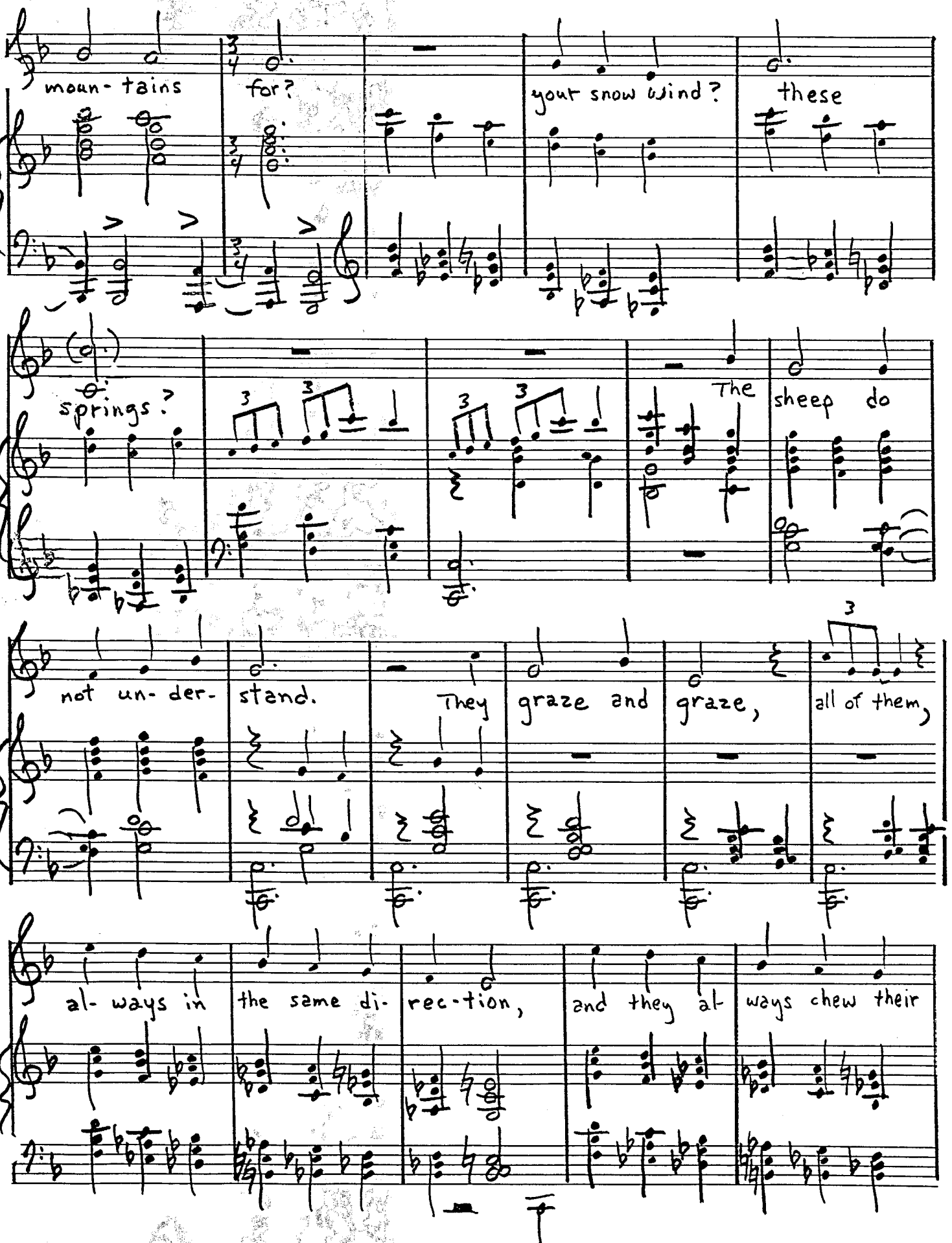


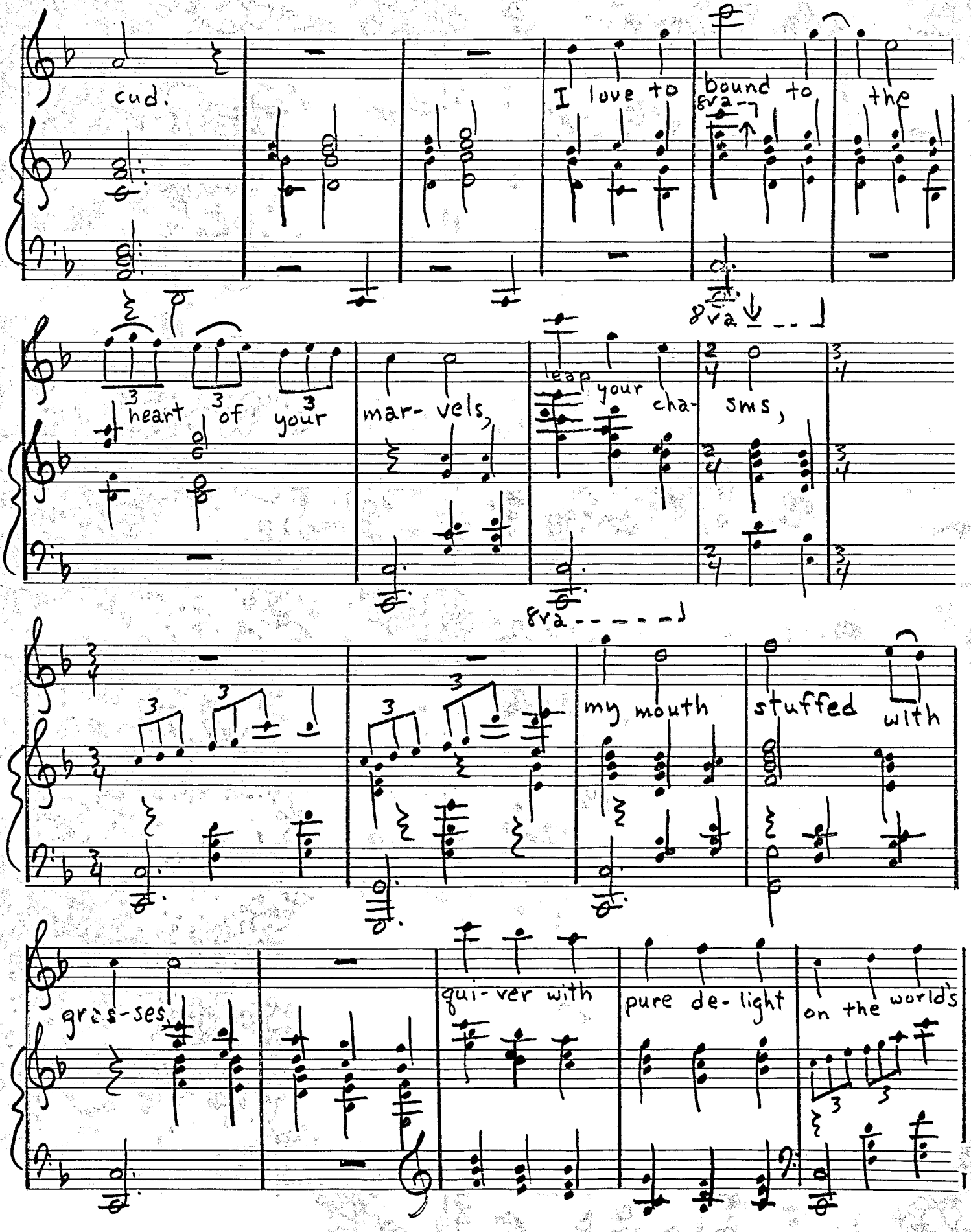

you one day not let some-one take me
ser- i- ous- ly,
Lord.
rit.

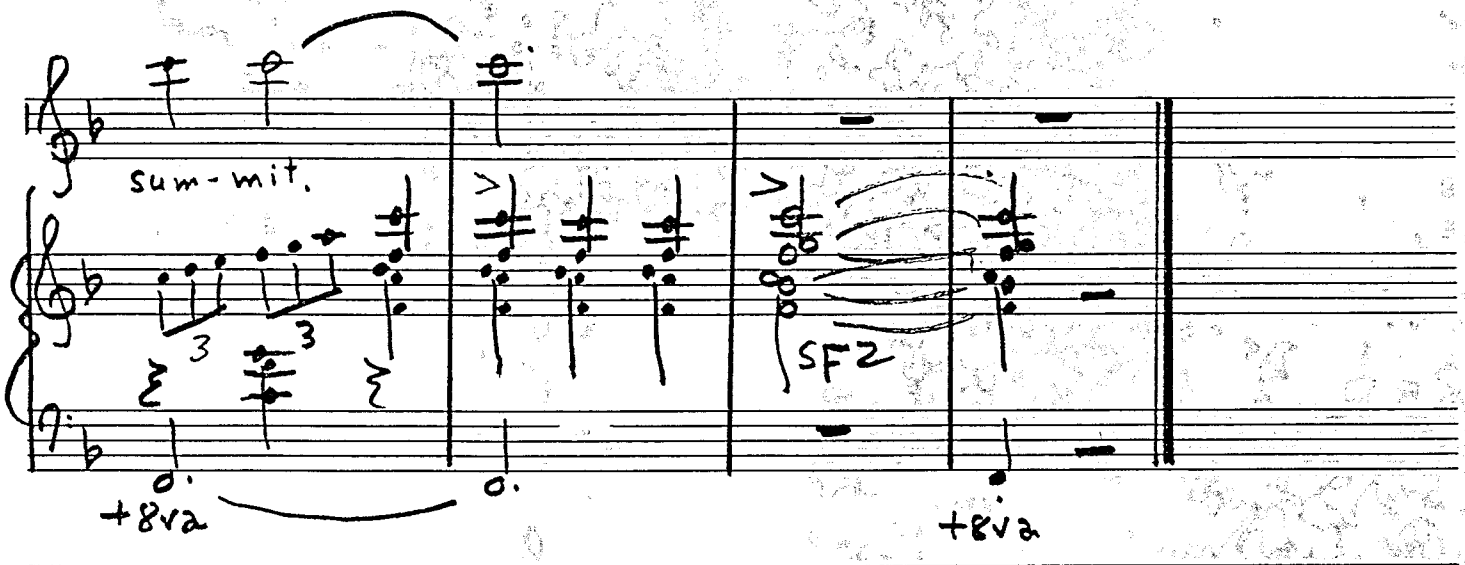
Lively
♩ = 138

V. Prayer of the Goat




moun- tains
for?
your snow wind?
these
springs?
The
sheep do
not un- der-
stand.
They
graze and
graze,
all of them,
al- ways in
the same di-
rec-tion,
and they al-
ways chew their

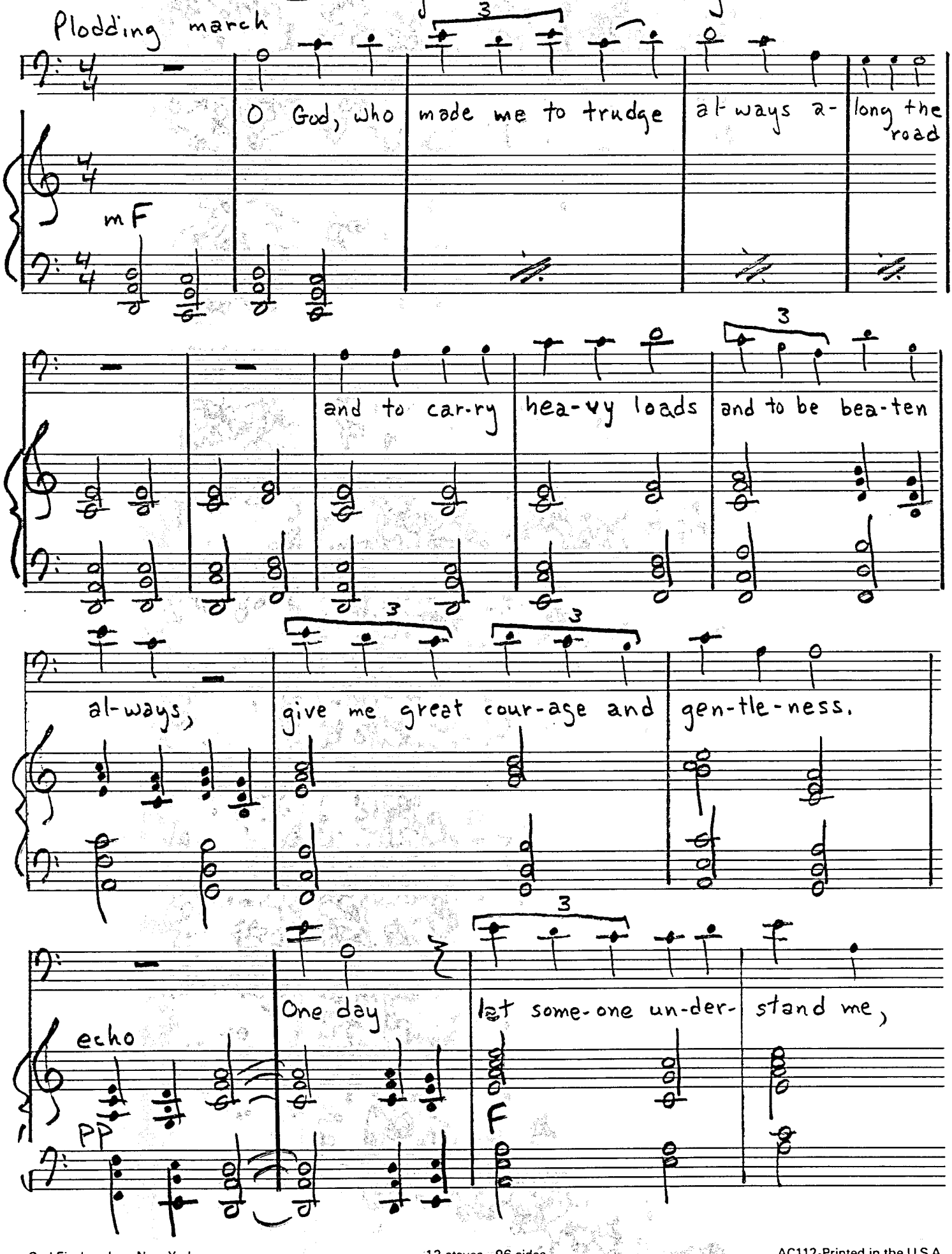

cud.
I love to
bound to
8va
the
8va
heart
of
your
mar- vels,
leap
your
cha-
sms,
8va
my mouth
stuffed
with
gras-ses,
qui-ver with
pure de- light
on the world's

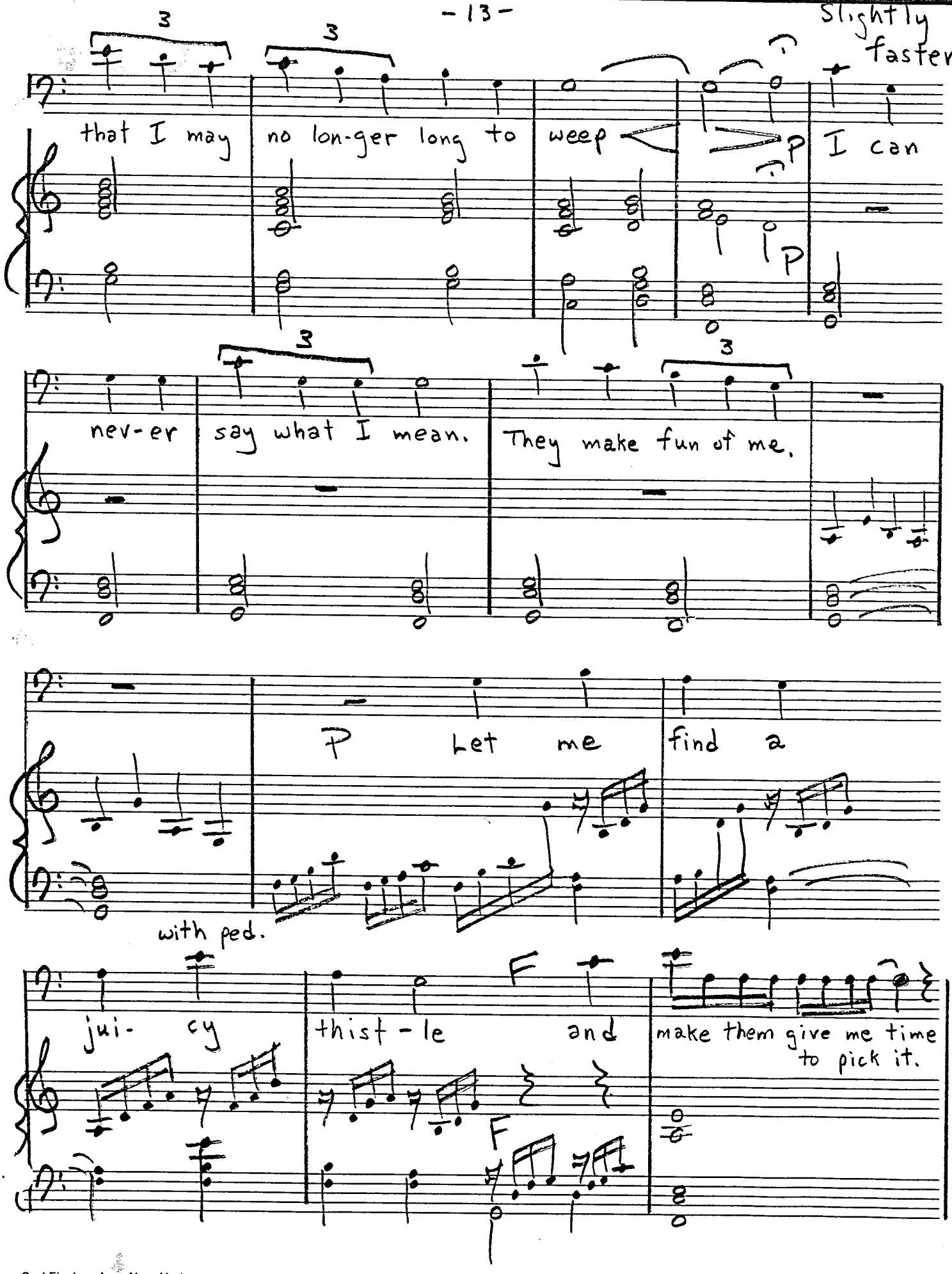

sum-mit.
3
3
SF z
+8va
+8va

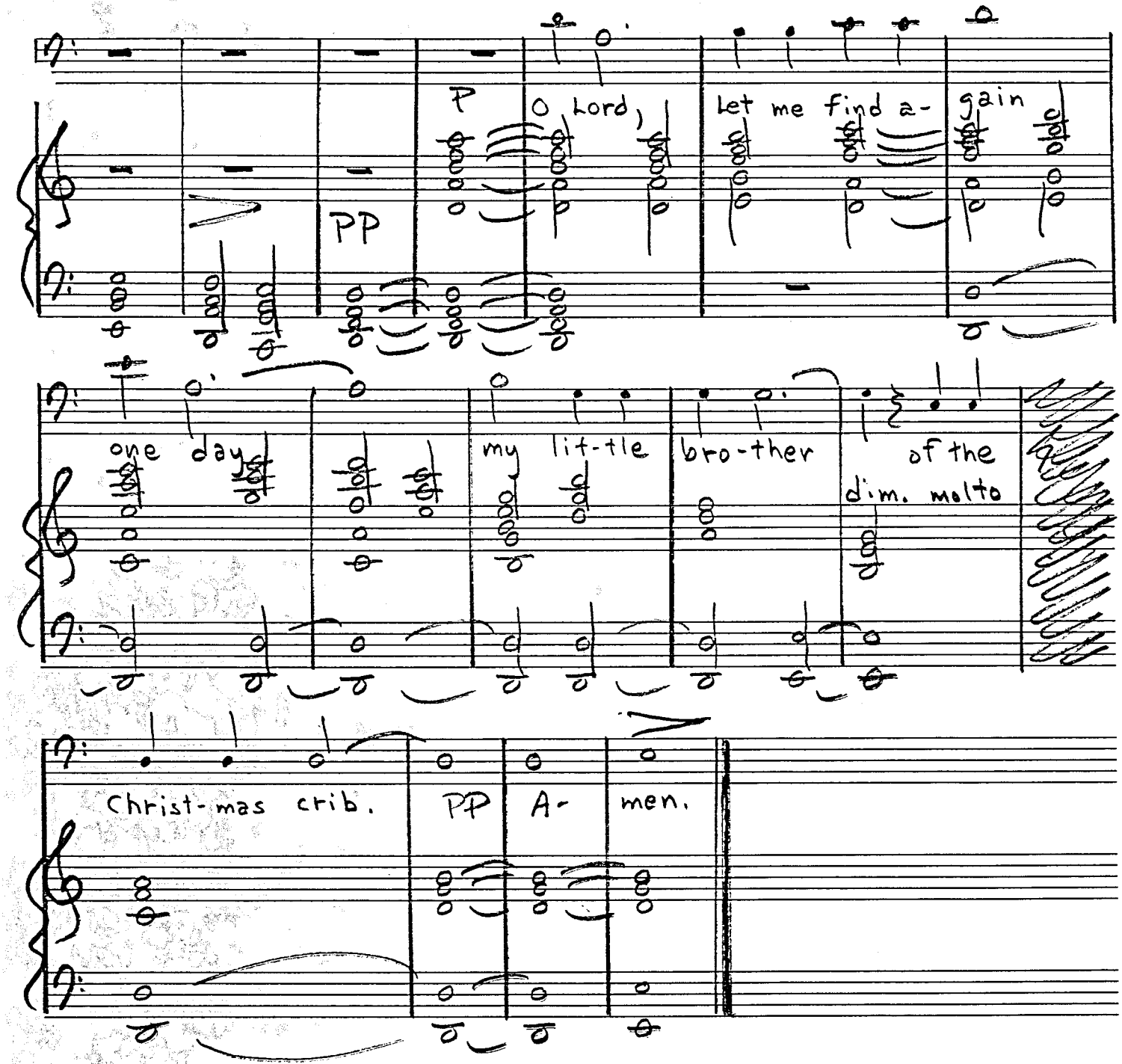
♩ = 48

VI. Prayer of the Donkey

Plodding march




Slightly faster
that I may no lon-ger long to weep
p
I can
p
nev-er say what I mean.
They make fun of me.
p
Let me find a
with ped.
jui- cy
F
thist-le and
F
make them give me time to pick it.


P
O Lord,
Let me find a-
gain
PP
one day
my lit-tle
bro-ther
of the
dim. molto
Christ-mas crib.
PP
A-
men.

c. ♩= 126

VII. Prayer of the Butterfly

Rapid

Voice

Piano

p

Lord, where was I?

simile

Oh yes!

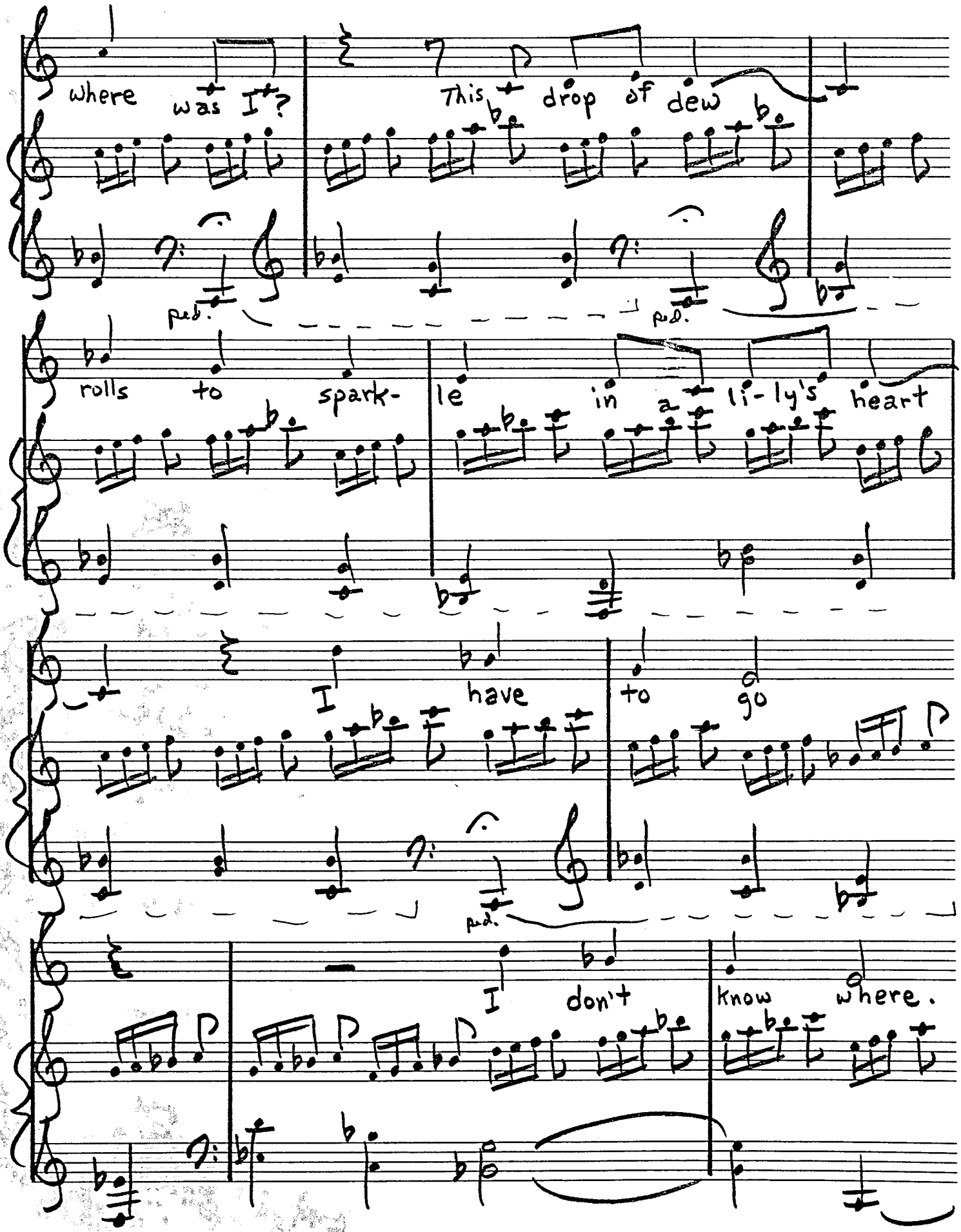
this flow-er this sun.

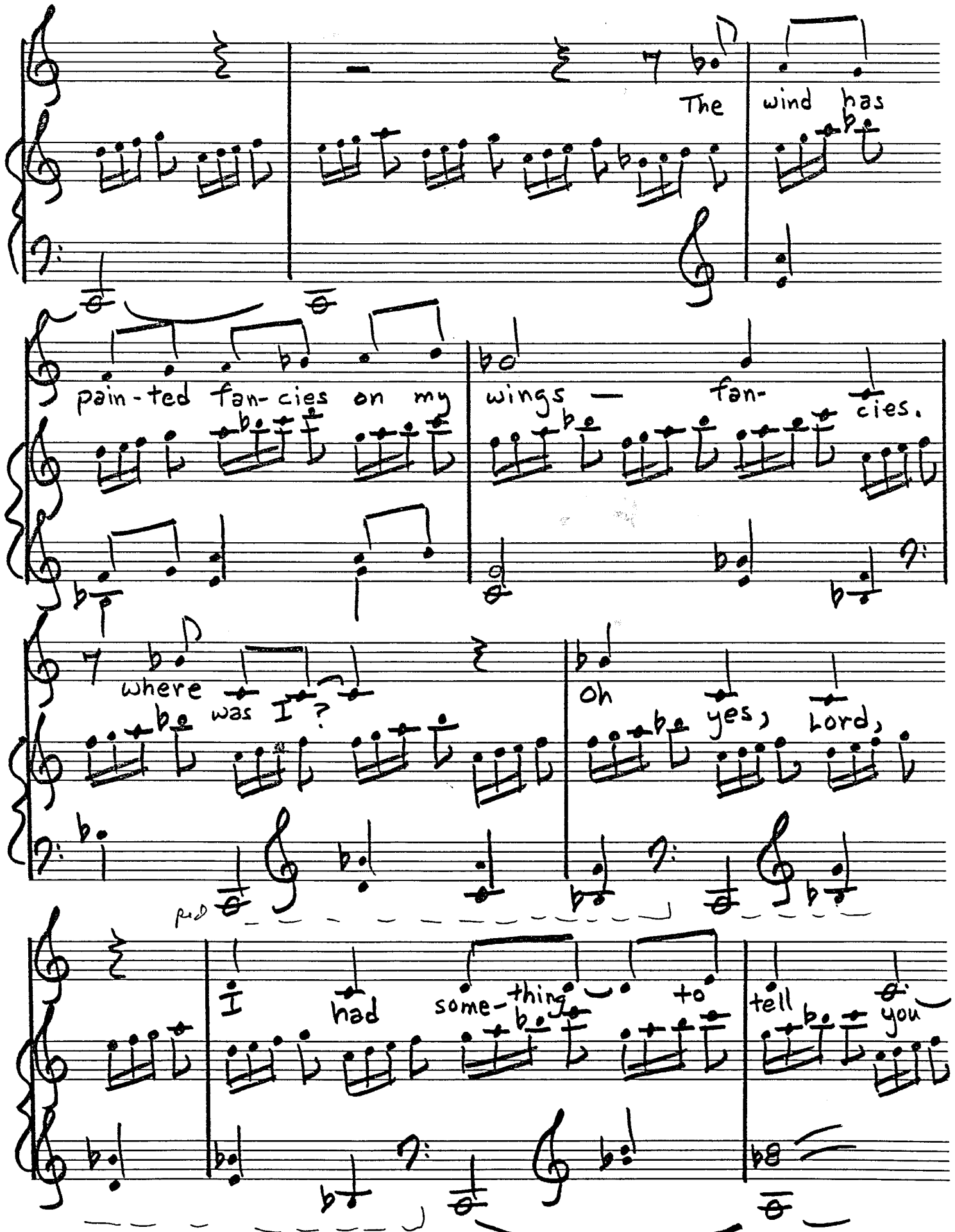
Thank you. Your world is beau-ti-ful,

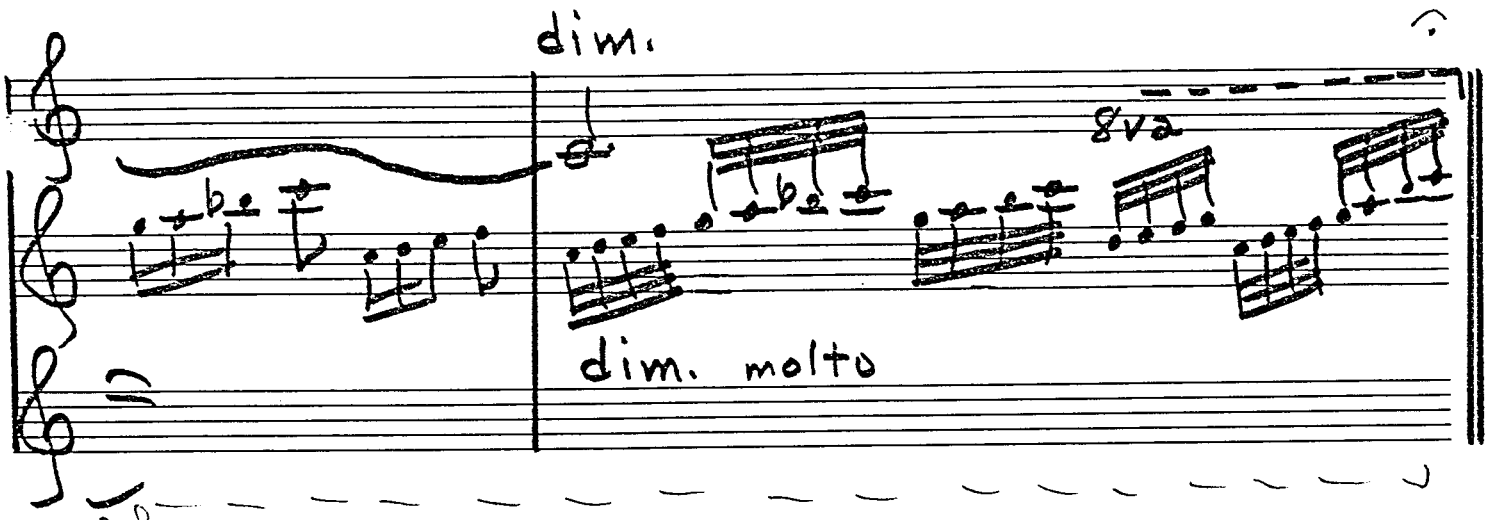
piano

The scent of ros-

es.

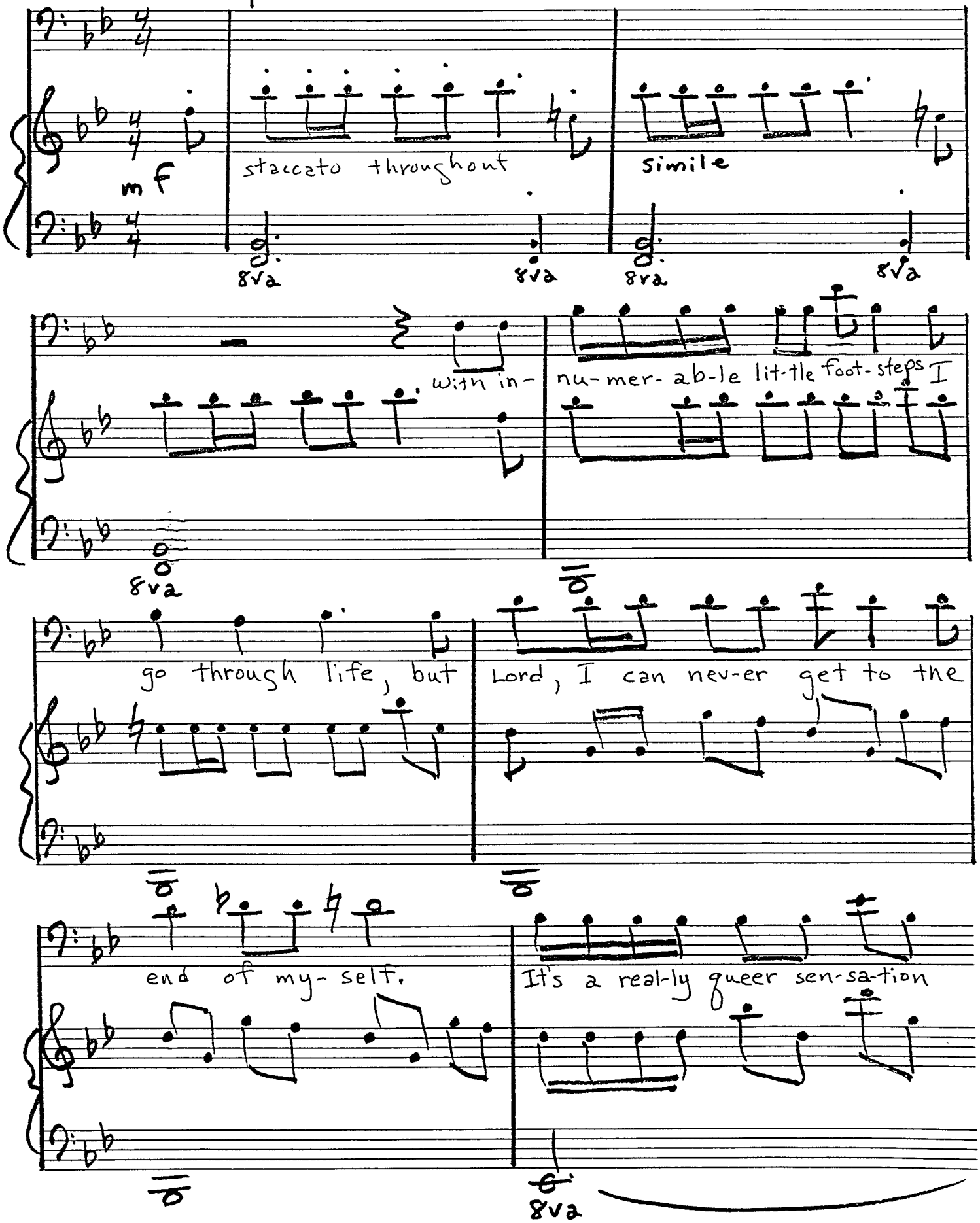

where was I?
This drop of dew
ped.
ped.
rolls to spark- le in a li- ly's heart
I have to go
ped.
I don't know where.

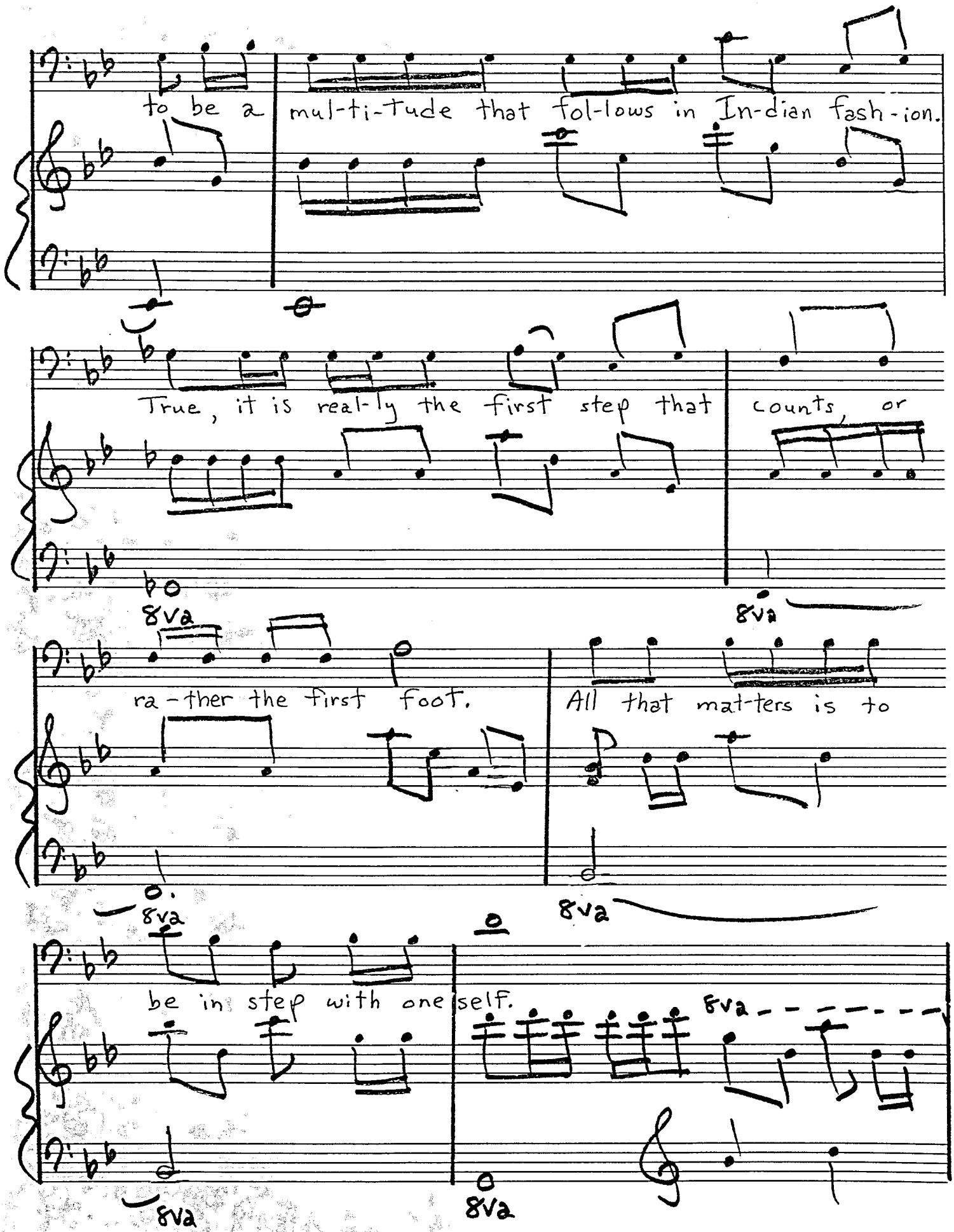

The wind has
pain-ted fan-cies on my wings — fan- cies.
where was I?
Oh yes, Lord,
I had some-thing to tell you

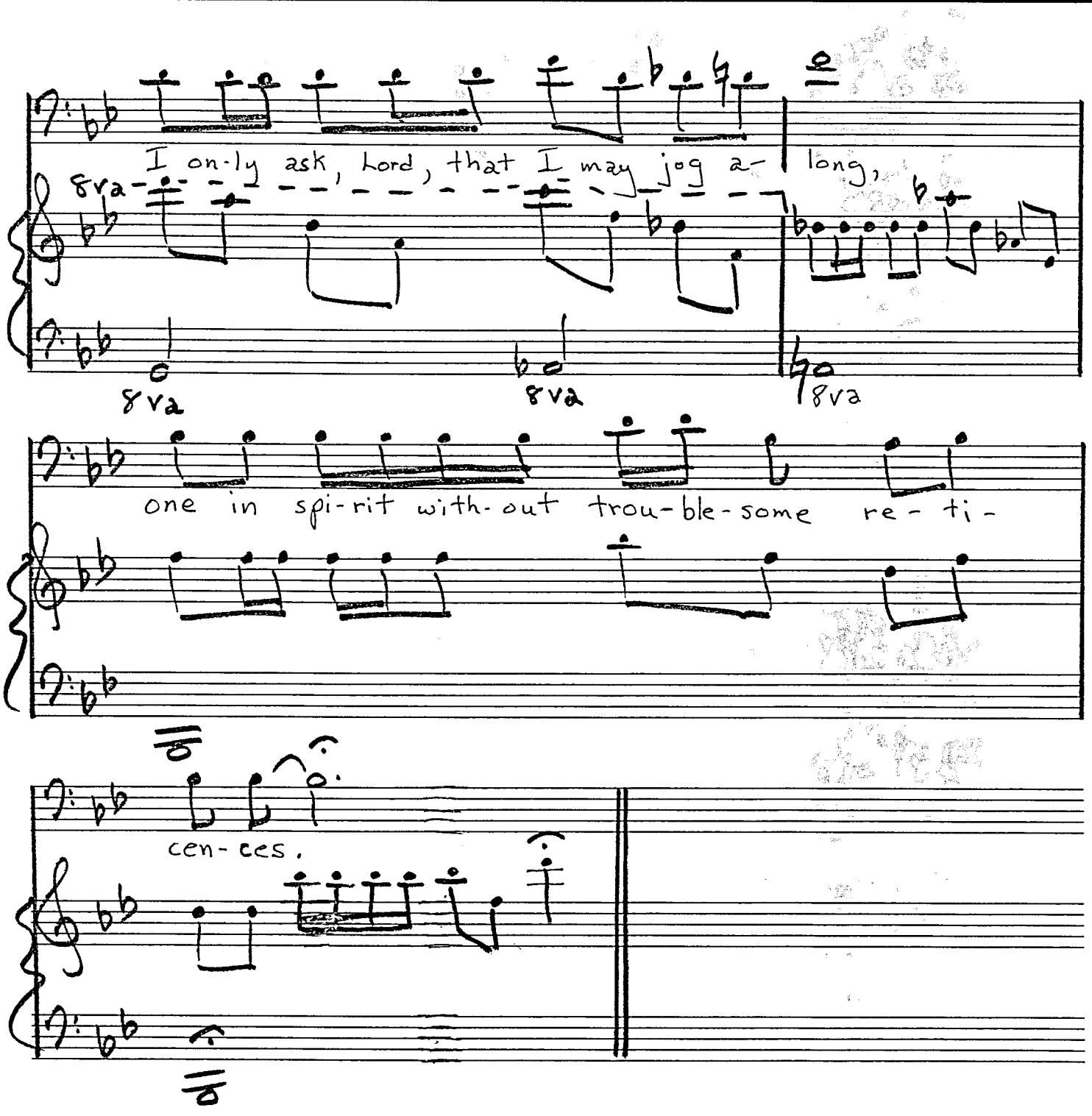

dim.
8va
dim. molto

♩ = 96 VII. B. The Centipede's Prayer

March tempo

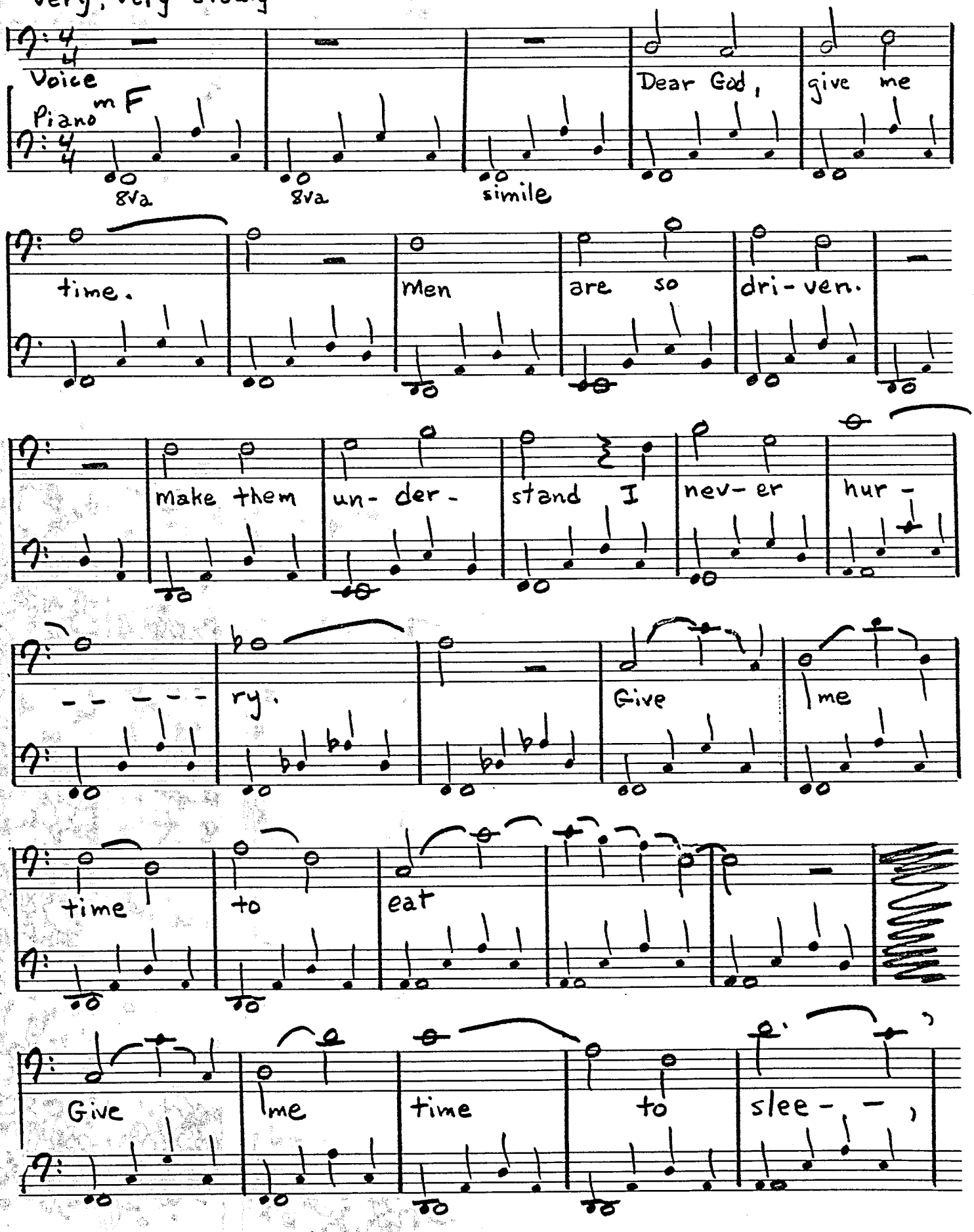


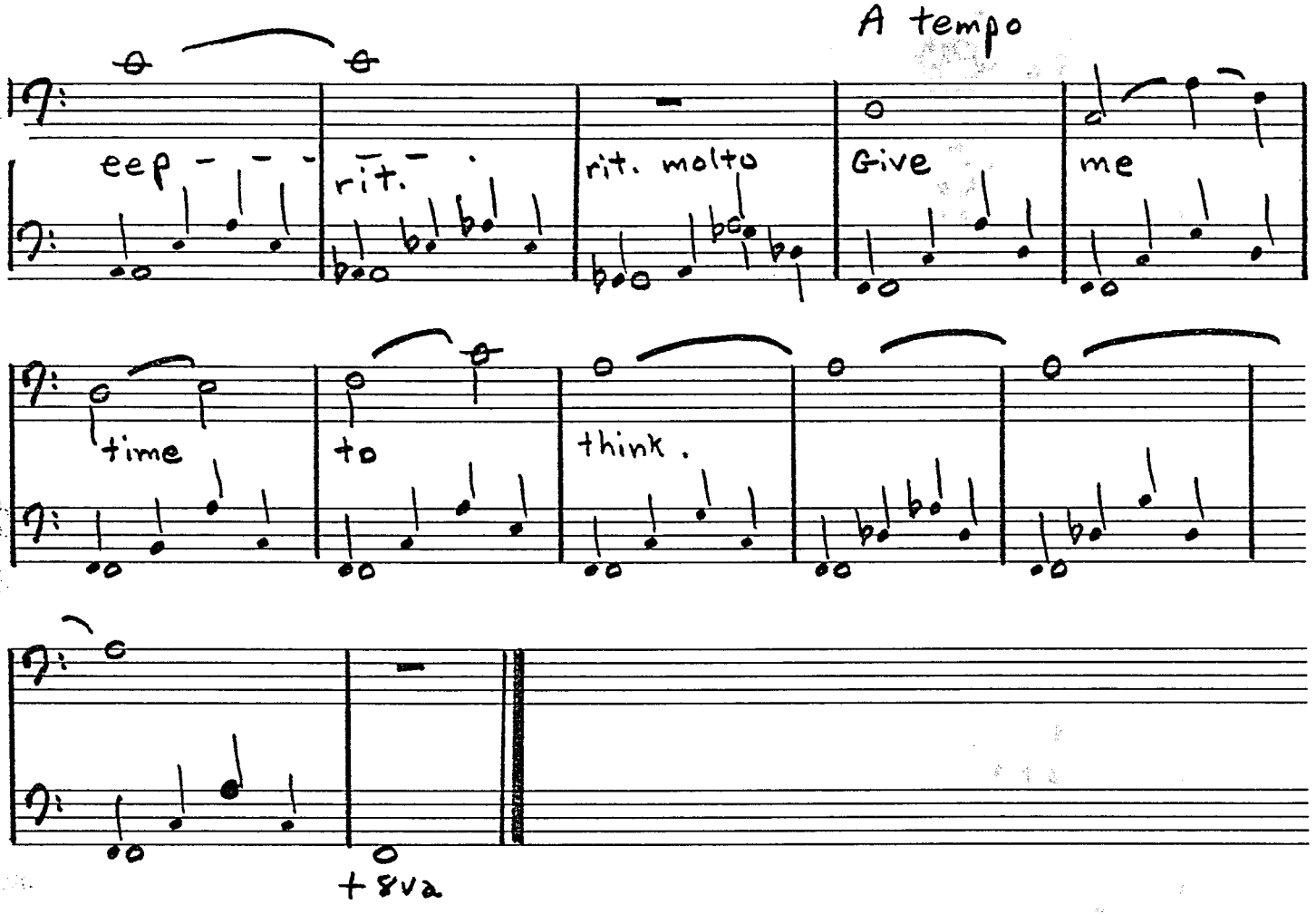

to be a mul-ti-tude that fol-lows in In-dian fash-ion.
True, it is real-ly the first step that counts, or
8va
ra-ther the first foot.
All that mat-ters is to
8va
be in step with one self.
8va
8va
8va


I on-ly ask, Lord, that I may jog a- long,
8va
8va
8va
one in spi-rit with-out trou-ble-some re- ti-
cen- ces.

♩ = 76 VIII Prayer of the OX

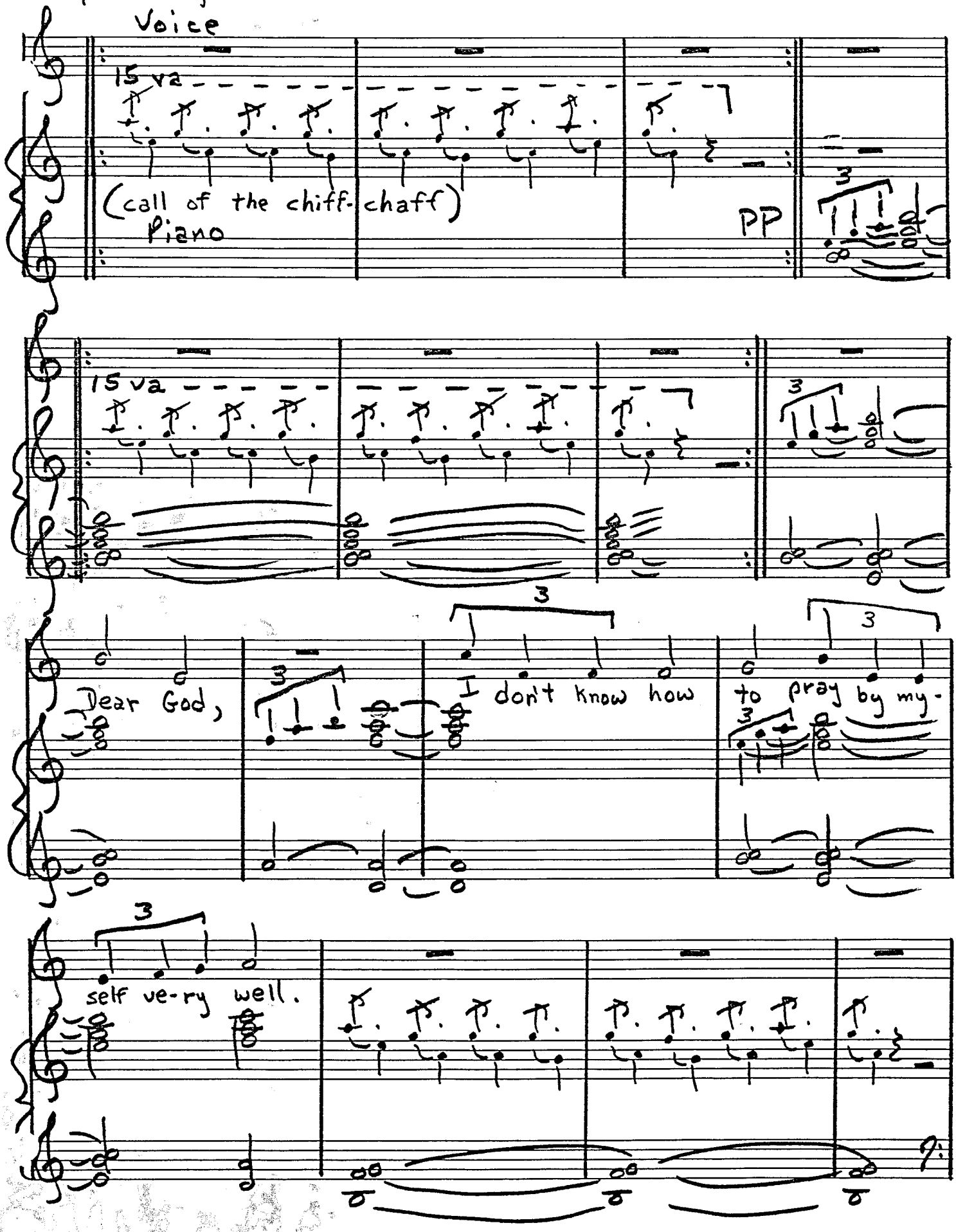
Very, very slowly

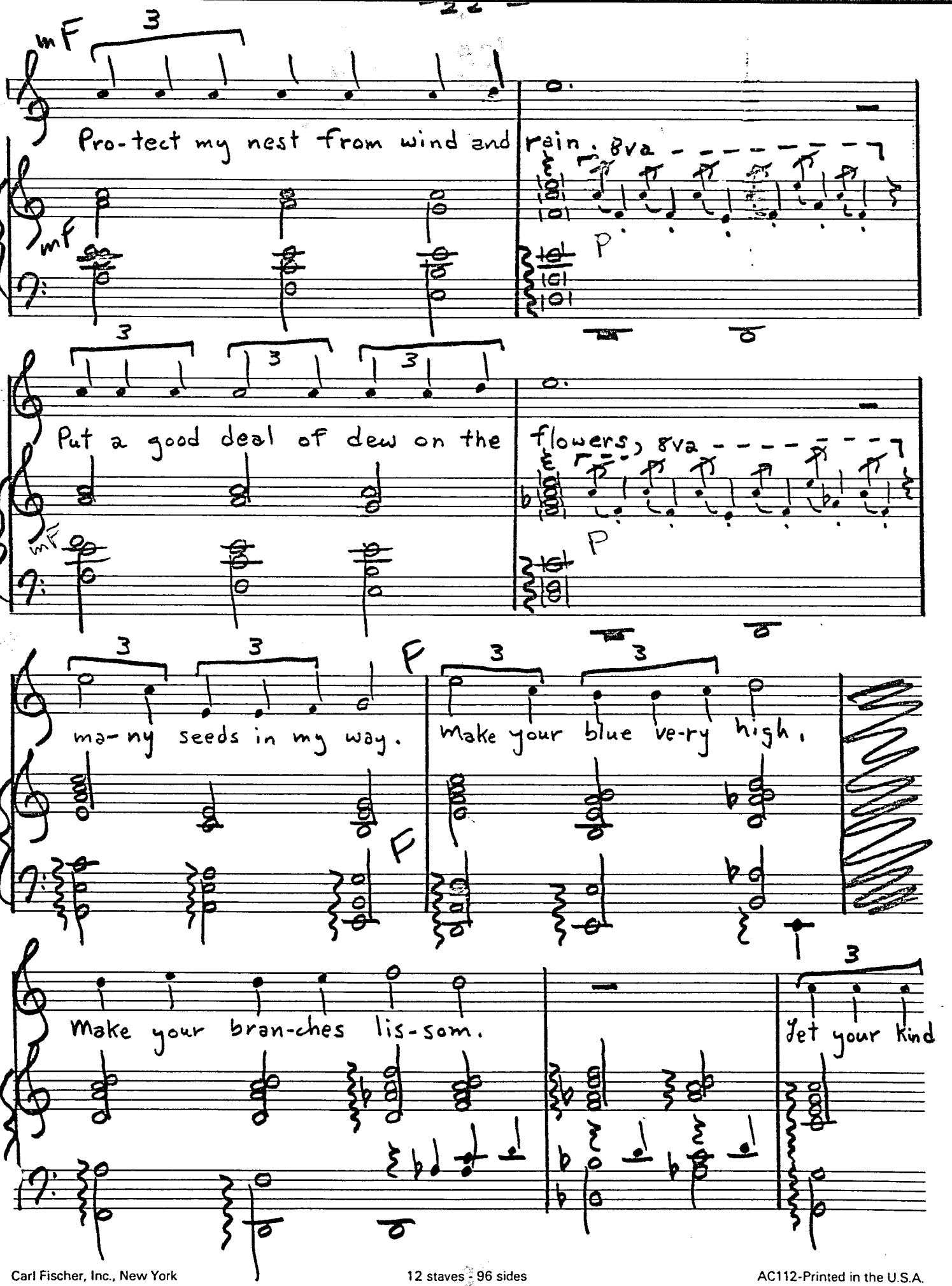


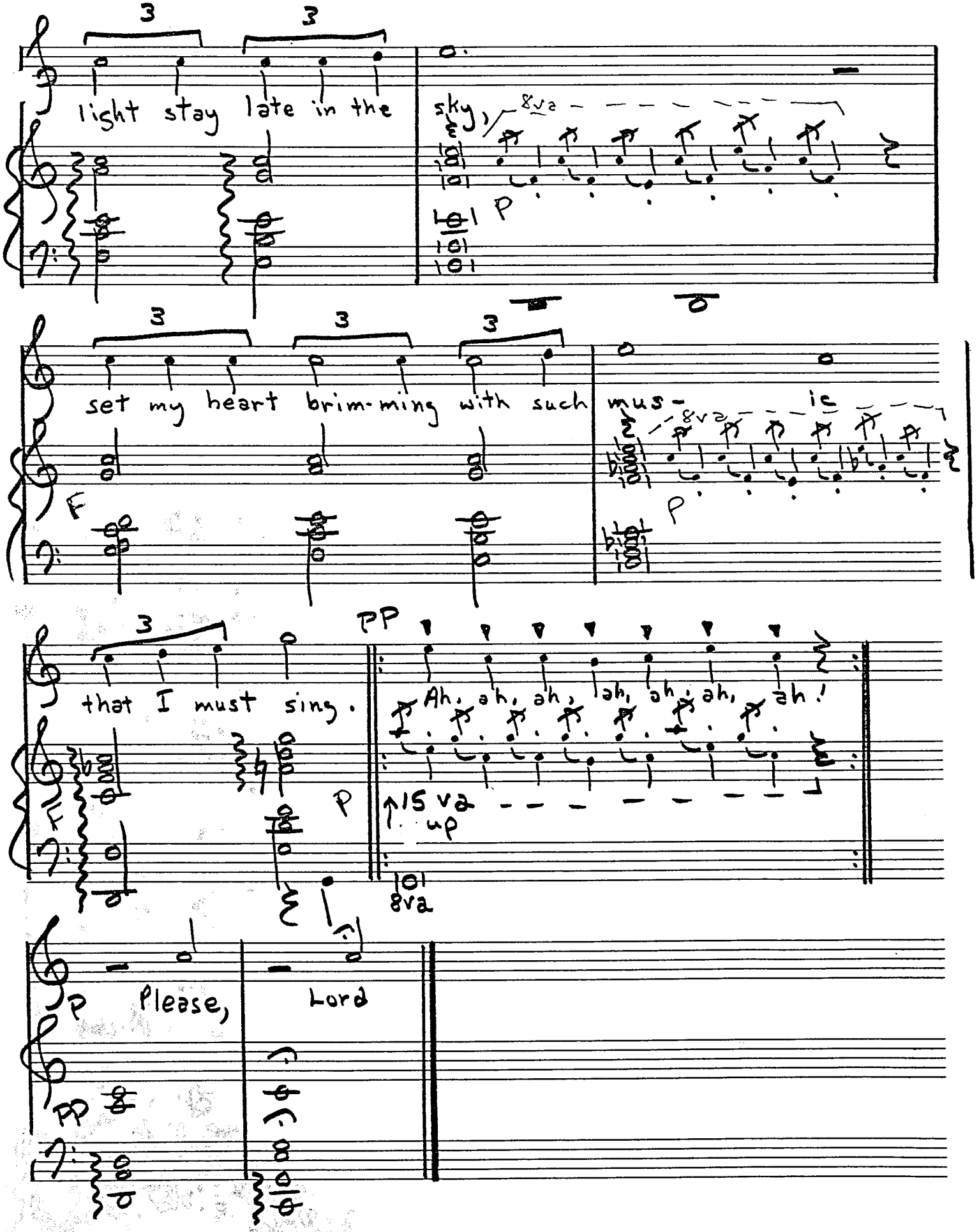

A tempo
eep - - -
rit. -
rit. molto
Give
me
time
to
think .
+8va

♩ = 96
Expressively

IX. Prayer of the Little Bird



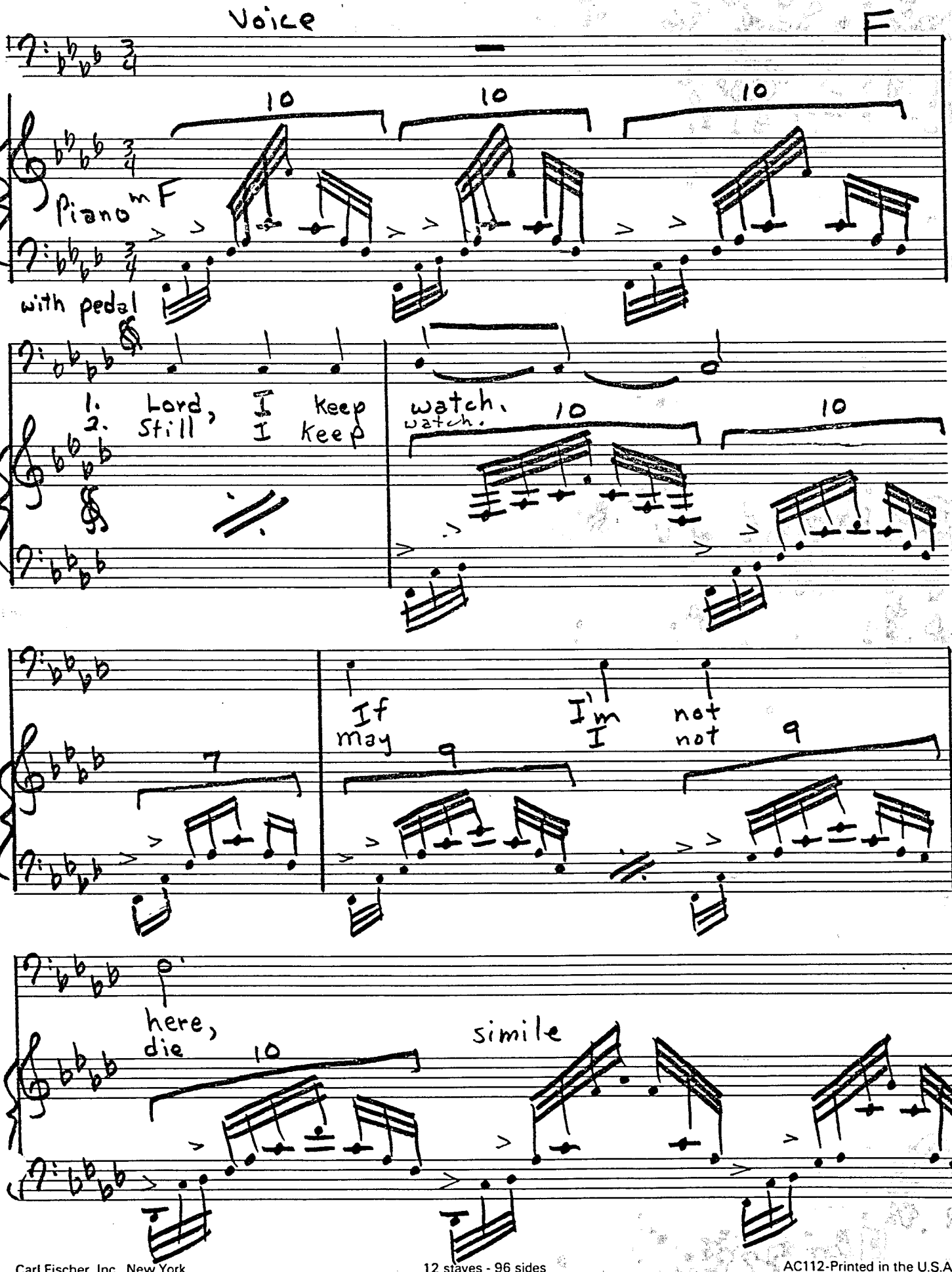

mF
Pro-tect my nest from wind and rain. 8va
P
Put a good deal of dew on the flowers, 8va
P
ma-ny seeds in my way.
F
Make your blue ve-ry high.
F
Make your bran-ches lis-som.
Yet your kind

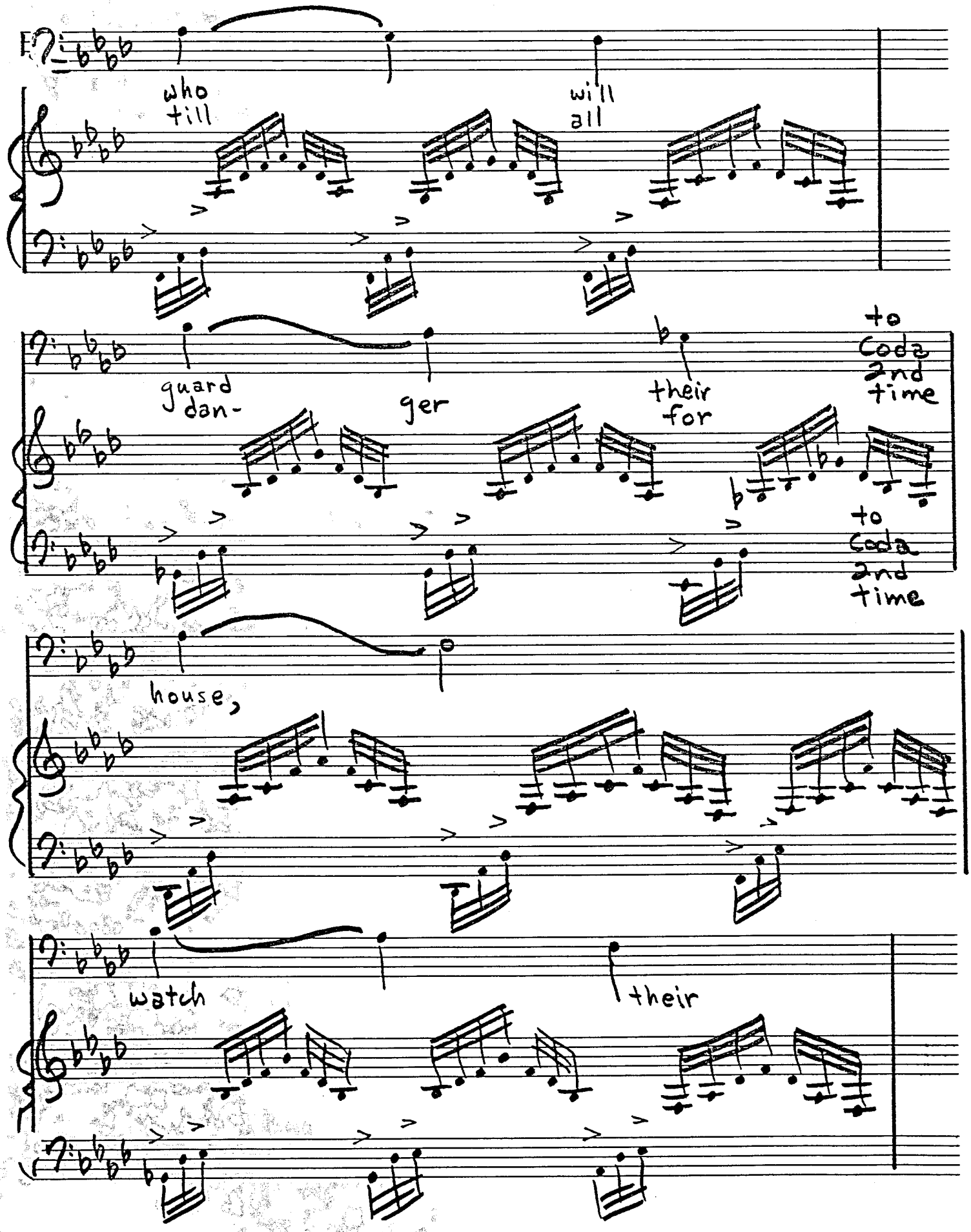

light stay late in the sky,
8va
P
set my heart brim-ming with such mus- ic
F
P
that I must sing.
PP
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
F
P
15 va up
8va
P
Please, Lord
PP

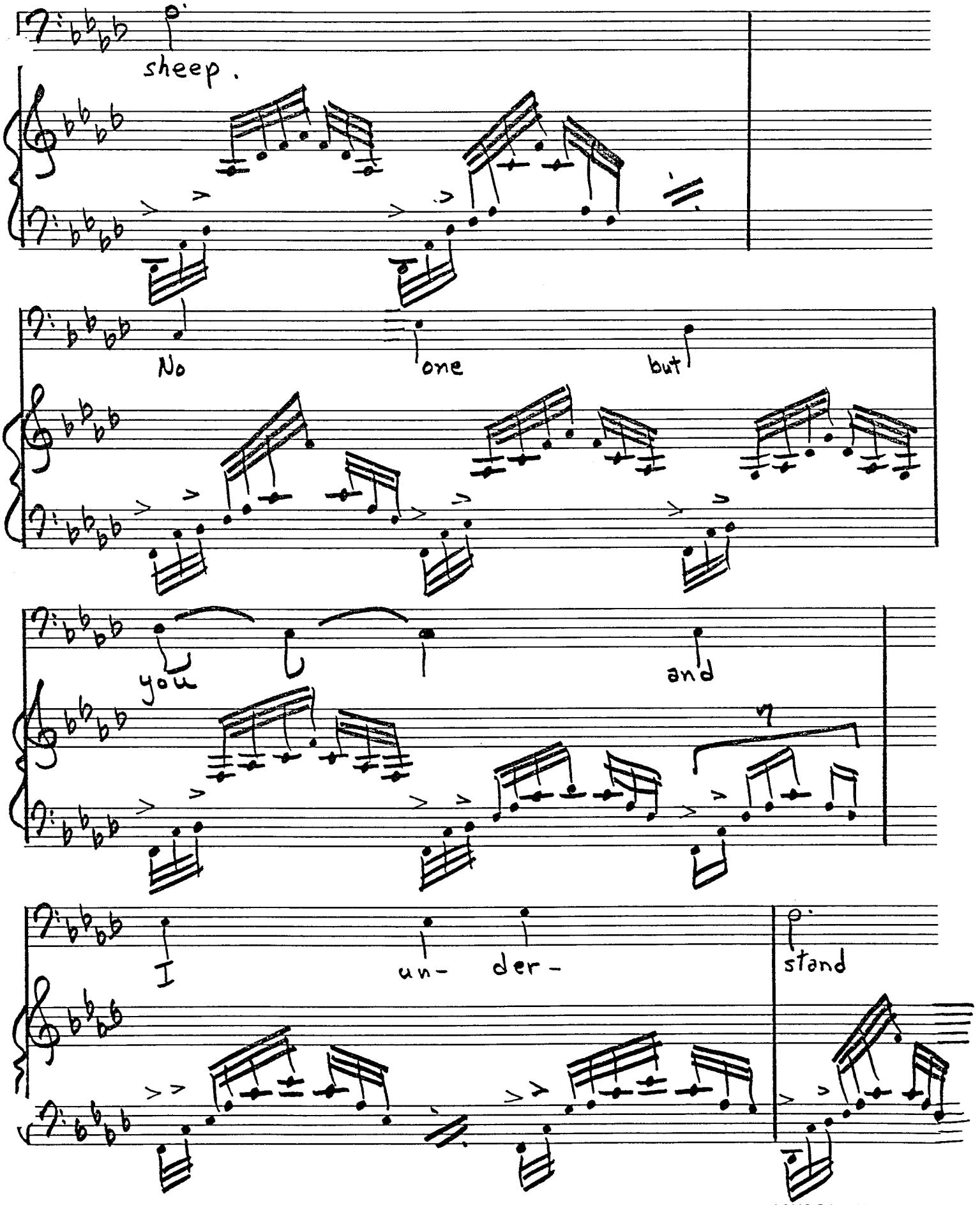
♩ = 66

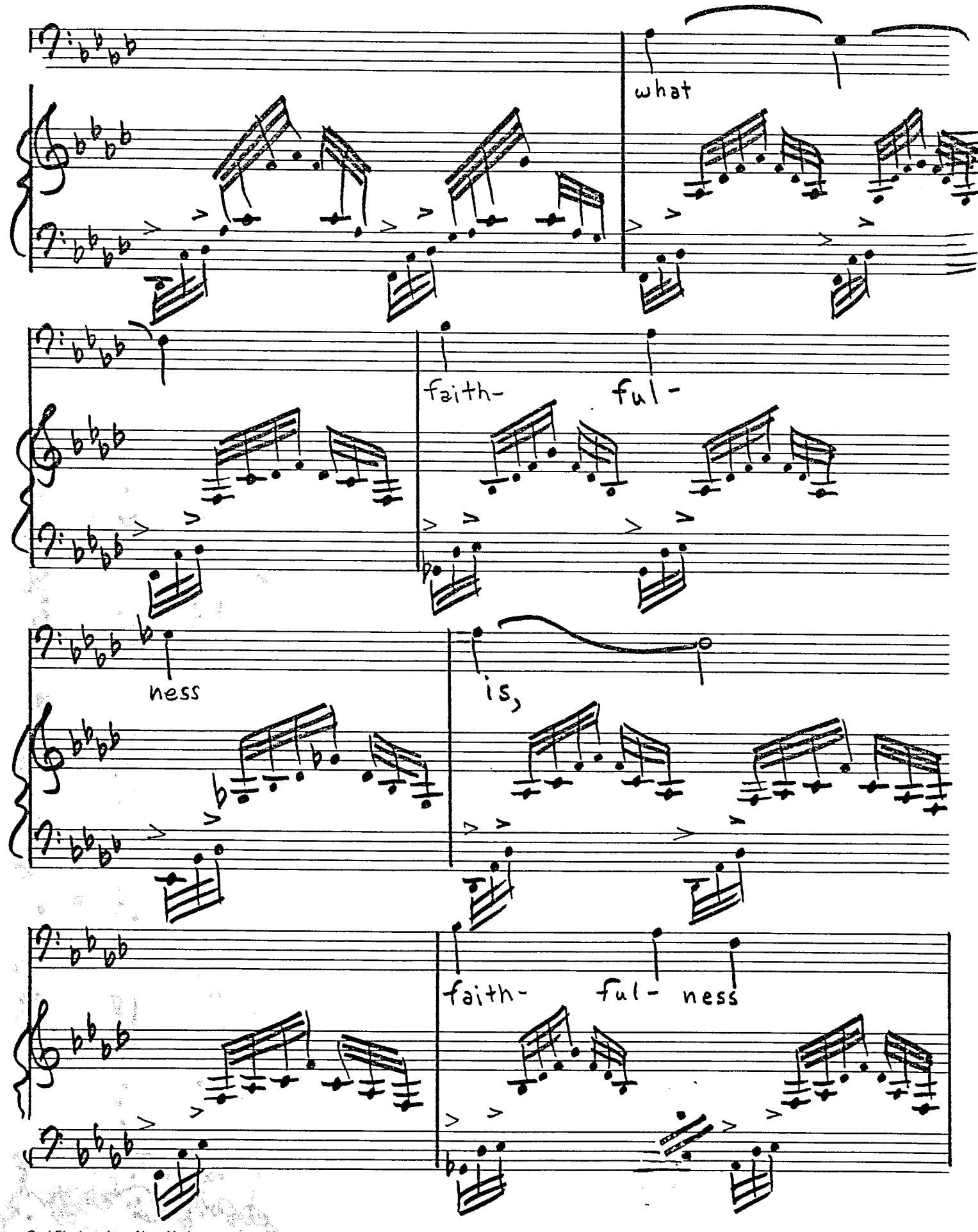
Prayer of the Dog

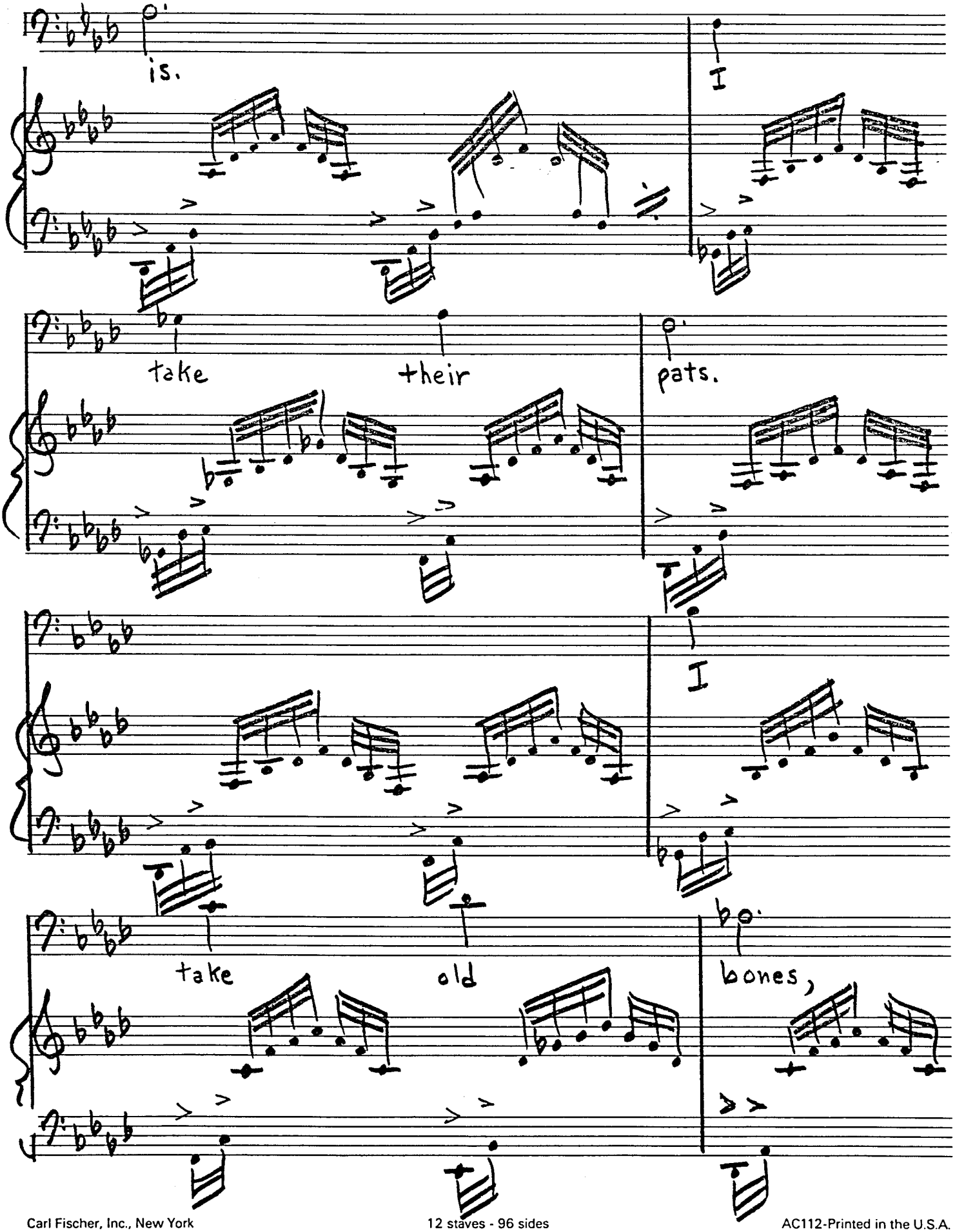
Voice

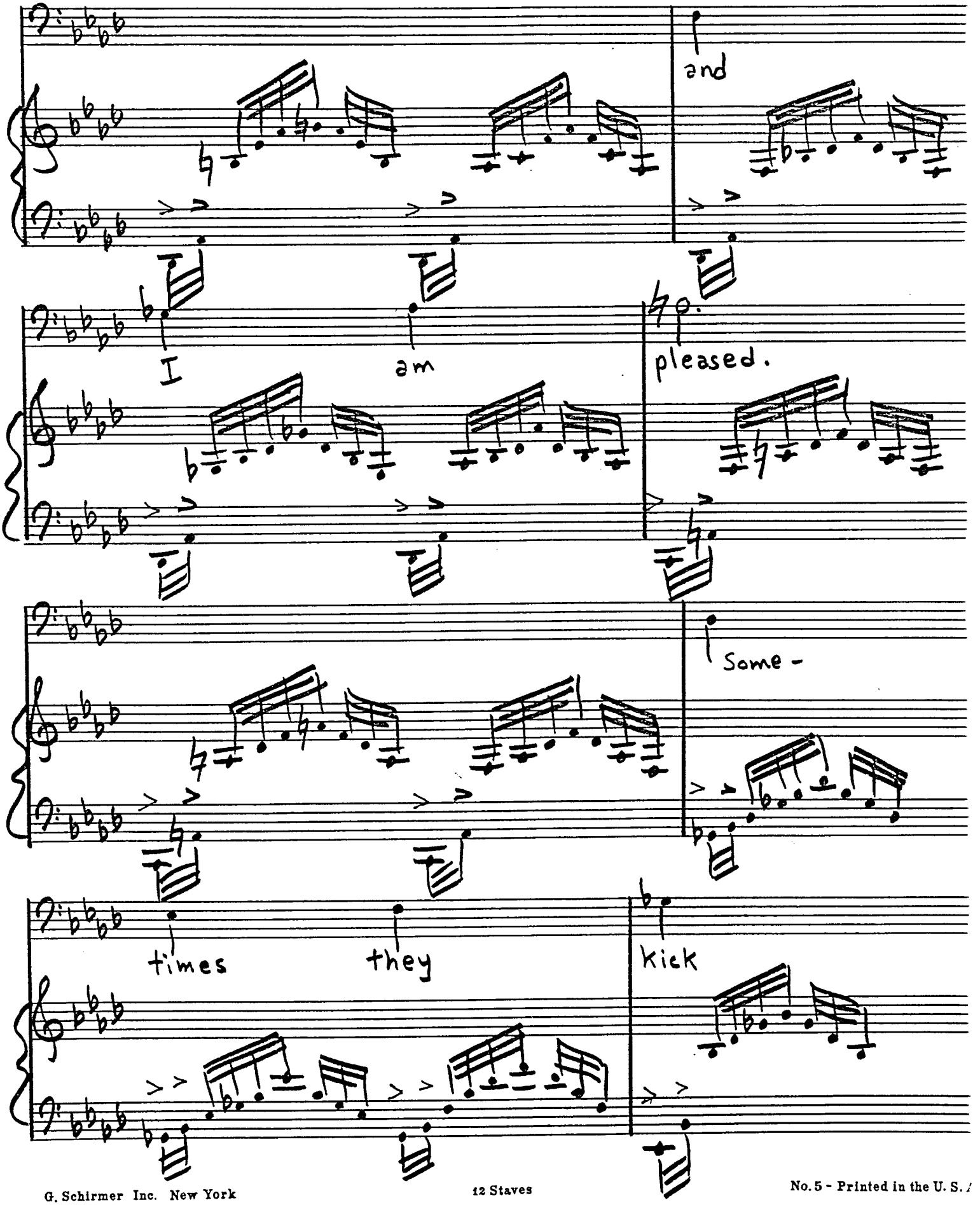


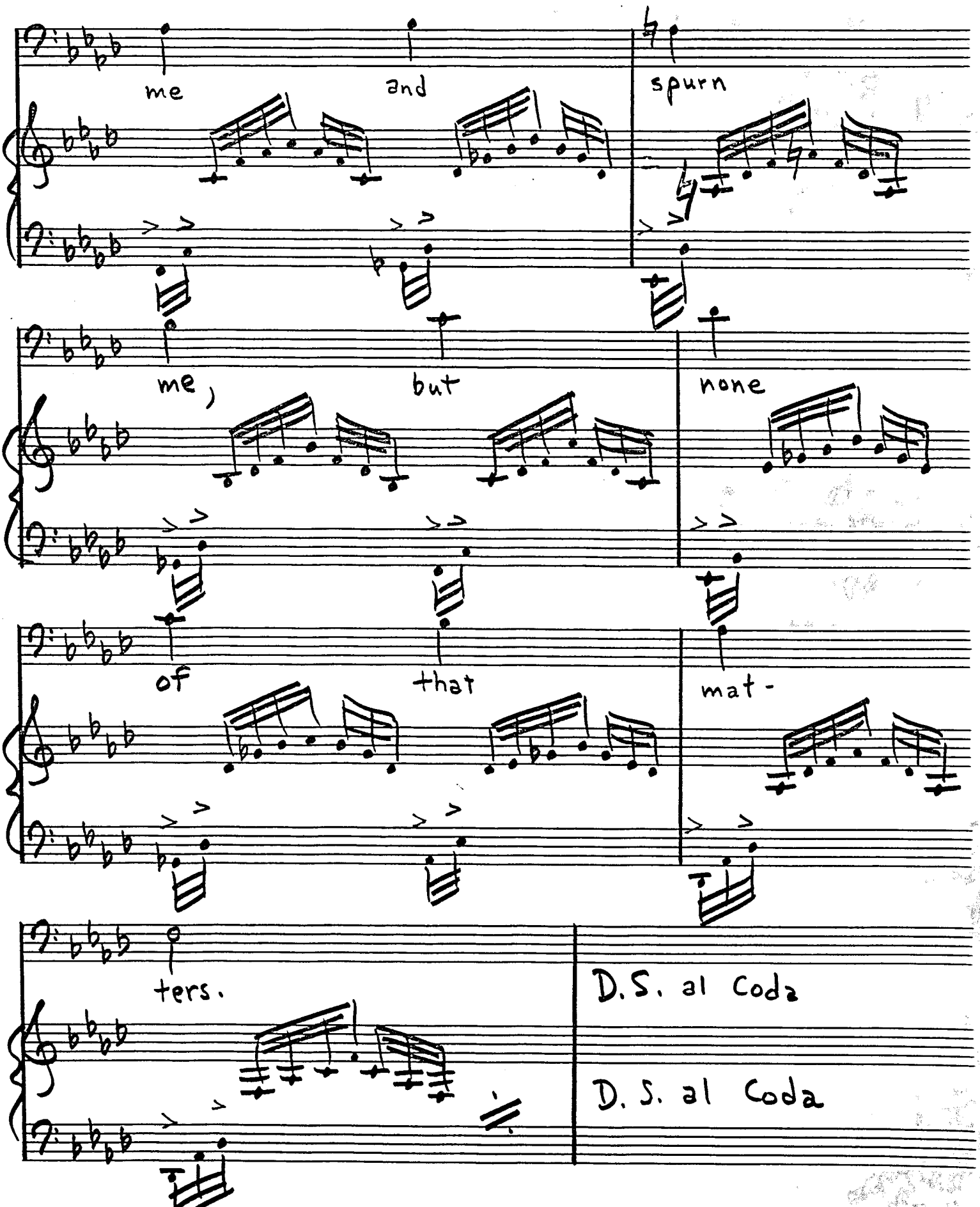

who till
will all
guard dan-
ger
their for
to Coda 2nd time
to Coda 2nd time
house,
watch
their


sheep.
No
one
but
you
and
I
un-
der-
stand

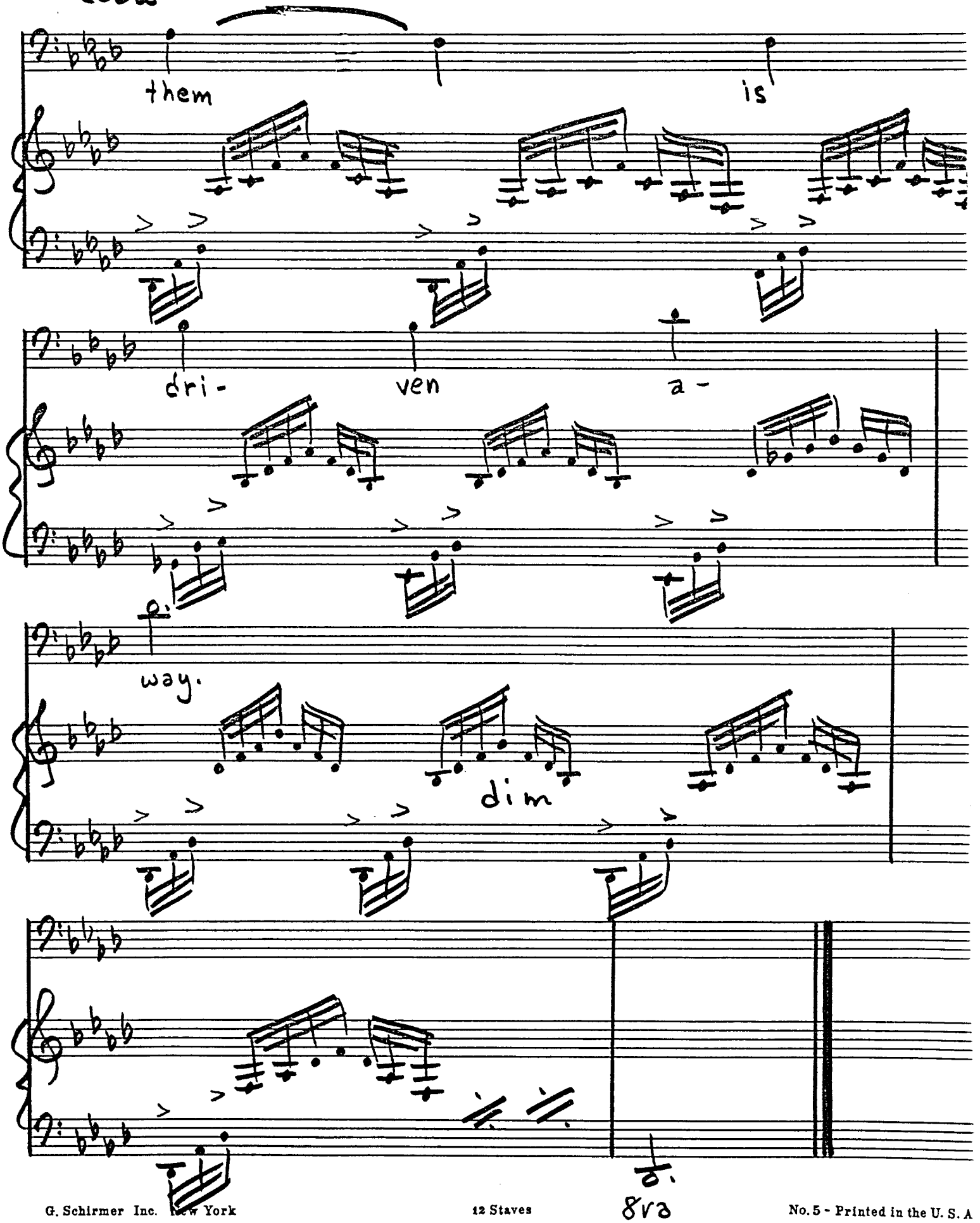

what
faith-
ful-
ness
is,
faith-
ful-
ness


is.
I
take
their
pats.
I
take
old
bones,


and
I
am
pleased.
Some -
times
they
kick


me
and
spurn
me,
but
none
of
that
mat-
ters.
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda

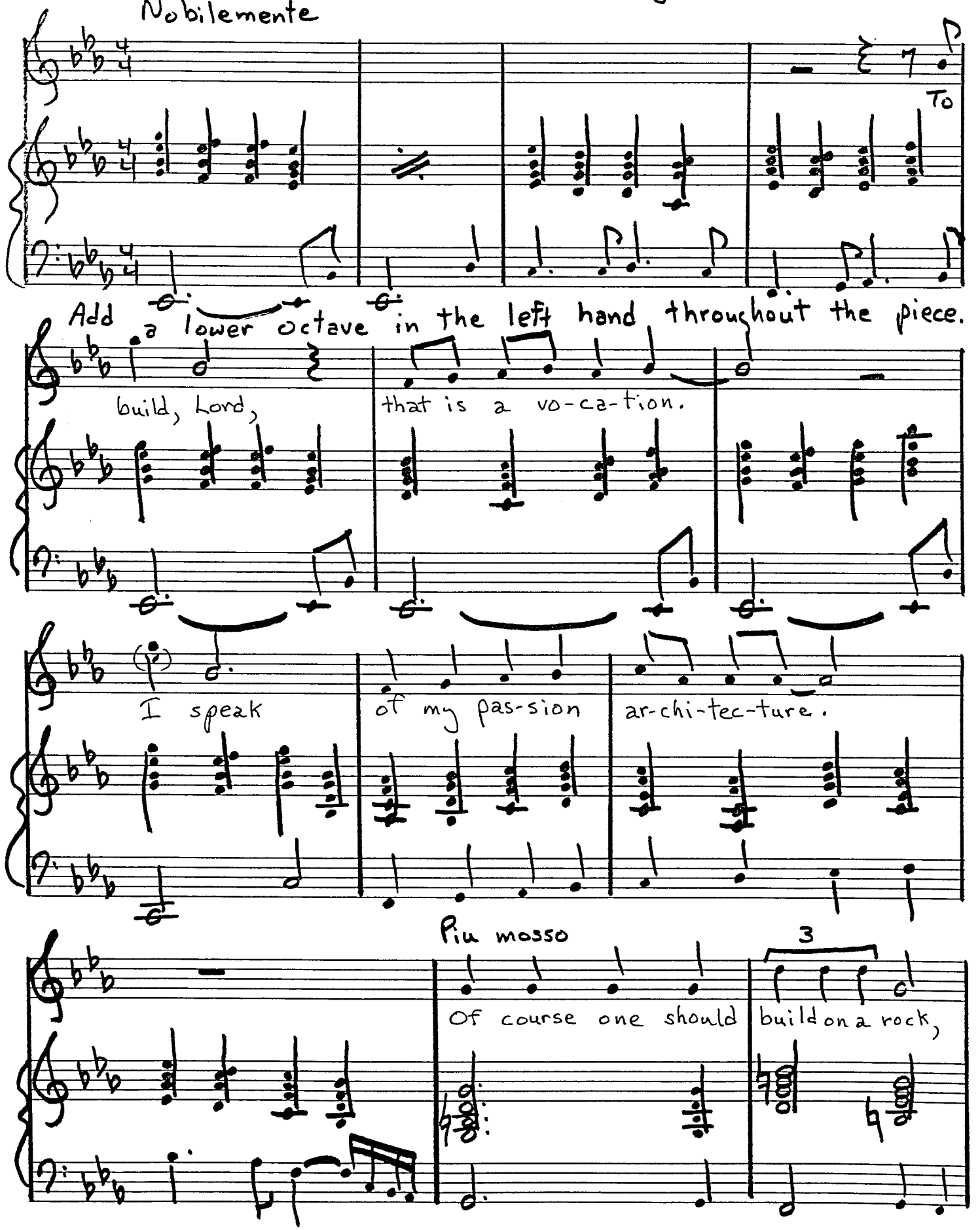
Coda

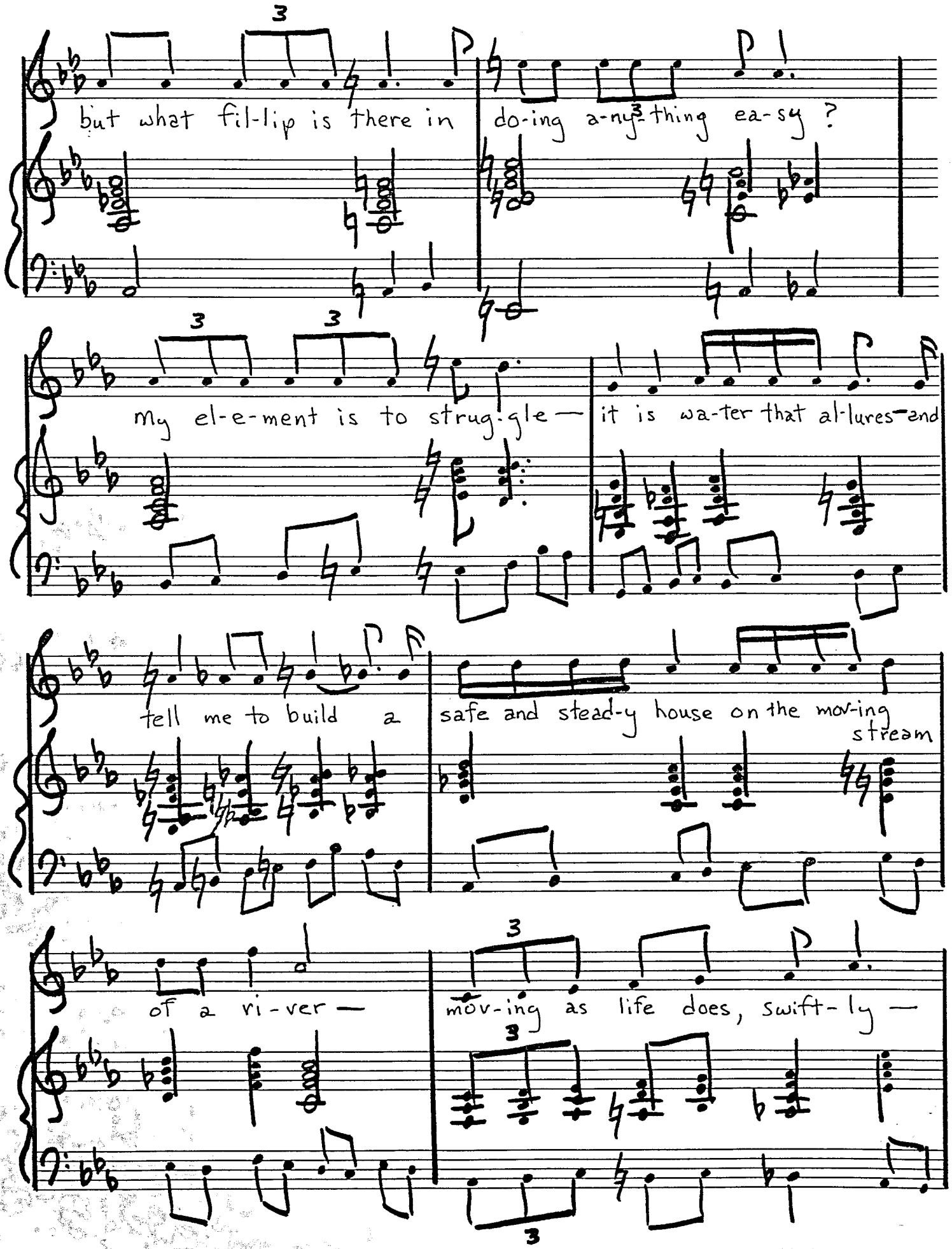


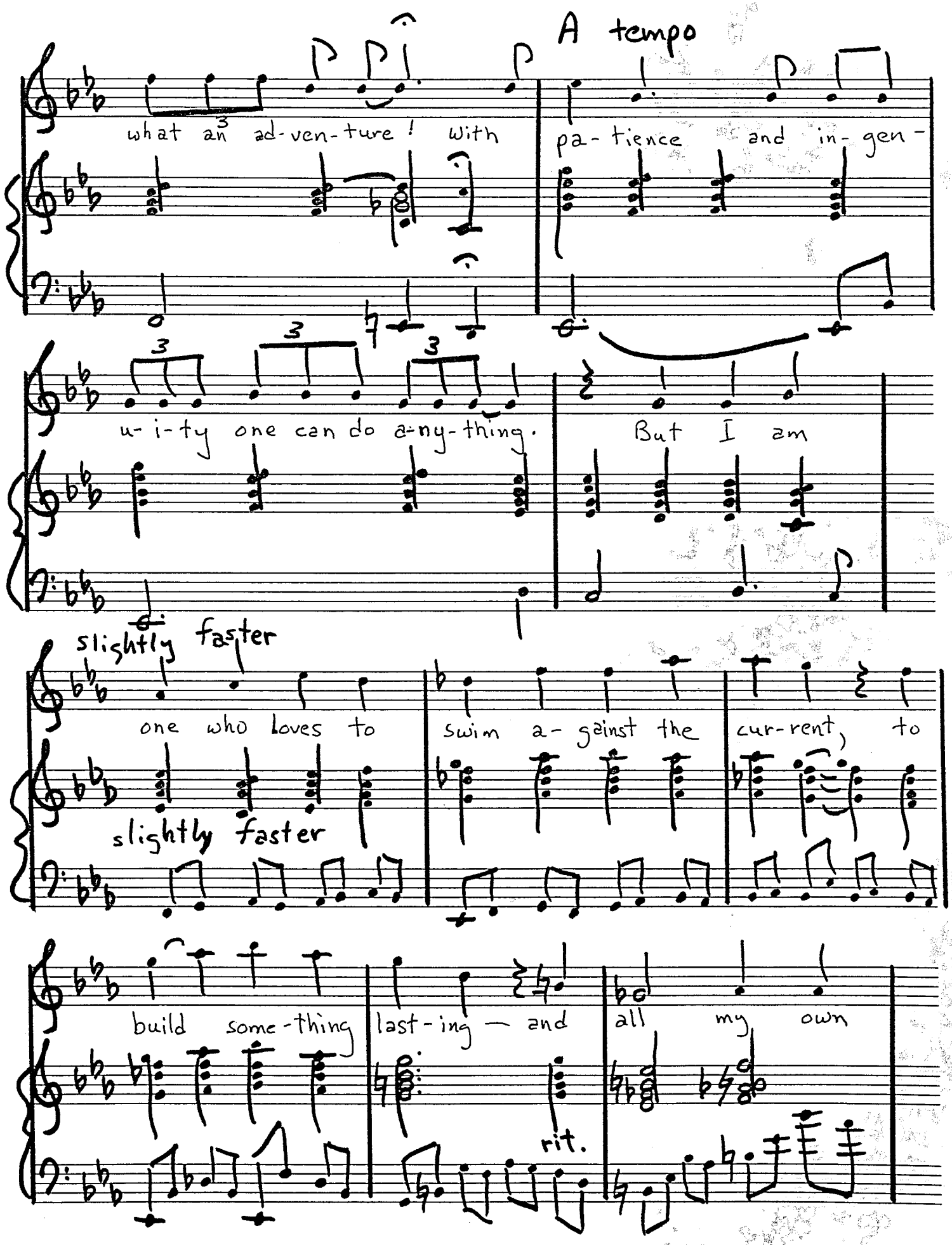
♩ = 72

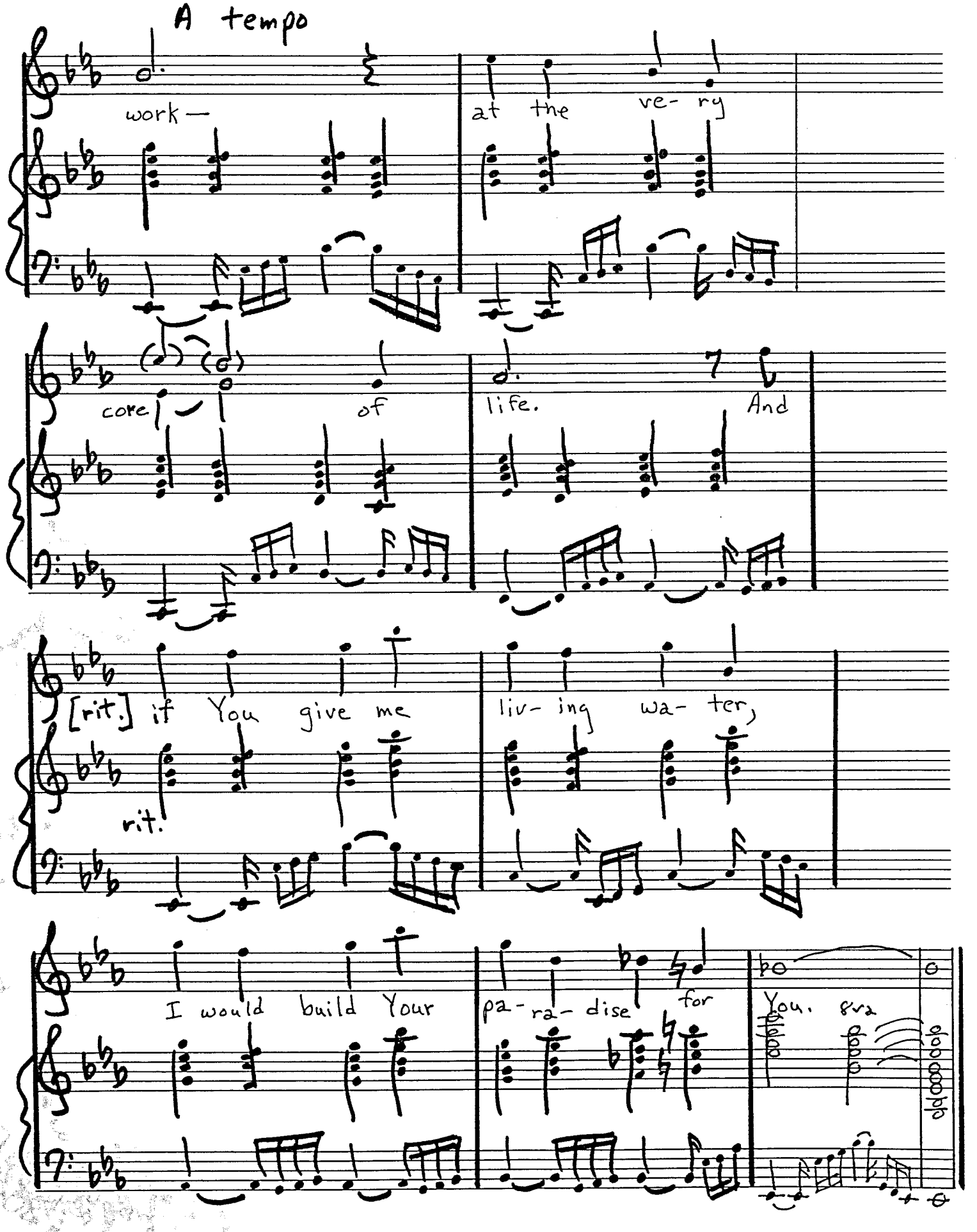
XL. The Beaver's Prayer

Nobilemente




but what fil-lip is there in
do-ing a-ny thing ea-sy ?
My el-e-ment is to strug-gle —
it is wa-ter that al-lures and
tell me to build a
safe and stead-y house on the mov-ing stream
of a ri-ver —
mov-ing as life does, swift-ly —


A tempo
what an ad-ven-ture! With
pa-tience and in-gen-
u-i-ty one can do a-ny-thing.
But I am
slightly faster
one who loves to
swim a-gainst the
cur-rent, to
slightly faster
build some-thing
last-ing — and
all my own
rit.


A tempo
work—
at the ve- ry
core of
life. And
[rit.] if You give me
liv- ing wa- ter,
rit.
I would build Your
pa- ra- dise for
You. 8va