

# Famine Song

*based on the poem by Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)*

**Christopher Lee Fraley**

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*unaccompanied mixed voices  
SATB, Alto Solo, Drum*

## Perusal Score

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*My name is Chris Fraley. I'm a composer from Kona, Hawai'i. **I need your help!** I am looking for choruses to partner with as a composer-in-residence, to commission new pieces, or to perform music I've already written. Please explore my music at [www.FraleyMusic.com](http://www.FraleyMusic.com), call my cell 425-829-9654, or email me at [Chris@FraleyMusic.com](mailto:Chris@FraleyMusic.com) to discuss possibilities.*

*Thank you!*



## ***Instrumentation***

*SATB (a cappella), Solo Alto, Drum*

*The drum should be of medium-pitch with no snares,  
such as a djembe or a field drum.*

## ***Performance Time***

*approximately 3'10"*

## **Famine Song**

Death and famine on every side and never a sign of rain—  
The bones of those who have starved and died unburied upon the plain.  
What care have I that the bone bleach white? Tomorrow they may be mine.  
But I shall sleep in your arms tonight, and drink your lips like wine.

I hear the sound of a thousand tears, like softly pattering rain,  
I see the fever, folly, and fears fulfilling man's tale of pain.  
What care have I that the bones bleach white? Tomorrow they may be mine.  
But I shall sleep in your arms tonight, and drink your lips like wine.

So we work on, in the blazing sun, to bury what dead we may,  
But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night fall round us grey.  
Would those we covered away from sight had a rest as sweet as mine!  
For I shall sleep in your arms tonight...

*—excerpted from Famine Song by Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)*

# Famine Song

Adela Florence Nicolson (1865-1904)

Christopher Lee Fraley

(F. 164)

**Durge**, ♩ = 72

*p*

T  
8  
Death and fam - ine on ev - 'ry side and nev - er a sign of

B  
*p*  
Death and fam - ine on ev - 'ry side and nev - er a sign of

Perc. *mf* l.v. sempre

4  
rain— the bones of those who have starved and died un - bur - ied up - on the

rain— the bones of those who have starved and died un - bur - ied up - on the

8  
plain. What care have I that the bones bleach white? To - mor - row they may be

plain. What care have I that the bones bleach white? To - mor - row they may be



20 *non legato* *mf*

pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, rain, I see the fev - er,

*mp*

pat-ter-ing, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter-ing pat-ter-ing rain, I see the

*mf*

pat-ter-ing rain, I see the fev - er, fol - ly, and fears ful -

*mp*

pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter-ing rain, I see the fev - er, fol - ly, and

23 *p*

fol - ly, and fears ful - fil-ling man's tale of pain.

*p*

fev - er, fol - ly, and fears ful - fil-ling man's tale of pain.

*p f*

fil-ling man's tale of pain. What care have I

*p f sub.*

fears ful - fil-ling man's tale of pain. What

27

*f* that the bones bleach

*f* What care have I

*f* that the bones bleach white? *f* To -

care have I that the bones bleach white?

30

*p* white? To - mor - row they may be mine.

*p* To - mor - row they may be mine.

*p* mor - row they may be mine.

*p* To - mor - row they may be mine.

33

*mf* But I shall sleep in your arms to-night, and drink your lips like wine.

*p* Mmm *mf* So

*p* Mmm *mf* So

*p* Mmm *mf* So

*p* Mmm *mf* So

*mf* *p* *mf*

38

we work on, in the blaz-ing sun to bur-y what dead we may, but

we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

we work on, in the blaz-ing sun, to bur-y what dead we may, but

42

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Would those we covered a -

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Would those we covered a -

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Mmm

glad, oh, glad, when the day is done and night falls round us grey. Mmm

Molto meno mosso

For I shall sleep in your arms to - night...

way from sight had a rest as sweet as mine!

way from sight had a rest as sweet as mine! Mmm

(mmm)

(mmm)

Molto meno mosso

*f*

clf 27-Sep-2014