

MORTEN GAATHAUG

MORNING MUSIC

for to sangstemmer (SA) og klaver

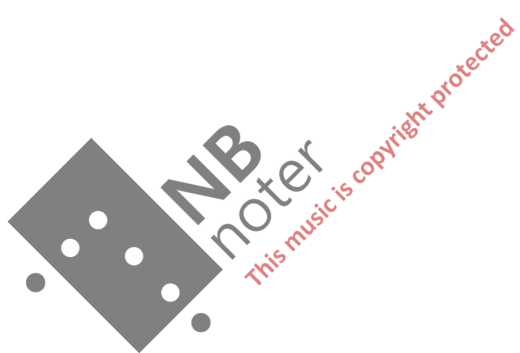


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(Tekst: William Shakespeare)

Komp. 1990/2022





Durata ca. 5

TEKSTGRUNNLAG

Hvis elskov næres av musikk, spill mer,
gi meg til overmål, så mye
at min appetitt forspiser seg og dør.
Spill visen om! Så skjønt den døde hen.
Den streifet mildt mitt øre lik den lyd
som ånder over enger av fioler,
og som stjeler og forærer dufter.

Twelfth night
Helligtrekongersaften
1*1*1-7

Musikk, spill opp!

A midsummer nights dream
En midtsommernattsdrøm
4*1*84

Og ved musikk la oss alle favnes!

Henry IV. Part 1
Henrik den 4. 1. del
5*2*98

Spill opp, og alle brudepar, fall inn
i gledens viltre dansetakt og trinn!

As you like it
Leken i skogen
5*4*175-176

“Hør! Lerkens sang ved himmelens port.

Se, solens gud står opp.
Hans gangere blir vannet fort
av dugg fra blomsterknopp;
og ringblomster som slumrer her
kan slå sitt gylne øye opp
og skue alt som vakkert er.

Skjønnjomfru, stå nå opp!
Stå opp, stå opp!”

Cymbeline
2*3*19-27

Oversatt av Morten W. Krogstad

Morning Music

Poco moderato (♩ = 104)

Morten Gaathaug, 1990/2022

Soprano

Alto

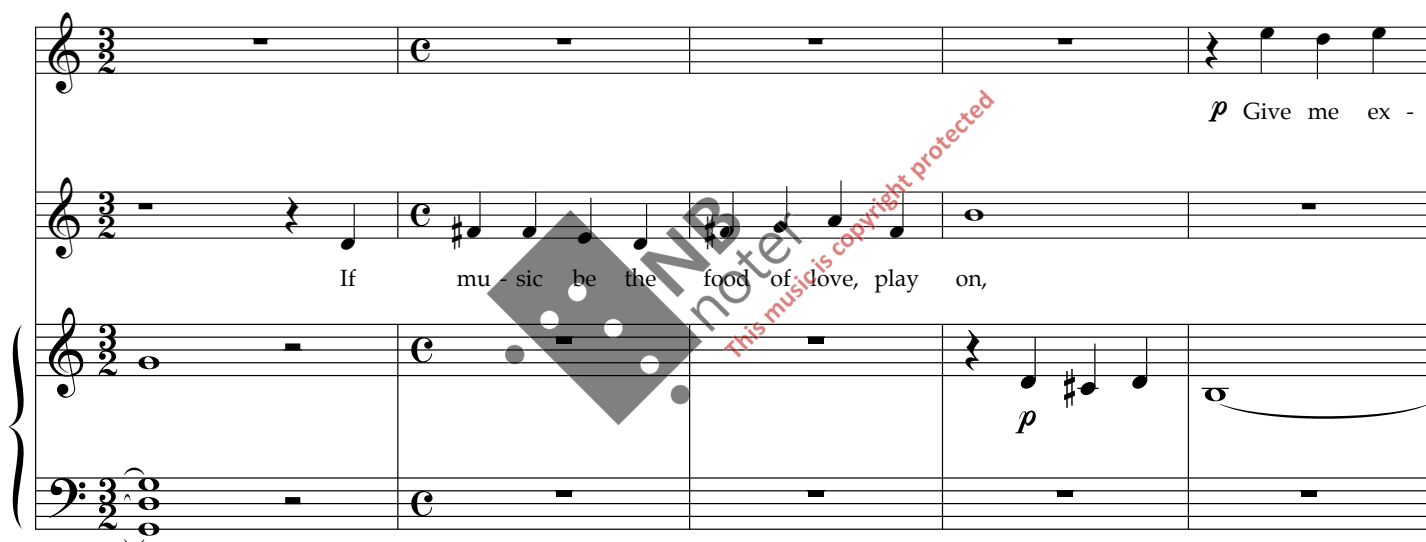
Pianoforte



6

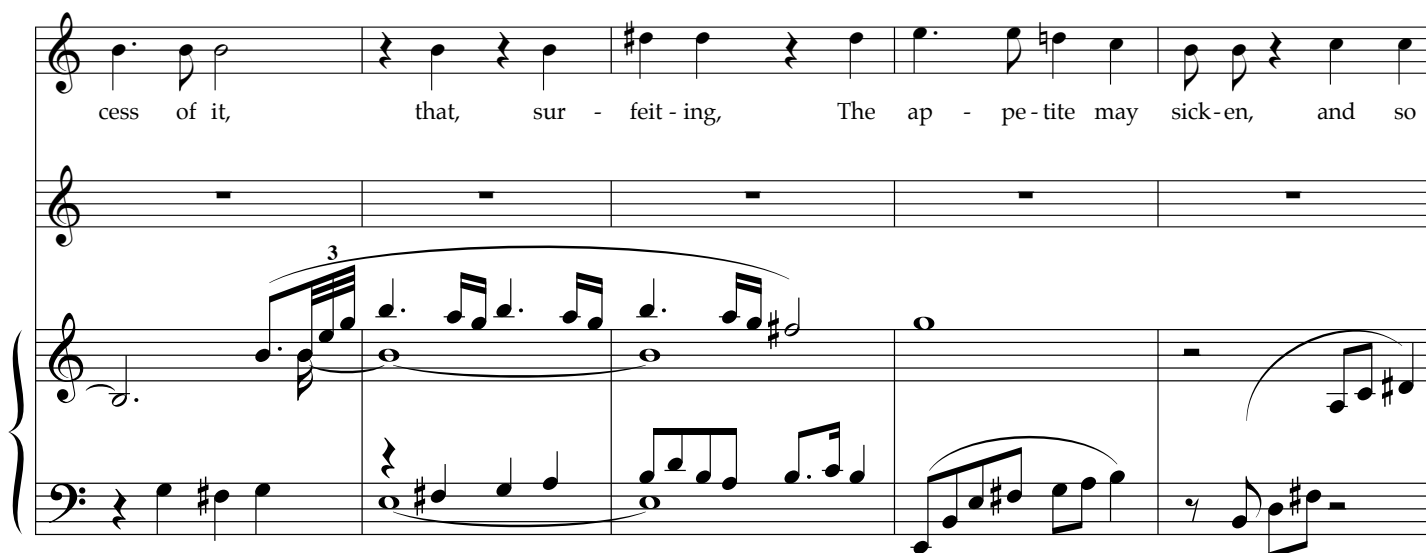
p Give me ex -

If mu - sic be the food of love, play on,



11

cess of it, that, sur - feit - ing, The ap - pe - tite may sick - en, and so



die.

f That strain a - gain! It had a dy - ing fall. It had a

mf *dim.*

grazioso

p O, it came o' - er my ear like the sweet sound That brea - thes u - pon a

dy - ing fall.

p

bank of vi - o - lets, Stea - ling and giv - ing o - dour. O, it came o' - er my

grazioso

p O, it came o' - er my

ear like the sweet sound That brea-thes u-pon a bank of vi-o-lets, Stea-ling and giv-ing

ear like the sweet sound That brea-thes u-pon a bank of vi-o-lets, Stea-ling and giv-ing

o - dour. Sound, mu - sic! And by that

o - dour. Sound, mu - sic! And by that

cresc. *f*

mu - sic let us all em - brace. *f* Play, mu-sic, and you

mu - sic let us all em - brace. *f* Play, mu-sic, and you

f

44

brides and bride - grooms all, With mea - sure heaped in

brides and bride - grooms all, With mea - sure heaped in

47

joy, to th'mea - sures fall.

joy, to th'mea - sures fall.

50

Hark, hark! The lark at hea-ven's gate sings, And Phoe-bus 'gins a - rise, And

mf

mf

Phoe-bus 'gins a-rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha-lic'd flo-wers that lies; And

steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha-lic'd flo-wers that lies; And win-king Ma - ry-buds be gin To

ope their gol-den eyes; And win-king Ma - ry-buds be gin To ope their gol-den eyes; With

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet a - rise; A - rise, a - rise!

f Hark, hark! The lark at hea - ven's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise, And

f Hark, hark! The lark at hea - ven's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise, And

Phoebus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha - lic'd flo - wers that lies; His

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steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha-lic'd flo-wers that lies; And win-king Ma - ry-buds be gin To

ope their gol - den eyes; And win - king Ma - ry-buds be gin To ope their gol - den eyes; With

ope their gol - den eyes; And win - king Ma - ry-buds be gin To ope their gol - den eyes; With

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet a - rise; A - rise, a - rise! With

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet a - rise; A - rise, a - rise!

mf

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet; A - rise!

mf

f

cresc.

f Hark, hark! The lark at hea-ven'sgate sings, And Phoe-bus'gins a-rise, And

f Hark, hark! The lark at hea-ven'sgate sings, And Phoe-bus'gins a-rise, And

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ope their gol - den eyes; And win - king Ma - ry - buds be gin To ope their gol - den eyes; With

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet a - rise; A - rise, a - rise!

ev - ry thing that pret - ty is: My la - dy sweet a - rise; A - rise, a - rise!