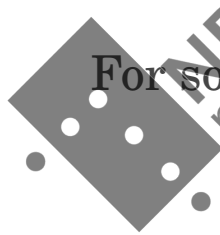


K.W. Michelson

Ty döden kom så fort

For solo guitar



MB
notes

This music copyright protected

‘Ty Döden Kom Så Fort’ (‘For Death Came Suddenly’) was commissioned by photographer Charlie Fjätström as part of his project ‘No one left to blame’.

The piece was composed and premiered by the composer in Bergen, Norway in 2018, and was later revised in

preparation for the 2024 release of Fjätström’s book under the same title ‘No one left to blame’, featuring curated photos from the project.

The book is available on: <https://www.tronsmo.no/produkt/no-one-left-to-blame/>

No one left to blame

Forrige sommer, under en begravelse, sa presten: ”Det er ikke vår jobb å spørre hvorfor, det er bare én person som vet hvorfor, og han er ikke lenger blant oss.”

Presten hadde vært venn med mannen som lå i kisten foran oss, lenger enn mitt 33 år lange liv. De hadde jaktet elg sammen hele mitt liv. Jeg husker tilbake til en barndomsminne da presten alltid måtte sove på gulvet i jakthytta fordi han var så utrolig høy. Var han virkelig så høy at sengene var for korte? Eller var det bare noe de sa til meg som barn? Hva kan man si som prest og venn når en person tar sitt liv på en slik merkelig måte, og familien og barna sitter i kirken? Det var en dag som alle andre, en far og en sønn som jobbet sammen. De spiste frokost og snakket om fremtiden sammen, senere fant sønnen faren død. Hvordan kan man forklare det? Eller er det, som presten sa, at vi ikke bør spørre hvorfor?

[Utdrag]

No one left to blame

Last summer, during a funeral, the priest said: ‘It is not our job to ask why, there is only one person who knows why, and he is no longer with us.’

The priest had been friends with the man lying in the coffin in front of us for longer than my 33 years of life. They had hunted elk together my entire life. I remember a childhood memory of the priest always having to sleep on the floor in the hunting lodge because he was so incredibly tall. Was he really so tall that the beds were too short? Or was that just something they told me as a child? What can you say as a priest and friend when a person takes his own life in such a strange way, and the family and children are sitting in the church? It was a day like any other, a father and son working together. They ate breakfast and talked about the future together, and later the son found his father dead. How can you explain that? Or is it, as the priest said, that we should not ask why?

[Excerpt]

Ty döden kom så fort

till min vän Charlie Fjätström

K.W. Michelson
2018, 2024

I - Lento

Lento ♩ = ca. 60

pp *f*

mf *più f* *poco agitato* *poco rit.* *rubato* *p* *12* *19* *24* *9*

p cantabile *CII* *pont.* *norm.*

mf *poco ... a ... poco ... animato*

f *V* *IV* *II* *I*

subito animato *arm. 8va* *p* *l.v.* *pp*

p cantabile *pont.* *norm.* *sf pont.* *p tast.* *pp* *attacca*

II - Lontano

Lontano ♩ = ca. 52

5

p *arm. 8va* *arm. 8va*

poco rit. *a tempo* *rubato e pont.*

poco a poco accel.

10

a tempo *norm.* *arm. 8va* *CII^{5/6}*

Più mosso ♩ = ca. 100

14

18

p *poco a poco cresc. e stringendo*

22

f *molto allargando*

26

ff *mf*

Lento e cantabile ♩ = ca. 50

29

p *molto rit.* *p*

* Pre-bend D from C#.

33 *mp*

38 *stringendo*
cresc.
allargando

41 *f*
pesante, poco rubato

44 *pizz.*
norm.
CVI

47 *allarg.*
a tempo

50 *f*
CII

Lontano
53 *arm. 8va*
p
rit.

Lento e cantabile ♩ = ca. 50
56 *p*
arm. 8va

60 *arm. 8va*
l.v.
rubato ad lib
7'50"