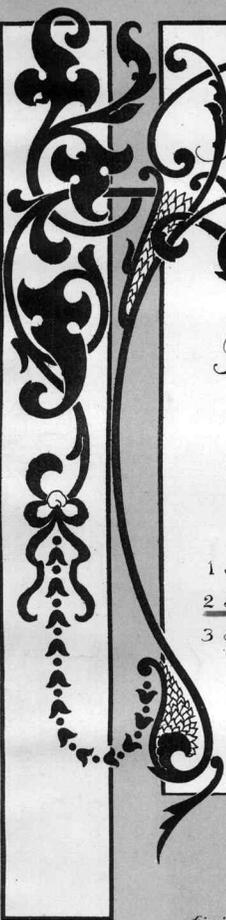


3 - OCT 30
1973

P. A. Sirindelli.

Selections from
Blanc et Noir
An Opera in One Act

Words by
Aline Fredin.

- 
- | | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1 <i>Romanza</i> | 50¢ |
| 2 <i>Arioso</i> | 50¢ |
| 3 <i>Serenade</i> | 40¢ |



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ARIOSO.

P. A. TIRINDELLI.

Molto moderato.

p Were my heart but a

f

gob - let Filled to the brim o'er - flow - ing, Thy lips a-lone would

touch it, E-ven tho' the world were thirst - ing. Ah! I would that my

f

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soul, min - gled with my breath, Were like a blood - red flow'r

rit.

Bloom - ing ev - er to thy kiss, That the wind, that the

f

wind Swift - ly o - ver the plain blow - ing, In its course would bring my

cresc. *p*

breath To thy lips ex - hal - ing.

rit. *a tempo*

f

p Would my heart were a fair fruit, Rich in all its gold-en ripe-ness, *rit.*

So that thy teeth should press it, Bruise it, tear it with their white-ness,

f. At the sweet-ness of thy red lips A heal-ing cup to

tento. drain For thee to give my ver-y life In an ec-sta-sy of pain;

f That all na - ture, that all things grow - ing,

cresc.

creep - ing, Lived but with my breath For thee; all things know

rit.

life, — all — things by thee know death, by —

rit. *f* *rit.*

thee. — can know death!

f *lento.* *ff*

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