

1. Collection Day

Poem by Iain Lonié

Anthony Ritchie c 1996

Slow, reflective

p semplice

Tenor

I have not had the time to throw out these shoes, and so they lie - still -

Guitar

8

T.

8

p

mud-caked, at the bot-tom of a tin trunk Shoes should stand in neat pairs, or be

Guit.

p semplice

14

T.

8

walked in. These ly-ing in their bent shapes are like frag-ments a boy breaks - out from the

Guit.

20

T.

8

pp

con-text of a cliff and stores in a box - a-long with oth-er stones

Guit.

pp

25

T.

8

mp

coins, cart-ridge cas-es and oth-er things_ la - belled with days and plac - es

Guit.

pp *mp*

30 *Rall*

T. 8 their na-tive mag-ic for - got - ten.

Guit. 8 *p* *pp* up the fingerboard

34 *pp*

T. 8 Death comes_____ to all of us

Guit. 8 *pp*

wat-er-ry eyed

37 *mf* *p* *pp*

T. 8 trail-ing his black-plast-ic bag and want-ing things: I've seen whole shops-full of

Guit. 8 *mf* *p* *pp*

41 *More openly, broadly, quicker*

T. 8 cracked shoes, in their pairs.

Guit. 8 *allargando . . .* *pp* *mf* arp.

45 *mf*

T. 8 But to-day_____ wo-ken ear-ly - just be-fore dawn by rain flung hard a -

Guit. 8 *marcato*