

TOKFURSTEN Smärtfågeln

Musik: Carl Unander-Scharin
Text: Elgard Jonsson

♩ = 60

Tokfursten

Piano

2

(non cantando)

p

[x]**

Trem. Irreg.

** Tremolo irregolare, dvs ett oregelbundet tremolo.
Tremolo irregolare, i.e. an irregular tremolo.

** Språkljud inom []-klammer är noterade med IPA-symboler.
Speech sounds in []-bracket are notated using IPA-symbols.

brackets are
notated

4

mf

[x]

5

6

f *mf* *Led.* *p* *pp* *

mp [x#:]

8

f *mf* *Led.* *p* *

(Cantando)
(Falsetto) (non gliss.) (Normale)

[x#:]

10

ff *mf* *Led.* *p* *

11

Sju - tu - sen år ...

ff *mf* *Led.* *

13

Sju -

p *mf* *mp* *

15

tu - sen år ...

p * *pp* *

Leg.

Trem. Irreg.

(non gliss.)

18

pp * *mf* *

Leg.

12

19

pp * *mf* *

Leg.

12

20

mp

Leg. *mp*

I

21

Röd - ro - sa sko - gen härs - kar jag

mp * *mp* * *Fluente*

Leg.

12

23

12 12 12 12

Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led.

24

mf *p*

I

25

Eld - få - geln's sten - skog är jag Kung

mp Led.

27

12 12 12 12

Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led.

28

mf *mp*

5

I

29

Röd - ro - sa sko - gen här - kar jag

mp
led.

31

led. *led.* *led.* *led.*

32

mf *mp*

33

Eld - få - gelns sten - skog är jag Kung

mp
led.

35

led. *led.* *led.* *led.*

36

9 10 *f* *sfz*

Trem. Irreg.

38 **Più mosso**

(Normale) *ff*

ff *f* *ff*

martellato *legato* *martellato*

I Sten - ök - nen är

Ped. 12 *

39

ff *f* *ff*

martellato *legato* *martellato*

smärt - få - geln min Min och ing - en

Ped. 12 *

40

ff *f* *ff*

martellato *legato* *martellato*

an - - - nans Min

Ped. 12 *

41

f *mf*

gliss.

Min och ing - en an-nans

Ped. 12 *

43

f (Normale) *ff*

Min

Trem. Irreg.

ff

44 **Tempo primo**

p *mf*
Led.

Som en furs - te

46

p *mf*
Led.

Döl-jer jag mig

48

mp *mf*

49

Sve - - - per mig

mf

50

Klär mig fin

p

51

I en man - tel

Led. * *Led.* *

53

av Sjä - la - dim -

p *mf*

55 *ritardando...*

mor

pp

* *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

Seven thousand years.
 In the reddish-pink forest.
 I am king. I rule in the Stone Forest of the Firebird.
 I am king. In the stone-desert the pain-bird is mine.
 Mine and nobody else's. Mine.
 As a king I conceal myself.
 I shroud myself in a mantle of in a mantle of soul-haze.