

NOTE: concert score, there are no key signatures  
accidentals apply to measure and octave only

# COMRADE

words by Philippe Soupault

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(spoken)

little months little smokes  
and oblivion in a wool dress

a door opens tenderly  
near a wall where the wind is born  
near the jolly garden

where saints and angels  
are afraid of the seasons  
the alleys have no names

they are the hours or the years  
I stroll leisurely

dressed in a cement overcoat  
and a hat of black straw

♩ = 76

The musical score is arranged in a standard concert score format with multiple staves. At the top, the title 'COMRADE' and the words by Philippe Soupault are centered. The score includes a tempo marking of quarter note = 76. The vocal line is at the top, with lyrics in French. Below it is the Solo Guitar part, marked '(ad lib. / fill freely)'. The orchestral parts include Flutes 1,2; Oboes 1,2; Clarinets 1,2; Contra Bassoons 1,2; French Horns 1,2; Trumpets 1,2; Bass Trombones 1,2; Violins I and II; Violas; Cellos; Basses; and Vibraphone. The woodwinds and strings play sustained notes with dynamic markings of *f* and *p*. The strings and vibraphone play a rhythmic accompaniment with dynamic markings of *mp*, *f*, and *mp*. The score is divided into five measures corresponding to the spoken lyrics.

I don't remember if it's nice out  
I walk smoking and I smoke  
walking easily

every once in a while  
I tell myself  
it's time to stop

 = 76  
*a tempo*

and I continue walking  
I tell myself  
I have to get some air

I have to look at the clouds  
and breathe in a lung full

I have to see the flys fly  
and take a little exercise

I shouldn't smoke so much  
I tell myself also  
calculate

I tell myself again I have a headache  
my life is a drop of water  
on my eyelid

and I'm no longer twenty  
continue

= 76  
*a tempo*

the songs are songs and the days days  
I no longer have one shred  
of respect for myself

but I see hoodlums who smoke  
the same cigarettes as me and  
who are just as stupid as me  
I'm pretty content without really knowing why

it doesn't suffice to speak of the sun  
the stars the sea and rivers

blood eyes hands  
it is necessary quite often  
to speak of other things

we know that there are very beautiful  
countries with very handsome  
men with no less charming women  
but all that isn't really sufficient

the dizzying void  
which rings and bays  
makes the head bow

we look and we see  
again many other things  
which are always the same

$\text{♩} = 76$   
*a tempo*

innumerable  
identical

voc

guit

fl 1,2

ob 1,2

cl 1,2

cbasn 1,2

frh 1,2

tpt 1,2

btrb 1,2

vln1

vln2

vla

cel

bs

vib

and over there simply  
someone goes by  
simple as hello

and everything starts all over  
once again

I read in the stars  
the good will of my friends  
in a river I love one hand

I listen the flowers sing  
there are the goodbyes of birds

a cry falls like a fruit  
my God my God  
I will be accordingly always the same

my head in my hands  
and my hands  
in my head

voc

guit

fl 1,2

ob 1,2

cl 1,2

cbsn 1,2

frh 1,2

tpt 1,2

btrb 1,2

vln1

vln2

vla

cel

bs

vib

sim.

*mp*