

# Music

Amy Lowell

Anne Gregson

Flute = 90

Flute

5

11

S.

The neigh-bour sits in his win - dow and plays the flute

16

Fl.

S.

From my bed I can hear him, And the

21

Fl.

S.

round notes flutt - er and tap a-bout the room and hit a - gainst each

26

Fl.

S.

o - ther blurr - ing to un-ex-pect-ed chords.

32

Fl. *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

S. *p* *mp* *p* *p*

It is ver - y beau - ti - ful with the lit - tle

37

Fl. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

S. *mp* *mp* *p*

flute notes all a - bout me in the dark - ness.

43

Fl. *mp* *mf* *mp < mf* *mp*

49

Fl. *p* *mf* *mp*

55

Fl. *mp* *mf* *mp*

S. *mp* *mf* *mp*

Pull a face

In the day - time the neigh - bour eats bread and on - i - ons with one hand and cop - ies

60

Fl. *mf*

S. *mf* *mp* *mf < f* *mf < f* *mp*

mu - sic with the oth - er. He is fat and has a bald head, so I

67

Fl.

S.

do not look at him, but run quick-ly past his win - dow. There is

72

Fl.

S.

al - ways the sky to look at or the wa - ter in the well.

78

Fl.

S.

But when night

85

Fl.

S.

comes and he plays his flute I think of him as a

91

Fl.

S.

young man, with gold seals hang - ing from his watch And a

96

Fl.

S.

blue coat with sil - ver butt - ons.

102

Fl. *mp* *p* *mp*

107

Fl. *p* *p* *p*

S. *p* *p* *mp*

As I lie \_\_\_\_\_ in my bed the flute

112

Fl. *mp* *mp* *p*

S. *mp* *p* *p*

notes push a - gainst my ears and lips And I go to

118

Fl. *p* *mp*

S. *mp* *pp*

sleep dream - ing.

124

Fl. *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

128

Fl. *mf* *mp* *pp* rit.