

two songs from
The Prisoner
for baritone & piano

Karim Al-Zand
(2017)

two songs from
The Prisoner

TEXTS

Longing

*It's so long since I spent the night with you.
My friends! You know how we were torn apart.
Love of my soul, where will we meet again?
Noon Sun! I need your brightness in my heart.
Hey! Full Moon! Blinding light that stuns all men!
So long deserted, I want none but you.
You were my Morning Breeze, who brought good news.
Seduce me now. Save me with love once more.
On that strange and fateful night
you will hear a familiar voice.
The euphoria of love will sweep over your grave;
it will bring wine and friends, candles and food.*

Jalal al-Din Muhammad Rumi (1207–1273)

You Left Ground and Sky Weeping

*You left ground and sky weeping,
mind and soul full of grief.
No one can take your place in existence
or in absence. Both mourn:
the angels, and the prophets —and this sadness
I feel has taken from me the taste of language,
so that I can't say the flavor
of my being apart. The roof
of the kingdom within has collapsed!
Do whatever you wish to do, the issue is over.*

from *The Death of Saladin*, Jalal al-Din Muhammad Rumi

∞ last line from the letters of Adnan Latif

Longing

from *The Prisoner*

Text: Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī

Karim Al-Zand
(2017)

Moderately; sincere, nostalgic ♩=80

melancholic, but also with the wistful happiness of reminiscence...

5

10

15

20

mf

sub mp

mf

heavy-hearted

It's so long, so long

since I spent the night with you. My friends! You know how

we were torn a-part. Love of my soul, love of my soul, where will we meet

cresc.

cresc.

molto - - - Faster; exultant, spirited ♩=132
 accel.

(24) *f*
 a-gain? Noon sun!

(28) Noon sun!

(32)

(36) subito
 , a tempo primo (♩=80)
p
 I need your bright-ness in my

sub. p

molto - - - Faster, as before (♩=132)
 accel.

(39) *cresc.*
 heart. Hey! Hey! Hey! Full moon!

cresc. *f* *8va*

44

Full moon!

(8va) —

8va —

3 3 3 3 3 3

47

3 3 3 3 3 3

51

8va —

ff

3 3 3 3 3 3

55

a tempo primo (♩ = 80)

p Blind-ing light_ that stuns all men!_ *mf* So_ long_ de- sert - ed.

sub p *mf*

3 3 3 3 3 3

59

I want none but you._ You were my morn-ing breeze, _

3 3 3 3 3 3

63

who brought good news. se-duce me, se-duce me now.

sub. mp

67

Save me with love once more.

mf *sub. mp* *poco cresc.*

accel. - - - - -

73

Slightly faster; flowing, entranced ♩=92

mf *p*

On that strange and fate-ful night

mf *sempre molto legato*

77

you will hear a fa-mil-iar voice.

p

cresc. poco a poco

81

The eu-pho-ri-a of love, the eu-pho-ri-a of love will

mf *cresc. poco a poco*

(85) *f*

sweep, sweep o - ver your grave,

(88) *sub. mp* poco rit. - - - -

o - ver your grave; It will bring wine and

(91) *p* a tempo

friends, can-dles and food.

[4'00"]

You Left Ground and Sky Weeping

Text: Jalāl ad-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī
[and Adnan Latif]

from *The Prisoner*

Karim Al-Zand
(2017)

molto adagio

Slowly; calm, steady ♩=84

full of sorrow and despondency, in the end tranquil, serene...

6 *pp* heartfelt
You left, you left

10 *p*
ground and sky weep - ing, You left, you left,

14 *mp* $\text{♩} = 56$
mind and soul full of grief. No one can take your place

18
in ex-is-tence or in ab-sence. Both mourn: the an-gels and the

22 $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 84)$

pro-phets— *molto espres.*

poco f

26 *mf* $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 56)$

and this sad - ness I feel has

mf

30 $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 84)$

ta - ken from me the taste of lan - guage, so that I can't

34 *cresc.* *f* $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

say the fla - vor of my be - ing a - part. The roof of the king - dom with-

cresc. *f*

LETTER: The issue is over (Adnan Latif)

38 *cresc.* *p* $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 52)$ *morendo*

in has col - lapsed! Do what - ev - er you wish to do, the is - sue is

cresc. *p*

42 ad libitum molto adagio Slowly, as before (♩ = 84)

ov-er. this sad - ness...

p *pp*

morendo - - - - -

I feel... you left...

pp

molto rit. - - - Very slowly, gently tolling
più rit- -

you left...

ppp

[4'00"]