

Fire-Flowers

for medium voice and piano

from *Songs of Trees*

Commissioned by Jason Klippenstein

Duration ca. 3'30"

MUSIC BY

Katerina Gimón

WORDS BY

Emily Pauline Johnson



Fire-Flowers

from *Songs of Trees*:
Three songs on poems
by Emily Pauline Johnson

Pauline Johnson
(1861 - 1913)

Katerina Gimon
(b. 1993)

Reminiscent ♩ = 66

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Reminiscent' with a quarter note equal to 66 beats per minute. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) features a vocal line with a fermata and piano accompaniment starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system (measures 5-7) continues the piano accompaniment. The third system (measures 8-11) is marked 'Reflective' with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and includes the instruction 'And'. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

rubato
espress.

p

And. ad lib

5

8

Reflective
mp

And

10

on - ly where the for - est fires _____ have sped,

mp

13

Scorch - ing re - lent - less - ly the cool north lands _____

mf

This section has been intentionally omitted for PDF security. The score will continue on the next page.

18

pur - ple head, And, like some gen - tle spir - it sor - row -

20

fed, It hides the scars with al - most hu - man hands.

molto rit. *a tempo*

23

2/4

This section has been intentionally omitted for PDF security. The score will continue below.

29

grief of hu-man pain There comes some pu-ri-fy-ing sweet be -

32

ff *rit.* *mf*

lief, Some fel-low-feel-ing beau-ti-ful, if brief.

ff *rit.* *mf*

35 **A little slower, reflective** *freely*

And life re - vives, And life re - vives, and blos - soms once a -

colla voce

39

gain. _____

Fire-Flowers

Poem: *Fire-Flowers* by Emily Pauline Johnson

And only where the forest fires have sped,
 Scorching relentlessly the cool north lands,
 A sweet wild flower lifts its purple head,
 And, like some gentle spirit sorrow-fed,
 It hides the scars with almost human hands.
 And only to the heart that knows of grief,
 [Of desolating fire], of human pain,
 There comes some purifying sweet belief,
 Some fellow-feeling beautiful, if brief.
 And life revives, and blossoms once again