

VII. Night Song at Amalfi/My Heart is Heavy

As a Lullaby, ♩ = 60

S. *mp*
I asked the hea-ven

Vc. *arco, ord.*
mp cresc. poco a poco *mf decresc. poco a poco* *mp*

8

S. *mf* *mp*
of stars what should I give my love. It an-swered

Vc. *mf* *mp*

11 **rit.**

S. *p*
me with si - lence, si - lence a - bove.

Vc. *p* *pp*

15 **a tempo** *p cresc. poco a poco* *f* *mf*

S.
I asked the dark - ened sea down where the fish - ers go. It an swered

Vc. *p cresc. poco a poco* *f* *mf*

Whisper: My heart is heavy with many a song like ripe fruit bearing down the tree.

19

S. *mp* *p* *mf*

me with si - lence, si - lence be - low. Oh I could give him

Vc. *mp* *p* *mf*

Whisper:
But I can never give you one -- My songs do not belong to me.

25

S. *f* *ff*

weep - ing, Or I could give him song, song,

Vc. *f* *ff*

Whisper:
Yet in the evening, - - - in the dusk - - - when the moths go to and fro

30

S. *f* *mp* *mf* *p* *Whisper*

Oh, But how can I give him si - lence, my whole life long?

Vc. *f* *mp* *mf* *p*

Whisper:
in the gray hour - - - if the fruit has fallen, - - - take it, no one will know.