

The Flute from *People of Note* (BBS Edition)

Poem by LAURENCE MCKINNEY

Music by JAN BACH

Sprightly (♩ = c. 72)

Flute/Picc. *f* *dim.* *mf* *mf*

Soprano

First

of the wood - winds we sa-lute The cle-ver persons who play the flute They

point their pipes the o-ther way Fix-ing their lips they start to play.

To sound those notes so chaste, so pure They blow a-cross the em-bou-chure

Which gives them, (Par-don the di-gres-sion,) A strange-ly

squirrel - like ex-pres-sion.

to PICCOLO

These pe - cu - liar high - hand - ed - play - ers know

A - no - ther trick - the pic - co - lo

Just half as long and twice as shrill

It pa - ra - lys - es ears at will.

(One art - ist, I de - plo - re the fact,

cresc.

— Has e-ven caught one — in the very act.) —

ff

f *dim.* *mf* *mf* to FLUTE

The flau - tist's
task is the pur - suit Of

f *ff*

toot and no-thing but the toot, Of toot and no-thing but the toot! Of

f *cresc. molto* *fff* *p (poss.)*
(singer looks at flautist, annoyed)

toot and no-thing but the toot!