Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
1. Daoist song

Chi K’ang (223-262 AD)
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]

To Gustav Mahler

Copyright © 2017 by George Peter Bird. This edition may be freely distributed, duplicated, performed, and recorded.
My thoughts shall wander.

in the Great Void.

Always reject Learning.

and reject Learning.

S.A.T.B.Fl.PNO.

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
I cast my hook into a single stream

But joy as if I owned the

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

I will

I will loose my hair and go singing!
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

S. A. T. B. Fl. PNO.

loose my hair and go singing! To the four frontiers...

A.

Ah... Ah To the four frontiers...

T.

loose my hair and go singing! To the four frontiers...

B.

Ah... To the four...

Fl.

To the four frontiers...

PNO.

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

S. A. T. B. Fl. PNO.

To the four frontiers... all join my song, my song.

A.

To the four frontiers... all join... my song.

T.

To the four frontiers... all join... my song.

B.

To the four frontiers... To the four frontiers all join... my song.

Fl.

To the four frontiers... To the four frontiers all join my song.

PNO.
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

And the message, the message

This is the message, the message

And the message, the message

This is the message,

of my tune:

My thoughts shall wander

of my tune: My thoughts shall wander

message of my tune: My thoughts shall wander

the message of my tune: My thoughts shall wander

Led
This precious time...

Will

Ah

Andante (4 = 80)

never come again.

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

In moments now, our

In moments now, our
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

128

S. Anxiously, we halt at the roadside.

A. Hesitantly...

T. parting will be o'er.

B. Anxiously, we halt at the roadside.

Fl.

PNO. Subito

The clouds above are

135

S. tat-ing, embrace where fields begin.

A. movendo (q = 110)

T. tat-ing, embrace where fields begin.

B. tat-ing, embrace where fields begin.

Fl.

PNO. movendo (q = 110)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

S. A. T. B. Fl. PNO.

141

float ing 'cross the sky. They swiftly pass,

Ah

They swiftly pass,

above are float ing 'cross the sky. They swiftly

Ah

They swiftly

or blend as one.

Ah

or blend as one.

The waves of wind are

pass, or blend as one. The waves of wind

pass, or blend as one. The waves of wind

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

They roll away.

Ah

Roll away,

each to a different Heaven.

They roll away,

Roll away,

each to a different Heaven.
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

A tempo ($\frac{d}{80}$)

S.

A.

T.

B.

Fl.

PNO.

Ah

Ah

us,

Ah

Ah

So let us stop a gain a lit tle

So long to be a part!

And so let us stop a gain a lit tle

Let us stop a gain a lit tle

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

I could ride, if I could ride on wings of morning wind.

I'd go with you, unto your journey's end.

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
"Old poem" (1st c. BC?)  
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]  

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)  

3. Old poem  

PETER BIRD

190 Andante (\( \text{q} = 92 \))

I went with the army;  At four-score

197 I came home.  On the way, met a man from the village;  I asked him,

"Old poem" (1st c. BC?)  
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]  

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)  

3. Old poem  

PETER BIRD

190 Andante (\( \text{q} = 92 \))

I went with the army;  At four-score

197 I came home.  On the way, met a man from the village;  I asked him,
Who was left at home?

"That, over there is your house,

rabbits ran in at the dog.

all covered over with trees and brush."

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
hole. Pheas ants flew down from the roof beams. In the court yard was wild

S. 220

A. 227

T. 227

B. 227

Fl. 227

PNO. 227

Adagio \( (q = 68) \)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

grain to make a porridge; Pluck the mal-lows to make a soup. Soup and

porridge are both cooked; but no one's here to eat them with...
I went out and looked to the East,
While tears fell and wet my clothes.

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
4. Sailing homeward

Chang Fang-Sheng (4th c. AD)  
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

S. A. T. B. Fl. PNO.

Larghetto (d = 60)

268

mp

mf

Cliffs that rise a

The cliffs

mf

mf

PNO.

Bed

Bed

Bed

Bed
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

thousand feet with-out a break; Lakes that stretch a hun-dred miles

with-out a break; Cliffs that rise a thou-sand feet with-out a break.

the lakes that stretch; Sands that rise;

out a wave; Sands are white through-out the year.

Lakes that stretch a hun-dred miles; Sands feet with-out a break.

The lakes that stretch a hun-

Sands are white, with-out a

PNO. Red

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

[Music notation]

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312

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S.

A.

T.

B.

Fl.

PNO.

---

319

---

S.

A.

T.

B.

Fl.

PNO.

---
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

for twenty thousand years your vows have kept:

Trees ever flow and flow without a pause;

that for twenty thousand years, twenty thousand years your vows
You have healed the pain of a traveler's heart, and moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to

And moved his brush to
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

S.

A.

T.

B.

Fl.

PNO.

write a song.

write a song.

write a song.

write a song.
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

5. I built my hut

PETER BIRD

T’ao Ch’ien (365-427 AD)
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]

5. I built my hut

PETER BIRD

T’ao Ch’ien (365-427 AD)
tr. Arthur Waley [1918]
built my hut in town and by a road, yet

Adagio \( \bar{=} 66 \)

built my hut in town and by a road, yet
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

372

S.  A.  T.  B.  Fl.  PNO.

hear no noise of passing horse and coach.

376

A.  T.  B.  Fl.  PNO.

A heart that's free

how that came to be?

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
lates a wilderness.

I pluck, pluck, pluck chrysanthemum at the Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
eastern hedge, then gaze long at the eastern hedge. Then gaze long at the

Then gaze long at the

Then gaze long at the

Then gaze long at the

distant summer hills. distant summer hills. distant summer hills.
distant summer hills.
distant summer hills. distant summer hills.
distant summer hills.

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
The mountain air is fresh at dusk of day;

Ah, Ah, Ah,
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

413

rit.

speak of it, words fail.

417

PNO.
Daoist song (Chi K’ang, 223-262 AD)

I will cast out Wisdom and reject Learning. My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void. Always repenting of wrongs done will never bring my heart to rest. I cast my hook into a single stream, but joy as if I owned the land! I will loose’ my hair and go singing; to the four frontiers all join my song. This is the message of my tune: “My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void.”

Parting from Su Wu (Li Ling, d. 74 AD)

This special time will never come again. In moments now—our parting will be over. Anxiously—we halt at the roadside. Hesitating—embrace where fields begin. The clouds above are floating ‘cross the sky; they swiftly, swiftly pass; or blend as one. The waves of wind are drifting out of place; they roll away, each to a different Heaven. And so with us—so long to be apart! So, let us stop again a little while. If I could ride on wings of morning wind I’d go with you, unto your journey’s end.

“Old poem” (anonymous, 1st c. BC?)

At fifteen I went with the army. At fourscore I came back. On the way I met a man from the village; I asked him who was left at home. “That, over there, is your house, all covered over with trees and brush.” Rabbits ran in at the dog-hole; Pheasants flew down from the roofbeams. In the courtyard was wild grain, and by the well, some wild mallows. I’ll boil the grain to make a porridge. I’ll pluck the mallows to make soup. Soup and porridge are both cooked, but no one’s here to eat them with. I went out and looked to the east, while tears fell and wet my clothes.

Sailing homeward (Chan Fang-sheng, 4th c. AD)

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet without a break; Lakes that stretch a hundred miles without a wave; Sands are white through all the year without a stain; Pine-tree woods, winter and summer ever-green; Streams that forever flow and flow without a pause; Trees that for twenty thousand years your vows have kept: You have healed the pain of a traveler’s heart, and moved his brush to write a song.

I built my hut... (T’ao Ch’ien, 365-427 AD)

I built my hut in town and by a road, yet hear no noise of passing horse and coach. Do you know how that came to be? A heart that’s free creates a wilderness. I pluck chrysanthemums at the eastern hedge, Then gaze long at the distant summer hills. The mountain air is fresh at dusk of day; The flying birds now two by two return. These things enfold a meaning that is deep; Yet when we speak of it, words fail.
To Gustav Mahler

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

1. Daoist song

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2. Parting from Su Wu

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)  
Flute
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

Flute

3. Old poem
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Flute

4. Sailing homeward
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Flute

305

312

321

328

337

344

350
5. I built my hut

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)
Flute

Lento (♩ = 56)

Adagio (♩ = 66)
2. Parting from Su Wu
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

PIANO

139 Movendo ($q = 110$)

170 A tempo ($q = 80$)

177

185

189
Adagio ($q = 68$)

234

Larghetto ($d = 60$)

4. Sailing homeward
Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

5. I built my hut

PIANO

Lento ($\text{\textit{q.}} = 56)$

356

Adagio ($\text{\textit{q.}} = 66$)

367

5. I built my hut

PIANO

Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)