

Priate Rainier

## Dance of the Rain

Læg mig som en segling ved dit hjerte

for tenor or soprano and guitar

text from Afrikaans by Eugène Marais adapted by Krige

(1947)

ED 10902  
ISMN 979-0-2201-0583-8

**PREVIEW**  
Low Resolution

**First broadcast:** 5 July 1949  
Hughes Cuénod, tenor  
Hermann Leeb, guitar  
Stockholm Radio, Sweden

**First public performance:** 7 July 1961  
Peter Pears, tenor  
Julian Bream, guitar  
Aldeburgh Festival  
Aldeburgh, UK

**Duration:** 10 minutes

O the dance of our sister!

First she peeps furtively over the mountain top and her movements are like a cat's paws and she laughs softly.

Next, poised on the earth's clear rim she stands motionless and hunched over, her back, or still, folded over firm small breast more beautiful by far than cobras coiled.

Then, with one hand, she beckons from afar. Her dazzlebeams are like the sun's gleam. Her moves are gentle, her glance caresses.

Softly she calls, and in still enchanted voice, leaning over the wind, she whispers of her happiness, her glad dance. The domain is spacious and it will be a festival of joy and wonder.

Over the curved horizon springboles carried and grid spirals spin, whirls of light. Lost in their own dust like rocks in mist, the kranas, their flanks rounded, separate and spin a round in the narrow kloof below the kranas, their flanks rounded. They grip down the wind and they stoop to discover the rains delicate little foot steps.

The little plover undergirds her headway. Her ankles jingle, the twinkling of her anklets and then the rustle of her skirts. And the kranas, nearer, huddle together and they sing softly; "Our sister, have come, have come."

Her besonneted face glows like the sun. Her collar glows and glint and her copper rings flash in the slow sloping of the sun. The sun is over her head. She shivers as in ecstasy. She pauses, wavers,

Now she treads down from the heights. She treads up-on the plain. With both her arms she spreads out the sun. She stamps her foot lightly. Now her dance will begin.

All the earth is hushed. All the earth lies waiting, silent under the sun. Even the wind has lost its breath. O the dance!

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Text adapted by Uys Krige (1910-1987) from Afrikaans by Eugène Marais.

For Hugues Cuénod & Hermann Lieb

# Dance of the Rain

Adapted by Uys Krige from the Afrikaans  
of Eugène Marais

Paulx Rainier  
(1947)

**Allegro**

♩ = ca. 92

Tenor

Guitar

(tamb.)

First — she peeps fur-tive-ly o-ver the moun-tain-

top and her movements are fu-gi-tive and her eyes shy and she laughs soft-ly.

Next, poised on the earth's clas... she... Next, poised on the earth's clas... she...

arms that are so so... small breasts

than so... as coiled in sleep. Then with

first, she beckons from afar, Her bracelets are a-glit-ter and her beads gleam. Her eyes are gentle, her

marche

PREVIEW

LOW Resolution

glance ca-res-ses. *p* Soft - - ty she calls, And - -

still en-chant-ed voice, lean-ing a-gainst the head which is the wind, - -

she whispers of her happiness, - - the day she smiles her heart for her domain - - is

spacioso and won - - - - - der!

*Più mosso* *mf*  
Over the curved ho-ri - -

• slow arpeggio

PREVIEW LOW Resolution