

Michael Tippett

Symphony No. 3

Study Score
ED 11148

PREVIEW
Low Resolution

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Commissioned by the London Symphony Orchestra

First performance: 22 June 1972 at the Royal Festival Hall,
London, conducted by Colin Davis,
soloist Heather Harper

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to Howard Hartog

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1 As I drew nurture from my mother's breast
As I drew nurture from my mother's breast
I drank in sorrow with her milk.

As I stood upright on my father's knee
As I stood upright on my father's knee
I drank in sorrow with his kiss.

Blood of their blood
Bone of their bone
What then is me that was not?

2 O, I'll go wandering with my arms
Quiv'ring and my hands
Jerkings and my heels
Rattling and my tongue,
My tongue.

O, I'll go wandering with my arms
Quiv'ring and my hands
Jerkings and my heels
Rattling and my tongue,
My tongue.

3 I'll go prancing with my toe-tips:
Tying and my bones
Jerkings and my heels,
With what between there lies,
My tongue.

3 I found the man grown to a dwarf.
After the circus, in his tent, he said:
So many take me for a doll,
I gave him milk and kisses.

I found the girl born dumb and blind.
She stroked my hand and traced the words in my palm.
I feel but cannot see the sun,
I gave her milk and kisses.

I found the beautiful, enormous man,
His smiling eyes saw me bright.
Nothing for his milk and kisses,
He gave me milk and kisses.

As I found the little, little man,
His smiling eyes saw me bright.
Nothing for his milk and kisses,
He gave me milk and kisses.

O God, O God, O God, there be,
Let her, let her, let her be straight.
But if no answer to the prayer,
We shall give milk
We shall give kisses.

- 4 They sang that when she waved her wings:
The Goddess Joy would make us one.

And did my brother die of frost-bite in the cauldron?
And was my sister charred to cinders by the oven?

We know not so much joy
For so much sorrow –
Though my fine body came
Nor so much evil –
Though I sometimes be grieved
My sibling was the sufferer.
He takes his place.

So if the world was given to him
Let him stay put in it
Let the cherubim and the angels
Let the saints and the prophets
Then speak out the celestial choir
Though he be the only one (Answered all)
Who shall be the voice of the whirlwind.

I have a dream
That my strong hand shall grip the cruel
That my strong mouth shall kiss the fearful
That my strong arms shall lift the lame
And on my giant legs we'll whirl our way
Over the visionary earth
In mutual celebration.

What though the dream crack!
What shall remake it.
Staring with those startled eyes at what we are –
Blood of my blood
Bone of my bone
We sense a huge compassionate power
To heal
To love.