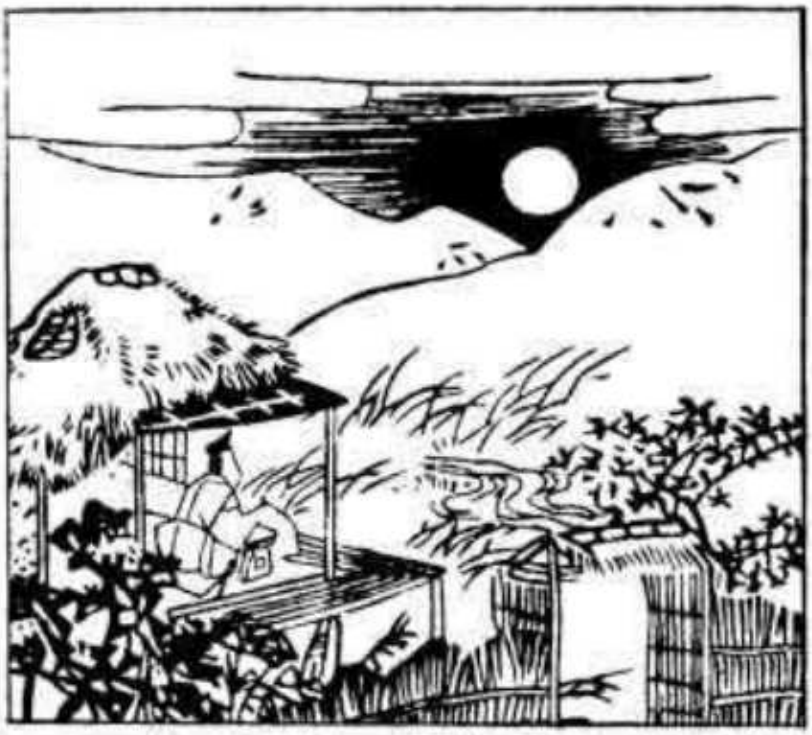
Jens Klimek

Four Reflections on Japanese Tanka Poems

for two flutes



Annotations:

The texts originate from a collection of 100 specimens of Japanese *Tanka* poetry collected in the 13th Century C.E., with some of the poems dating back to the 7th Centry translated by William N. Porter. *Tanka* is a 31 syllable format in the pattern 5-7-5-7-7. Most of these poems were written about the time of the Norman Conquest and display a sophistication that western literature would not achieve for a long time thereafter. These little gems are on themes such as nature, the round of the seasons, the impermanence of life, and the vicissitudes of love. There are obvious Buddhist and Shinto influences throughout. Porter's notes put the poems into a cultural and historical context.

Duration: 8min.

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1

Haru sugite	THE spring has gone, the summer's come,
Natsu ki ni kerashi	And I can just descry
Shirotae no	The peak of Ama-no-kagu,
Koromo hosu teu	Where angels of the sky
Ama-no-kagu yama	Spread their white robes to dry.

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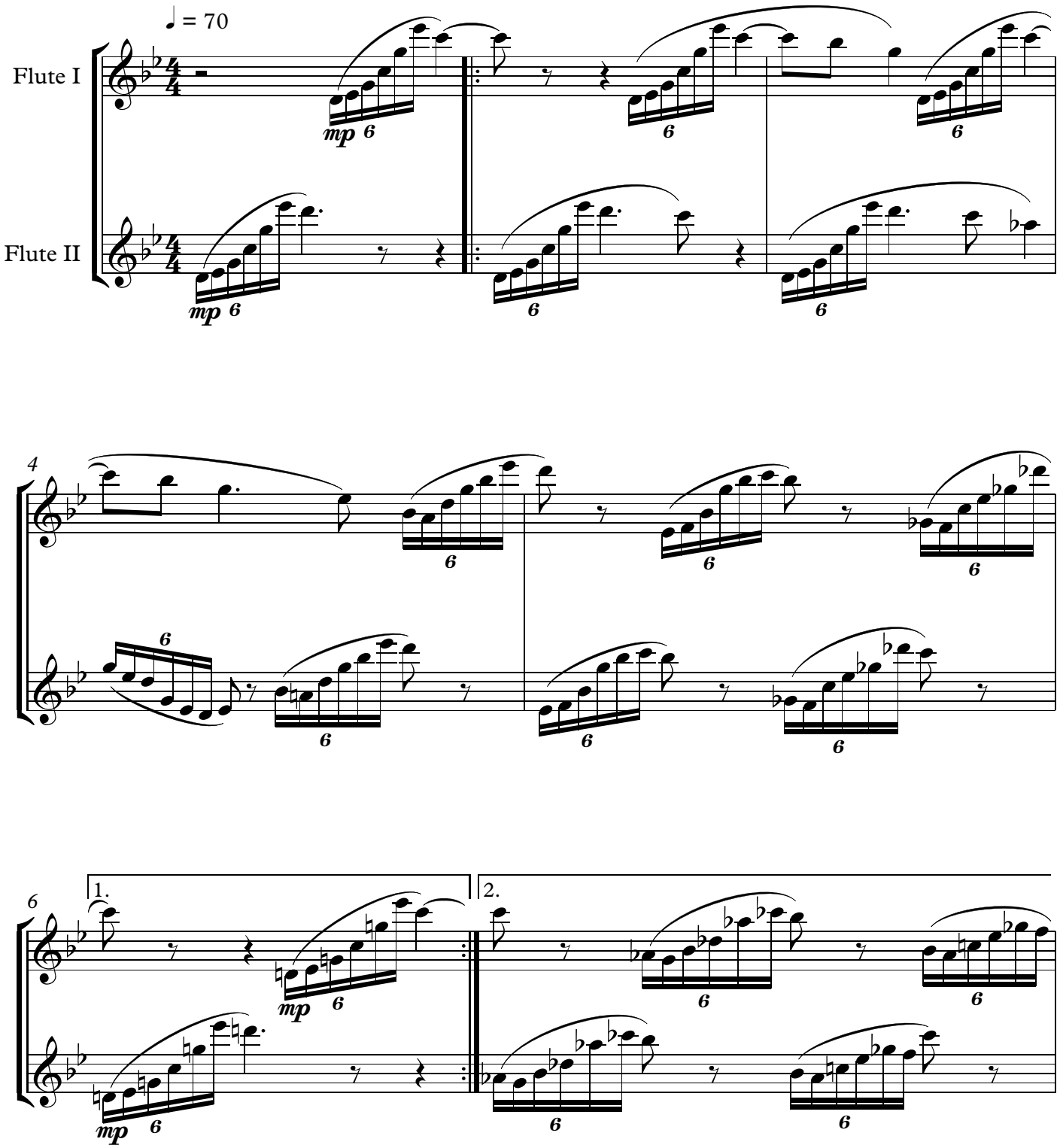

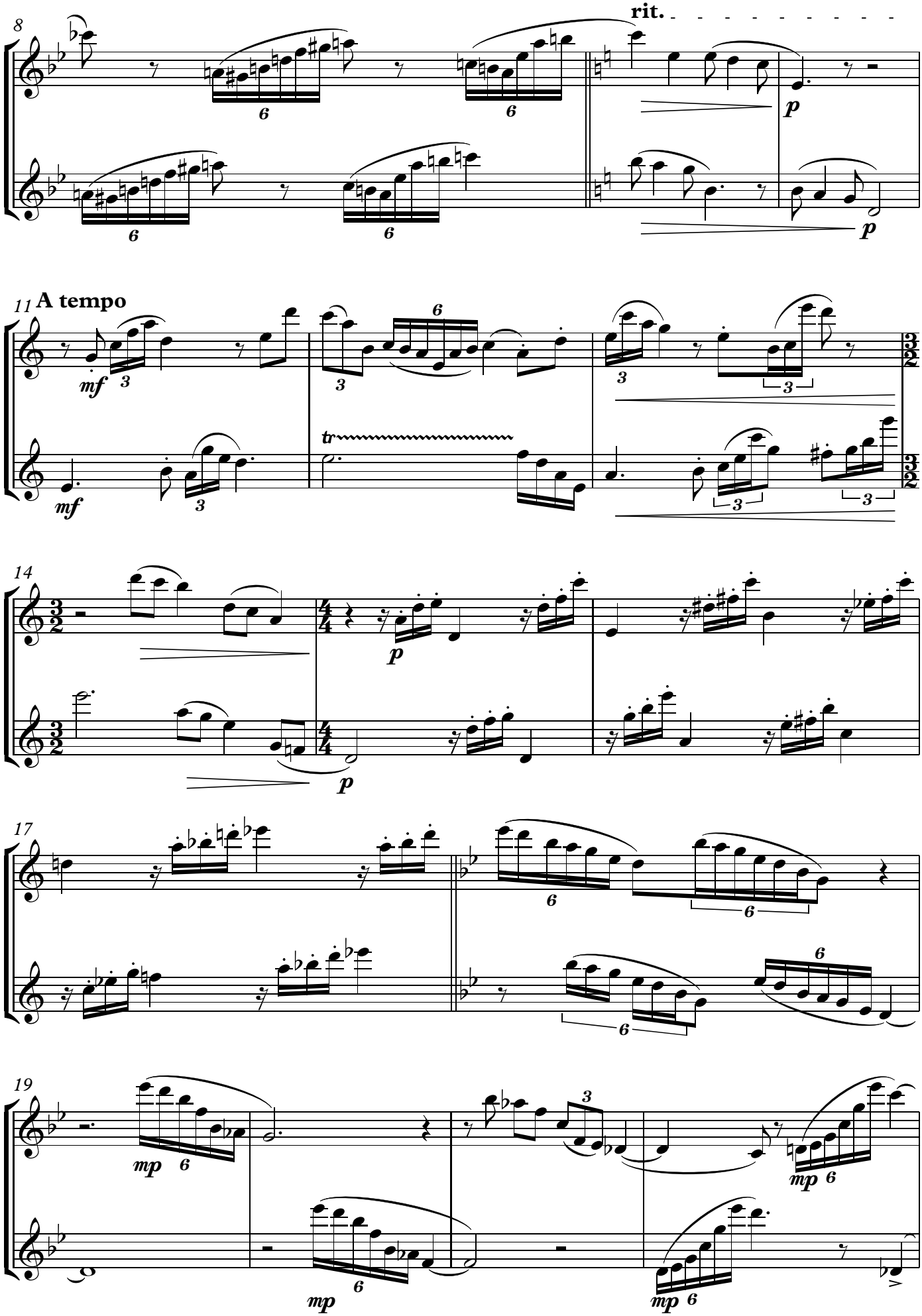
8
rit.
p
p
11
A tempo
mf
mf
tr
14
p
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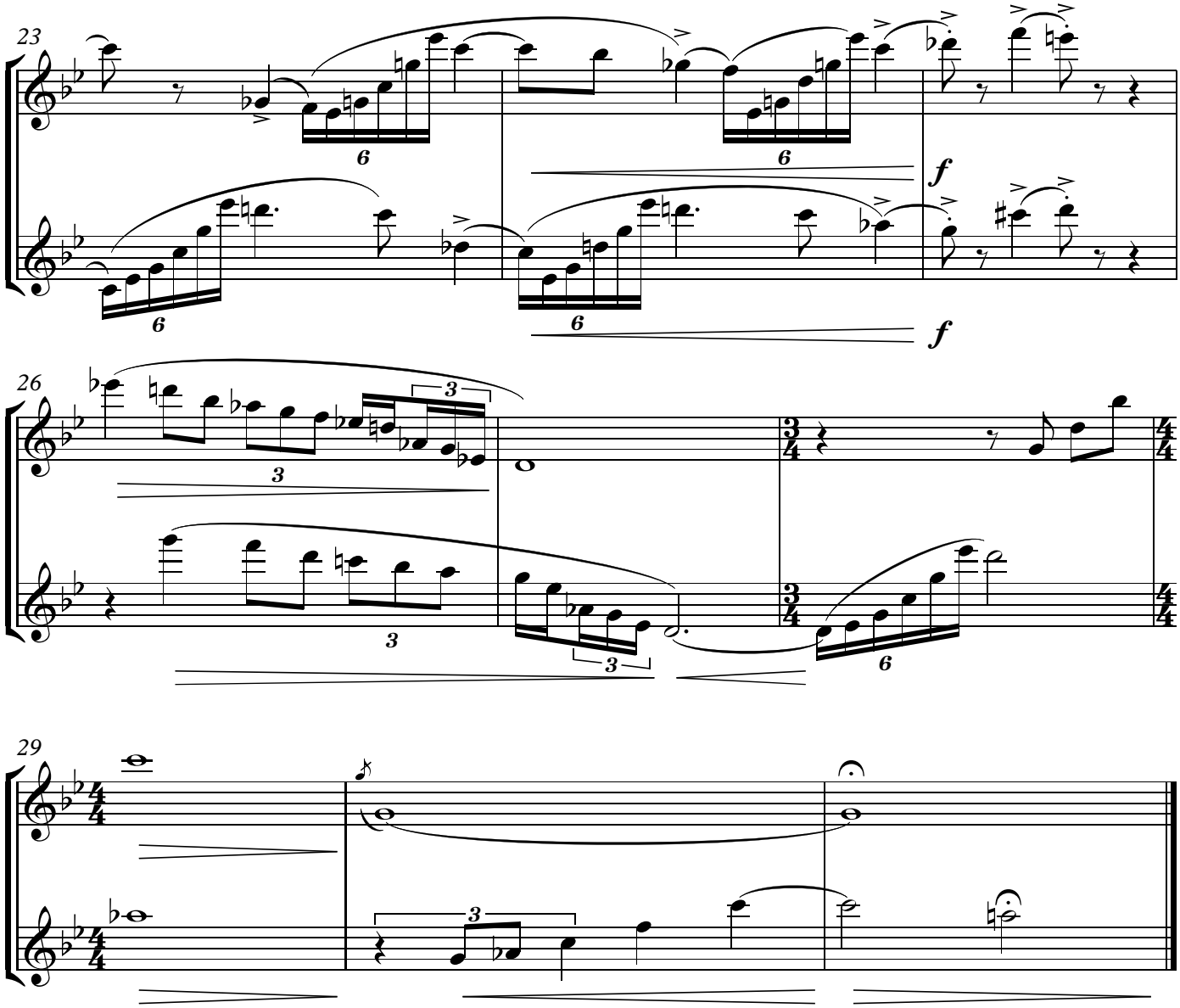
17
6
6
6
6
19
mp
6
mp
6
mp
6
mp
6


23
f
f
26
3
3
3
3
6
6
29
3

2

Murasame no	THE rain, which fell from passing showers,
Tsuyu mo mada hinu	Like drops of dew, still lies
Maki no ha ni	Upon the fir-tree needles, and
Kiri tachi-noboru	The mists of evening rise
ki no yūgure.	Up to the autumn skies.

♩. = 70

agile but contemplatively

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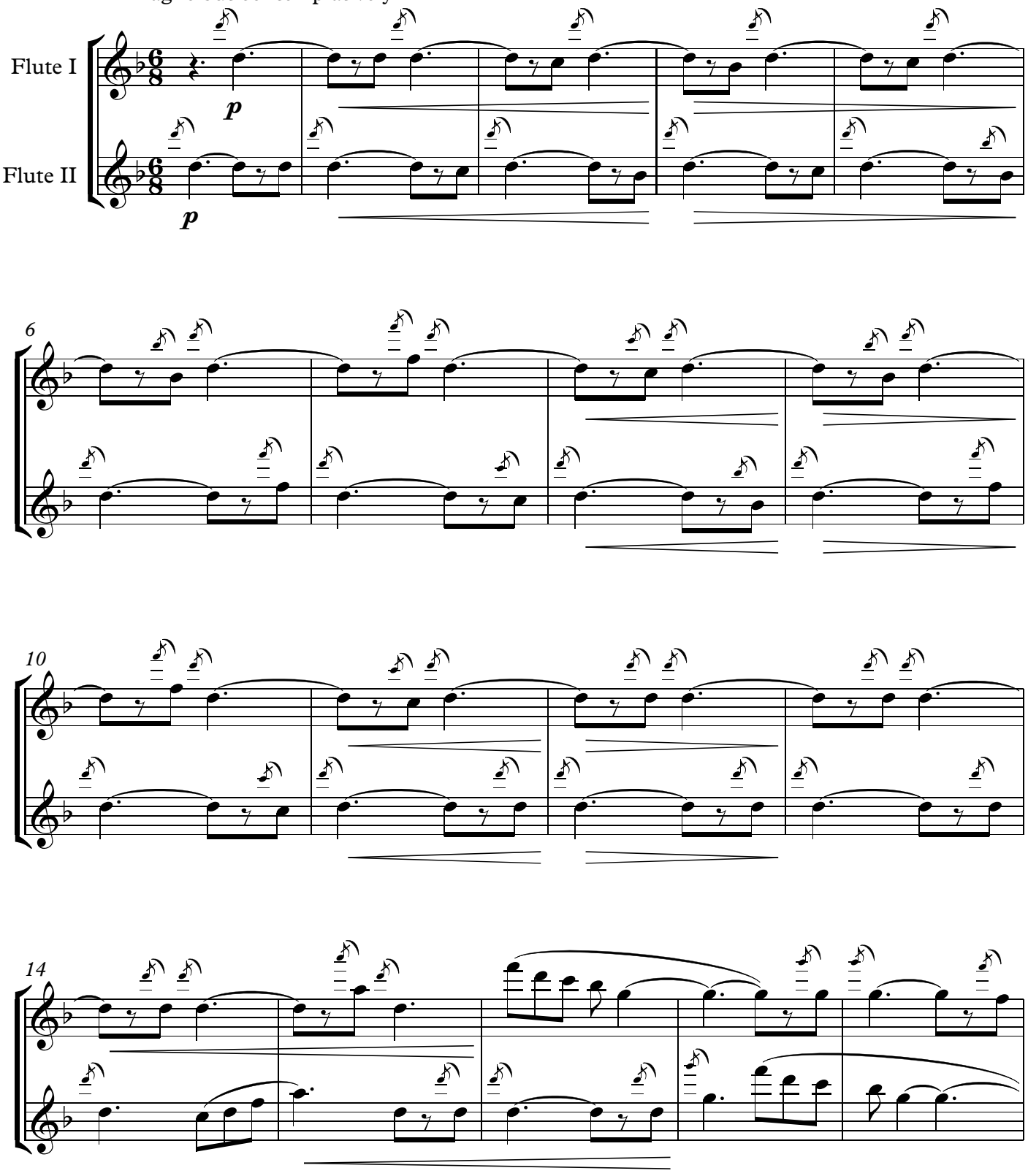

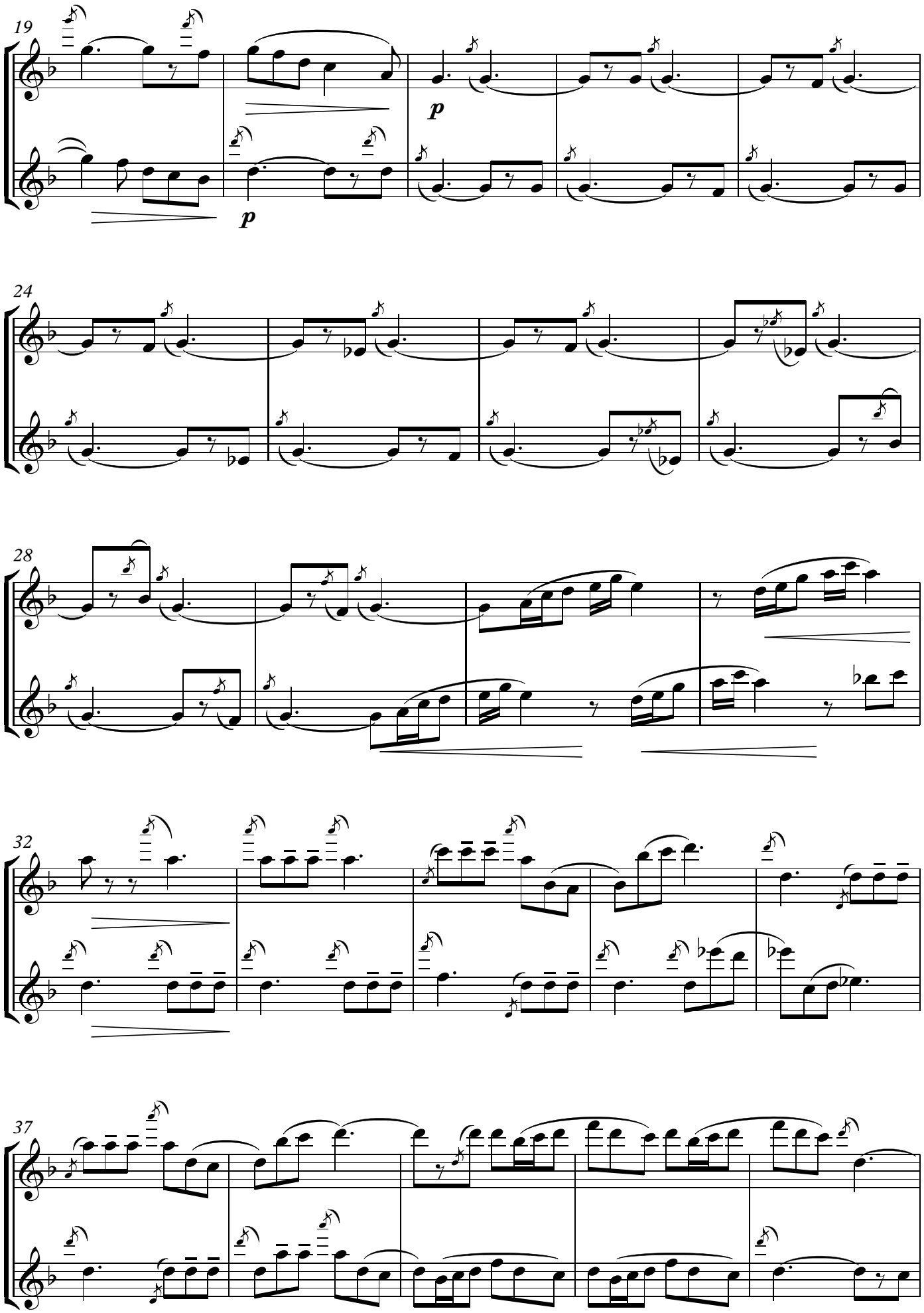
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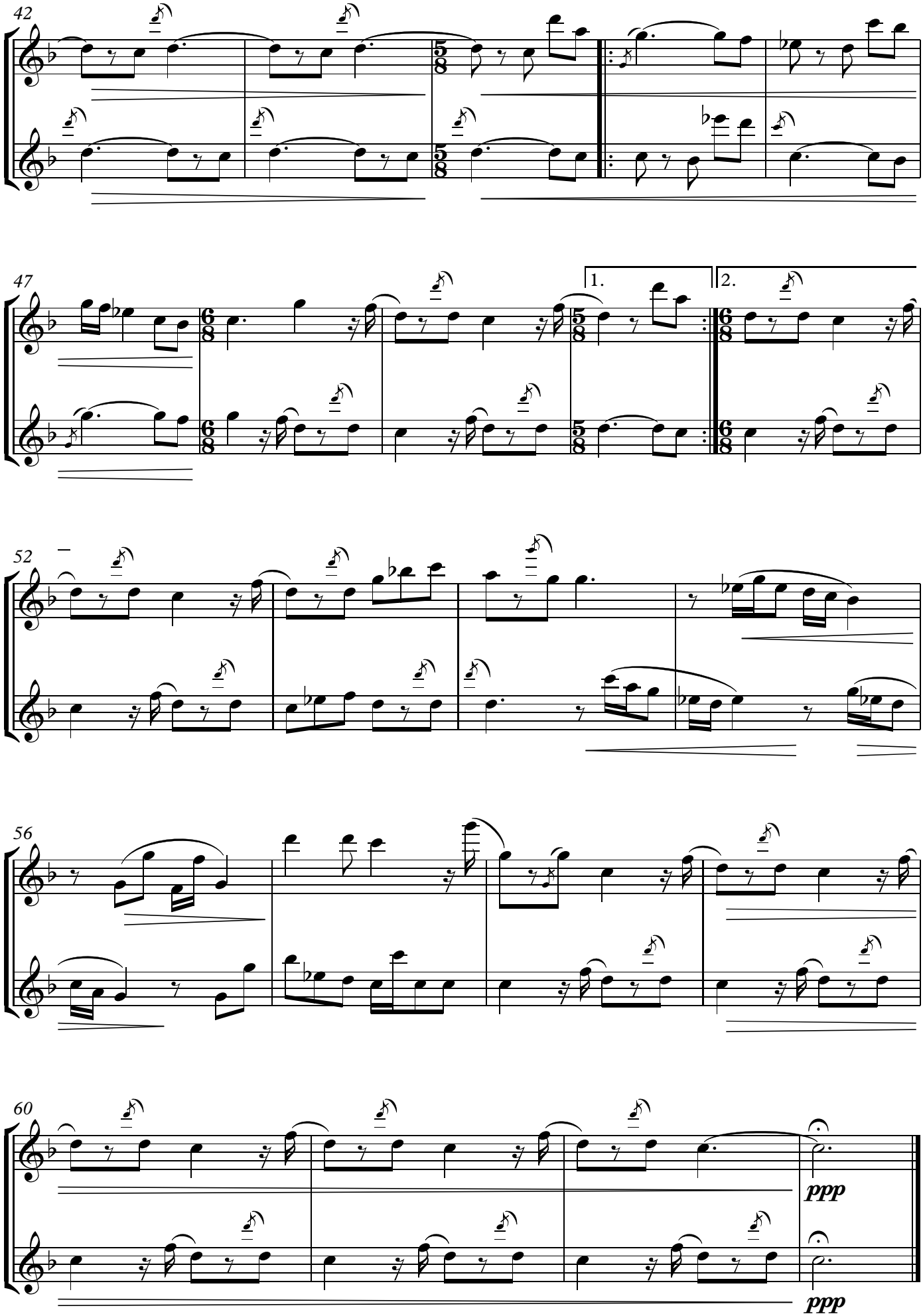
p
24
28
32
37


42
47
1.
2.
52
56
60
ppp
ppp

3

Tago no ura ni	I started off along the shore,
Uchi-idete mireba	The sea shore at Tago,
Shirotae no	And saw the white and glist'ning peak
Fuji no takane ni	Of Fuji all aglow
Yuki wa furi-tsutsu.	Through falling flakes of snow.

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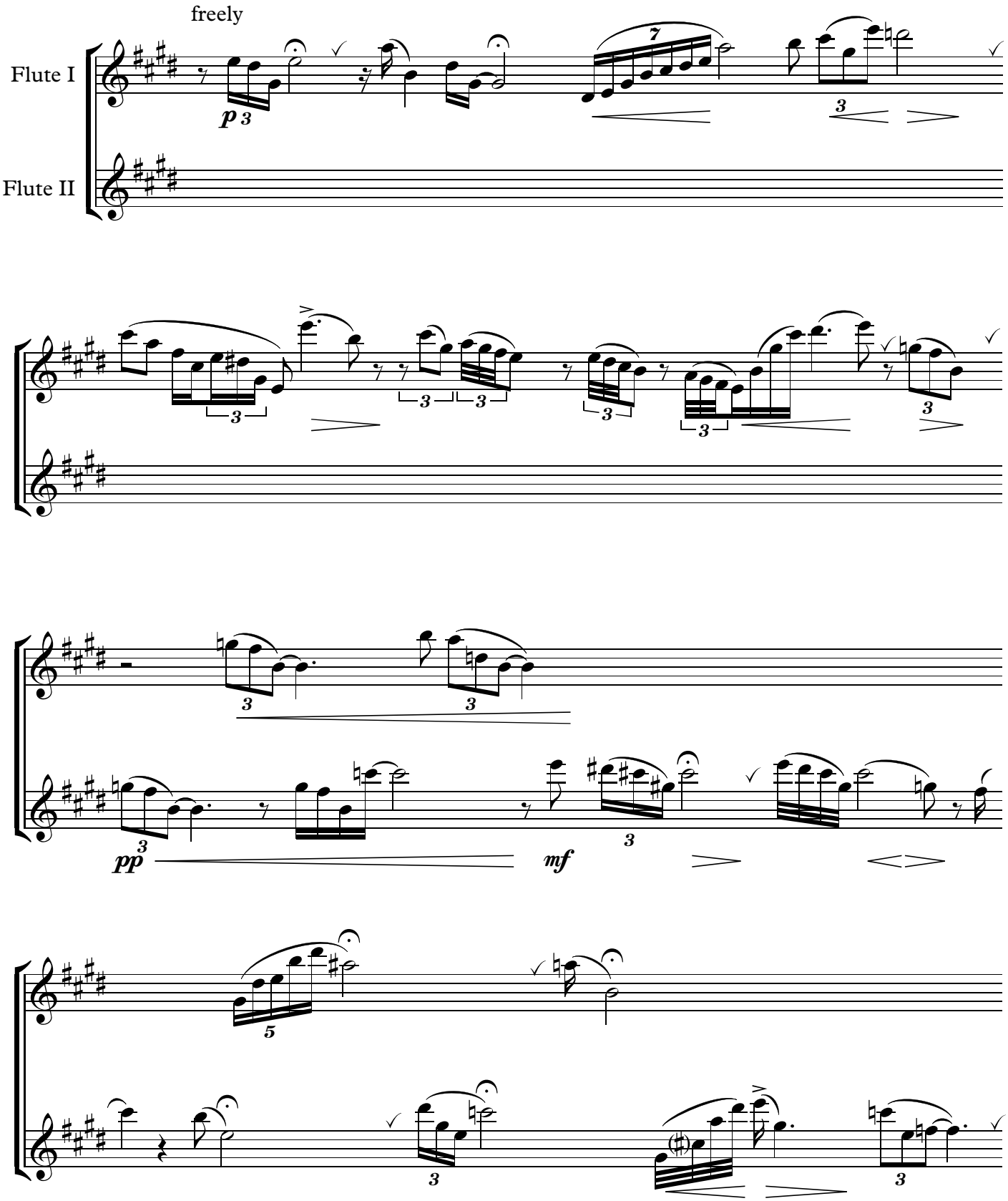

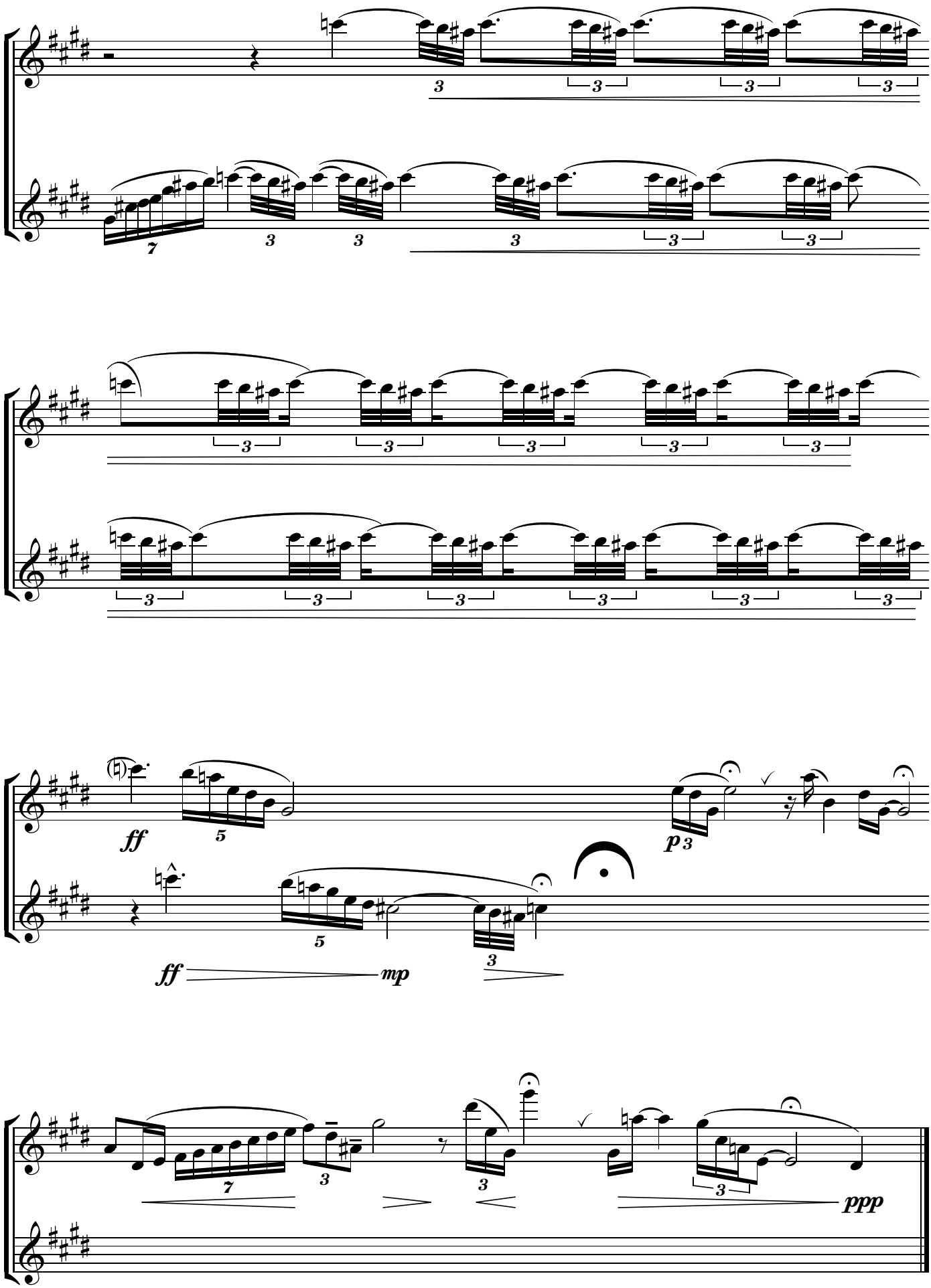
ff
mp
p
ppp

4

Hana sasou	THIS snow is not from blossoms white
Arashi no niwa no	Wind-scattered, here and there,
Yuki narade	That whiten all my garden paths
Furi yuku mono wa	And leave the branches bare;
Waga mi nari keri.	'Tis age that snows my hair!

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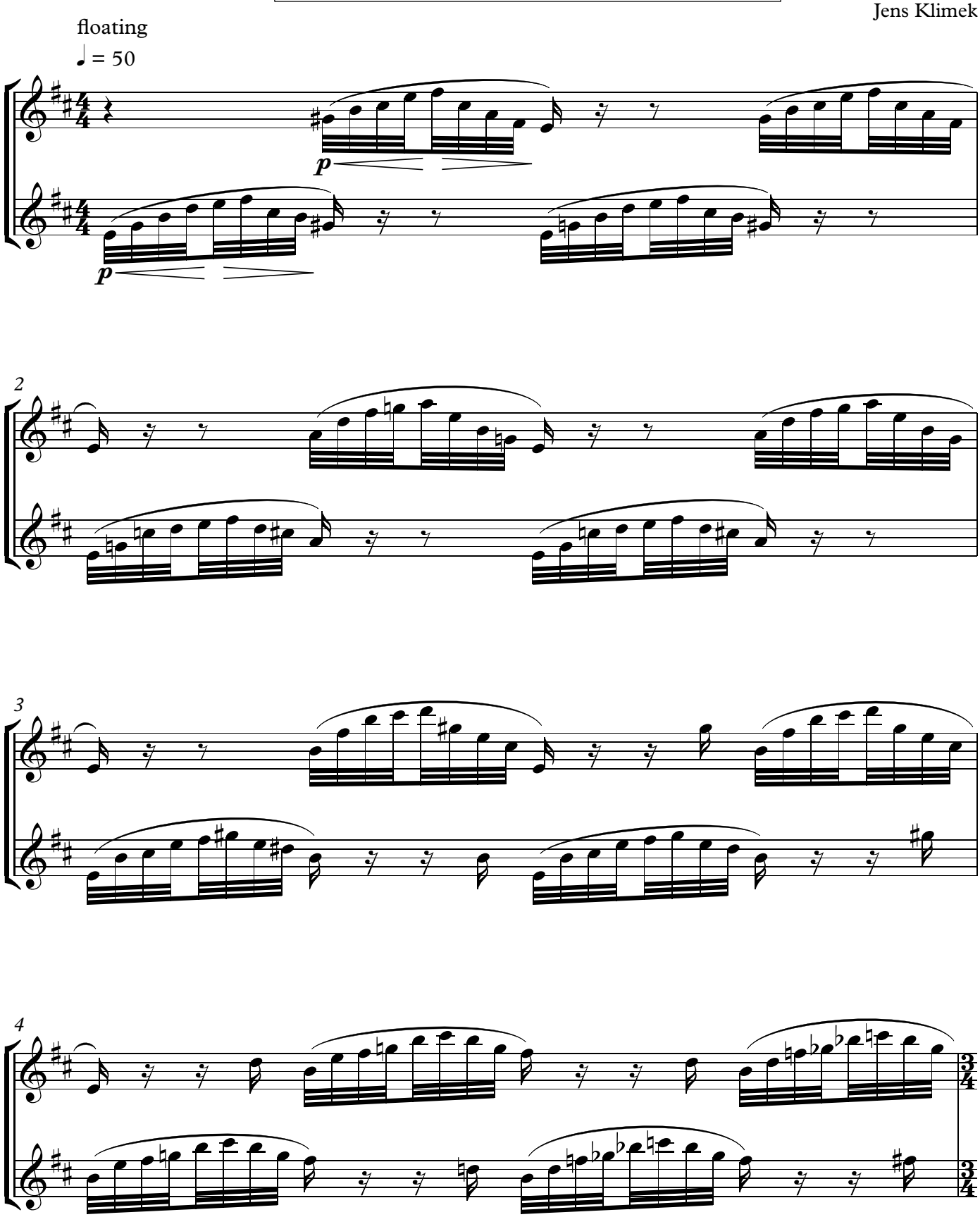

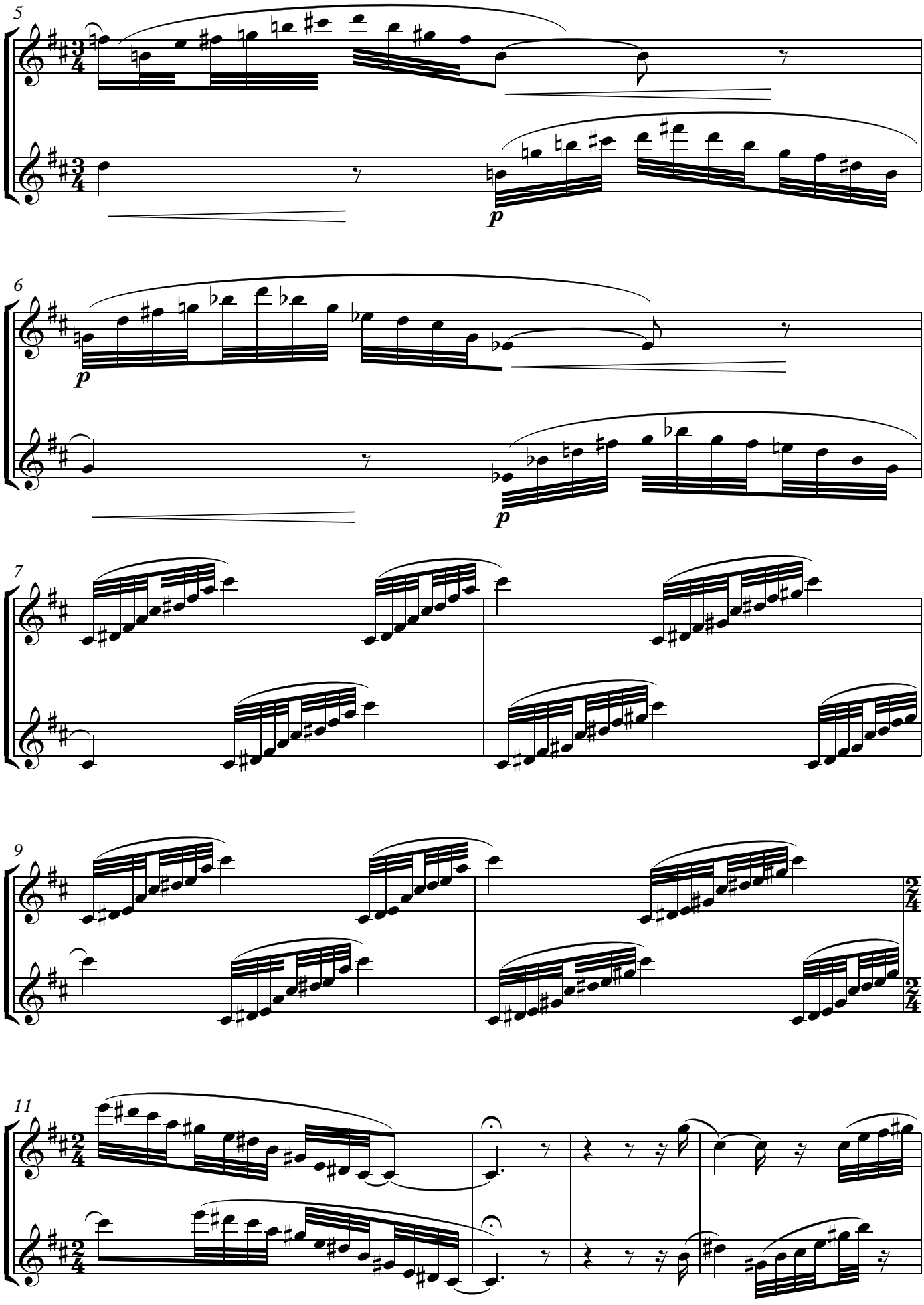
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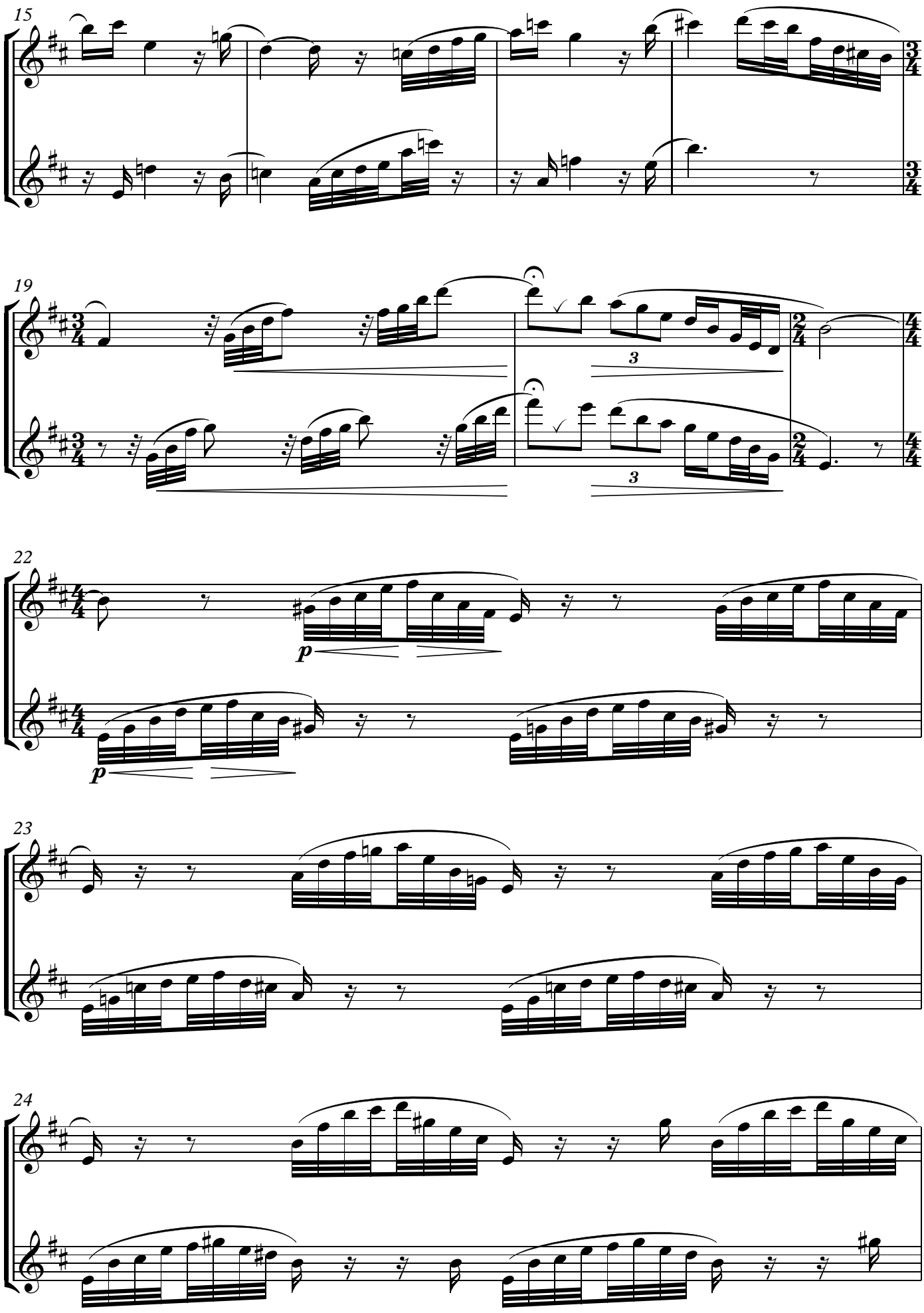
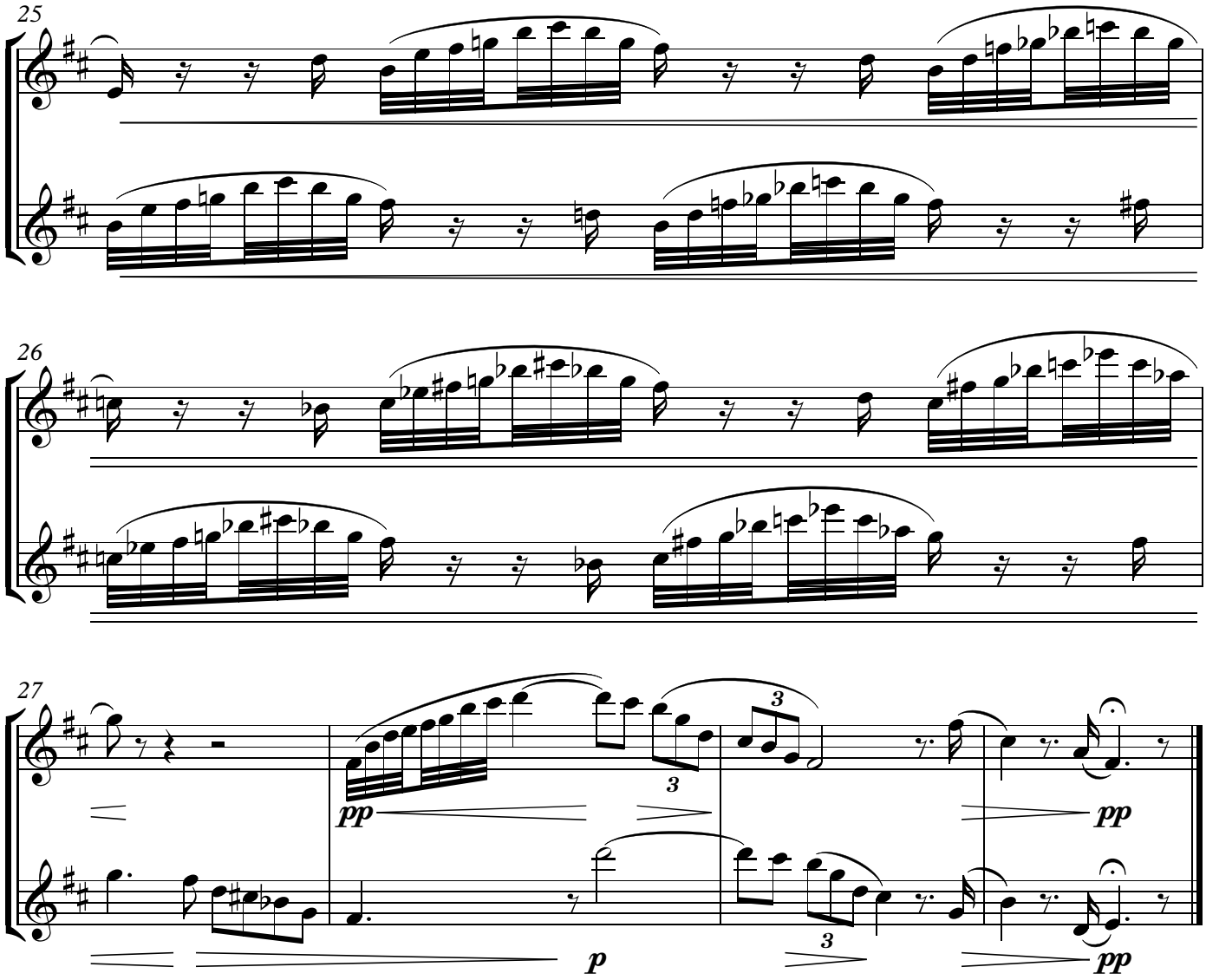
p
6
p
p
7
9
11


15
19
3
3
22
p
p
23
24


25
26
27
pp
p
pp
pp
3
3
3

Flute I

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for two flutes

1

Haru sugite	THE spring has gone, the summer's come,
Natsu ki ni kerashi	And I can just descry
Shirotae no	The peak of Ama-no-kagu,
Koromo hosu teu	Where angels of the sky
Ama-no-kagu yama	Spread their white robes to dry.

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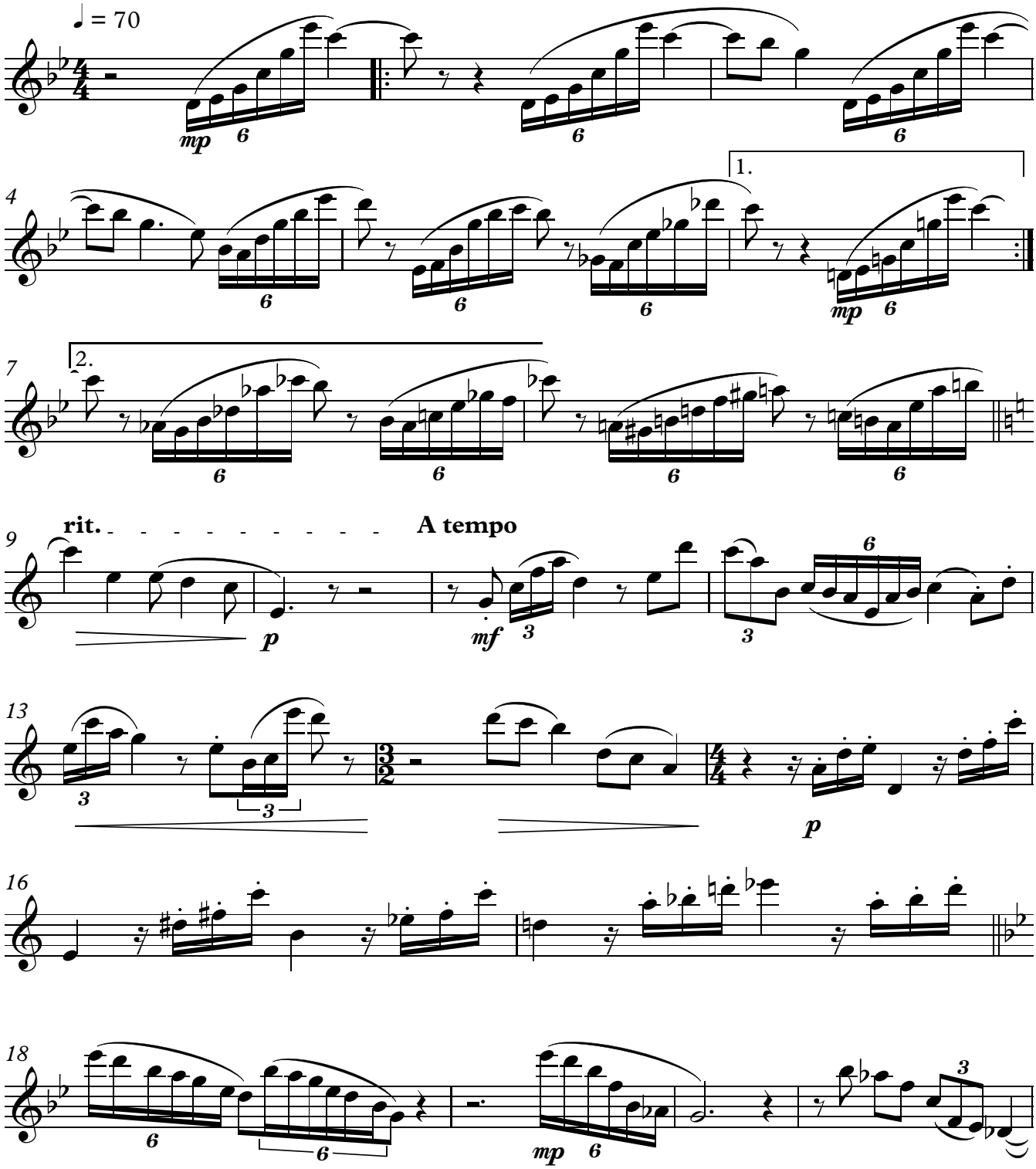
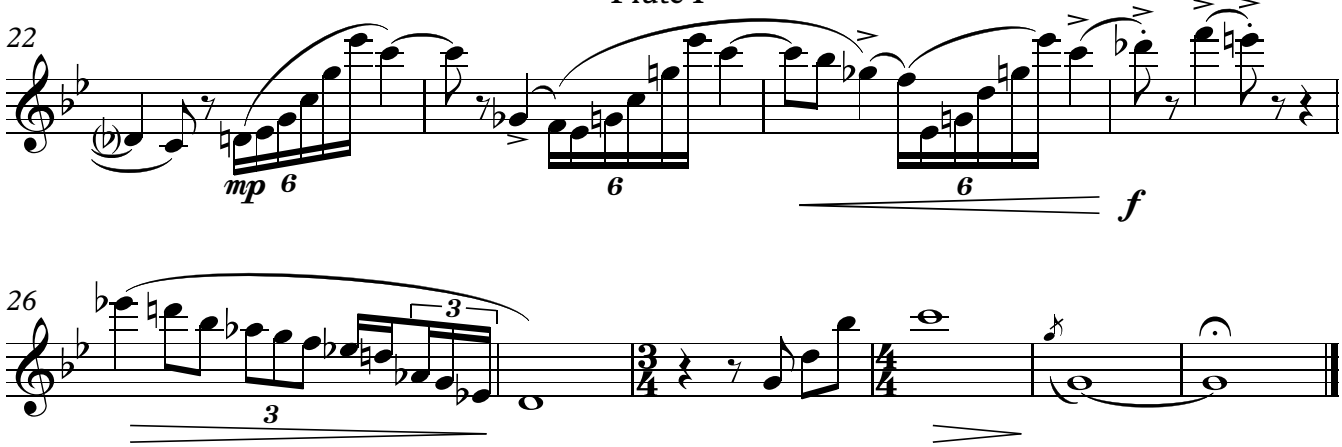


Flute I



2

Murasame no	THE rain, which fell from passing showers,
Tsuyu mo mada hinu	Like drops of dew, still lies
Maki no ha ni	Upon the fir-tree needles, and
Kiri tachi-noboru	The mists of evening rise
ki no yūgure.	Up to the autumn skies.

♩. = 70

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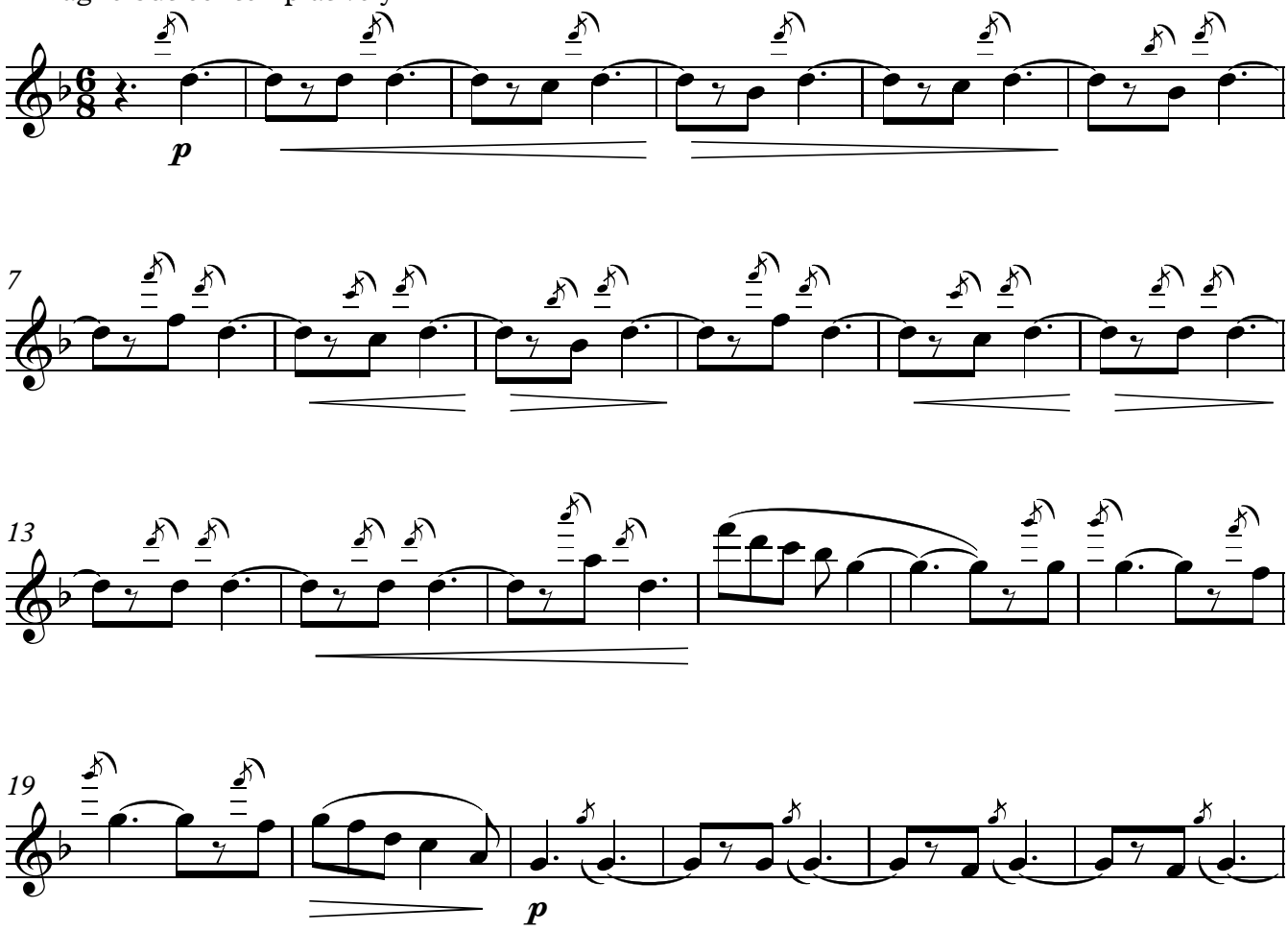
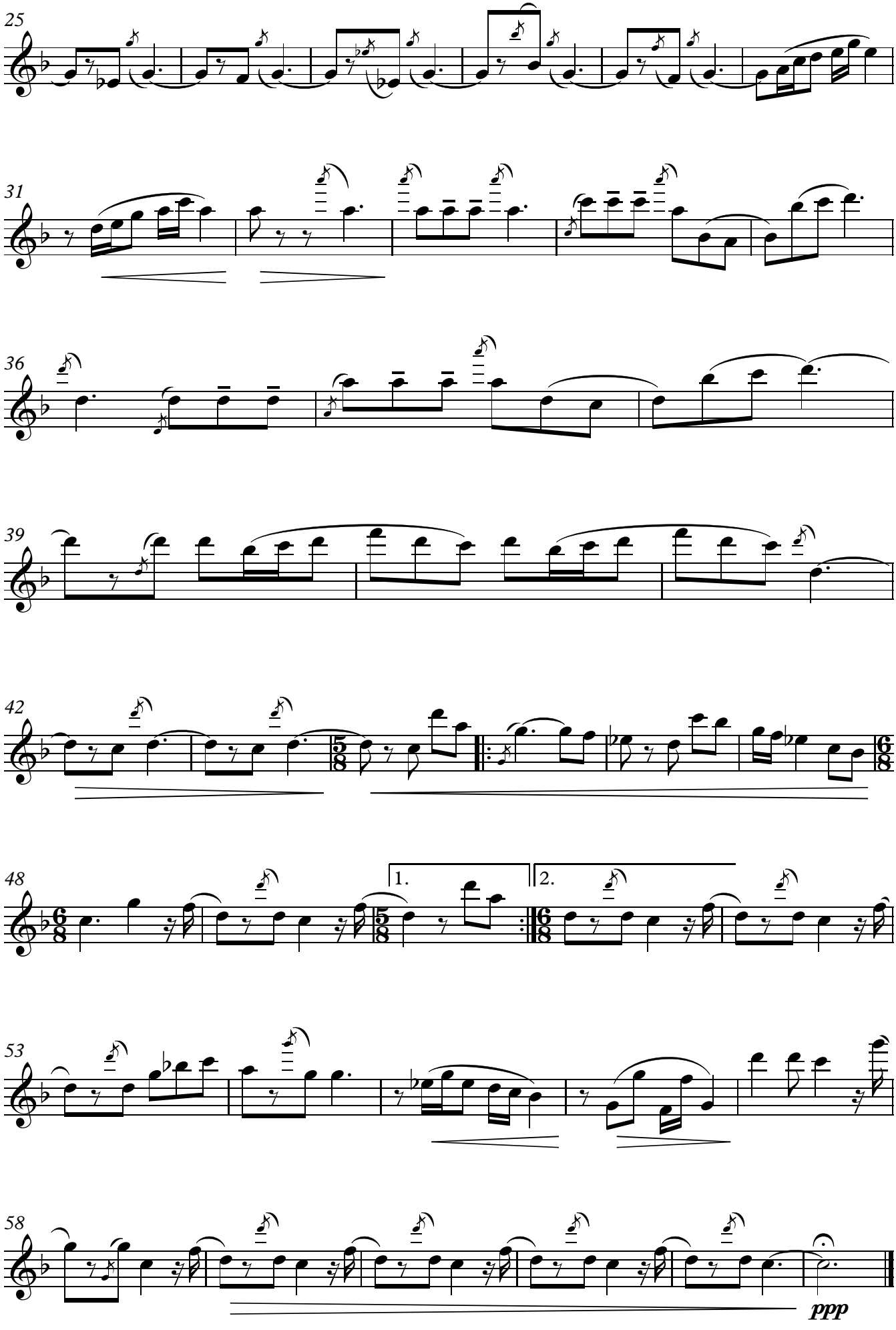
agile but contemplatively




25
31
36
39
42
48
1.
2.
53
58
ppp

3

Tago no ura ni	I started off along the shore,
Uchi-idete mireba	The sea shore at Tago,
Shirotae no	And saw the white and glist'ning peak
Fuji no takane ni	Of Fuji all aglow
Yuki wa furi-tsutsu.	Through falling flakes of snow.

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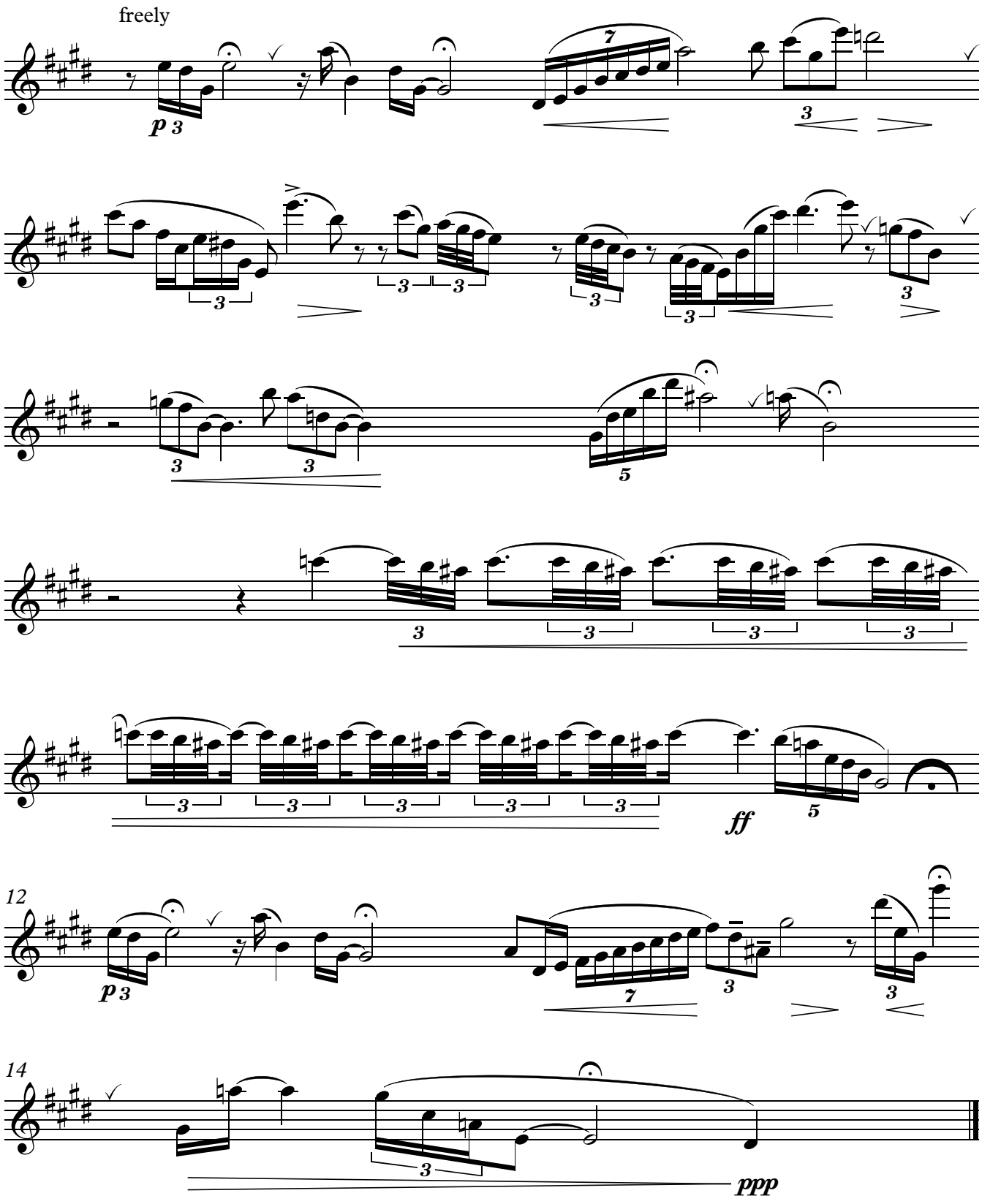

4

Hana sasou	THIS snow is not from blossoms white
Arashi no niwa no	Wind-scattered, here and there,
Yuki narade	That whiten all my garden paths
Furi yuku mono wa	And leave the branches bare;
Waga mi nari keri.	'Tis age that snows my hair!

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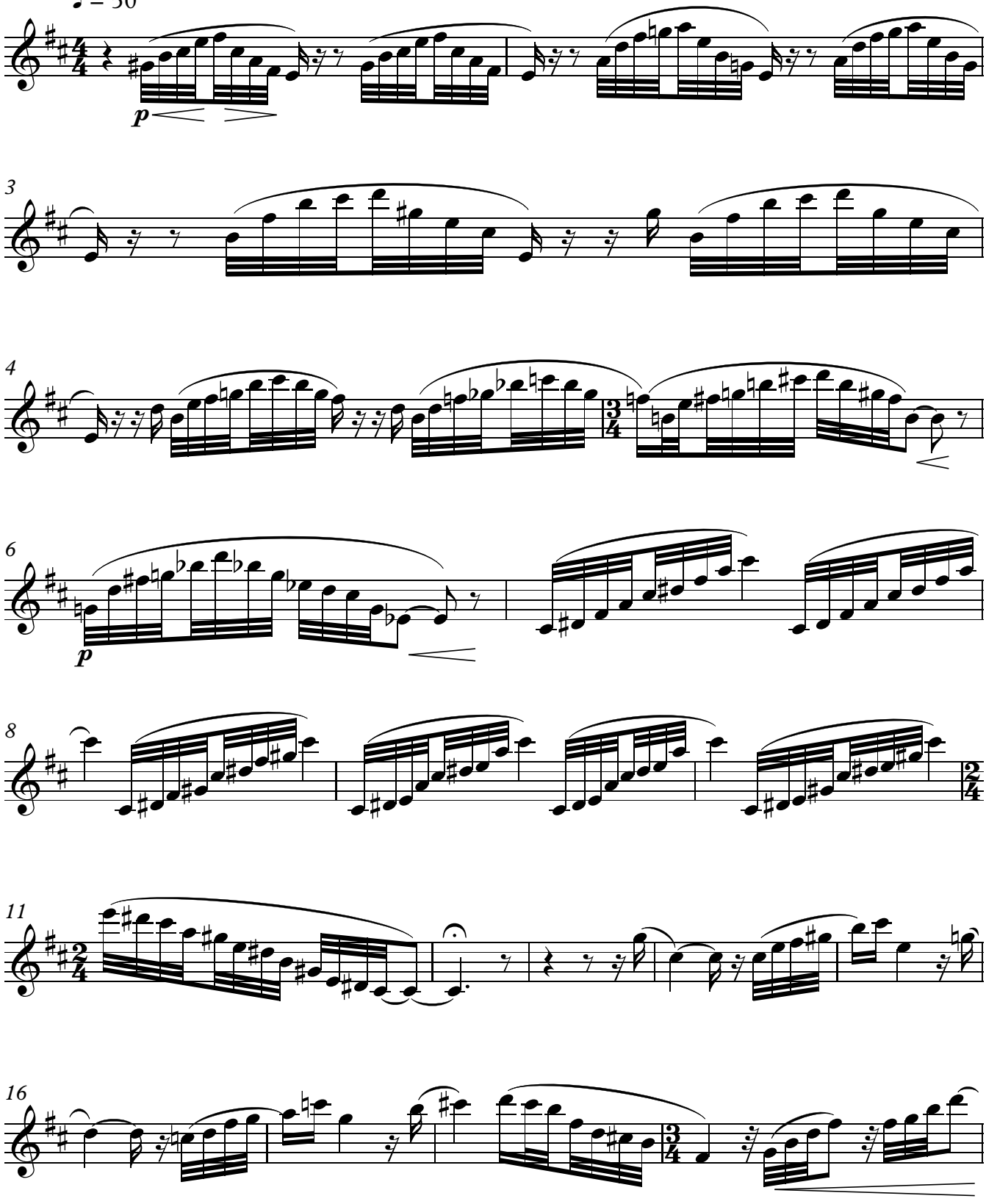
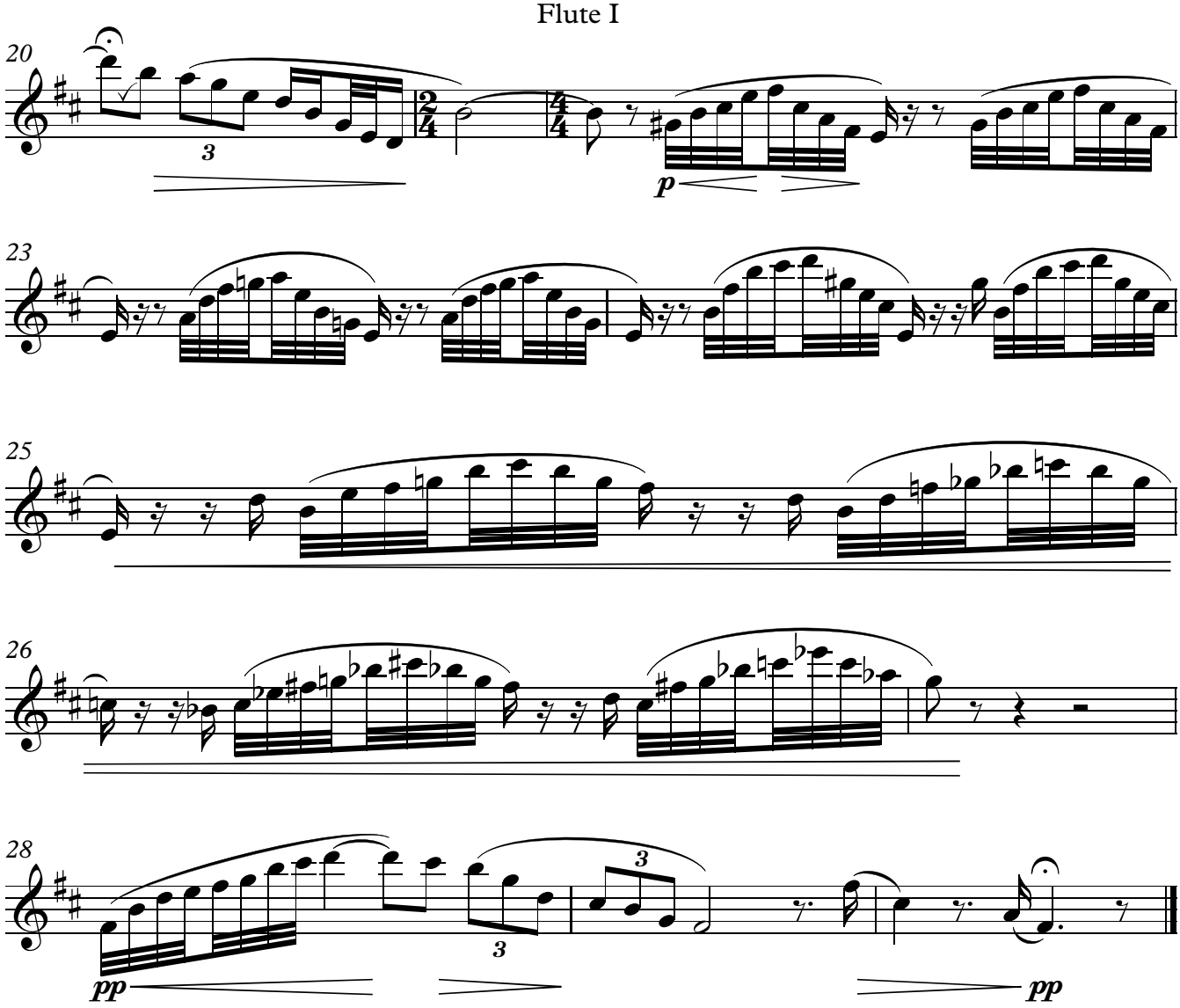
floating

♩ = 50




20
3
p
23
25
26
28
3
3
pp
pp

Flute II

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1

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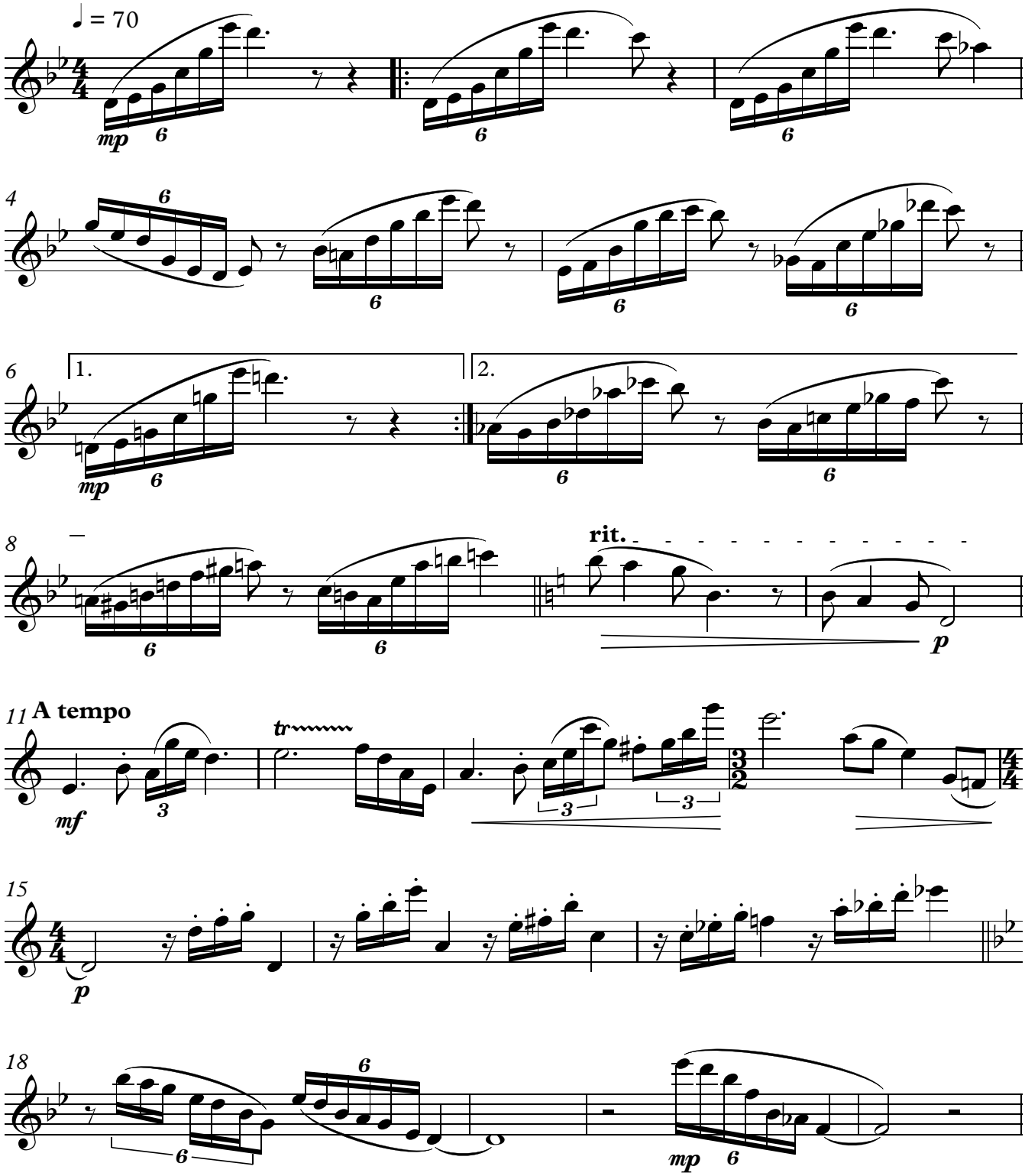

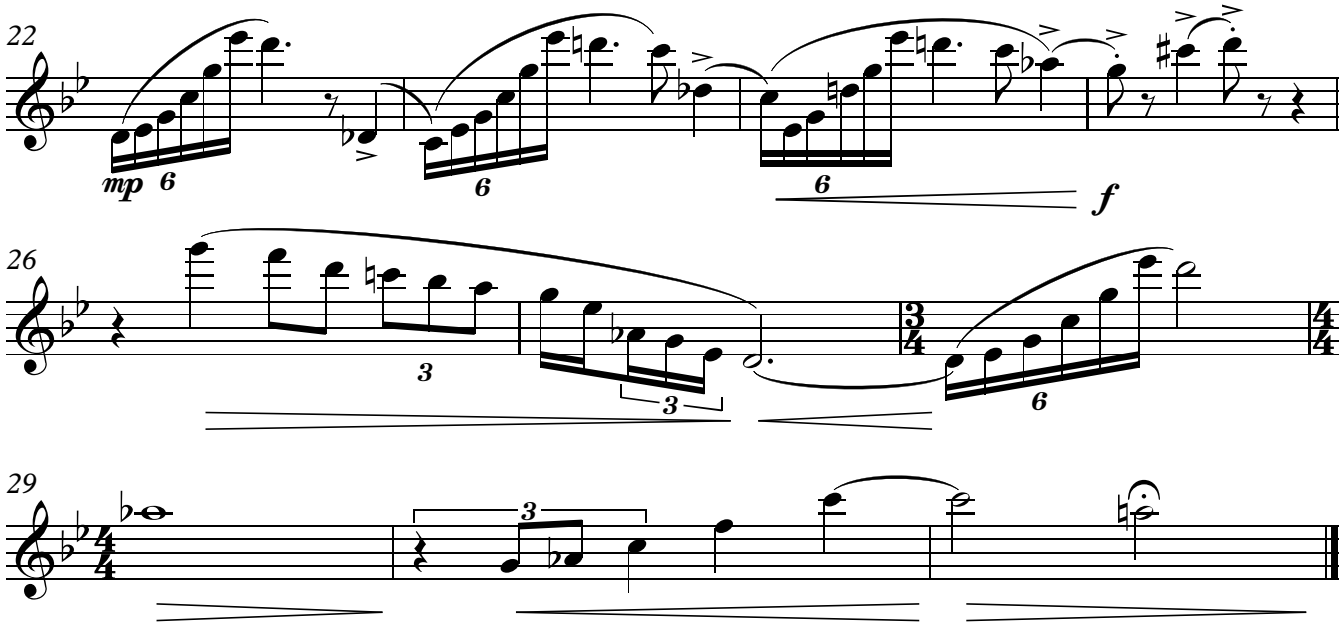

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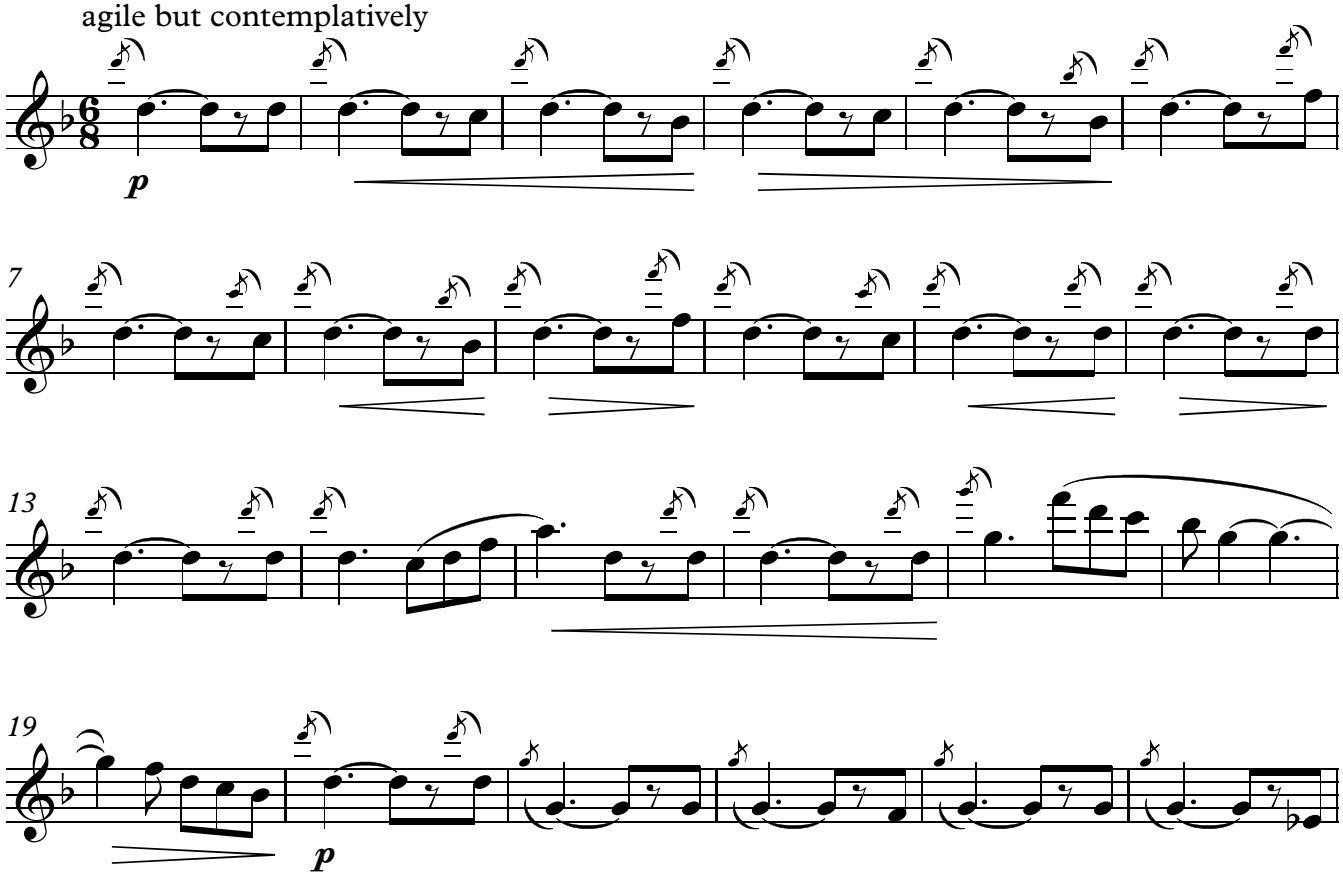
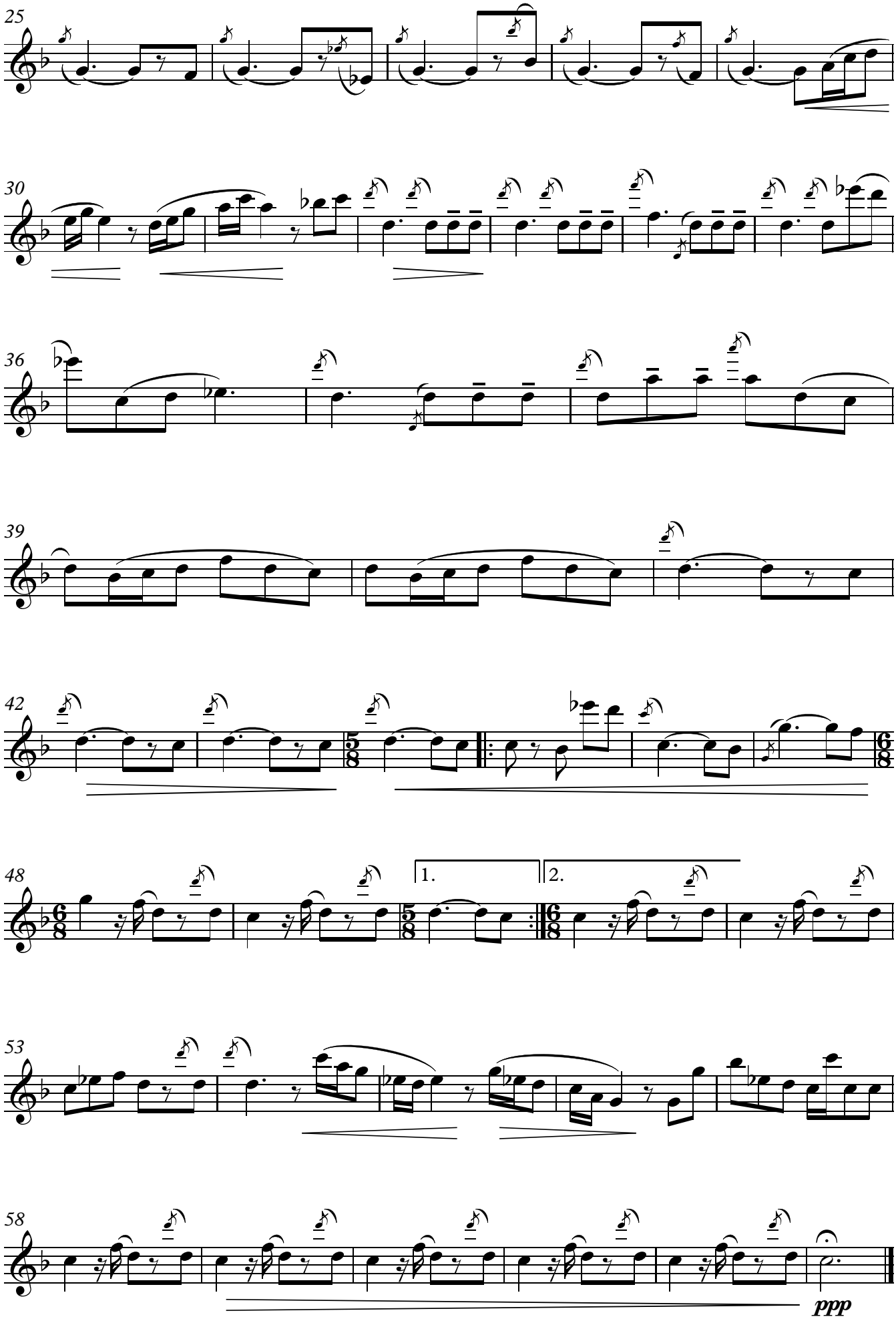
agile but contemplatively




25
30
36
39
42
48
1.
2.
53
58
ppp

3

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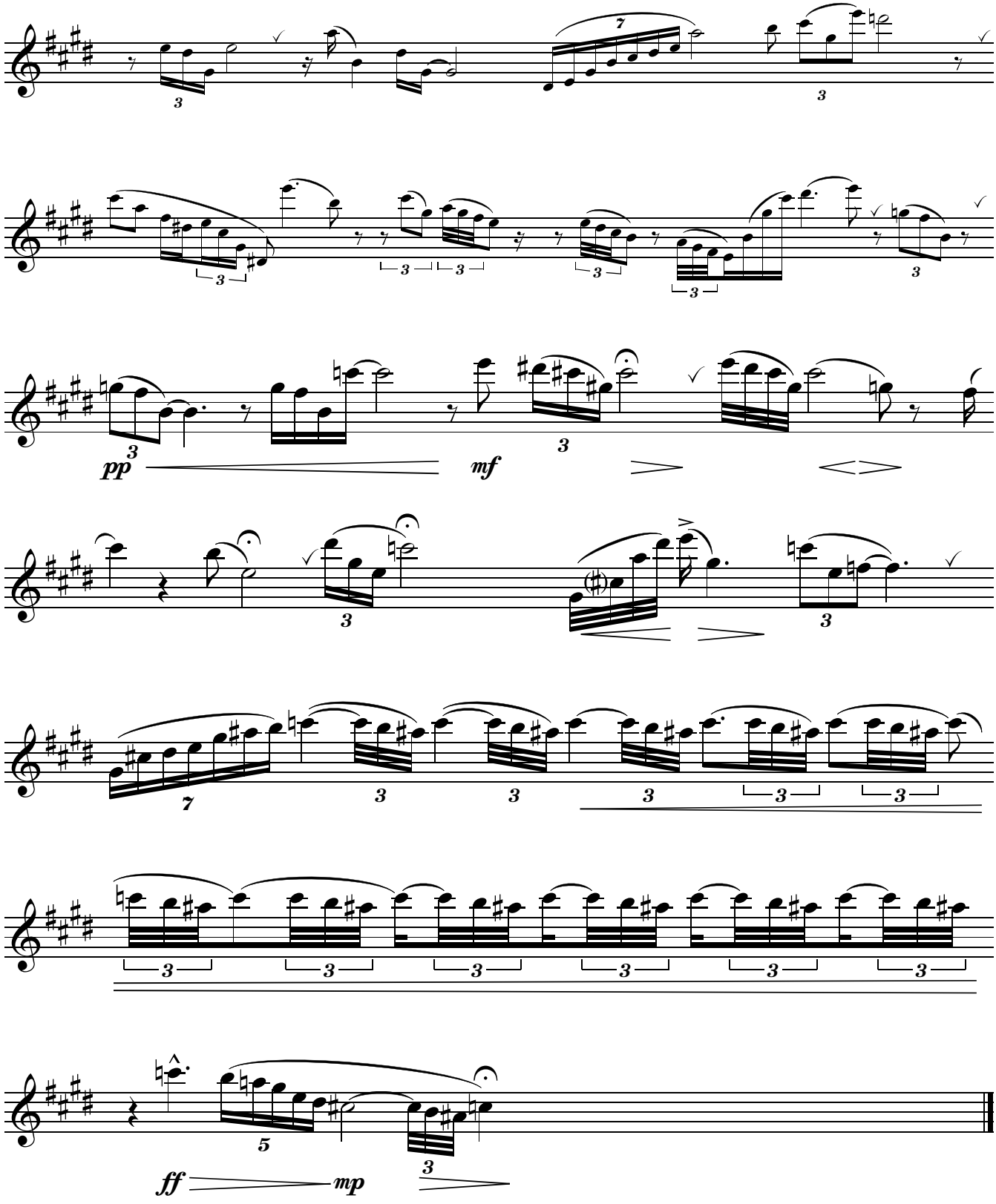

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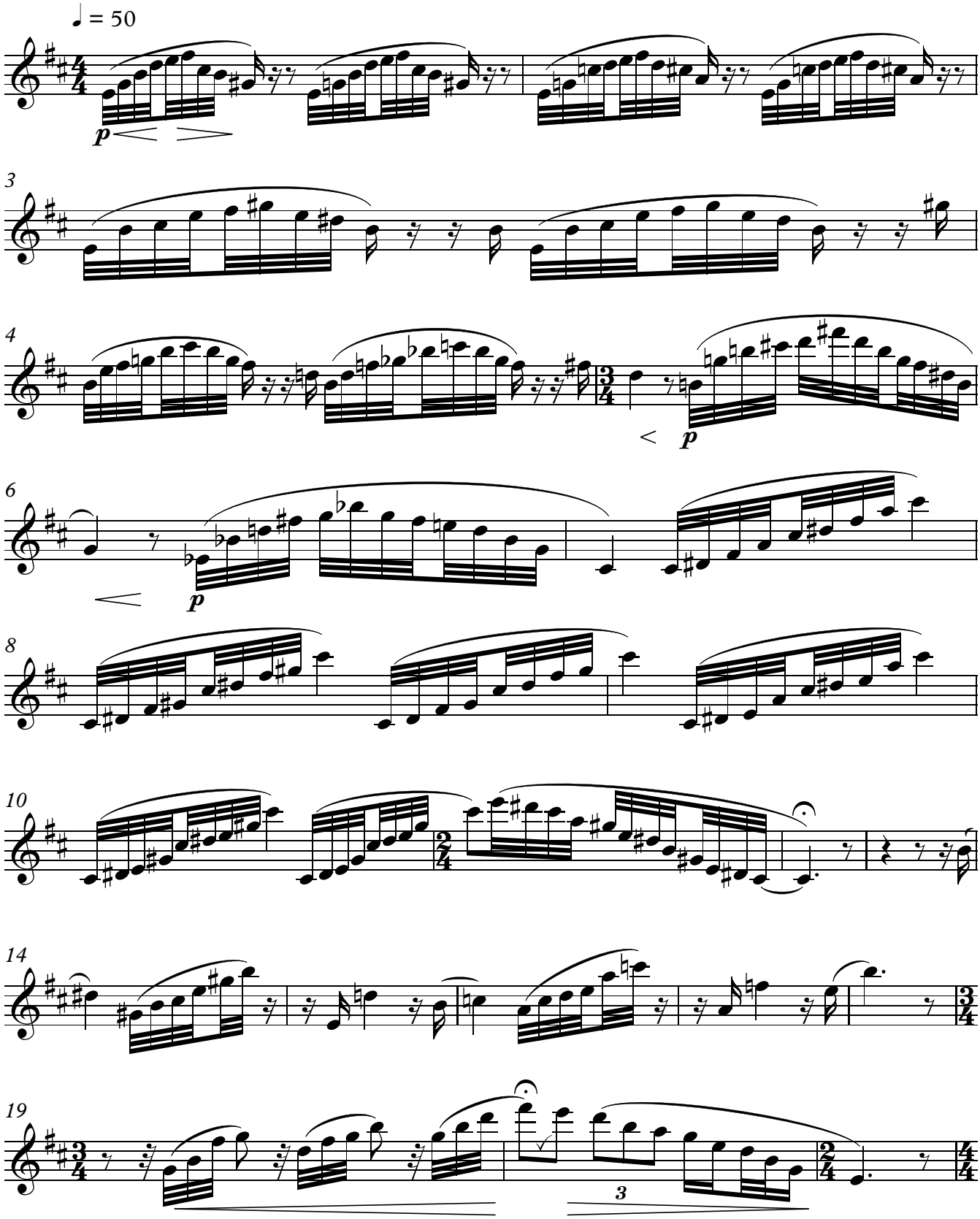

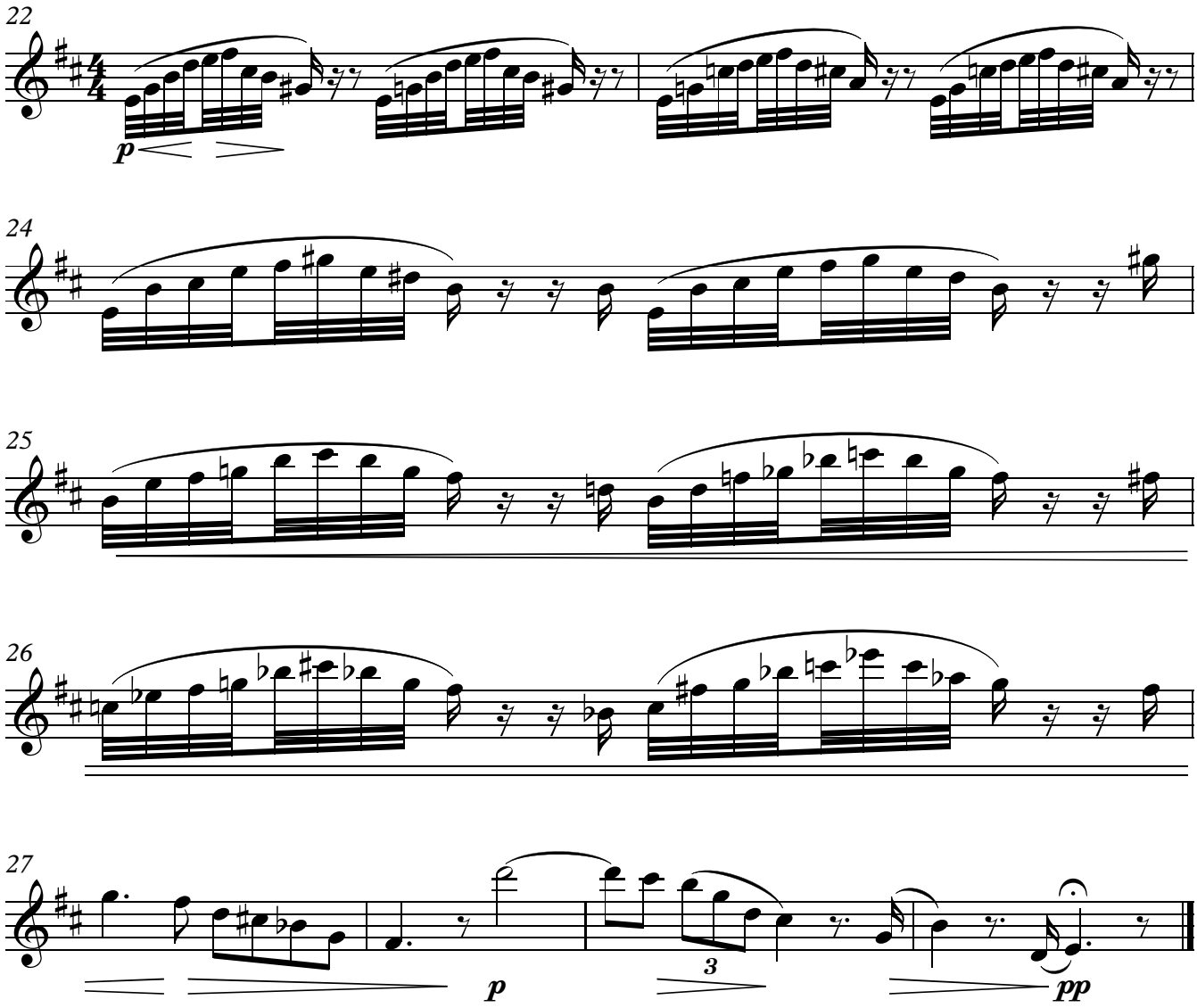
22
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p
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