

i am a little church

(no great cathedral)

e.e. cummings

for speaking percussionist with crotales

John Kennedy

i am a little church (no great cathedral)

i am a little church (no great cathedral)
far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities
-i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,
i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;
my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving
(finding and losing and laughing and crying) children
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing
birth and glory and death and resurrection:
over my sleeping self float flaming symbols
of hope, and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church (far from the frantic
world with its rapture and anguish) at peace with nature
-i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;
i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring, i lift my diminutive spire to
merciful Him Whose only now is forever:
standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence
(welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

ee cummings

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Performance notes:

While intended for crotales, glockenspiel may be substituted. A mellow sound with gentle attack is desired.

The spoken text is not to follow the rhythm of the music, but should have its own natural rhythm within the measure it is indicated. The spoken element should be practiced for projection, clarity, and interpretation, and one should feel free to give this element its own dramatic shape.

– John Kennedy

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e.e. cummings

John Kennedy (2004)

♩ = 144

Free, singing, humble

Crotales

p

pp

Speaking

i am a lit - tle church

(no great cathedral)
far from the splendor and squalor
of hurrying cities

i do not worry if briefer days
grow briefest, i am not sorry
when sun and rain make april

rubato, slowing the ends of phrases


mp

mp

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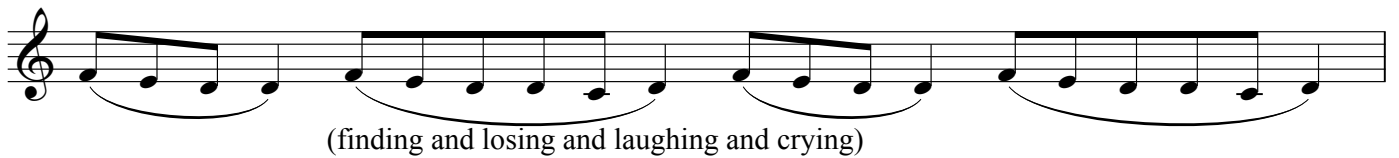
ee cummings text used by permission of the Liveright Publishing Corporation



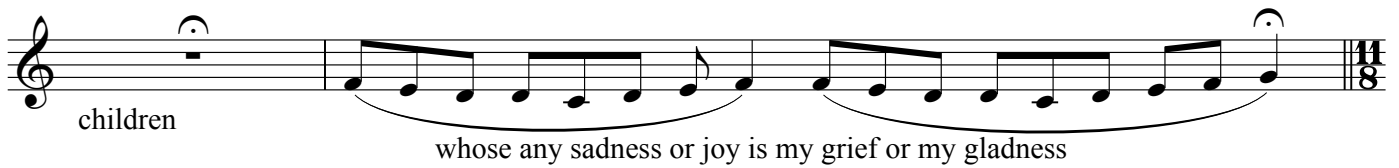
p my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;



my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving



(finding and losing and laughing and crying)

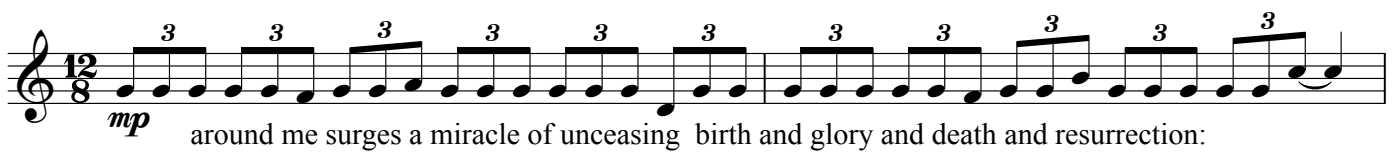


children
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

$\text{♩} = 112$
Jubilant



ff around me surges a miracle of unceasing birth and glory and death and resurrection:



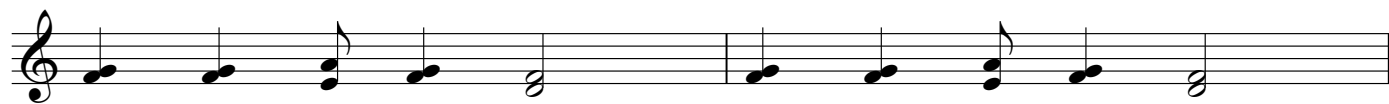
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rit. over my sleeping self float symbols of hope, and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains



i am a little church



(far from the frantic world with its rapture and anguish)



at peace with nature



silence becomes sing - ing

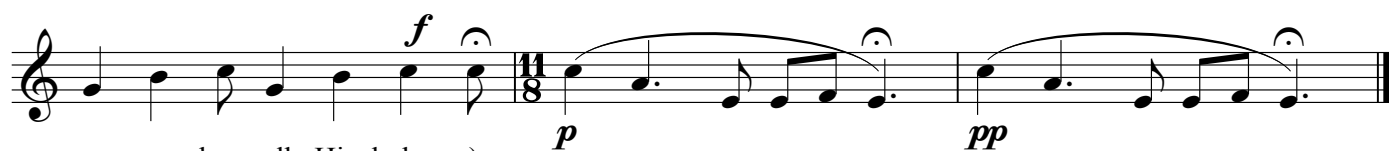
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