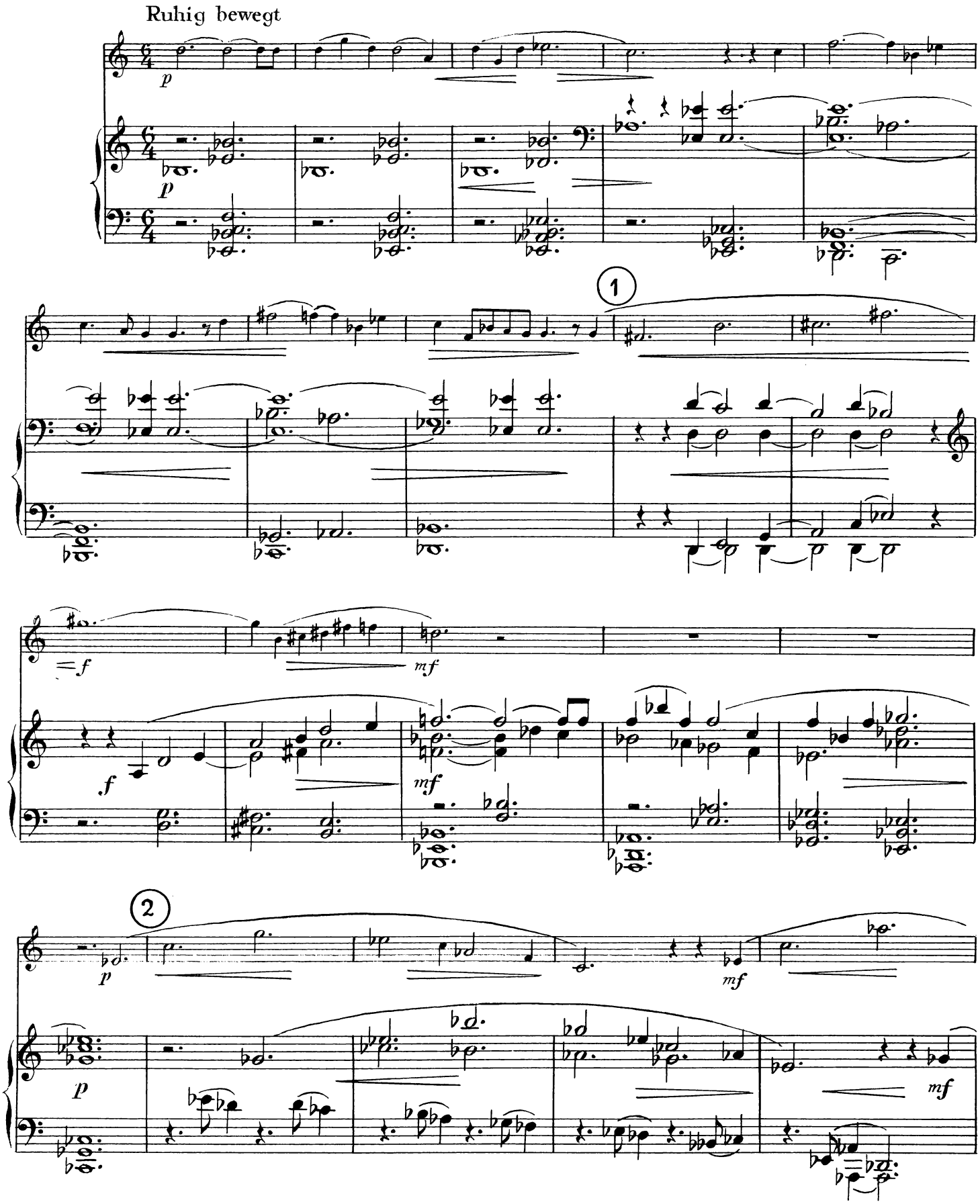
Sonate

I

Paul Hindemith



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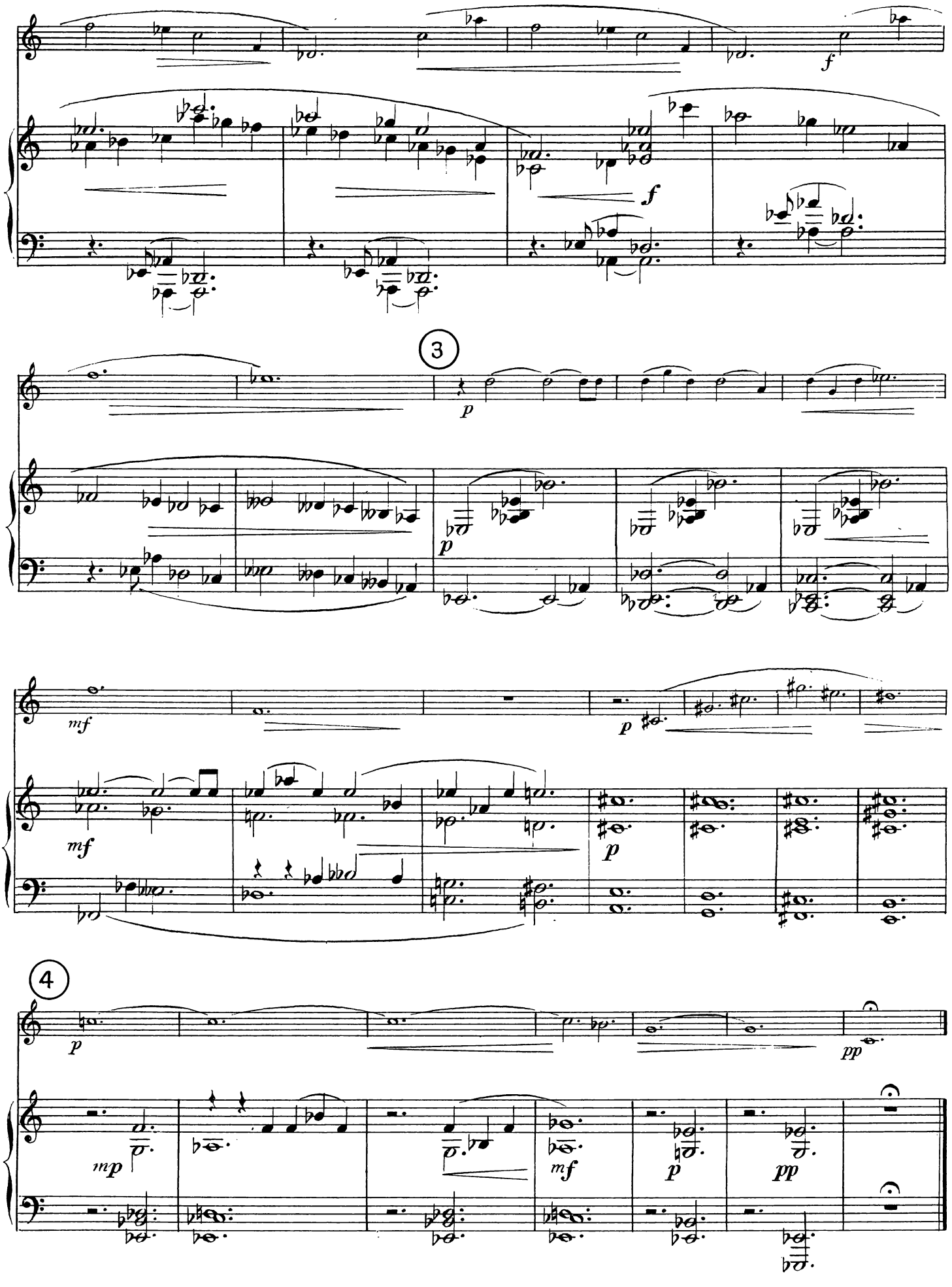
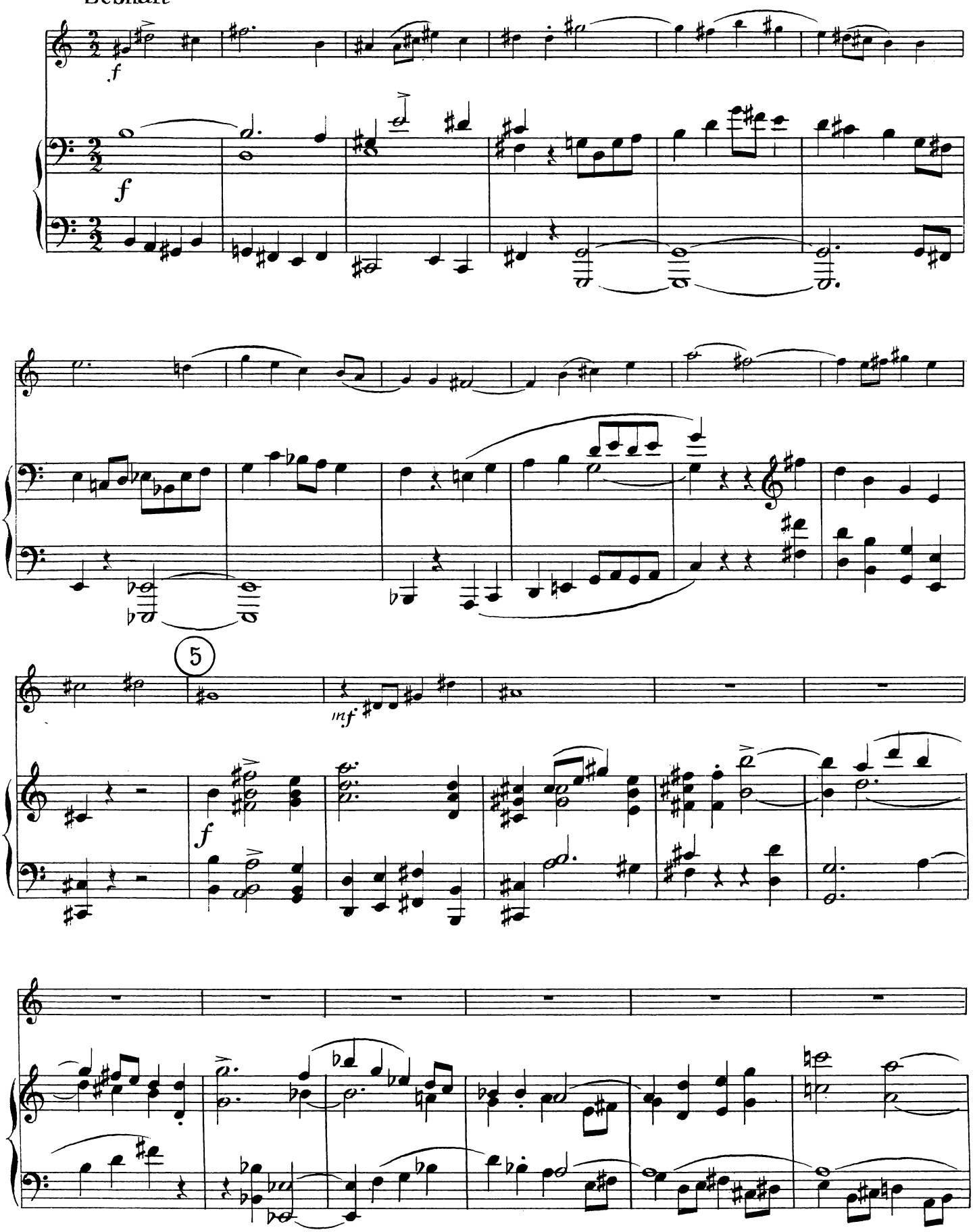
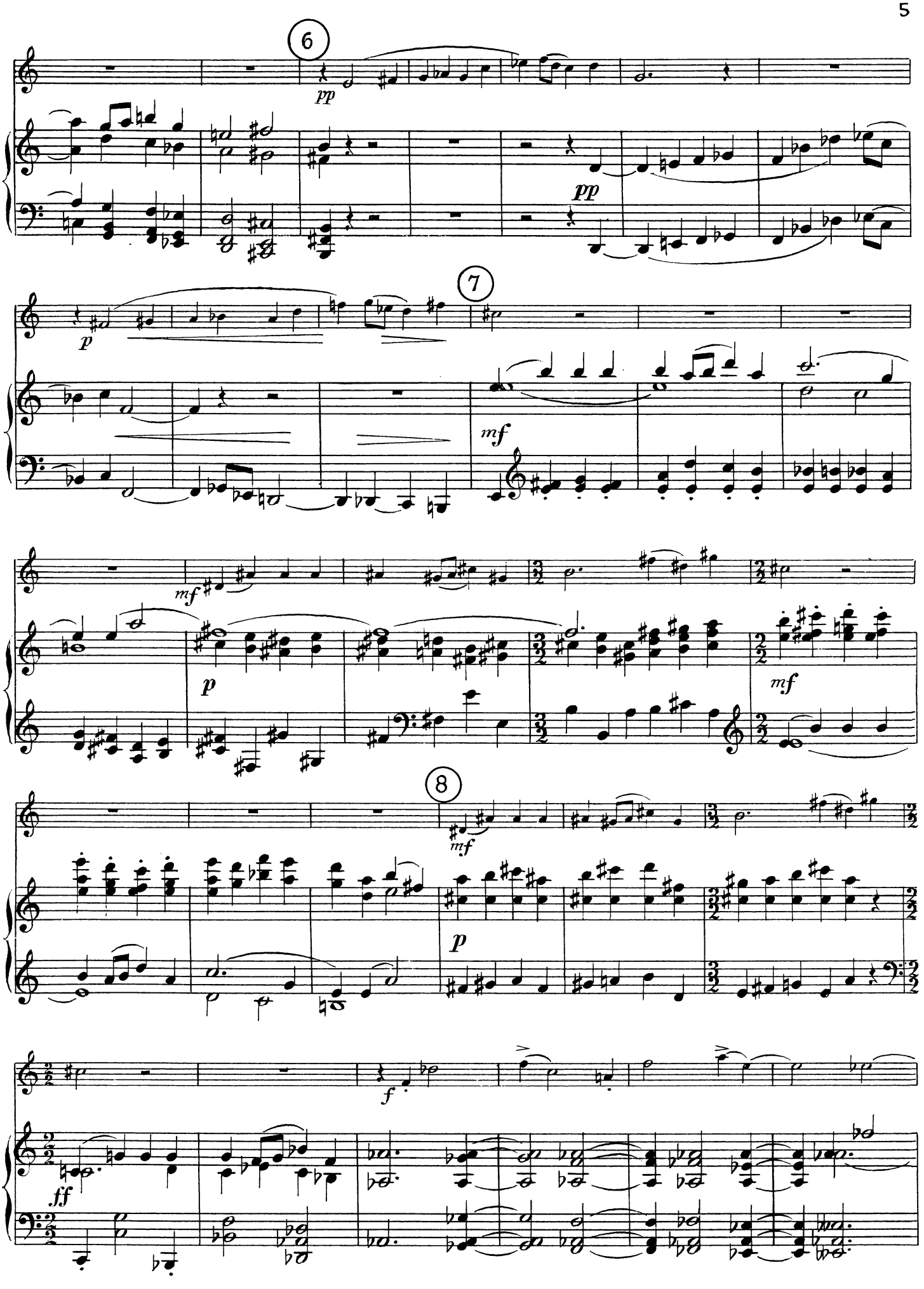
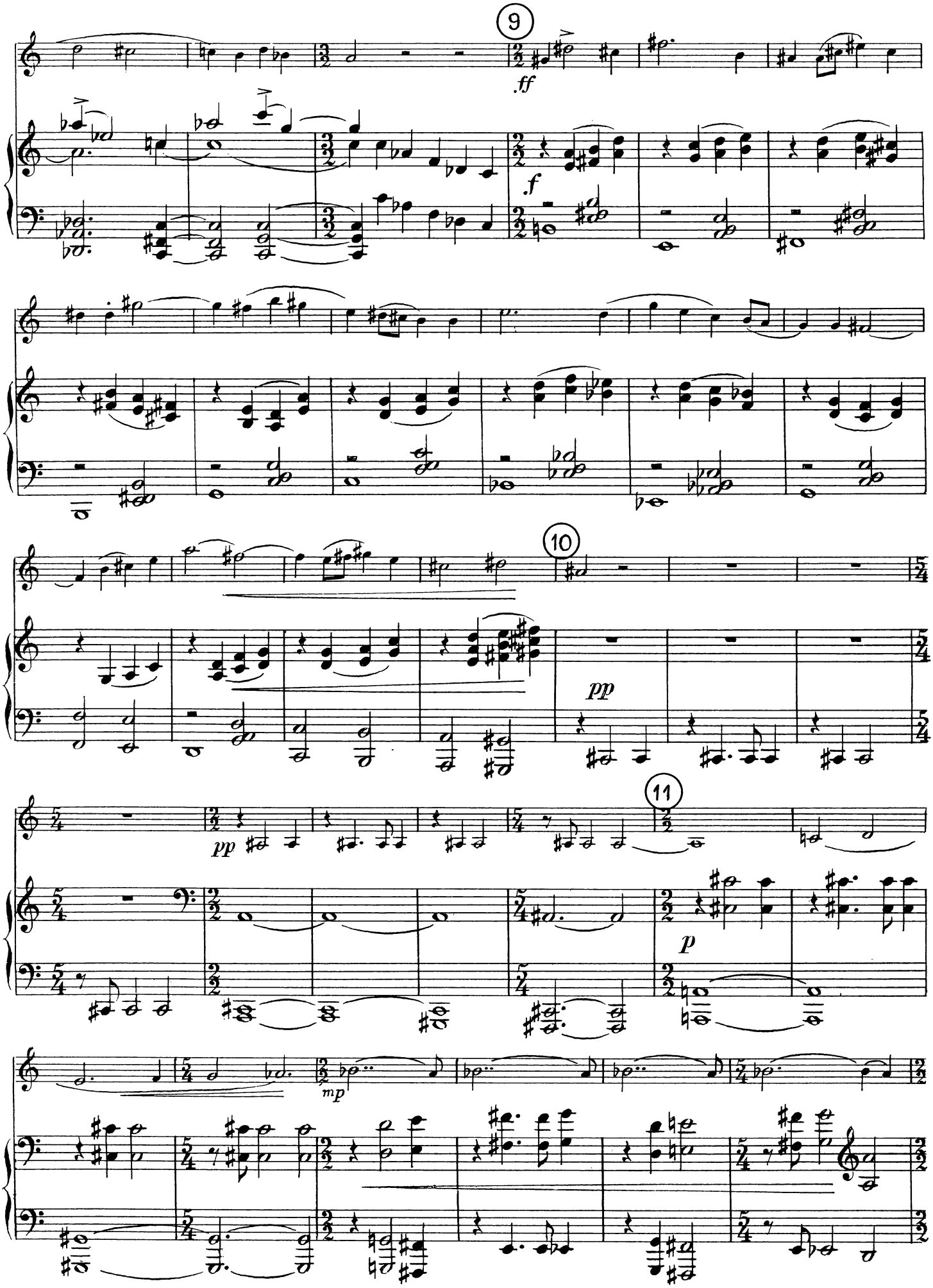

f
f
3
p
p
mf
p
mf
p
4
p
pp
mp
mf
p
pp

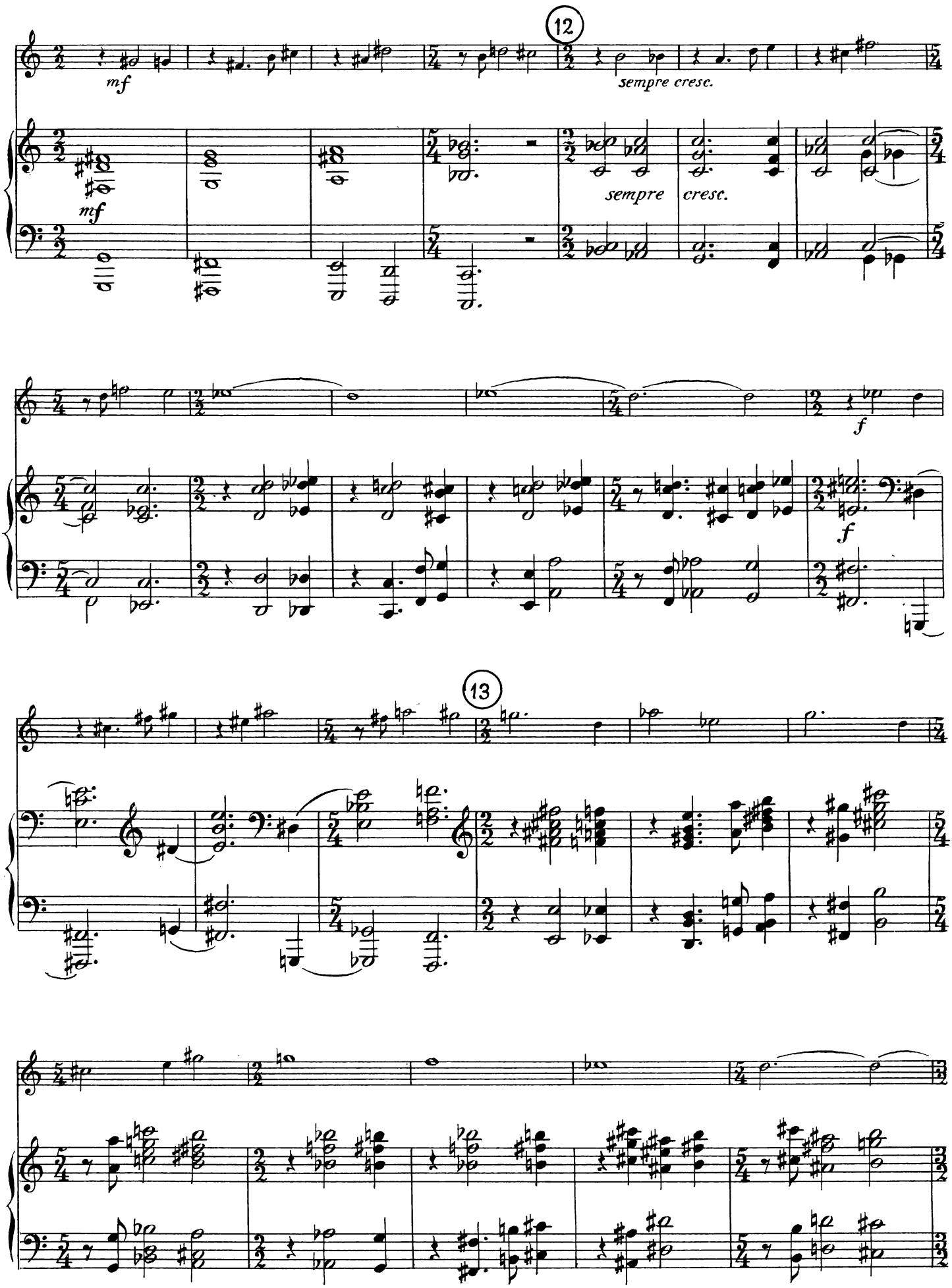
II

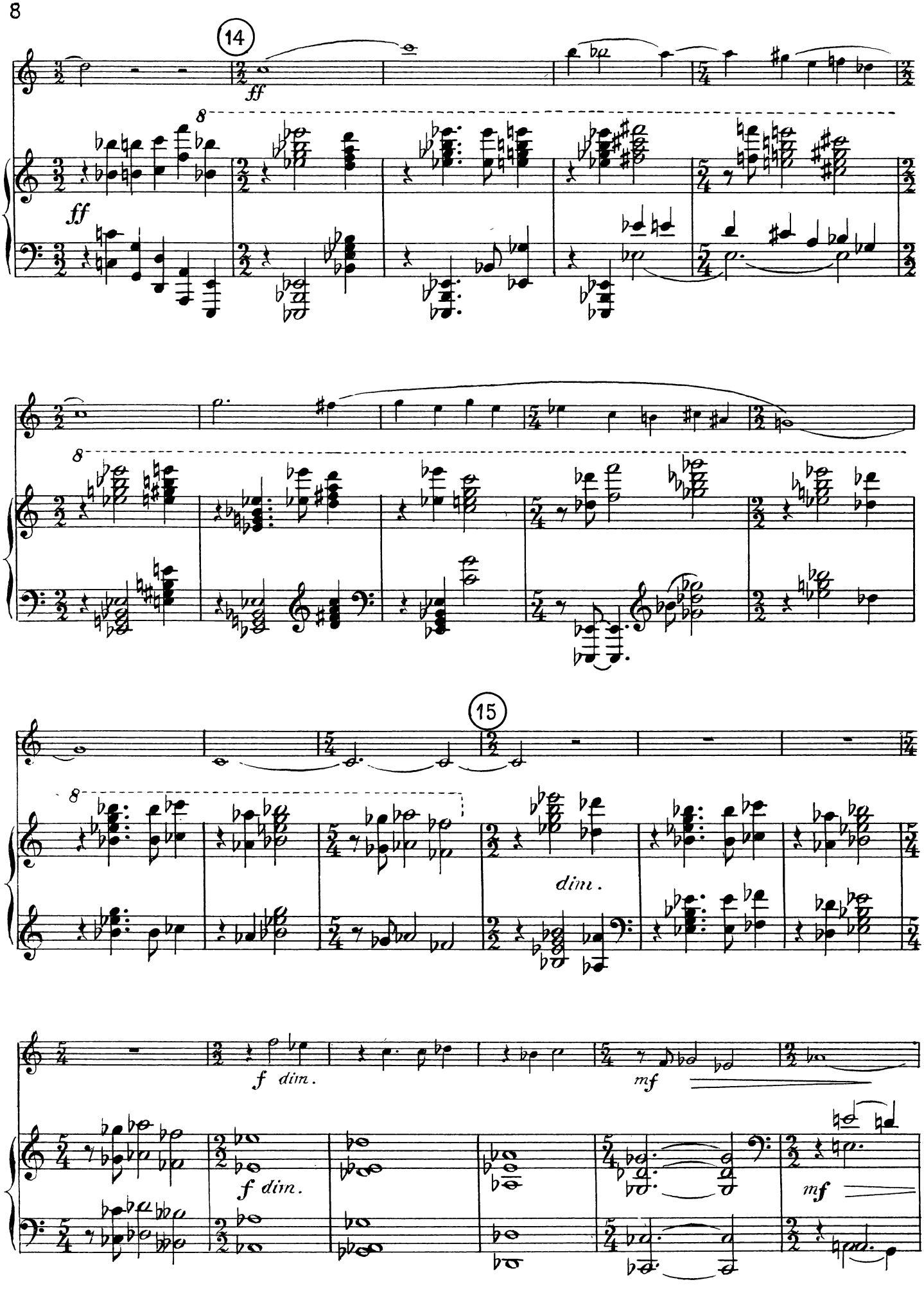
Lebhaft

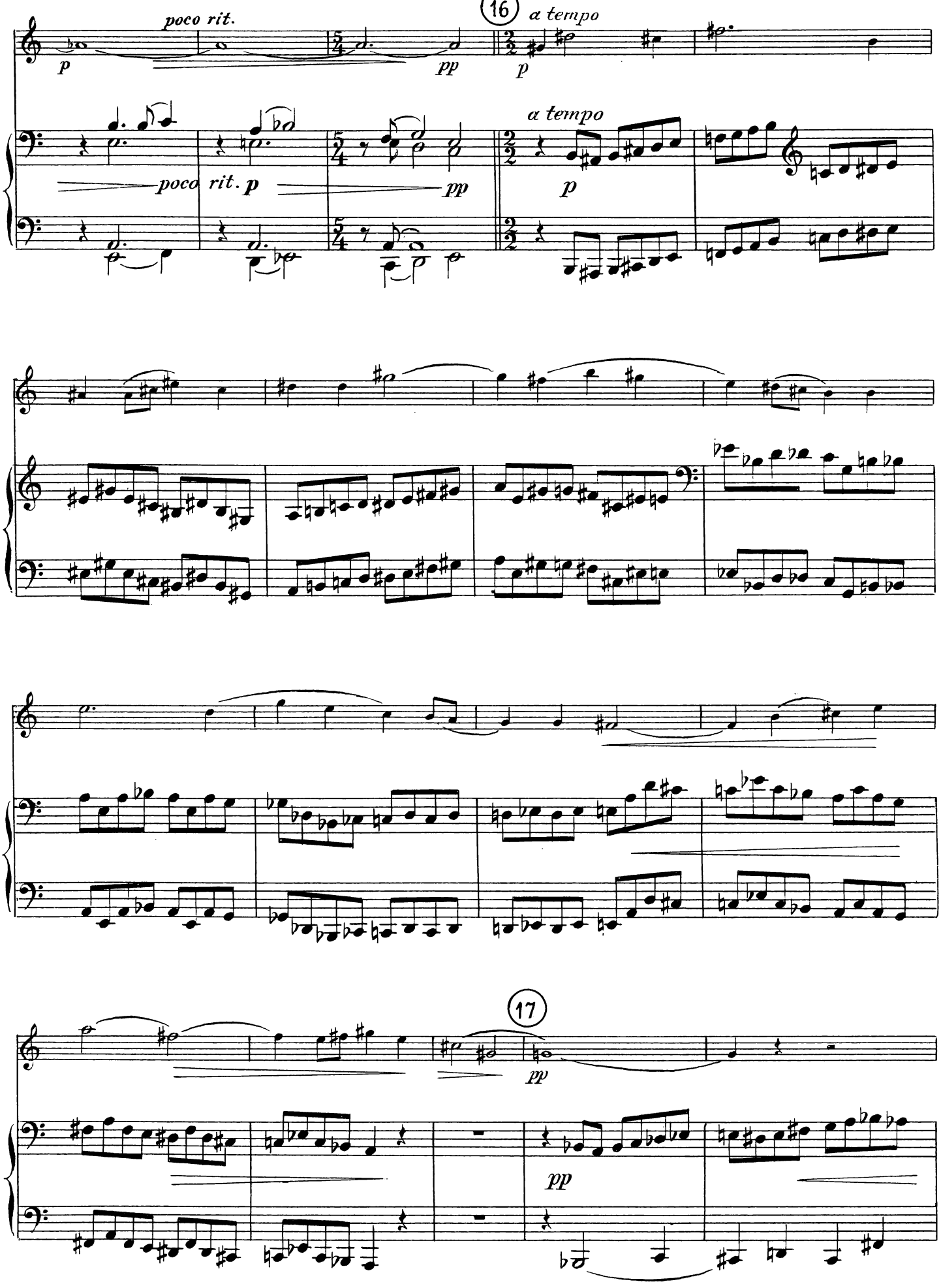


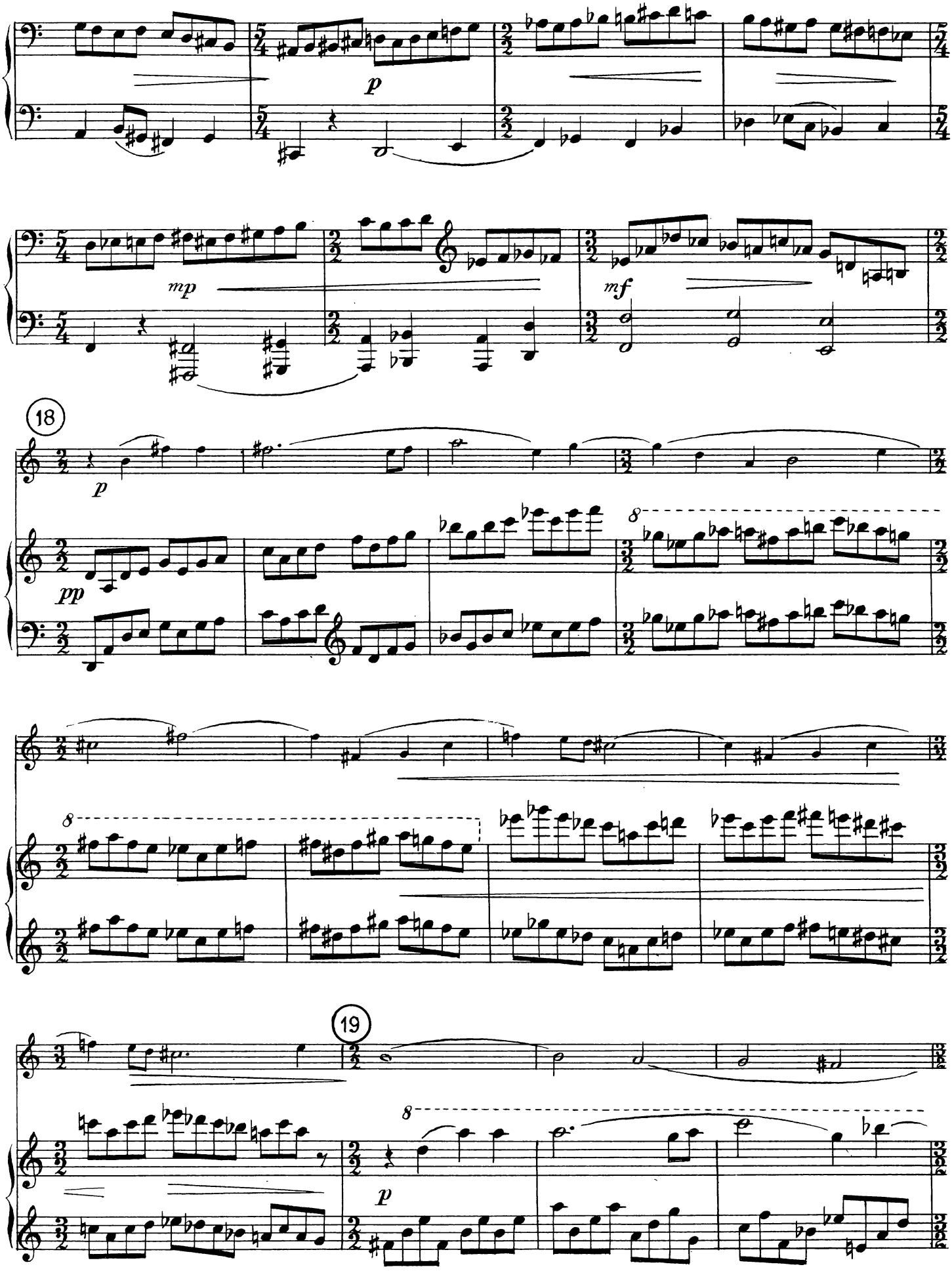

6
pp
pp
7
p
mf
mf
p
mf
8
mf
p
f
ff

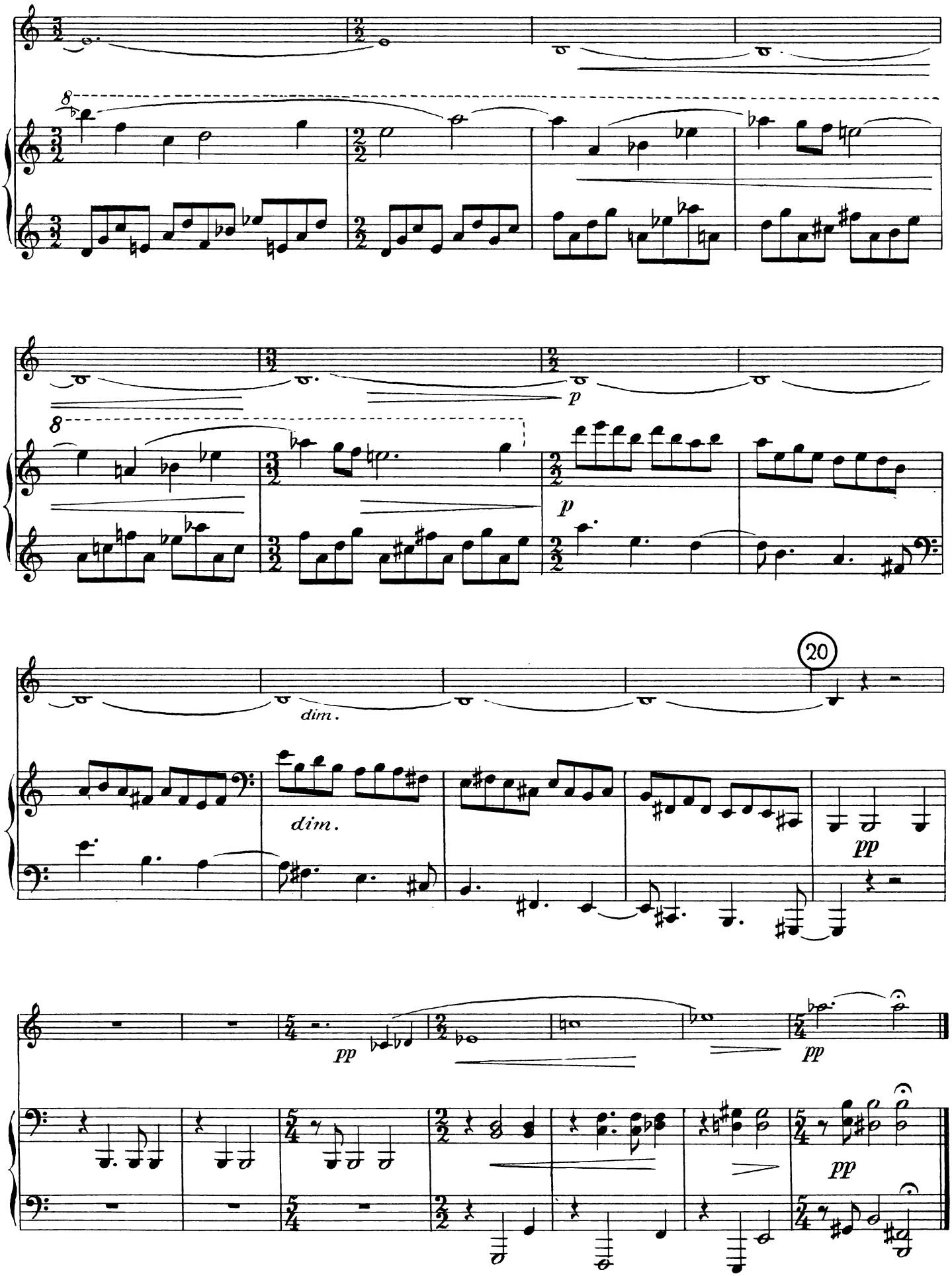

9
ff
f
10
pp
11
pp
p
mp


12
mf
sempre cresc.
mf
sempre
cresc.
f
f
13

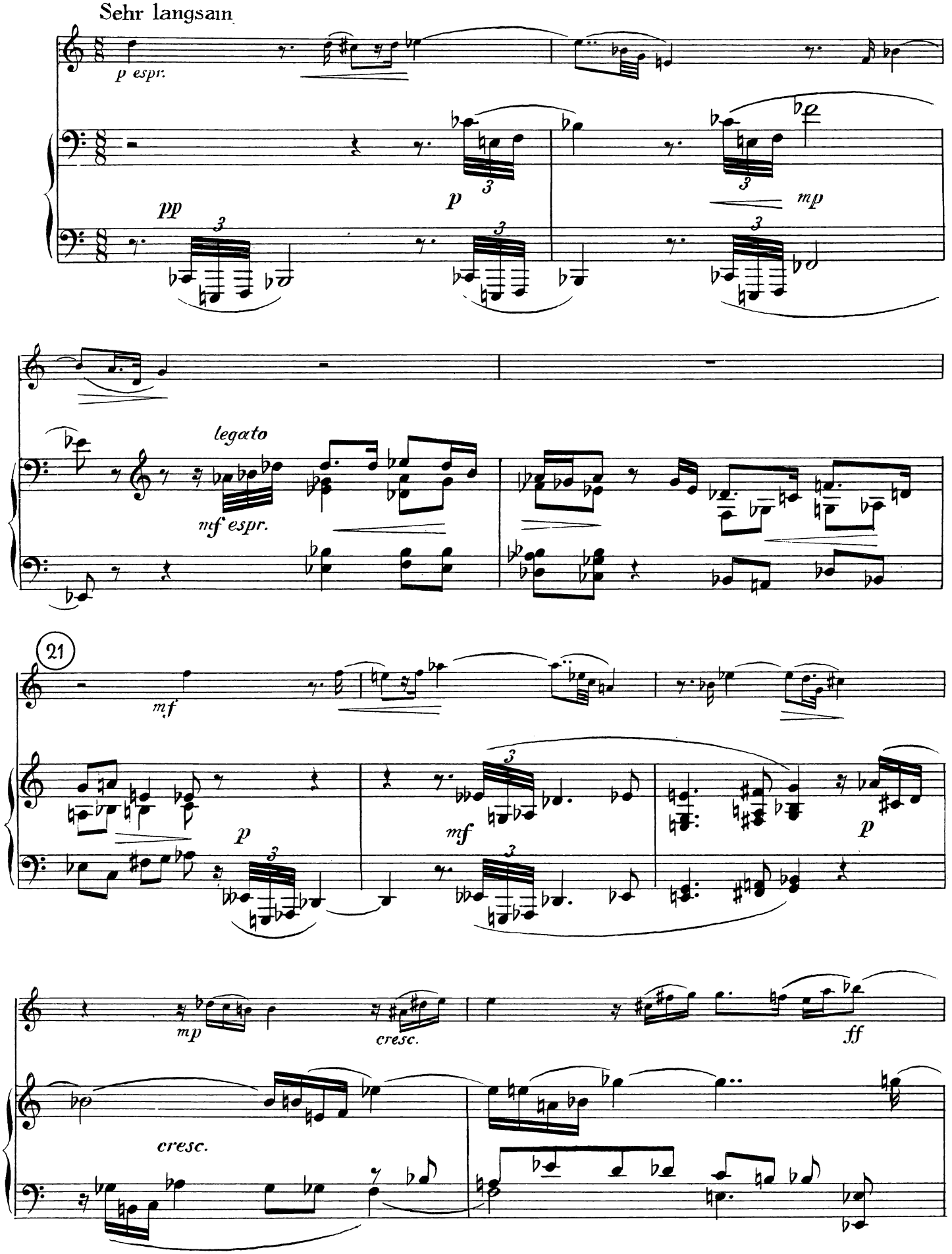

14
ff
8
15
dim.
f dim.
mf

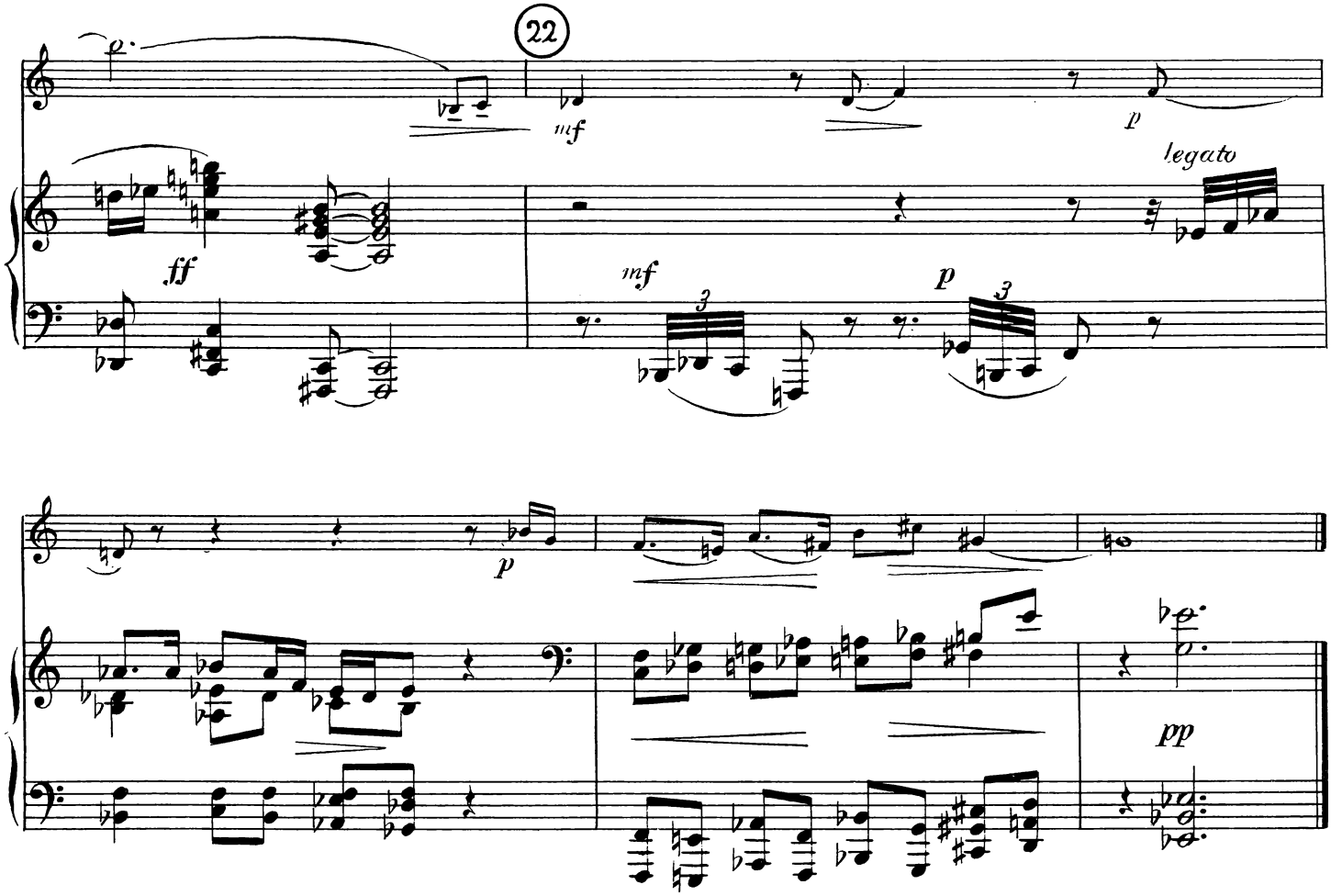

poco rit.
p
pp
16
a tempo
p
a tempo
poco rit. p
pp
p
17
pp
pp


p
mp
mf
18
p
pp
8
8
19
8
p


8
p
8
p
dim.
dim.
20
pp
pp
pp
pp

III


Sehr langsam
p espr.
pp
p
mp
legato
mf espr.
21
mf
p
mf
p
mp
cresc.
ff
cresc.



IV

Das Posthorn (Zwiegespräch)

Hornist:

Tritt uns, den Eiligen, des Hornes Klang
nicht (gleich dem Dufte längst verwelkter Blüten,
gleich brüchigen Brokats entfärbten Falten,
gleich mürben Blättern früh vergilbter Bände)
als tönender Besuch aus jenen Zeiten nah,
da Eile war, wo Pferde im Galopp sich mühten,
nicht wo der unterworfne Blitz in Drähten sprang;
da man zu leben und zu lernen das Gelände
durchjagte, nicht allein die engbedruckten Spalten.
Ein mattes Sehnen, wehgelaunt Verlangen
entspringt für uns dem Cornucopia.

Pianist:

Nicht deshalb ist das Alte gut, weil es vergangen,
das Neue nicht vortrefflich, weil wir mit ihm gehen;
und mehr hat keiner je an Glück erfahren,
als er befähigt war zu tragen, zu verstehen.
An dir ist's, hinter Eile, Lärm und Mannigfalt
das Ständige, die Stille, Sinn, Gestalt
zurückzufinden und neu zu bewahren.

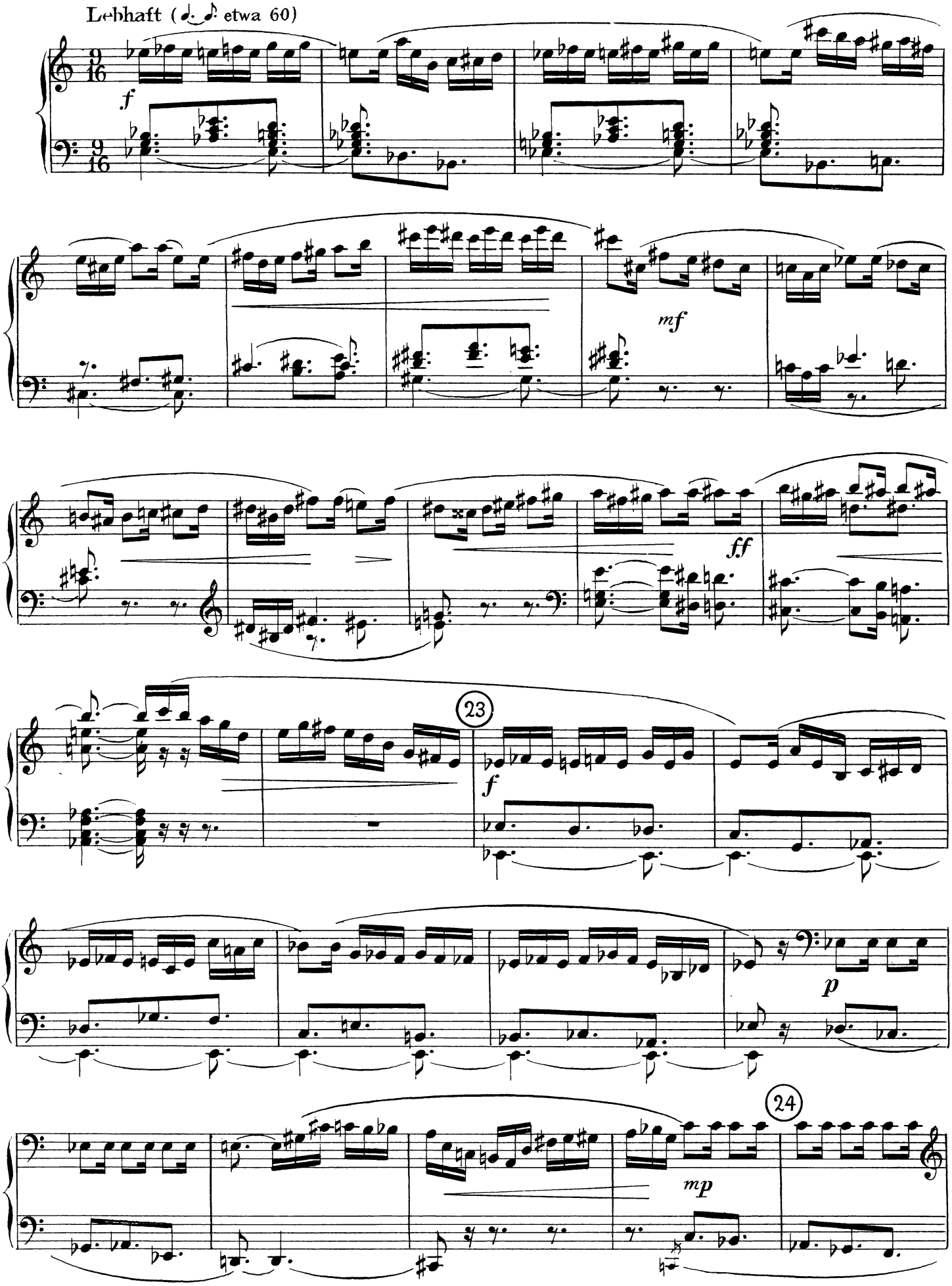
The Posthorn (Dialogue)

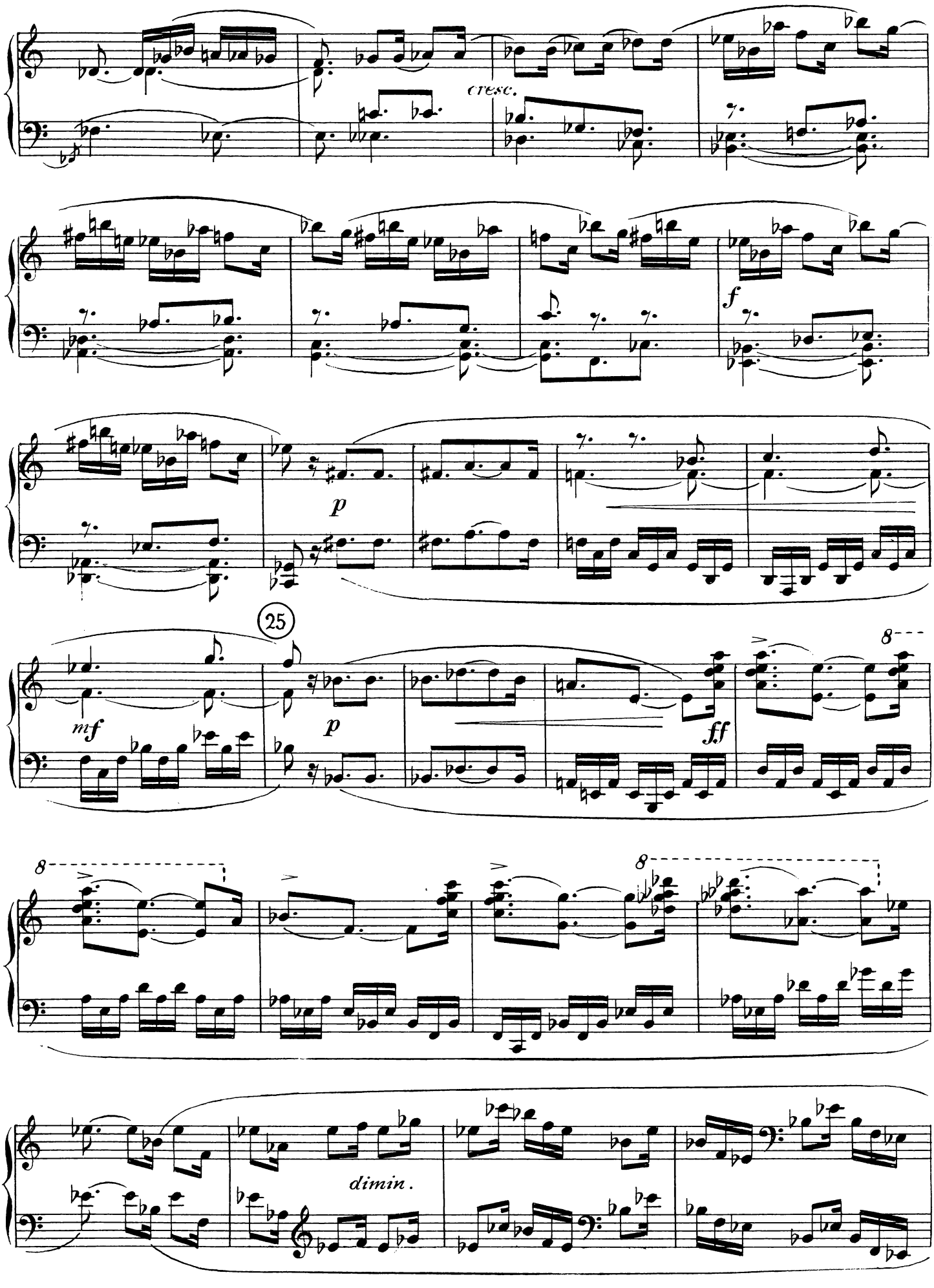
Horn Player:

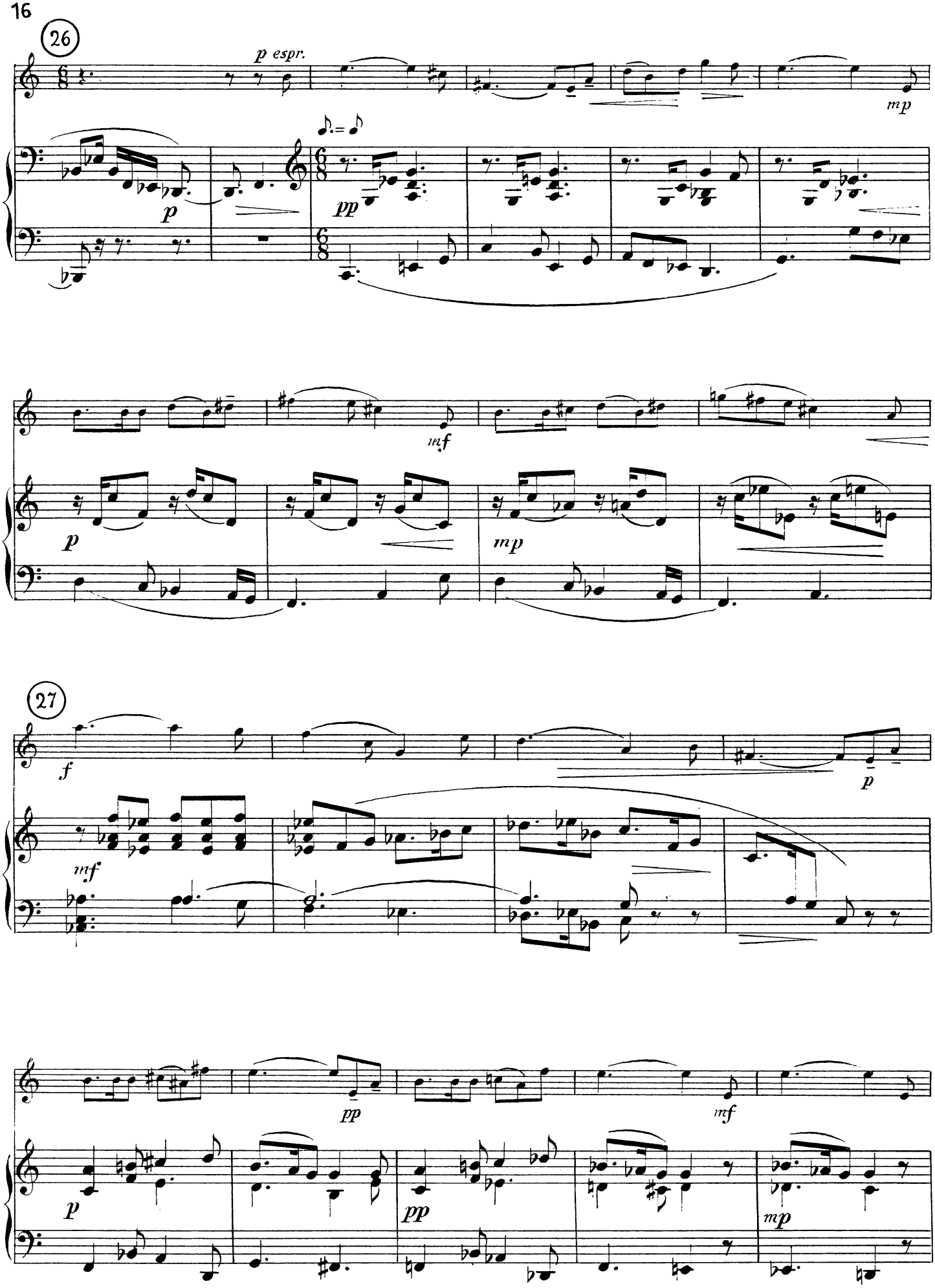
Is not the sounding of a horn to our busy souls
(even as the scent of blossoms wilted long ago,
or the discolored folds of musty tapestry,
or crumbling leaves of ancient yellowed tomes)
like a sonorous visit from those ages
which counted speed by straining horses' gallop,
and not by lightning prisoned up in cables;
and when to live and learn they ranged the countryside,
not just the closely printed pages?
The cornucopia's gift calls forth in us
a pallid yearning, melancholy longing.

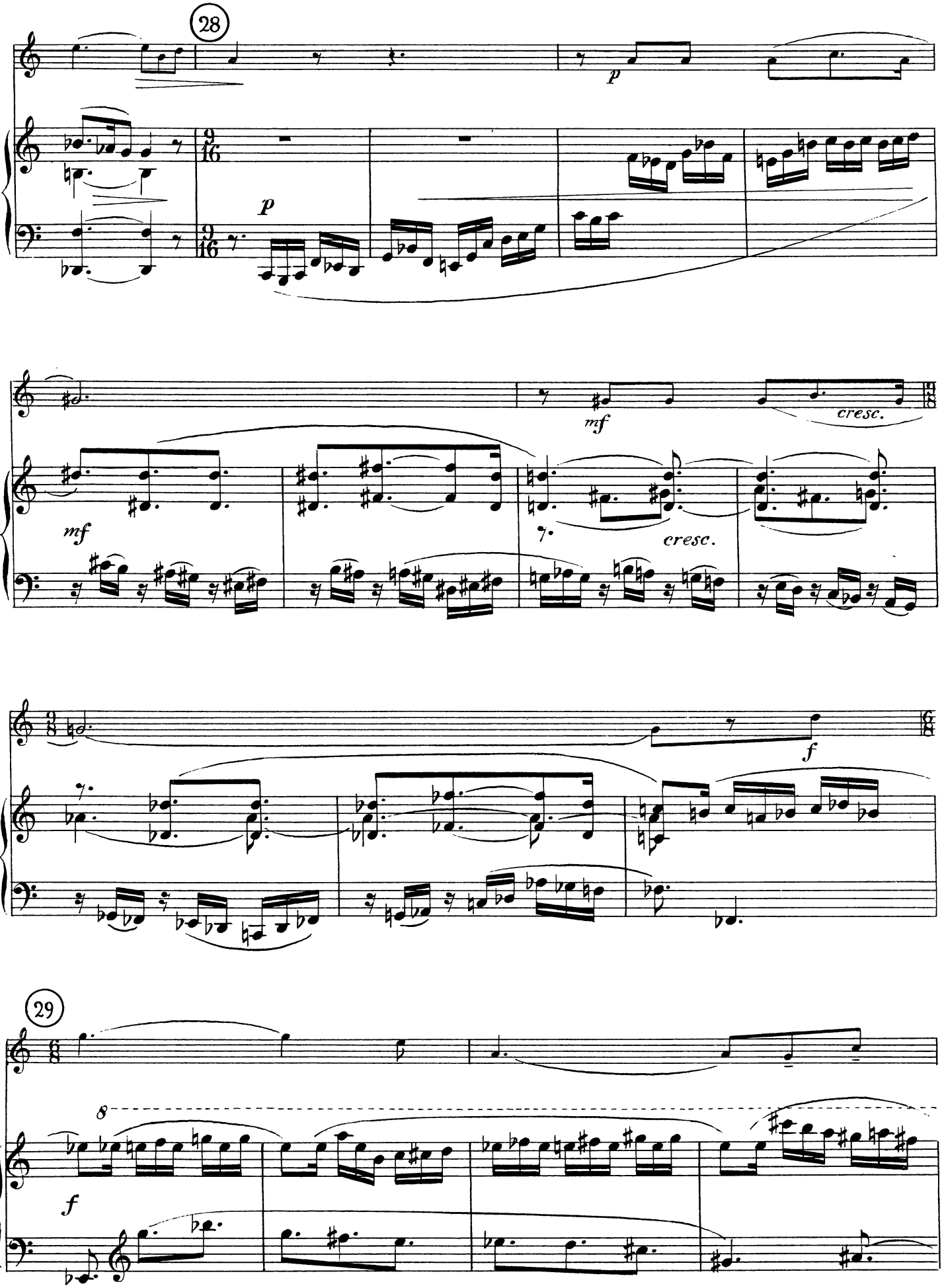
Pianist:

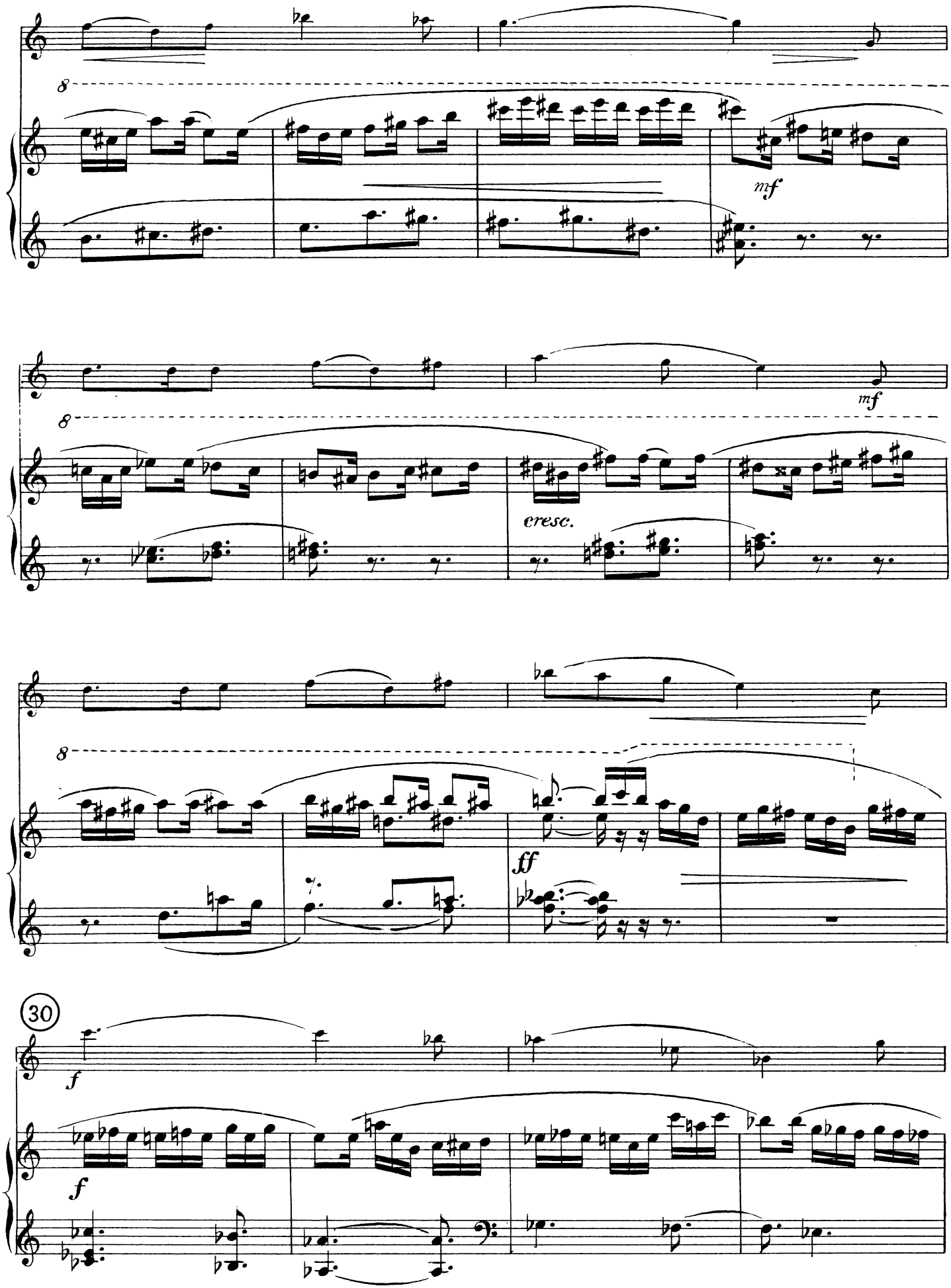
The old is good not just because it's past,
nor is the new supreme because we live with it,
and never yet a man felt greater joy
than he could bear or truly comprehend.
Your task it is, amid confusion, rush, and noise
to grasp the lasting, calm, and meaningful,
and finding it anew, to hold and treasure it.

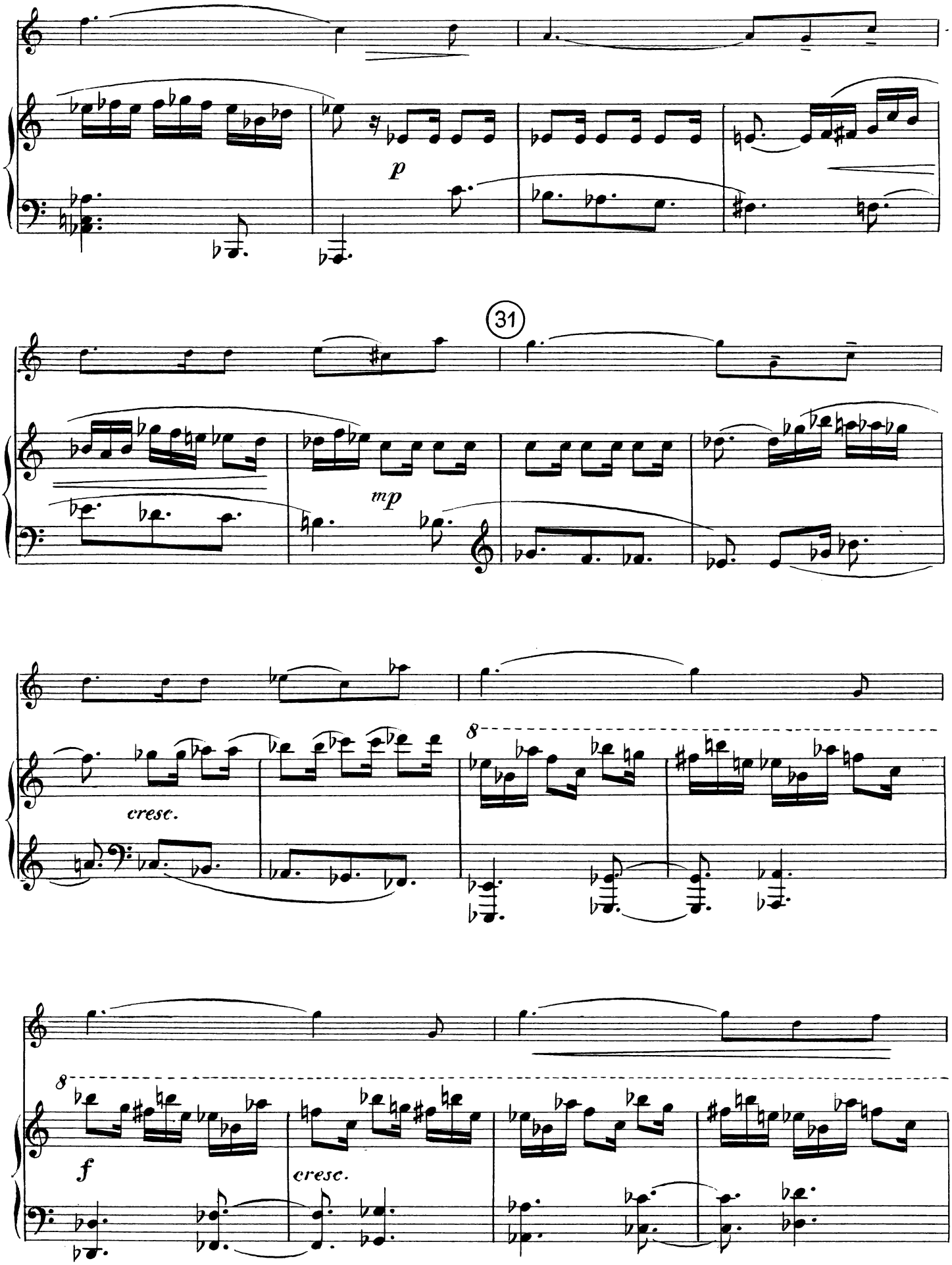

Lebhaft (♩. ♪ etwa 60)
f
mf
ff
23
f
p
24
mp

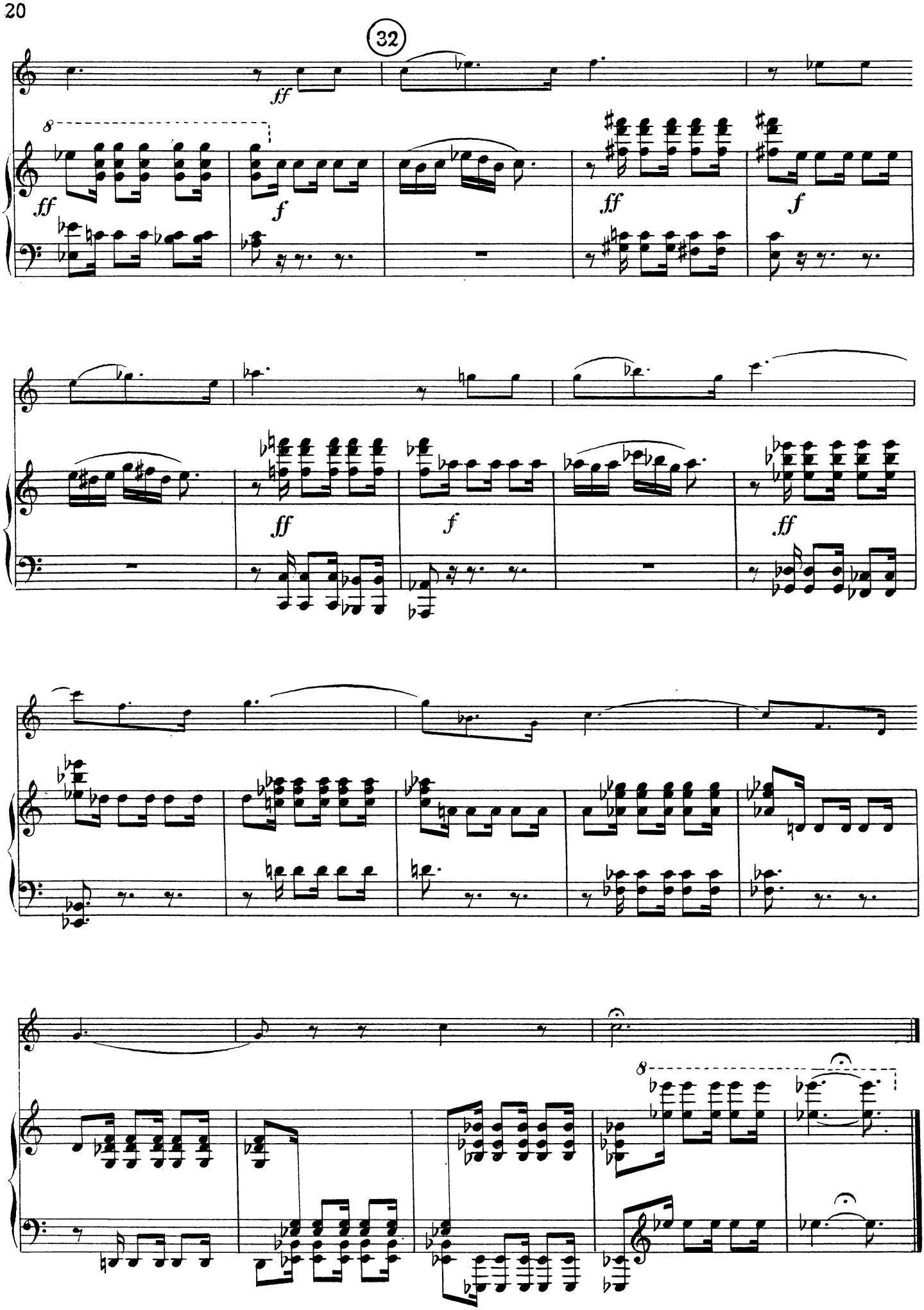

cresc.
f
p
25
mf
p
ff
8
8
8
dimin.


26
p espr.
mp
p
pp
mf
p
mp
27
f
p
mf
pp
mf
p
pp
mp


28
p
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
f
29
8
f


8
mf
8
mf
cresc.
8
ff
30
f
f


31
p
mp
cresc.
8
8
f
cresc.


32
ff
8
ff
f
ff
f
ff
f
ff
8