

# Three Songs From *Paris Spleen*

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

trans. (adapted) James Huneker

## The Stranger

♩ = 98c. *terse*

*mf* *mf*

*f* *f* *mp*

*mf* *mp*

Tell me, en-ig-mat-ic man, who do you love best? Your

fa-ther, your mo-ther, your sis-ter, or your bro-ther?

*mp* *mf*

*f*

"I have nei-ther fa-ther, nor mo-ther, nor sis-ter, nor bro-ther."

*f*

*mf* *f*

Your friends, then? "You use a word that has no mean-ing for me."

*mf* *f*

*rall.* *tempo* (♩ = 98c.) *mf*

Your coun - try?

*mf sub.* *p* *f* *mf*

*mp* *very slightly slower* *mf*

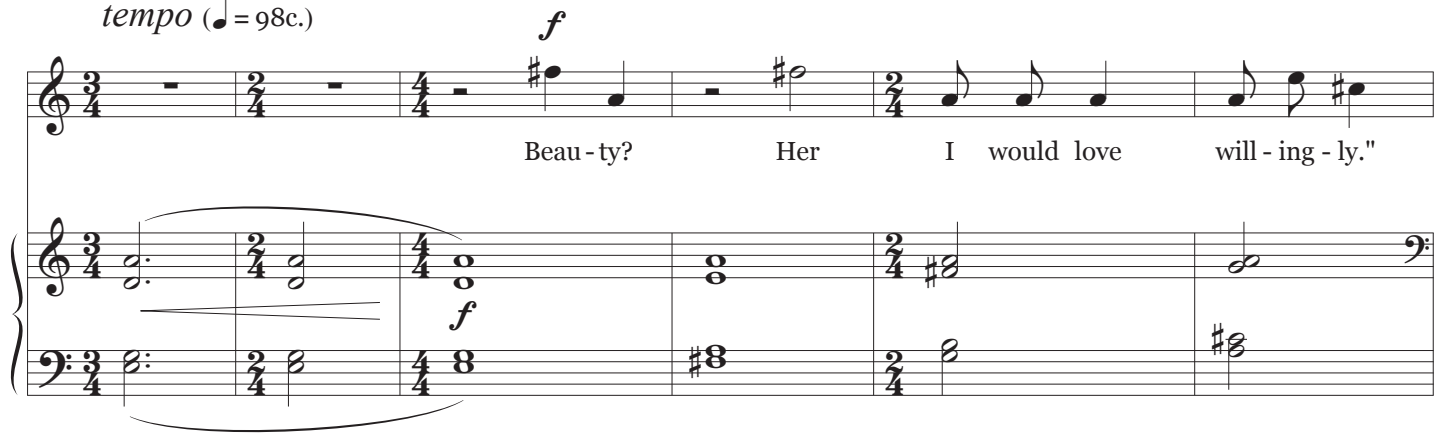
"I am ig-nor-ant of the la-ti-tude in which it is sit-u-a-ted."

*mp* *mp* *mf*

tempo (♩ = 98c.)

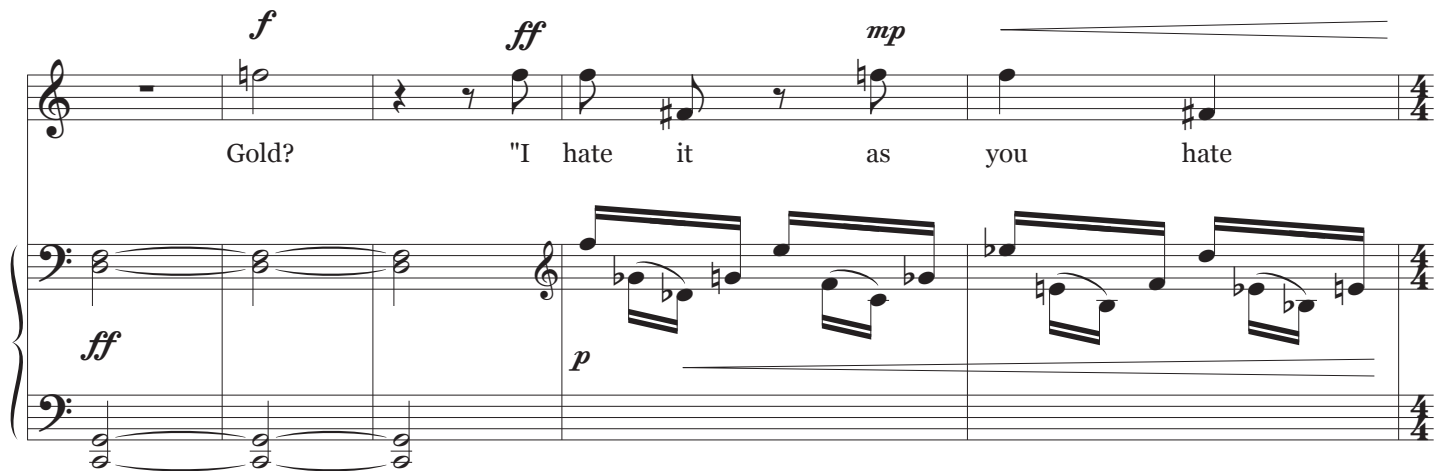
*f*

Beau - ty? Her I would love will - ing - ly."



*f* *ff* *mp*

Gold? "I hate it as you hate



*ff* *poco accel.* *tempo* (♩ = 98c.) *f*

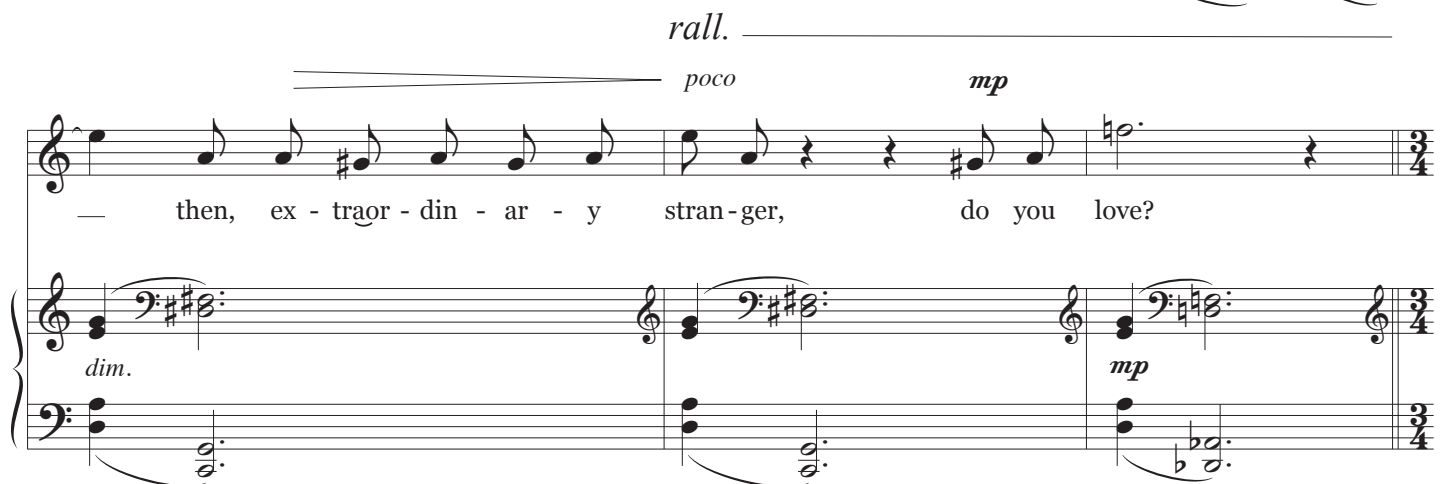
God." What,



*rall.* *poco* *mp*

— then, ex - traor - din - ar - y stran - ger, do you love?

*dim.* *mp*



*slower* ♩ = 78c.

*p*

"I love the

*pp* *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*cresc. poco a poco*

clouds— the clouds that pass— the

*cresc. poco a poco*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*mf* *accel.*

mar— vel - lous

*mf*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *senza Red.*

*fast*

*tempo* (♩ = 98c.)

*p*

*pp*

clouds, clouds, \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

*con <sup>2</sup>ed.*

*mp* clouds, \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* clouds, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

*p* clouds. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

*pp*