

Beautiful Feathered Tyrant

Jane McKie

Rebecca Rowe

♩ = c.43

Gently and playfully, childlike

Soprano

Clarinet in Bb

mp

4

S. *mp*

I bring you ber-ries and in - sects, ber-ries and in-sects;

Cl.

7

S. *mf*

bo-wing, bo-wing, I

Cl. *mf*

A little faster, more urgent...

♩ = c.64

9

S.

leave them in a long trail be-hind me.

Cl. *mf*

13

S. *mf*

From a dis-tance, I watch you

Cl. *f* *mf*

18

S. pick at them with-out much re-lish.

Cl. *tr*

22 **Slyly...**

S. They're not the rough dimes— of ge-lid

Cl. *mp*

25

S. flesh scooped out of the bel lies— of off- shore— fish,

Cl. *mf*

28

S. or ridged pin-cers of crab torn from their joints.

Cl. *f* 3 *tr*

as if sighing...

32

S. oh— oh—

Cl. *mp* 3

36

S. oh— They're not rain - bow frag-ments fo-raged from dumps,

Cl. *mf*

38

S. *pac-kets smack-ing of chips, vi-ne-gar, can-died burnt tyre— vi-sce-ra*

Cl. *f*

41

S. *You style your-self like a priest:*

Cl. *mf* *f*

44

S. *slicked in-to the to-te-mic, your black wings and back, dressed_ with oil,*

Cl. *f* *ff* *with menace...*

47

S. *fold_ in-to a sur-plice of fright.*

Cl. *f*

49

S. *[Silence]*

Cl. *mp*

55

S. *And when you roll_____ the skulls_____ of les-ser birds*

Cl. *p* *mp*

58

S. *mf*
in your white-ringed eyes, — I can't look a-way.

Cl.

61

S. *f*
For what else can I wor-ship at the edge of the

Cl. *f*

65

S. *mf*
world? I

Cl. *ff* *mf*

$\text{♩} = c.43$
As at the start...

70

S. *mf*
beg you to for - give me.

Cl. *mf*

73

S.

Cl.