Symphony of Light and Shadow

2. THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

Text: William Blake (1757-1827)

Huub de Lange (*1955)

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Symphony of Light and Shadow - 2 THE LITTLE BLACK BOY (Huub de Lange)

My mother bore me in the
southern wild, And I am black, but oh! my soul is white. White as an

angel is the English child, But I am black as if bereaved of light.
(mm...) be reaved of light.

(My mother taught me under a tree, And, sitting

Light. My mother taught me under a tree, And, sitting

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down before the heat of day,

She took me on her lap and kissed

me, And pointing to the east began to say:

(mm...) began to
"Look on the rising sun, there God does live And gives his light, and gives his heat away; And flowers and

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morning, joy in the noon-day. And we are put on earth a
litt-le space That we may learn to bear the beams of love; And these black bodies and this sun-burnt

...
face is but a cloud, and like a shady grove. For

and like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

cloud, and

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For

like a shady grove. For
when our souls have learned the heat to bear. The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his

when our souls have learned the heat to bear. The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his
Come out from the grove, my love and care, And round my love and care, And round my
Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

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Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my golden tent like lambs rejoice!
mo-ther say, and kissed me; And thus I say to litt-le English boy:

When I from black and he from white cloud free, And round the tent of God like lambs we
like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will.
then loves me.

loves me.

loves me.

loves me.

loves me.

loves me.

loves me.

loves me.
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Flute

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Soprano Recorder

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Soprano Sax.

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Viola

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Double Bass

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