

# 4. Now the sun breaks through the cold

Carl Orff

Translated and arr. by Jay Ducharme

♩ = 72

Baritone

*pp* *sempre molto rubato* *affettuoso*

Now the sun breaks through the cold, Just when it is need-ed.

Piano

*pp* *dolcissimo*

15<sup>ma</sup>

rit. - - - - a tempo

Bar.

Win-ter's white and Au-tumn's gold Have at last re-ced-ed Mak - ing way for Spring-time's hold. Burst-ing forth un-heed-ed,

Pno.

10

a tempo

Bar.

Trees and flow-ers, now made bold, Show where they were seed-ed. Life

Pno.

a tempo

15<sup>ma</sup>

rubato

Bar.

— can some-times be a trial, Oft-en with-out reas-on. But one thing can re-con-cile For-tune's acts of treas-on: See-

Pno.

20

rit.

a tempo

Bar. *25* a tempo

- ing Spring re-store a smile, Pleas-ing all it breathes on, Let-ting loose your pas-sion while Plea-sure is in sea- son. a tempo

Pno.

rubato intensivo

Bar. *30*

Love me ten-der, love me sweet, Ne-ver let me go, dear. Don't hold back and don't re-treat;

Pno.

*pp* intensivo

rit. . . . . a tempo

Bar. *35*

Let de-si-regrow. Dear me, why are you scared to greet Love, when you well know, dear, How the thrill of pas-sion's heat

Pno.

40

Bar.

Warms you from be-low, dear.

Pno.

*pp*

*8<sup>va</sup>*

attaca