



# from ARMGART

George Eliot, text

Mary Ann Joyce, music

freely, as a recitative

Soprano *mp*

For her - self she of - ten won - ders what her life had been with - out that

4 *Moderato*

voice for chan - nel to her soul, she - says, it must have

7

leaped through all her limbs, made her a Mae - nad made her snatch a brand and fire, fire some

10

for - est that her rage might mount in crash - ing roar - ing flames through

13 *ff* *pp*

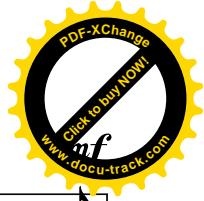
half a land. Leav - ing her still and pa - tient for a -

18 *pp* *mf*

while For a - while "Poor wretch!" she says of

24 *rit.* *allag....*

an - y, an - y mur - der - essss sss "The world was cru - el, cru - el and she could not sing



29 *a tempo*  
I car-ry my re ven - ges in my throat\_\_\_\_\_ I

34 *p*  
car-ry<sub>4</sub> my re-ven - ges in my throat\_\_\_\_\_ I love to sing\_\_\_\_\_

39  
I love to sing\_\_\_\_\_

45 >  
and am loved a - gain\_\_\_\_\_ loved\_\_\_\_\_ a - gain

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