Towards the words

Pour clarinette sib

Denís Bosse

The little boy lost

Father, father, where are you going O do not walk so fast.

Speak father, speak to your little boy

Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark no father was there The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep, & the child did weep And away the vapour flew.

William Blake

à Francis Martens

Maís certains, comme vous, arrivent à en faire quelque chose qui s'élargit peu à peu, se dit, se remet en jeu, et se fait aimer.

Towards the words

à Francis Martens





