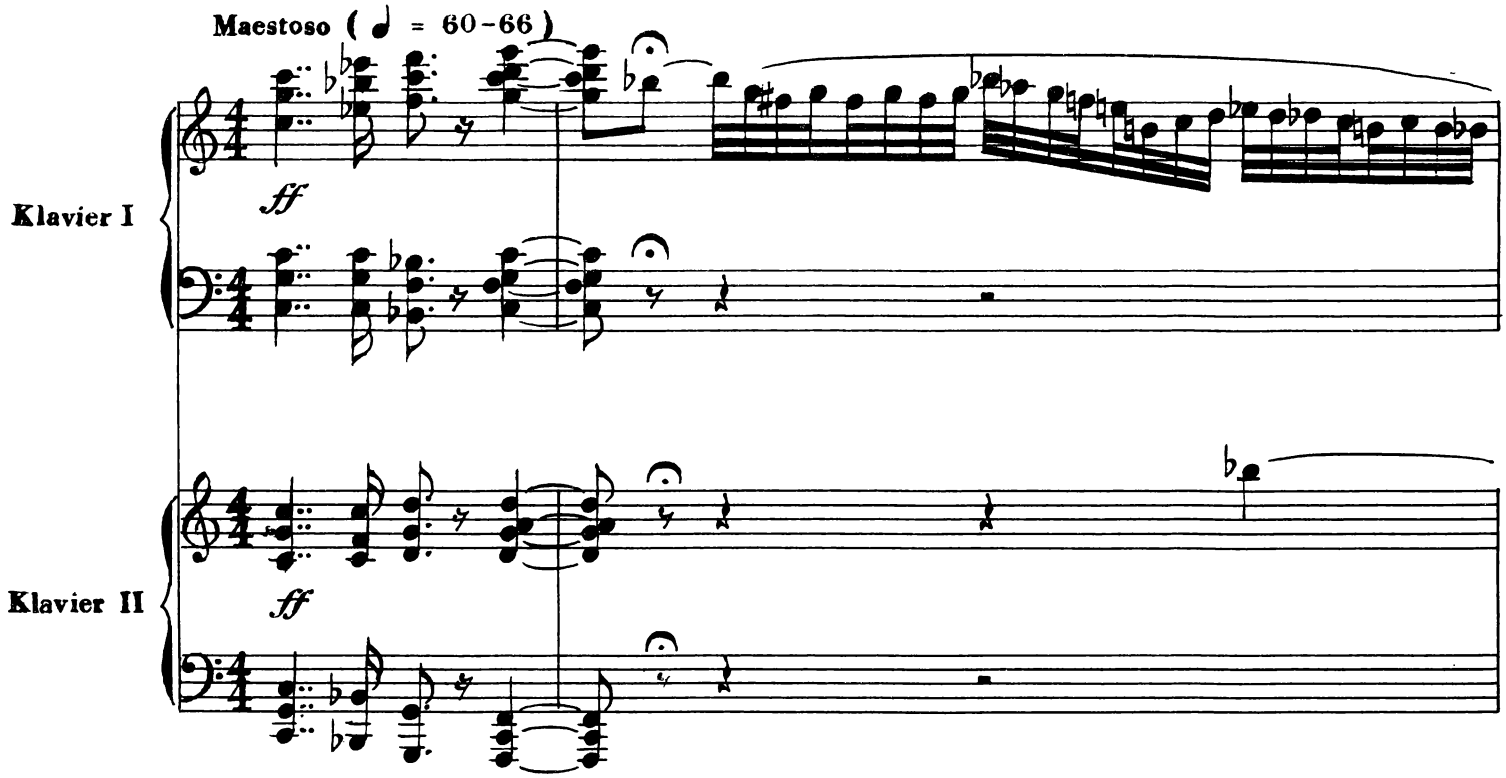
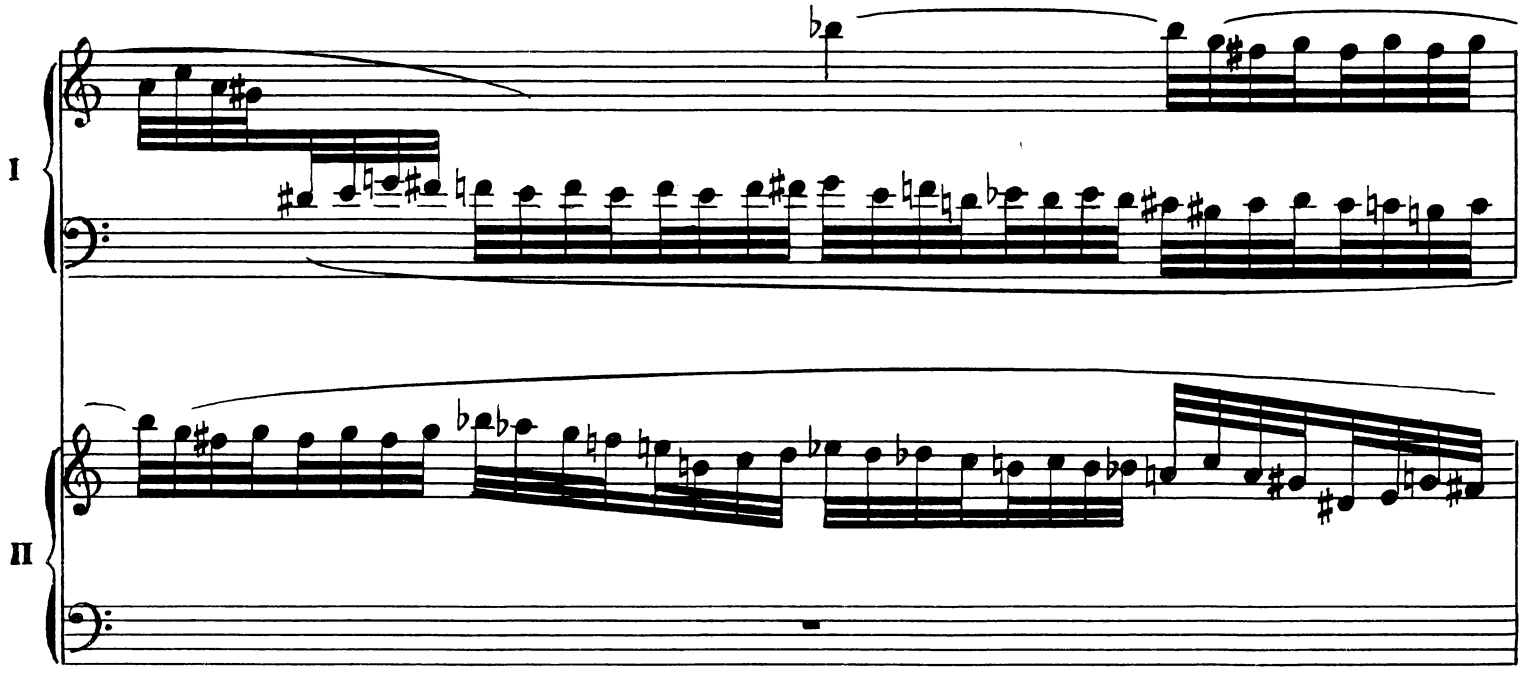
Sonate für zwei Klaviere

I

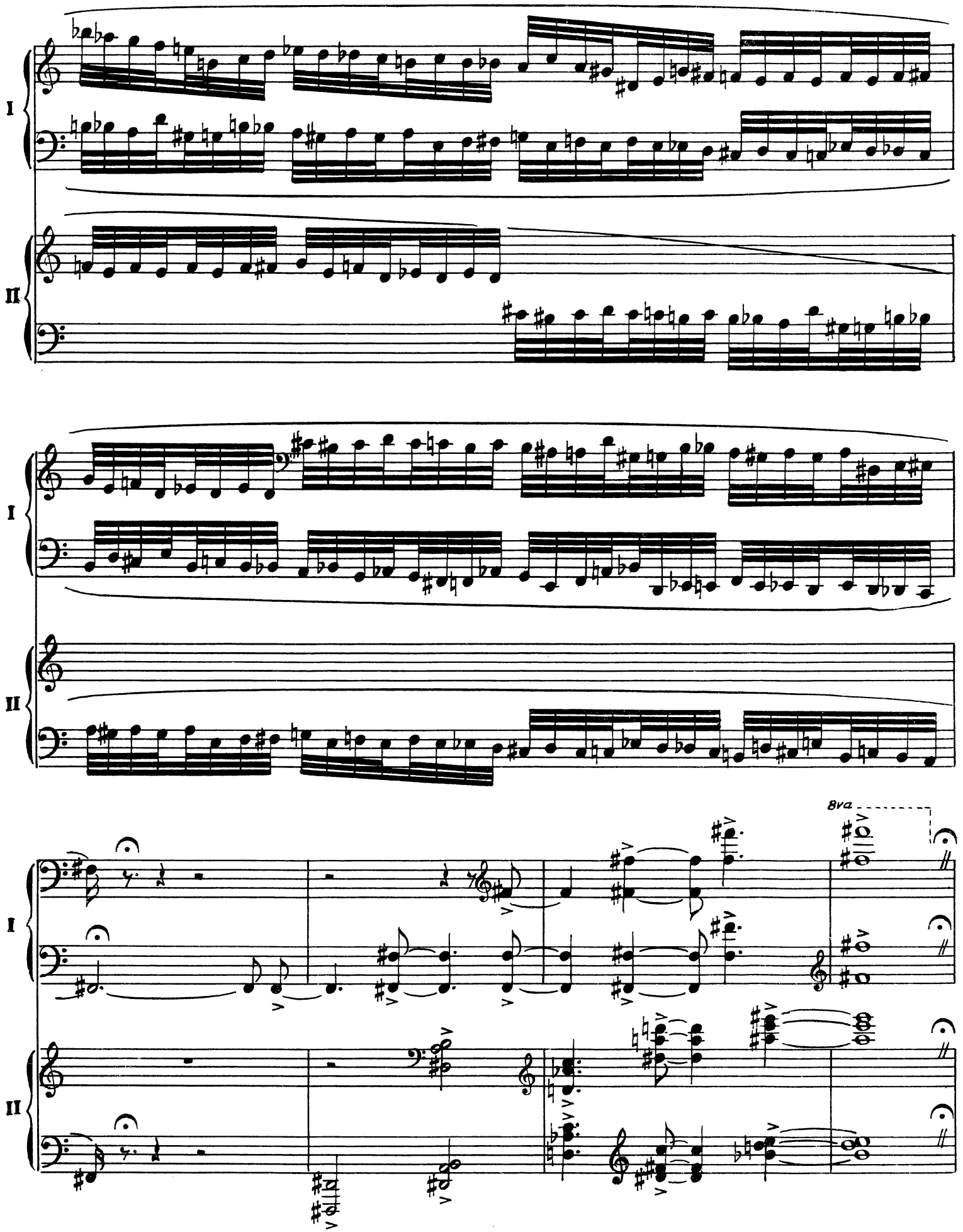
Glockenspiel

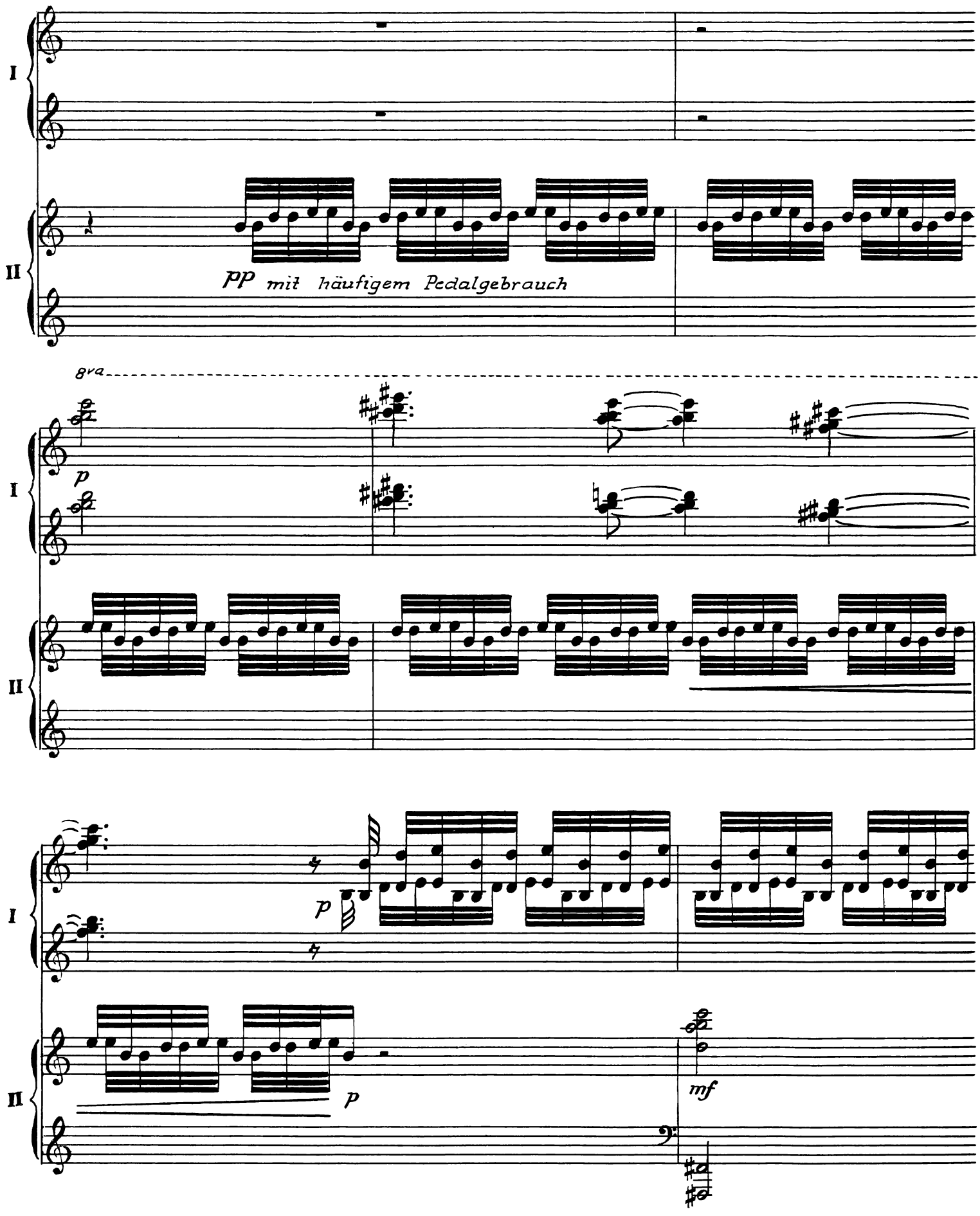
Paul Hindemith

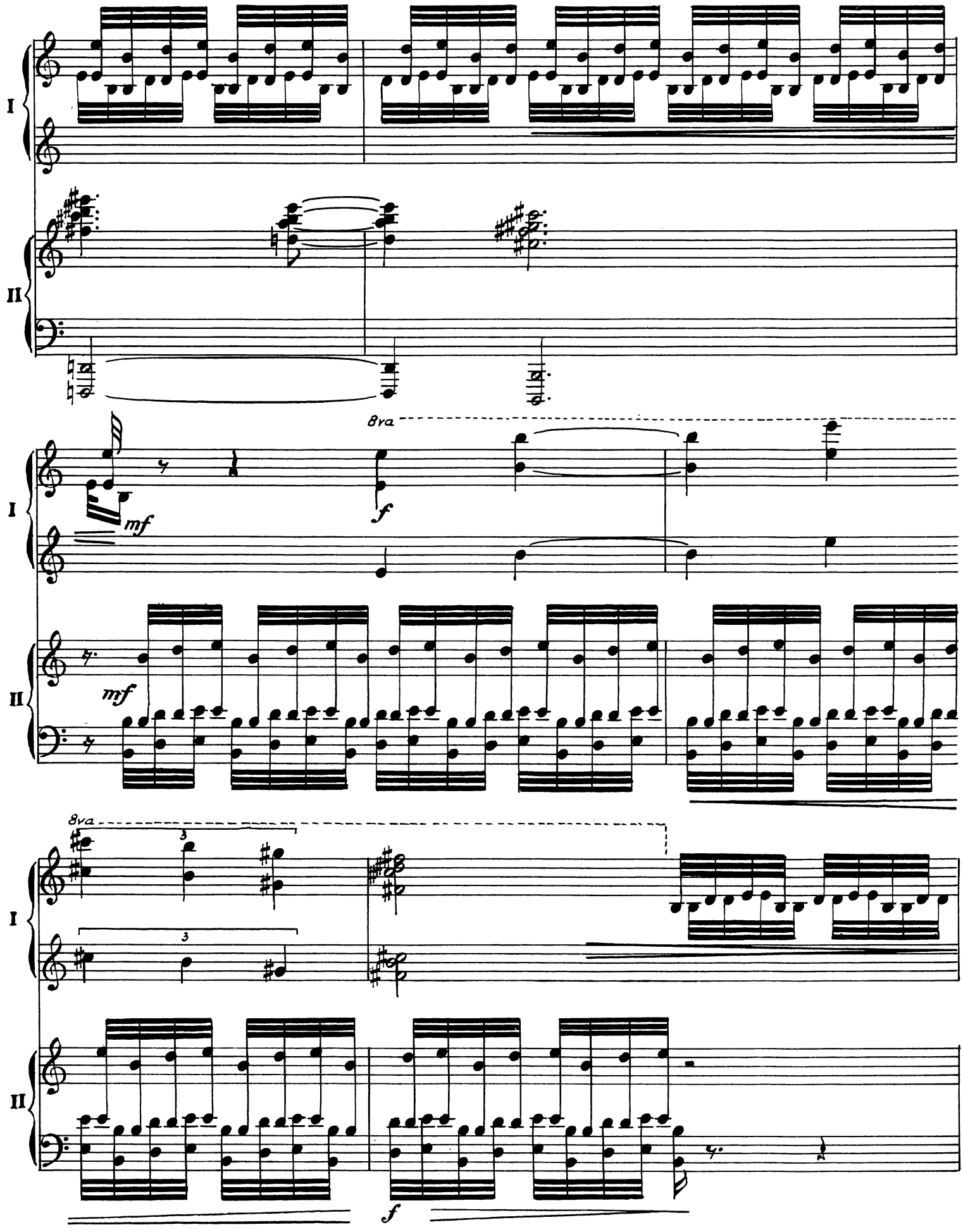




© B. Schott's Söhne, Mainz, 1942
© renewed 1970


I
II
I
II
8va
I
II


I
II
pp mit häufigem Pedalgebrauch
8va
p
I
II
p
I
II
p
mf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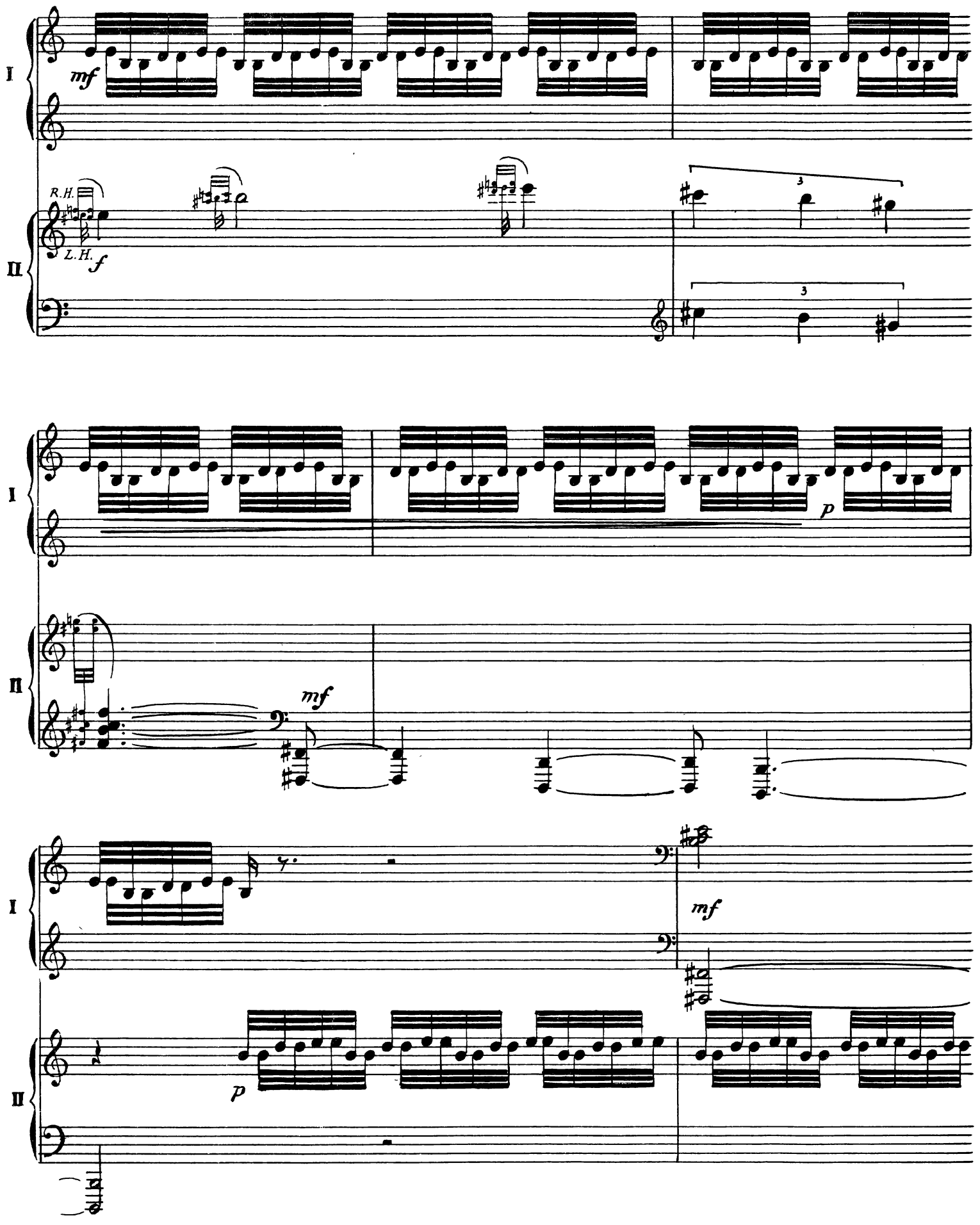
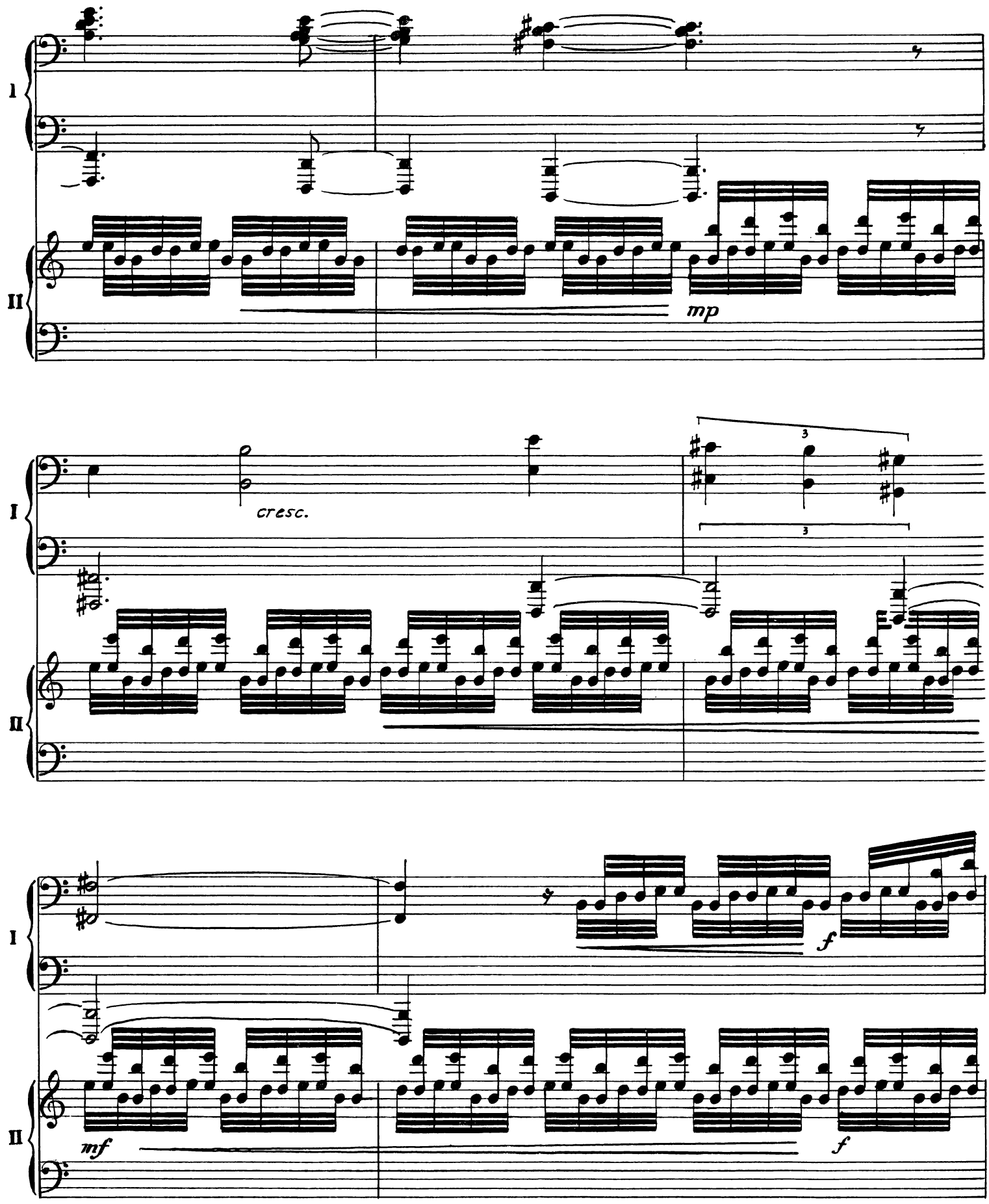
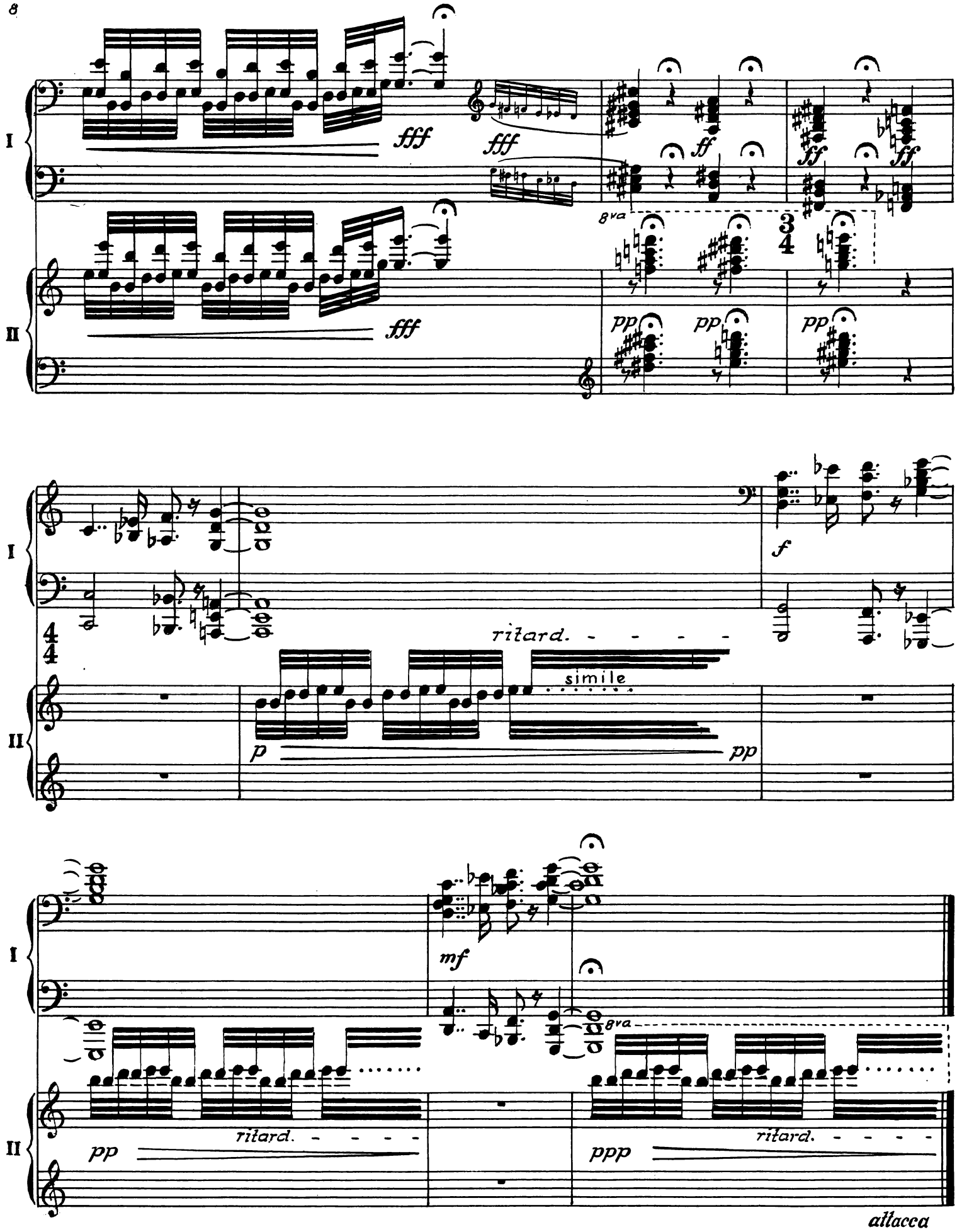
II
8va
mf
f
mf
8va
3
3
I
II
f

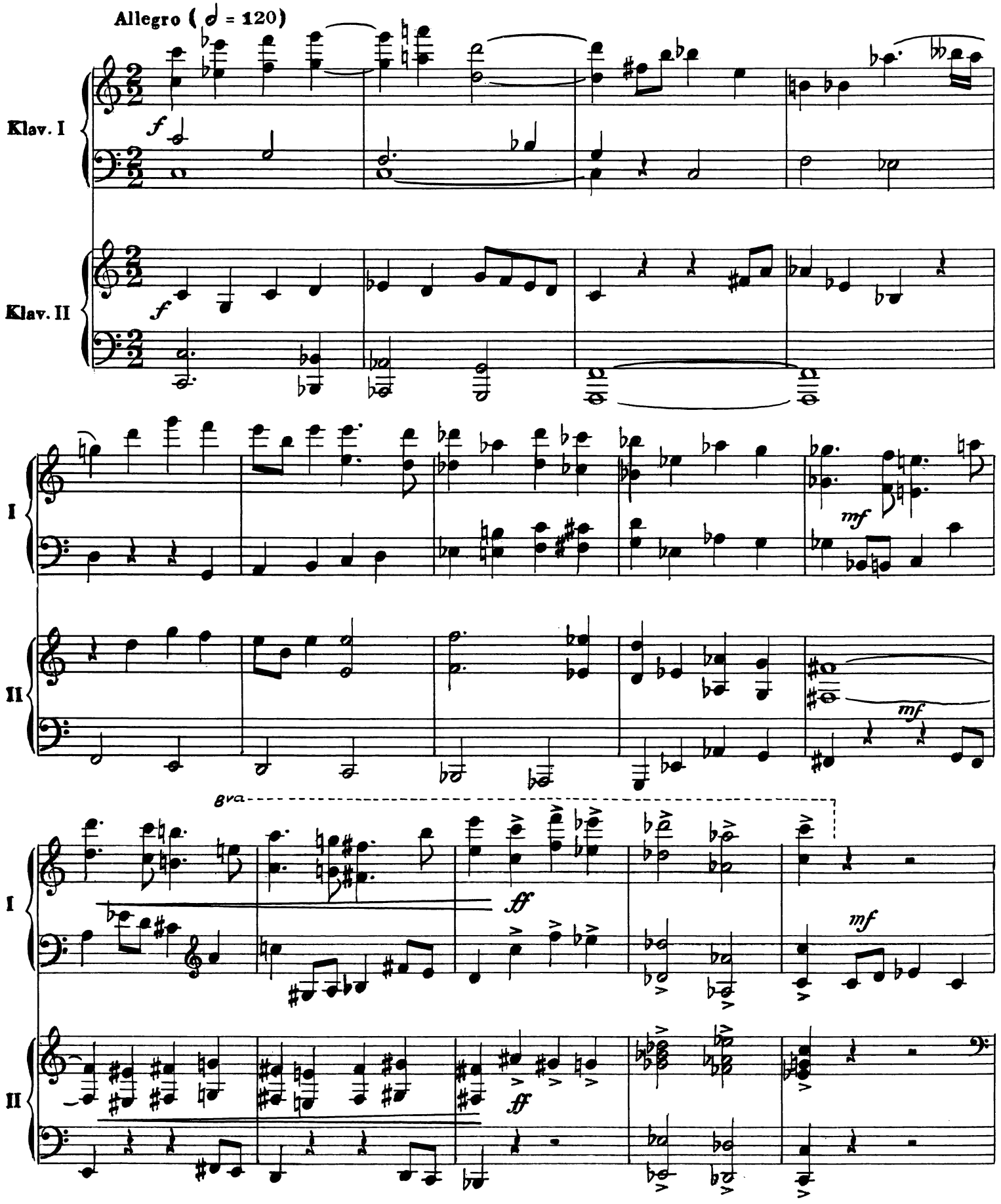

I
II
mf
R.H.
L.H.
f
3
3
I
II
p
mf
I
II
mf
p

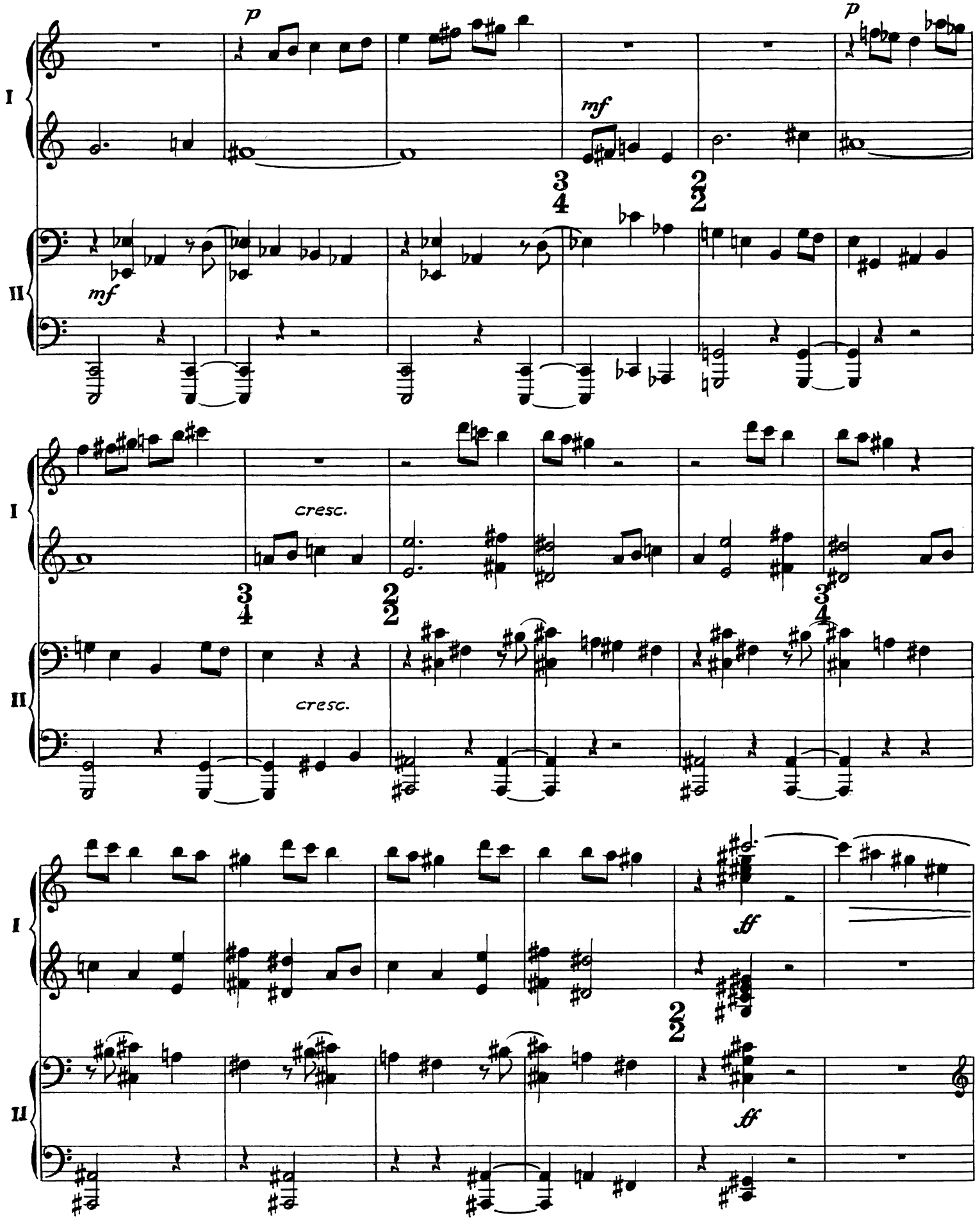

I
II
mp
cresc.
3
3
I
II
f
mf
f

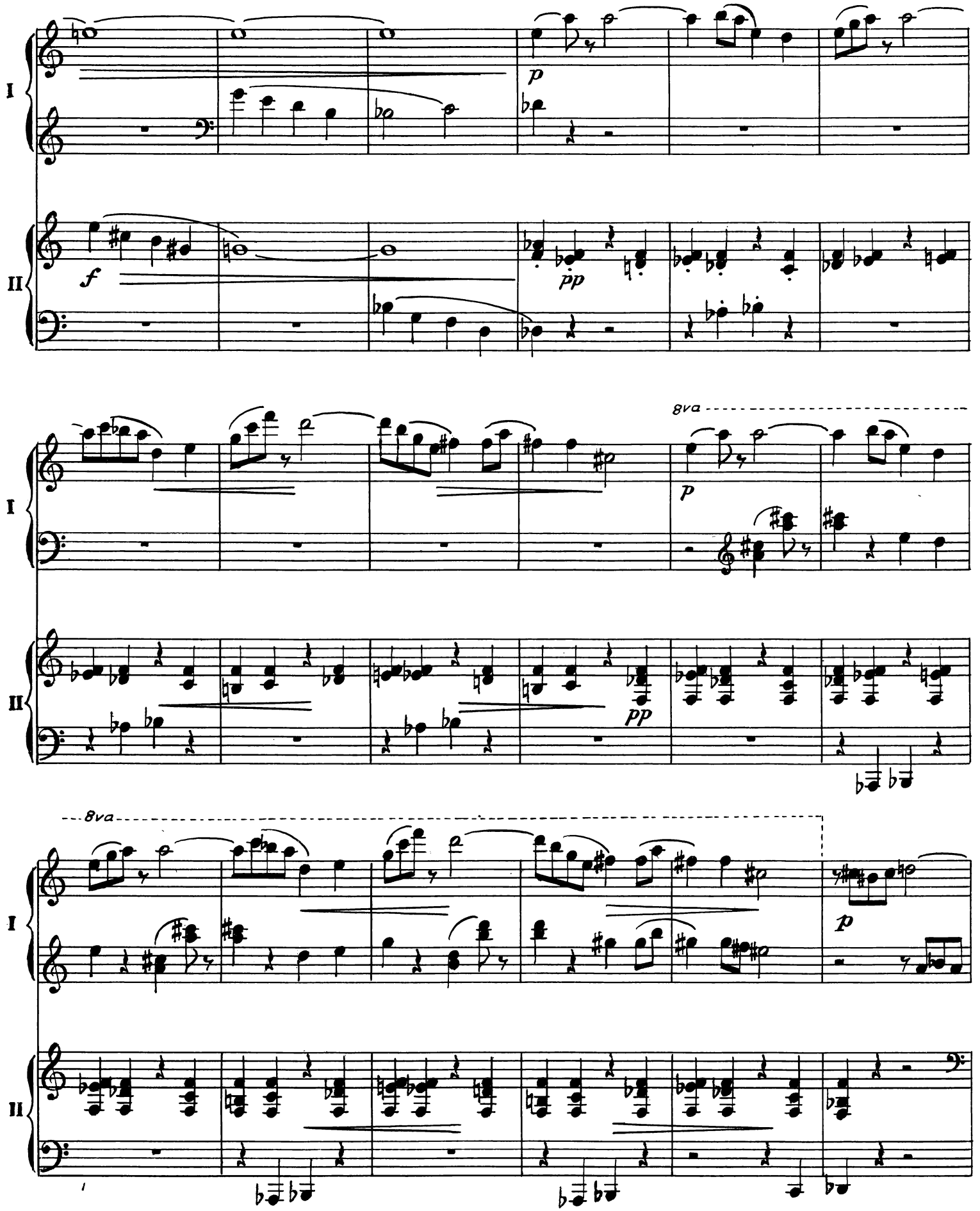

I
II
fff
fff
fff
ff
ff
ff
8va
3/4
pp
pp
pp
4/4
ritard.
simile
f
p
pp
mf
8va
pp
ritard.
ppp
ritard.
attacca

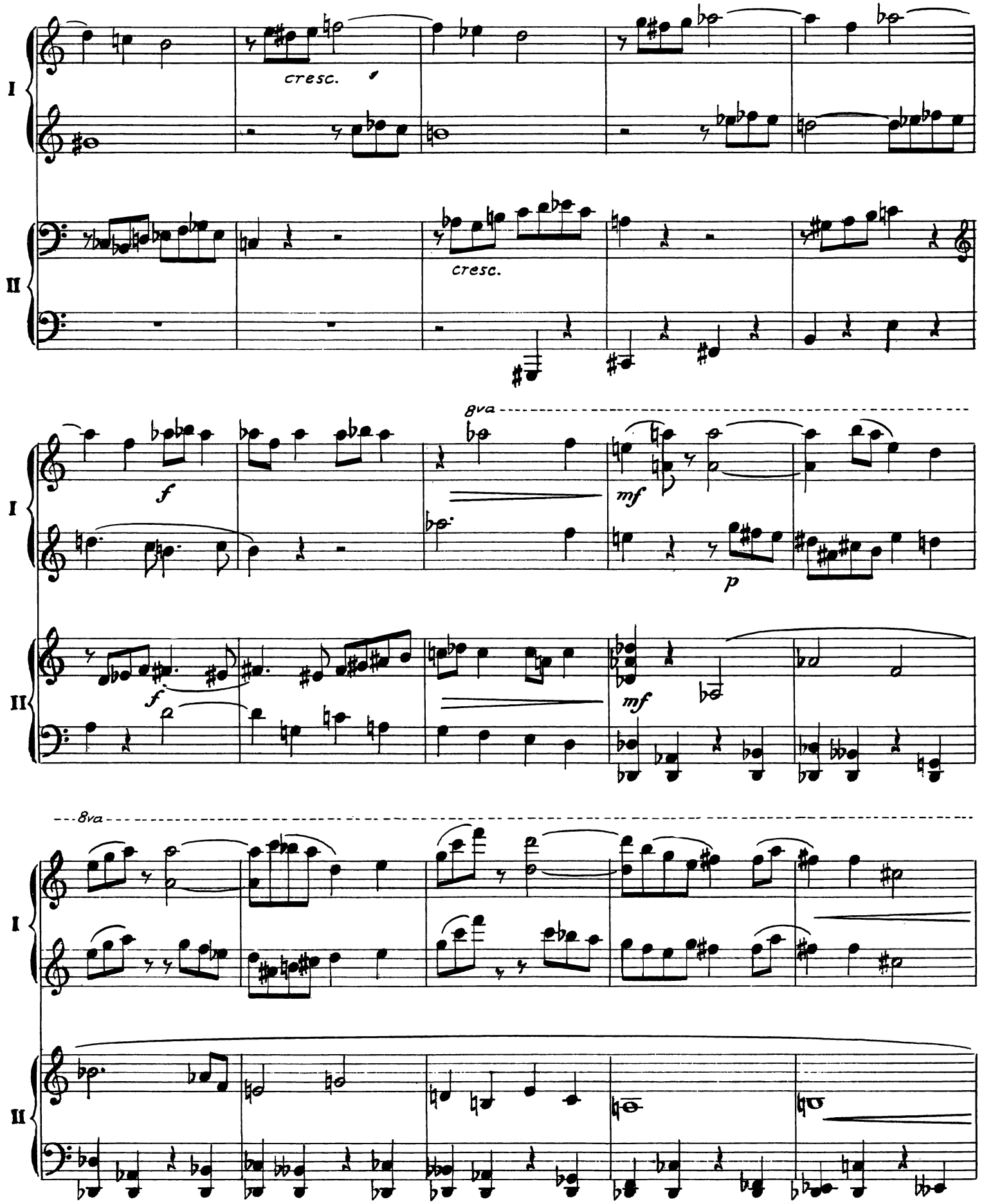
II

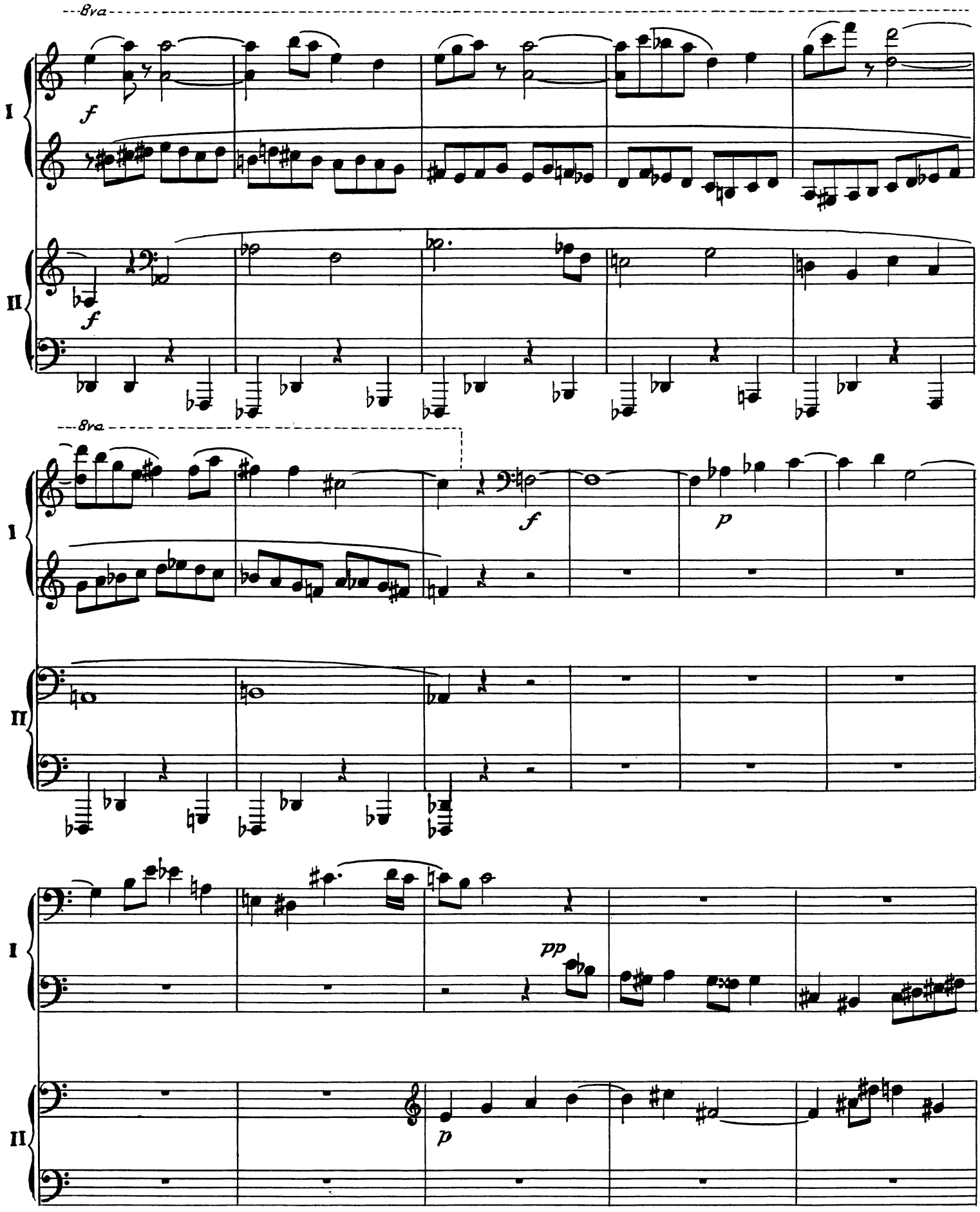
Allegro

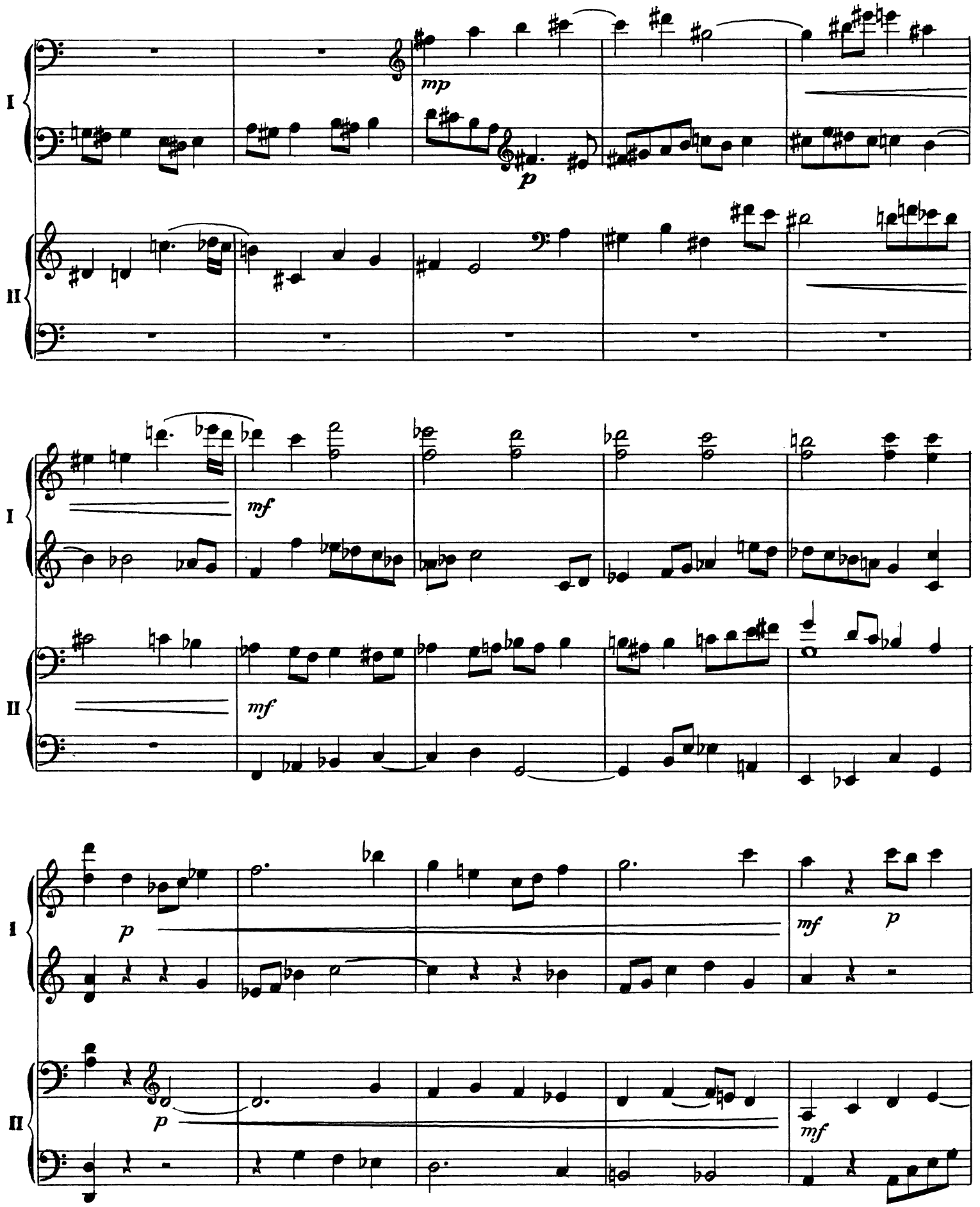


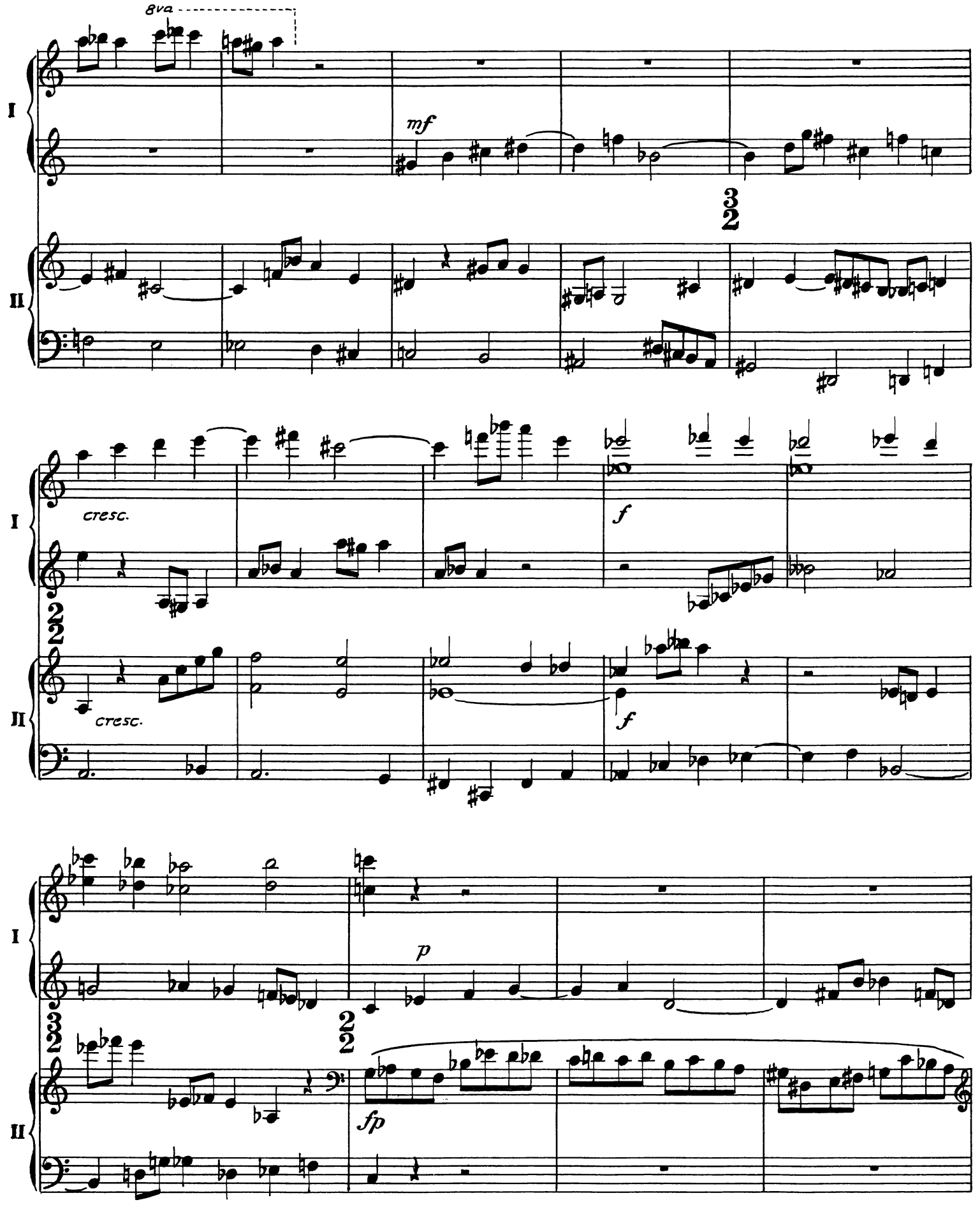

I
II
p
mf
3/4
2/2
p
cresc.
cresc.
3/4
2/2
3/4
ff
2/2
ff

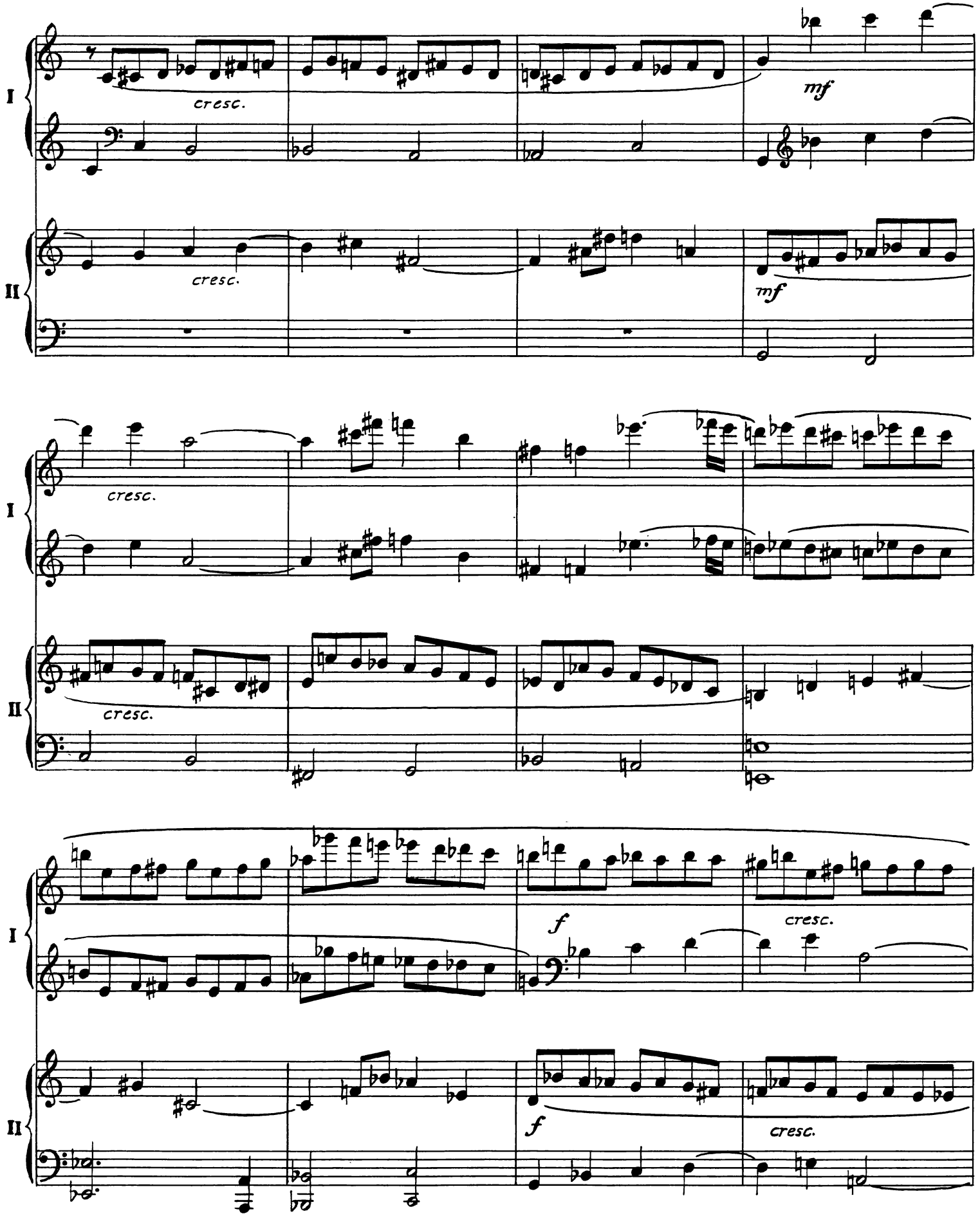

I
II
p
f
pp
8va
8va
p
pp
p

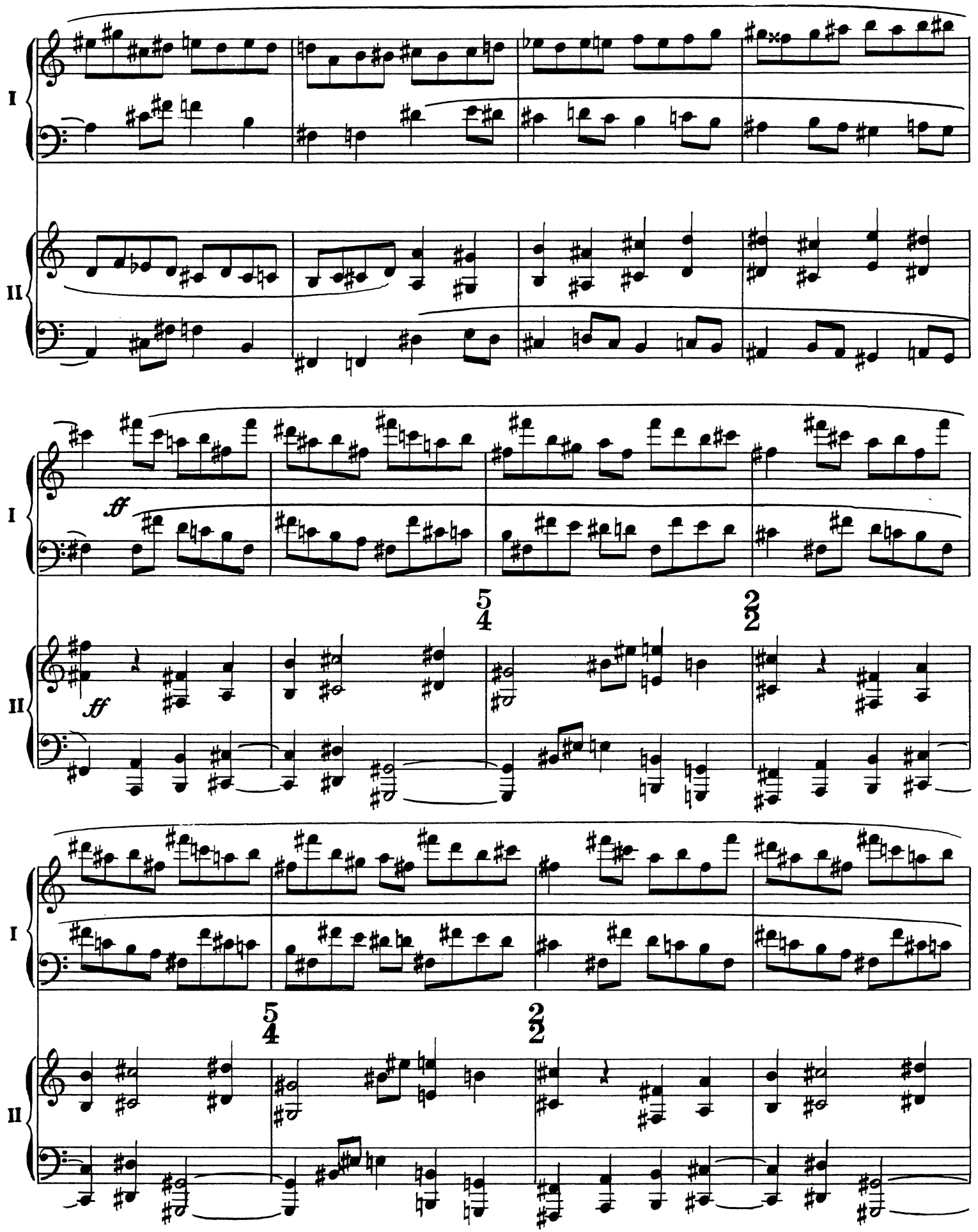

I
II
cresc.
cresc.
8va
f
mf
p
f
mf
8va

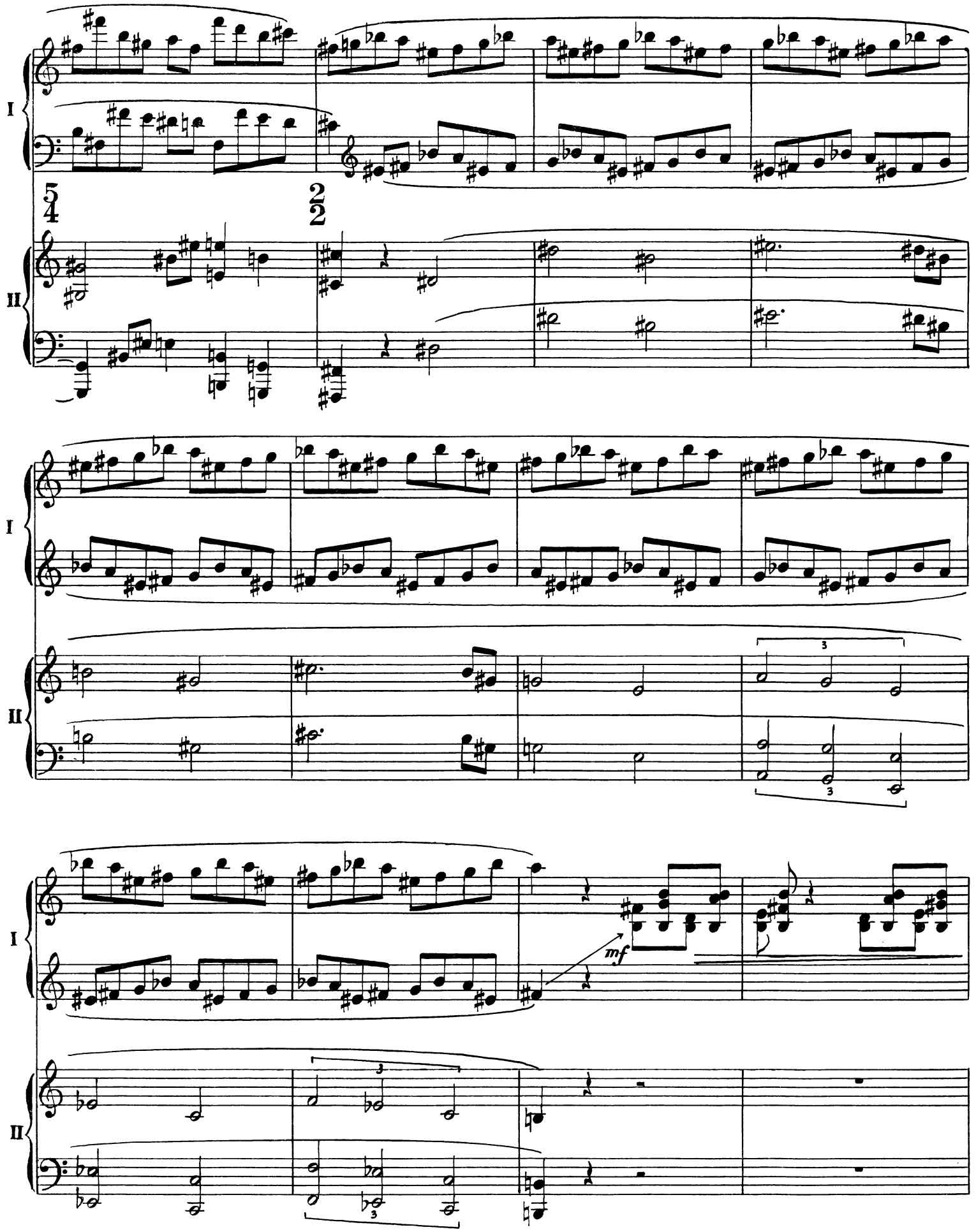

8va
I
f
II
f
8va
I
f
p
II
I
pp
II
p

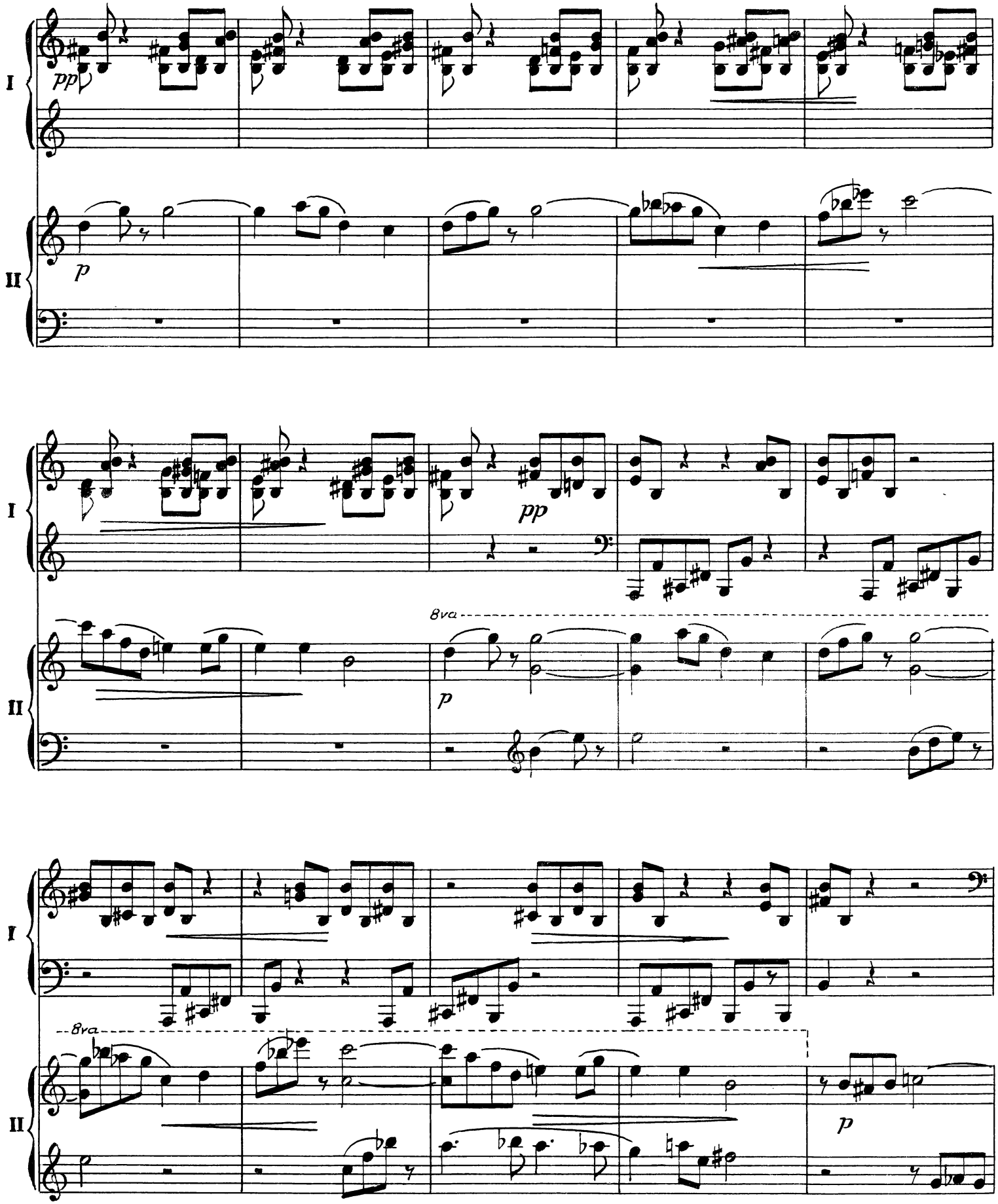

I
II
mp
p
mf
mf
I
II
p
mf
p
I
II
p
mf

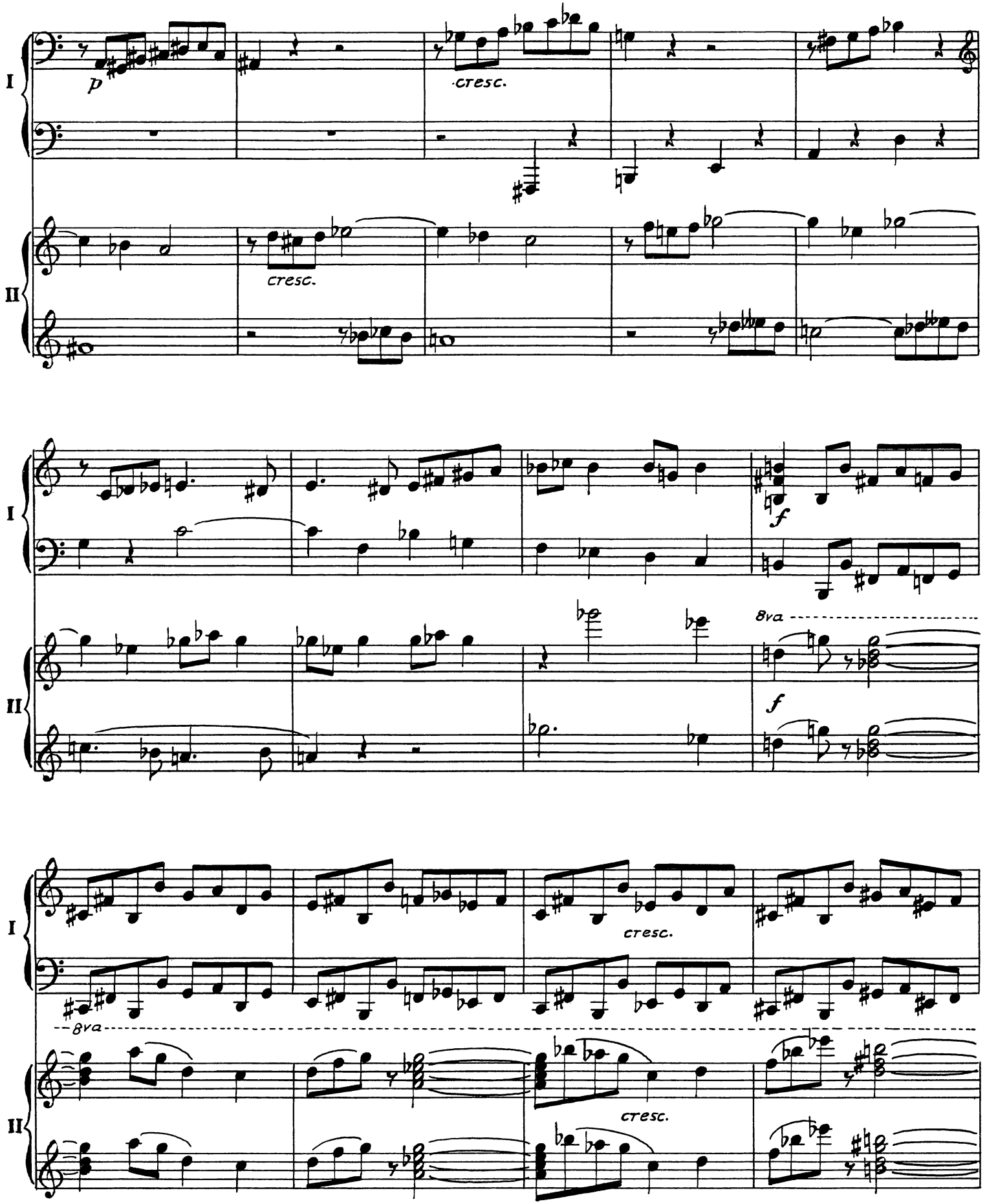

8va
I
II
mf
3
2
cresc.
f
2
2
cresc.
f
I
II
p
3
2
2
2
fp

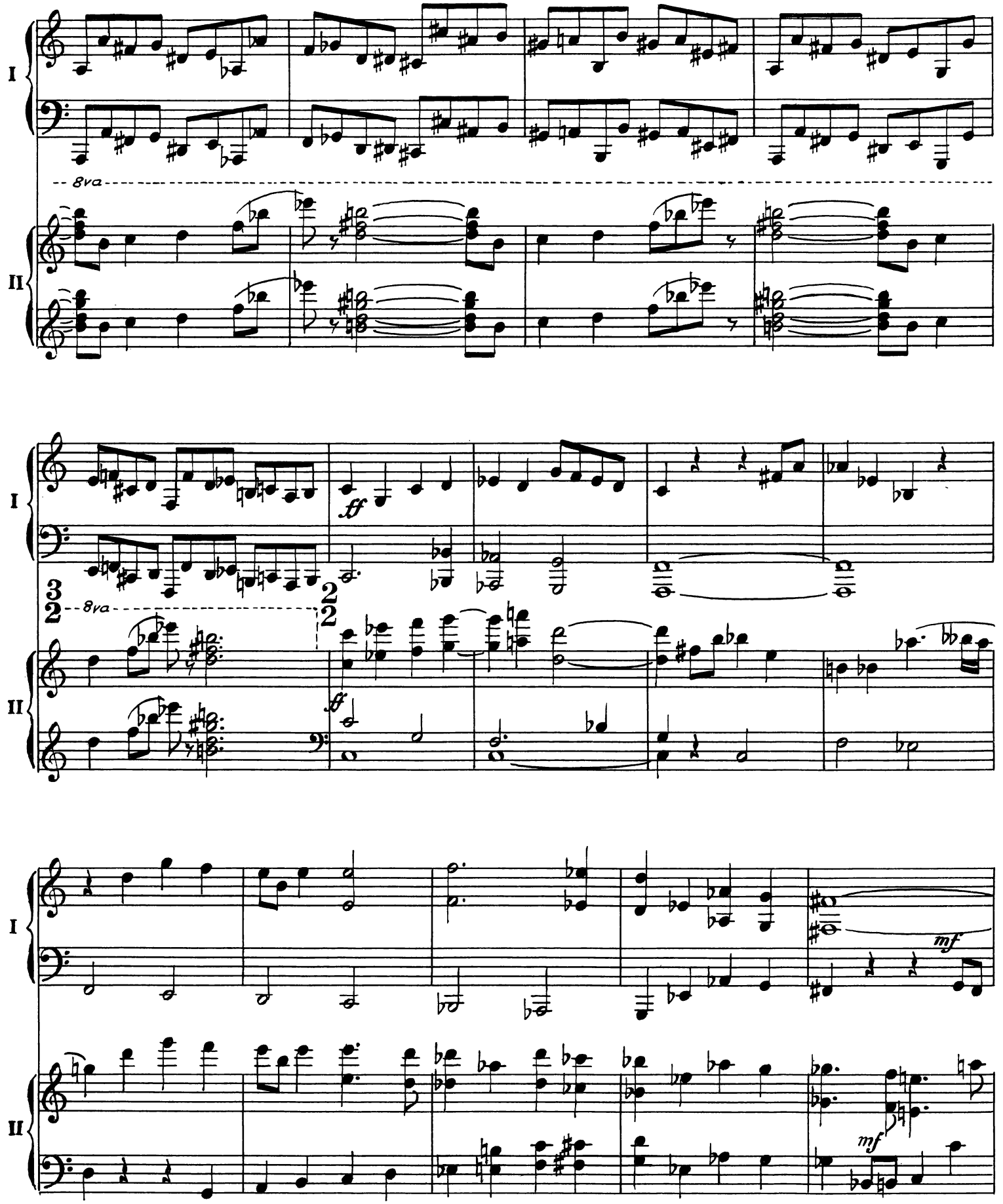

I
II
cresc.
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
cresc.

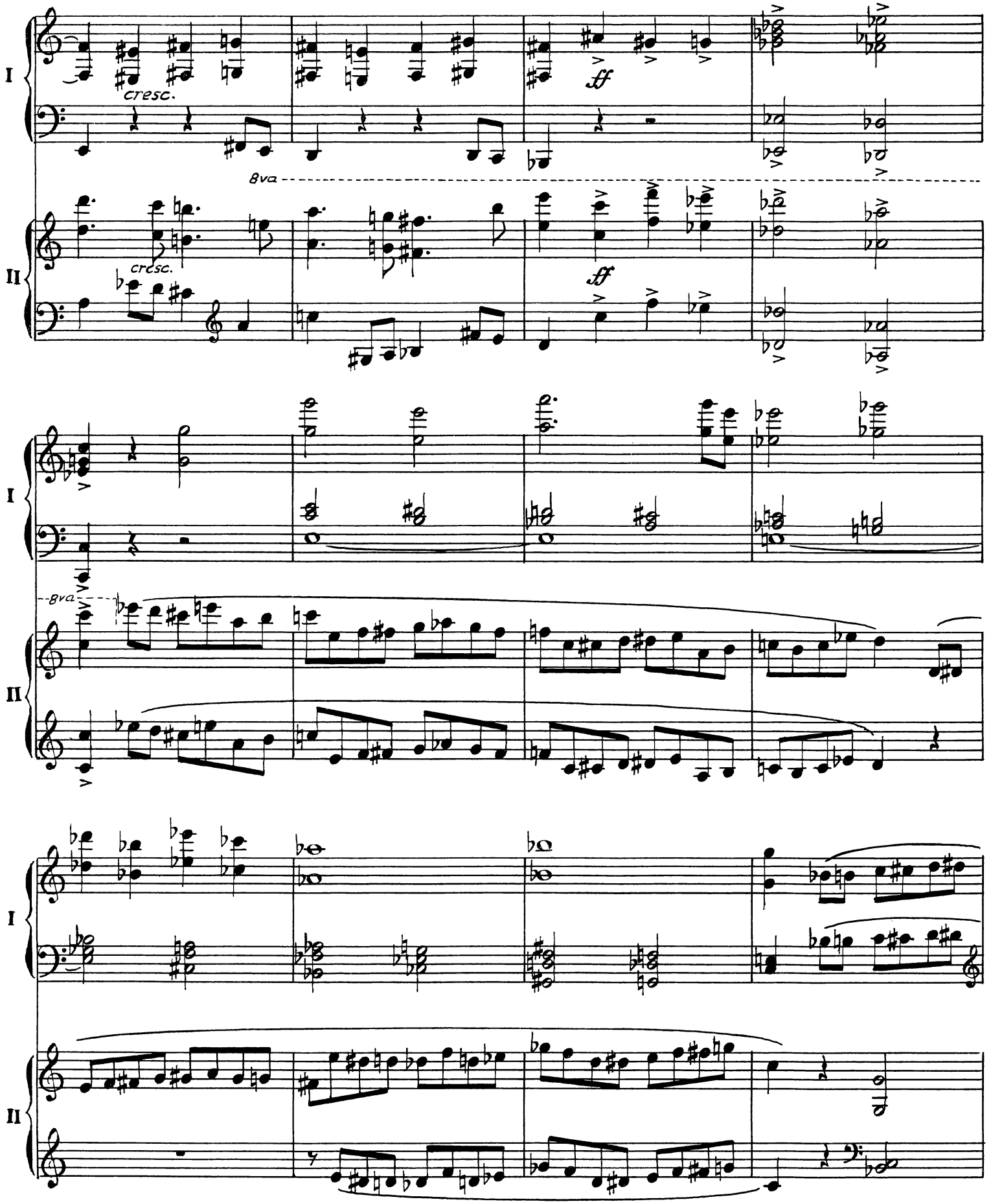

I
II
ff
ff
5/4
2/2
I
II
5/4
2/2

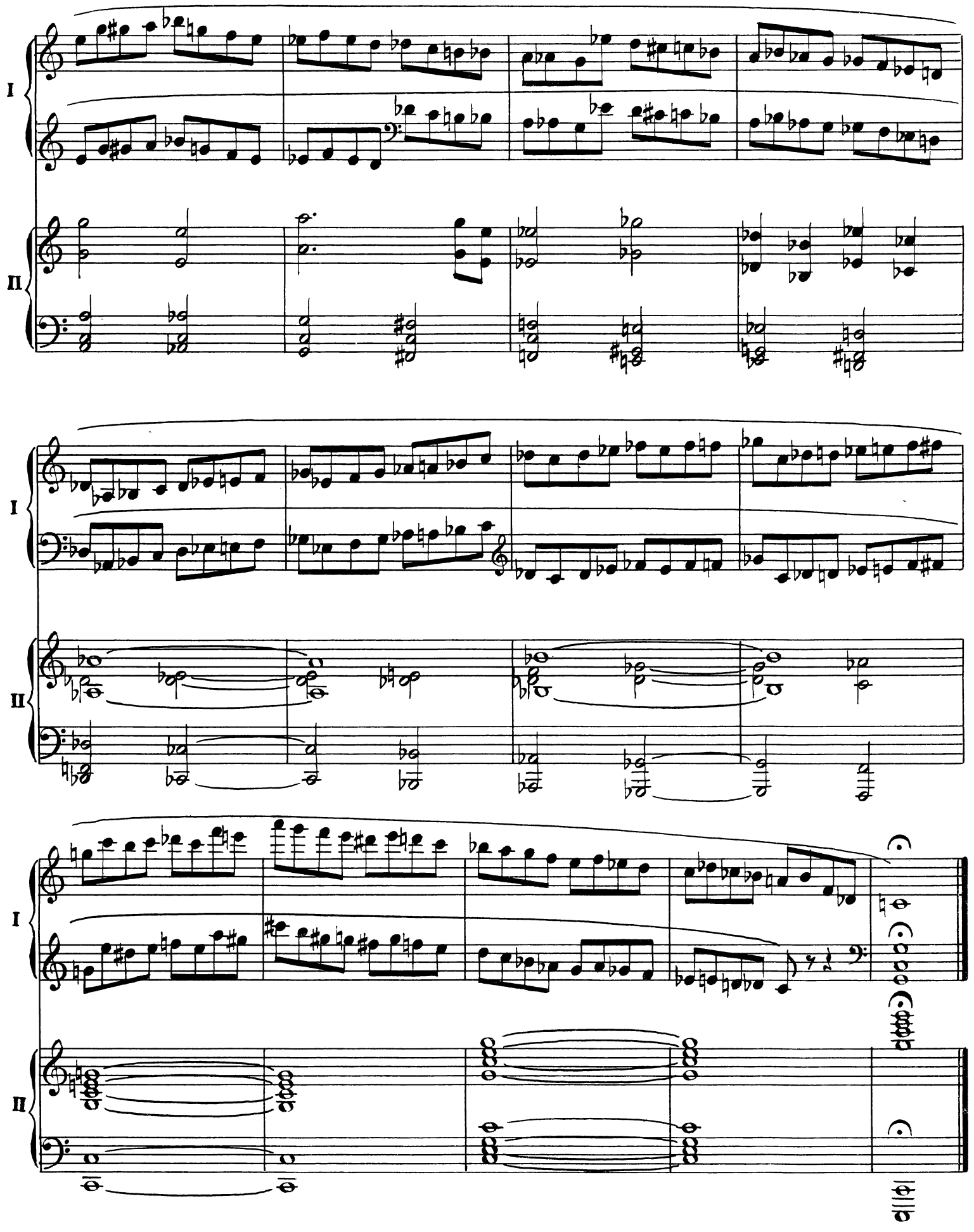

I
II
5/4
2/2
mf


I
II
pp
p
pp
8va
p
8va
p


I
II
p
cresc.
cresc.
f
8va
f
8va
cresc.
cresc.


I
II
8va
8va
ff
fp
mf
mf

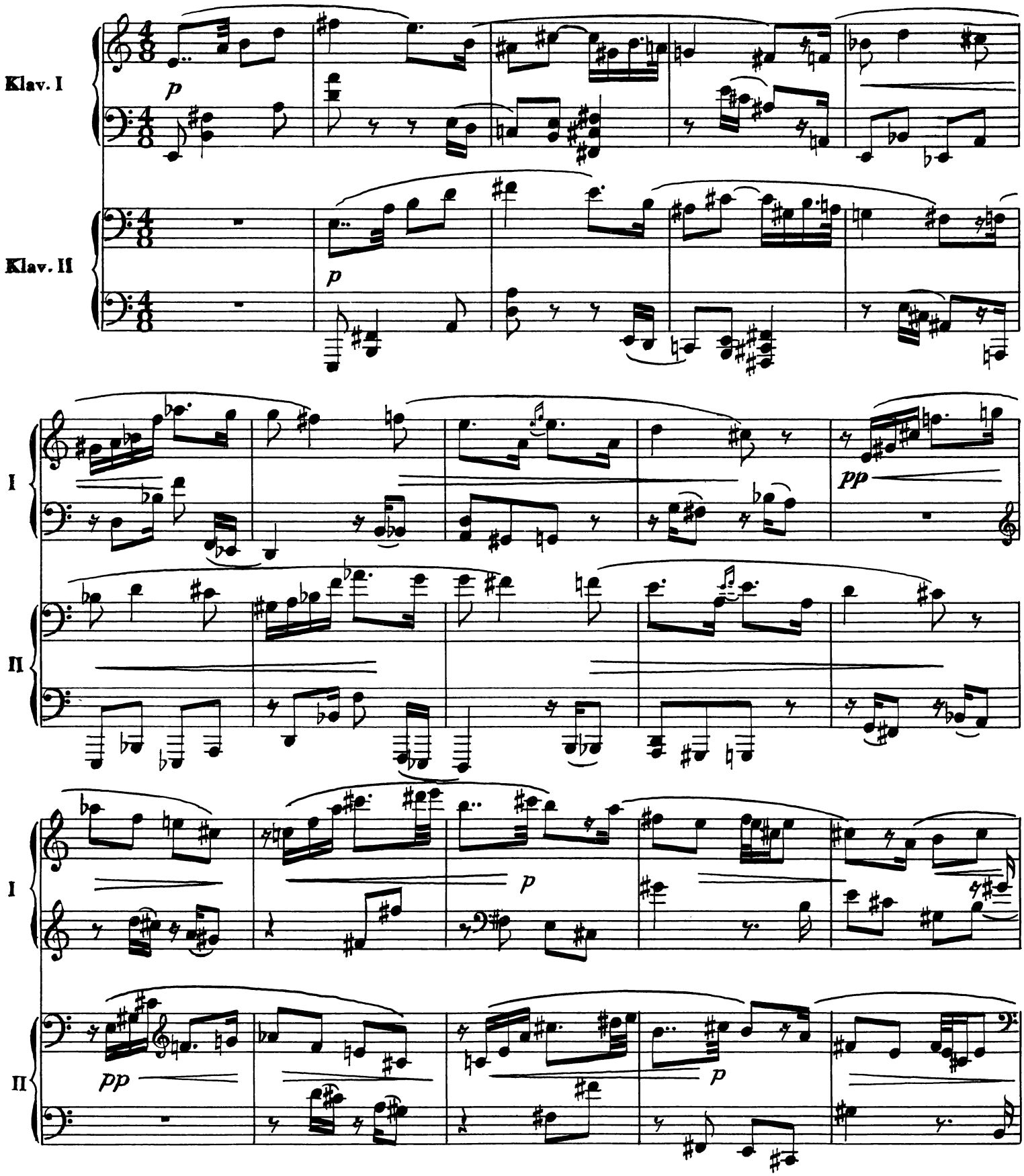

I
II
cresc.
cresc.
ff
ff
8va
8va

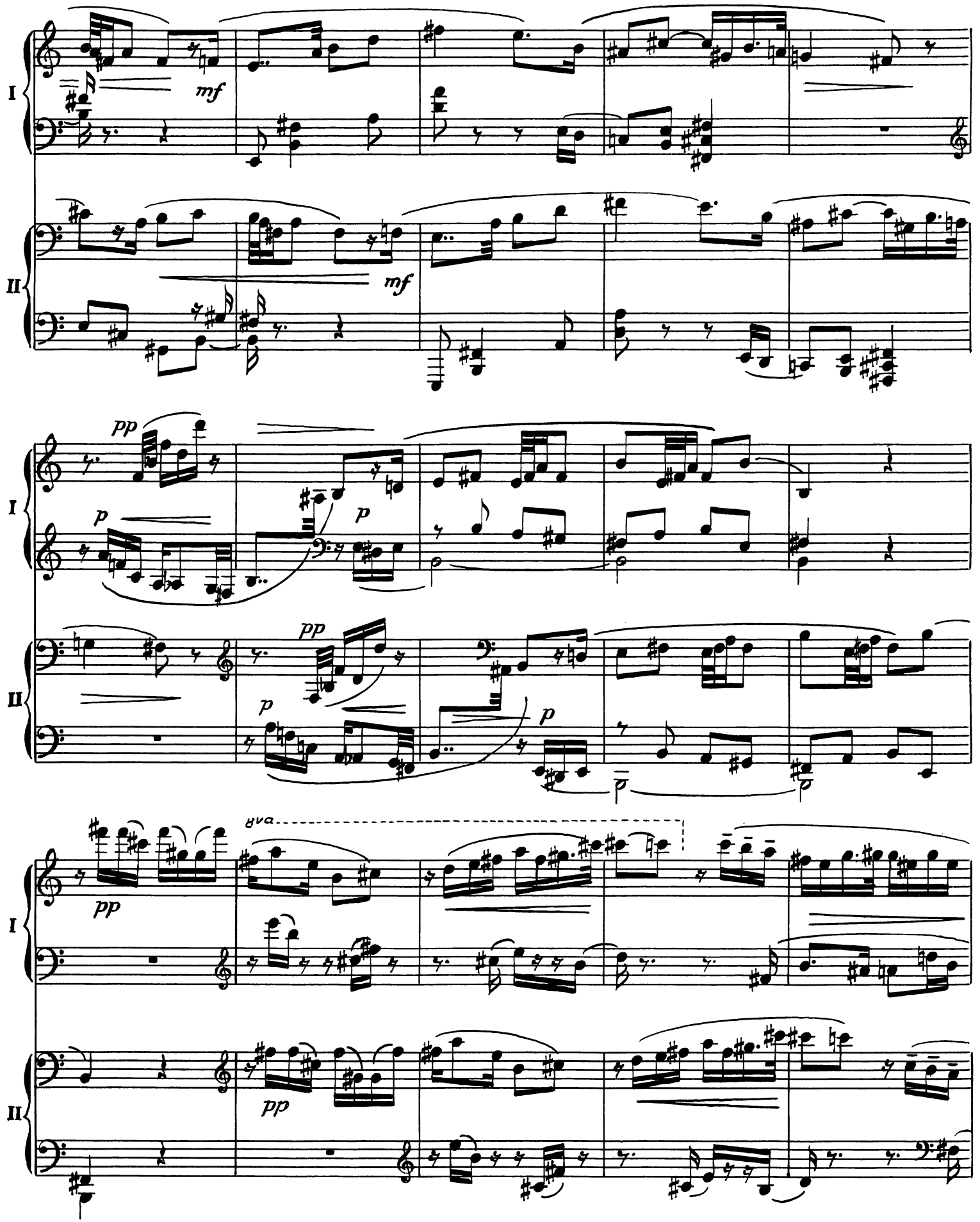

I
II
I
II
I
II

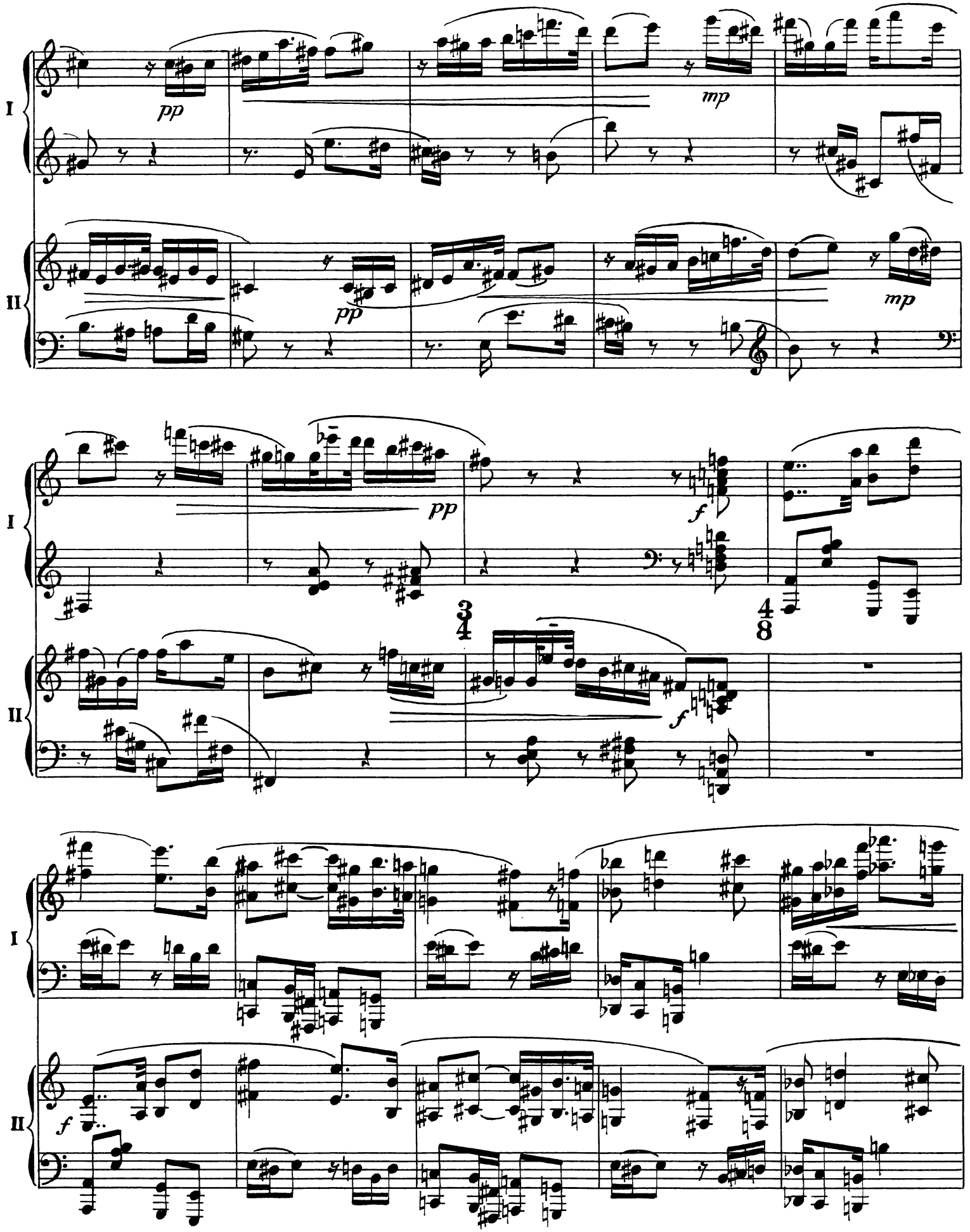
III

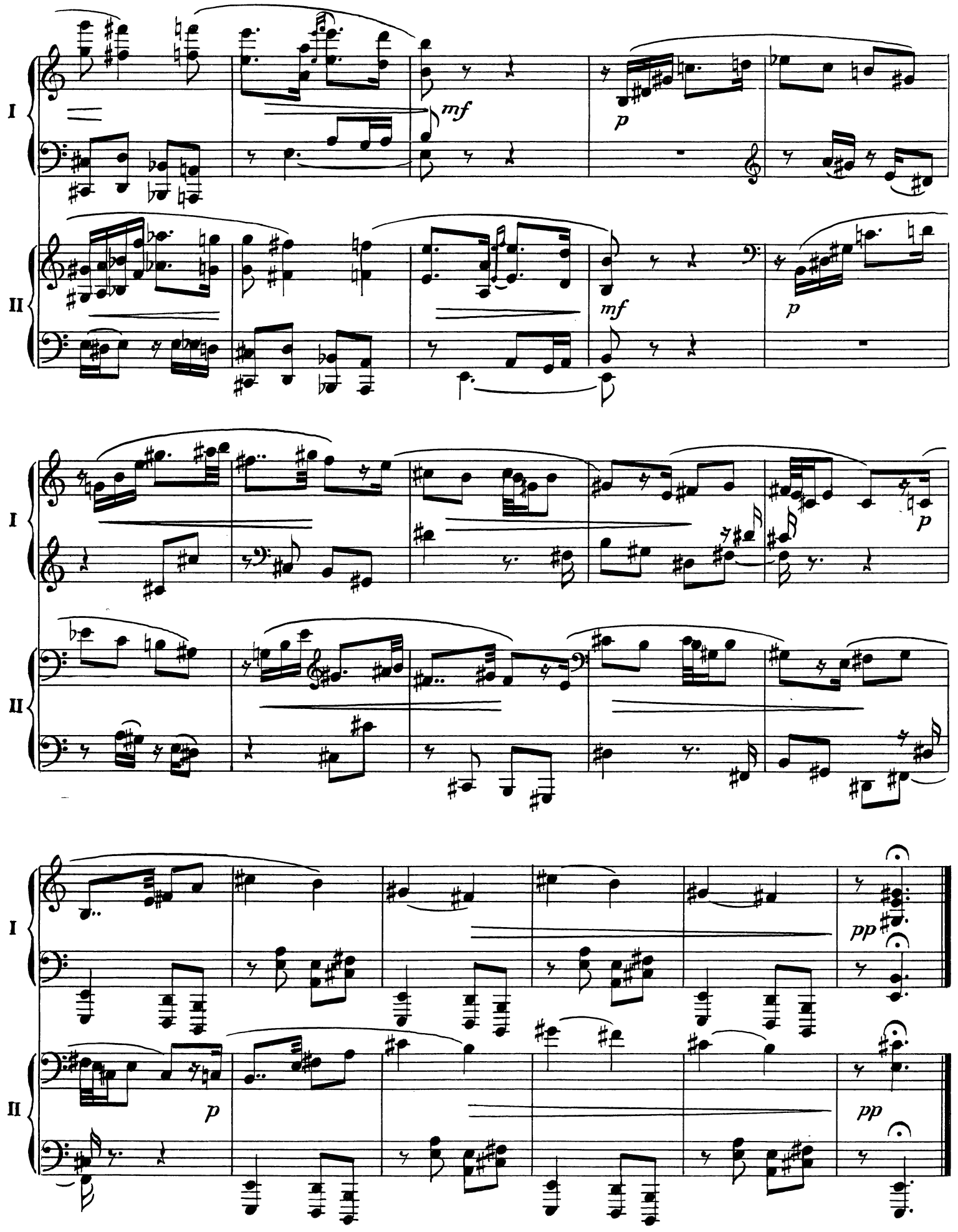
Kanon

Lento (♪ = 50)




I
II
mf
mf
pp
p
p
pp
p
p
8va
pp
pp


I
II
pp
mp
pp
mp
I
II
pp
f
3/4
4/8
f
I
II
f


I
II
mf
p
mf
p
I
II
p
I
II
p
pp
pp

IV

Recitativ

eines altenglischen Gedichtes

This World's Joy · Die Freude dieser Welt

Anonymous ca. 1300

(See: The Oxford Book of English Verse)

Wynter wakeneth al my care,
nou this leves waxeth bare;
ofte I sike ant mourne sare
when hit cometh in my thoht
of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

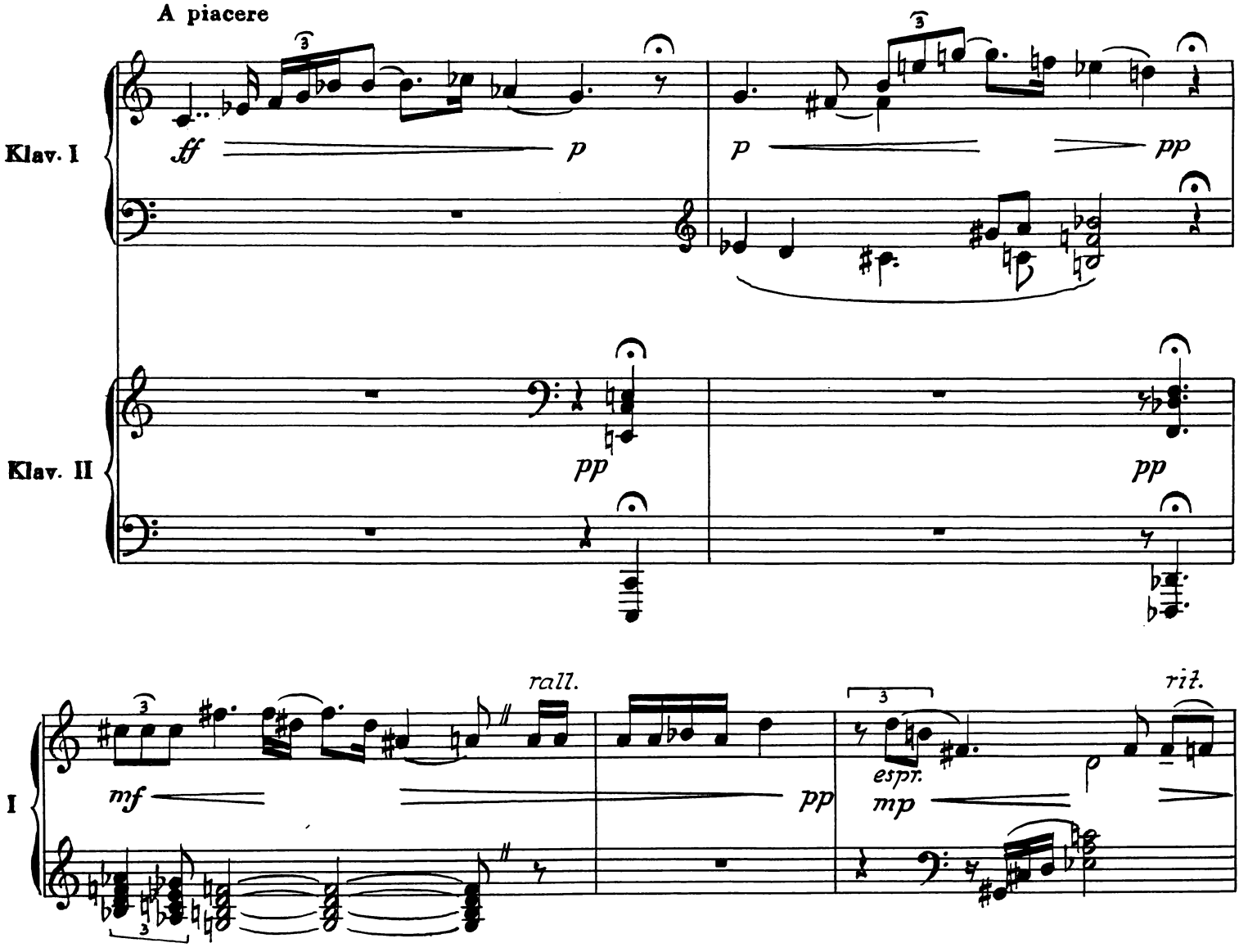
Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
al so hit ner nere, ywys;
that moni mon seith, soth hit ys:
Al goth bote Godes wille:
Alle we shule deye, that us like ylle.

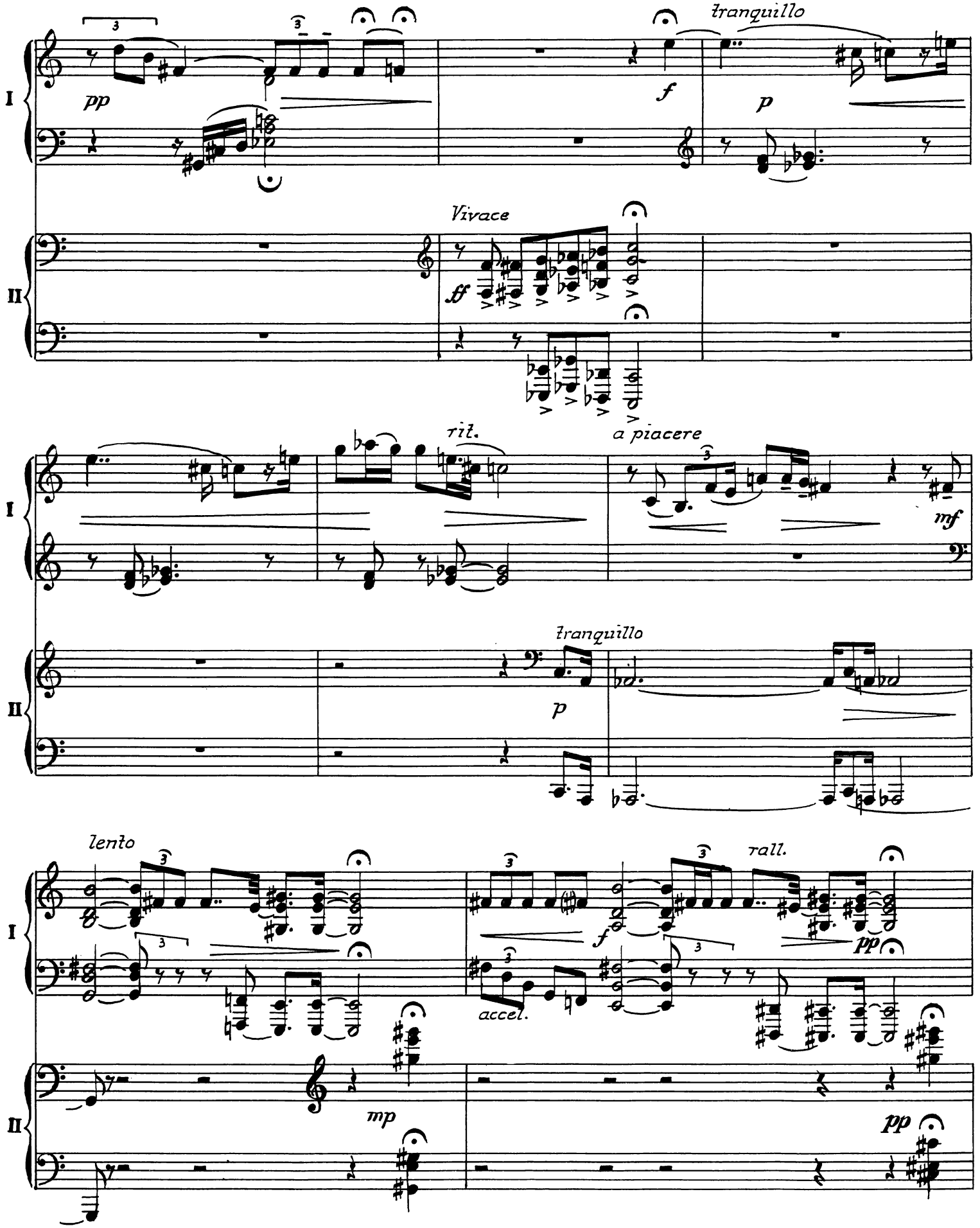
Al that gren me graueth grene,
nou hit faleweth albydene:
Jesu, help that hit be sene
ant shild us from helle!
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

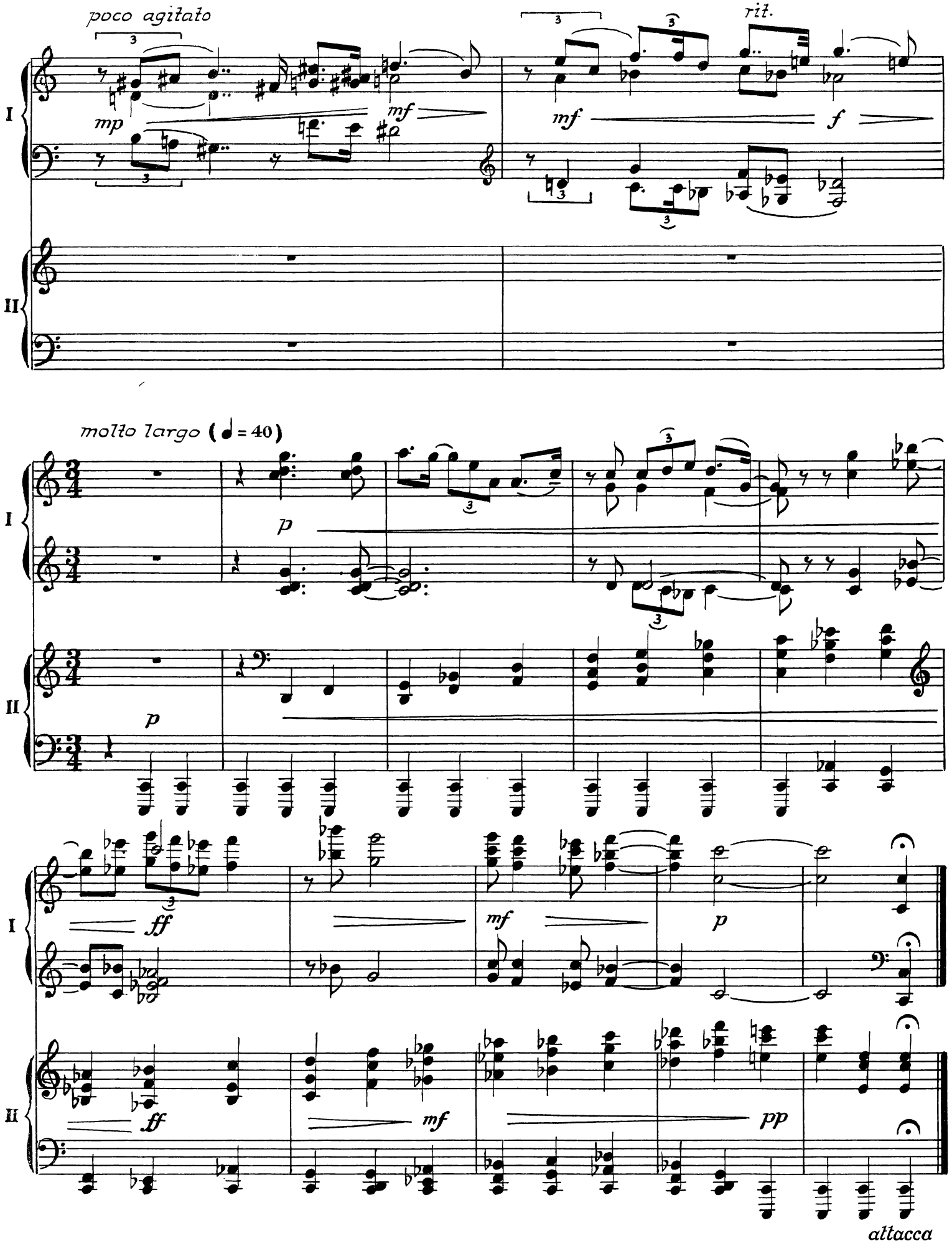
Der Winter weckt alle meine Sorge,
nun werden die Blätter schmucklos;
oft seufze ich und klage sehr,
wenn mir die Freude dieser Welt in den Sinn kommt,
wie alles in nichts vergeht.

Nun ist es, und nun ist es nicht,
obwohl es immer so war (es niemals nicht so war) gewiß,
daß viele Leute sagen, es ist wahr.
Alles vergeht, außer Gottes Wille.
Wir müssen alle sterben, denn wir sind alle gleich böse.

Alles Grün wächst frisch.
Nun verwelkt es allzusammen:
Jesus, hilf, daß es geschützt werde,
und bewahre uns vor der Hölle.
Denn ich weiß nicht, wohin ich soll, und nicht wie lange ich hier verweile.



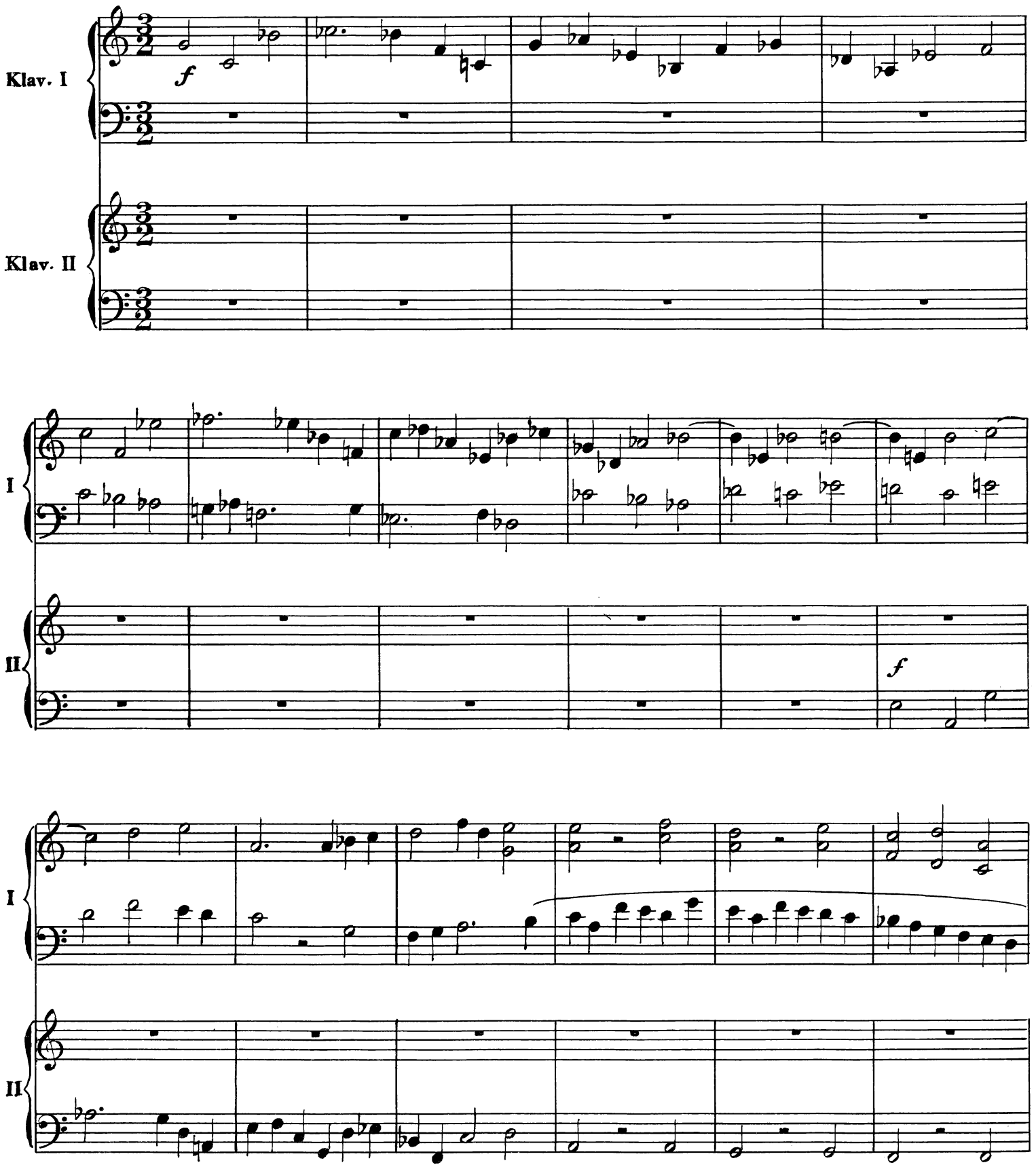

I
II
pp
f
tranquillo
p
Vivace
ff
rit.
a piacere
mf
tranquillo
p
lento
mp
accel.
f
rall.
pp
pp

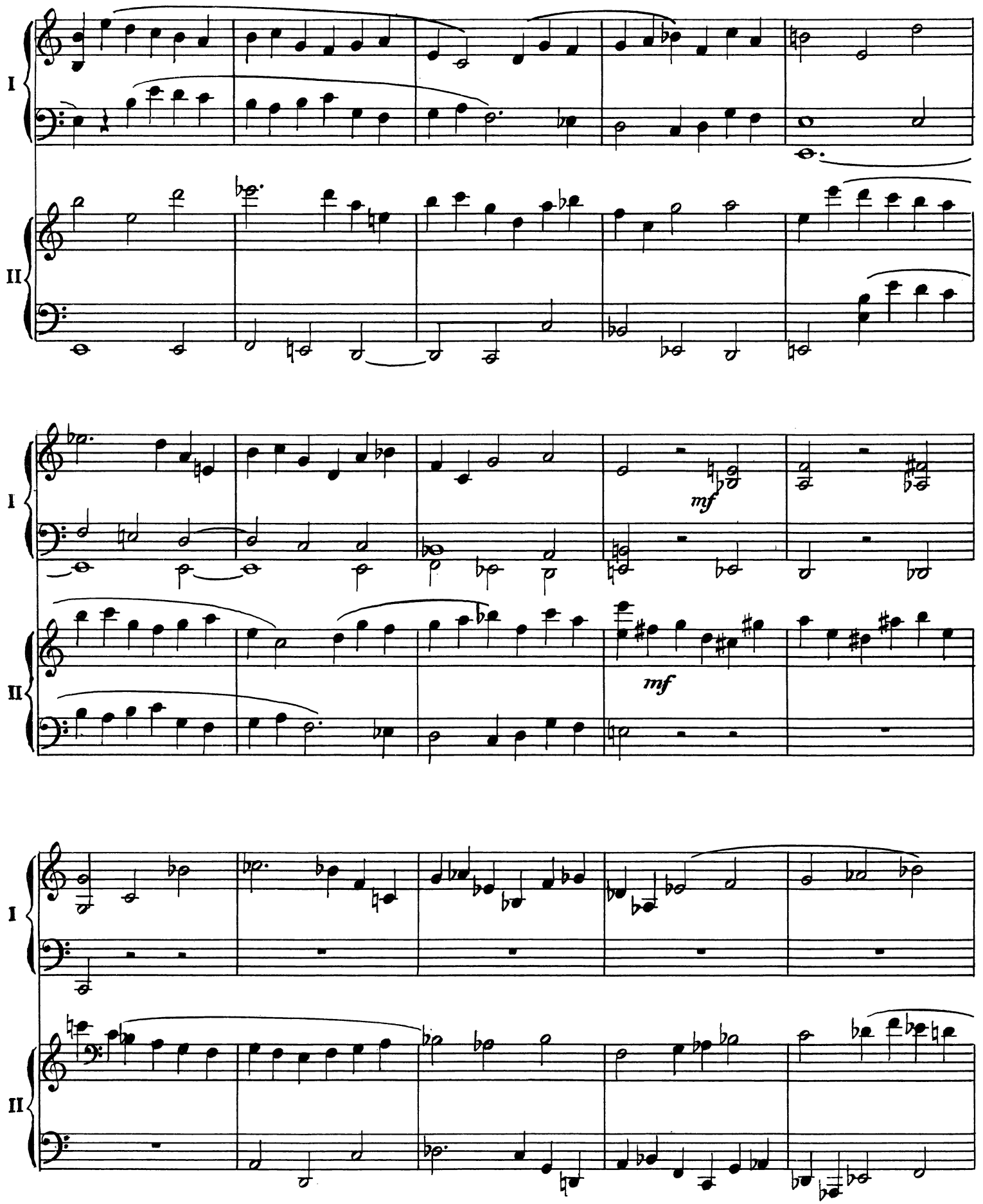

poco agitato
rit.
molto largo (♩ = 40)
attacca

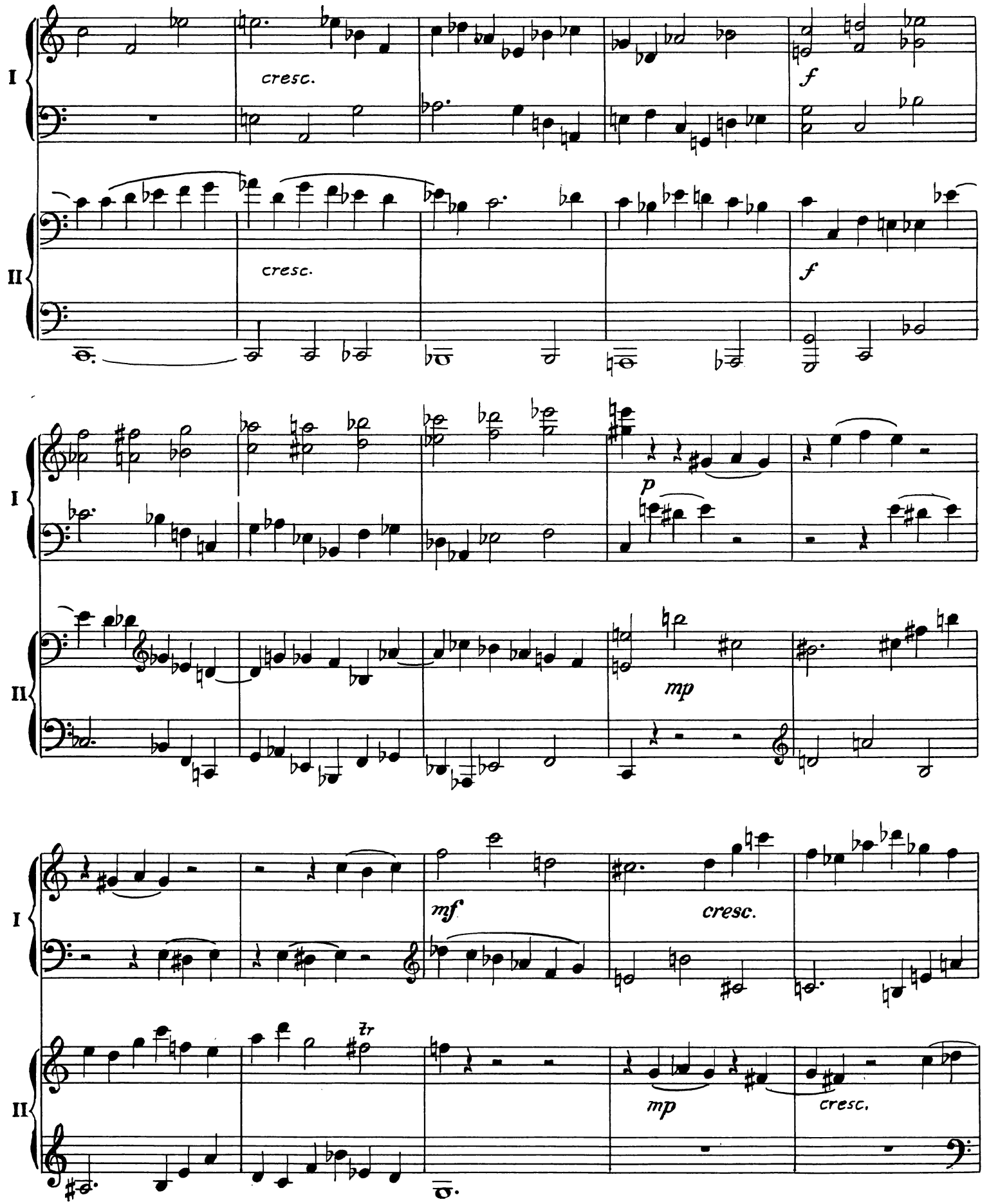
V

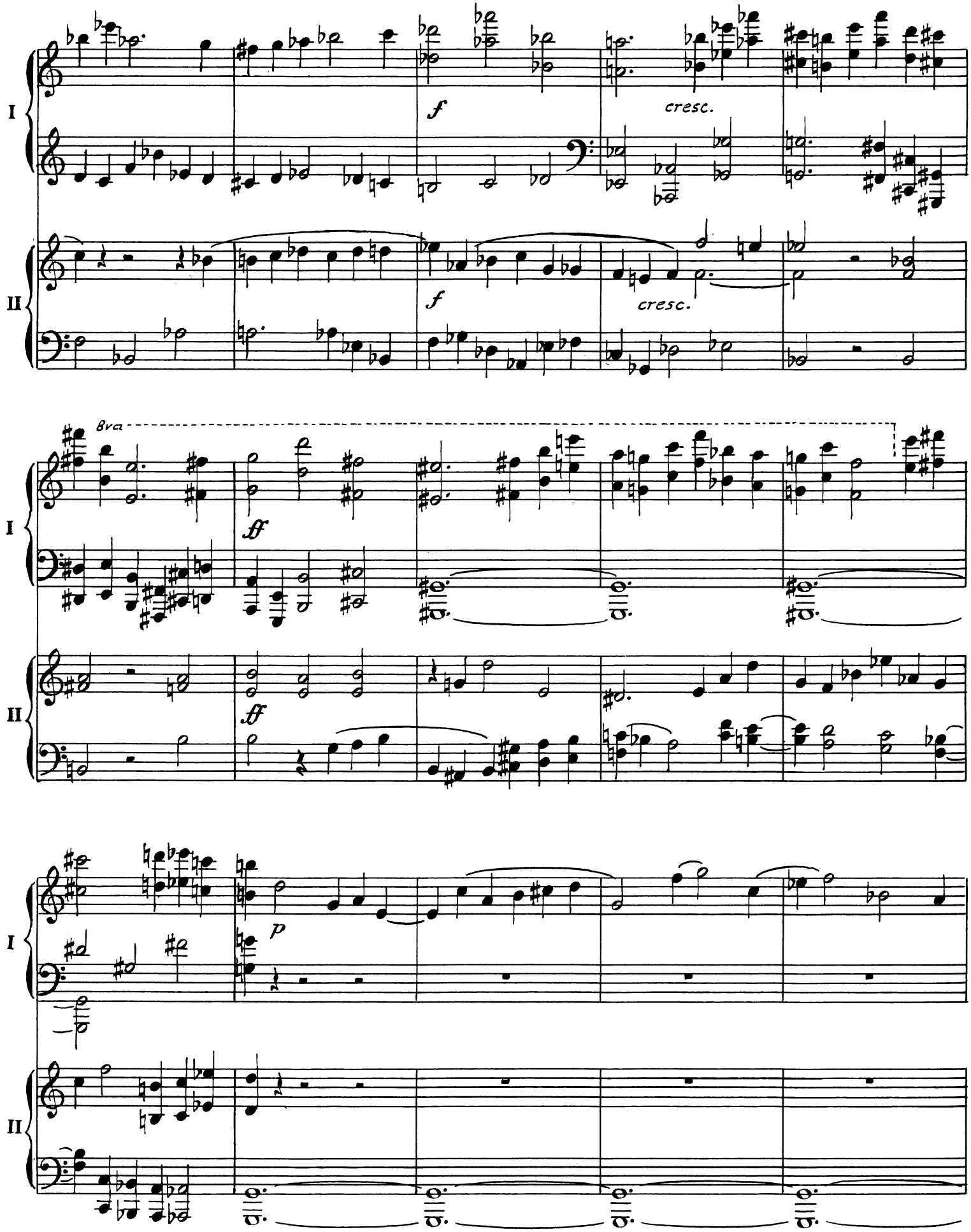
Fuge

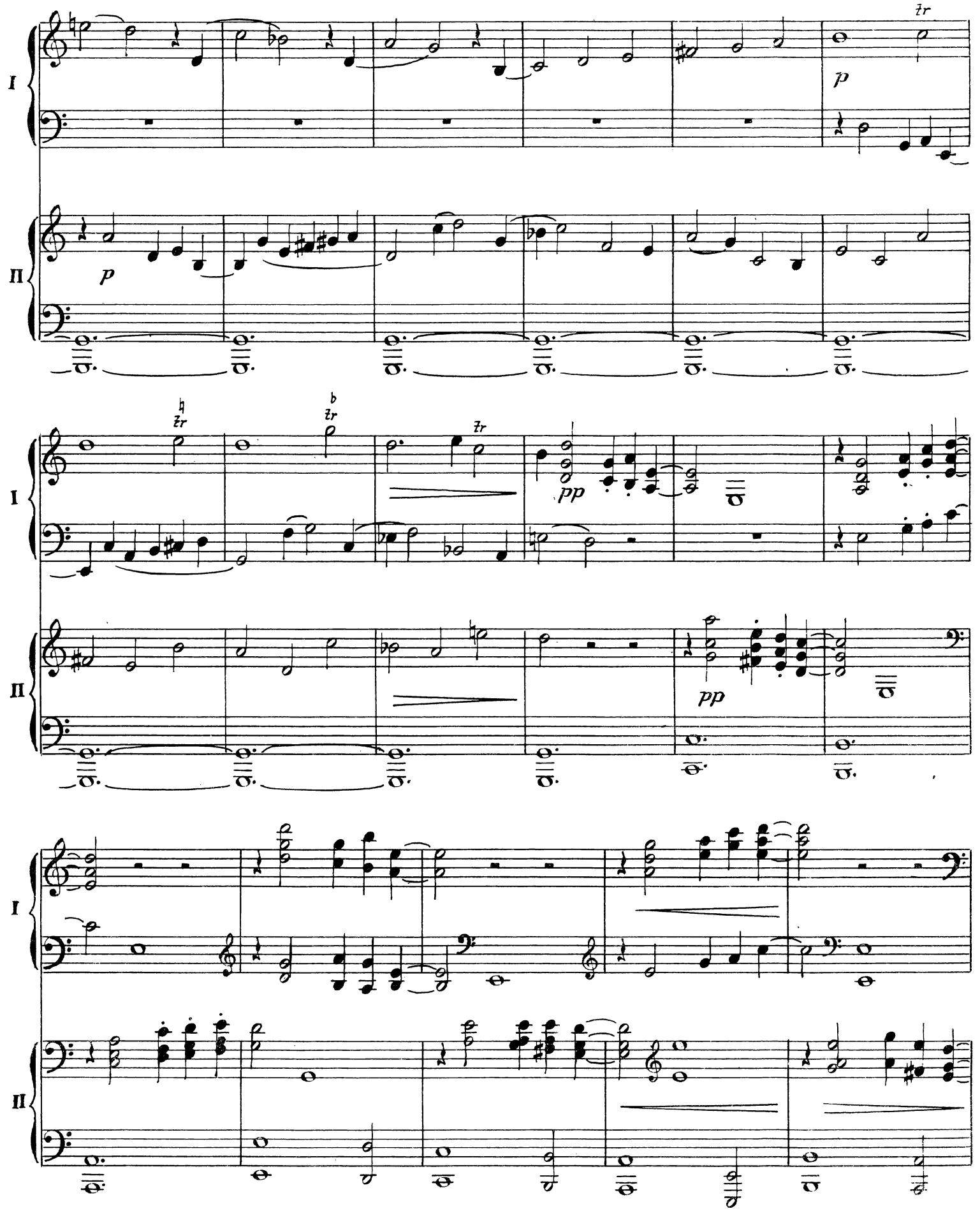
Moderato (♩ = 100 - 108)

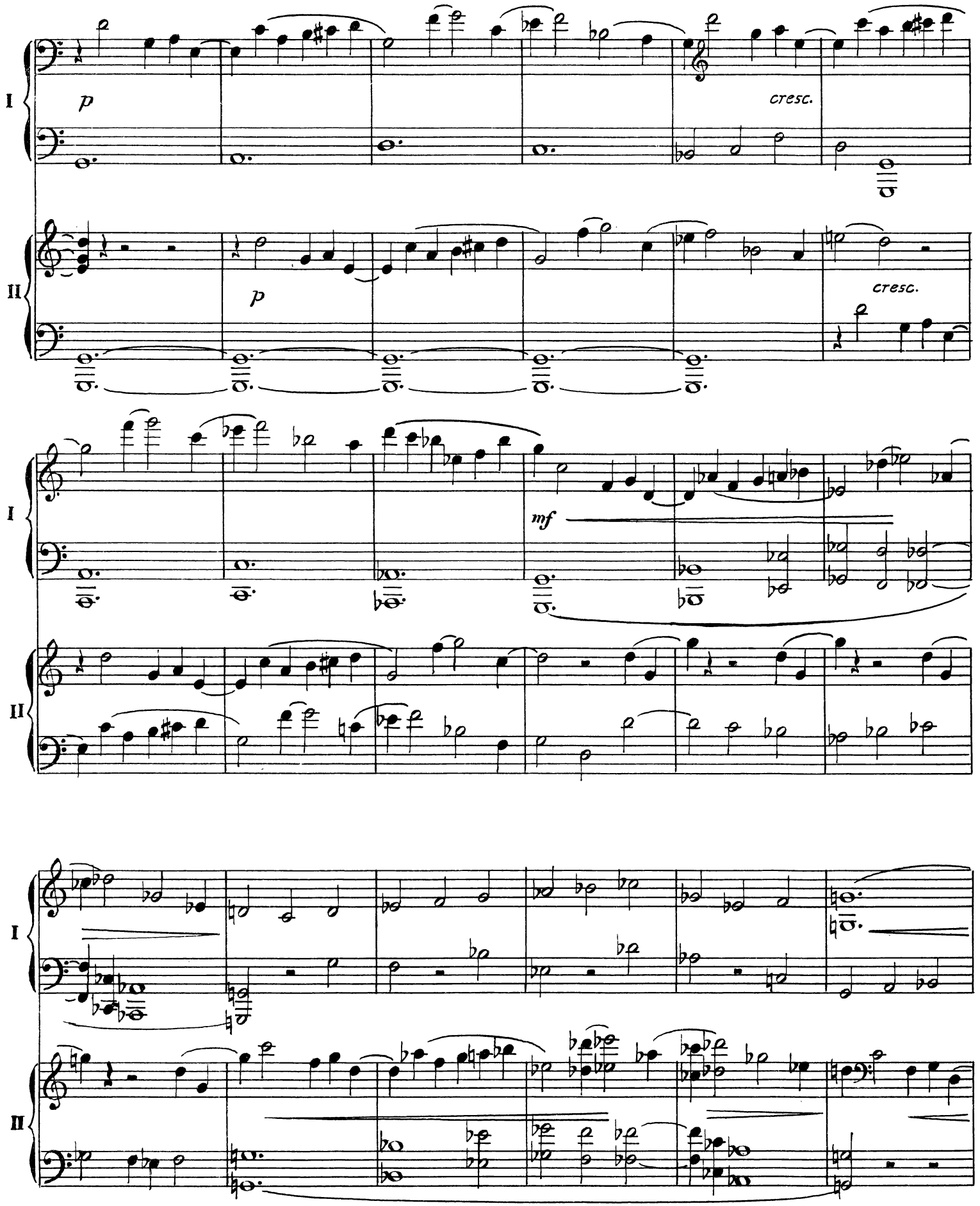


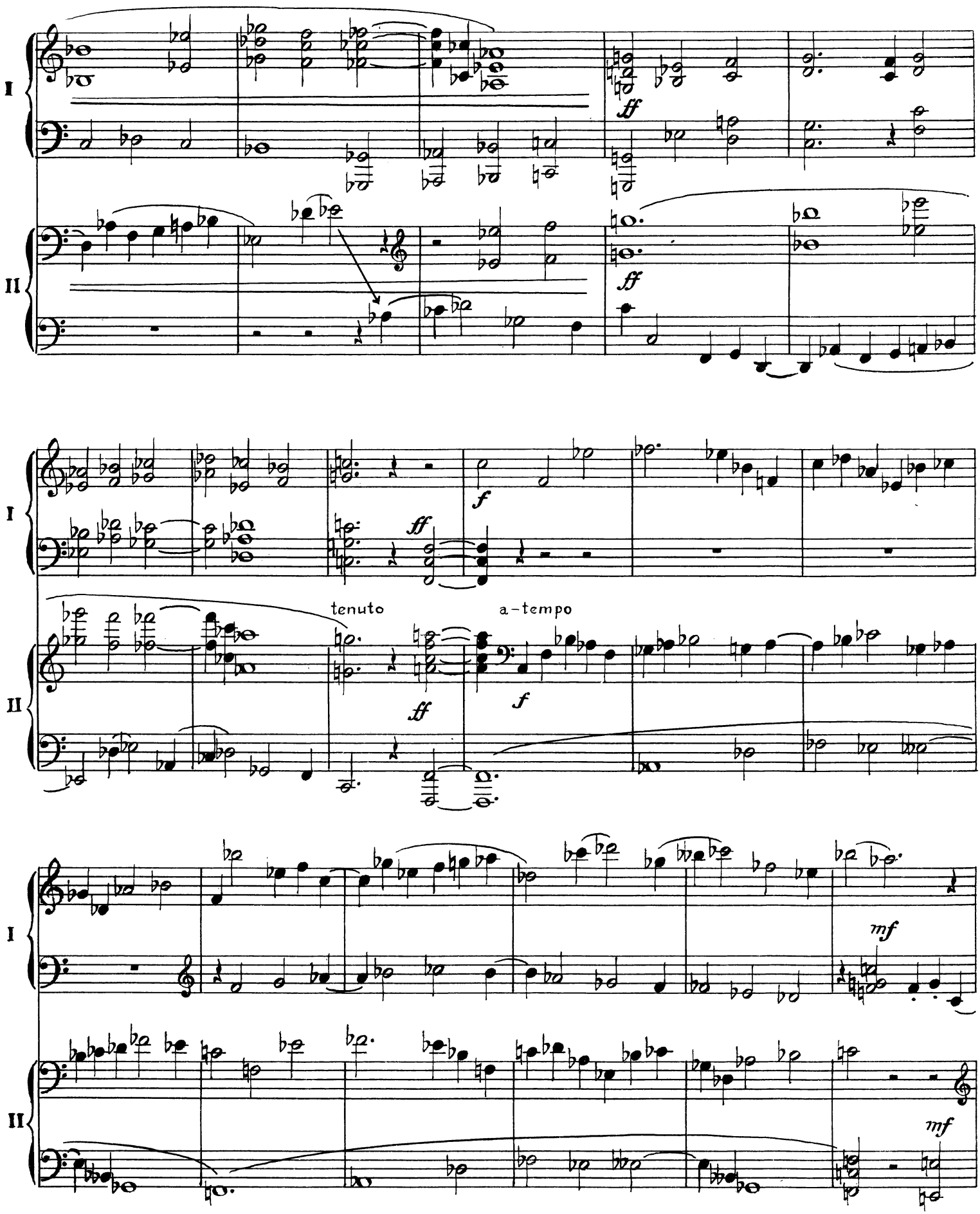

I
II
mf
mf

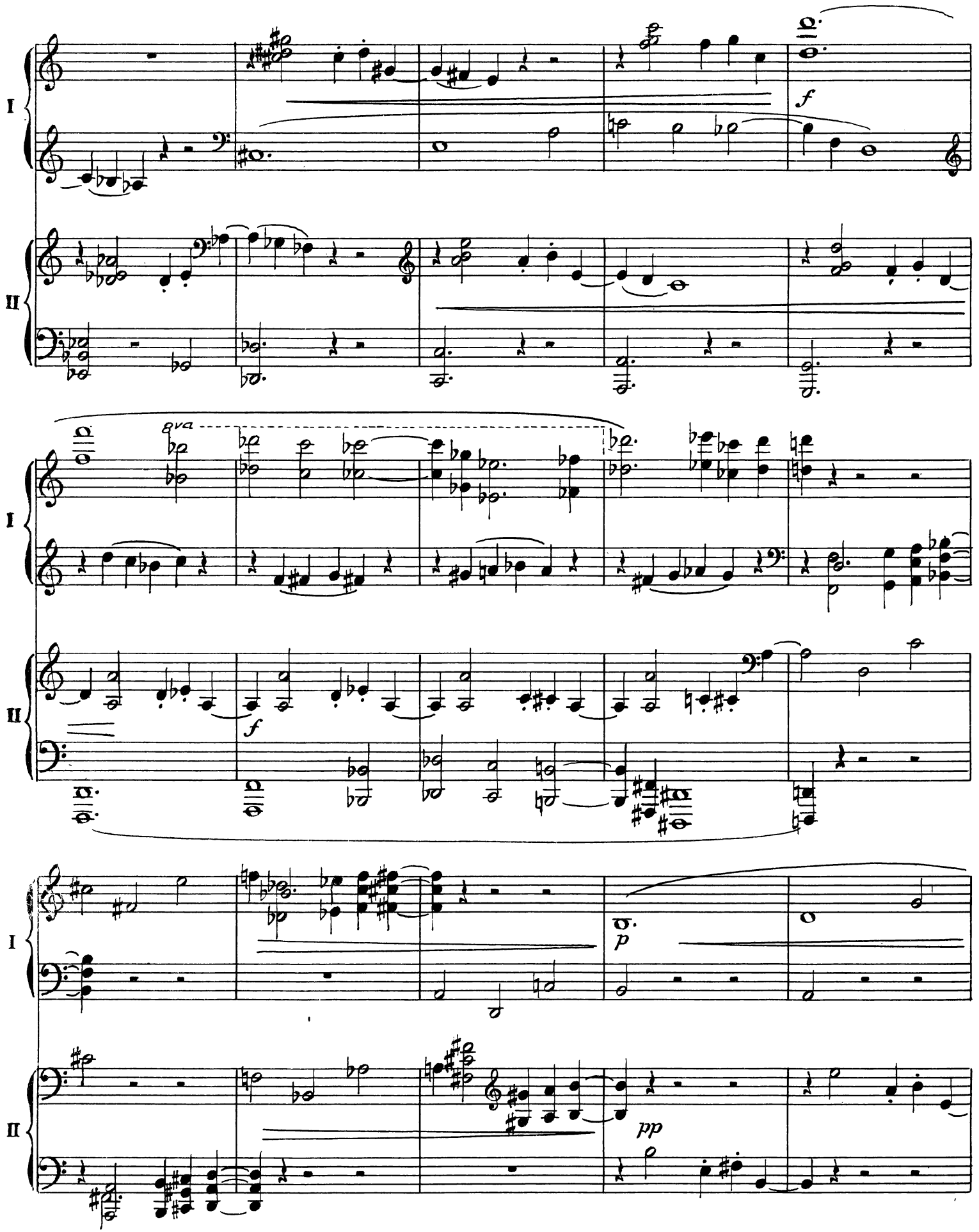

I
II
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
p
mp
mf
cresc.
tr
mp
cresc.

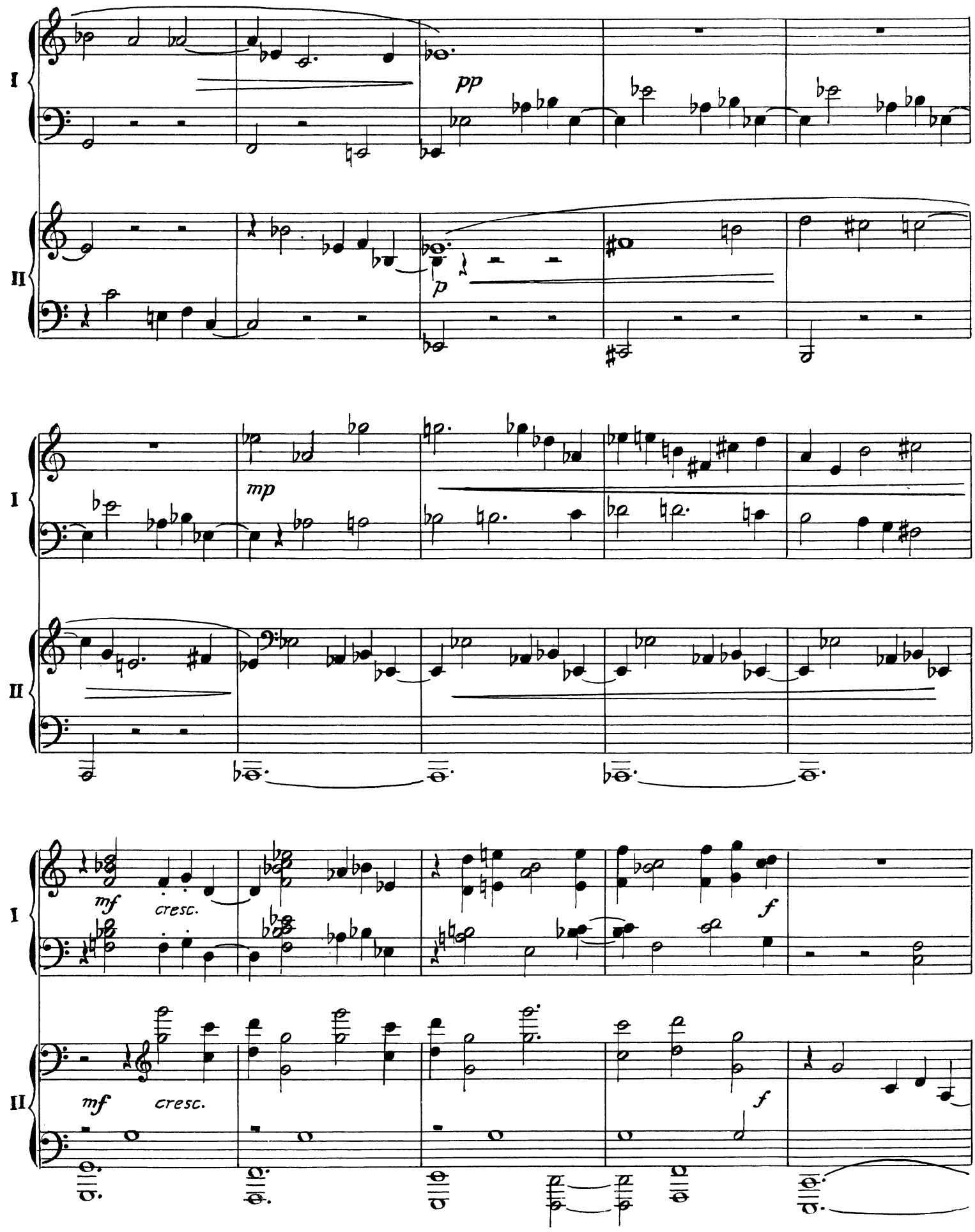

I
II
f
cresc.
f
cresc.
8va
ff
ff
p

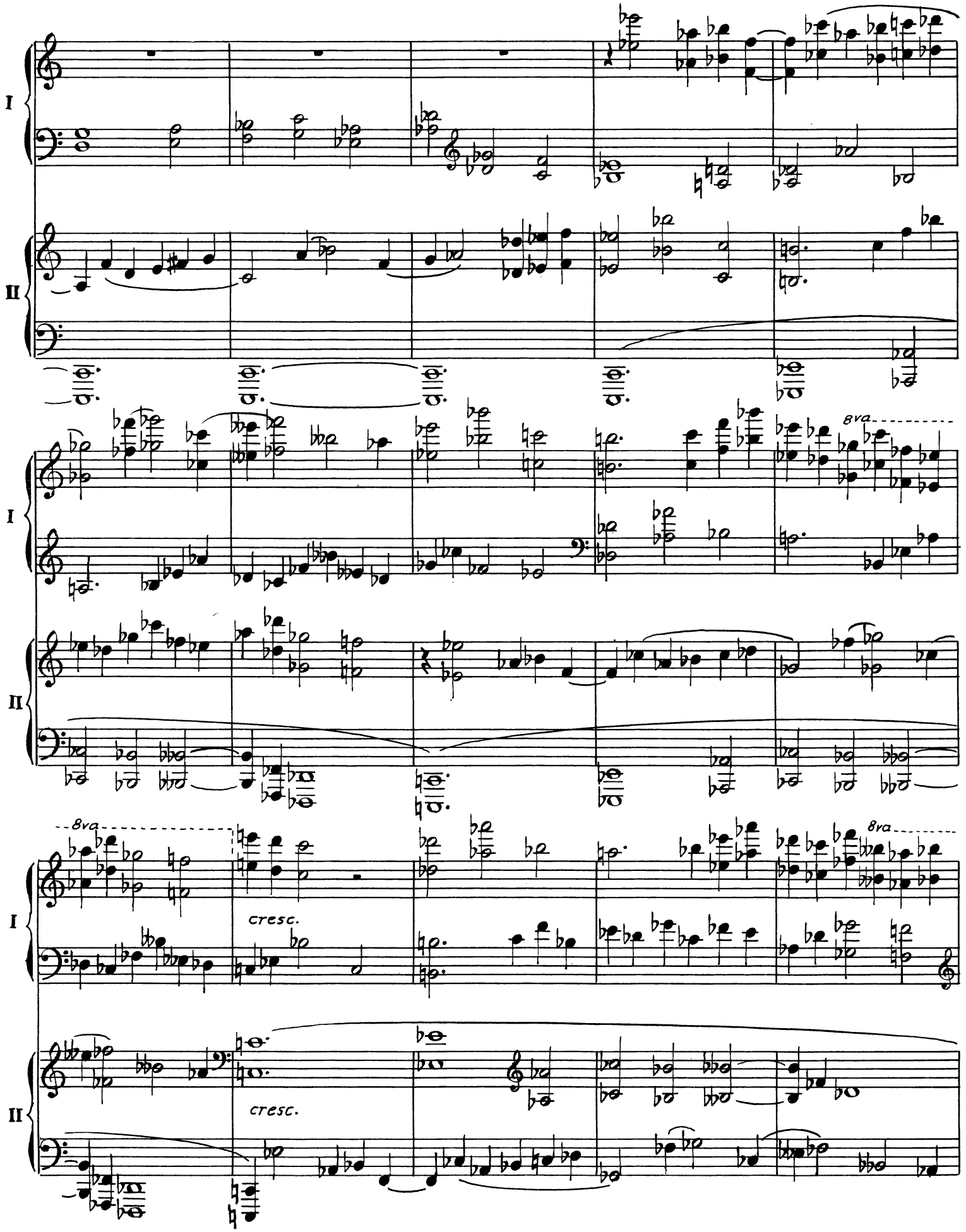

I
II
p
tr
pp

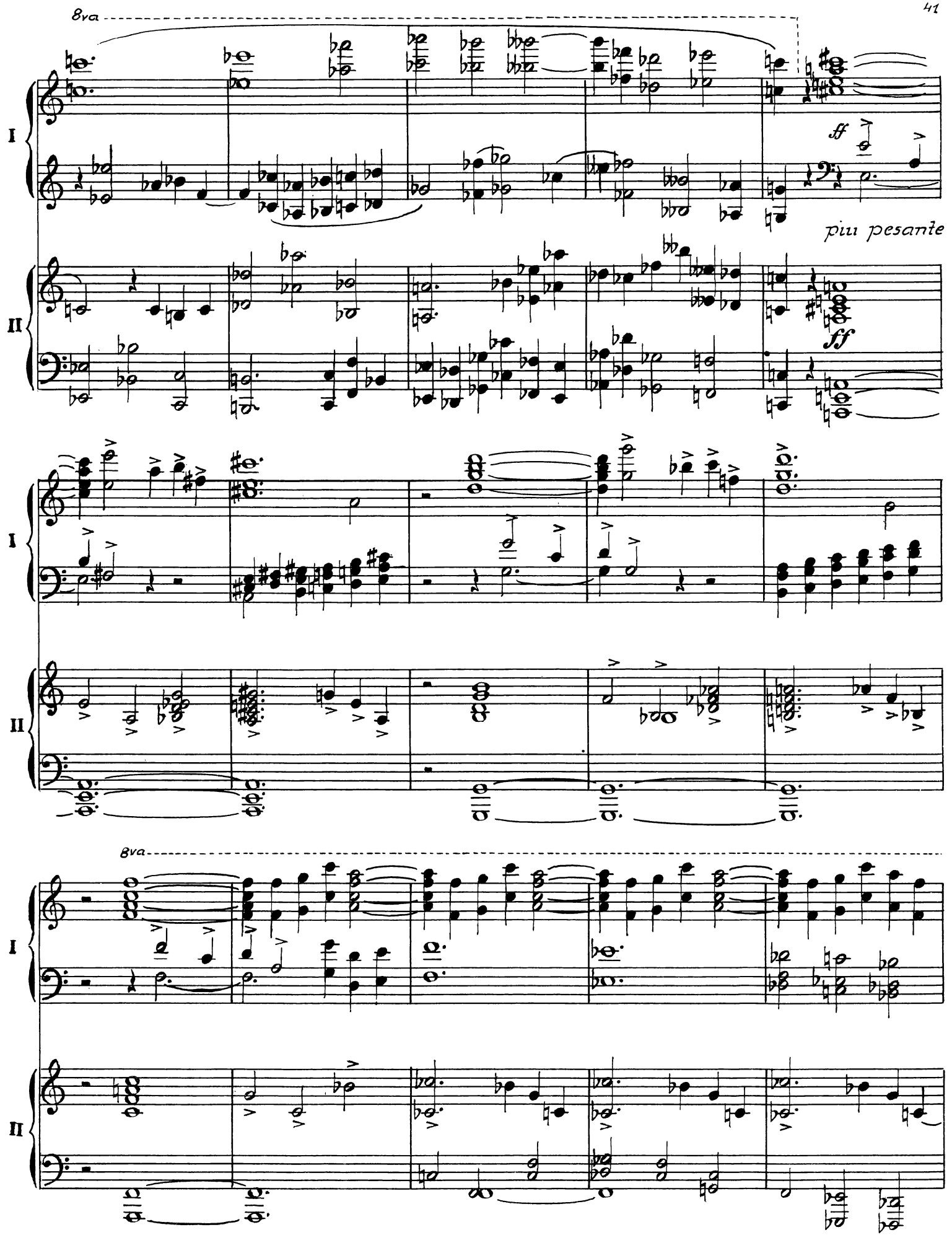

I
II
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
mf

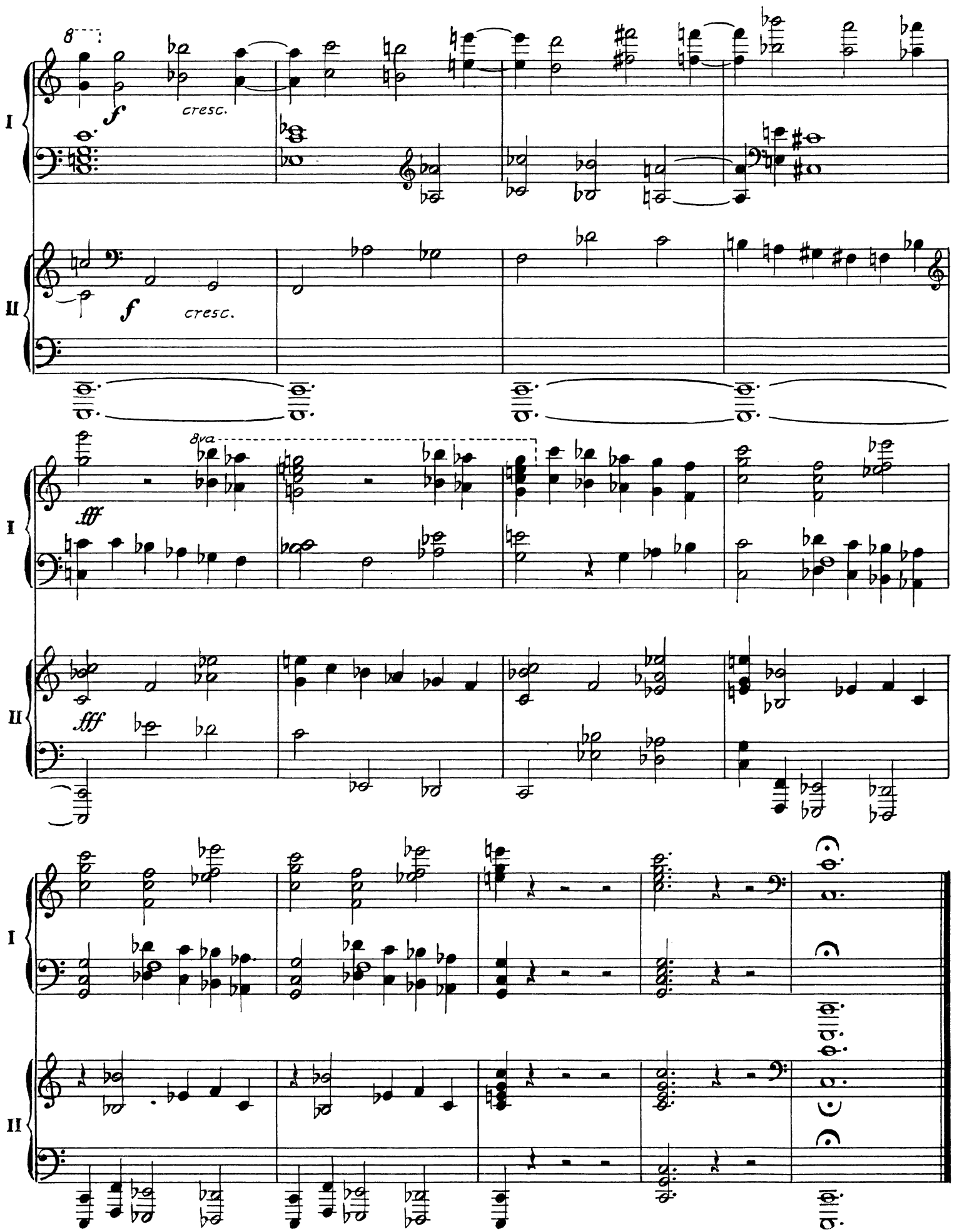

I
II
ff
ff
f
ff
tenuto
a-tempo
f
ff
I
II
mf
mf


I
II
8va
f
f
p
pp


I
II
pp
p
mp
mf
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
f


I
II
8va
8va
8va
cresc.
cresc.


8va
I
II
ff
più pesante
ff
I
II
8va
I
II


I
II
f
cresc.
f
cresc.
8va
fff
fff