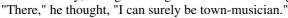
## The Bremen Town Musicians a fairy tale after Grimm

for woodwind quintet & narrator (1995 - 12')





which had carried the corn-sacks to the mill indefatigably for many a long year; but his strength was going,  $\bar{p}$  and he was growing more and more unfit for work. Then his master began to consider how he might best save his kee but the donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen.









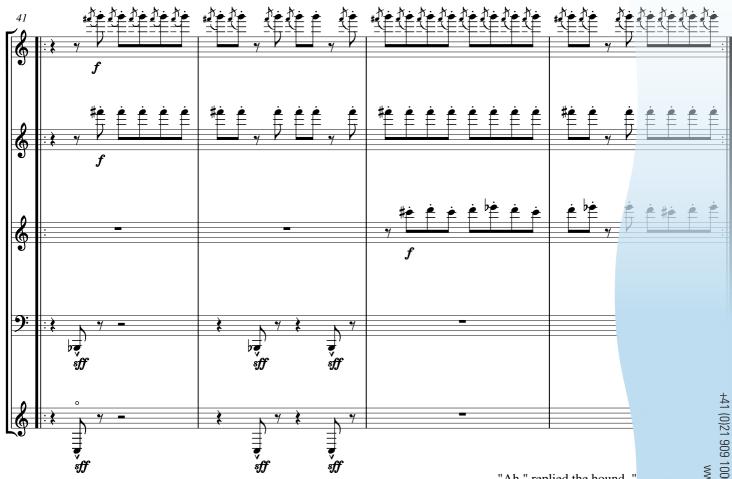
When he had walked some distance,

mf





"Ah," replied the hound, "







"I am going to Bremen, and shall be town-musician there; go with me and engage yourself also as a musician. "I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum". The hound agreed, and on they went.



Before long they came to a cat, sitting on the path, with a face like three rain days!

"Now then, old shaver, what has gone askew with yo

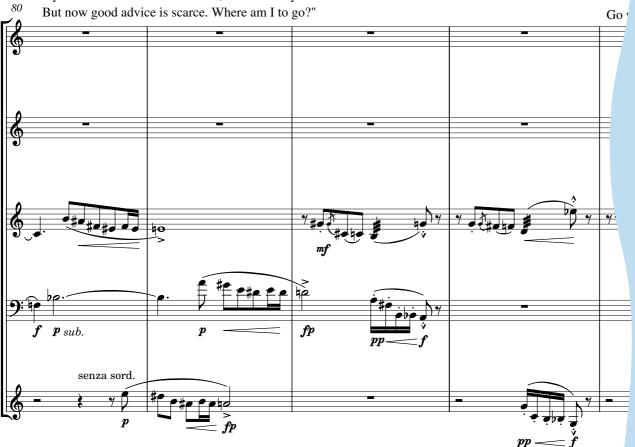


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answered the cat. "Because I am now getting old, and my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire and spin, rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me, so I ran away.

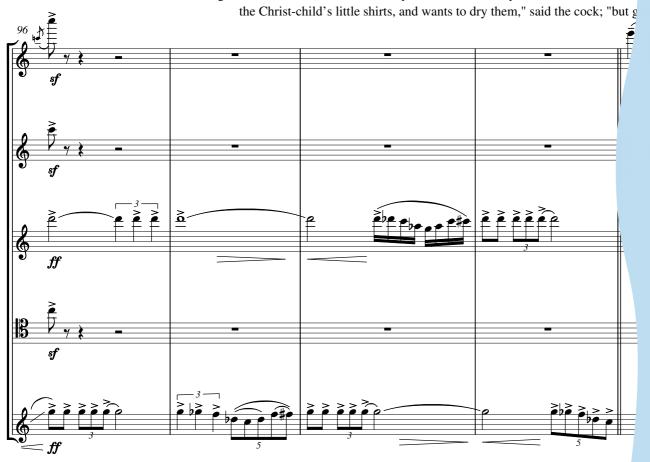






"Your crow goes through and through one," said the donkey. "What is the matter?"

"I have been foretelling fine weather, because it is the day on which Our Lady washes



for sunday, so the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook that she intends to eat me in the soup tomorrow, and this evening I am to have my head cut off. Now I am crowing at the top of my lungs while still I can."



"Ah, but red-comb," said the donkey, "you had better c We are going to Bremen; you can find something better than



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you have a good voice, and if we make music together it must have some quality!"



