

The Fig Tree

18. Minute

Lento con moto

sempre movimento ascendente e discendente

IVAR

Soprano



There is a col-our, there is a col-our which has no name, which has no name.

5


S



It is in your eyes and in the snow, and in the snow

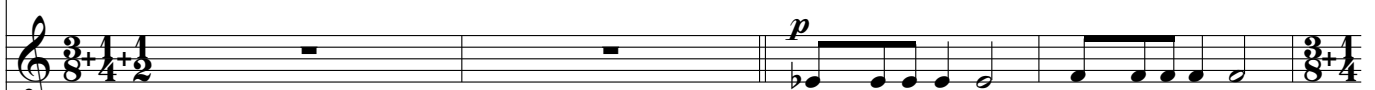
9

S



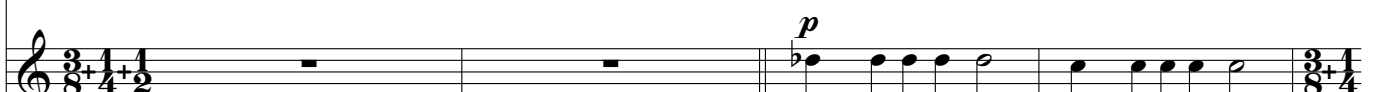
of Ki-li-man-jar-o, of Ki-li-man-jar-o.

A



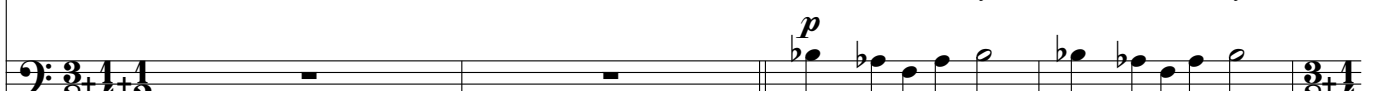
There is a ci-ty, there is a ci-ty

T



There is a ci-ty, there is a ci-ty


B



There is a ci-ty, there is a ci-ty


13

A



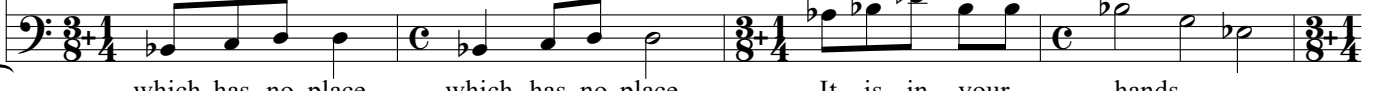
which has no place, which has no place. It is in your hands

T



which has no place, which has no place. It is in your hands

B



which has no place, which has no place. It is in your hands

17

A *ppp*
and in the em-bers, and in the em-bers of the fire, of the fire. A

T *p*
and in the em-bers, and in the em-bers of the fire, of the fire. There is a lake,

B
and in the em-bers, and in the em-bers of the fire, of the fire.

22

A
A A

T
there is a lake which has no bot-tom, which has no bot-tom. It is in your

26

A
A A

T
heart and in the night, and in the night above us, above us.

There is a colour which has no name.
It is in your eyes and in the snow of Kilimanjaro.

There is a city which has no place.
It is in your hands and in the embers of the fire.

There is a lake which has no bottom.
It is in your heart and in the night above us.

IVAR