Any Human to Another

Countee Cullen

Alan Stringer, ASCAP

soprano

alto

tenor

bass

Piano

The ills I sor-row at not

The ills I sor-row at not

The ills I sor-row at not

The ills I sor-row at not
me a lone like an arrow pierce to the marrow,
through the fat and past the bone. Your grief and

me a lone like an arrow pierce to the marrow,
through the fat and past the bone. Your grief and

me a lone like an arrow pierce to the marrow,
through the fat and past the bone. Your grief and

me a lone like an arrow pierce to the marrow,
mine must interwine like sea and river,

be fused and mingle. Diverse yet single,
Let no one be so proud and so confident, to think (s)he is all
for ever and ever.

Let no one be so proud and so confident, to think (s)he is all
for ever and ever.
A little tent pitched in a meadow of sun

and

and

and

and

and

and

and

and
Joy may be shy, unique.
Joy may be shy, unique.
Joy may be shy, unique.
Joy may be shy, unique.
friend • to few. Sorrow never scorned to

friend • to few. Sorrow never scorned to

friend • to few. Sorrow never scorned to

friendly to few. Sorrow never scorned to

speak to any who were false or true.

speak to any who were false or true.

speak to any who were false or true.

speak to any who were false or true.
Your every grief like a blade shining and un
Your every grief. like a blade shining and un
Your every grief. like a blade shining and un
Your every grief, like a blade shining and un
Sheathed must strike me down. Of bitter aloes wreathed,
Sheathed must strike me down. Of bitter aloes wreathed,
Sheathed must strike me down. Of bitter aloes wreathed,
my sorrow must be laid on your head like a crown.