

# ***TWO SONGS***

## ***ONE SONG SCARY FAIRIES***

Poems by Tom Clarke  
Music by Sonja Grossner

## Scary Fairies.

Poems by Tom Clarke

The Grinlims live in dirt and grime,  
underneath the rail-way line.  
They sleep all day and dine at night,  
on four mud pies and slugs in slime.

The Grinlims never like to wash  
and hate to see us looking posh.  
They make a hole in which to lie  
and sleep up-on the things that die.

When bats are in the mid-night air,  
in Town they come to peep and stare,  
They leave their sick where you have been  
and of ten turn a shade of Green.

The Grinlims like a toad or two  
and kill them with a sticky glue.  
At mid-night they all waddle home  
and never speak, just loudly groan.

Beneath the moon they find two tracks  
and lay down flat upon their backs,  
Trains that rarely run on time,  
have Grinlims on the rail-way line.

The Guards men of ten come a-long,  
to see what things are going wrong.  
They blame the leaves, they blame the rain,  
but Grinlims bring the greatest pain.

They always love a World of Mess  
and aim to bring you daily stress.  
In days of Old they hitched a ride,  
on horses in the country-side.

Now times have changed they wonder why,  
We rush a-round on things that fly.  
Remember when your car won't work,  
beneath the ground the Grinlims lurk.

## One Song.

When all the World has passed from sight,  
let memory be the constant guide.  
Re-call the times we both once knew,  
when love came down, so rich and true.  
The meadows and the wild Spring flowers,  
were ours to roam throughout the hours.  
When memory fades and thoughts are gone,  
please leave behind one tender song.



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Poems by Tom Clarke.  
Graphics arranged by Lorna Jane Grossner  
Original paintings by Margarete Klopffleisch  
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# One Song

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$\text{♩} = 100$   
Moderato dolce

1  
tenor

Piano

*p*

4  
*mp*

When \_\_\_\_\_ all \_\_\_\_\_ the World \_\_\_\_\_ has passed \_\_\_\_\_ from sight,

*mf* *mp*

7  
*mf*

let \_\_\_\_\_ mem - o - ry be \_\_\_\_\_ the

9  
*f*

con - stant guide. \_\_\_\_\_ Re -

11 *mf*

call the times we both once knew, when love came

*mf*

14 *mp*

down, so rich and true. The meadows and the wild

*mp*

17

Spring flowers, were

*mp*

19

ours to roam through out the hours. When

*mp*

22 mem - or - y fades and thoughts are gone,

24 please leave be hind one ten - der

27 song.

29

# Scary Fairies

$\text{♩} = 120-130$   
Allegro humoresque

*f*

1 The Grin\_\_\_\_\_ lims live in dirt and

*f*

4 grime,\_\_\_\_\_ un - der-neath the rail - way line.\_\_\_\_\_ They sleep\_\_\_\_\_ all day and dine at

*sfz*

7 night,\_\_\_\_\_ on four mud pies\_\_\_\_\_ and slugs in slime.\_\_\_\_\_

*sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

*mp* *mf*

11 The When Grin\_\_\_\_\_ lims nev - er like to wash\_\_\_\_\_ and in  
bats\_\_\_\_\_ are in the mid - night air,\_\_\_\_\_ and in

*mp* *sfz* *sfz*

14

hate Town to see us look-ing and posh. They make a hole in which to lie and sleep up-on the things that die. Green.

*mf* *sfz*

17

The Grin lins like a toad or two and kill them with a sti-cky glue. At mid-night they all wad-dle

*sfz* *f*

20

two and kill them with a sti-cky glue. At mid-night they all wad-dle

*ff* *mp*

23

two and kill them with a sti-cky glue. At mid-night they all wad-dle

*mf* *sfz* *mf* *sfz*

27

home and nev - er speak, just loud - ly groan.

*sfz* *f* *ff*

30

Be neath the moon they find two tracks and  
They al - the ways love a World of Mess - and

*sfz* *p* *sfz*

33

lay down flat u - pon their backs, In Trains that rare - ly run on a  
aim to bring you dai - ly stress. In days of Old they hitched a

*sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

36

time, have Grin lins on the rail - way line.  
ride, on hors es in the coun - try - side.

*sfz* *sfz* *ff*



39 *p* *sfz* *sfz* *mp*

The Now Guards times men have of ten they come wonder a long why to We

42 *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

see what things are go - ing wrong. They blame the leaves, they blame the  
 rush a - round on things that fly. Re' mem - ber when your car wont

45 *sfz*

rain, but Grin lins bring the great - est pain.  
 work, be - neath the ground the Grin - lins lurk.

48

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