Melolontha

In the grub days, In the cool, smooth, underground days,

Rolls ad lib, when the membranous wings are fully extended

q=132

q=140
Three times I rose and fell, the warmth to pull me up wards.

Among the reaching grasses, to feast and feast, to feast and feast.
feast and feast! Ma ny a cu ri ous thrush bill did I see.

There were none so fat and white as I.
Three times I rose and fell, each time fatter than the last.
Sop. Sax.
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Barl. Sax.
Tbn.
S. D.
Crot.
Vib.
Xyl.
Bass Xyl.
Mar.
Pno.
Hpsd.
62

Sop. Sax.
Alto Sax.
Ten. Sax.
Barl. Sax.
Tbn.
S. D.
Crot.
Vib.
Xyl.
Bass Xyl.
Mar.
Pno.
Hpsd.
70

Three times I rose and fell, Three times split through tight-'ning skin Re -
a tempo

long deep the great sleep in the grub days