

Words and music
by Andy Gaus,
after Bertolt Brecht

Remembering Marie

Andante, freely ♩ = c. 84 Andante, freely ♩ = $\frac{F}{84}$

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment for the second line. The third system continues for the third line. The fourth system continues for the fourth line. The piano part includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *piu f*, *dim.*, and *mp*. Chord symbols are provided above the vocal line for each measure. The tempo is marked 'Andante, freely' with a tempo indicator of ♩ = c. 84 and ♩ = $\frac{F}{84}$.

One mor - ning in an az - ure - blue Sep - tem - ber, Be -

neath the si - lence of a cher - ry tree, I held her there, so pale and so be - lov - ed, Like

frag - ile dreams of Love that come to be. A bove us in the - heav - en of the - sum - mer, - - I

saw a cloud that made me stop and stare: It was ver - y white, and ver - y far a -

mf

piu f

dim.

mp

Chord symbols: Gm, Daug7, Gm, Bbm, F/C, Dm, Bb6, C7, F, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, A.

Dm Dsus4 G7 C

bove me; And when I looked a - gain, it was - n't there.

mf

F Gm Daug7

Since that day the moons of man - y sea - sons Have drif - ted down the riv - ers of the

Gm Bbm F/C Dm

sky; I don't know if the cher - ry trees are stan - ding, Or

Bb6 C7 F F7 Bb F7

if the far - mer felled them by and by. Don't ask me what the ro - mance fi - nally

piu f

B $\flat$ F C7 F

came to: I hear your ques - tion; still I do not know. I

dim.

A Dm Dsus4 G7 C F7

can't re-mem-ber how she looked or soun-ded; I on-ly know I kissed her long a-go.

mp *mf* *allargando*

B $\flat$ F7 B $\flat$ F C7

E-ven the kiss I would have long for - got - ten With - out the cloud that float - ed o - ver -

f

F A Dm

head. I know that cloud; I'm sure I'll know it al - ways: It was

dim.

ver - y white, and far a - bove my head. The girl may have a home and sev - en

mf come prima

chil - dren; The cher - ry trees may blos - som on and on. But

that white cloud, it blos-somed just a mo - ment, And when I looked to see it, it was gone.