

# Body of a woman

Text: Pablo Neruda

Lars Karlsson 2002

**Andante** ♩ = ca 60

T I *mp* Bo - dy of a wo - man, *cresc.* white hills, *f* white thighs, you look like a world, *dim.*

T II *mp* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

B I *mp* Bo - dy of a wo - man, *cresc.* wo - man, *f* like a world, *dim.*

B II *mp* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

7  
ly - ing in sur - ren - der. *p* *cresc.* Bo - dy of a

ly - ing in sur - ren - der, *p* *cresc.*

ly - ing in sur - ren - der, sur - ren - der, *p* Bo - dy of a wo - man, *cresc.*

ly - ing in sur - ren - der, *p* *cresc.*

13 *rit.* **Allegro** ♩ = ♩

8 *f* wo - man, *f* of a wo - man. My rough pea - sant's bo - dy digs in you and makes the son leap from the

8 *f*

bo - dy of a *f* wo - man. My rough pea - sant's bo - dy digs in you and makes the son

*f*

Tempo I

18  
8  
depth of the earth. I was a - lone like a tun - nel, I was a -  
leap from the earth. I was a - lone, a-lone like a tun - nel, I was a -

*ff*

Tempo II

22  
8  
lone like a tun - nel. Birds \_\_\_\_\_ fled, \_\_\_\_\_ fled, \_\_\_\_\_ night \_\_\_\_\_ swamped, \_\_\_\_\_ swamped, \_\_\_\_\_  
lone, a-lone like a tun - nel. The birds \_\_\_\_\_ fled from me, and night \_\_\_\_\_ swamped me with it's

*mf*

26  
8  
crush - ing in - va-sion. To sur - vive my-self I forged you like a wea-pon,  
crush - ing in - va-sion, crush - ing in - va - sion. Like \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_ wea-pon, like \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_ wea - pon, like \_\_\_\_\_ a

*poco a poco cresc.*