


GYMNOPIÉDIE No.1

music by ERIK SATIE
lyrics by KATHRYN RANTALA

I don't feel anything that holds me; ties, tines.
Neither pear nor a bob nor a three; vines twine sky.
Only a wire with a bicycle, please, and only the pistonry of my white knees.
Oh, I could fall as my isolate blood falls and climbs as free rings.
Steps that circle an ache of the ground; fly lines.
Limbs of notes wearing lonelier sound; fine if dry.
Balancing juggling so languorously, as tidal and fine as the ear of the sea;
As how my wand'ring and hearing go never so far from round things.

Gymnopédie No.1
Lyrics by Kathryn Rantala
Design by Faruk Ulay

Replay

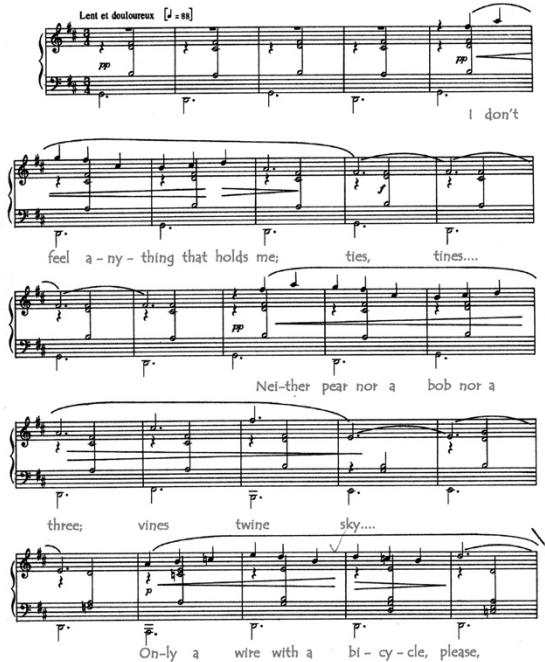
Sing along!

(scroll down)

à Mademoiselle Jeanne de Bret
GYMNOPIÉDIE No.1
(1888)

ERIK SATIE

Lent et douloureux [♩ = 98]



pp *pp*

I don't

feel a - ny - thing that holds me; ties, tines...

pp

Nei-ther pear nor a bob nor a

three; vines twine sky...

p *p* *p* *p*

On-ly a wire with a bi - cy - cle, please,

p. *p.* *p.* *p.*

and on - ly the pis - ton - ry of my white knees.

p. *p.* *p.* *p.*

Oh, I could fall as my i - so - late

p. *p.* *p.* *pp*

blood falls and climbs as free rings.

p. *p.* *p.* *pp*

Steps that cir - cle an

p. *p.* *p.* *p.*

ache of the ground; fly lines....

Limbs of notes wea- ring lone- lie- er sound; fine

if dry... Bal- an- cing (ug- gling so

lan- guor- ous - ly, as ti- dal and fine as the

ear of the sea; as how my wan- d' ring and

hear- ing go ne- ver so far from round things. ^