

4. Bitterroot

Largo sostenuto ♩ = 60

Voice

pp

The Bit - ter - root, ____ the bru - tal peak ____ of

Piano

mf *p* *pp*

5 *p* *mp* *p*

moun - tains rise a - round us. A land of ice and snow and sleet where win - ter comes in Au - gust.

5

p *mp*

8 *mp* *mf* *mp*

There is a voice with - in me cries ____ and these

8 *mp*

10 glass - y gla - ciers crags e - cho that cold and hun - gry sigh. I hear the wind's re -

11

14 *p cresc.* *mf* *mp*

ply. The worst road ev - er hors - es passed our hors - es passed, and

14 *p cresc.* *mf*

17

we trudge o - ver ice and ra - zor rock and starve and ache and freeze.

17

mp

dim.

20 *mp cresc.* *f*

The wind calls out: _____ "O pu - ny man, be - hold the vast - ness of the world. _____

cresc. *mf* *f*

23 *ff*

Ye fleas who scamp - er o'er the back and rock - y shoul - ders of A - mer - i-ca." _____

ff *mf* *mp* *ff*

26 *f*

_____ A

f

28 *p* very intensely

land of ice and snow and sleet where win - ter comes in Au - gust. We

28 *f* *dim.*

31 have now nei - ther game nor food, nor com - fort, warmth nor clothes. We fol - low, stum - bling, on

31 *p*

34 *mf* *angushed* *mp*

bruised feet Poor pu - ny man. Where do you go? What

34 *mp* *dim.*

38 *p* *mp cresc.* *ff*

do you seek? What can you know? Why do you live? _____

38 *p* *cresc.* *ff*

41

41

mf dim.

44

mp

The ic - y breeze cries out, _____ a lone hawk hov - ers where the win - ter

44

p

Recitative

47

p

mf

mp

air ech - oes my des - pair. Oh! The lone - ly ceil - ing of the world is on - ly half as

47

51

ten.

rit. p

A tempo

bleak as the view I gaze up - on with - in the soul I seek. _____

51

rit.

pp

54 *mp cresc. poco accel.*

But, we pro - ceed - ed on. Through ice storm and frost bite 'til we

54 *poco accel.*

cresc. poco a poco *mp*

57 **Andante con moto** $\text{♩} = 92$ *f*

came un - to the sight of the Snake Riv - er

57 *mf*

61

and its ter - rif - ic cat - a - racts that

61 *f*

65
8 lead to the Pa - cif - ic. The West - ern Sea!

69
8 The West - ern Sea! The win - ter waste of rocks comes to an end

74
8 and we de - scend in - to the rush - ing wa - ters of the sea.

78 *rit. e dim.* *mp*

We have a - chieved our goal: A -

78 *rit. e dim.*

83 **Nobly** ♩ = 112

mer - i - ca shall re - ceive this boun - ti - ful land in peace. A -

83 *mp* *sonore*

87 *poco rit.* **Tempo di Missouri** ♩ = 66

mer - i - ca shall re - ceive this boun - ti - ful land in peace.

87 *poco rit.*

91 *rit.* *rit.* *end.* *8va*

E - den's end.

91 *rit.*

Attacca #5