Cantabile nº1 (Full Moon in the West)

per quartetto di sax

Carlotta Ferrari 2019

When I saw the full moon in the west grow pale and disappear in the morning light, When I wander'd alone over the beach, and undressing bathed, laughing with the cool waters, and saw the sun rise, And when I thought how my dear friend my lover was on his way coming, O then I was happy. (Walt Whitman)









