

V. The Composer

I touch the keys so perfectly aligned
And O like water danced upon by light
Or starry patterns in the ink blue night
The sound and silence their own measure find.

I listen to a music from a place
So far removed from what my eyes can see
Where there is heard a greater harmony
Than textbooks teach or written scores can trace,

A counterpoint far lovelier than Bach's
-If such a thing were possible at all-
In which the birds of heaven rise and fall
As water chases water over rocks.

My nourished heart reluctantly returns
To write the music which such vision earns.

Poem by Margaret Hardy

Glenn Hardy

Andante ♩ = 104

Alto

Piano

mf

ped.

mf

A. 4

I touch the keys point so far
A coun - ter - point

P. 4

ped.

ped. simile

A. 7

per - fect - ly a - lined And O like
lov - li - er than Bach's If such a

P. 7

11

A. wa - ter danced up - on by light
 thing were pos - si - ble at all

P.

15

A. Or star - ry pat - terns in the ink blue
 In which the birds of hea - ven rise and

P.

15

18

A. night The sound and si - lence
 fall As wa - - - ter cha - - - ses

P.

18

22

A. their own mea - sure find. I lis - ten
 wa - ter o - ver rocks.

P.

22


To Coda 1 $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ *p*


To Coda 1 $\text{\textcircled{C}}$

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * *ped. simile*

26

A.  to a mu - sic from a place

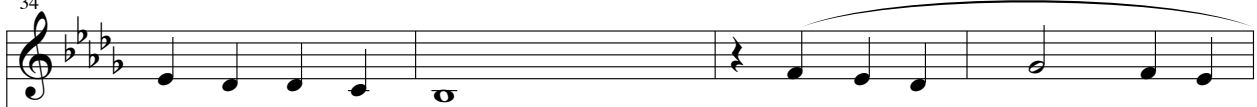
P. 

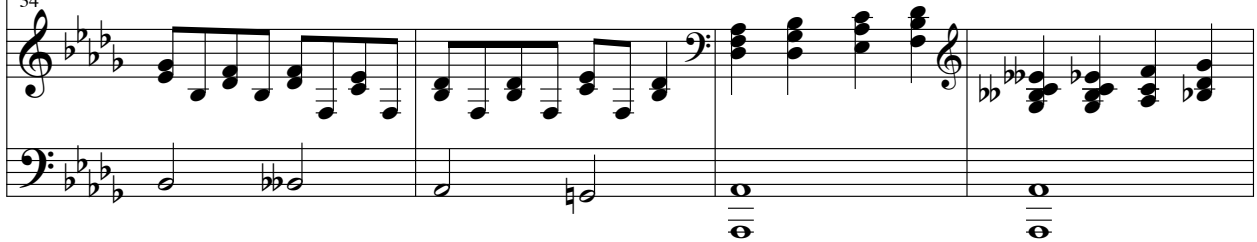
30

A.  So far re - moved from what my eyes can see

P. 

34

A.  what my eyes can see Where there is heard a

P. 

38

A.  great - er har - mo - ny Than text-books teach or

P. 

43 *D.S. al Coda* \oplus Coda *f*

A. writ - ten scores can trace. My nour - ished

P. *D.S. al Coda* \oplus Coda *f*

ped. *

47

A. heart re - luc - tant-ly re - turns

P. *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped. simile*

51 *mp* *rit.* *a tempo*

A. To write the mu - sic which such vi - sion earns.

P. *mp* *rit.* *a tempo*

56

A.

P. 56