

# IV. The Poet

I sometimes thought that I could touch the light  
And hold it in the center of my hand  
Or understand how galaxies began  
Like sacred birds unfolding into flight;

At other times I dwelt in darkest night  
With demons who pursued me day by day  
Through boulders that lay fallen in my way  
And caves wherein the world had come apart.

In poems I traced the progress of my heart  
Before I ever knew it in my head  
A rhyme of hope was rising from the dead  
To fly among the gracious galaxies:

And, O, at last the blessed power to see  
Like sacred birds unfolding, we are free.

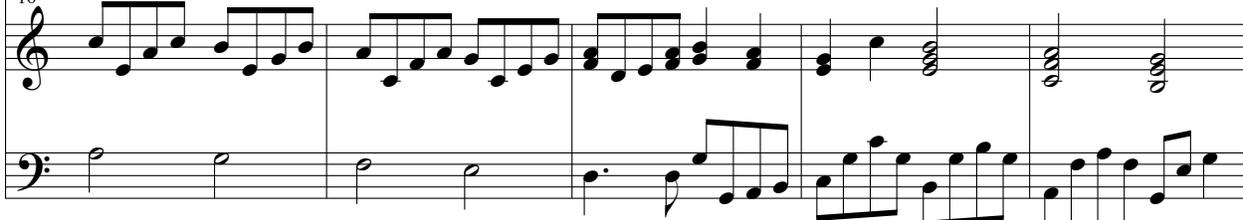
Poem by Margaret Hardy

Glenn Hardy

The musical score is written for Tenor and Piano. It begins with a tempo marking of *Allegro* and a quarter note equal to 138 (♩ = 138). The Tenor part starts with a whole rest. The Piano part features a *f* dynamic and includes the instruction *with pedal*. A section starting at measure 6 is marked *con moto*. The score includes repeat signs and a *f* dynamic marking in the Tenor part at measure 11. The Piano part continues with a *mf* dynamic. The lyrics "I some - times / In poems I" are placed above the piano accompaniment at the end of the score.

16

T.  thought that I could touch the light And hold it in the cen - ter of my hand  
traced the pro - gress of my heart Be - fore I ev - er knew it in my head

P. 

21

T.  Or un - der - stand how gal - ax - ies be - gan Like  
A rhyme of hope was ri - sing from the dead To

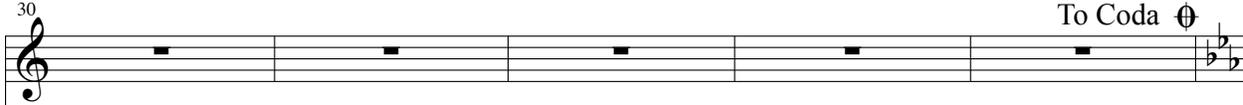
P. 

25

T.  *rit.* sa - cred birds un - fold - ing in - to flight; *a tempo*  
fly a - mong the gra - cious gal - ax - ies:

P. 

30

T.  To Coda ⊕

P.  To Coda ⊕

35 *mf*

T. At o - ther times I dwelt in dark - est night

P. *mf*

39

T. With de - mons who pur - sued me day by day

P. *poco rit.*

43 *f* *poco rit.*

T. Through boul - ders that lay fal - len in — my way

P. *a tempo* *poco rit.*

47 *ff* *rit.* *a tempo* *D.S. al Coda*

T. And caves where - in the world had come — a - part.

P. *rit.* *a tempo* *D.S. al Coda*

51 Coda *f*

T. *f* And, O, O at last

P. *f*

55

T. the bles - sed pow'r to see, Like

P. *legato*

pedal

59

T. sa - cred birds un - - fold - ing, we are

P. *rit.*

63

T. free.

P. *rit.*