

Rain Worthington

These days are filled...

For Soprano, Piano, Viola & Cello

perusal copy

These days are filled...

These days...

These days are filled,
with such a strange stillness,
I can no longer feel,
the wind of the future
against my face.

These days...

These days are filled,
with such a strange silence,
I can no longer hear,
the pulse of life
within my heart.

These days...

These days are filled,
with such a strange darkness,
I can no longer see,
the light of hope
within my soul.

These days are so empty.
These days are so lost...
are lost.

Poem text by Rain Worthington (©1997)

These days are filled...

Rain Worthington

1 $\text{♩} = 76$ Adagio *p* fading away *pp*

Soprano

Piano

Viola

Cello

These days...

delicately

ped. legato * *ped.* * (similar pedal... ad lib)

sul pont smooth as if glissando slight glissando

slight glissando

p

6 *p* *pp* sospirando *p*

Sop

Pno

Vla

Vc

These days are filled. These days... These days are filled.

gliss. sul pont

gliss. sul pont

Duration: 4'40"

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These days are filled...

11 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*

Sop with such a strange still - ness, with such a strange still - ness.

Pno *mp* *mp* *p*

Vla *mp* *mf* *p*

Vc *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*

16 *mf* *mf*

Sop I can no long - er feel I

Pno *pp* *mp* *mf*

Vla *pp* *mf* *mf* *mf*

Vc *mf* *mf* *mf*

These days are filled...

21 *f* *mf* *mp*

Sop can no long - er feel, the wind of the fu - ture a - gainst my

Pno *mf* *mp*

Vla *f* *mf* *mp*

Vc *f* *mf* *mp*

26 *p* *mp*

Sop face. These days... These days are filled.

Pno *p* *pp* *p* *p*

Vla *p* *mp*

Vc *p* *mp*

These days are filled...

31

Sop *p* *mf* *mp* *f*
 These days... These days are filled, with such a strange si -

Pno *mp* *mf*

Vla *p* *mf* *mf*

Vc *p* *mf* *mf* *f* *mf* *legato*

36

Sop *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*
 lence, with such a strange si-lence. I

Pno *mp* *p* *mf*

Vla *mf* *mp* *p* *mf*
sul pont glissando

Vc *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

41

Sop

can no longer hear. I can no long-er hear, the pulse

Pno

Vla

Vc

mf *mp* *f* *mf*

mf *mp* *f*

mf *mf* *mp* *f* *mf*

mf *mf* *mp* *f* *mf*

46

Sop

of life with-in my heart. These days...

Pno

Vla

Vc

f *mf* *mf*

mf *mp*

mf *f* *mf* *mf*

f *mf* *mf*

These days are filled...

52 *mf* *p* as if spoken *pp*

Sop These days are filled. These days... These days are filled,

Pno *mf* *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Vla *p* *p*

Vc *mf* *p* *pp*

57 *mf* *f* *mf* *f* with intensity

Sop with such a strange dark - ness, with such

Pno *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

Vla *mf* *mf* *f* with intensity

Vc *mf* *f* glissando *f* *mf* *f* with intensity

61

Sop *f*
dark - ness. I can no long-er see.

Pno *f* *mf*

Vla *ff* *f* *ff* *f*

Vc *ff* *f* *f*

66

Sop *f* *with intensity* *mf* *mp*
I can no long-er see, the light of hope with-in

Pno *f* *mf* *mp*

Vla *f* *with intensity* *mf* *mp*

Vc *f* *with intensity* *mf* *mp*

These days are filled...

71 *p pp mp mf mf*

Sop my soul. These days... are so empty. These

Pno *p pp p mp mf f*

Vla *p pp p mf*

Vc *p pp mp mf mf*

77 *f mf mp*

Sop days... are so lost. are lost.

Pno *mf mf mp p*

Vla *f mf p*

Vc *f mf p*