

Enigma

"The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us.
Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn.
The sun is but a morning star."
- Henry David Thoreau -

David J. Roman

Languidly, with rubato ♩ = 64

Baritone Solo

mf

Is there a peace-ful mo-ment in a mo-ment too late? It

3 *p*

lies in a gos-sa-mer stream id - ling a-mong li - lies. Who

6 *mf* *f*

hears a de-li-cate whis-per with-in a bra-zen sym-pho-ny? Willows mur mur

10 *mp* *mf*

— in a rip - pled ca-the - dral, warmth em-bra-cing faint a - ro - mas. Are

14 *f*

blee - ding, torn ho-ri - zons a-shen palls of fate? A song tri-ckles past the ru - shes.

18 *mf*

en - twi ning breeze borne ves - sels. How can a tar-nished hour - glass

21 *ff*

heal this in - fi-nite sa - tire Hulls! Hulls of i - vo-ry

24 *sub. pp* *rit.*

cleave sap-phire seas, ha - vens for e - ter - ni - ty!