

Clare Rainsford

Song

Pianissimo

We begin.

A long sustained note; a perfect third;
Each of us with our own concerns.

*I've lost my keys; I've lost my way;
I've had my chance—I have no more—
I'm waiting on tomorrow's world;
I'm ill; I'm hurt; I'm tired; I'm bored;
I've loved and now I'm torn apart. . .*

These whispers of our unquiet hearts
I wonder what he's going to say?

We are but notes the piano plays.

Crescendo—jump a major fifth—
And down the tone I never can hear—
And rise again—
And don't go sharp—
And onwards, forwards, into the heart,

And now we let our voices rise
And let the music now hold sway
In harmony, it shows the way
To reach beyond—to touch the light

And now the song bursts from our throats
And now our hearts are opened wide
To hear the Word which sings of life
To hear the Song, beyond the notes

Oh onwards, onwards, draw us on
Into the ever-flowing flow
And let us fall, and let us grow,
One thought, one heart, one voice, one song.

Diminuendo—
 soft soft, come down—
The ebb and flow of melody
Ends on a heartfelt sigh.
As the violin plays triplets
The final note is sung
Diminuendo—soft, my love,
 We end where we begun.