

Matins

DuBose Heyward (1885-1940)

from "Charleston Poems"

Gary Bachlund

Andante **più mosso**

I saw you pray to-day out in the

pp **p**

7 **più mosso ancora**

park -- Poor lit-tle storm-dri-ven child of the dark.

pp *sempre delicato*

13 **rit.**

Bo-dy to earth you lay on the young grass, learn - ing the shin-ing way

17 **tempo primo**

A - pril may pass.

pp

23 **più mosso**

saw the clear song car-di-nals make brush you hair tan-gi-bly like

28 **più mosso ancora**

wind on the lake. Then, in the hedge, where ja-po-ni-cas grew, a

pp
sempre delicato

33 lit-tle breeze was born, boy-ish and new. I

37 **Allegretto lirico**

saw it find you and rus-tle your name; Lift

mp

41

— you, and car - ry you like a slim flame out where the

44

trees break, leav - ing wide skies.

meno mosso

pp

sempre delicato

50

Now I see

55

al - ways the prayer in your eyes.

molto rit.

pp

