

# Hours

Andante

Hours when I love you, are like tran-quil pools, the

*mp*

*simile*

li-quad jewels of the for-est where the hunt-ed run-ner dips his hand, and

*mp*

cools his fe-vered an-kles, and the fern-y air comes blow-ing soft-ly

*mp*

on his hea-ving breast, hint-ing the sa-cred mys-t'ry of rest.

*mp* *p* *pp*

circa 1' 30"

12 IV 2011  
Berlin