

Voices in the Dark

I. I have loved

Frank A. Wallace

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Fall 2000

7 = F

There's no

5

life sans l'a - mour sans l'a - mour no hay
fin I have loved. En - fin I have

9

To Coda

na-da no hay na - da when life says no.
loved. En -

To Coda

14

"No," says

IV. Marianne

William H. Hartner

Mar-i-*anne* list-ened to my

Rasgueado - with flesh of i finger

snor-ing. Ob-served, not simp-ly an - noy - ing or e-ven bor-ing.

Made a sound like hum-ming. En-ter-tain-ing in my sleep, en-ter-tained by my

Rasgueado

sleep - ing: Saw some (lots of) tur-tles, (lots of) tur-tles, all had necks, nos-es and

Rasgueado on lower strings simultaneous to upper-note trill above

VI. What still stands

Christine van Dyke

Gnarled, knot-ted Twists and turns trac-ing the pas-sage of

time Gnarled, knot-ted trac-ing the pas-sage of time

The pas-sage of time Gnarled, trac-ing the pas-sage of

time The in-jur-ies of liv-ing have wrought

VII. Fantasy #1

(optional performance before the first song)

1

7

13

20

26

32

37

43

c a c d f d c a	δ b a b a b	a δ b a b d a	b δ	a c d a c d	f h i h h f f a	f d d c d c d f
b a	δ δ	δ c d c	a	c	a	i g
c a c	δ δ	f d c	a	c	a	f d

49

f a d f h f	f d d b a	f d d c	δ c c a c	a b a b d a	a a a	δ b a b a d
3 i				a b a	b d a b d f d	b a b a d
				c		c a
						c c a c

55

δ δ b a	δ a b d	a b d b a b d	a c d	f f	δ c a a c a	a c d c a
a	δ a b d	δ	c d	f	δ c a a c a	b a a
c a	δ c a a	a	c c a	δ c a c	δ δ c	c a a c a
δ	c					δ c

60

b δ a c a	f d c a	δ c a	δ c a	c a	δ b a	a b b d	a a c c d d f
b a a	δ b a	δ b a	δ b a	δ b a	δ b a b a b d	δ b a	δ
c a a c a	a	c	δ b	δ	δ b a b a b d	a	δ c
δ c					c	a	a

65

f d c	f d b a	a b d a	b	a b d a	δ b a d	δ b a b d	a b b a a	a δ d b
	c d a c	a c d a c	a c d a c	a	δ c a	c	a	δ b b a
c					δ c a	c a	δ	c a d c
					δ	a		

69

b a a	b a δ b a	b a	δ b a	δ b a	δ b a	c a	δ b a	c a	c a	δ b a	b a	b a
a	δ c a		c a	δ c		c a	δ b	a		δ b a	b a	b a
δ c a						δ				δ c a	δ c	δ c
		a									a	

73

h f	i h a d c	a	δ b d b	b a b a	a	δ b a b a a	δ a
δ b a g		a	b	δ a	c	δ b a b a a	δ a
a	h	δ	a	c	a	c	δ c a d c c a c
c						f d	c a c a

The Lyrics *

There's no life sans l'amour
sans l'amour no hay nada
no hay nada
when life says no.
"No," says life cuando hay miedo
Miedo se tira, se tira
vers la fin.
Enfin I have loved.

—Frank Wallace

Silence

howling
Sacred Silence
shining in between

Moments

joining Acts of Light

Engendering Joy
joyous jumping
in between

Dangerous
the Moments of Life.

—Frank Wallace

Voices in the dark
seeking Freedom
bringing Light
being Life

—Christine Van Dyke

* All lyrics used by permission of and great thanks to the authors.

Marianne listened to my snoring.
Observed, not simply annoying
or even boring.
Made a sound like humming.

Entertaining in my sleep,
entertained by my sleeping:
Saw some (lots of) turtles,
all had necks, noses and shells
but might have been different.

A woman nearby
said that she would show me the difference,
Picked one up to show me the neck,
how spotted.
Leaned in close to me, and so I noticed.
Soft, velvety, smooth neck,
and breasts...
how different.
I said... oh!

-William Hartner

Tired she dreams
white butterflies rising
like bubbles glistening
singing softly
so everyone
can hear.

-Nancy Knowles

Gnarled, knotted

Twists and turns
tracing the passage of time

The injuries of living
have wrought their influence
and fallen away

What still stands is grace.

—Christine Van Dyke