Hushed Piece

for Amy Trachtenberg

Erling Wold 1998

mf I felt an in-de-scri-ba-ble sen-sa-tion creep o-ver me, as a tat-tered coat, in-ha-bi-ted the hour be-tween thres-hold and the

full blaze of day.

A low,

mur-mu-ring kind of sound stole creptsud-den-ly ar - res-ted

through my ve - ry soul,

Lyrics beneath the staves:

p and I lay and I lay bun-dle of straw, bush -

wood a mingled wo-man soft, hushed piece of in - ves - ti - ga-tion, re -

cli-ning con-struc-tion. *mf* A still-ness seemed to lie a-round the

spot, deep blue hea-vens, I turned my head a-round and a

fee-ling of smoke rol-ling up through the thin cloud seemed to is - sue from the

ground. On one side a bo-dy lay stretched out, slight - ly

co-vered with strag-gl-ing elms,

na - ked child.

The hea-ving of the

deep,   as the   white waves   stood a   beau-ti - ful   lit - tle   half -

sun - rise   lay   slee - ping,   hung.