

Earth Song

SATB Chorus, a cappella

Words and Music by
FRANK TICHELI

With solemn reverence (♩ = c. 50)

p

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

Sing, Be, Live,

Keyboard
(for rehearsal only)

With solemn reverence (♩ = c. 50)

p

6

See... This dark storm-y hour, The

See... This dark hour, The

See... This dark hour,

See... dark hour,

See... dark hour,

ten. *mf* *mp* (♩ = c. 63)

ten. *mp*

ten. *mp*

ten. *mp*

ten. *unis. mp*

ten. *mp* (♩ = c. 63)

11

wind, it stirs. The scorched earth cries out in

wind, it stirs. The scorched earth cries out in

wind, stirs. The scorched earth cries out in

wind, stirs. The scorched earth cries out in

11

15

vain, in vain: O war and power, you blind and

vain, vain: war power you blind and

vain, vain: war power blind

vain, vain: war power blind

15

29

And mu - sic and sing - ing shall be my light. *div.*

And mu - sic sing - ing be my light.

And mu - sic and sing - ing shall be my light.

p (dolce)

mu - sic sing - ing be my light.

29

33

mf, *unis.* A light of song, shin - ing strong: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - *ff* *p (echo)*

mf A light of song, shin - ing strong: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - *ff* *p (echo)*

mf A light of song, shin - ing strong: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - *ff* *p (echo)*

mf A light of song, shin - ing strong: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - *ff* *p (echo)*

A light of song, shin - ing strong: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

33

37 *mp* *f* *mp*

lu - ia. Through dark - ness and pain and strife, I'll sing, I'll

mp *f* *p*

lu - ia. Through dark - ness and pain and strife, sing,

mp *f* *p*

lu - ia. Through dark - ness and pain and strife, I'll sing,

div. *mp* *f* *unis. p*

lu - ia. Through dark - ness and pain and strife, sing,

37 *mp* *f* *p*

41 *rit. to end* *ten.* *pp*

Be, Live, See... Peace. Peace.

mf *ten.* *pp*

Be, I'll Live, See... Peace. Peace.

div. *ten.* *pp*

Be, Live, See... Peace. Peace.

div. *ten.* *pp*

Be, Live, See... Peace. Peace.

41 *mf* *rit. to end* *ten.* *pp*

EARTH SONG

Sing, Be, Live, See...

This dark stormy hour,
The wind, it stirs.
The scorched earth
cries out in vain:

O war and power,
You blind and blur.
The torn heart
cries out in pain.

But music and singing
Have been my refuge,
And music and singing
Shall be my light.

A light of song
Shining strong: Alleluia!
Through darkness, pain and strife, I'll
Sing, Be, Live, See...

Peace.

Frank Ticheli

*For further information about Frank Ticheli and his music,
please visit the composer's website at:*

<http://www.FrankTicheli.com>