Andante Languido ♩=63

No I

Dawn

be — yond

wind — ows

Morn — ing

be — yond my soul

Sun is af — lame out — side me,

I am cold — I am hard

like death with-in.

Poco più animato

Più f

I want the sun with-

(3)

f — in me, Rays

f walk — ing my hid-den

4.

molto cresc.

sleep

There is no

word bet-ween us,

There's no

light between us,

How

can

9 rise

dim

mp

5.

Tempo I

mourn ing

be-yond my

hung-er-ing hands

Come

To me

6

Teneramente

pp

Since you are

be-yond my

pp

wind-ow

Since you are

be-yond my

see-ing

With-in my

see-ing

7

Strength-less

though

there be

be-yond

strength

me

Light — ed tho' it be the need of hope,

like a flame not in my flesh — hot ag-

Could I have seen

3/4 3/4 3/4

love with-in me?

poco rit

8 Tempo I

Are you far

make me strug-gle toward you? As that my

soul ab- blaze be-

yond

Draw — ing me — to my own self

splend — or

Lento malincolico

Since you're there be-yond my wind-ow-

with — in

Per-haps

Leo Ornstein.
1927.

No 2

I

Streets of Stone

run — end-ing walls tower-ing

and sky-less This is my way

or — toil stony tasks

end-less toil

what is sun to

me Since I am pris-oned

from it walled by

the Stone hours

now let me forget sun the fare

stranger now let me toil since toil

toil

sun ending

sun

fate

Sure

and all em

brac— ing

is this task

Lo!

am con- tent

with- in

it

Tash

it is a

world that

warms

a world that

shines and

holds

Sun a

glow

in me as a toil

See a glow in me as a toil

are we

not one

Streets of Stone mm —

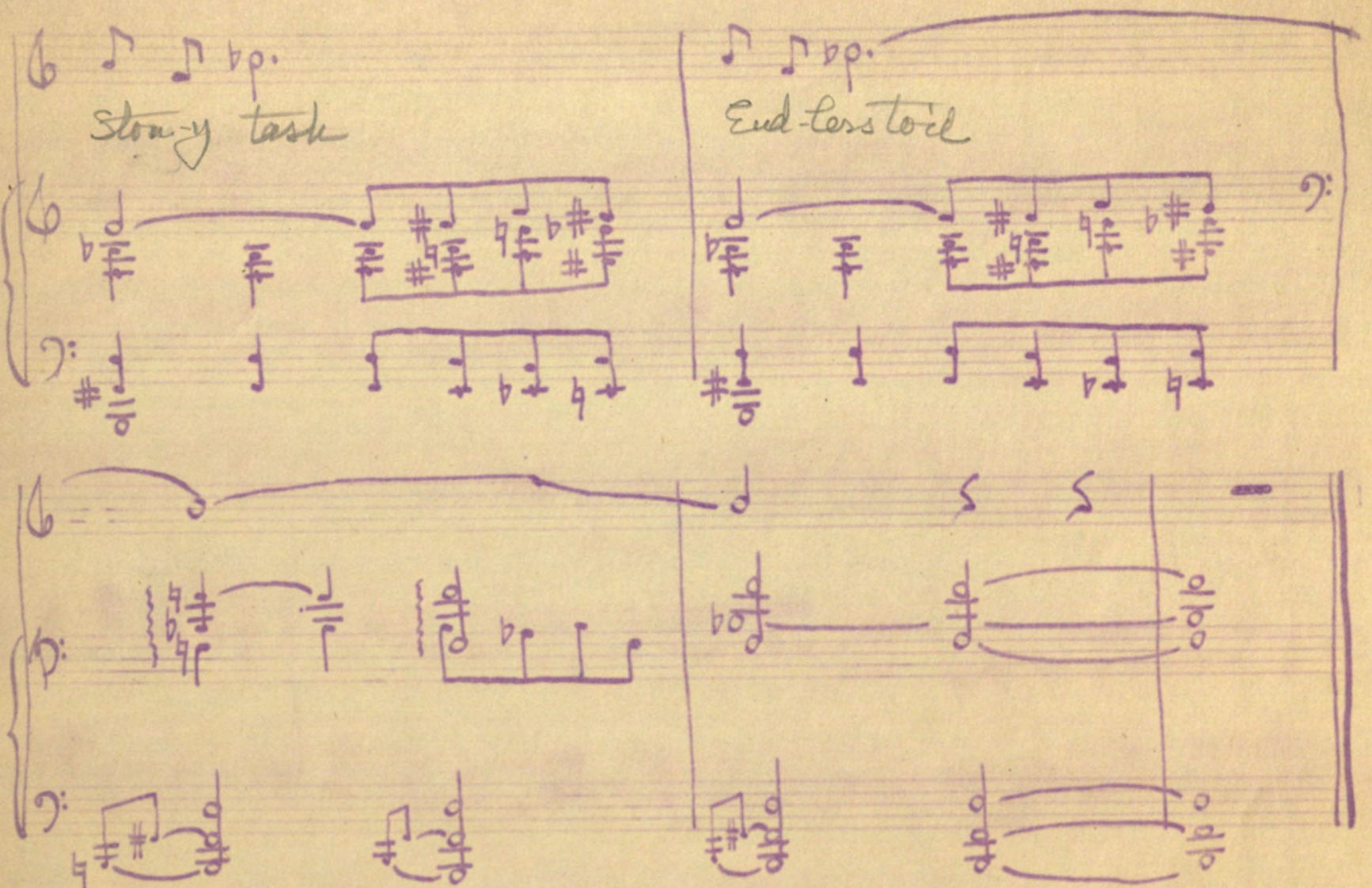
end-ing walls

towering and

skyless this

is my way

toil




Leo Ornstein.

July – 1928.

2

III

No. 3

Molto largo quasi Leggiero ♩ = 72

Life burns

bright and I am a-lone Can it be

that we are one to- geth- er.

poco a poco Cresc.

Reas- on makes it so and get it leaves me

poco a poco Cresc.

lone- ly o- how simp- le

to say and oh so hard to feel it

f animato

f animato

hard to live it

Calmato ♩ = 84

hard

pp

why

when I have said it We are

one when I have called and hailed "my

sun" I do not feel I do not

feel It is not so

molto meno mosso

Teneramente ♩=54

pp

Poco più animato

Let me sing it ev- er

mp

ev- er sing it

let me sing it

ev- er ev- er sing it

joys a-

bove all reas- on and be- yond all know- ing

joys a- bove all rea- son and be- yond all know- ing

3/4

3/4

3/4

Calmato ♩ = 84

life is this song

5 5 5

e'en while

mp

I live this

won- drous un- ion

liv- ing sure with-in my self.

3

♪ = ♩

And now sun is

fad- ing.

mezzo f

E'er

sun

was more than

mezzo f

known

So it is

p

gone

Tempo I.

merged in

sha. dow. y

dream

Life burns

bright and

I am a lone

Can it be

that we are one to- geth- er.

Gone now yet glow- ing lives son's mem- o- ry and

Teneramente $\mathit{d} = 50$

strong its ma- gic still pre- vails once more I dwell with- in that

splen- dor dwell-ing within grey- ness see

light lean to- ward joy rise from this

Poco a poco rit.

morendo

pp

dark-

live from this

death

morendo

pp

ppp

pppp

Leo Ornstein.

1927 – 1928.

# Allegro con fuoco № 4

*f*

*f* sing!

the sun, the earth is song

all man is song

sing life, live

song, all man's a — rous — ing — song —

sing life live song the world is

shout — ing — Sing. yea!

ff

Love!

the sun the heav'n is love,

The earth is love

The trees, the

hills, the tides move up —— ward, Bright beast and

flash-full bird spin —— God's love

poco a poco

dim.

ff

ff

all

that cir-cles round the earth

swathes earth in love;

moons stars suns link lovers chain

and with in

Allegro molto

ff

Hands

toil

at their task

they weave the web from man to

man; Their web of love

Each hand is an em - brace from one —

to one! and all make

One

sing!

the sun, the

earth is song

all man is song

sing life, live song, all man's a

rous — ing song

sing life live song the world is shout — ing —

sing yea! —

ff

Love! —

The sun the heav'n is love, —

the earth is love

the trees, the hills, the tides move

up — ward, Bright beast and flash-ful bird Spin

a god's love

p

p

p

glissando

Moderato sostenuto ♩= 120

Leo Ornstein

be
that
sick - lies o'er
my
soul
and makes it faint
in me
Con anima
Think - ing
it is the
twi
light
when
f
con forza
ten
pp
the night
may
a
pp
rise

one tide is eb — bing and
molto rit
one tide flows
molto rit
♩ = 72
noon tide
mp
has bled a — way
2 too go down

sky's
flood
has
shrunk to
grey
too
go
poco a poco agitato
Cresc
Life
mf
woo
ing
woo
ing
for life
poco a poco agitato

f Sun
cease
For now
has come
thoughts low of
molto
cresc
appassionato
birth
The
life
of
life
Mats

mp

tired

3

rit

meno f

Tempo I

Shades of trem-u-lous col-or gar-

ment the sin-gle-hued sun-light of

mysterioso

my joy

Lo!

pp

mysterious

a deep-er joy
a
dark-er joy
I've lived
Lento
AH.
Lento
rall
August 17th 1927