

### IV Serenata: Still Falls the Rain

♩ = 48 (♩ = 144)

Tenor *f* Still falls the Rain - Dark *f*

Violin I *fp* *mf*

Violin II *fp* *mf*

Viola *f molto espressivo* *p ecco* *mf*

Violoncello *fp* *pp* *mf*

14 as the world of man, black as our loss - Blind as the nine-teen hund-red and for-ty-nails

*mp* *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

28 U - pon the Cross.

*p* *p* *f dim.* *f dim.* *f* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

*pizz.* *arco*

42 *mf* Still falls the Rain *mp* With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the

57 ham-mer- beat In the Pot-ter's Field, and the

72 sound of the im-pi-ous feet On the Tomb: Still

86 falls the Rain In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the hu-man brain Nur-tures its greed,

100

that worm with the brow of Cain...

*p* *sempre poco a poco crescendo* *f*

*p* *sempre poco a poco crescendo* *f*

*p* *sempre poco a poco crescendo*

*p* *sempre poco a poco crescendo*

114

*f* *mf* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *mf* *cresc.* *ff*

*mf* *mf* *cresc.* *ff*

127

*p* *poco f*

Still \_\_\_\_\_ falls the Rain \_\_\_\_\_ At the feet \_\_\_\_\_ of the Starved Man hung \_\_\_\_\_ u - pon the Cross.

*pizz.* *poco fp* *p* *poco fp* *arco* *poco f* *pizz.* *arco*

*poco fp* *ppp*

143

Christ that each day, eachnight, nails there, have mer-cy on us

*f* *arco* *pp* *poco cresc. sempre* *f ma molto dim.* *mf*

158

on Di ves\_ and on la-za-rus: un-der the rain\_ the sore and the gold are as one Still\_ falls\_ the Rain, Still

*p* *ff* *pp* *pp* *pp*

173

quasi recit.

falls\_ the Blood\_ from the starved man's wound-ed side\_ He\_ bears in his heart all wounds, those\_ of the light\_ that died,

*con sord.* *ppp* *ppp* *ppp* *ppp*

187

the last faint spark in the self mur - dered heart, the wounds of the sad un - com pro-mi-sing dark, the wounds of the bait-ed bear,

senza sord.

*ppp pochiss. cresc.* *pp*

senza sord. *pp*

senza sord. *ppp pochiss. cresc.* *pp*

senza sord. *ppp pochiss. cresc.* *pp*

*ppp pochiss. cresc.* *pp*

199

the blind and weep-ing bear whom the keep - ers beat on his help-less flesh, the tears of the hun ted hare.

*ff* *p*

*ff* *mf espress.*

*ff* *p*

212

Still falls the Rain then - O lle leape up

*mp espress. lontano* *p molto tranquillo* *sempre cresc.*

*mp espress. lontano* *sempre p - molto tranquillo* *sempre cresc.*

*sempre p - molto tranquillo* *sempre cresc.*

*sempre p - molto tranquillo* *sempre cresc.*

*mf espress.* *sempre p - molto tranquillo* *sempre cresc.*

231

*ff*

to my God who pulles me doune see, see where Christ's blood streames in the fir - ma - ment

245

*poco a poco diminuendo*

It flows from the brow we nailed u - pon the tree Deep to the dy - ing to the thirst - ing heart.

257

*mp*

that holds the fires of the world Dark - smirched with pain as Cae - sar's lau - rel crown

267

*f* *poco dim.* *mf*

275

*mp* *p* Then... sounds the voice of One

285

*dim.* *p* *pp* who like the heart of man... was once a child... who a-mongst beasts... has lain

295

*p* Still... do I love, Still shed my in - no - cent light, my blood, for thee...