

87

*mf*

beat her wings \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ go. On the work she's done

*mp*

beat her wings fas - ter to go. \_\_\_\_\_ But soon, look - ing back on the work she had done, she

beat her wings fas - ter to go. \_\_\_\_\_ But soon, look - ing back on the work she had done, she

*cresc.*

start

91

to \_\_\_\_\_ the snow. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

let her - self fall to the snow. \_\_\_\_\_ I saw for a mo - ment the smile on her face 'fore she

Saw a mo - ment, smile on her face 'fore she

*mf*

T. \_\_\_\_\_

B. \_\_\_\_\_

let her - self fall to the snow. Saw a mo - ment, smile, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

95

*f*

launched her - self back in the air. I'm sure there are ma - ny snow an - gels in heav'n, but

launched her - self in the air. There are ma - ny an - - -

99

*f*

now I have one down here. I sing: 'E - ven though the snow may blow there's

*f*

- gels. 'E - ven though the snow may blow there's

*f*

103

not a wind can stop— my mu - sic. For I know that win - ter shel-ters

not a wind can stop my mu - sic. For I know that win - ter shel-ters

This system contains measures 103 through 106. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a bass line, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a triplet in measure 106.

107

lifel' ah

lifel' ah

ah

ah

cresc.

cresc.

This system contains measures 107 through 110. It features a vocal line with lyrics and vocalizations, a bass line, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a triplet in measure 107 and a crescendo marking in measure 110.

111 rit. a tempo

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

116

*mf*

*p*

122 rit.

*rit.*

## Narrator's part

Written by Lisa Helps

### Narration 1

#### First Angel

On a rock, head in hand, I sit. Long, white hair falls now to my lap and my old, tired wings rest now at my side. Peaceful. Still.

Dawn. I watch the day come into being: the gentle approach of the sun, the world above, the world below, graced with light. And I, witness of thousands of dawns, can't help but remember, this morning near my passing, a time long ago when for a moment these wings, which define my very angelhood, became invisible.

There was a spring festival in the countryside where I had been sent. Adults and children alike danced and celebrated the end of winter's shelter, the bountiful green beginnings, the harvests to come. My task was very unique, you see, for I was sent to gather light. Our world then—our world now—both bleak and bright, always on the brink of night. So as the townspeople danced and sang, I opened my magic leather sack and let their light flow in. I went from town to town in this way, and in each town I passed through people greeted me with a generosity of spirit and gentle kindness. Yet, seeking light, I had little time to respond in kind. When I arrived in the last village, just when I had almost enough light, I was stopped.

'I've heard about you,' said a young man, close to the age I was then. 'You are the angel gathering light to save us all from the world's night.'

'That's right,' I said, a little too proudly perhaps for an angel.

'But if you are truly an angel then where are your wings?'

I was puzzled for a moment, sure that my wings were where they had always been—strapped onto my back with heartstrings. But I tried to flap, nothing. I looked behind me, nothing. Then, panicking, I looked into my magic bag . . . nothing. Where is the light?

### Narration 2

#### Second Angel

I'm Grace. That's what my Father calls me anyway, although most days I'm not sure why. My friends call me Gray, 'cause I'm somewhere in the middle, between black and white, boy and girl, angel and human. I do have wings though, and I'm seventeen and hip so they're tattooed, and I've even got a piercing in my nose. So this is how it goes. We've been hanging around up here for a while now. Waiting for heaven to fall. Waiting for a call. Every day we look out across the sky, across the city—the urban playground for earthbound teenage angels. And every day we look: we see the city spread, we watch with dread the trees disappear, the rivers run dry—we anticipate the end of thousands of harvests.

We watch with fascination angels in human form look without seeing, hear without listening, touch without feeling. I watch compassion disappear as if it were simply going out of fashion. Compassion. Out of fashion as I suppose my own wings might be, tattooed, when I'm old and wise.

So in a flurry I transcend the borderland of the sky between you and me. I swoop down into the heart of New York City, of Montreal, of Moscow. I creep quietly through graffiti-covered alleyways, looking for a message. Looking for direction. I look into the eyes of the people passing by for a message, for direction. And on one corner sits a woman, with a boy child. She looks at me with innocent eyes. I touch her face gently. She smiles, then cries. Around the bend near the end of yet another shop-lined street lies a man. I help him to his feet.

And then I come to you.

You look at me as if I were anything but heaven-sent. You cannot see past my tattoos, my piercings, past all of me that is different from all of you. Yet I am also the same, you see, and so you let me take your hand. 'Let me show you compassion,' I say. I lead you to what used to be a garden; it was your Father's when you were a child. But you had forgotten, you see, and in the meantime it became a parking lot. 'But look,' I pointed. And there, pushing up through the pavement, a solitary red flower, unselfconsciously perfect. 'I remember,' you assure me, and so I leave you graced, an adult child in the garden of your Father.

### **Narration 3**

#### **Third Angel**

I am a small angel. Eight years old to be exact. I have a crooked nose and tiny wings. I like them because they make me a little bit different from everyone else, and that makes me special. I know I'm a special angel for other reasons too. Because I'm one of the only angels my age who has a human friend. She's like me—eight. Where she lives it's almost springtime, and the flowers in her mother's garden are poking their heads up through the snow. But she's sad. At first I thought it was because she couldn't see her own wings, but I learned the other day it's because her best friend moved away and she doesn't know who to love anymore. She is what adults call 'lonely'. But I am a young angel with a big heart and tiny wings, and I know how to love. So I went to visit her before bedtime the other night as she sat at her window looking out at winter's end. She smiled as I danced and sang my song, and she giggled, hiding her face in her hands, when I threw myself into the snow and flapped my wings. And when I got up there was a picture of me left behind in the snow. And I felt happy because the little girl had laughed. And I felt happy because she could see love, like a picture in the snow.

[Pause]

#### **First Angel**

'Sweet child,' I say, here at dawn from the rock of my old age. Sweet children. What do we do when the snow melts, when love remains although love's imprint is gone? Once upon a time I told you I couldn't see my wings. Not because they weren't there, but because in seeking light I had forgotten how to give it. The energy of generosity, of compassion, of love, is circular. Inside we know no differently.

Look and see.

Hear and listen.

Touch and feel.

Each of us, inside, a child in the garden.

A flower pushing through pavement.

An angel in the snow.

Go.

DJEMBE

3. God will give orders / 4. Sweet child

Words and music by  
SARAH QUARTEL

With a feeling of one ♩ = 96

DJEMBE  $\frac{3}{4}$  **72**

S. S.  
A. All your an - gels see the face of your

77 **Rooted and strong** ♩ = 84  
Fa - - - - *mf*

81 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

97 10 11 12

105 *ff*

109 1 2 3 *f*

115 3 7 rit. 3

\* The percussionist may improvise and expand upon the notated rhythm as desired.