The Noise of Waters

Poem by James Joyce

SATB a cappella

Music by Jonathan Adams

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is when going forth alone, He

hears the winds cry to the waters monotonously

subito pp mf

subito pp
gray winds, the cold winds are blowing where I go. I
hearing the noise of many waters far below.

All day, all night I hear them flowing far below.

All day, all night, I hear them flowing far below,
to and fro, to and fro,
hear them flowing to and fro,
to and fro,
to and fro,
to and fro,
to and fro,
to and fro.

very slowly.............. morendo

May 26, 2000