Nigel Keay

The Voice

for mixed chorus a cappella

A setting of the poem by Dunstan Ward

The Voice

A distant cry stopped me as I followed, in the island's afternoon heat, the goat track twisting between the thorn bushes and rocks around the cliffs above the glittering bay.

Below me, a lone fisherman was singing, a high, harsh song, careless yet impassioned, that he kept up even while he heaved the bow of his turquoise-painted boat against the swell.

I stood there listening, envious and chastened, as though this were the sound I had longed to hear through tide on tide of silence and self-doubt, the voice of one attuned to himself, to life.

Patmos

The Voice

for mixed chorus a cappella

Lyricist: Dunstan Ward

Nigel Keay



* Piano for rehearsal purposes only.

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The Voice 7 S. swell. stood there. list en - ing, mp =A. I stood there swell. stoodthere_ mp =T. Ι swell. list stood there. en -В. there swell. stood list en - ing, Pn rallentando.....a tempo vi - ous and chastened, chas - tened - as_ though A. vi - ous chastened, chas - tened as thoughen pp Т. vi - ous and chas - tened, though В. though this as were Pn



