

3. Bird of Glass

Words by
Toni Thomas

Soprano solo with piano

Music by
Diane Tuiofu

Gently flowing ♩ = 60

mp

a tempo

My lit - tle bird of glass lies brok-en in my hand. It

mp

4 5 6

used to be a mem - o - ry of all in life that's grand. But

mf

7 8

mem - o - ries like glass can shat - ter in your grasp. My

mf

9 10

brok - en dreams, like love, they seem too de - li - cate to last. How swift - ly

dim. rit. *mp* *mf* ♩ = 70

dim. rit. *mp*

11 12 13

time has swept a - way. Though I have tried I can - not make it

mf

14 15 16

Times

stay. Though in that end - less stream all things must end it seems.

17 18 19

rit. dim. *mp* ♩ = 60

For - ev - er will the pain re - main?

rit. dim. *mp*

20 21 22

mf

The

23 24 25

fa - ces in my past have fa - ded fast a - way. And

mf

26 27

8^{va}

what may be my des - ti - ny , to - mor - row who can say? At

28 29

least I have to - day, a mo - ment I can trust. Then

30 31

dim. rit. *mp* *cresc.*

come what may I'll claim to - day un - til it too is dust.

dim. rit. *cresc.*

32 33 34

35 36

mf

f ♩ = 70

How swift - ly

37 38

time has swept a - way, though I have tried I can - not make it

f

39 40 41

19

stay. Though in that end-less stream all things must end it seems.

42 43 44

♩ = 60

For - ev - er will the pain re - main?

mf

45 46 47

dim. *mp*

My

48 49 50

Slower with emotion ♩ = 55 *dim.* *a little faster then slow to end*
p

lit - tle bird of glass lies shat - tered in my hand.

51 52 53

54 55