Inhumanity

Ethan C. Dickinson

Dan Barton

Slowly (♩ = c. 94)

mp

Here, there were trees sha-ding the

mp

8

shore - line of the lake cas - ting ma - jes - tic sil - hou - ettes, sky high

8

15

mf

They now lie hol-lowed out like rust-ing frames rot - ting un-der beet-le born de-

15

20

cay.

Allegro (M.M. ♩ = c. 164)

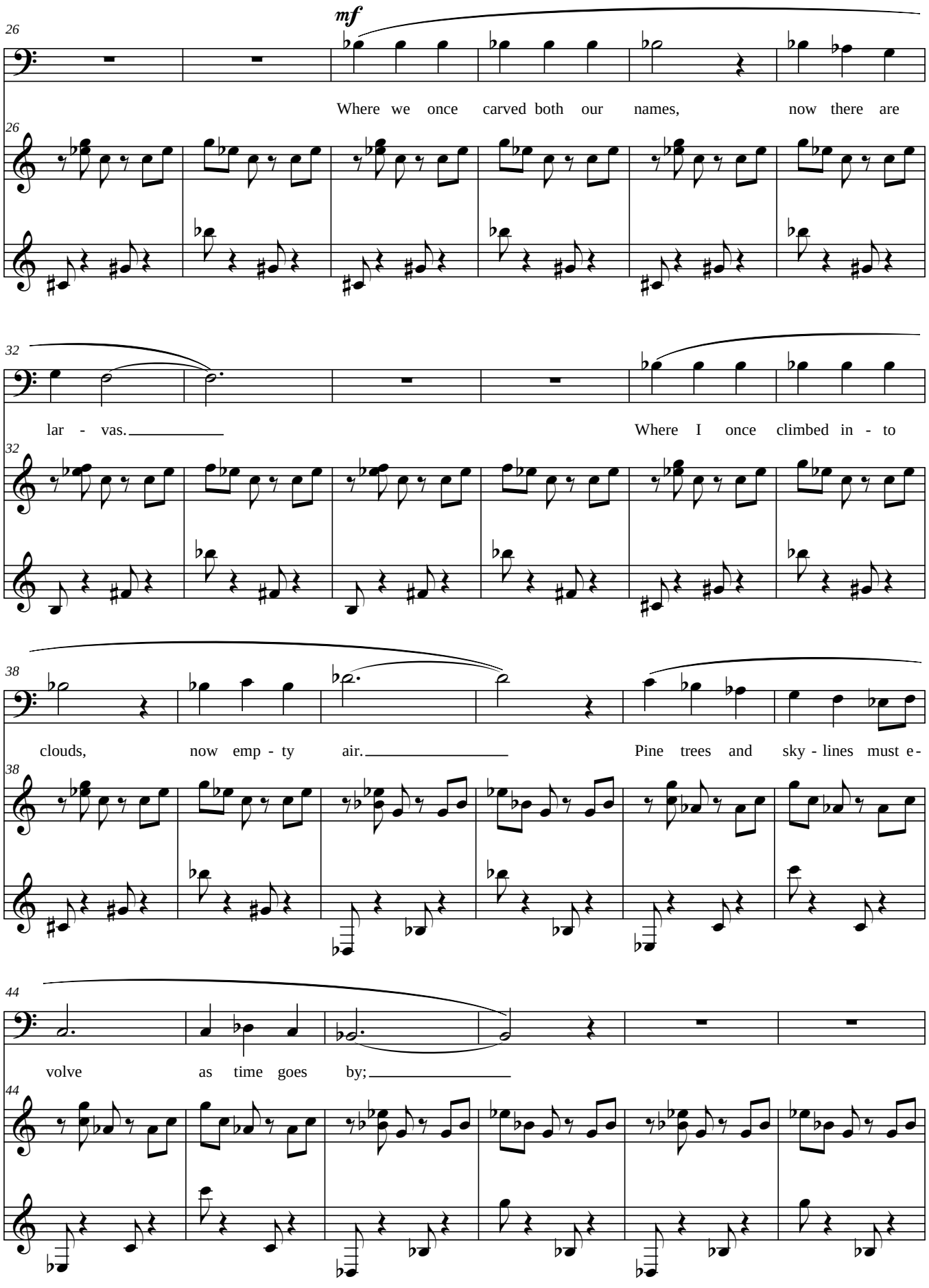
20

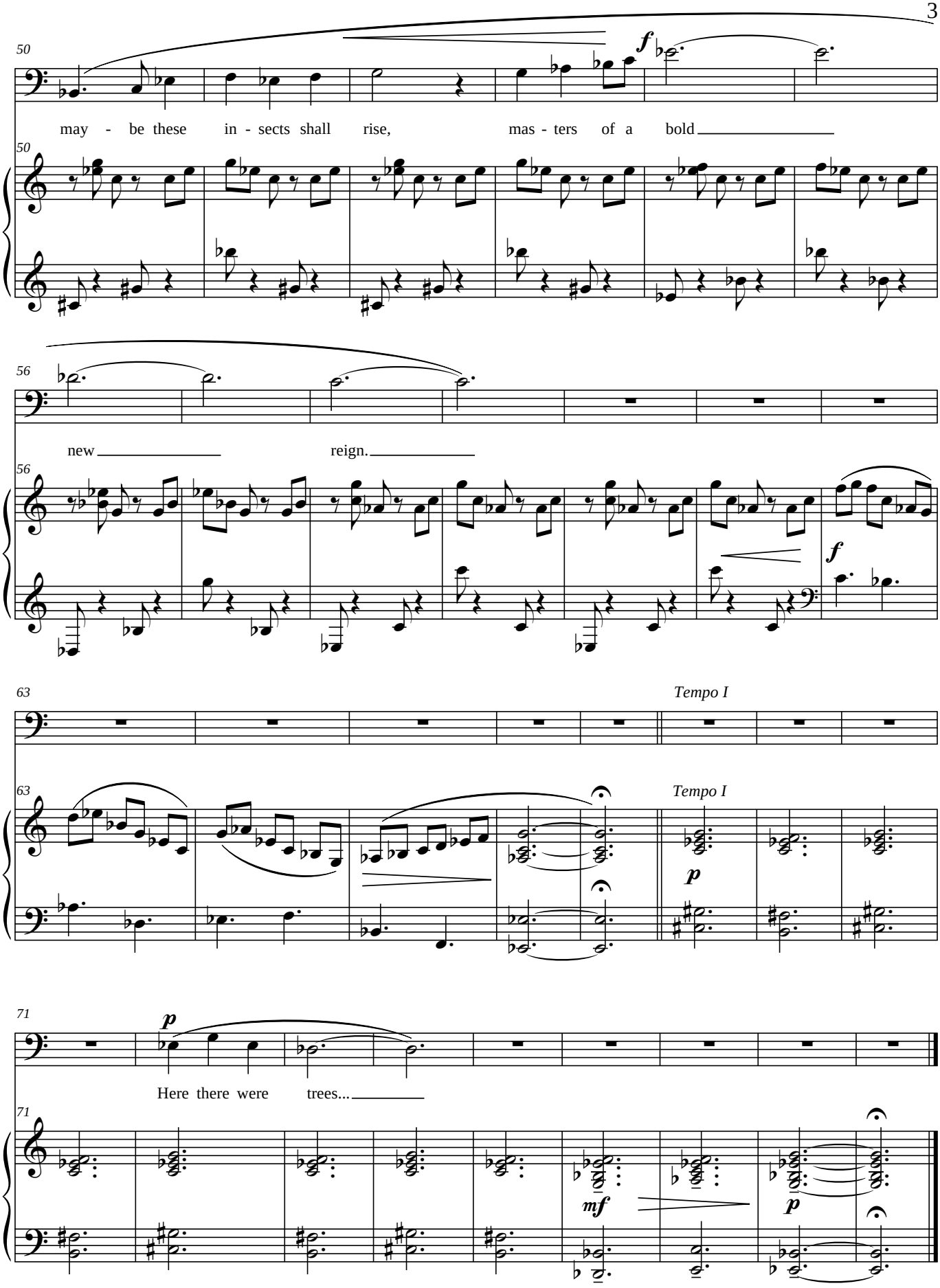
mf

3

Allegro (M.M. ♩ = c. 164)

legato


mf
26
Where we once carved both our names, now there are
32
lar - vas. Where I once climbed in - to
38
clouds, now emp - ty air. Pine trees and sky - lines must e -
44
volve as time goes by;

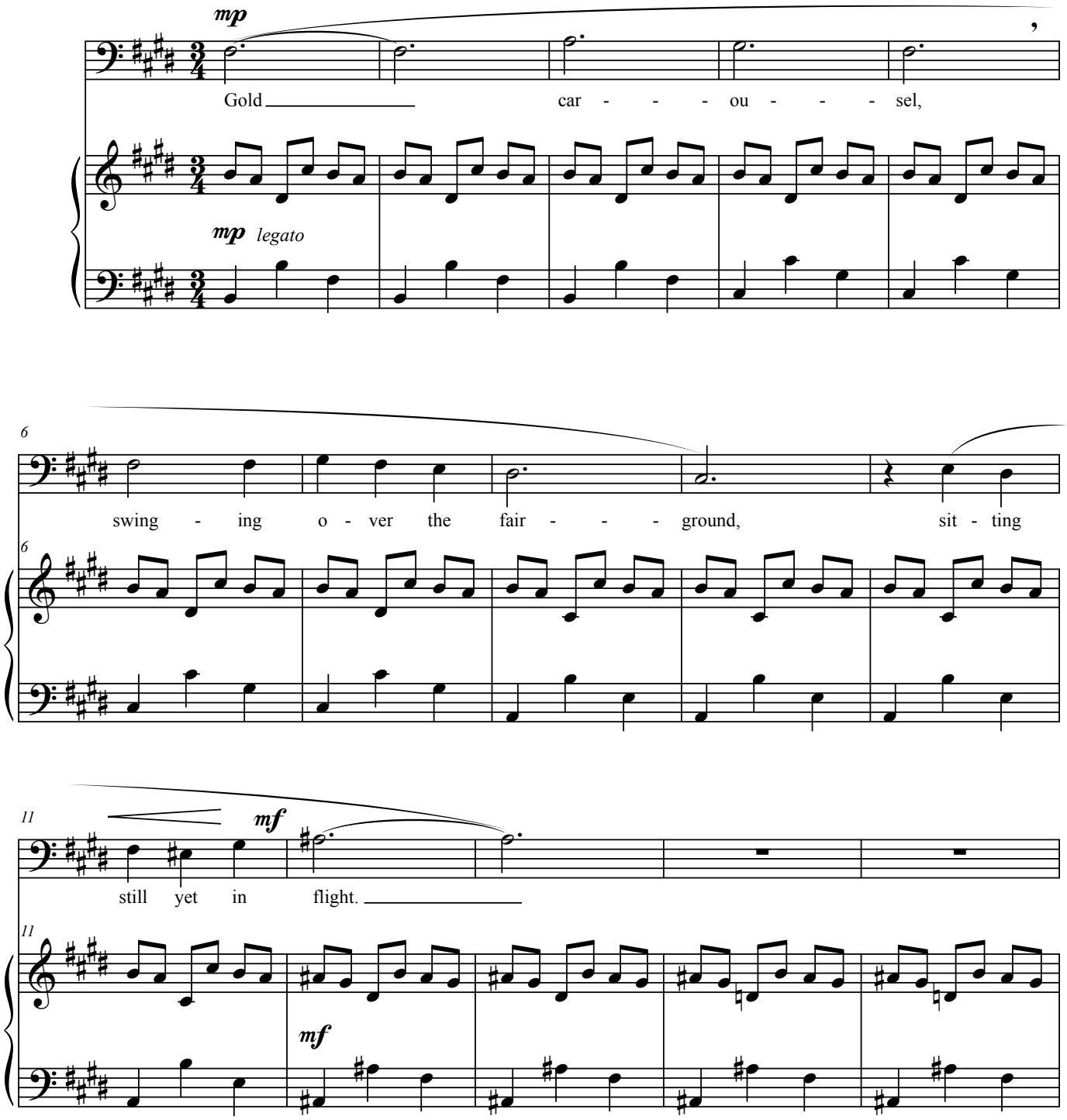

50
may - be these in - sects shall rise, mas - ters of a bold
f
56
new reign.
f
63
Tempo I
p
71
p
Here there were trees...
mf
p

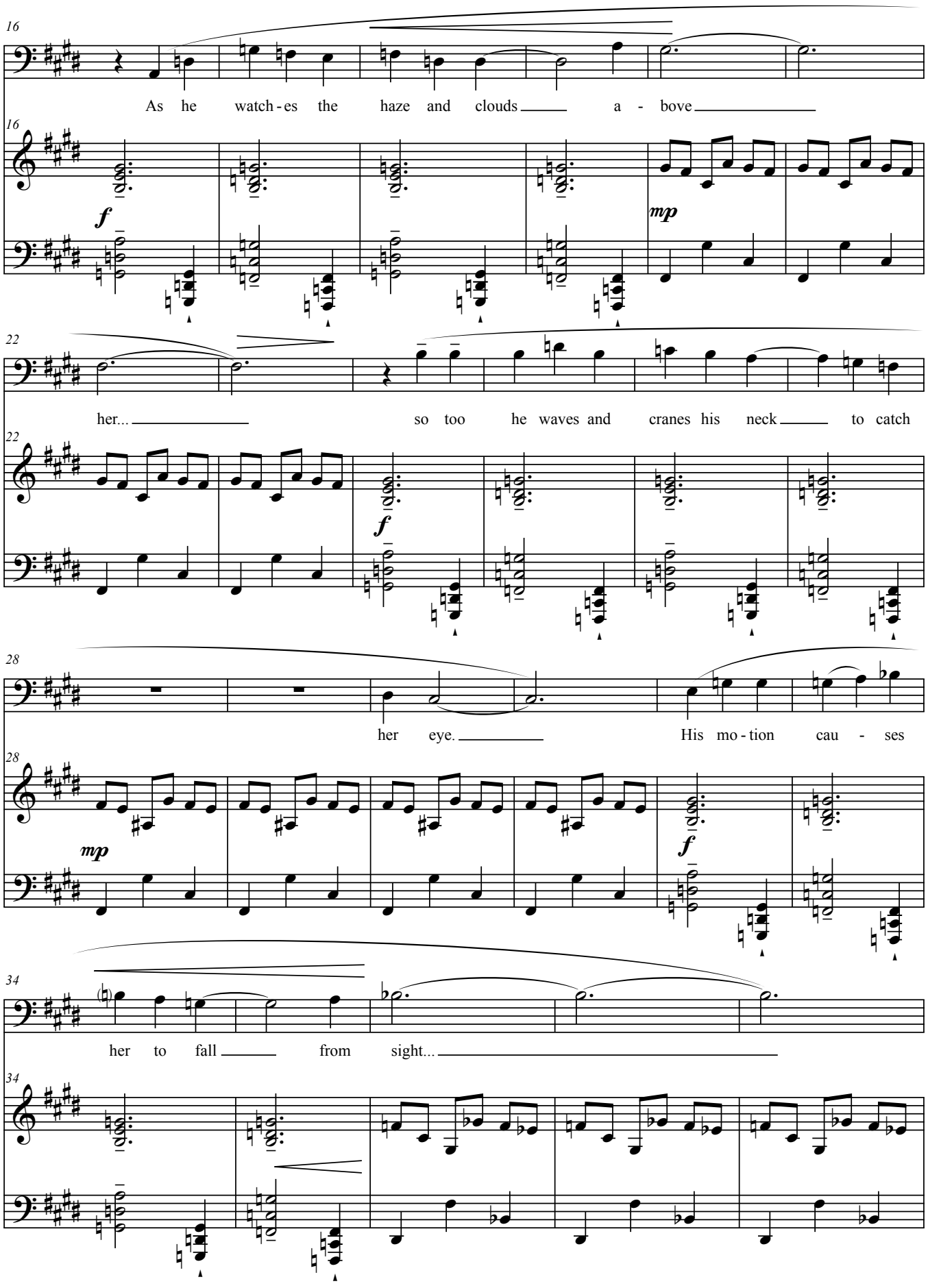
Anicca (Impermanence)

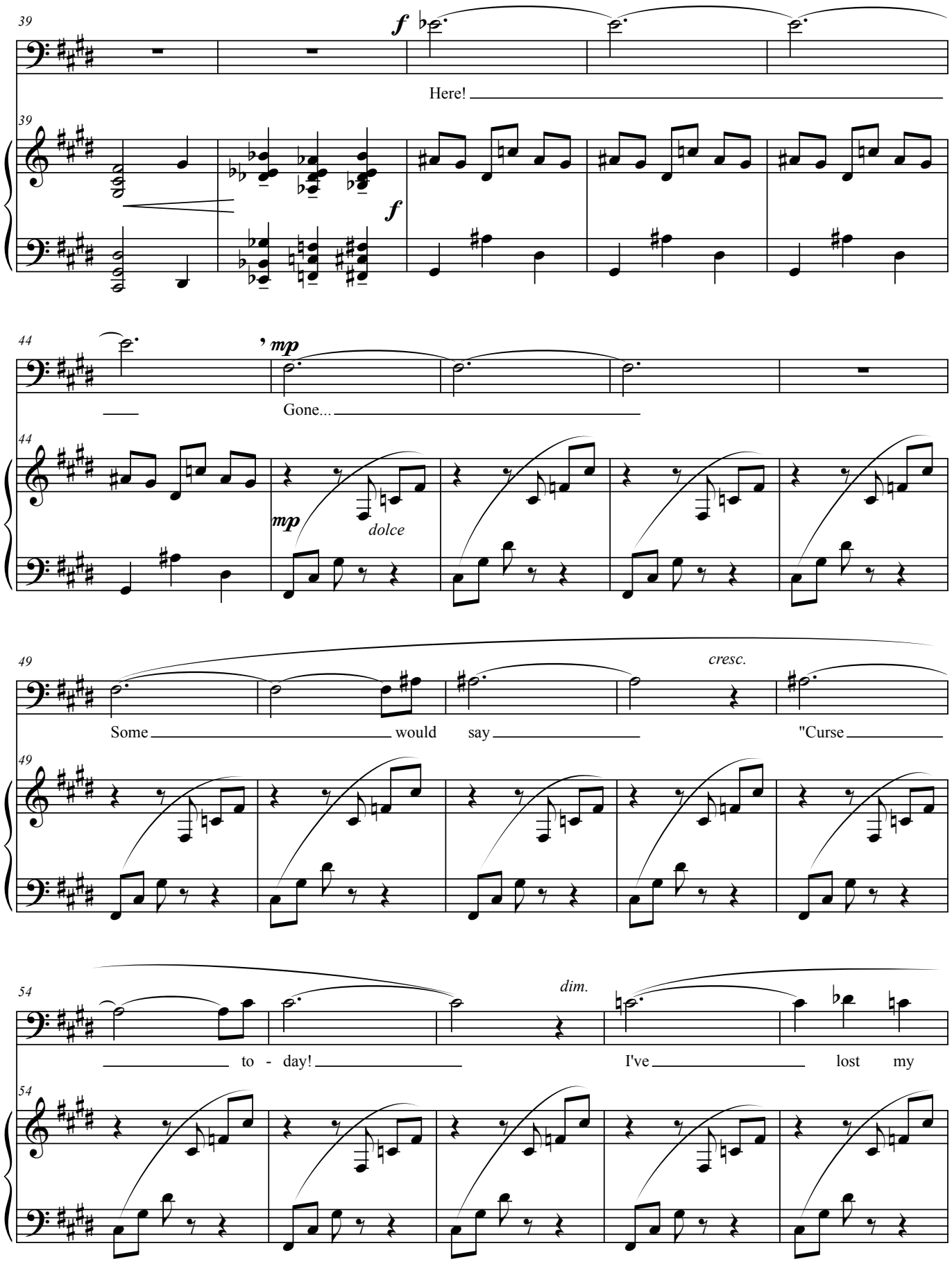
Ethan C. Dickinson

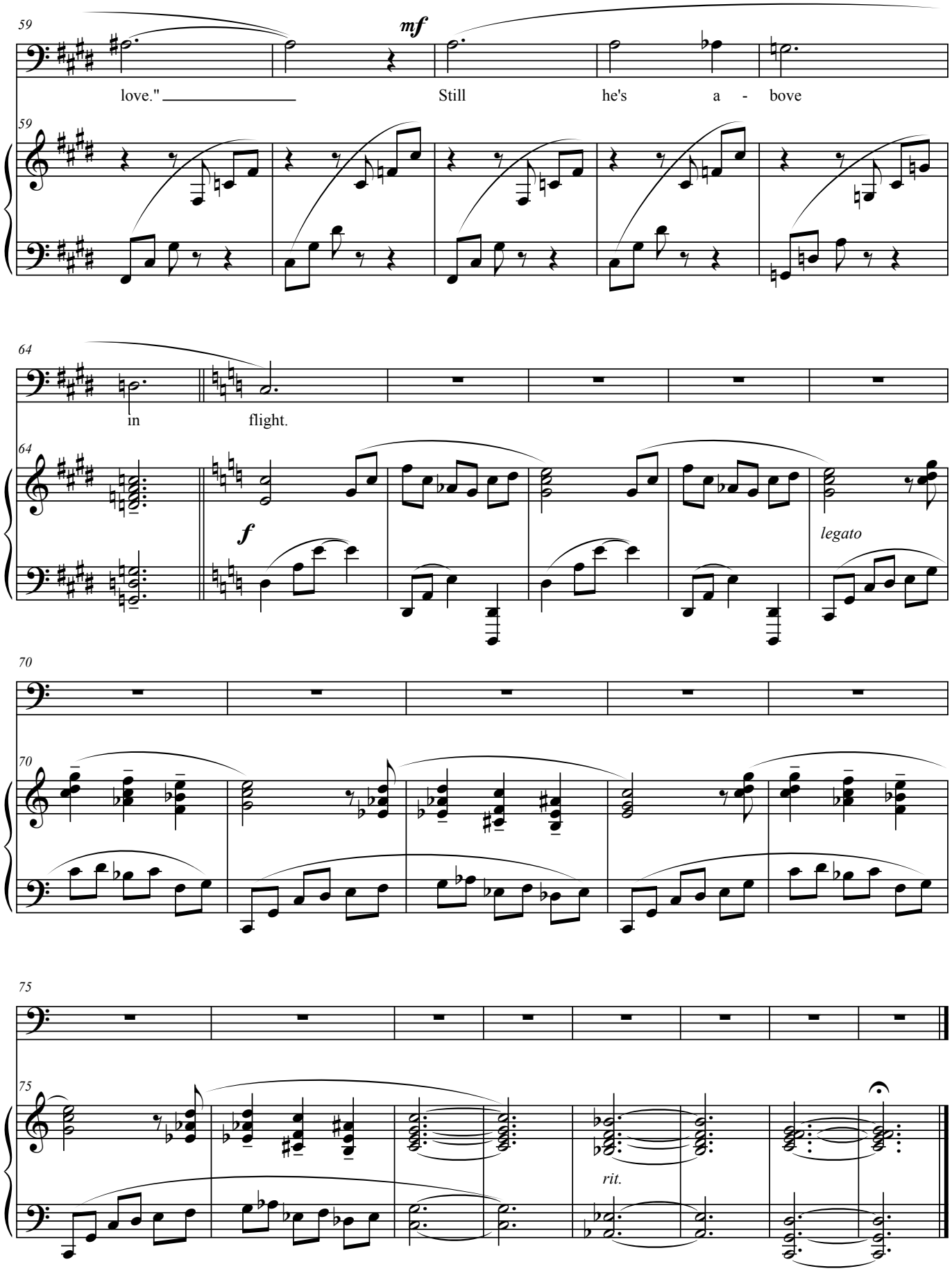
Dan Barton

Presto (𝅗𝅥.=52)




16
As he watch - es the haze and clouds a - bove
f
mp
22
her... so too he waves and cranes his neck to catch
f
28
her eye. His mo - tion cau - ses
mp
f
34
her to fall from sight...


39
f
Here!
39
f
44
mp
Gone...
44
mp
dolce
49
cresc.
Some would say "Curse
49
54
dim.
to - day! I've lost my
54

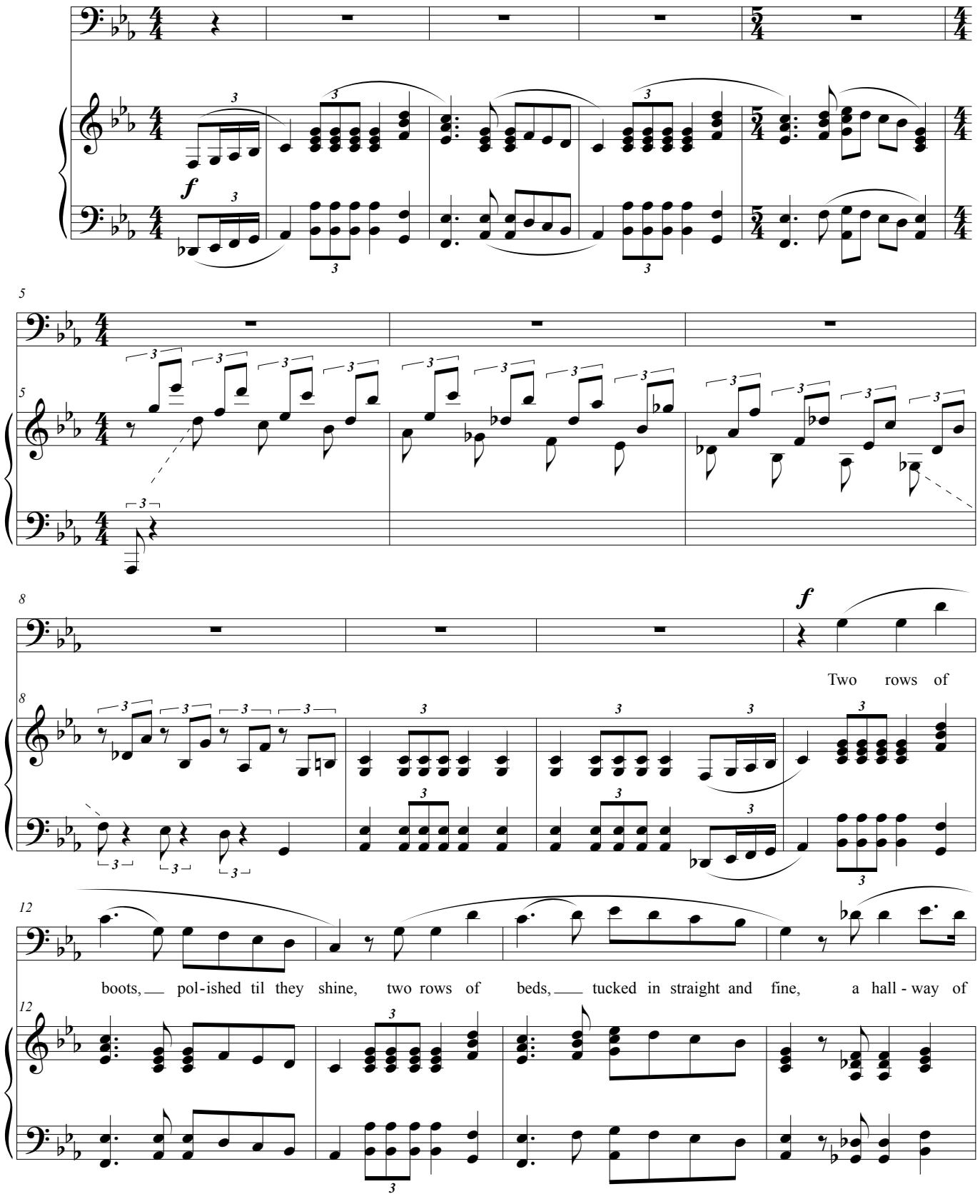

59
mf
love."
Still
he's
a - bove
59
64
in
flight.
64
f
legato
70
70
75
75
rit.

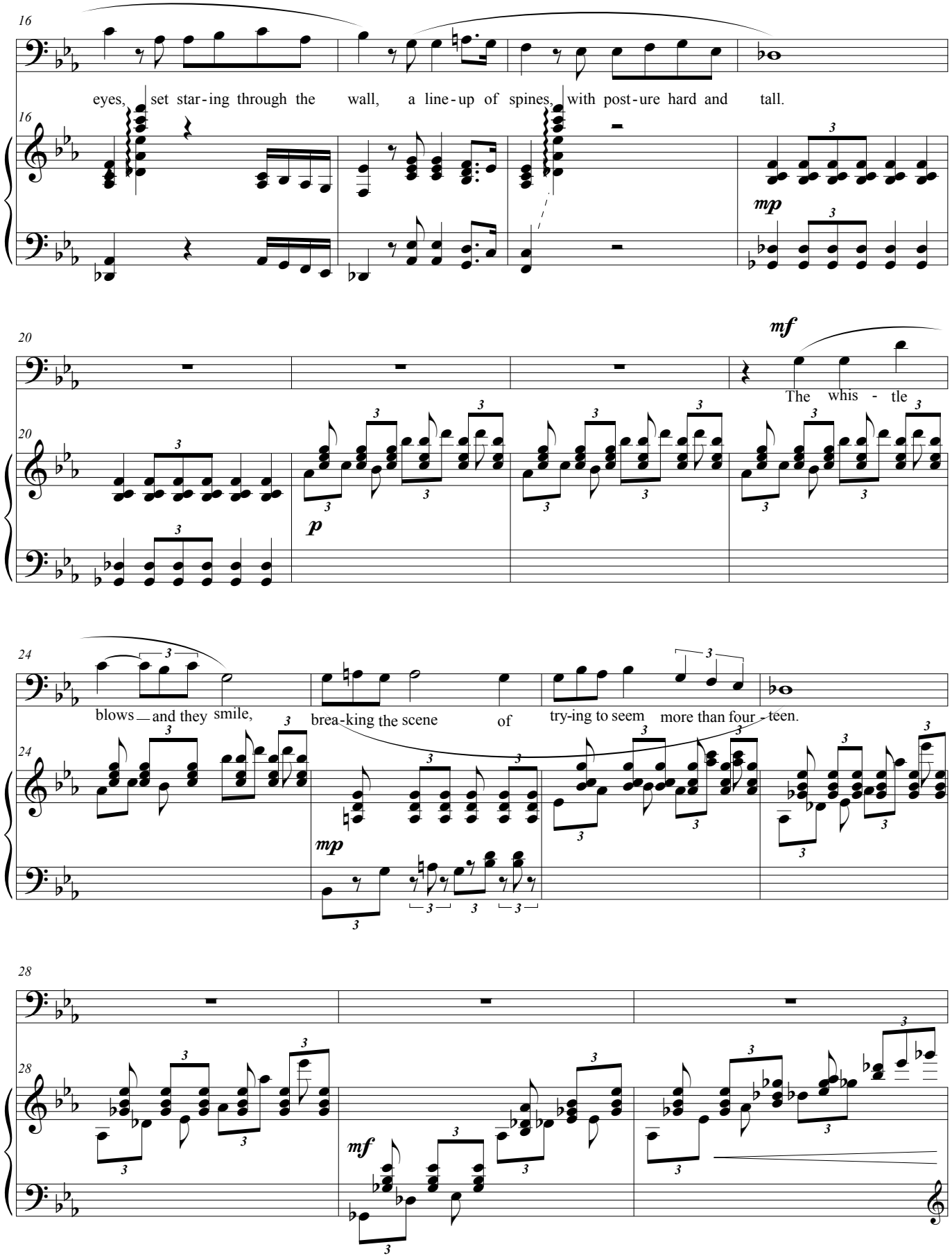
Innocence

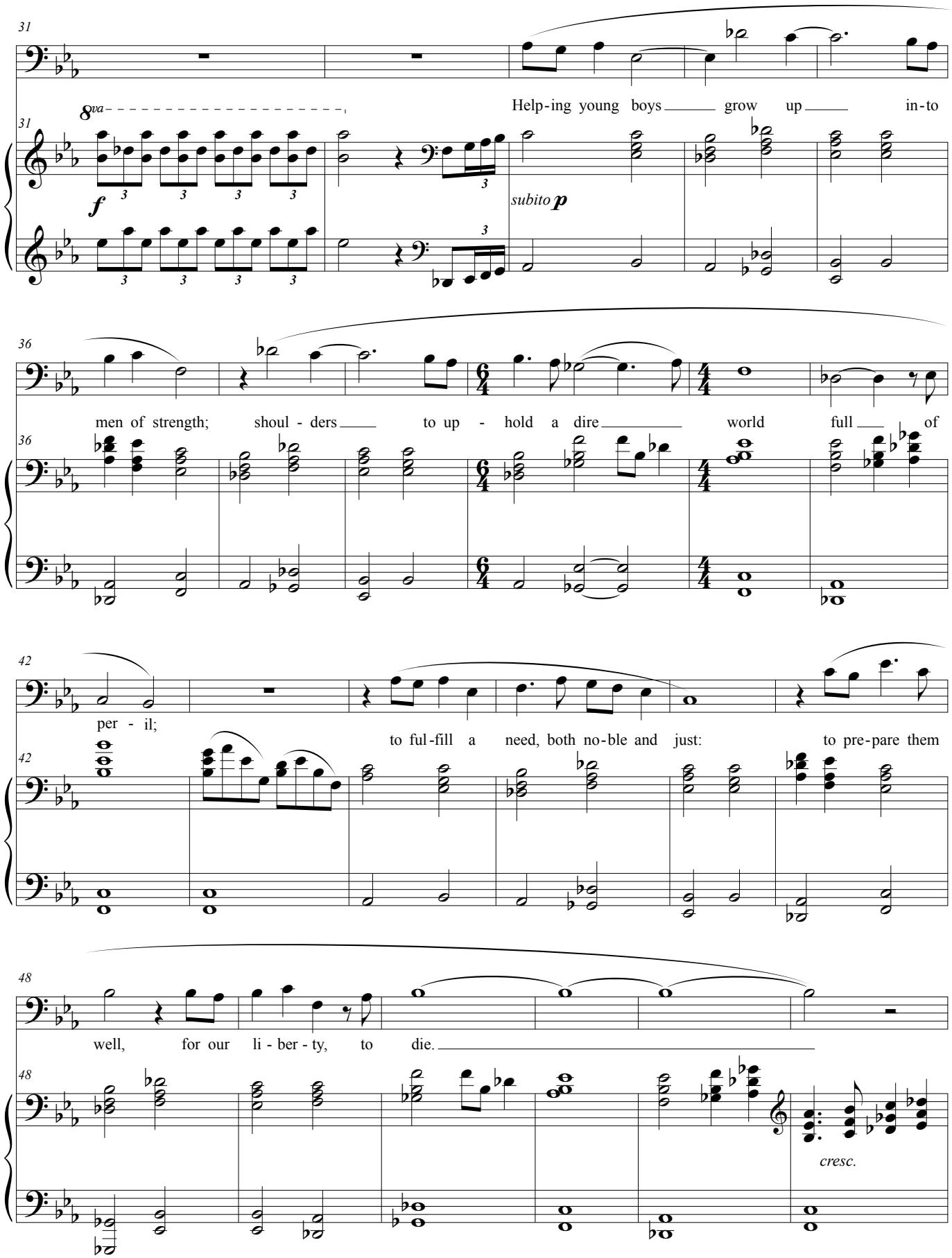
Ethan C. Dickinson

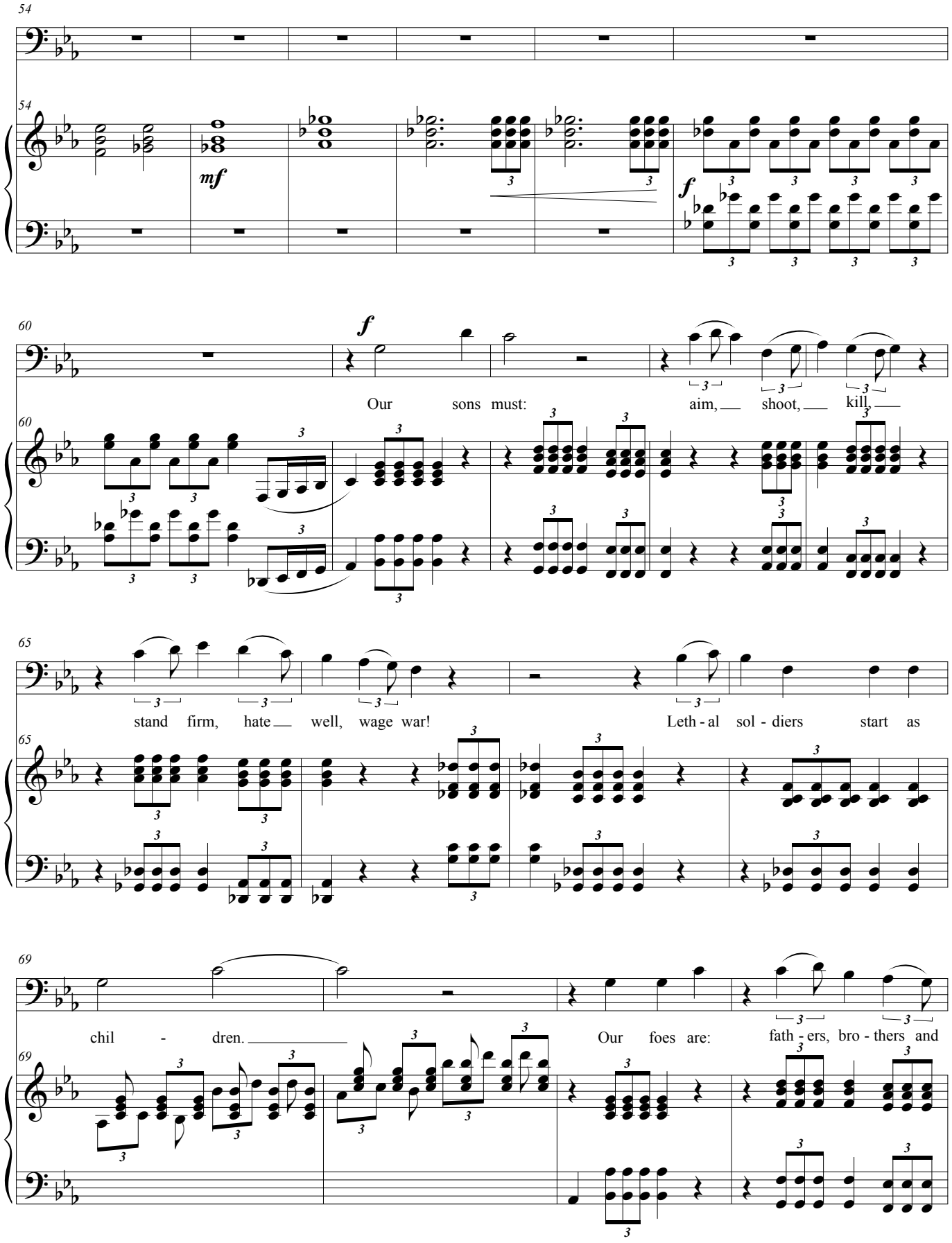
Dan Barton

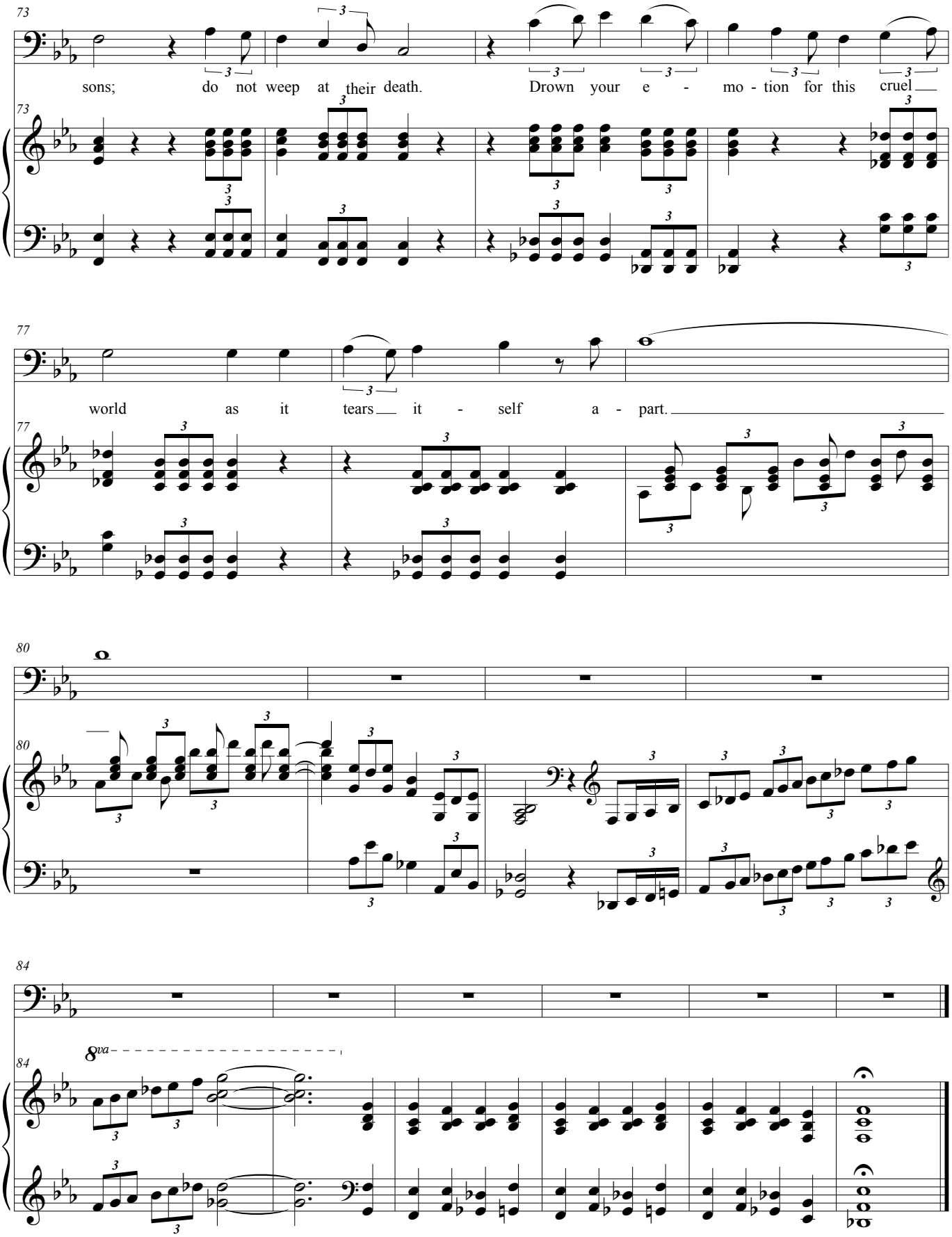
Allegro (M.M. ♩ = c. 120)




16
eyes, set star-ing through the wall, a line-up of spines, with post-ure hard and tall.
mp
20
mf
The whis - tle
p
24
blows and they smile, brea-king the scene of try-ing to seem more than four - teen.
mp
28
mf


31
8va
Help-ing young boys grow up in-to
f
subito p
36
men of strength; shoul - ders to up - hold a dire world full of
42
per - il;
to ful-fill a need, both no-ble and just: to pre-pare them
48
well, for our li - ber - ty, to die.
cresc.


54
54
mf
f
60
f
Our sons must:
aim, shoot, kill,
60
65
stand firm, hate well, wage war!
Leth - al sol - diers start as
65
69
chil - dren.
Our foes are:
fath - ers, bro - thers and
69

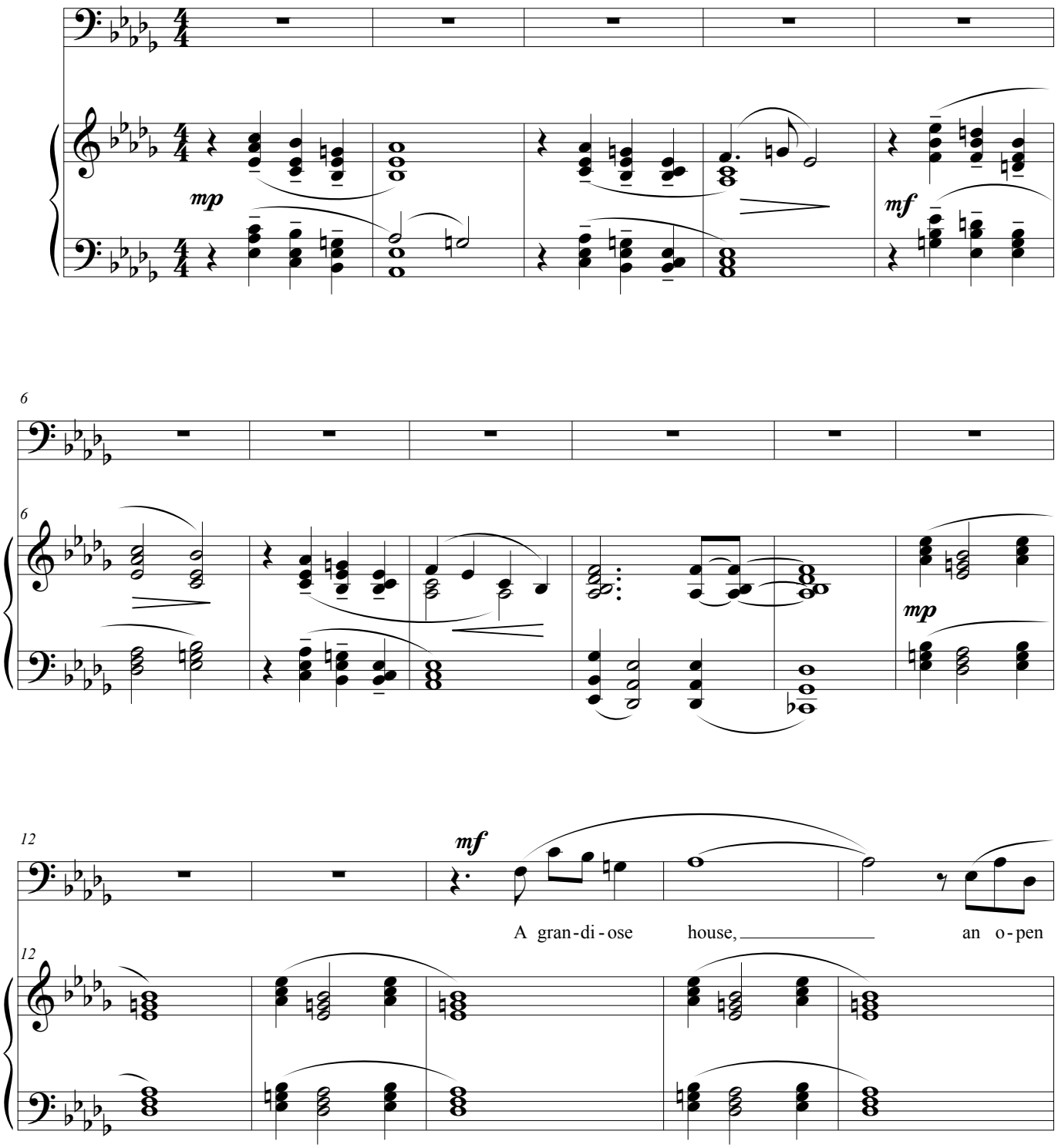

73
sons; do not weep at their death. Drown your e - mo - tion for this cruel
77
world as it tears it - self a - part.
80
84
8va

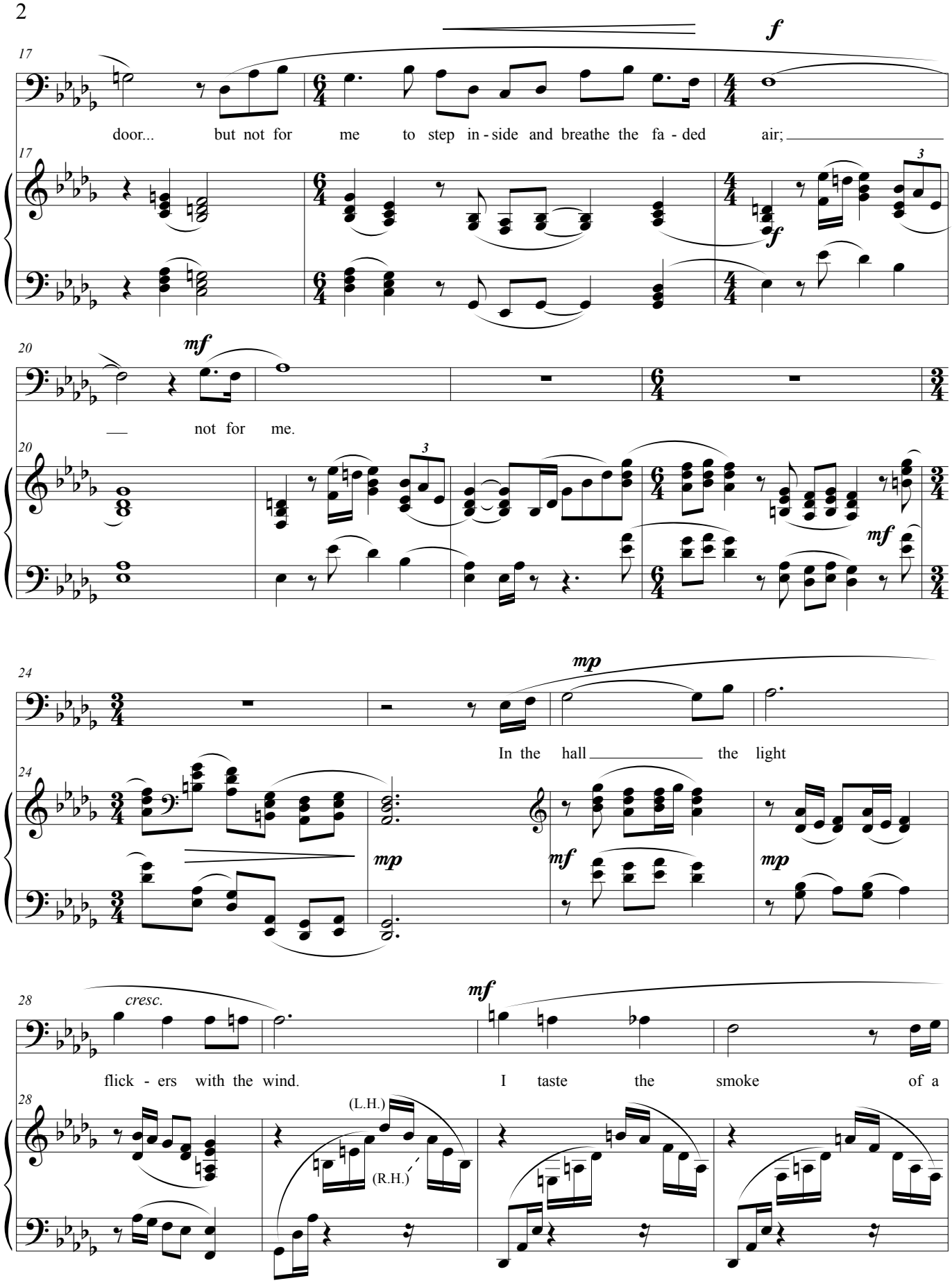
Transcendence

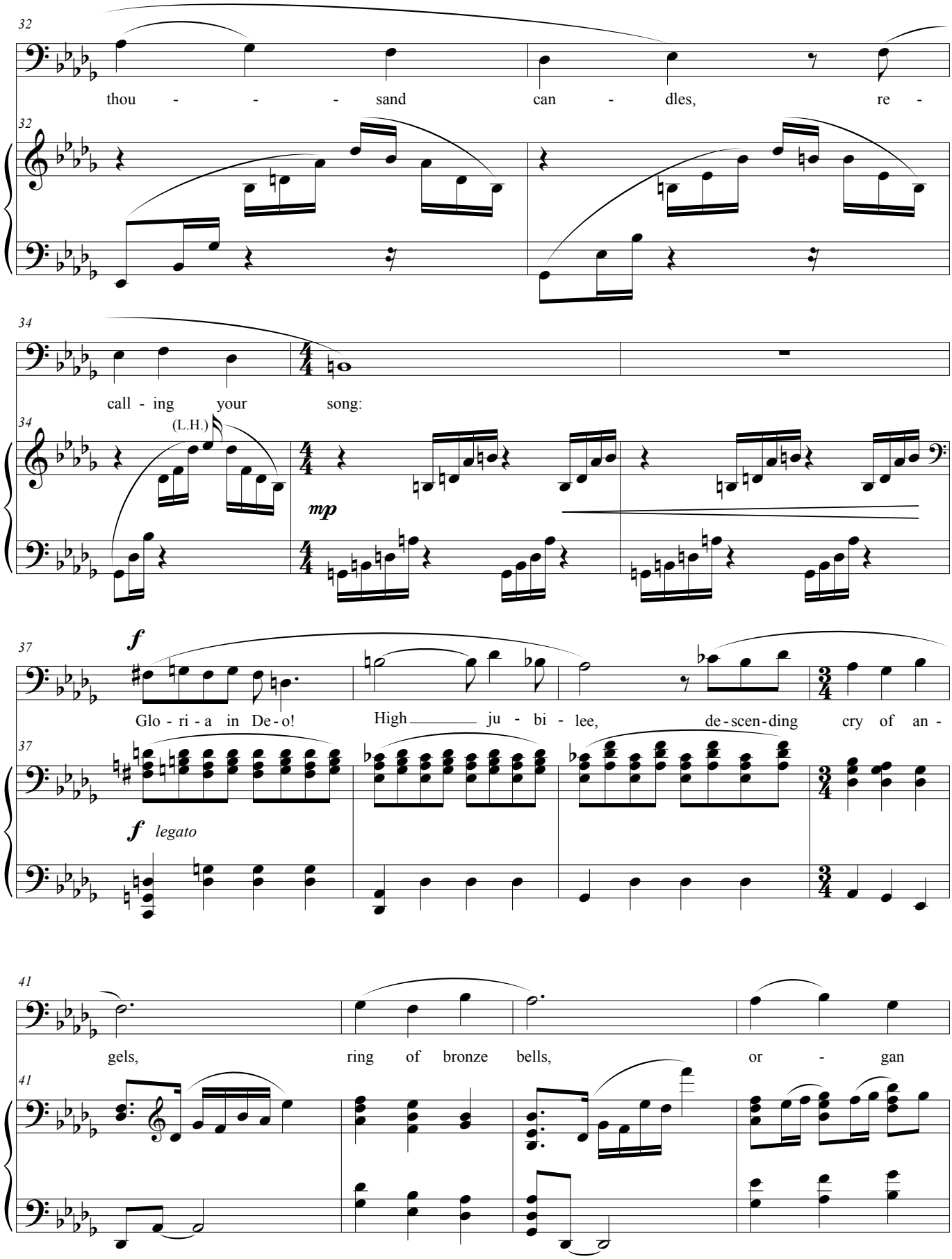
Ethan C. Dickinson

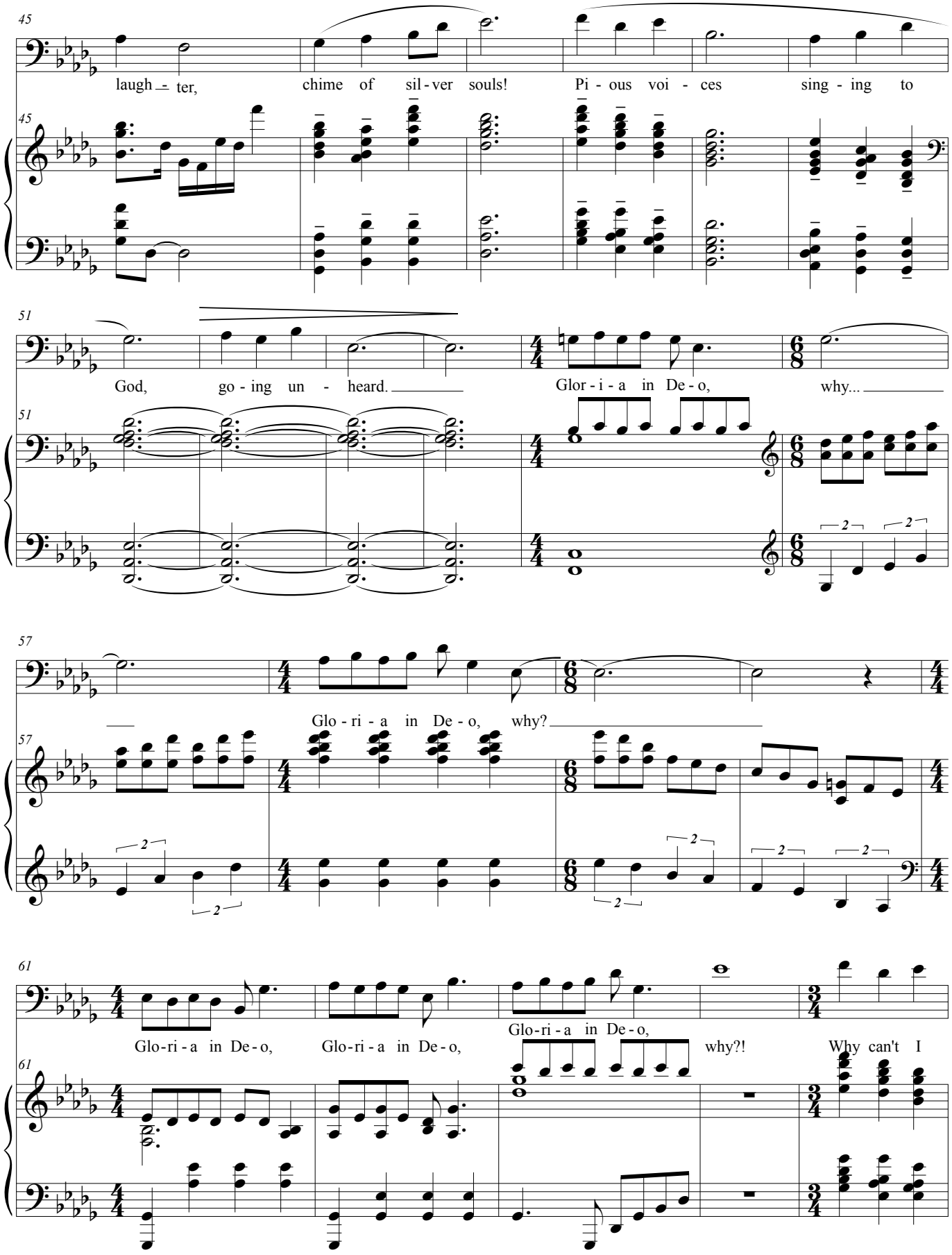
Dan Barton

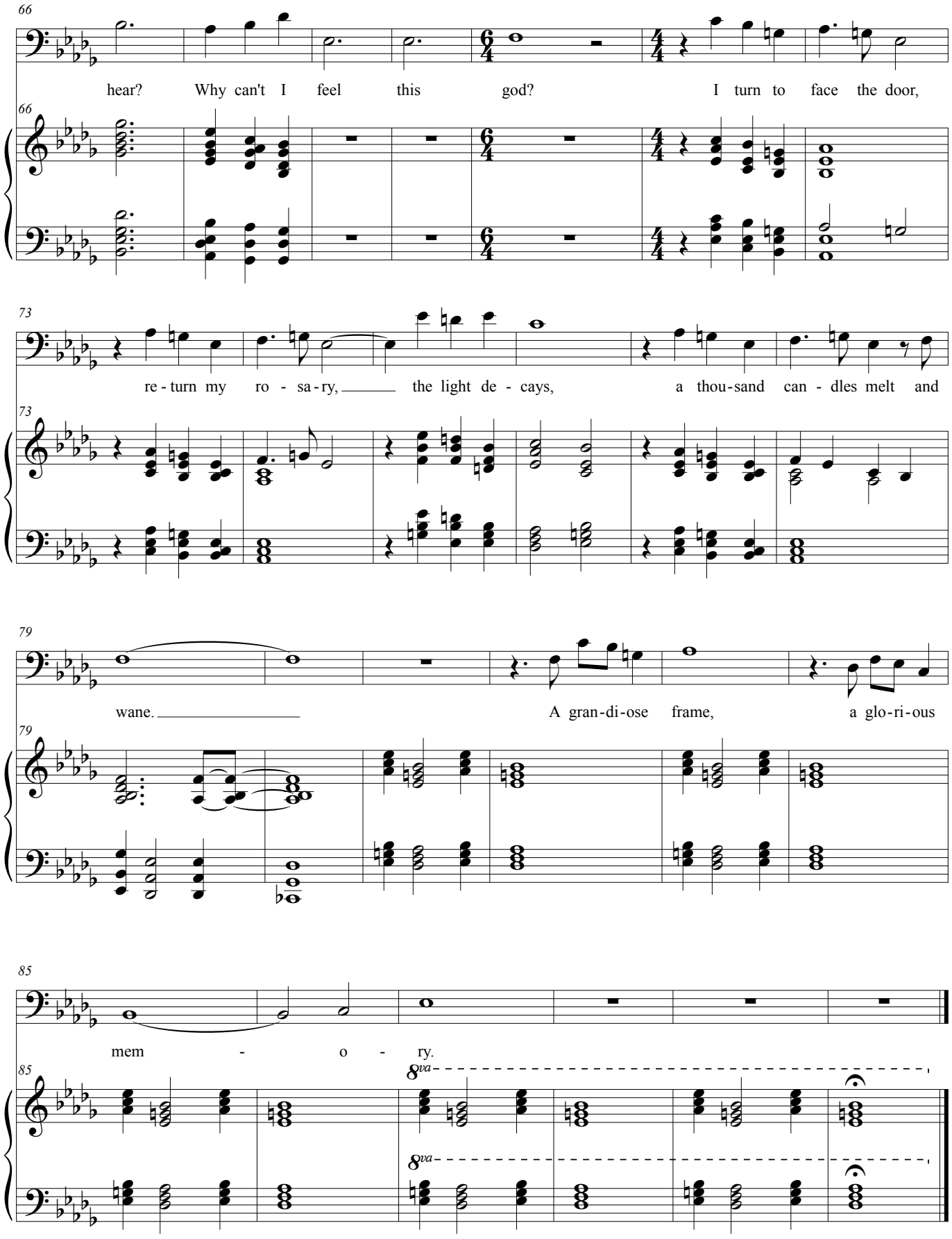
Andante (♩=76)




17
f
door... but not for me to step in - side and breathe the fa - ded air;
3
20
mf
not for me.
3
mf
24
mp
In the hall the light
mp
mf
mp
28
cresc.
mf
flick - ers with the wind. I taste the smoke of a
(L.H.)
(R.H.)


32
thou - - - sand can - dles, re -
32
34
call - ing your song:
34
(L.H.)
mp
37
f
Glo - ri - a in De - o!
High ju - bi - lee, de - scen - ding cry of an -
37
f legato
41
gels, ring of bronze bells, or - gan
41


45
laugh - ter,
chime of sil - ver souls!
Pi - ous voi - ces
sing - ing to
51
God,
go - ing un - heard.
Glor - i - a in De - o,
why...
57
Glo - ri - a in De - o,
why?
61
Glo-ri - a in De - o,
Glo-ri - a in De - o,
Glo-ri - a in De - o,
why?!
Why can't I

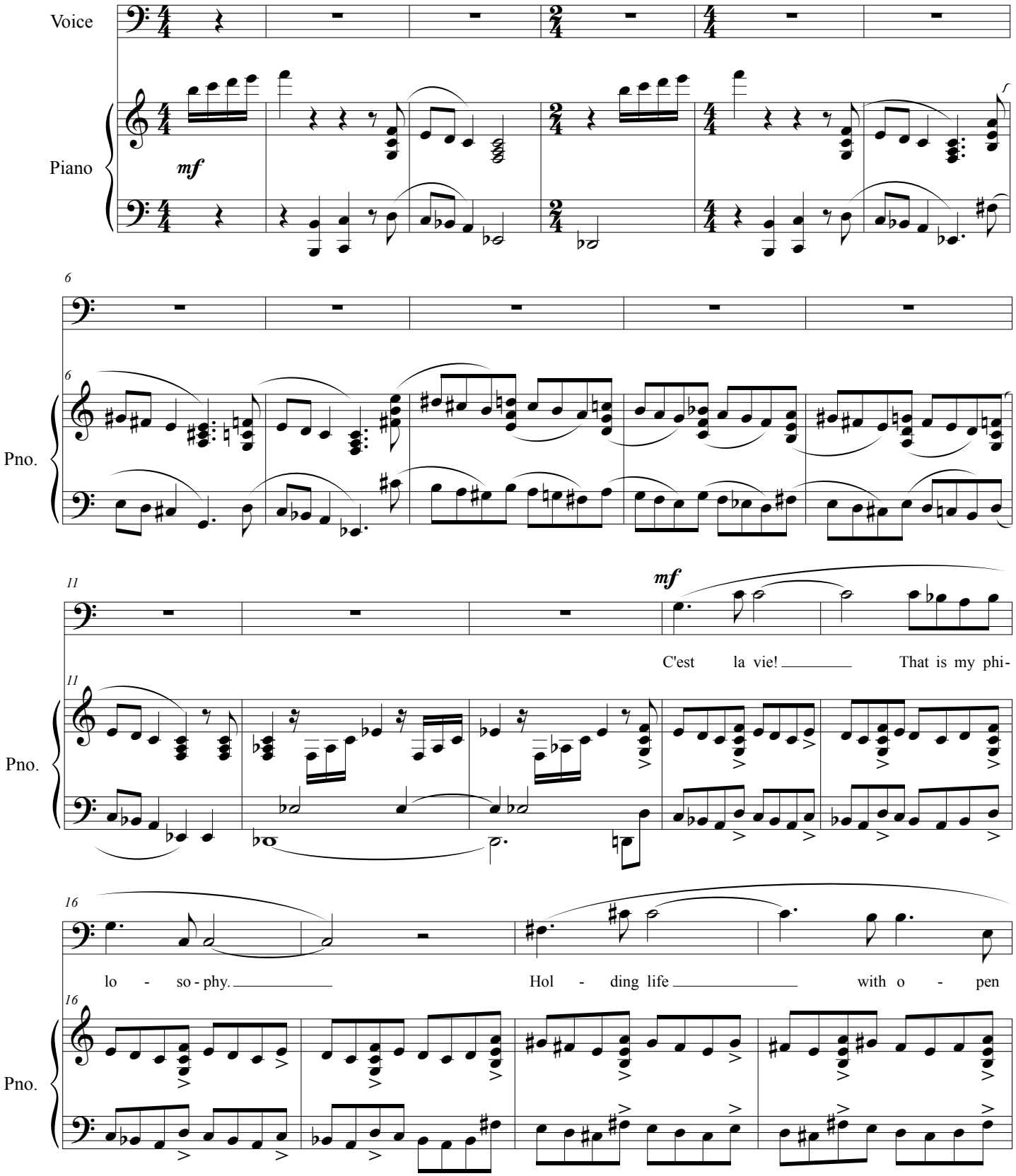

66
hear? Why can't I feel this god? I turn to face the door,
73
re - turn my ro - sa - ry, the light de - cays, a thou - sand can - dles melt and
79
wane. A gran - di - ose frame, a glo - ri - ous
85
mem - o - ry.
8va
8va

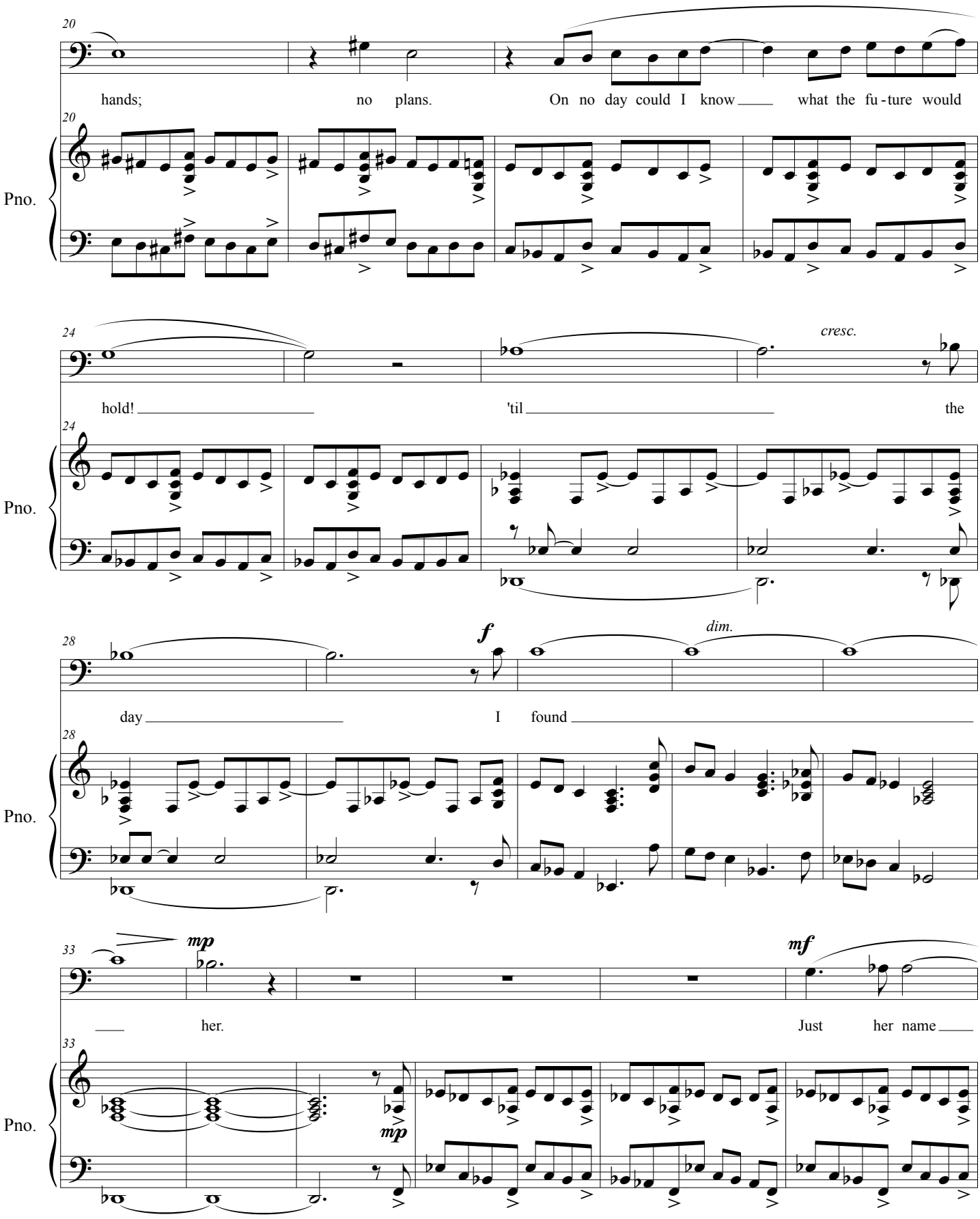
Lightness

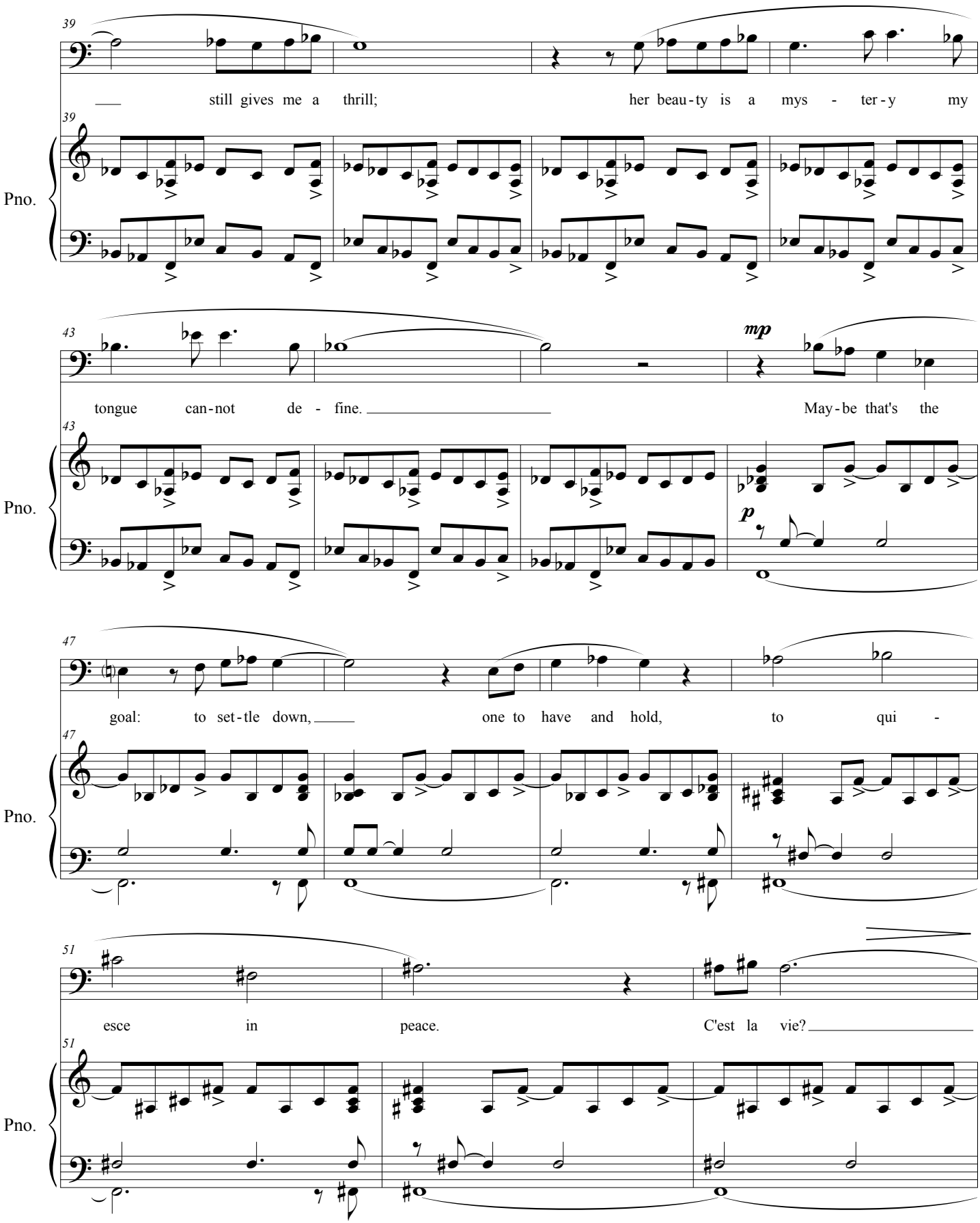
Ethan C. Dickinson

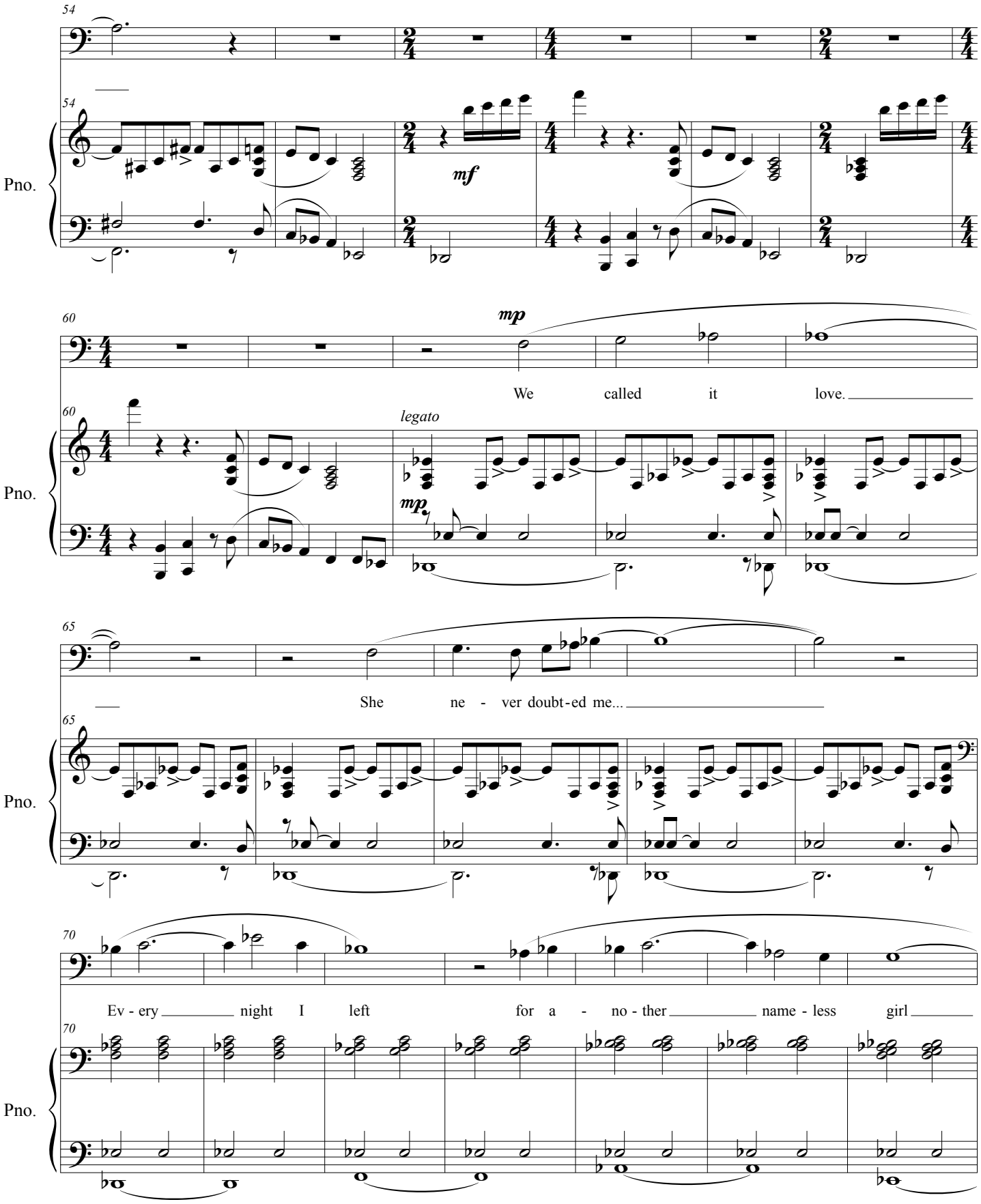
Dan Barton

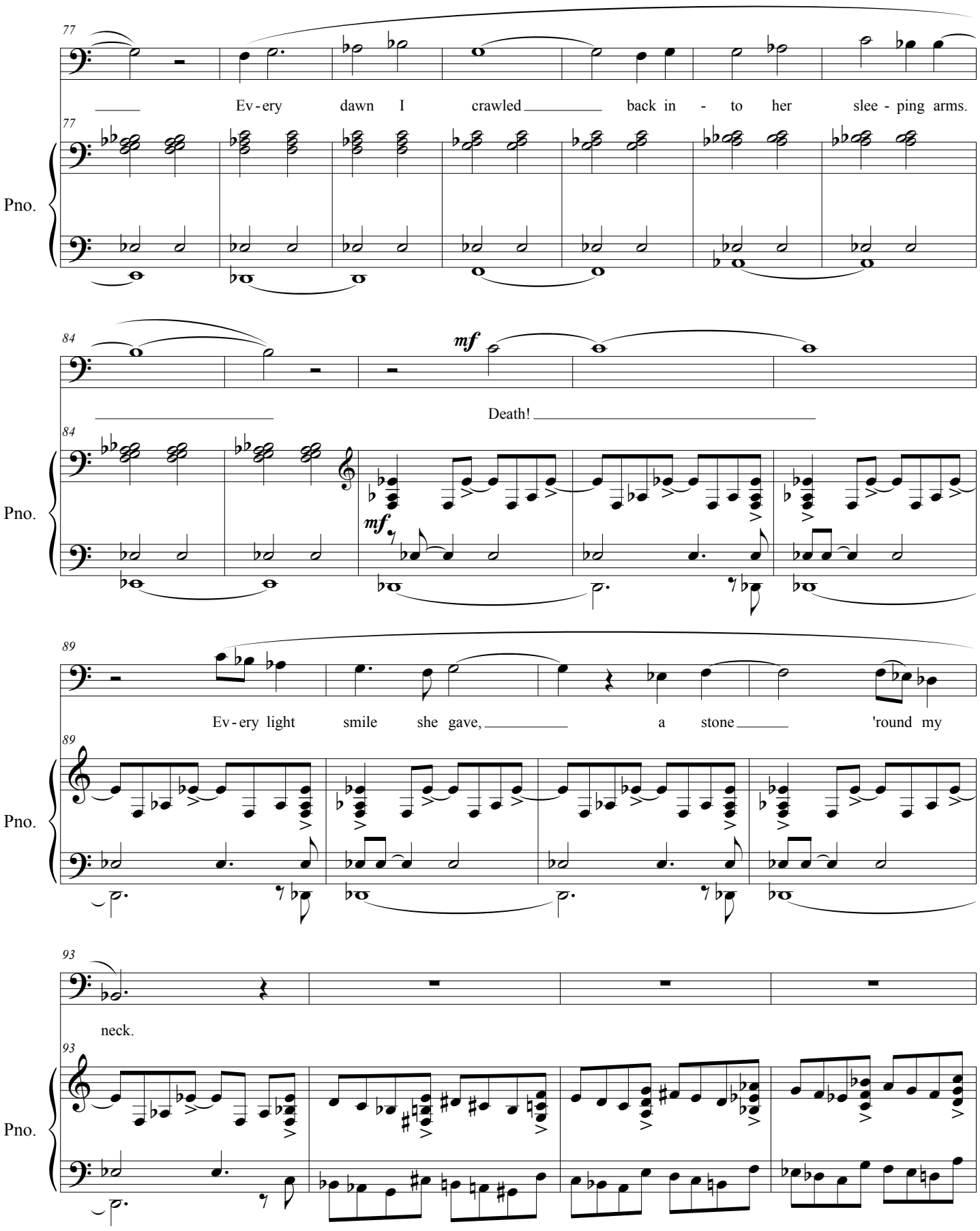
Molto Allegro (♩ = c. 142)

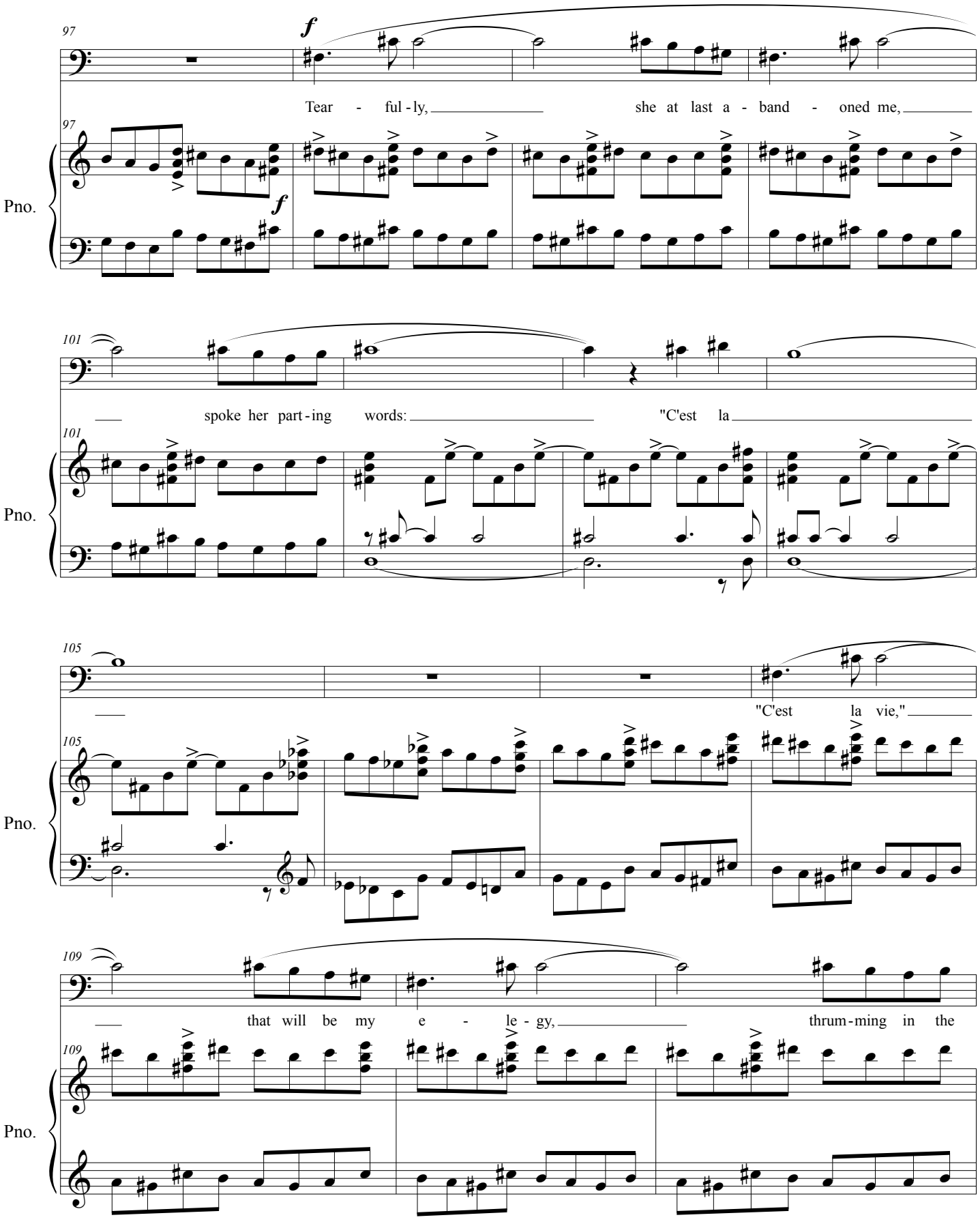


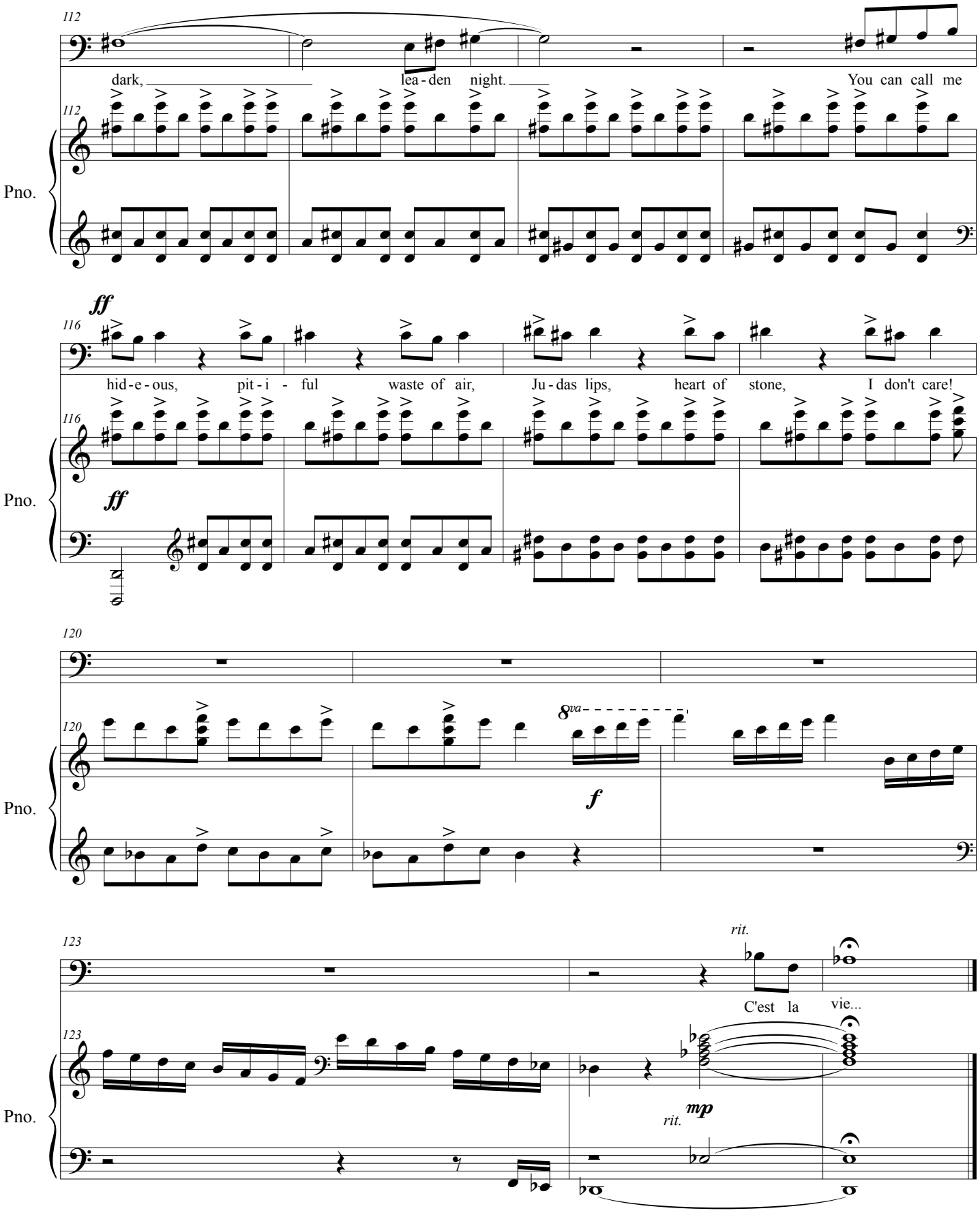

20
hands; no plans. On no day could I know what the fu-ture would
Pno.
24
cresc.
hold! 'til the
Pno.
28
f
dim.
day I found
Pno.
33
mp
mf
her. Just her name
mp
Pno.


39
still gives me a thrill; her beau-ty is a mys - ter-y my
Pno.
43
mp
tongue can-not de - fine. May-be that's the
p
47
goal: to set-tle down, one to have and hold, to qui -
51
esce in peace. C'est la vie?


54
Pno.
mf
60
mp
We called it love.
legato
mp
Pno.
65
She ne - ver doubt-ed me...
Pno.
70
Ev - ery night I left for a - no - ther name - less girl
Pno.


77
Ev - ery dawn I crawled back in - to her slee - ping arms.
Pno.
84
mf
Death!
mf
Pno.
89
Ev - ery light smile she gave, a stone 'round my
Pno.
93
neck.
Pno.


97
f
Tear - ful - ly, she at last a - band - oned me,
Pno.
101
spoke her part - ing words: "C'est la
105
"C'est la vie,"
109
that will be my e - le - gy, thrum - ming in the


112
dark, lea - den night. You can call me
Pno.
ff
116
hid - e - ous, pit - i - ful waste of air, Ju - das lips, heart of stone, I don't care!
Pno.
120
8va
f
Pno.
123
rit.
C'est la vie...
rit.
mp
Pno.