Transfiguration

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Kathryn Rose

Lento

Soprano

Alto

Men

Organ

We'd walked a while, just him and us a lone;
we'd wan-dered up some

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and turns it still.
We'd walked a while, just him and us a lone;
we'd wan-dered up some

We'd walked a while, just him and us a lone;
we'd wan-dered up some

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For a .pdf of this work e-mail artsyhonker@gmail.com.
For a unison setting, combine alto solos and soprano line (for men only, an octave lower than written).
or-di-na-ry hill.  The air was cold.  The con-ver-sa-tion died.  I won-dered if I'd

left the stove a-light.  The cur-tains of the world were torn a-side; and na-ked glo-ry

poco piu mosso

pedal ad lib
overwhelmed my sight: and oh, the voice, that called to him by name, so comforting, so

terrible to hear: that man I knew, the same, yet not the same, touches my arm, and

no pedal
tells me not to fear;

but as I raise my eyes, the light is gone,

tells me not to fear;

and life, and something more, must carry on.