As blessed as a god it seems is he

David W. Maves (1998)
Four Greek Songs - III.

Poco Rit.  A tempo

circles you, how soft he is

when he whispers and when he smiles so sweetly

at you oh then this tortured heart's not mine
Four Greek Songs - III.

poco più mosso

it breaks inside me,
in my breast.

and as I look at you it seems

as though I lose my

A tempo
and that I lose all sound

and my tongue can't speak at all—shattered

and my body's frozen in torment
Agitato

suddenly I'm overwhelmed by fire, my eyes now darken bells ringing in my ears,

I am soaked with fear and

Four Greek Songs – III.
Four Greek Songs – III.

wracked by trembling seizing me then

tirely, more green than

grass I am moving now toward
Four Greek Songs - III.

designation

a little fly

ing,

floating,

falling.

niente

Ad Libitum

lunga

muta en d

re-attack—keep string sounding

niente