

41 Wood block *sotto voce*  
*mf* un-der the hood-ed flow- ers that fall from the trees like blood.

(8)

45 *quasi f* *pp*  
you must for-get the song of the gold bird dan - cing o-ver tossed light; you must re-mem-ber no- thing

*mp* *mf* *mp - pp*

47  
— ex-cept the drag of dark-ness that d

Sample Score Only