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Three Autumn Portraits (1990)

Frank Felice
Butler University, ffelice@butler.edu

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I. Crisp and Crisp.

Crisp

in the

Cooled

the leafy, crisp and crisp

Pat-terns cooled the leafy, crisp, crisp

---

a tempo

Sooth the sky of moss warm empty fading breeze only to colour the

wat-er lake,

Ooo Ah, only

Ooo Ah, only

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wind o-range.

Crunch, crunch,

Crunch and crunch in the nowhere spatter ing

Crisp, Crisp

Crisp and Crisp

Gold-en glits, Gold-en glits of

gold-en glits, crisp, crisp.

Gold, glits, crisp, crisp.
II. Remission (That's How Autumns Are)

Not too fast, with push and pull (\( \cdot = 72 \))

Lone-ly au- tumn how you've torn my mind list-less-ly you've shown to

Lone-ly au- tumn how you've torn my mind list-less you've shown to

Lone-ly au- tumn you've torn my mind, list-less

Lone-ly au- tumn you've torn my mind, list-less

me I'm win-ter's hand, take me now, I'll go

me that I be-long to wint-er's hum-ble hand take me now,

ly, I'm wint-er's hand, take me now

ly, I'm wint-er's hand, take me now

* prima voce
Moving Forward

Somewhere my sacrifice holds the sky.

Far away somewhere, somewhere my sacrifice is holding up the heavy sky.

Somewhere my true love cries, that's how autumns are.

Somewhere my true love cries, that's how autumns are.

Somewhere my true love cries, that's how autumns are.

But way somewhere my true love cries, that's how autumns are.

Autumn Portraits
Again, not too fast, with push and pull --

But soon, the purifying white will fall

But soon, the purifying white will fall, chilling harsh but clean

But soon the purifying white will fall, chilling harsh

Again, not too fast, with push and pull --

Then I'd have no other love at all, not alone but free.

No other love at all, not alone but free.

No other love at all, not alone but free.
Lazily, but not too slowly (\( \text{\textit{j} = 80} \))

III. October

Autumn yawn, Lazy

I gazed from be-neth an au-tumn yawn, and fixed laz-i-ly u-pon the dusk co-loured

Cold, loured

Warmth of Oc-to-ber, When the flute

Moving Forward

Dusk co-loured Oc-to-ber, Oh when the flute and crum-ple

Warmth of Oc-to-ber, When the flute
leaves played in my head! And I wished I could

played in my head! And I wished I could

leaves played in my head! And I wished I could

sleep, and I wished I could sleep into the season!

sleep, Wished I could sleep!