

Dedicated to Ralph Zecchino and the Spectrum Girls' Ensemble  
of Greece Arcadia High School, Rochester, New York

# MARY SPEAKS

for SSAA voices, a cappella

Text by  
MADELEINE L'ENGLE\*

Music by  
DANIEL E. GAWTHROP

(Freely)  
*mp*

Soprano I  
O you who bear the pain of the whole earth, I bore you. — O

Soprano II  
O you who bear the pain of the whole earth, I bore you. — O

Alto I  
O you who bear the pain of the whole earth, I bore you. — O

Alto II  
O you who bear the pain of the whole earth, I bore you. — O

for rehearsal only  
(Freely)  
*mp*

you whose tears gave hu-man tears their worth, — I laughed with you.

you whose tears gave hu-man tears their worth, I laughed with you.

you whose tears gave hu-man tears their worth, I laughed with you.

you whose tears gave hu-man tears their worth, — I laughed with you.

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[9]

You, who when your hem is touched, give pow'r, I nour - ished you. *mf*

You, who when your hem is touched, give pow'r, I nour - ished you. *mf*

You, who when your hem is touched, give pow'r, I nour - ished you. *mf*

[9] You, who when your hem is touched, give pow'r, I nour - ished you. *mf*

*pp* Who turn the day to night in this dark hour, light comes from

*pp* Who turn the day to night in this dark hour, light comes from

*pp* Who turn the day to night in this dark hour, light comes from

*pp* Who turn the day to night in this dark hour, light comes from

*pp* Who turn the day to night in this dark hour, light comes from

[18] *mf più mosso* you. O you who hold the world in your em - brace, *meno mosso*

*mf più mosso* you. O you who hold the world in your em - brace, *meno mosso*

*mf più mosso* you. O you who hold the world in your em - brace, I car - ried you. *meno mosso*

*mf più mosso* you. O you who hold the world in your em - brace, I car - ried you. *meno mosso*

[18] *mf più mosso* *meno mosso*

*a tempo* *f*

Whose arms en - cir - cled the world with your grace, I once held you.

*a tempo* *f*

Whose arms en - cir - cled the world with your grace, I once held you.

*a tempo* *f*

Whose arms en - cir - cled the world with your grace, I once held you.

*a tempo* *f*

Whose arms en - cir - cled the world with your grace, I once held you.

[26] *mf*

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore, I played with

*mf*

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore, I played with

*mf*

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore, I played with

*mf*

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore, I played with

[26] *mf*

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore, I played with

*mp*

you. And I, who with all oth - ers, you died for,

*mp*

you. And I, who with all oth - ers, you died for,

*mp*

you. And I, who with all oth - ers, you died for,

*mp*

you. And I, who with all oth - ers, you died for,

*mp*

you. And I, who with all oth - ers, you died for,

[35] *molto cresc.* *rit.* *ff*

now I hold you, now I hold you, now I hold you. *ff*

now I hold you, now I hold you, now I hold you. *ff*

now I hold you, now I hold you, now I hold you. *ff*

now I hold you, now I hold you, now I hold you. *ff*

[35] *molto cresc.* *rit.* *ff*

now I hold you, now I hold you, now I hold you. *ff*

[40] *a tempo* *p*

*a tempo* in this last time I

*a tempo* *p* in this last time I

*a tempo* *p* May I be faith - ful to this fi - nal test, in this last time I

*a tempo* *p* May I be faith - ful to this fi - nal test, in this last time I

[40] *a tempo* *p*

*mf* *mp*

hold my child, my son; his bod - y close en - fold - ed to my breast: *mf* *mp*

hold my child, my son; his bod - y close en - fold - ed to my breast: *mf* *mp*

hold my child, my son; his bod - y close en - fold - ed to my breast: *mf* *mp*

hold my child, my son; his bod - y close en - fold - ed to my breast: *mf* *mp*

*mf* *mp*

\*No breath  
GCMR03570

[48] *Slowly* *mf*

the hold-er held, the bear-er borne. Mourn-ing to joy, dark-ness to morn.

the hold-er held, the bear-er borne. Mourn-ing to joy, dark-ness to morn.

the hold-er held, the bear-er borne. Mourn-ing to joy, dark-ness to morn.

the hold-er held, the bear-er borne. Mourn-ing to joy, dark-ness to morn.

[48] *Slowly* *mf*

*f* *mp* *Very slowly*

O- pen, my arms; O - pen, my arms; your work is done.

*f* *mp*

O- pen, my arms, O - pen, my arms; your work is done.

*f* *mp*

O- pen, my arms; O - pen, my arms; your work is done.

*f* *mp*

O- pen, my arms; O - pen, my arms; your work is done.

*f* *mp* *Very slowly*

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