

Atthis

*She shines like the rose-fingered moon rising after sundown,
erasing all stars around her,
and pouring light across the salt sea
and over densely flowered fields lucent with dew.
Her light spreads on roses and tender thyme
and the blooming honey-lotus.*

Text adapted from Sappho's *To Atthis* (c.630 BC)

Chris Adams

Relaxed

♩ = 100

Viola

Guitar

Relaxed
♩ = 100

mf

7

mf

13

gliss.

mp