

from - a moment of war

music - ross harris

words - laurie lee

$\text{♩} = 58$

Soprano *ppp* It is night like a red rag drawn a - cross the eyes the flesh is bit - ter - ly pinned to

Alto *ppp* It is night like a red rag drawn a - cross the eyes the flesh is bit - ter - ly pinned to

Tenor *ppp* It is night like a red rag drawn a - cross the eyes the flesh is bit - ter - ly pinned to

Bass *ppp* It is night like a red rag drawn a - cross the eyes the flesh is bit - ter - ly pinned to

S. des - per - ate vi - gil - ance the blood is stut - ter - ing with fear The hands melt with weak - ness

A. des - per - ate vi - gil - ance the blood is stut - ter - ing with fear The hands melt with weak - ness

T. des - per - ate vi - gil - ance the blood is stut - ter - ing with fear The hands melt with weak - ness

B. des - per - ate vi - gil - ance the blood is stut - ter - ing with fear The hands melt with weak - ness

S. in - to the gun's hot iron the bo - dy melts with pi - ty the face is braced for wounds the

A. in - to the gun's hot iron the bo - dy melts with pi - ty the face is braced for wounds the

T. in - to the gun's hot iron the bo - dy melts with pi - ty the face is braced for wounds the

B. in - to the gun's hot iron the bo - dy melts with pi - ty the face is braced for wounds the

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