

# EVENING SONGS

## 3. Spectres

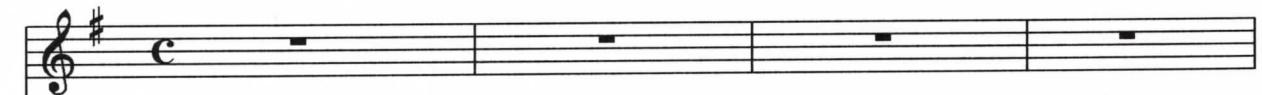
BILL REED  
(1993)

15

Molto Allegro

$\text{♩} = 144$

Voice



Piano



We're me - re shells hulls hauled a - long

p cresc.

claw - ing the street like stub- born dogs dragg - ed on

mp dim.

ff p

lea - shes of wind too slight for Hell  
 (8) *mf*

Holl- owed by the hours we howl to have our mo- ment of flesh back a -  
 (8) *mf*

gain- in - in back a - gain- in - in back a - gain- in - in back a -  
 (8) *p* *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*  
*p* *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*

gain- in - in back a - gain *mf*  
 (8) *loco* *mf* *cresc.*

—  
—  
—  
—  
*f ff* — *f* — *dim.*

*mp*

But your sleep shuts us out our cries

—  
—  
—  
*mf* — *8* — *mp* —

*mf*

Like cold gusts on - ly rat-tle

(8)

—  
—  
—  
*mp* — *p* —

your dreams of de-mons and saints whose bat-tles are

(8) *loco*

—  
—  
—  
*p* — *mf* —

burnt in the skies sleep has bol - ted the door  
 a- gainst us your sha - dows fr - a- gile  
 Bourge - oi - sie de mort