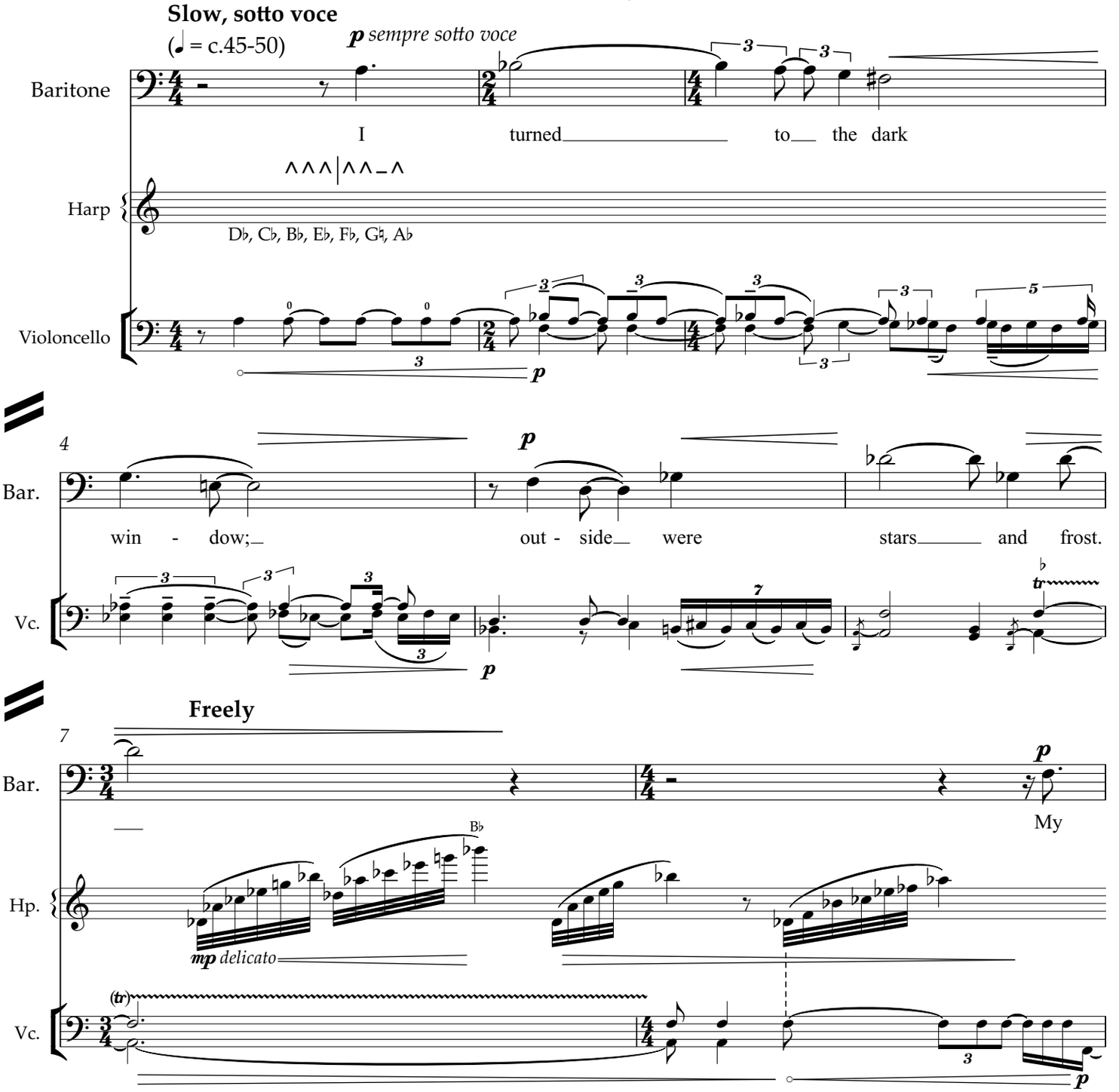
Turning Fifty

Poems: Judith Wright

Music: Julian Philips

I. Breath

I turned to the dark window;
outside were stars and frost.
My breath went out to the night
shaped like a cloud or a mist.
Small and soulless ghost,
what was it my heart meant
that, watching the way you went,
it moved so under my breast?



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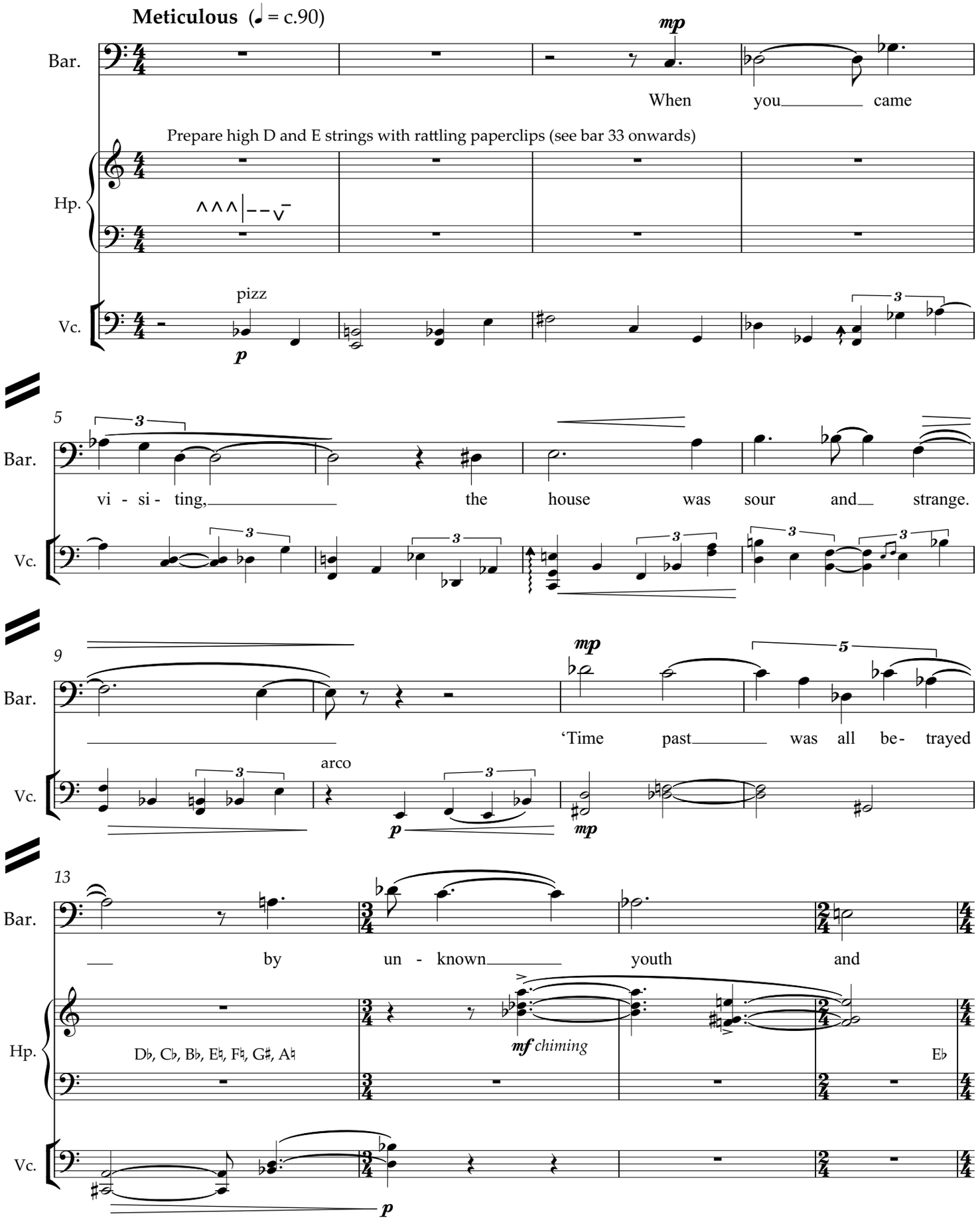
II. Bachelor Uncle



V. Turning Fifty

Always flowing

(♩ = c.135)

mf intimate, relaxed

Bar. Ha- ving known war and peace

Hp. D♭, C♯, B♭, E♭, F♮, G♯, A♭

mf

Vc.

5

Bar. and loss and find - ing,

Hp.

Vc.

9

mf

Bar. I drink my cof-fee and wait for the sun to

Hp. C♭

mf

mf

Vc.