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Robert Frost – Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods, Thrush music -- hark! Now if it was dusk outside, Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird By sleight of wing To better its perch for the night, Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun That had died in the west Still lived for one song more In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went -Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars; I would not come in. I meant not even if asked; And I hadn't been. Soprano, Fender – Rhodes, Pipe Organ, Bass drum, ride 1, ride 2

Durata cca 10'

COME IN - FROST



















