

Belle Époque

Douglas Wagoner
Text: Douglas Wagoner

Soprano Solo and Flute

Belle Époque

Douglas Wagoner

In memory's hands
The sounds of laughter—muted, distant—
Reverberate again; while the
Lurid haze of absinthe's glare,
Framed and softened by the space of years,
Dappled with the burnished golden light
Of a palimpsest scraped clean
By the rolling thunder eastward,
Sighing that season's final morn—
The slow grind of the wheel of time
Replaced the churning of darksome mills
With human grist and human corns

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To Aurae (Mary Hubbell and Alice Jones)

Belle Époque

Text: Douglas Wagoner

Music: Douglas Wagoner

♩ = 90 **Freely...**

Flute

Soprano Solo

In me-mo-ry's hands... The sounds of laugh-ter mu - ted

5

Fl.

S. Solo

dis - tant Re - ver - ber - ate a - gain; while the

9

Fl.

S. Solo

Lu-rid haze of ab-sinthe's glare, Framed and soft-ened by the space of years,

13

Fl.

S. Solo

Dap-pled with the bur-nished gold-den light Of a pal-imp-est scra-péd clean By the

17

Fl. *f* *f* *tr* *tr* 6 6

S. Solo *f* 3 3

roll - ing thun - der east - ward, Sigh-ing that sea - son's

20

Fl. *tr* *tr* 6 *f*

S. Solo 3

fi - nal morn The slow grind of the wheel of time Re-

23

Fl. 6 6 6 6 6 6 *f*

S. Solo *ff* 3 3 3

placed the churn - ing of dark - some mills With

25

Fl. *mp* *mp* *rall.*

S. Solo *mp*

hu-man grist and hu-man corns.