

Gwyneth Walker

The World-Filling Light

*Readings from the Poetry of Rabindranath Tagore
with musical response for Solo Flute*

1

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel
thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and
hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits
in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of
mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

1*

Poems by Rabindranath Tagore

Gwyneth Walker

Lively ♩ = 108

Flute

Measures 1-3: *p* (measures 1-2), *f* (measure 3, with *rit.* and *tr* markings).

Measures 4-6: *(f)* (measure 4), *p* (measures 5-6, with *mf* markings).

Measures 7-9: *p* (measure 7), *mf* (measures 8-9, with *p* markings).

Measures 10-12: *(f)* (measure 10), *p* (measures 11-12, with *mf* markings).

Measures 13-15: *p* (measure 13), *mf* (measures 14-15, with *p* markings).

Measures 16-17: *rit.* (measures 16-17).

*Music follows the preceding reading (in each movement).

2

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

2

Gently flowing ♩ = 60

mf cantabile

5

9

13

f *poco rit.*

17

Slightly slower *poco accel.*
p *poco cresc.*

21

(accel.)
(cresc.)

25

Quickly *rit. loco*
f *p*

3

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action –

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

3

Triumphantly

Grandly ♩ = 72

f *(f)*

5

8

p *mp*

11

mf

13

f

15

p

18

mp *mf*

21

f *ff*

4

This is my prayer to thee, my lord – strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

4

Flowing ♩ = 108

mf cantabile

5

9

f

13

p

16

f

20

p

24

f *mf* *mp*

28

mp *rit.*

5

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light,
heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light
strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs
wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and
jasmynes surge up on the crest of waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it
scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without
measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of
joy is broad.

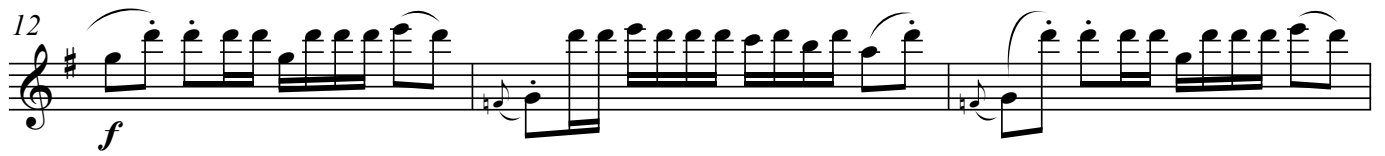
5

Freely *tr* With energy ♩ = 88

f

p

6 6

12  *f*

15 

18  *p*

21 

24  *cresc. poco a poco*

26  *(cresc.)*

27  *(cresc.)* *ff*

29 

31  *ff* *ff*

6

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own, and when I bring it to thee as my offering thou rewardest me with thy grace.

6

As a lament ♩ = 96

p *rit.* *a tempo*

7 *rit.* *a tempo*

11 *f* *p* *f* *p f*

15

18 *rit.* *a tempo* *p* **Faster, impassioned**

23 *(p)* *ff*

26

29 *rit. to end* *dim. poco a poco*

32 *(rit.)* *(dim.)*

35 *(rit.)* *(dim.)*

7

When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee to take it.
What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle.

Then take away your hands and silently put up with your defeat, my heart, and think it your good fortune to sit perfectly still where you are placed.

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of wind, and trying to light them I forget all else again and again.

But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come silently and take thy seat.

7

Peacefully ♩ = 80

p

6 *mf*

11

14 *rit.*

17 *Start slowly* *accel.*
p (p)

21 *(accel.)* **Quickly** *f*

25

28 *rit.* *dim.* *pp*