## String Quartet No. 1 stolen glimpses of eternity

as part of the thesis:

The Composition of New Music Inspired by Music Philosophy and Musical Theoretical Writings from Ancient Greece

> Coreen Emmie Rose Morsink Goldsmiths, University of London PhD in Music 2013

## stolen glimpses of eternity

a drop of water in the palm of my hand

waiting, pain, fear at the edge of eternity

all good things become monotonous?

longing for the essence of infinity, to feel the wind after a stifling day inside;

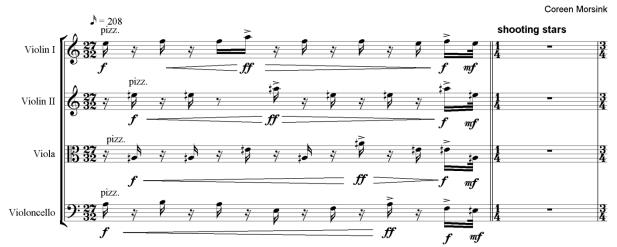
to feel that moment of ecstasy with no fear of ever ending

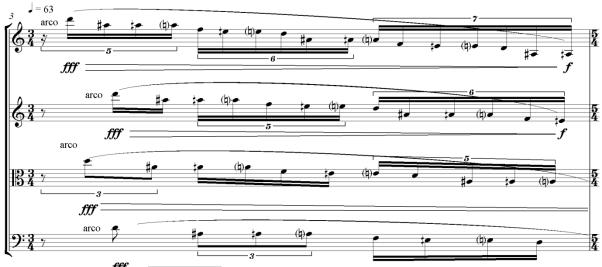
-Coreen Morsink

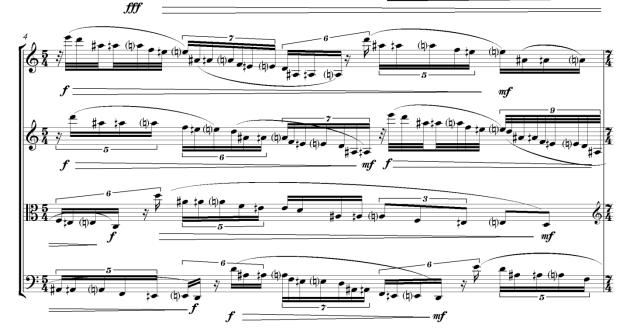
Performance Notes: Accidentals only affect the note they precede. A certain amount of flexibility can be taken in the performing of the more complex rhythms to give a feeling of spontaneity

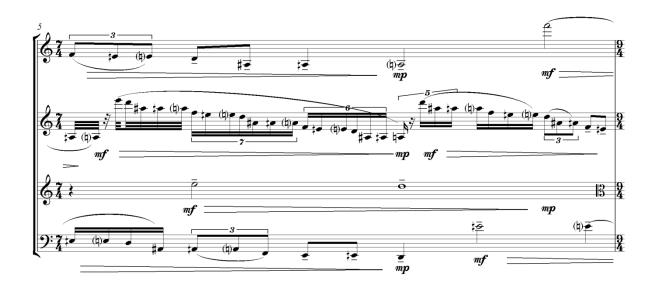
## stolen glimpses of eternity

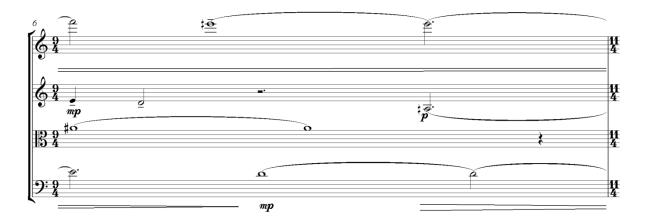
dedicated to Judith Morsink

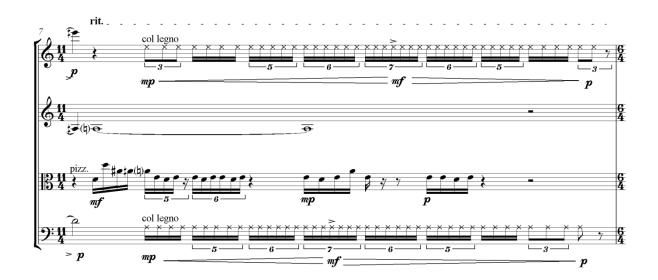


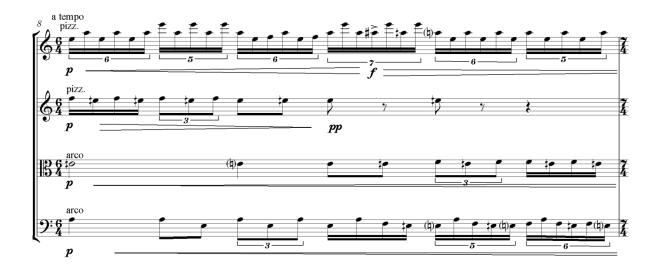


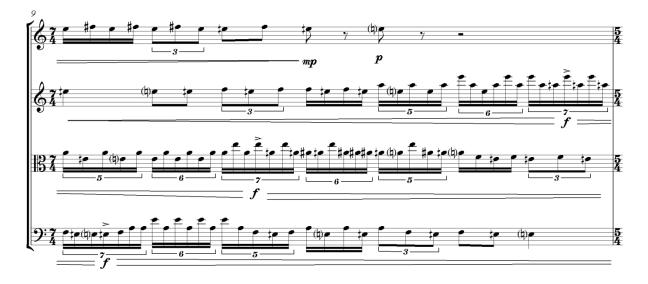


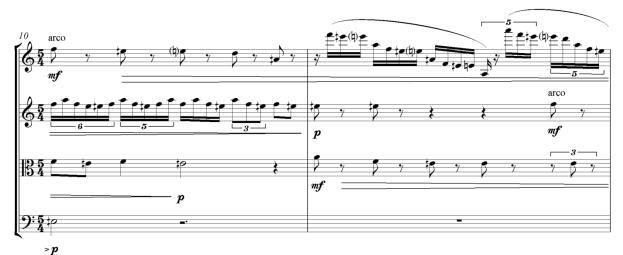




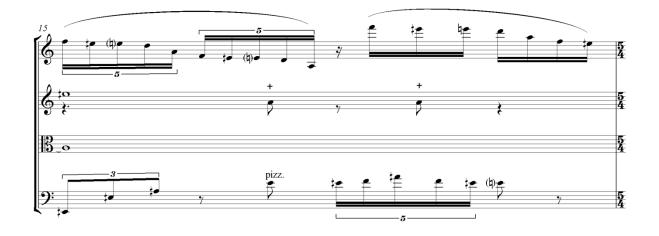


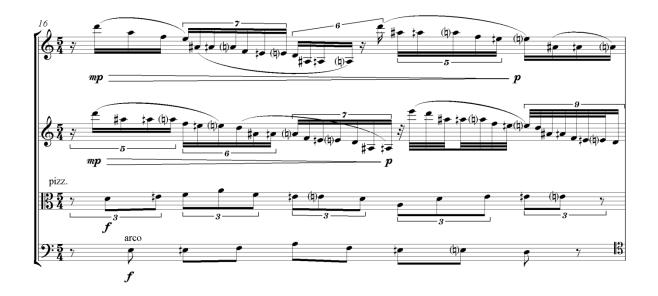


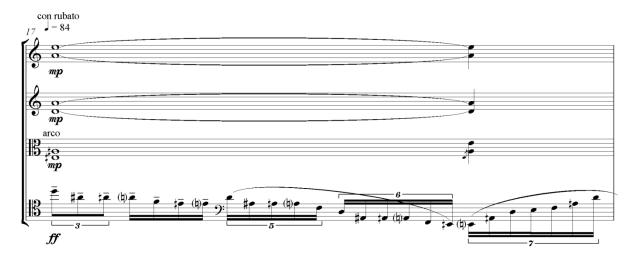








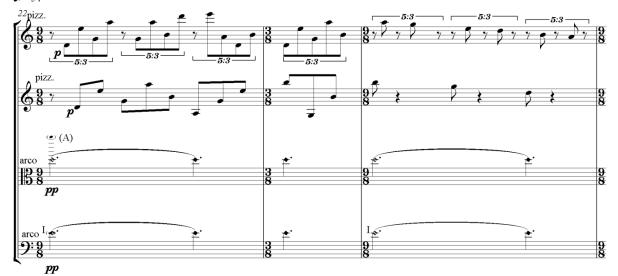






infinite stars

 $J_{1} = 54$  ...consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars...psalm 8:3



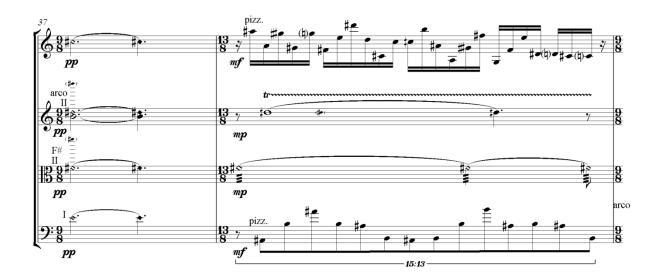


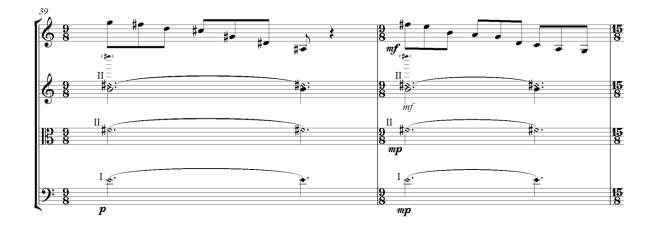


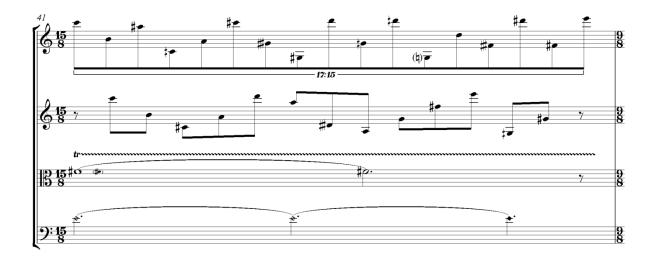


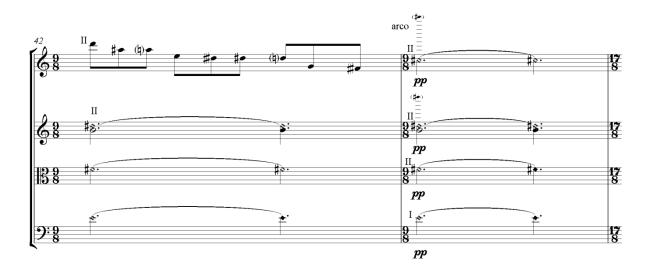


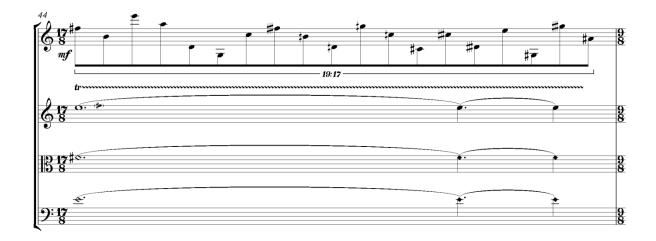


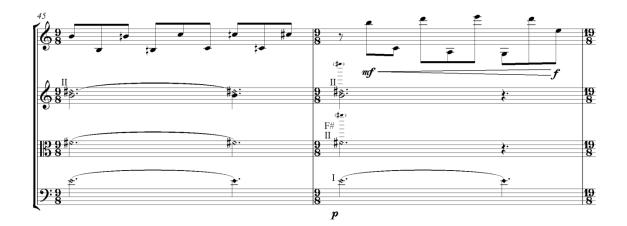


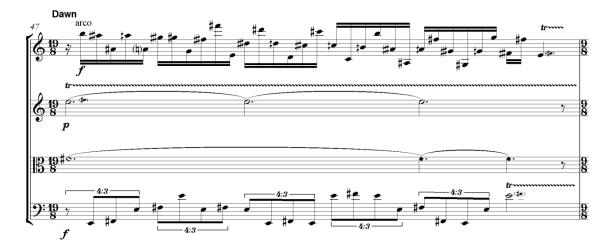






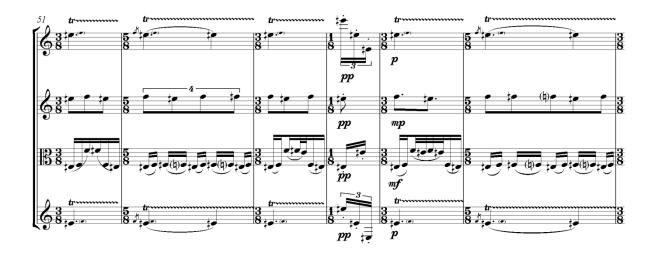




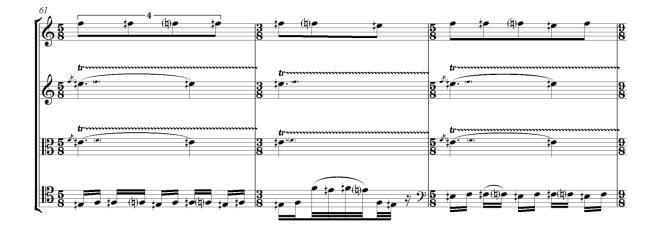




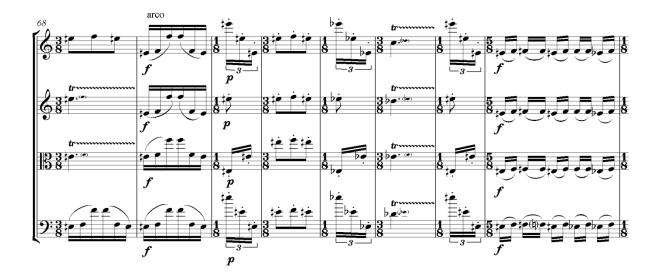
flowers



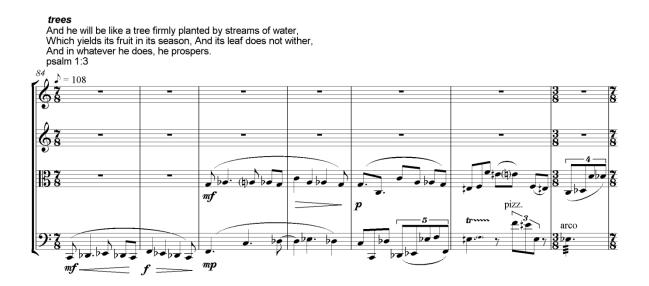




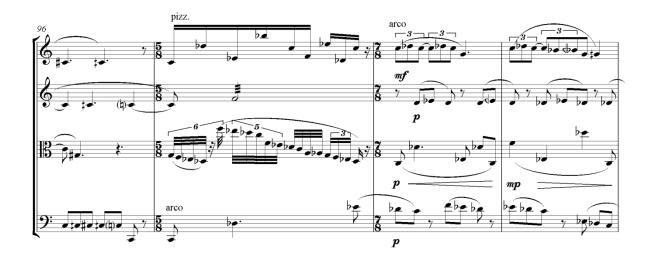












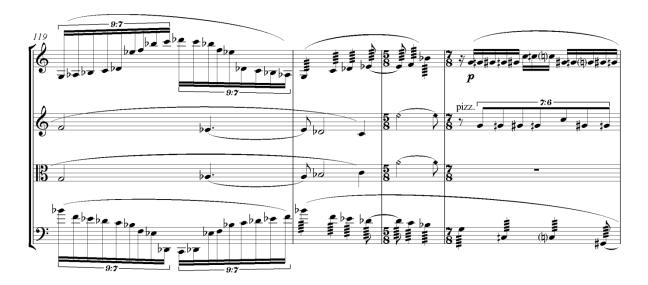




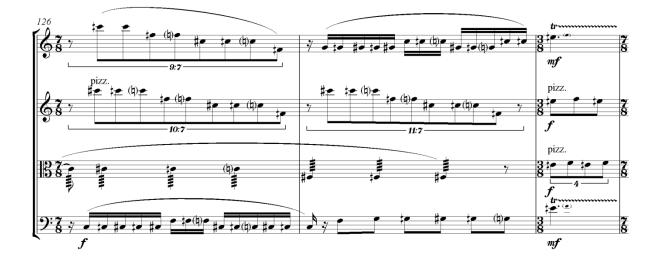


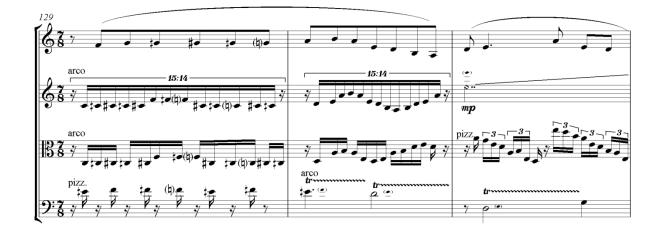


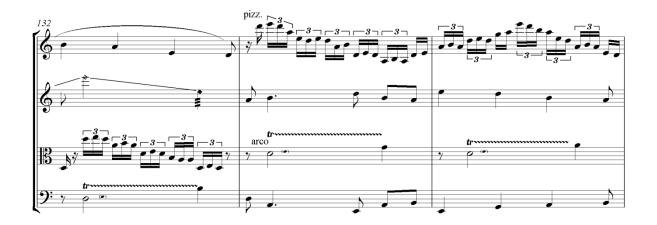


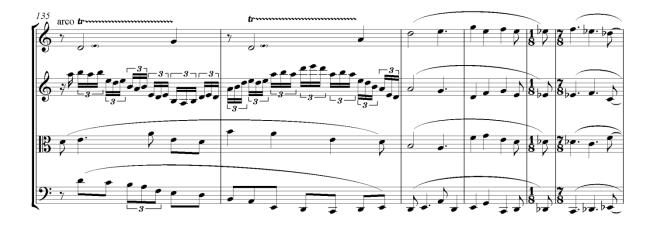










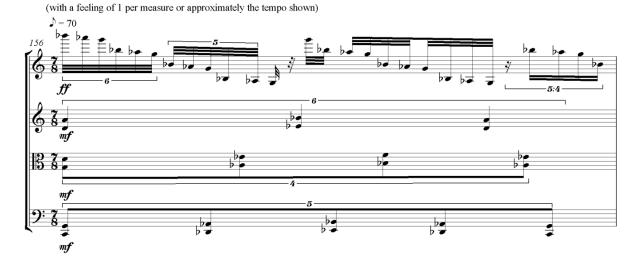




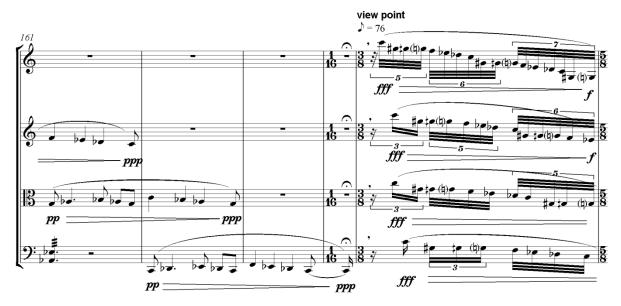




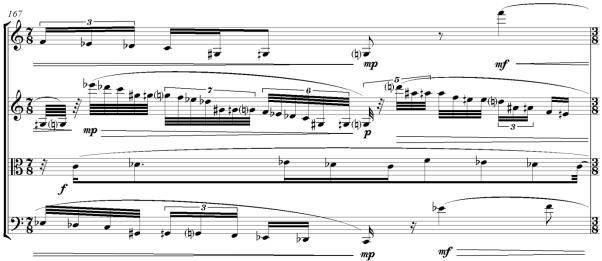






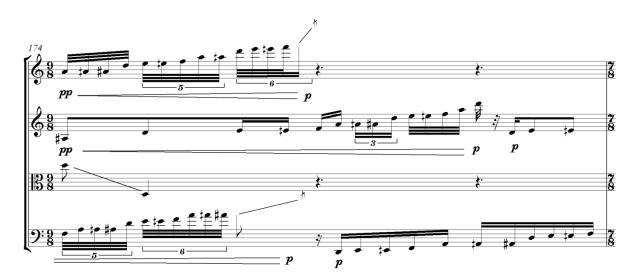




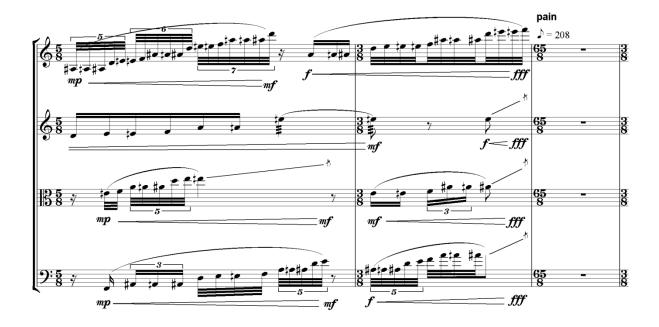












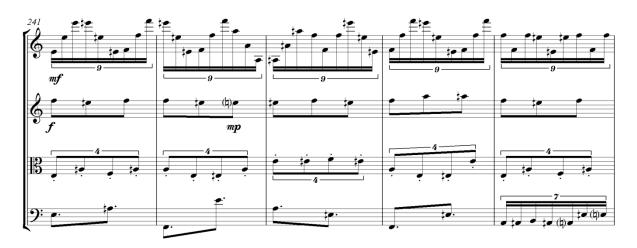










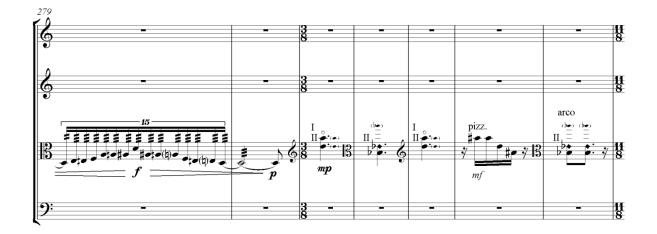


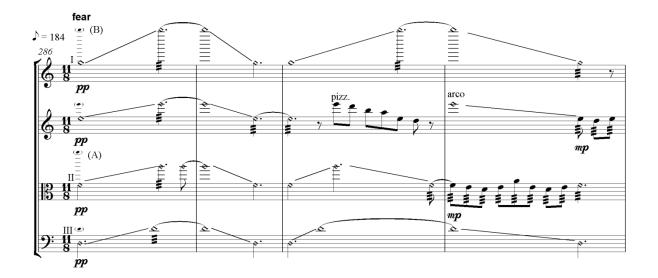


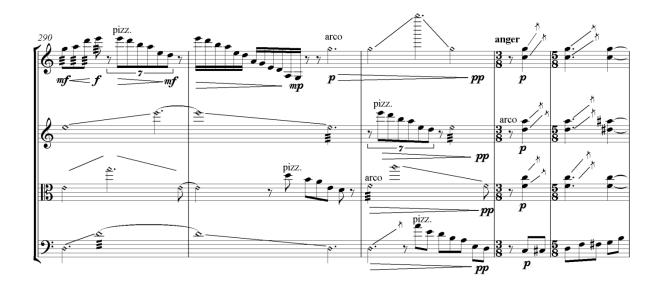




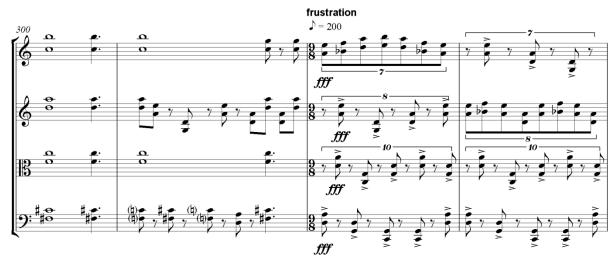


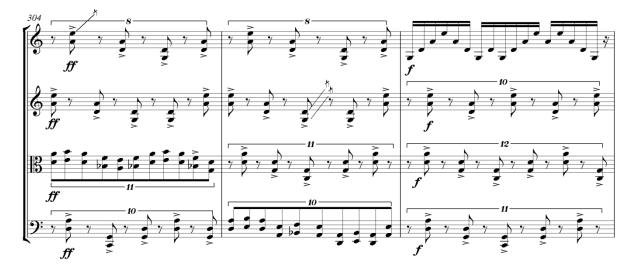


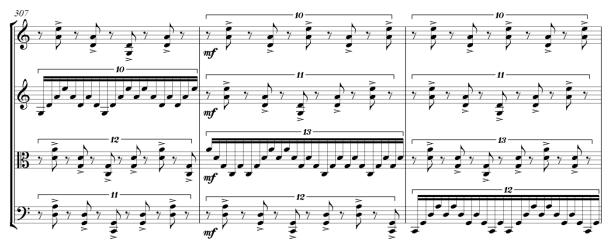








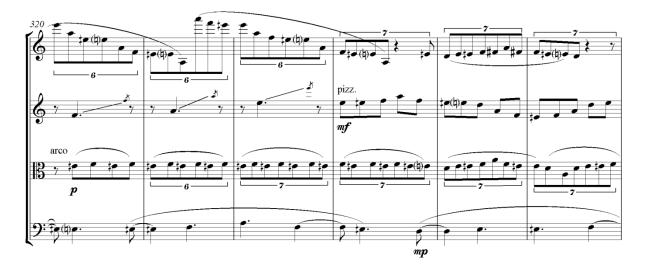


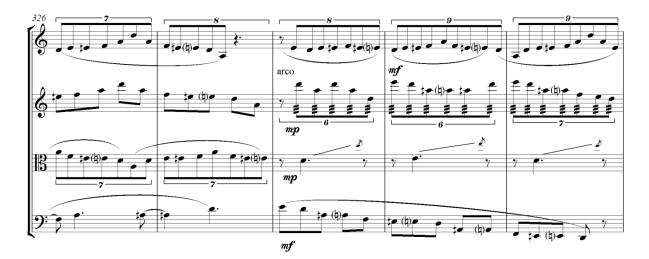


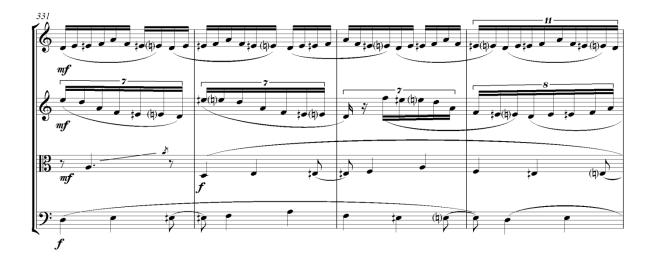
emptiness: when the silence becomes unbearable, play any note or sound you feel would help fill the emptiness (designs on score just examples)



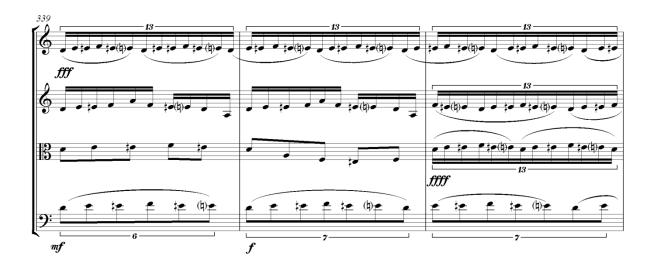


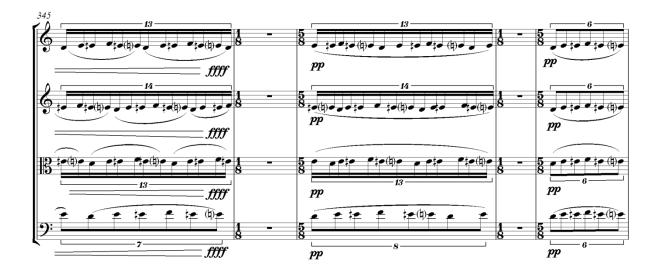


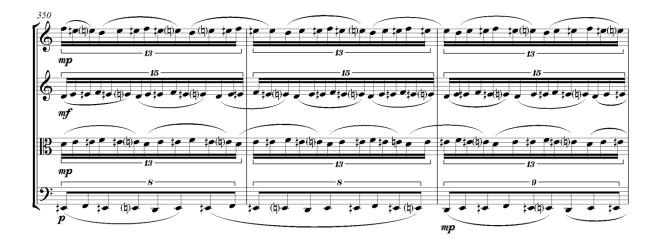




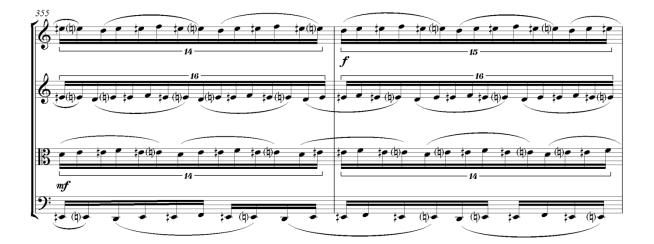


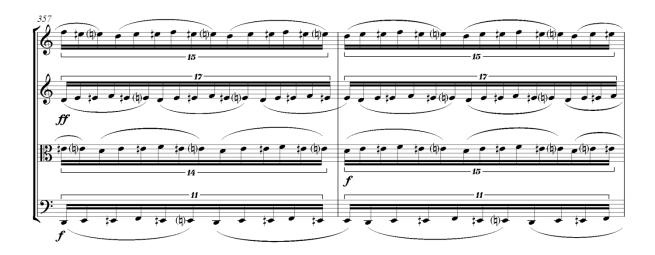


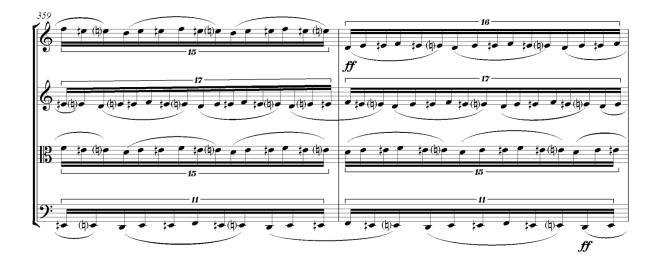




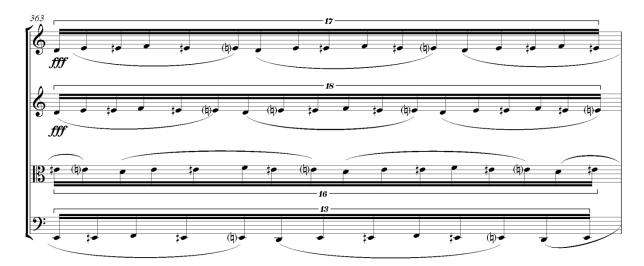


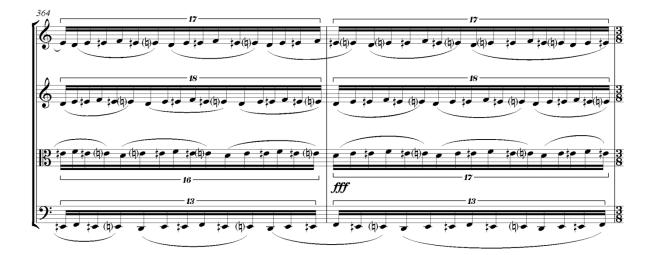






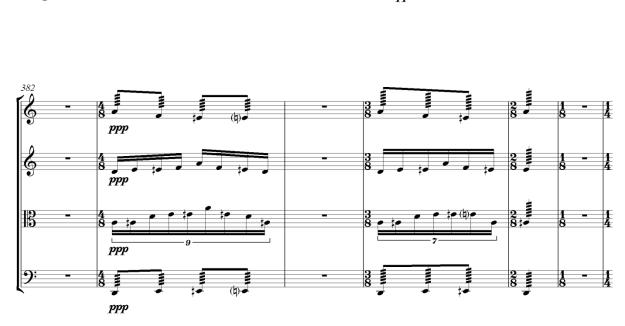






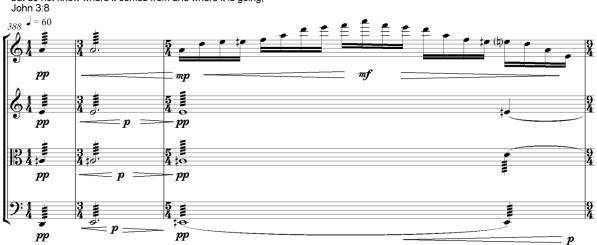












**wind** The wind blows where it wishes and you hear the sound of it, but do not know where it comes from and where it is going; John 3:8

