Intrusive Thoughts - Guitar, Voice, & String Quintet

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Intrusive Thoughts  
Guitar, Voice, & String Quintet  

by  

Joseph M. Young  

Submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of  
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Thesis Sponsor:  

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Intrusive Thoughts

Guitar, Voice, & String Quintet
Acoustic Guitar, Voice, 2 Violins, Viola, Cello, Double Bass

Joe Young

2019
About the piece:

This four-movement song addresses mental health, specifically that of Obsession Compulsive Disorder (OCD) and the symptom of intrusive thoughts that are often associated. Written from the point of view of an individual suffering from OCD (and the depression and anxiety it can produce), each movement describes the disorder and portrays a different stage of dealing with and managing emotions and relationships.

The first movement covers the individual’s first time learning about what OCD is. In a therapy session, the individual is quickly diagnosed with the disorder and given explanations of what it looks and feels like. Intrusive thoughts are also spoken by the ensemble, characterized as an overwhelming flood of simultaneous thoughts and images.

The second movement addresses relationships that are affected by living with OCD. Tensions can arise when it is not always clear to someone not living with OCD on what it looks and feels like. Speaking about OCD can be difficult and if one’s feelings are not clearly expressed, relationships can be negatively affected. However, having a support system can be incredibly helpful. A section of this movement is addressed to the individual with OCD, possibly by a support system or the individual themselves.

The third movement deals with the harsh reality that dark thoughts (intrusive thoughts) frequently occur and can consume an individual living with OCD. These thoughts and images are presented as interval voices, spoken by the ensemble, as well as navigating the emotional road the individual experiences in the primary voice.

The fourth and final movement moves through the stages of self-assessment, defining one’s level of self-esteem and worth, and conjuring the strength to begin to conquer mental illness.

The music is constantly changing but most often threaded together with the same musical ideas and roots, much like the different thoughts produced by OCD, that are all rooted in obsessions and compulsions. The building blocks of the piece are anchored in a blend of classical, bluegrass, and American
The guitar is written for steel-stringed acoustic guitar (as opposed to classical, nylon-stringed guitar) with plectrum/pick. Written with the composer as performer (guitar and voice—see “Voice” below) in mind, the guitar strumming style should closely adhere to that of the folk and bluegrass flatpicking tradition.

The notation is a blend of standard folk notation (chord charts, slash notation, etc.) and classical notation. In some sections strumming patterns are given (all with a reasonable amount of flexibility) and are continued in notation as a slash notation (found in pop charts or jazz standards). This is all to accommodate the stylistic approach that is required of the guitar. There are many moments where the guitarist has some flexibility in strumming and even, to some extent, chord spelling while other moments are strictly notated.

Unless specifically notated, most passages are arpeggiated, in bluegrass-style flatpicking, influenced by and based on chords. That is, most notes will hold over into each other. In many sections the passages are marked with “let ring” as a reminder that the pitches should sound continuously, as is the case when holding and arpeggiating any chord.

Some extended techniques are employed such as use of harmonics, dead strums, and dragging the pick along the strings. The pick, like any bow or mouthpiece, is the guitarist’s choice but it should be noted that there are many sections that require single-note melodic lines to be heard. To that end, this piece is arranged so that amplification is, ideally, not necessary. (If, in performance, the ensemble feels it necessary to use amplification, that is fine to do so. Be mindful of balance.)

The guitarist should also be comfortable soloing in the bluegrass (and/or jazz) tradition.
Voice

The vocal line is written for a non-classical, American folk-tradition voice. Written with the composer as performer (guitar and voice—see “Guitar” above) in mind, the voice should closely adhere to a folk, singer-songwriter, popular music tradition. That is, non-bel canto, non-operatic, and vibrato that is associated with popular music and not the classical canon.

The sung text is strictly notated with the understanding that tasteful embellishments are allowable if it serves the melodic line and lyrical content and does not muddy the diction.

In addition to singing, there are multiple spoken sections throughout the piece, some of which are not rhythmically notated at all, some notated but very free in rhythm, and some strictly notated. All spoken text requires a reasonable amount of emotional and dramatic interpretation. Those of which are not rhythmically notated, should be treated as such. Those that are notated, but very free in rhythm, are written in such a way that serve as guidelines to stay roughly in sync with the rest of the ensemble.

Strings

The violin (namely violin I) should feel comfortable soloing in the bluegrass (and/or jazz) tradition.

All string players are asked to play passages that are classical in nature and pedagogical tradition, as well as ones that are heavily reliant on the bluegrass fiddle style. They are also asked to sing in a folk, non-operatic, tradition, often in harmony with the vocalist. In addition to singing, there are sections where they are asked to whisper and shout, often while sustaining a single pitch on their instrument simultaneously.

Some extended techniques will include “chopping,” the bluegrass, percussive technique where the bow is thrown hard onto the strings near the bridge. There are also some aleatoric passages where the player will repeat figures.
One notated extend technique is the following:

Scratch tone: lightly finger; bow on bridge; heavy and slow bow

About the composer:

Originally from Indianapolis, IN, Joe Young currently resides in New York City. A prolific composer, he writes and performs original music inspired by both classical and contemporary artists. His music has been performed throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Additionally, Joe is a traveling musician and member of the United States Army Band. He has had the privilege of performing across the country and world. Guitar and trumpet are his native and primary instruments, with additional interest in mandolin and banjo.

Joe Young
www.musicjoeyoung.com
Movement 1

It’s common in folks who have this. Are you doing it now? Are your toes crossed inside your shoes? What are you thinking? Who’s doing the thinking? Relax your tongue and jaw for me. Now take a deep breath. Can you feel that any tension has disappeared?

How often do these thoughts occur? How long do they last? Can you describe what some of them look like? Remember they’re not real. Remember they’re not you.

Now breathe. Close your eyes.

There’s different things that you can do, but you can’t block them out. Let them crash over you like a wave. I know they must be quite disturbing. Just know they’re not you. They’re not real. They’re not you. It’s not you. It’s not you. Now breathe. Close your eyes. And tell me what these thoughts look like.

They never stop. They are always there. My world’s been infiltrated.

*Kill yourself*
*Cut your wrists*
*Blood, blood, bright red blood!*
*Make a bomb*
*Smash your head*
*Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!*
Movement 2
Are you listening? Did you hear anything I’ve said?
I swear I try and stay engaged but other thoughts intrude and take over my mind.
I like to pray she stays.

Maybe just call me back. You sound distracted and I just do not have the time.
Despite the attention that I pay I’m always left to pick and choose from dialogues.
I like to pray she stays.

“Bear ye one anothers burdens,” the book says. But I don’t want them to.

Out with it! By the wrinkles on your skin I can see the movie playing but it’s on mute inside your head. Come back down as high as you are up the atmosphere up there is tough and you won’t breathe, as easily.

I get lost too.

Those polished eyes, they seem to blacken over, marble-esque. There’s life behind them, I still see it. But you can’t seem to make a sound.
It tears me up inside. But I can too, lose myself inside my head, spending minutes, hours dreading things I’ve put on ice and never said, to you.

I get lost too, and I stay for a while. I find comfort, in my playground-prison walls I’m not sure how I get there, but I know when you are, so let me lead you out. ‘Cause I know what it does
Being me feels like I’ll ruin all the relationships I have.
Lay your head next to mine and fall asleep. Leave your doubts with me. I’ll see to it that they will stay away and you can rest but if you find that you are lost and wandering I will stay. Let me help. ‘Cause I get lost inside my head.

I don’t know if I’ll survive.
Demons crowd my mind.
I’m sorry.
Movement 3
I hope nothing happens to me today
Jump off a bridge
Smash your head
Blood, blood, bright red blood!
Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
Jump in front of a train
Kill yourself

I hope she’s happy
You’re not brave enough
Buy the rope. Use the rope.
Hand in a blender.
Drink the bleach.
Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
Kill yourself

I love her so much
Nail through the hand
Make the cars explode
Loser!
Jump out the window
Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
Kill yourself!

I should really call my friends
Chop your limbs off
No one likes you.
No one loves you.
You’re not good enough.
You’re better off dead.
Kill yourself.

God! I wish I could turn my brain off for just one minute!
Smash your guitar
Yell the taboo
Blood, blood, bright red blood!
Car crash!
Smash your skull!
No one loves you.

Perhaps I’ll buy myself a boat and sail it out to sea.
I’ll ride the waves my final years and pray for Fiddler’s Green.
Or maybe I will sink the boat with barrels full of lead.
Amongst the bones at Davy Jones’ I’ll sleep beside the dead.

Maybe I’d look better with a bullet in my head. I mean centered above the eyes creates a certain type of symmetry.
Maybe 75 miles per hour is the fastest I can go, from top of the bridge to the cool water down below.
I could draw you a city map with all the side walk cracks, and the trash on the ground. My aerial view from a few feet up is all I know.

I don’t keep my head up when I walk.

And I used to be the first one to talk.

But now I’m the first to doubt, first to yell, first to think I’m first to hell.
First to know that I can see the logic that still exists inside of me. And First to know I don’t make sense but I walk that I make sense but Batting thoughts out of my way makes for very fucking taxing days and I’m First to know I’ll try my best and show you love and never guess. For
If I lay me down to sleep, I'll pray the Lord my soul to take, an
Watch and guard me through the night and wake me with that morning light,
And show me something from the sky, so I can finally hold my head high.

I haven’t written a song in so very long because my mind is clogged with
many different thoughts and scenes that play at the same time.
I cannot use my words like I once could before. They all get intercepted by the
movies and images my mind has for me.

I’d like to tell her I love her and that she’s the brightest light. Instead I end up
losing grip, and other voices in my head give way to doubt.

John couldn’t comprehend his new world. Oh John, I understand.

I don’t know if I’ll survive.
Demons crowd my mind.
I’m sorry.
I fill the silence with music. That’s what I know to do. But it’s been a pretty noisy ride lately so forgive me for being late.

I just wanted to talk to you, whoever is listening, because I can’t bring myself to set shame to music. There’s no order to what I say. There’s no order to what I think. It’s a stream of consciousness that is constantly interrupted by the devil that resides where the light is not cast.

I’ve had a headache since the day I was born.

And as sporadic as my thoughts occur so do these words flow from my mouth. A mouth that sometimes stutters or produces a lisp because I’m wearing plastic braces or a retainer. And I hope you’re laughing at that because my coping mechanism is to distract you with humor or pretty chords while I barely get the truth out, while I barely repent, while I barely let you hear me, because I’m too embarrassed to be properly heard.

But if I’ve said it then I’ve meant it and perhaps the Lord knows that I’ve gotten it off my chest. Then again in a split-second I question who the lord is. Is he nice? Is she forgiving? Is it Stephen Hawking? Is it science?

Then again in a split-second I think about the max weight Kevlar rope can hold. Then again I think about if coolant tastes good. Then again I think about how much I love her. Then again I think about how guilty I feel for talking about my problems when I’m just another young guy who’s never truly had a difficult go of it. Then again I think about how sheep run our country and my life will be as short as it is and Jesus has little to no say, so I shouldn’t worry anyway.

I’ve had a headache since the day I was born.

Amendment and commandment sound an awful lot alike. Though I’m not so sure that Jesus would’ve said that that was right. And I’m not so sure that
Jesus was the man he was made out to be. And I’m not so sure that Jesus really means anything to me.

I’m repetitive and jittery and repetitive and in my head I jump from thought to thought but I’m trying really hard to give you a coherent message but it’s difficult because I’ve had a headache since the day I was born and there’s not a pill that seems to do it for me. Music does it for me. She does it for me. I fill the silence with music. That’s what I know to do. But it’s been a pretty noisy ride lately so forgive me for being late.

I don’t know if I’ll survive.
Demons crowd my mind.
I’m sorry.

Demons live inside.
But I won’t let them hide.
I’ll expose them and undo the damage that they’ve done.
No more losing to myself.
I’ve stored feelings on the shelf and now I must speak up.

I’m not gonna take it sitting down.
I’ll block out the thoughts and stand my ground.

The demons that crowd my mind don’t stand a chance to survive.
It’s time they run.

I’m not gonna take it sitting down.
I’ll block out the thoughts and stand my ground.

I will not be silenced.
Are your toes crossed inside your shoes?

It's common in folks who have this.

Are you doing it now?
slowly release palm mute

What are you thinking
Who's doing the thinking?

Relax your tongue and jaw

for me
Now take a deep breath. Can you feel that any tensions disappeared?
slowly release palm mute ———— ord.

Re-mem-ber they're not real

Re-mem-ber they're not you

Now breathe

great

they're not

you

arco

Close your eyes

Light
Let them crash over you like a wave

I know they must be quite disturbing

slowly release palm mute --- ord.
Just know they're not you. They're not real. They're not you. It's not you.

It's not you. It's not you. Now breathe._ __

You know they're not you.

Light palm mute

It's not you. It's not you. Now breathe._
Bluegrass Into Chaos

tell me what these thoughts look like

chopping
Whisper at normal pace:
Kill yourself
Cut your wrists
Blood, blood, bright red blood!
Make a bomb
Smash your head
Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!

Move freely, slow pace, disregard time
Exhaling $q = 50$

With Pressure (Increase Speed of Whispers)
Intrusive Thoughts
Movement 2: Relationships

Calmy, Yet With Suppressed Energy

Capo 5
set with let ring

Acoustic Guitar

Violin I

Viola

quasi guitar pizz.

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Did you hear anything I've said?

Are you listening?
I swear I try and stay engaged but other thoughts intrude and take over my mind.

I like to pray she stays.

May be just call me back.

You sound distracted and I just don't have the time.

Despite the attention that I pay, I'm always...
With Energy $q = 100$

a tempo

palm mute

let ring

Driving $q = 110$ ($q = 220$) (let ring)

arco

G

Driving $q = 110$ ($q = 220$) (let ring)

arco
With Joy

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

With Joy

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.
I like to pray they stay. "Bear ye one an-oth-ers bur-dens," the book says. But I don't want them to.

Driving \( \frac{q}{d} = 134 \) set with \( \frac{\#}{\#} \)

palm mute slowly release palm mute lightly palm mute

let ring

ord

lightly palm mute

D.B.

out with it! by the wrin-kles on your skin i can
see the movie playing but it's on mute inside your head. Come back down as high as you are up the atmosphere up there is tough and you won't breathe as easily.

lightly palm mute...
slowly release palm mute

Those polished

lightly palm mute

eyes they seem to black-ened over marble esque There's life behind them I still see it. But

you can't seem to make a sound It tears me up inside But I can too lose my -
self inside my head spending hours dreading things I’ve put on ice and never said to you.

I get lost too and I stay for a while.

Waltz \( q = \frac{60}{\text{C}} \)
I find comfort in my playground prison walls

I'm not sure how I get there, but I know when you are so
let me lead you out  'cause I know what it does
In the relationships I have...
Ac.Gtr.

V

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

222

sleep

Leave your doubts with

I'll see to it that they will stay away and you can rest

J

J

J

J

10fr.

14fr.

12fr.
but if you find that you are lost and wandering I will stay

Let me help 'Cause I get lost inside my head

I get lost inside my head
240

Ac.Gtr.

V

240

I get lost in-side my head

I get lost in-side my head

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

244

I don't know if I'll sur-

get lost in-side my head

I get lost in-side my head

head - - - I get lost in-side my

head - - - I get lost in-side my

head - - - I get lost in-side my

I get lost in-side my head

I get lost in-side my head

head - - - I get lost in-side my
Vive Demons crowd my mind I'm sorry
Intrusive Thoughts
Movement 3: John the Savage

Instructions: The vocalist will speak the text in bold font. Immediately following that, all the other musicians will choose from the 5 non-underlined phrases (alternating in any order, repeating phrases as many times as they choose) as to create a cacophony of different text, starting with group #1. The phrases will be whispered, at first with some space in between before being whispered as quickly as possible (while still being discernible and with varying levels of intensity).

As soon as someone chooses the underlined phrase “Kill yourself” the others will join in repeating that phrase until it is being whispered in unison. The vocalist will *cut the musicians’ whispered text off before beginning the second bold-font text.

That pattern repeats, with the other musicians choosing from group #2 (then 3, then 4, then 5), repeating and choosing any order the individual wants until the underlined “Kill yourself” is chosen and whispered, then whispered in unison, and then cut off by the vocalist before progressing.

*Simultaneously, each instrument is assigned a figure to play (one figure per group) that is then held until this entire text section (text groups 1-5) is completed. The player is expected to hold their final pitch (as notated with a fermata and ad infinitum) and continue to whisper text. **When the players are cut off by the vocalist, it is only for the whispered text. The bowed pitches will remain constant the entire time.

Each grouping of text should aim to last between 15 and 25 seconds, with some flexibility.

On the final iteration of “Kill yourself!” the musicians will quickly move from a whisper to a shout. The vocalist will cut off whispers and bowed pitches, and the movement will continue on to the traditionally notated music.
Vocalist: (spoken) **I hope nothing happens to me today.**

1. **All other musicians:** (whispered)
   - Jump off a bridge
   - Smash your head
   - Blood, blood, bright red blood!
   - Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
   - Jump in front of a train
   - **Kill yourself**

   Vocalist: (spoken) **I hope she’s happy. I hope they’re all happy.**

2. **All other musicians:** (whispered)
   - You’re not brave enough
   - Buy the rope. Use the rope.
   - Hand in a blender.
   - Drink the bleach.
   - Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
   - **Kill yourself**

   Vocalist: (spoken) **I love her so much.**

3. **All other musicians:** (whispered)
   - Nail through the hand
   - Make the cars explode
   - Pedophile!
   - Jump out the window
   - Sheep! Sheep! Sheep!
   - **Kill yourself!**

   Vocalist: (spoken) **I should really call my friends and family more.**

4. **All other musicians:** (whispered)
   - Chop your limbs off
   - No one likes you.
   - No one loves you.
   - You’re not good enough.
   - You’re better off dead.
   - **Kill yourself!**

   Vocalist: (spoken) **God! I wish I could just turn my brain off for one minute!**

5. **All other musicians:** (whispered)
   - Smash your guitar
   - Blood, blood, bright red blood!
   - Car crash!
   - Smash your skull!
   - No one loves you.
   - **Kill yourself!**

On the final iteration of “Kill yourself!” the musicians will quickly move from a whisper to a shout. The vocalist will cut off whispers and bowed pitches, and the movement will continue on to the traditionally notated music.
Intrusive Thoughts
Movement 3: John the Savage

Joe Young

A Slow, Energy-Drained \( \frac{d}{q} = 50 \) molto rubato

Acoustic Guitar

Voice

Double Bass

Perhaps I'll buy myself a boat and sail it out to sea. I'll ride the waves my final years and pray for Fiddlers Green. I'll sink the boat with barrels full of lead. Amongst the bones at Davy Jones I'll sleep beside the dead.

maybe I will sink the boat with bar-rels full of lead. A-mongst the bones at Da-vy Jones I'll sleep be-side the dead.
If playing guitar AND singing, adhere to this rhythm as much as possible with provided chord charts.
V

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

V

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.
My aerial view from a few feet up is all I know.
Quick, Slightly Chaotic $\frac{3}{4} = 120$

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

D.B.

arco

46
I don't keep my head up when I walk.

And I used to be the first one to talk.

But now I'm the first to doubt, first to yell, first to think I'm first to hell, first to know that I can see the logic that still exists inside of me. And first to know I don't make sense but I always think that I make sense but batting thoughts out of my way makes for very fucking taxing days and I'm first to know I'll try my best and show you love and never guess. For if I lay me down to sleep, I'll tell the Lord, my soul to keep, and if I die before I wake, I'll pray the Lord my soul take, and watch and guard me through the night and wake me with that morning light, And show me something from the sky, so I can finally hold my head high.
Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.


Bluegrass, With Building Pressure

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.
Ac.Gtr.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

chopping

similar bluegrass-style strumming

Ac.Gtr.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
D.B.
Calmly, With Nostalgia

I have not written a song in very long

because my mind is clogged with many different
thoughts and scenes that play at the same time.

I cannot use my words like I once could before.
They all get intercepted by the movies and the images my mind has for me.
I'd like to tell her I love her and she's the brightest light. Instead I end up losing grip.
and other voices in my head give way to doubt.
drag pick up and down strings with varying amounts of pressure, speed, and volume

John couldn't comprehend his new world. Oh John I

1st time - chords (Bluegrass)
2nd time - solo

similar strumming pattern
Ac.Gtr.  

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

D.B.  

Conceding, Sad, Slow  

I don't know if I'll survive.  De-mons crowd my mind.  I'm sorry...
Intrusive Thoughts
Movement 4: Stand My Ground

Quick $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{t}} = 132$  $o = \text{open string}$

Acoustic Guitar

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Double Bass

A Fast, Determined

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C Pensive

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

= [Determined, Yet Again]

Ac.Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

let ring - alternating strings

Determined, Yet Again

let ring - alternating strings
It took you this long to realize that you were running in the dark...
But now that the lights are on they're all beginning to dim and flicker. It's up to you to see that they're replaced.

You can't allow them to control your visibility.
Hopeful \( \frac{\dot{\text{}}}{\text{Q}} = 120 \)

CAPO OFF

let ring - alternating strings

\[ \text{G} \]

mf
I fill the silence with music. That's what I know to do. But it's been a pret-ty nois-y ride.
There's no order to what I say.

There's no order to what I think. It's a stream of consciousness that is constantly interrupted by...
the devil that resides where the light is not cast.

I've had a headache since the day I was born.

And as sporadic as my thoughts occur, so do these words flow from my mouth. A mouth that sometimes stutters.
or produces a lisp because I'm wearing plastic braces or a retainer. And I hope you're laughing at that because my

cop ing mechanism is to distract you with humor or pretty chords while I barely get the truth out while I
barely repent while I barely let you hear me because I'm too embarrassed to be properly heard.

But if I've said it then I've meant it and perhaps the Lord knows that I've gotten it of my chest.
Then again in a split second I question who the Lord is. Is he nice? Is she forgiving?

Is it Stephen Hawking? Is it science? Then again in a split second I think about the
max weight Kevlar rope can hold. Then again I think about coolant tastes good. Then again I think about how much I love her. Then again I think about how guilty I feel for talking about my problems when I'm just another young guy who's...
never truly had a difficult go of it. Then again I think about how sheep run our country and
pizz.

Then again I think about how sheep run our country and

my life will be as short as it is and Jesus has little to no say so I shouldn’t worry any way
I've had a headache since the day I was born.

114

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

Voice

Voice

Voice

Voice

Freely

偿还和命令听起来很像。

117

J = 1

（rubato: flexibility in rhythm）

Proc. sord.

pizz.

mp

mf

mf

mf

pizz.
not so sure that Jesus would've said that was right. And I'm not so sure that Jesus was the man he was made out to be. And I'm not so sure that Jesus really means anything to me. I'm re-
I've had a headache since the day I was born and there's not a pill that seems to do it for me. Music does it for me. She does it for me. I fill the silence with music. That's what I know to do. But it's been a pretty noisy ride lately so forgive me for being late.

\[145\]

\[\text{pizz.}\]
I don't know if I'll survive
De-mons crowd my mind
I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry
Quicker, With Hope \( \frac{\text{\#}}{= 138} \) similar strumming pattern  \( g_m/B \)
live inside but

I won't let them hide.
Ac. Gtr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

D.B.

V

I'll expose them and undo the

pp

pp

Dam - age that they've done. No more los - ing to my -
I've stored feelings on the shelf

and now I must speak
Fighting Back, Taking Control

Similar strumming pattern

I'm not gonna

take it sitting down

Chopping
I'll block out the thoughts and stand my ground.

The demons that crowd my

V

mind don't stand a chance to survive

They'll

Vln. I

Vln. II

mind don't stand a chance

mf

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

They'll

Vln. I

Vln. II

mind don't stand a chance

mf

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

I'm not gonna

driven and motivated all the way to the end
take it sitting down.
I'll block out the thoughts and stand my ground.
I will not be silenced.