in your hands

I am the bird that never flew
sitting in the garden's shade.

in our arduous imagining
revealed between heaven and earth.

I am the one that never dare
talking between what is and what is not.

love your fingers in月光 moonlight
or a bird's flight.
hear the songstress mourn
not for her heart against a thorn
but for the roots from which she’s torn

our your or you or you or you

silence

hear the sparrow’s song, notes
within the fallen leaves the float
from visions of our noted threats

dear you, please,
we must flourish
on a dark planet
Here is the bird, he sile in the raising alarm.

Hear the drum in the pine.

Resist our decline.
I am the bird that never flew
falling awake
in your hands
in the storm

\[ \text{greenwood a} \text{ under a tree, what do we do?} \]
\[ \text{ under attack!} \]
\[ \text{what to do? what do we do?} \]
\[ \text{stood up fight back} \]

\[ \text{in your hands} \]

\[ \text{in the dark, hold in the meant running storm} \]
\[ \text{down to form a line for} \]
\[ \text{must admire} \]
Hanna Tuulikki’s new visual score print edition was made to accompany *The Bird That Never Flew*, a performance that premiered at Glasgow Cathedral in 2023, featuring a song cycle for three voices, field recordings, bowed psaltery and electronics, punctuated with gestural choreography.

Responding to the city’s roots in ornithological entanglements, particularly the story of St Mungo’s robin, the score brings together sacred lament and political protest to raise the alarm for critically endangered woodland birds. This animal fable for tomorrow translates the alarm calls of birds into protest chants, weaving what the robin knows of the Mistle thrush, Capercaillie, Nightingale, Wood warbler, Tree pipit and Greenfinch, who one by one, sound their alarm.

The visual score, realised as a black and red screen print, combines lyrics from the song-cycle alongside drawings of the hand gestures and birds featured within the text. Each print is signed, dated and numbered.