

SCORE

398. AT THE AGE OF 59

Life is fleeting

At the age of 59

Choose a track from each year of your life

Choose a day to listen to all 59 tracks

Listen to each track in turn

And consider what they meant to you

And what they may still mean to you

Then consider music yet to come

And what it will mean to your children

And your grand children

And maybe even you

Nota bene:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow falls in the river,

A moment white - then melts for ever;”

Extracted from *Tam o' Shanter* by Robert Burns (1790)