The Benediction

Words and music by Mark Abel

Tenor

\[ \text{\textit{From sea to shining sea...}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Eve-er-green cliffs lean in-to the Pa-ci-fic,}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{be-neath a lead-en sky where a-vo-cets play}} \]

\[ \text{Suddenly faster, } j = 154 \]

\[ \text{a-long the strand that stretch-es for-ev-er._ Glad to be a} \]

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Music prepared by Jeremy Borum www.jeremyborum.com
live!

I sense a building tide sweeping

across a discontented land that needs

renewal. When the change comes,

Much slower $\frac{j}{100}$

who will be ready? Who will be

with pedal
The Benediction

read - y?

Throw a-way your eas-y ans-wers,

A little bit faster

they will not help you now.

pull back

Roll-ing a-long a Dix-ie high-way, kud-zu

cloak-ing the tal-lest trees.

with pedal senza pedal with pedal senza pedal
A place—of ghosts,   pin - ey woods

and savage sea - sons__   We are com - ing out

A little faster  \( \dot{\text{j}} = 125 \)

for truth—  and rea - son—

Slowly and freely  \( \dot{j} \approx 68 \)

See how the path is—over - grown!
cries. Who with anguish will draw the poison from his heart? From his heart.
A girl or God, we pray.

Suddenly slower \( \frac{\text{rit.}}{} \) poision from his heart? \( \frac{\text{rit.}}{} \) From his heart.

Far dreamlike, tenderly New England, autumn time.
A child stares at red leaves and wonders how a miracle is made.

She will grow and she will know before long the path of grace, the changing face of our age.

— ever shifting, elusive, turned toward the future.
with conviction

this she is sure:  Yes-ter-day is gone and open hearts must

almost soaring point the way. And with her go the

hopes of all, from sea to shining sea.

Slowly  \( \text{rit.} \) from sea to shining sea.