

A Day In The Life Of A Tree

♩ = 104

2 3 4 5 6 7

Voice

8

Feel the wind burn through my skin. The cold, the air is kill-ing me.

Pipe Organ

8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Vo.

8

For years my limbs stretched to the sky. A nest for birds to sit and sing.

Org.

16 17 18 19 20 21


Vo.

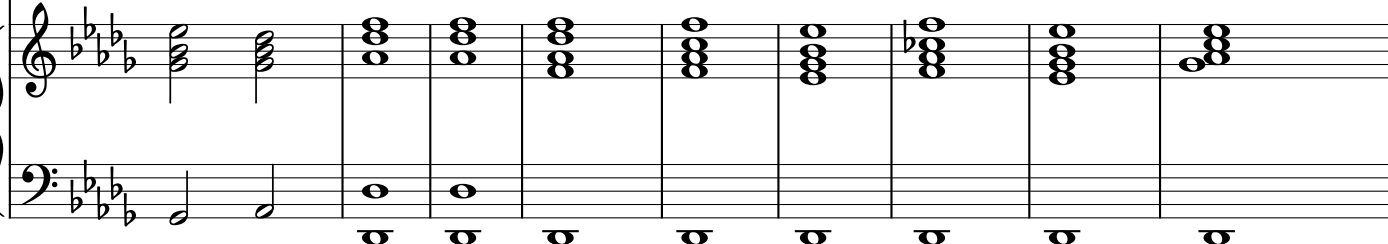
8

But now my branch-es suf-fer. and my leaves don't bear the glow they

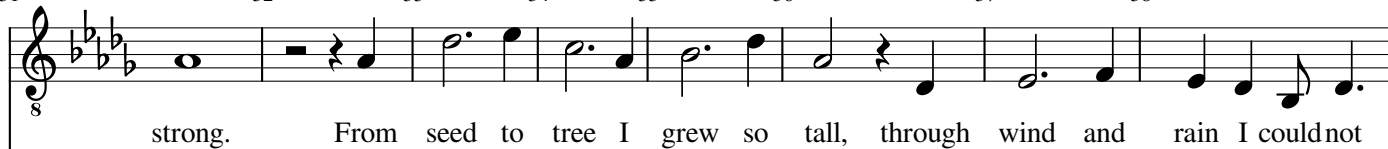
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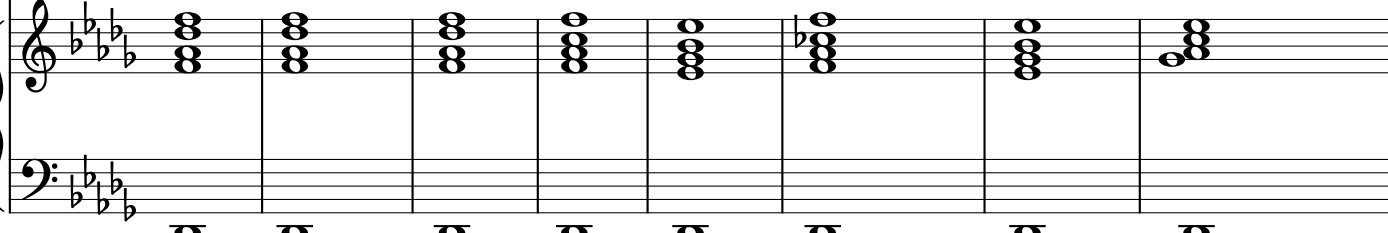
22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Vo.  did so long a - go. One day I was full of life. My sao was rich and I was

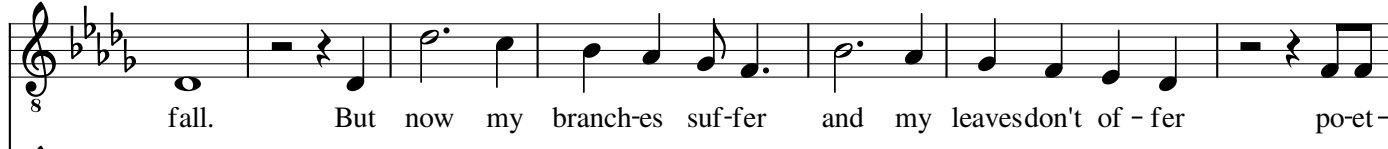
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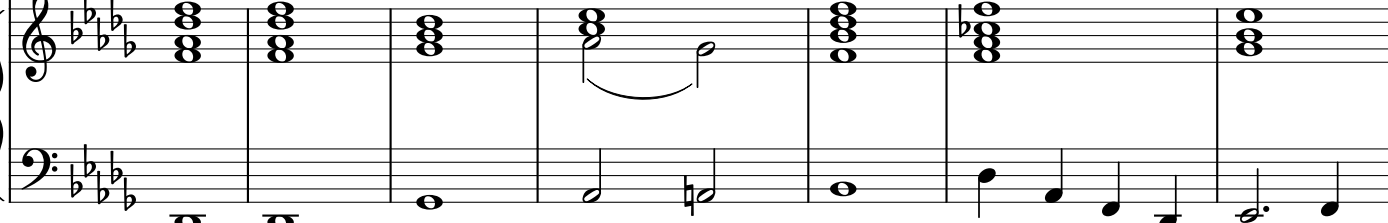
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38

Vo.  strong. From seed to tree I grew so tall, through wind and rain I could not

Org. 

39 40 41 42 43 44 45

Vo.  fall. But now my branch-es suf-fer and my leaves don't of-fer po-et-

Org. 

46 47 48 49 50 51 52

Vo. 8
ry to men of song. — Trees like me weren't meant to live, if all this world can

Org.

53 54 55 56 57 58

Vo. 8
give ispol - lu-tion and slow death. Oh, Lord, I lay me down. No life's left to be

Org.

59 60 61 62 63

Vo. 8
found. There's noth-ing left for me. — Trees like me weren't meant to live if

Org.

64 65 66 67 68 69

Vo. 8
all this world can give is pol - lu-tion... Trees like me were't meant to live if

Org.

70 71 72 73 74

Vo. 8
all this earth can give is pol - lu-tion and slow death.

Org.