

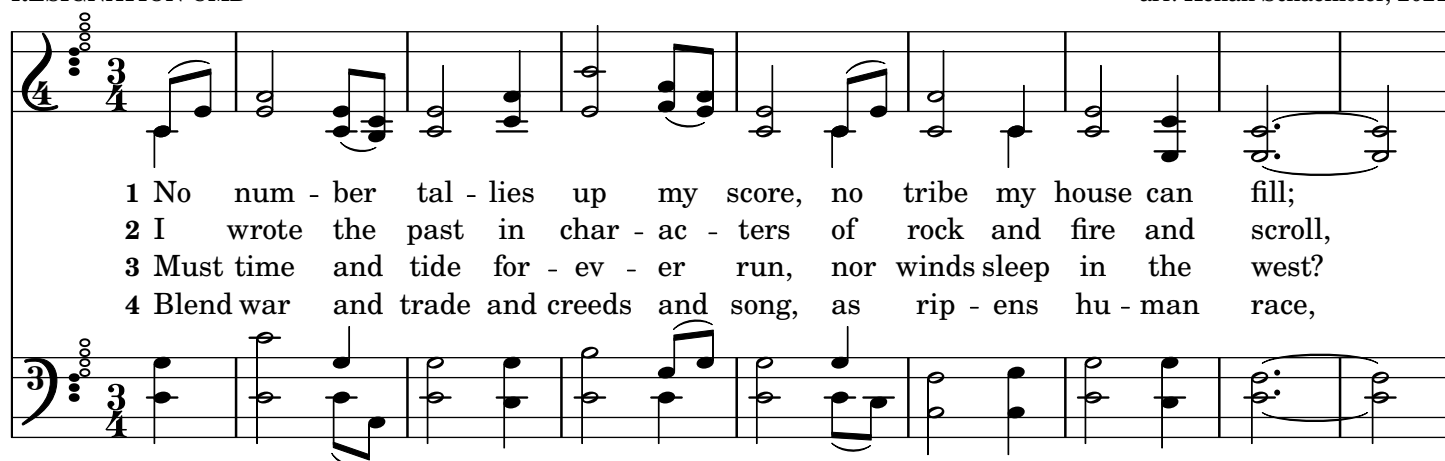
No number tallies up my score

Text: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), alt.

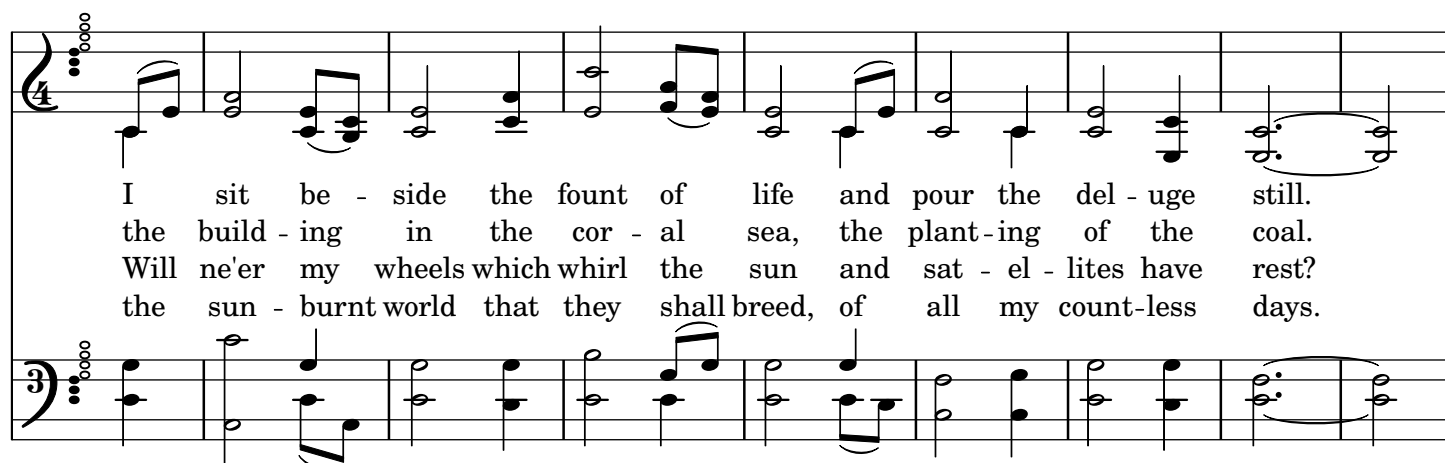
Music: North American Traditional

RESIGNATION CMD

arr. Kenan Schaeferkofer, 2021



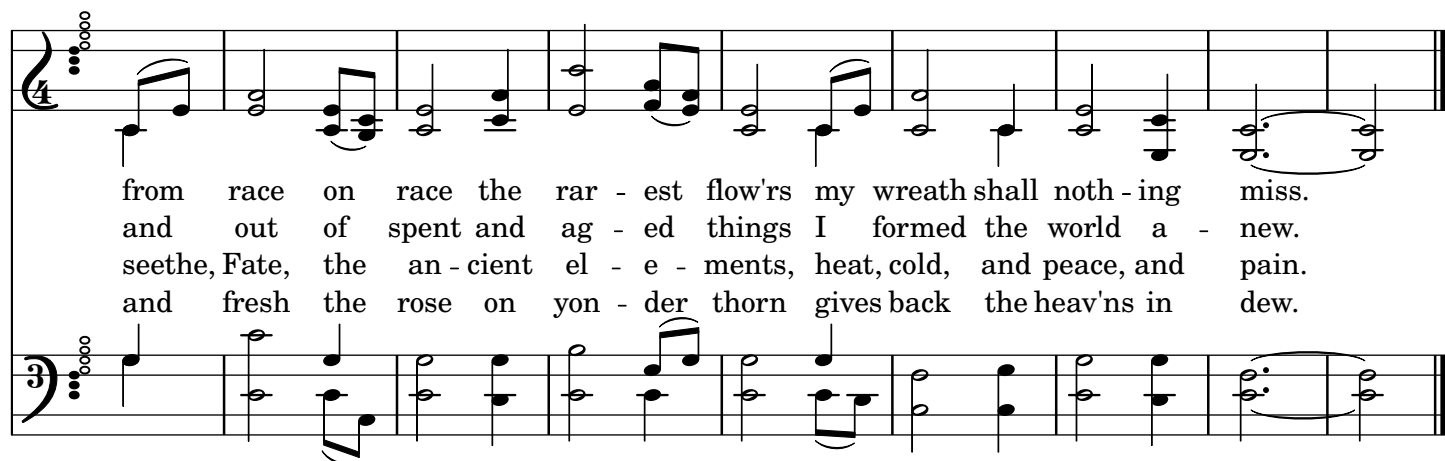
1 No num - ber tal - lies up my score, no tribe my house can fill;
2 I wrote the past in char - ac - ters of rock and fire and scroll,
3 Must time and tide for - ev - er run, nor winds sleep in the west?
4 Blend war and trade and creeds and song, as rip - ens hu - man race,



I sit be - side the fount of life and pour the del - uge still.
the build - ing in the cor - al sea, the plant - ing of the coal.
Will ne'er my wheels which whirl the sun and sat - el - lites have rest?
the sun - burnt world that they shall breed, of all my count - less days.



And gath - ered by most fra - gile pow'rs a - long the cen - tur - ies
And thefts from sat - el - lites and rings and bro - ken stars I drew,
Yet whirl the glow - ing wheels once more, and mix the bowl a - gain;
No ray is dimmed, no a - tom worn, my old - est force is new,



from race on race the rar - est flow'rs my wreath shall noth - ing miss.
and out of spent and ag - ed things I formed the world a - new.
seethe, Fate, the an - cient el - e - ments, heat, cold, and peace, and pain.
and fresh the rose on yon - der thorn gives back the heav'n's in dew.