

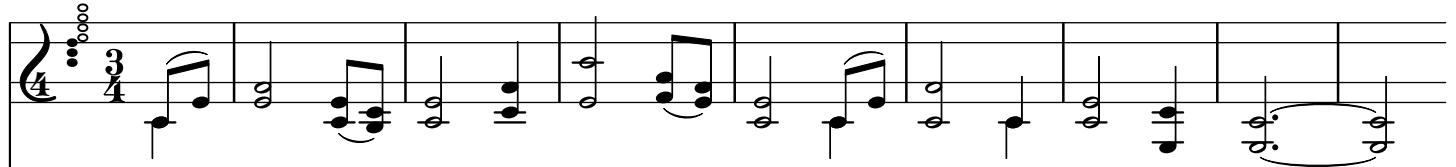
# No number tallies up my score

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

RESIGNATION CMD

Music: North American Traditional

arr. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021



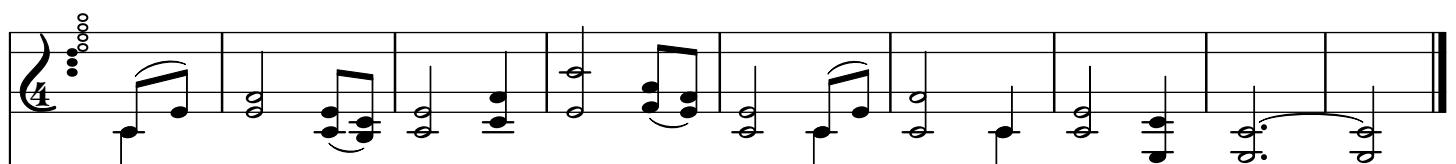
1 No number tallies up my score, no tribe my house can fill;  
2 I wrote the past in characters of rock and fire and scroll,  
3 Must time and tide forever run, nor winds sleep in the west?  
4 Blend war and trade and creeds and song, as ripens human race,



I sit beside the fount of life and pour the deluge still.  
the building in the coral sea, the planting of the coal.  
Will ne'er my wheels which whirl the sun and satelites have rest?  
the sun-burnt world that they shall breed, of all my count-less days.



And gathered by most fragile pow'rs along the cen-tur-ies  
And thefts from satelites 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 atom worn, my old-est force is new,



from race on race the rarest flow'rs my wreath shall nothing miss.  
and out of spent and aged things I formed the world anew.  
seethe, Fate, the ancient elements, heat, cold, and peace, and pain.  
and fresh the rose on yonder thorn gives back the heav'ns in dew.