

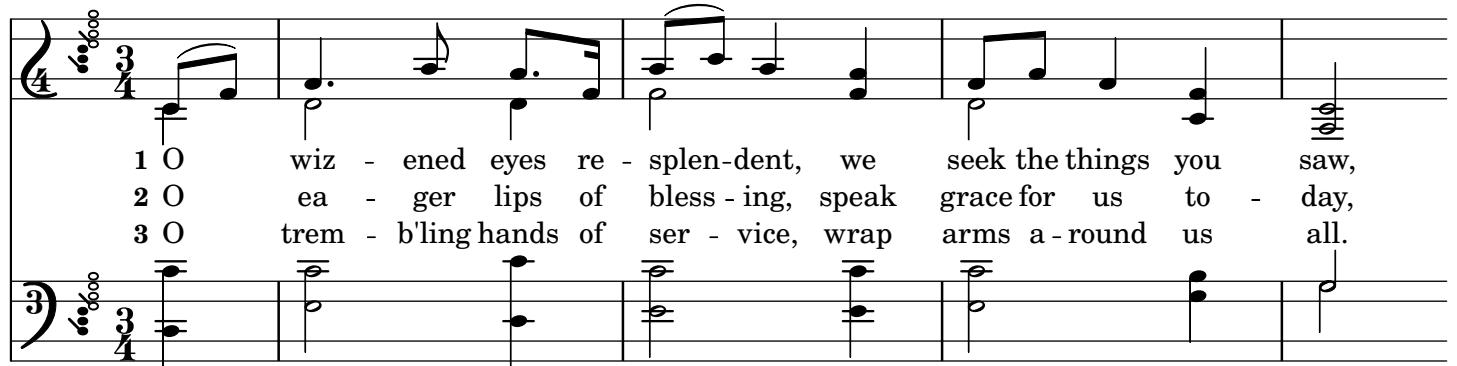
O wizened eyes resplendent

In memory of Robert Coon (1931 - 2021)

Text: Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021

Music: Gustav Holst, 1921

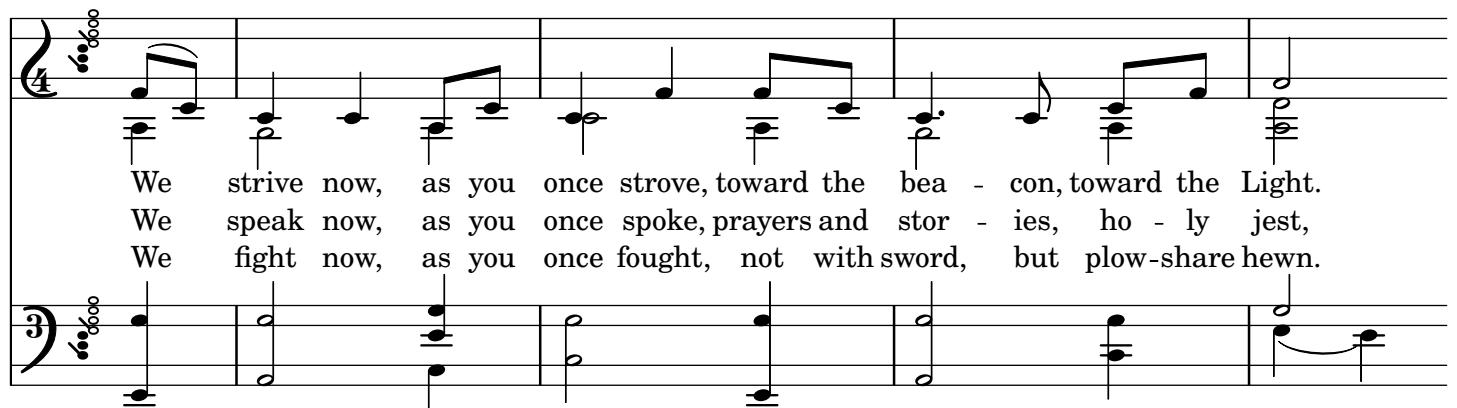
THAXTED 13.13.14.12.13.14



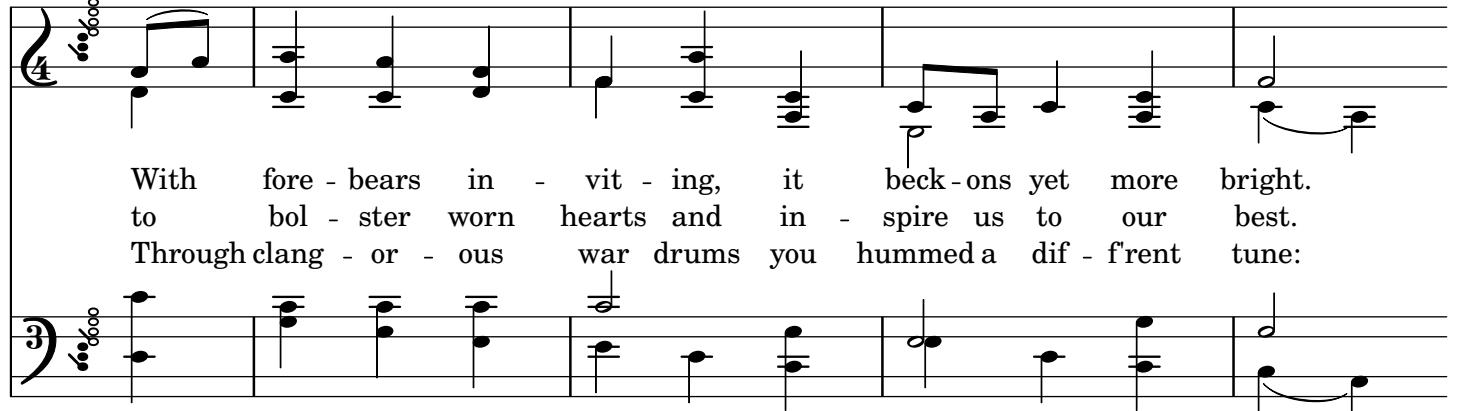
1 O wiz - ened eyes re - splen-dent, we seek the things you saw,
2 O ea - ger lips of bless - ing, speak grace for us to - day,
3 O trem - b'ling hands of ser - vice, wrap arms a - round us all.



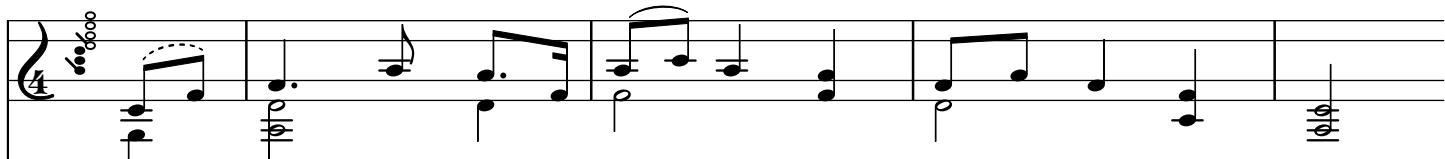
that urged you to such great - ness, and hum - bled you in awe.
for - give us and our mourn-ing, our stub-born, pet - ty ways.
Take res - pite from your la - bors, and joy in heav - en's call.



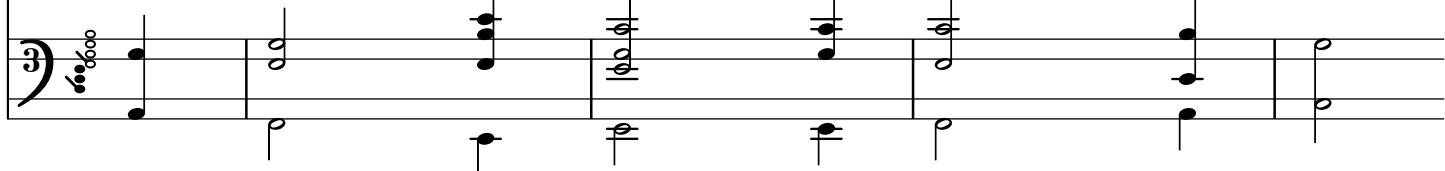
We strive now, as you once strove, toward the bea - con, toward the Light.
We speak now, as you once spoke, prayers and stor - ies, ho - ly jest,
We fight now, as you once fought, not with sword, but plow-share hewn.



With fore - bears in - vit - ing, it beck - ons yet more bright.
to bol - ster worn hearts and in - spire us to our best.
Through clang - or - ous war drums you hummed a dif - f'rent tune:



Though tear - y eyes may hin - der, and sor - row shroud our way,
You ut - tered bless'd ass - ur - ance, through strife, your words did calm,
Ev -'ry note is one of jus - tice, each tear can shat - ter chains,



what seems to us like eve - ning may just be break of day.
there is a - far in Gi - le - ad, vouch - safed for us a Balm.
ev -'ry sigh be-comes a rush of wind, set free a-cross the plains.