

North

A song by Sleeping At Last

Ryan O'Neal

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Piano

7

We will call this place our home, the dirt in which our roots may grow. Though the

13

storms will push and pull, we will call this place our home. We'll tell our stories on these walls. Ev'ry

We'll tell our stories on these walls. Ev'ry

19

year mea - sure— how tall. And just like a work of art. We'll tell our sto - ries— on these— walls. Let the

A few tenors
Let the

year mea - sure how tall. And just like a work of art. We'll tell our sto - ries— on these— walls.

25

years— we're here— be kind, be kind. Let our hearts— like doors— o - pen wide, o - pen wide. Set - tle our bones— like— wood— o -

years— we're here— be kind, be kind. Let our hearts— like doors— o - pen wide, o - pen wide. Set - tle our bones— like— wood— o -

[Oo]

[Oo]

[Oo]

30

ver time, o ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine. A lit-tle bro - ken_ lit - tle new. We are the

- ver time, o- ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.

[Oo]

A lit-tle bro - ken_ lit - tle new. We are the

[Oo]

35

im- pact_ and the glue ca-pa - ble more than we know. We'll call this fix-er up - per__home. With each

With each

im- pact_ and the glue ca-pa - ble more than we know. We'll call this fix-er up - per__home. With each

With each

41

year our colour fades. Slow-ly our paint chips a-way. But we will find the strength and the nerve it

48

Adagio. **a tempo.**

takes to re - paint, and re-paint, and re-paint ev' - ry - day. Let the years we're here be

A few tenors
Let the years we're here be

takes. to re - paint, and re-paint, and re-paint ev' - ry - day.

takes. Mm mm mm mm mm.

takes. Mm mm mm mm mm.

53

kind, be kind. Let our hearts like doors o-pen wide, o-pen wide. Set-tle our bones like wood o -

kind, be kind. Let our hearts like doors o-pen wide, o-pen wide. Set-tle our bones like wood o -

[Ab] *p* \curvearrowright *f* Bones

[Ab] *p* \curvearrowright *f* Bones

[Ab] *p* \curvearrowright *f* Bones

57

ver time, o - ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine. Let the

- ver time, o - ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine. Let the

o - ver time. Bread, salt, wine.

o - ver time. Bread, salt, wine.

o - ver time. Bread, salt, wine.

60

years we're here be kind, be kind. Let our hearts like doors o-pen wide, o-pen wide. Set-tle our

years we're here be kind, be kind. Let our hearts like doors o-pen wide, o-pen wide. Set-tle our

Let the years be kind. Hearts like doors o-pen wide.

Let the years be kind. Hearts like doors o-pen wide.

Let the years be kind, be kind. Hearts like doors o-pen wide.

64

bones like wood o-ver time, o-ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine. Give us bread, give us salt, give

bones like wood o-ver time, o-ver time. Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.

Bones o-ver time. Bread, salt, wine. Give us bread, give us salt, give

Bones o-ver time. Bread, salt, wine. Give us bread, give us salt, give

Bones o-ver time. Bread, salt, wine. Give us bread, give us salt, give

69

— us wine. Small-er than dust on this map lies the great - est thing we

— us wine. Small-er than dust on this map lies the great - est thing we

— us wine. Small-er than dust on this map lies the great - est thing we

— us wine. Small-er than dust on this map lies the great - est thing we

The musical score for measures 69-72 consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "— us wine. Small-er than dust on this map lies the great - est thing we". The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some sustained chords.

73

have, the dirt in which our roots may grow, and the right to call it home.

have, the dirt in which our roots may grow, and the right to call it home.

have, the dirt in which our roots may grow, and the right to call it home.

have, the dirt in which our roots may grow, and the right to call it home.

The musical score for measures 73-76 consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "have, the dirt in which our roots may grow, and the right to call it home.". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, ending with a final chord.