

Hallowell

music and words by Stephen Spitzer
In Memory of Miriam Bergman

1. I thought when some - one died the spi - rit flew
2. Held high by these strong hands breath - ing the wind
3. Our voi - - - ces shake in song for mem - or - ies

5
o - ver fur - thest field. Now I see death will leave be -
5 I am born a - gain. The moun - tain flow'rs, the de - sert
we have long en - dured Though this be - gins to make us

9
hind sands (a scrap of light a bro - ken smile.) the
9 sands sur - round me now com - fort me now In
strong (the comb - ing through of shreds of love) It

13
rem - nants by which I might be healed
13 death or dream - - - ing I find my kin.
is through li - - - ving that we are cured.

17

17 The Dead lift me up In bright - est sky

The Dead lift me up In bright - est sky

21

21 the clouds be - low me race. The Dead lift me

the clouds be - low me race. The Dead lift me

26

26 up I see them see them face to face.

up. I see them face to face.