



Even
our very cells
join

the music of the spheres

you
is - ly
be that
it seen
band
ev - er
wh
er wh

Air with
In the
From the
thou-sand flow'rs,
hailed
host
var
home a
al

And the rock ets' red
ow it hatch - es the g
ref - uge could sa
con - quer we mu

en's in - - fi - nite ex -
e breeze and of the
bliss that ev - er
Heav-en's in-

Kind
2. I'm
3. My

proof thro' the night that our fl
glo - ry re - flect - ed now shine
er - ror flight, or the gloom
is the our mot to: "In God

with yel - low gold, Grow - ing in one
dark and cold, And the rain falls
ance to grow, Wh the cold or