

GOD'S ACRE

SONG



WORDS BY

ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT

MUSIC BY

CECIL FORSYTH



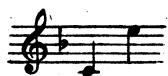
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Presto *)

Voice

Piano

f *p*

Ped. *

Moderato tranquillo

I'm dri - vin' backward to the

Jogging along

p

con Pedale

farm— The har - vest day is done, And I'm

*) The crack of the whip, the horse shaking its ears and tail.

pass - ing by God's A - cre At the sett - ing o' the

Sun: And I slow the hom - ing hor - ses — For I

poco cresc.

must so - li - lo - quize On that white crop stand - in'

rit. dim.

si - lent A - gainst the crim-son skies. I

p *espress.* *pp*

a tempo

guess there's tares a - plen - ty — And I guess there's lots of chaff, And I

a tempo

mp *simile*

guess there's ma - ny stor - ies that Ed make a fel - ler laugh And I

guess there's meb - be sto - ries that Ed ' make a fel - ler weep, And the

p dolce.

mf *mp*

Angels kind o' whis - per As a - round the stones they creep.

pp

p *p molto tranquillo* *rit.* *pp*

ped. *

Presto

Well, the

f *p*

Red. *

Moderato tranquillo

Lord He up and plan - ted And the Har-vest's come to head; (And He

mp

shore is most par - ti-cu-lar When all is done and said.) But I

reck-on when it's sift - ed, And the Crop is in the

cresc. al fine

bin, It 'll be a durned hard sin - ner As the

allarg. e marcato

allarg. e marcato mf f

Lord aint ga - thered in.

ff a tempo rit.

*Red. **