

Christ the King

Text: James K. Baxter

Clare Maclean
b. 1958

Moderato ($\text{♩} = 72$)

mp

Fa-ther, be-yond the hills and wa - ter be-yond the ci - ty of the stars,

7

in a cho-sen o - ver-coat of night, you hide from me. All men find it so

14

mp

and I would be a fool to grieve be-cause my bones can-not yet rise

and I would be a fool to grieve be-cause my bones can - not yet rise

21

in - to your hea - ven. Now at moon - rise the glit-ter on the ri-ver wa

in - to your hea - ven. Now at moon - rise the glit - ter on the ri - ver wa - ter.

28

mp

makes ev -'ry stone and plant-cell grieve for what you lock

ter makes ev -'ry stone and plant - cell grieve for what you lock be - hind

makes ev -'ry stone and plant-cell grieve for what you lock be - hind

mp

Al - - - - - le - - - - -