Each In His Own Tongue

Alan Stringer

William Herbert Carruth

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Quietly, expressively throughout

Mezzo-Soprano
All women

Baritone
All men

\[ \text{A fire mist and a poet.} \]

Mez.

\[ \text{crystal and a cell.} \]

Brtn.

\[ \text{A jellyfish and a cell,} \]

Mez.

\[ \text{saurian, And caves where the cave-men dwell; Then a} \]

Brtn.

\[ \text{men dwell;} \]

Mez.

\[ \text{sense of law and beauty And a face turned from the cold. Some} \]

Brtn.
call it Evolution, And others call it God. A

haze on the far horizon, The infinite, tender sky,

ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields, And the wild geese sailing high; And all

over upland and lowland The charm of the golden rod.

A Tempo

Some of us call it Autumn, and others call it God.
Tides on a crescent sea-beach, When the moon is new and thin. In -

To our hearts high yearnings Come welling and surging in;

Come from the mystic ocean Whose rim no foot has trod.

Some of us call it Longing, And others call it God. A

Picket frozen on duty, A mother starved for her brood

A Tempo
So - cra - tes drink - ing the hem - lock, And Je - sus on the Rood; And

mil - lions who, hum - ble and name - less, The straight, hard path - way plod.

Some call it Con - se - cep - tion, And oth - ers call it God.