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Each In His Own Tongue

Alan Stringer

William Herbert Carruth

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Each In His Own Tongue

William Herbert Carruth, 1859-1924

Quietly, expressively throughout

Mezzo-Soprano
All women

Baritone
All men

\[\text{Mezz.}\]

\[\text{Brtn.}\]

\[\text{Mez.}\]

\[\text{Brtn.}\]

\[\text{Mez.}\]

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\[\text{Mez.}\]

\[\text{Brtn.}\]
... fl 1 1 I'-'I'.
Brtn.

call it E-volution, And others call it God. A
Mez.

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

ripe, rich tint of the cornfields, And the wild geese sailing high; And all
Mez.

over upland and lowland The charm of the golden rod.
Brtn.

A Tempo

Some of us call it Autumn, and others call it God. Like
Mez.

Tides on a crescent sea-beach, When the moon is new and thin, In -

Brtn.

Mez.

to our hearts high yearnings Come welling and surging in;

Brtn.

Mez.

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

Brtn.

Mez.

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

Brtn.

A Tempo

Picket frozen on duty, A mother starved for her brood.
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 ploed.

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