

Prior Richard

Solo

1. Dark lined a-against a dark sky
2. Pro - tec - ted by my pul - pit
3. From som-bre hill and loch - side

3rd time only

5

the sea-gulls rise and soar. I watch them swoop and ga - ther a -
I preach the ho - ly word. Blind to nods and glan - ces, ig -
the gulls fly to the light. Their wings now white and gol - den, their

9

bove this lone-ly shore. Their cries are all a round me, they
nor - ing what I heard. No king can rule the chur - ches, the
eyes gleam fi - ery bright. So some have gone be fore me and

13

min - gle with the sea. A - ccu - sing they su rround me, and
scrip - ture makes that clear, and yet the jus - tice of my cause did
faced death with good cheer. I tried, but lack the cou - rage, my

17

I can - not get free. They bit - ter - ly chas - tise me, their an - ger harsh and
naught to calm my fear. I heard the gal - lows crea - king. the crowds full throa - ted
bo - dy grog with fear. They leave me to the sha - dows, a - lone up - on the

22

raw, I know that I have failed you, but God I can no
roar, I found that I was wee - ping, but God I can no
shore, I fall a - gain up on my knees, but God I can no

27

more.
more.

1.2. 3.

more.

1.2. 3.

32

Attacca "The Auction"