

7

SWEET LIBERTY

MIGHT—

BUT WITH

WORST—

TALK ME.

SAID —

TRAYED.

IT'S SEV-EN O'-CLOCK IN THE MORN - ING—

LIFT MY EYES TO AUT - UMN SKIES.—

LOOK OUT THROUGH THE GRAVE - - YARD— A

SIL-HOU-ET-TED SWAL-LOW— FLIES.— HE FLIES TO DIS-TANT COUN-TRIES,—

LOSE HIM JUST BE-HIND A— CLOUD.— I YEARN TO BE THAT SWAL-LOW,—

AND GO WHERE I AM NOT AL - LOWED.—

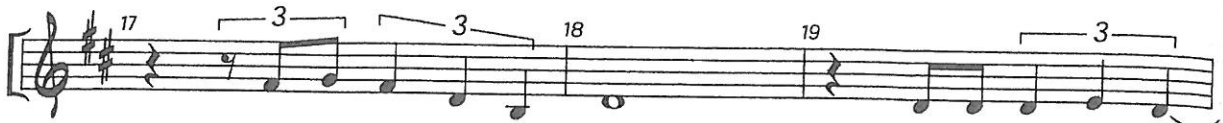
to 15

15



O - VER MOUN-TAINS,

O - VER O - CEANS



HEA-VEN TAKE ME A - WAY.

FOR I LONG FOR MY—



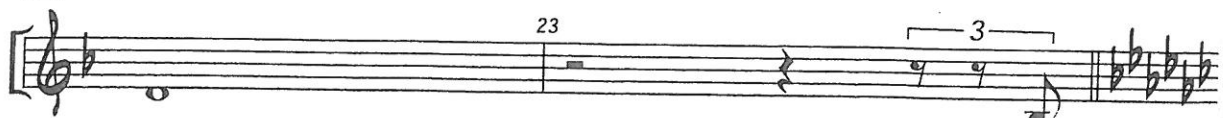
— LI - BER - TY,

FOR SWEET—

LI - BER - TY

I

22



PRAY.

IT'S

24



NINE O'-CLOCK IN THE MORN - ING,

I



TEACHWHAT'SBEEN IN-STILLED IN—ME.— BUT IS THIS ALL WE'REMEANTFOR,—



— CON - DEMNED TO MERE TRAN - QUI - I - TY?—

FOR