

Compassion

Andrew Hugill

♩ = 118

l.v.

Crotales



Eve



The birds are spill-ing in the morn-ing in li - quid song the trees are

Crt.



Eve



still and mist is ri - sing in slow smoke If you see with the heart _

Crt.

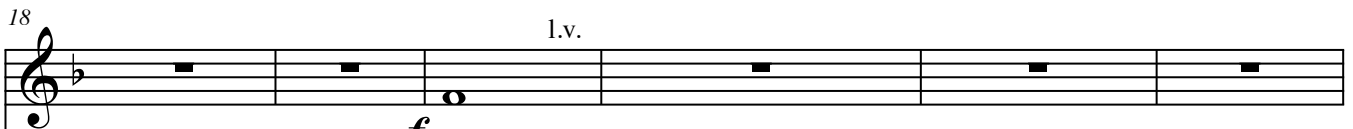


Eve



_the world is full of light: _the mind's knife _ can-not cut it or de-liv-er it in pie-ces

Crt.

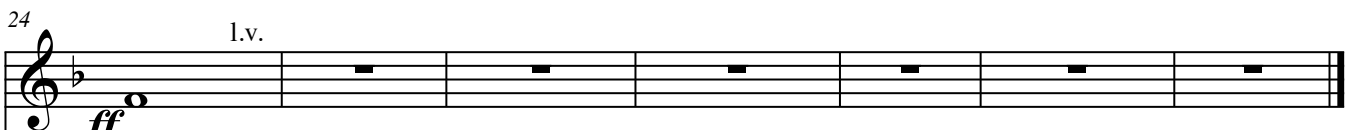


Eve



_ for scru-ti - ny. It flows like the rivers, opens out - its mu - sic like a

Crt.



Eve



bird: the wa - king world pierced by the ri-sen sun in a gol-den min - ute.

* If A is too high, sing the E below.