

# Hallowell

Stephen Spitzer

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1. I thought when some - one died the spi - rit flew o - ver fur - thest field. Now  
2. Held high by these strong hands, breath - ing the wind I am born a - gain. The  
3. Our voi - ces shake in song for mem - o - ries we have long en - dured. Though

I see death will leave be - hind (a scrap of light, a bro - ken smile) the rem - nants by  
moun - tain flow'rs, the de - sert sands sur - round me now, com - fort me now. In death or dream -  
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ing I find my kin. The Dead lift me up: In bright est sky, the clouds be -  
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