

rise a sil - ver stal - lion from the dry sketch of a horse. And I will

*mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

51 52 53 54

rise a-gain from the ash of time And

*mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *p cresc.* *p cresc.* *p cresc.* *p cresc.*

55 56 57 58 59

ride — though the stars are dim — and the moon is new, the on - ly way a - head is through —

60 61 62 63 64

Ride — though I'm sure - ly lost — and the road is long E - ven — the wind - ing road ram - bling un

65 66 67 68 69

cer-tain is a path too And though my hope is thin brittle as branch - es I be-gin a -

70 71 72 73 74

- new Though I can't go on I must go on I must go on and

75 76 77 78