

## Moderato King

Al-though our dark ca - reer Some-times in - volves the crime of

steal-ing, We rath - er think that we're Not al - to - geth-er void of

feel-ing. Al - though we live by strife, We're al - ways sor - ry to be -

gin it; For what, we ask, is life Without a touch of Poetry in it? D (All kneel)

*up arm*  
 Chorus Mabel & Edith with Sop.  
 SOPRANOS Kate with Alto

Hail, Po-et-ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est

TENORS & Fred. with Tenor, Sam. with 1st Bass  
 BASSES

King & Major with 2nd Bass  
 Hail, Po-et-ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est

*ff* Voices only

*up arm*

e'en the pi - rate's trade. Hail, flow-ing fount of sen - ti -

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*down* *up arm* *slow* *up* (All rise)

ment! All hail, all hail, di - vine e - mol - li - ent!

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