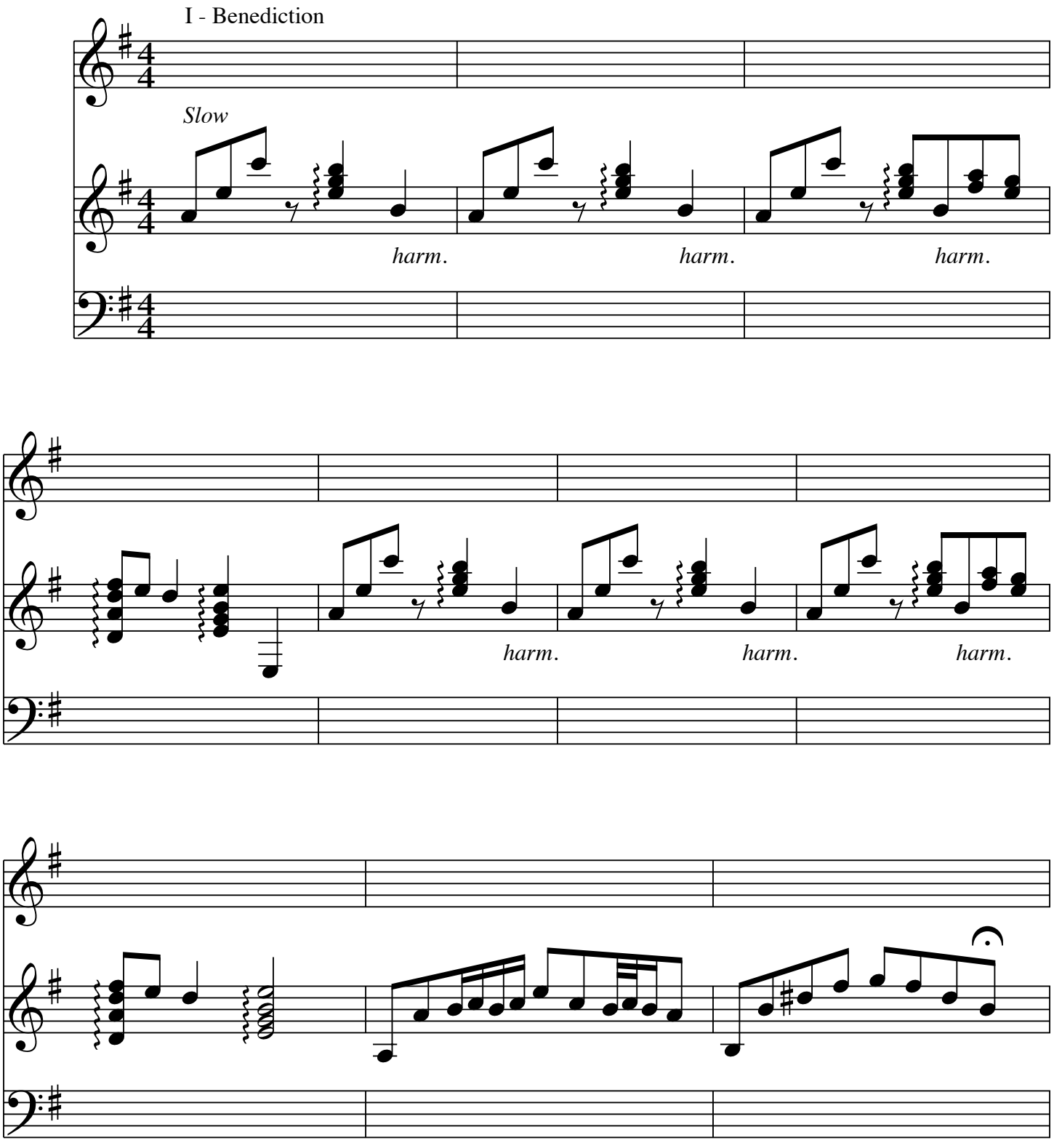
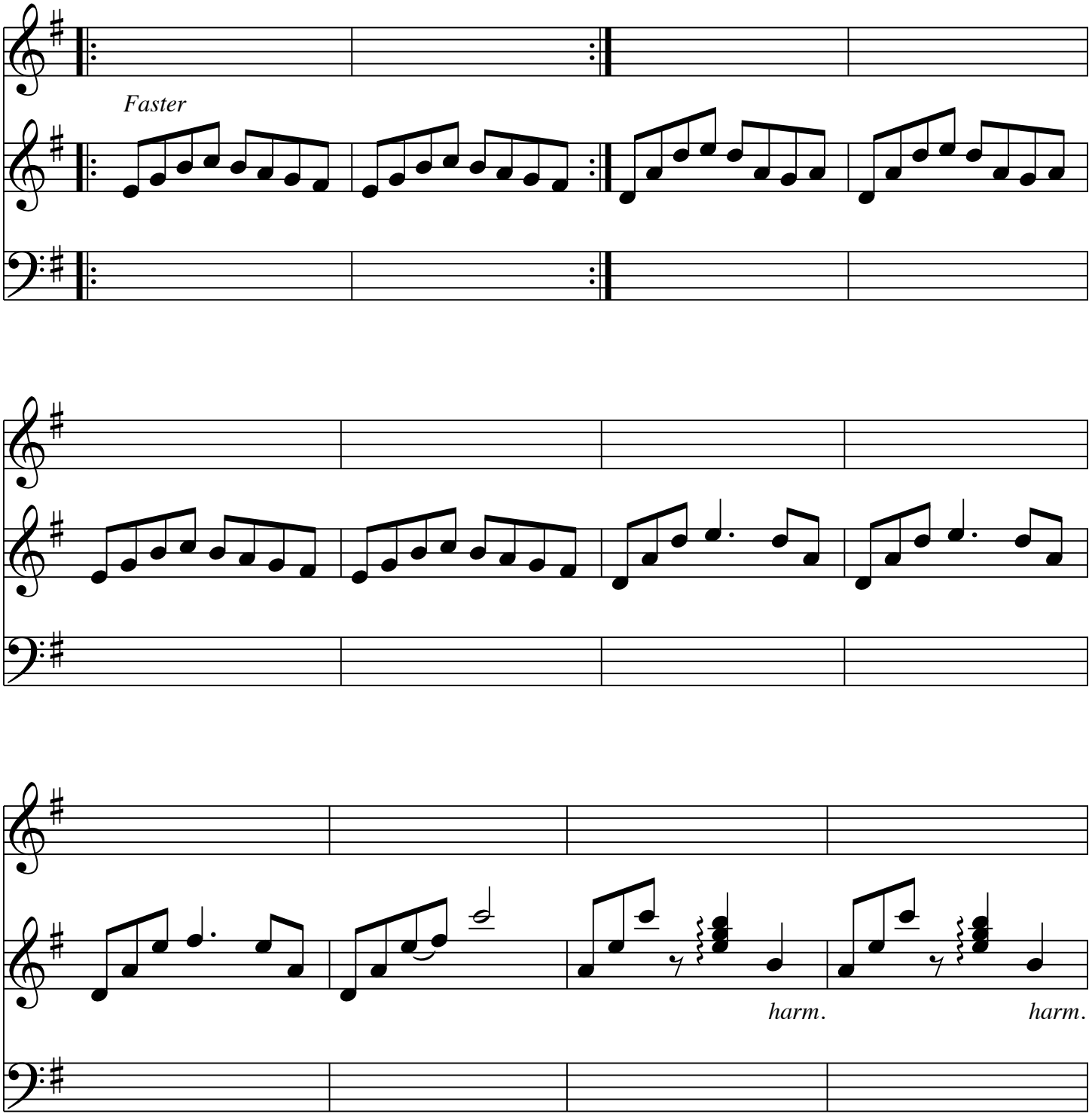
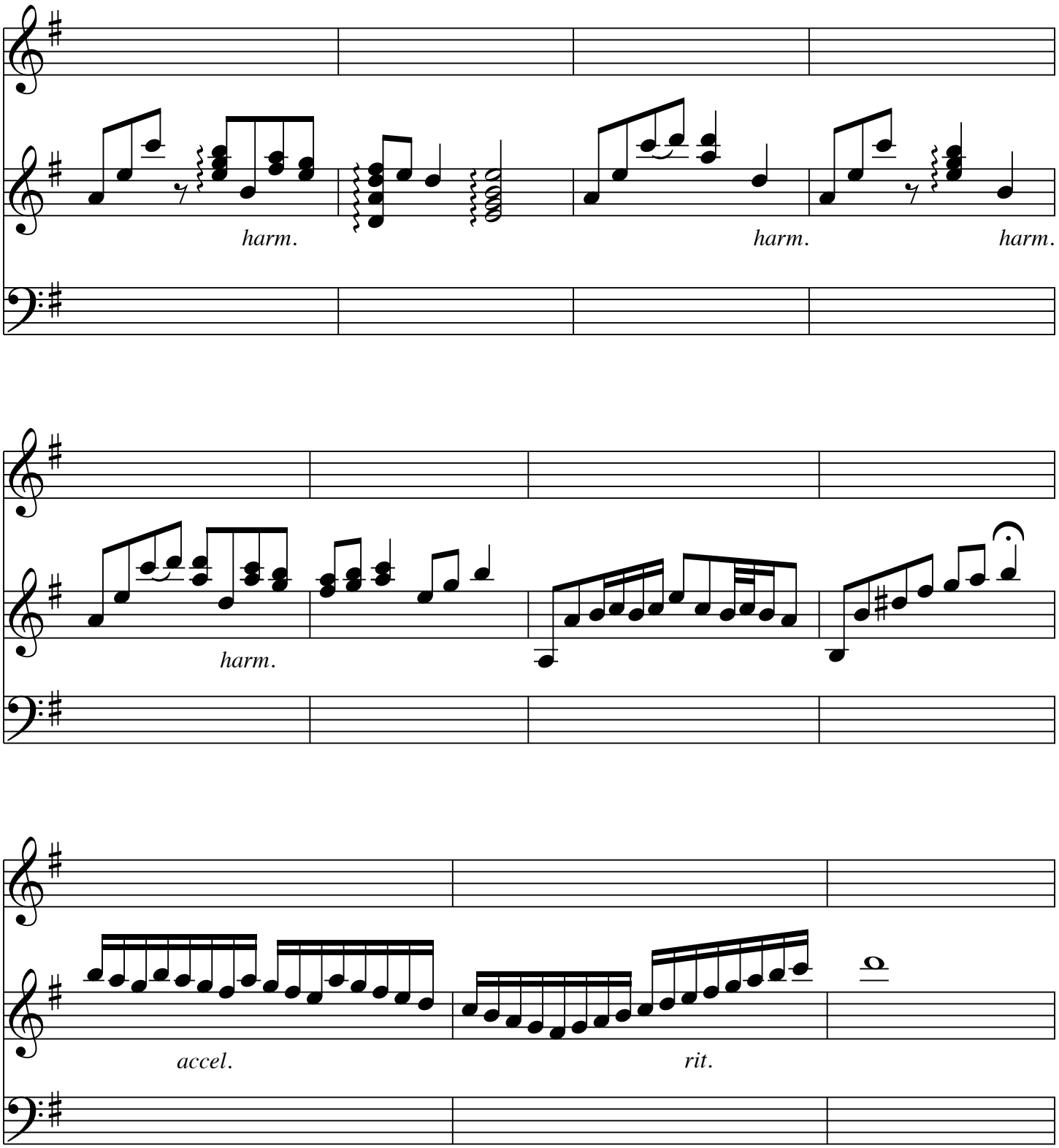
State of Grace

Peter Saint-Andre

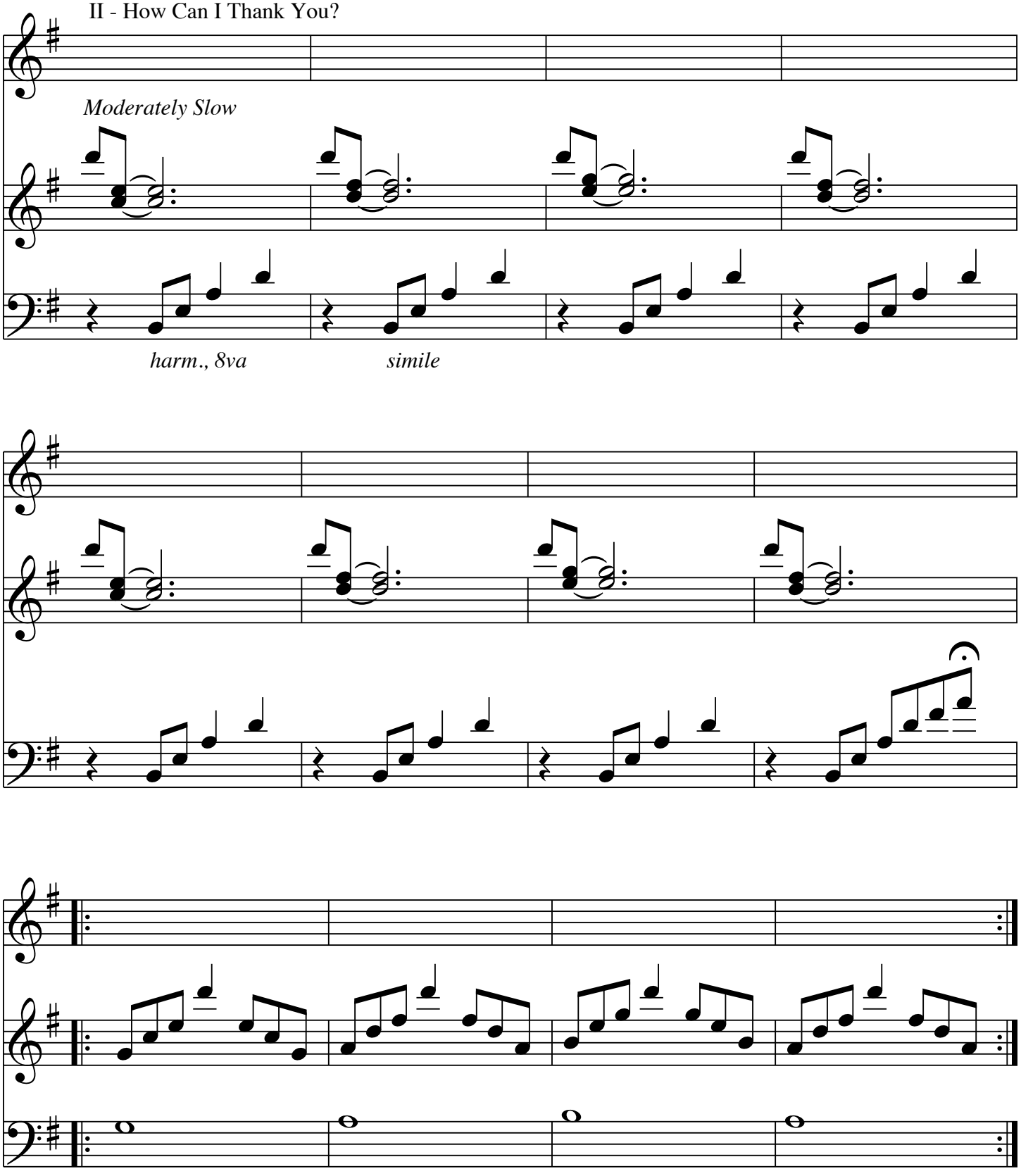


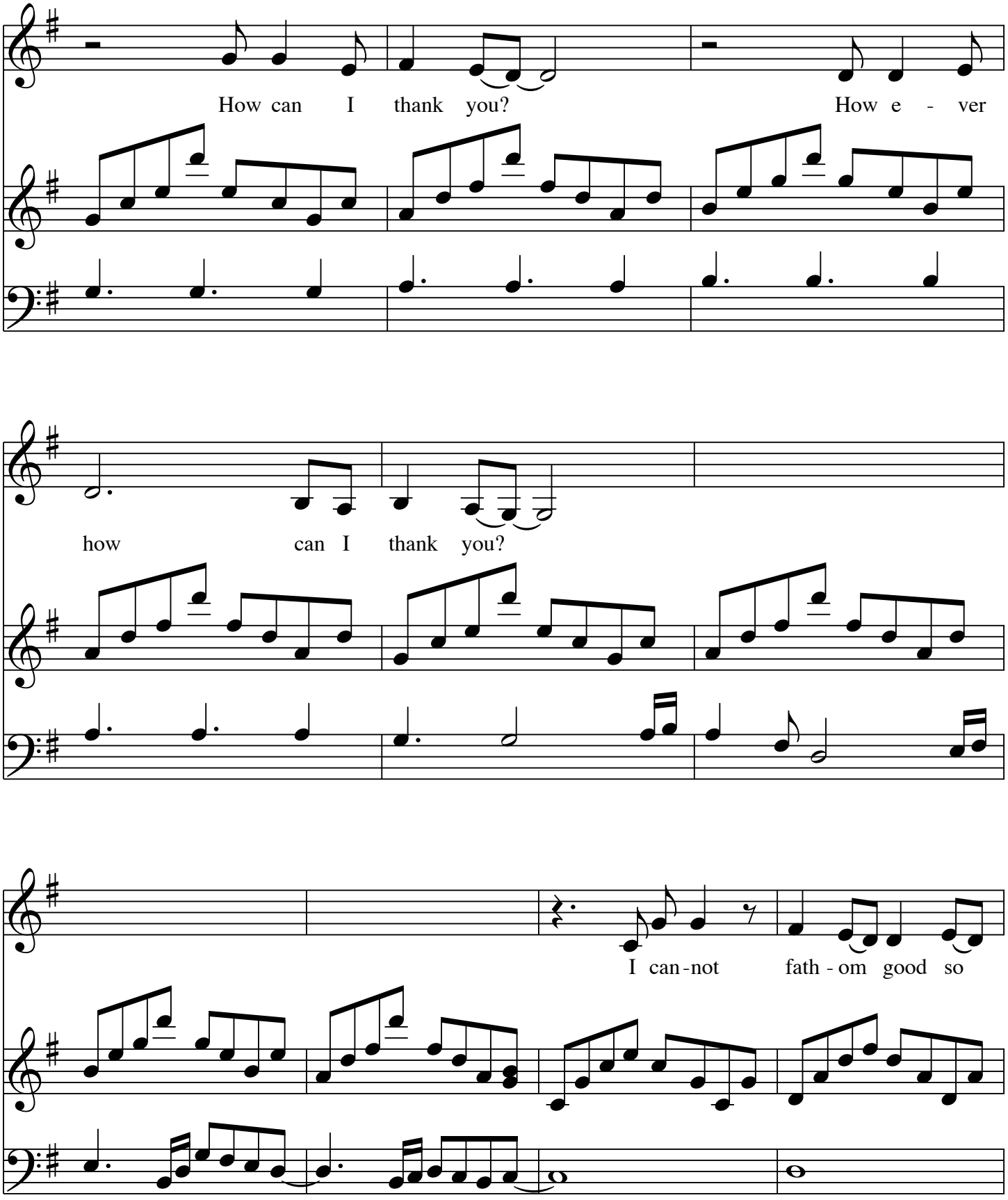
Copyright 1988 - 2001 by Peter Saint-Andre

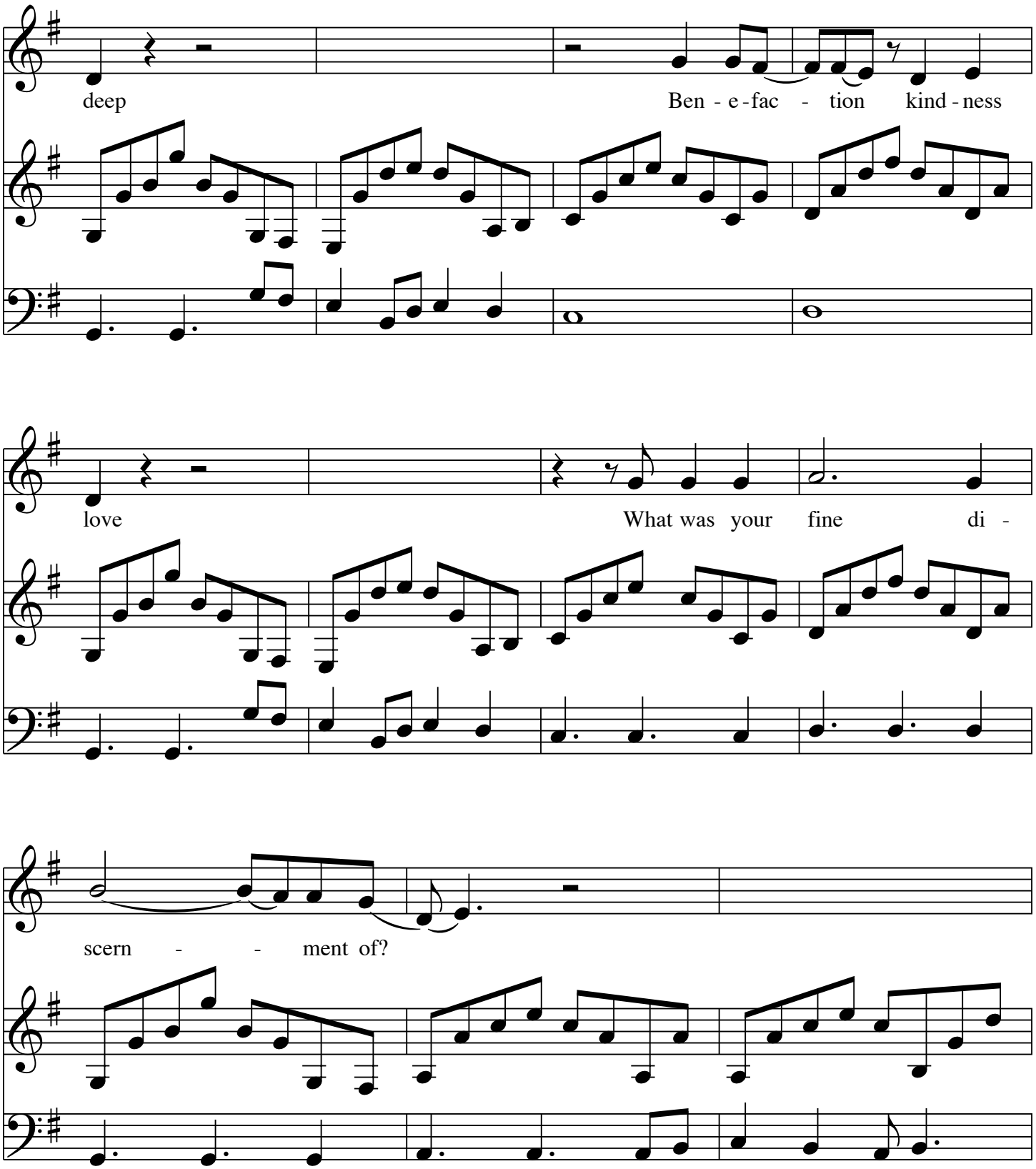

Faster
harm.
harm.

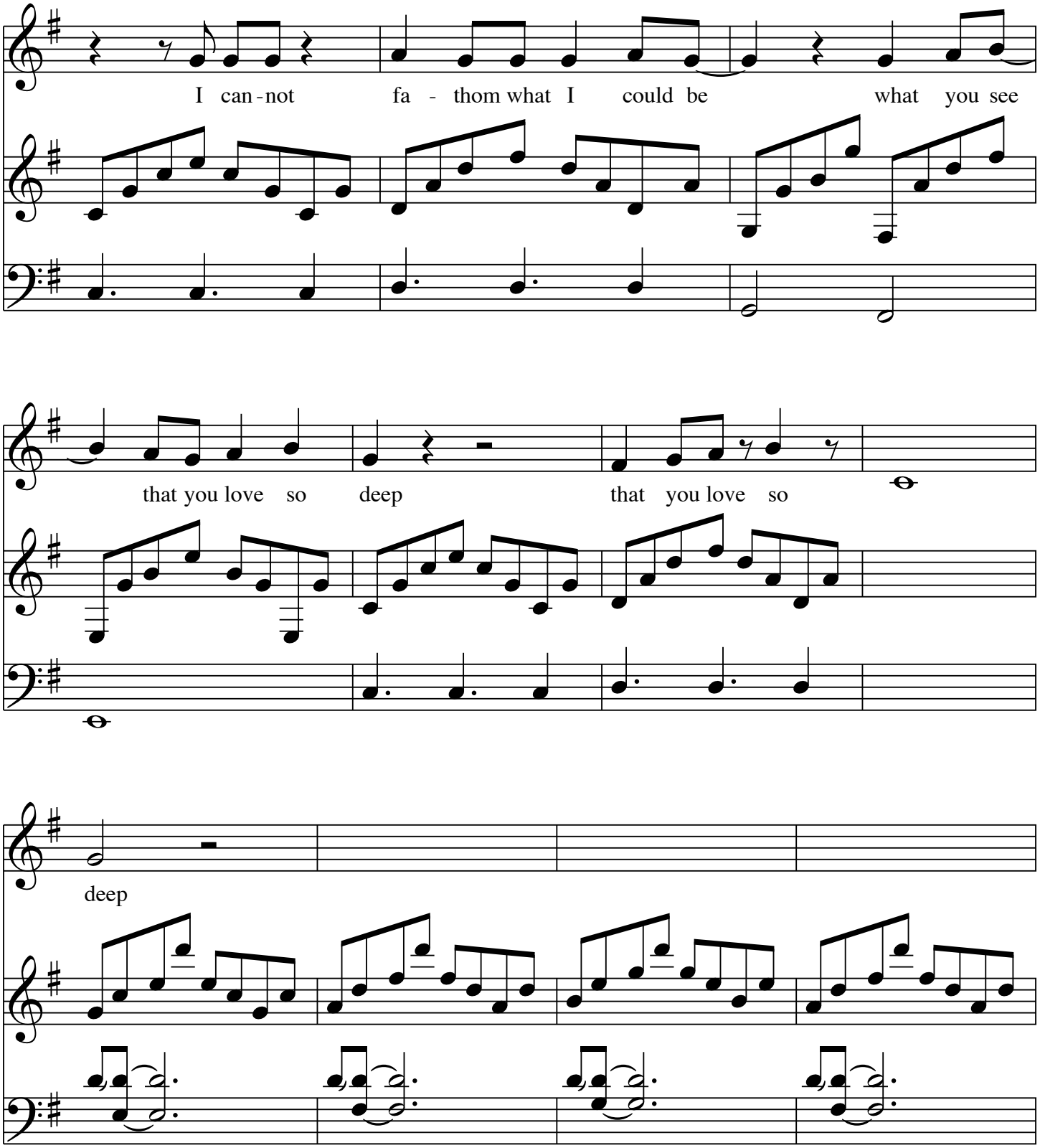

harm.
harm.
harm.
harm.
accel.
rit.

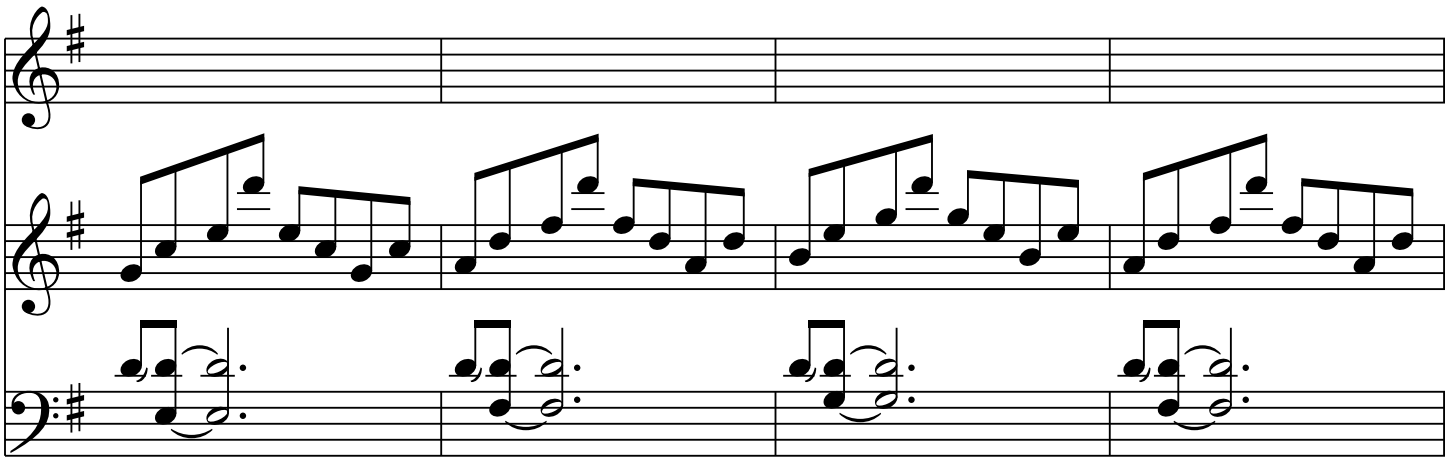
II - How Can I Thank You?

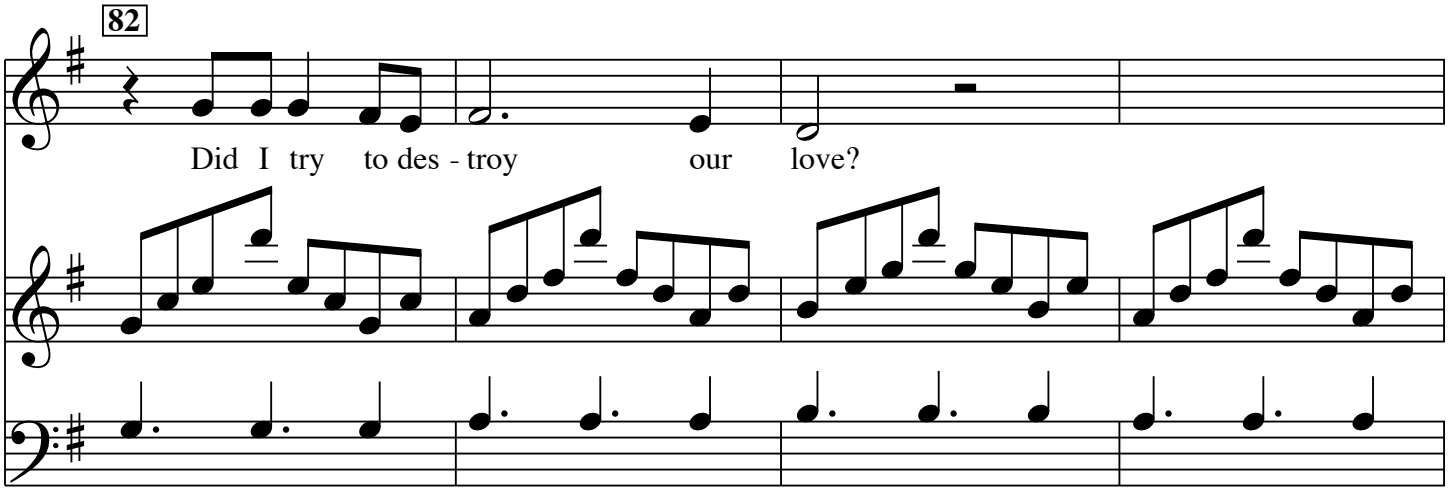


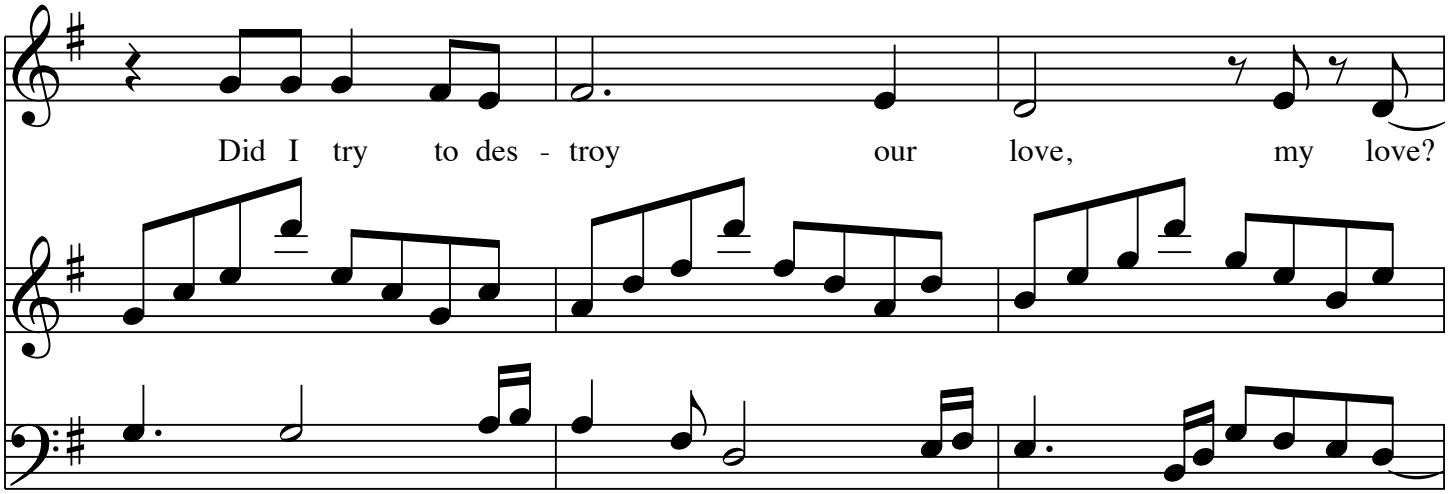

How can I thank you? How e - ver
how can I thank you?
I can-not fath - om good so

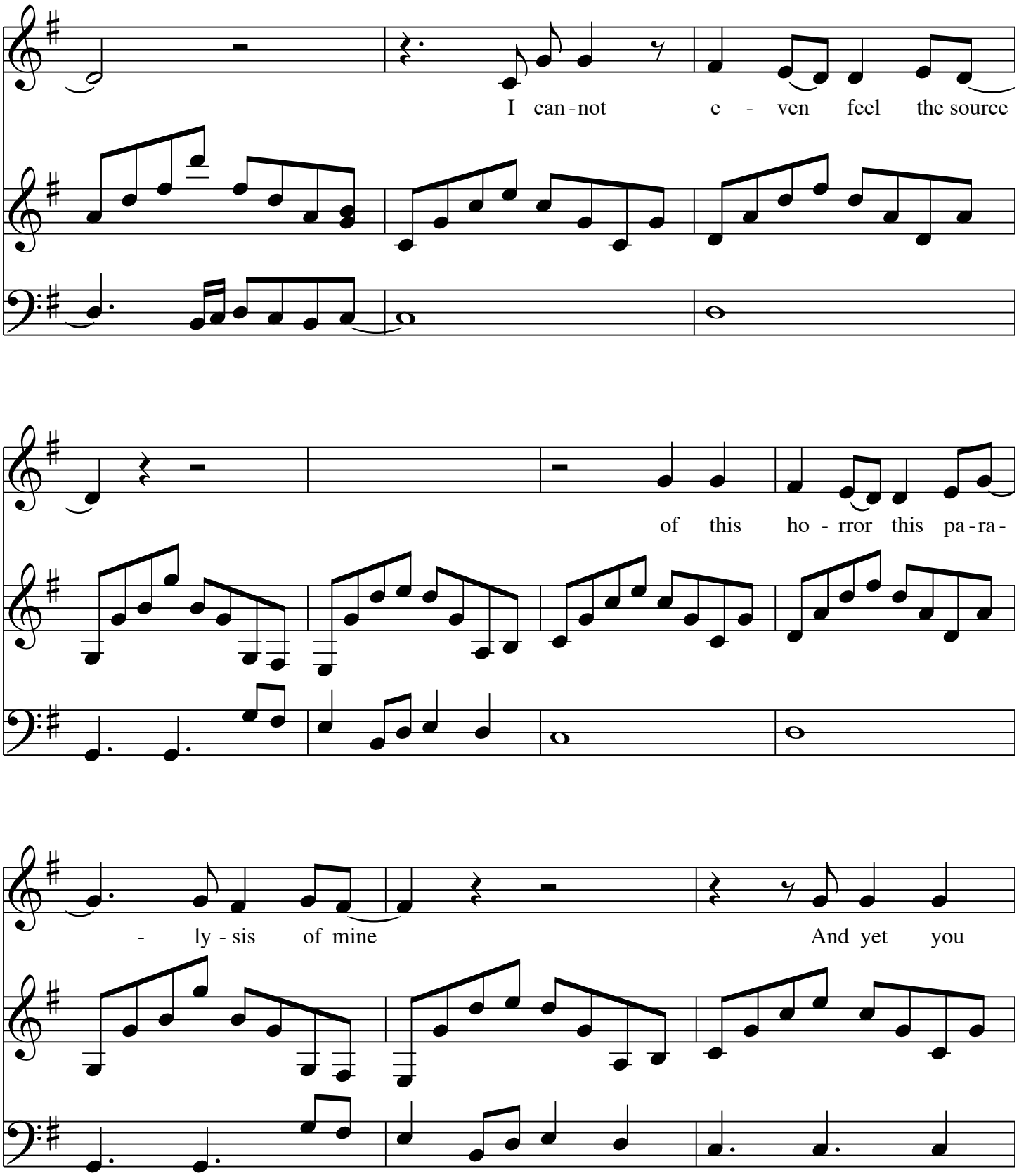

deep
Ben - e - fac - tion kind - ness
love
What was your fine di -
scern - - ment of?

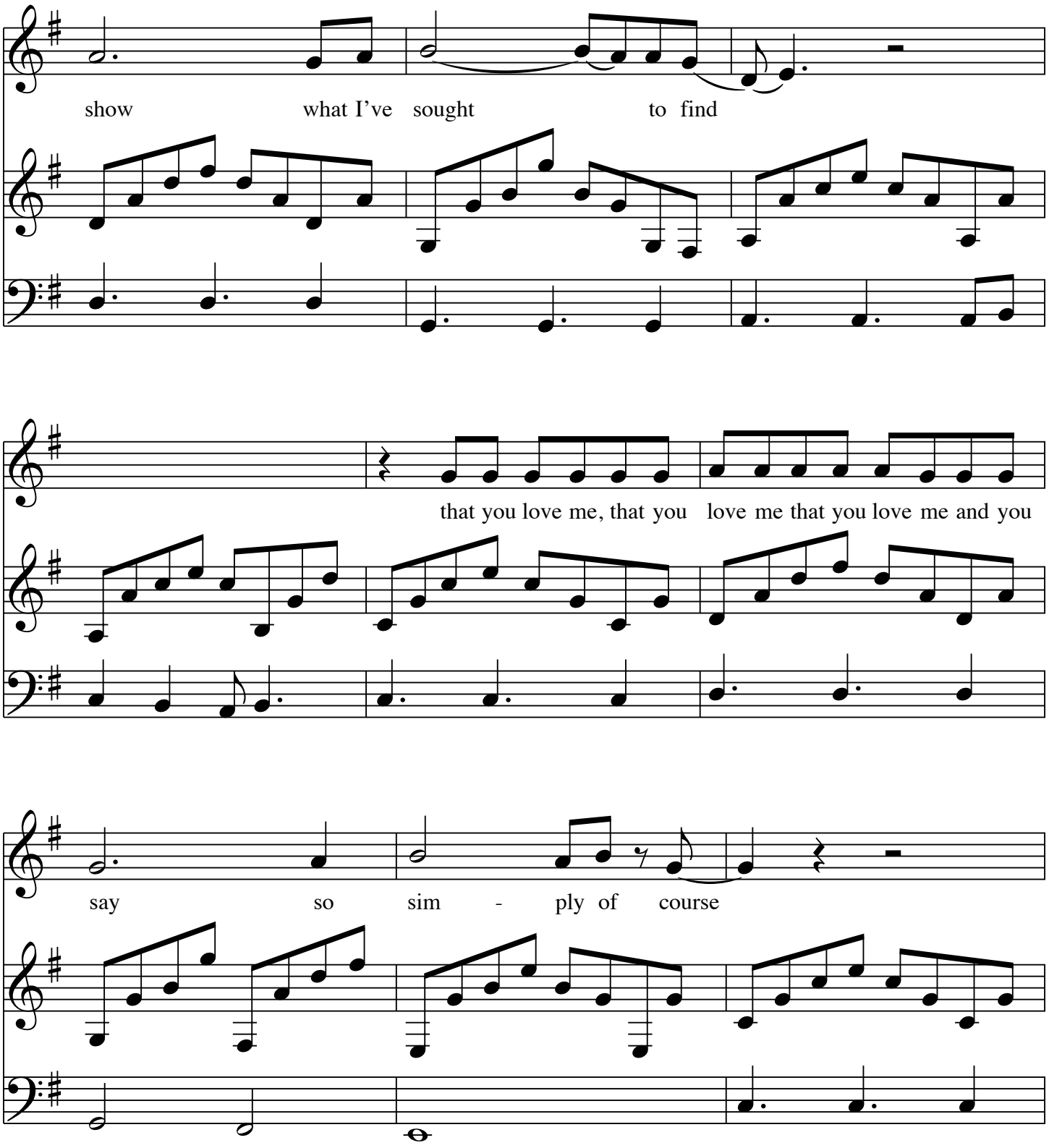

I can-not fa - thom what I could be what you see
that you love so deep that you love so
deep

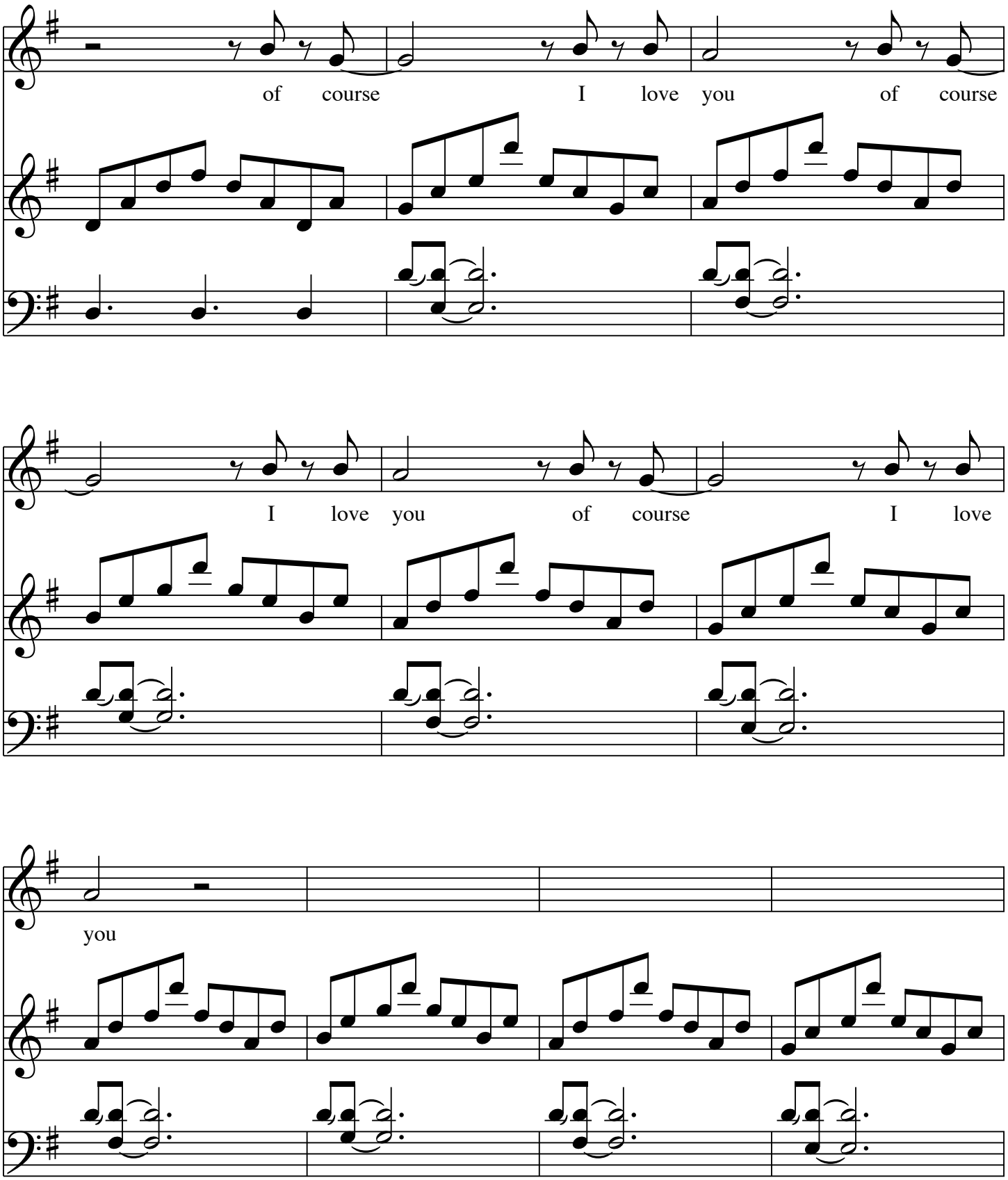


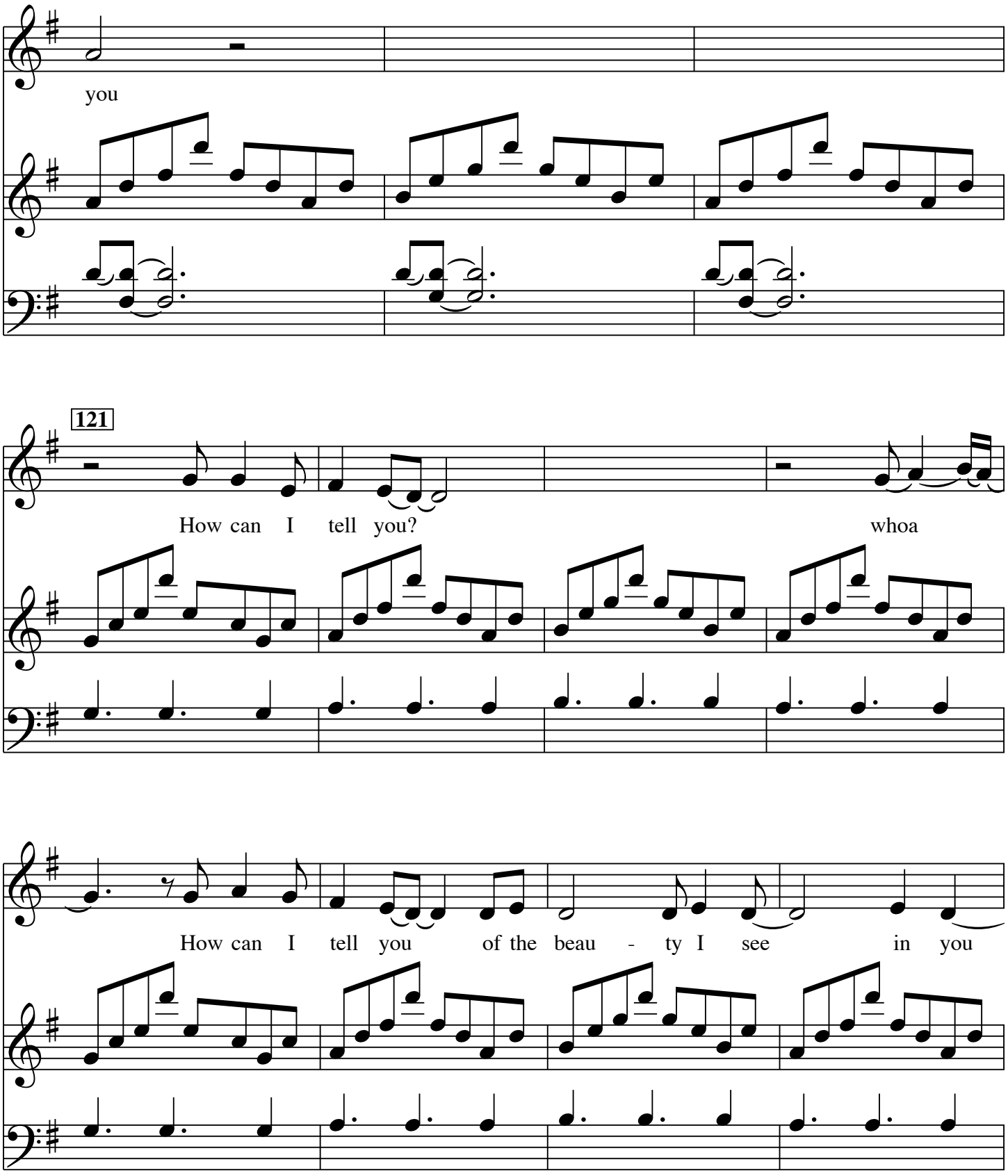

82
Did I try to des - troy our love?

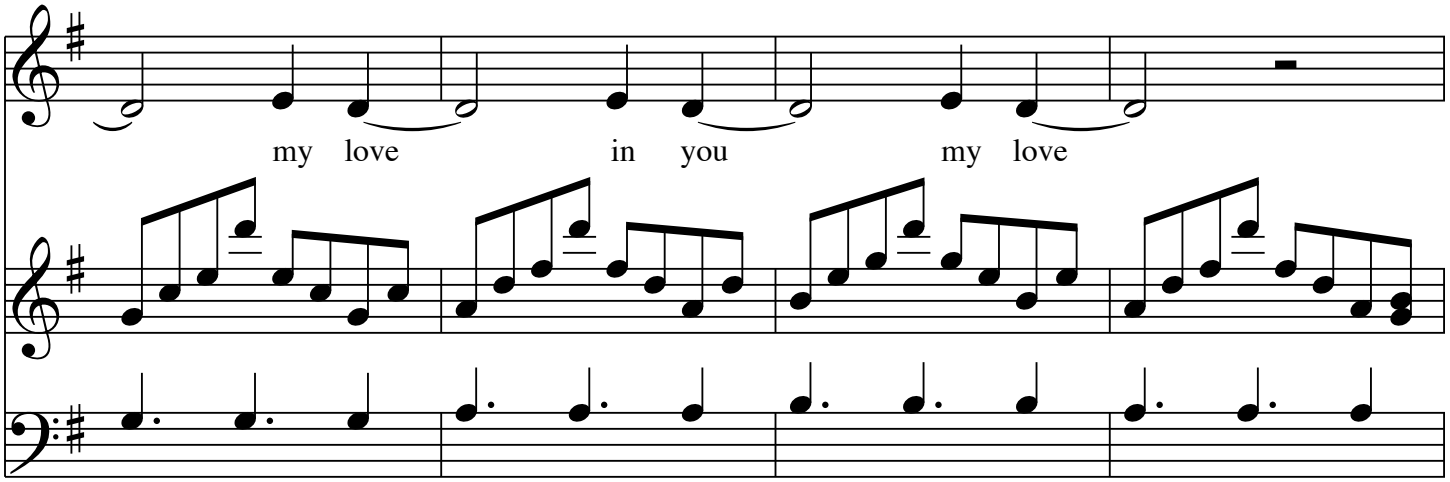

Did I try to des - troy our love, my love?

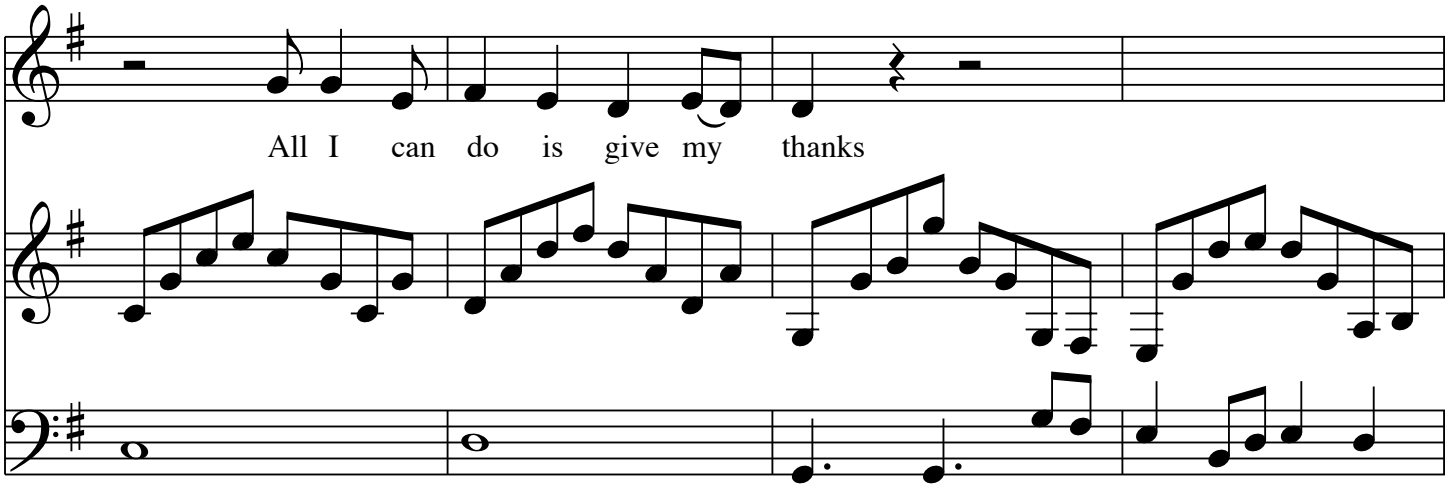

I can - not e - ven feel the source
of this ho - rror this pa - ra -
- ly - sis of mine
And yet you

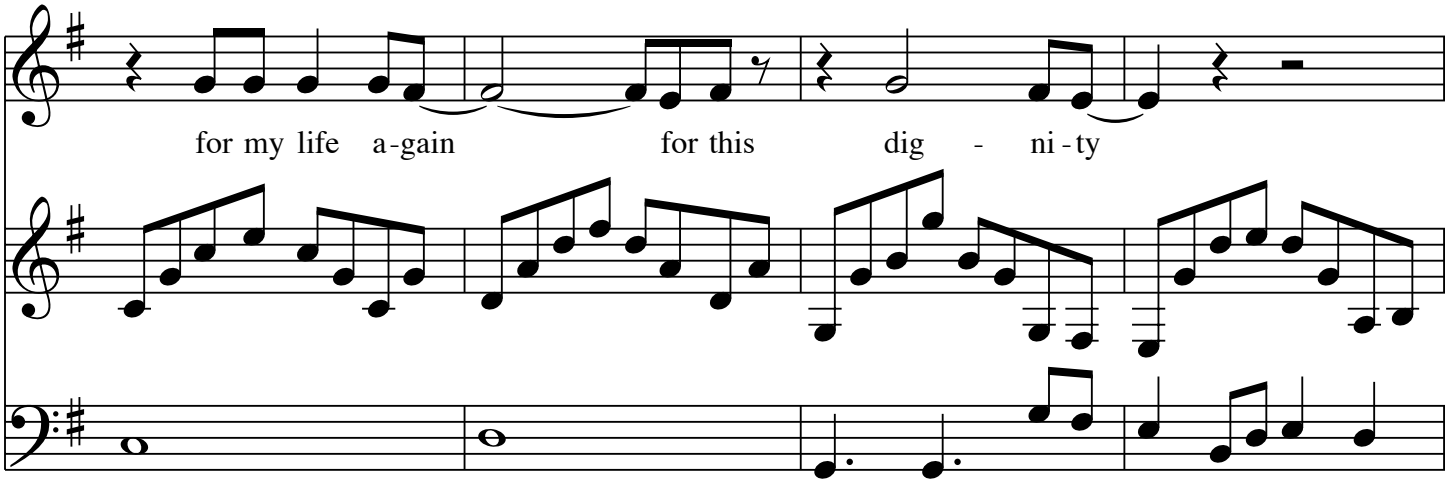

show what I've sought to find
that you love me, that you love me that you love me and you
say so sim - ply of course

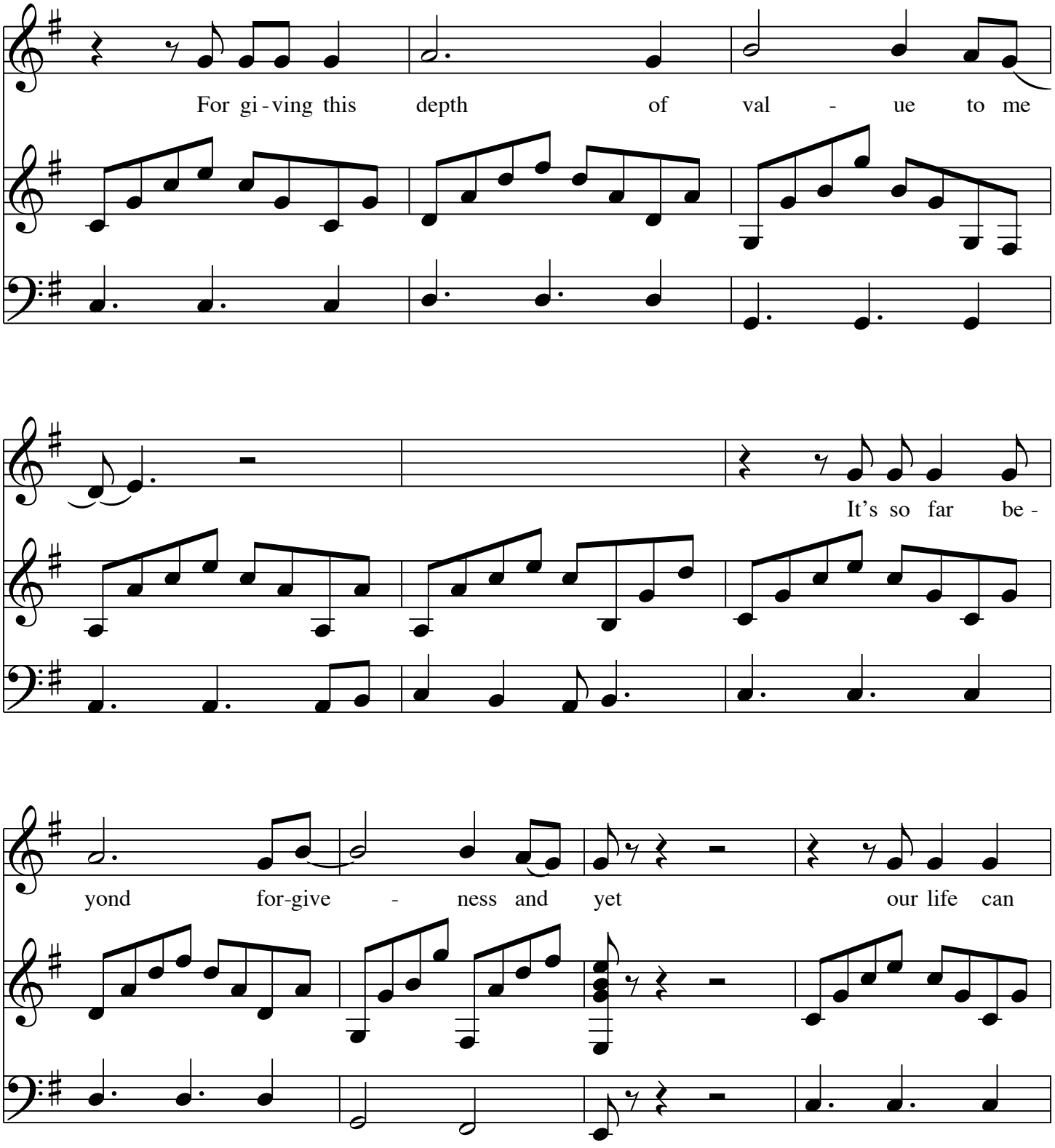

of course I love you of course
I love you of course I love
you

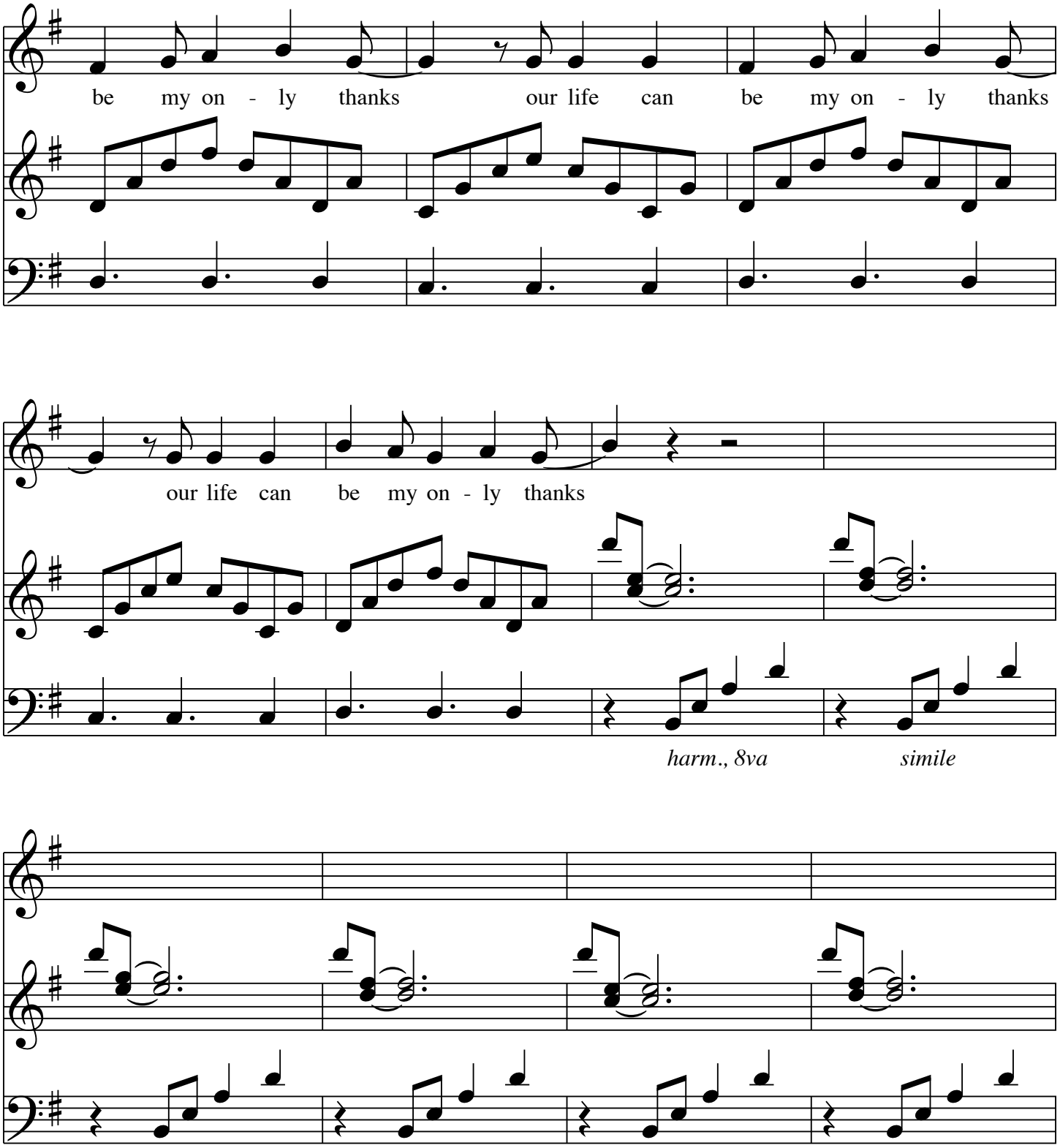

you
121
How can I tell you?
whoa
How can I tell you of the beau - ty I see in you


my love in you my love

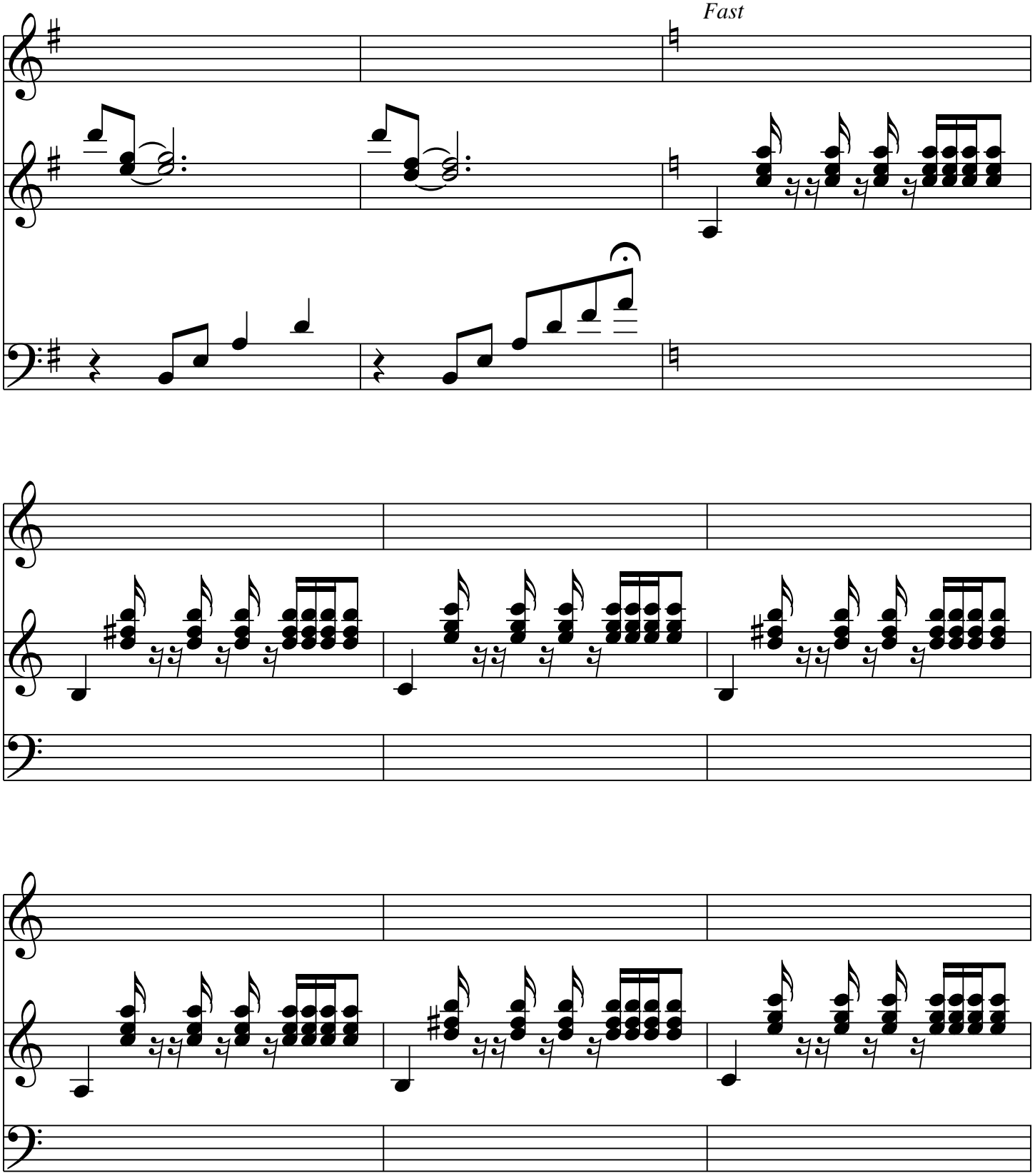

All I can do is give my thanks

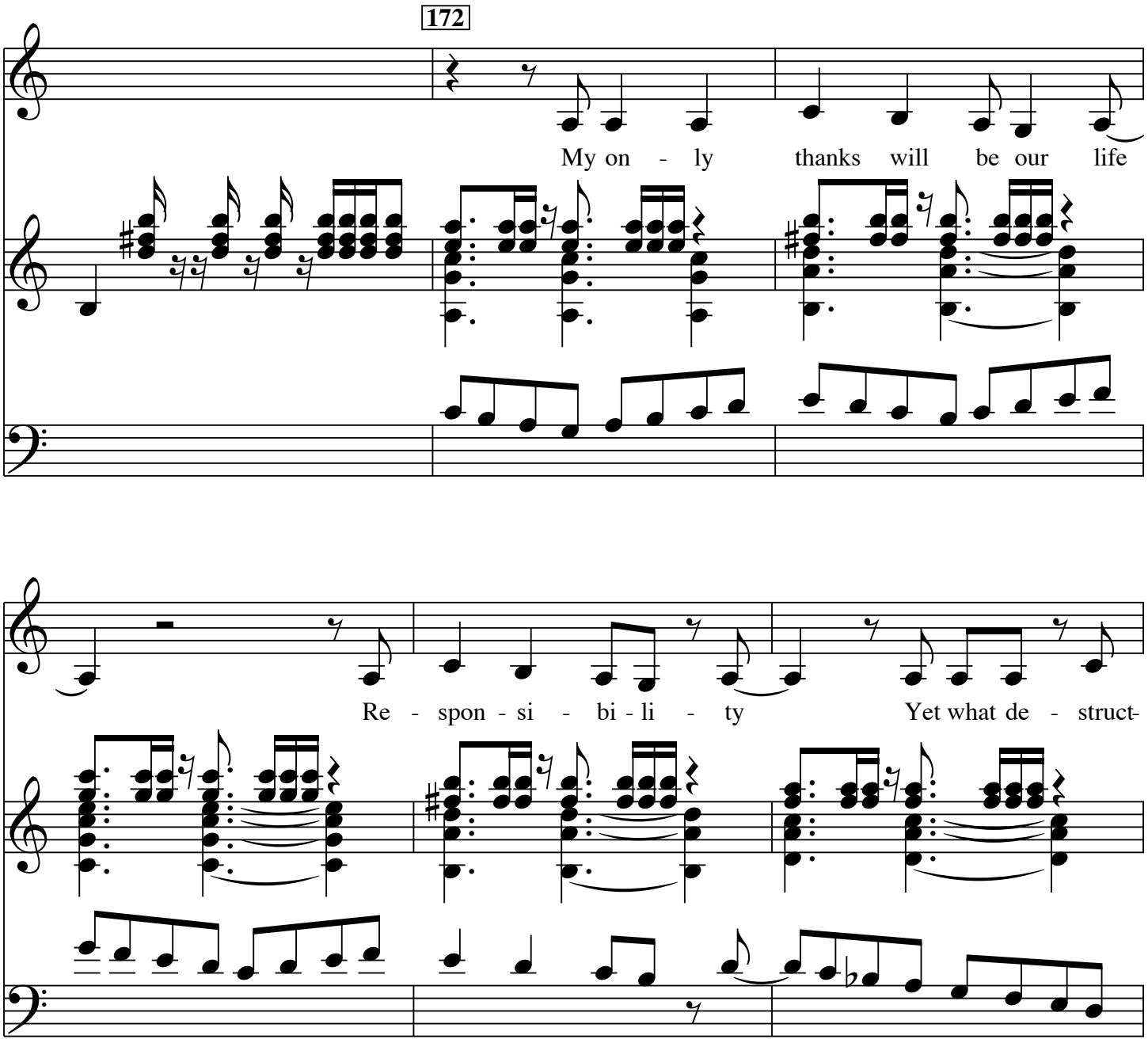

for my life a-gain for this dig - ni-ty

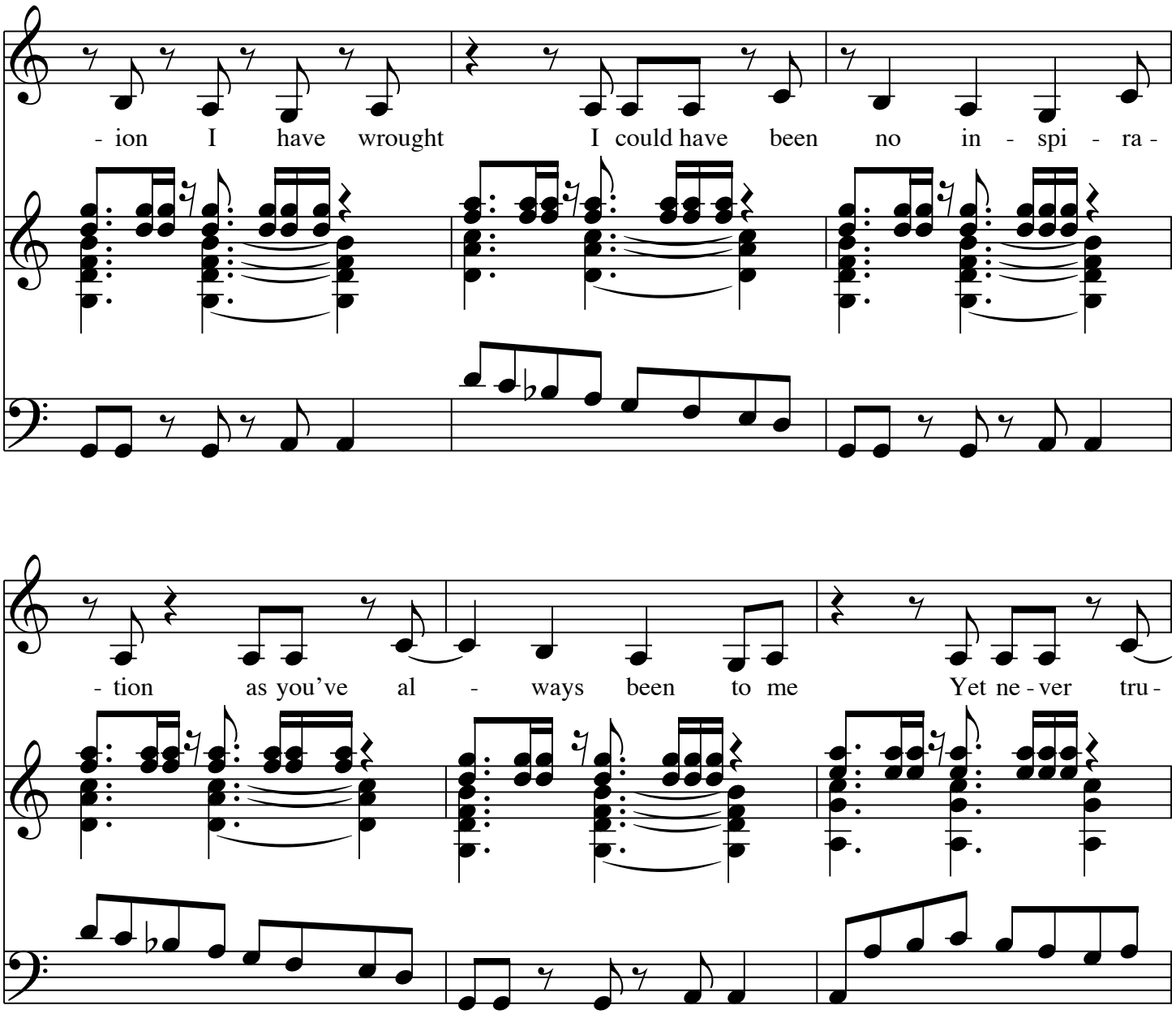

For gi - ving this depth of val - ue to me
It's so far be -
yond for-give - ness and yet our life can

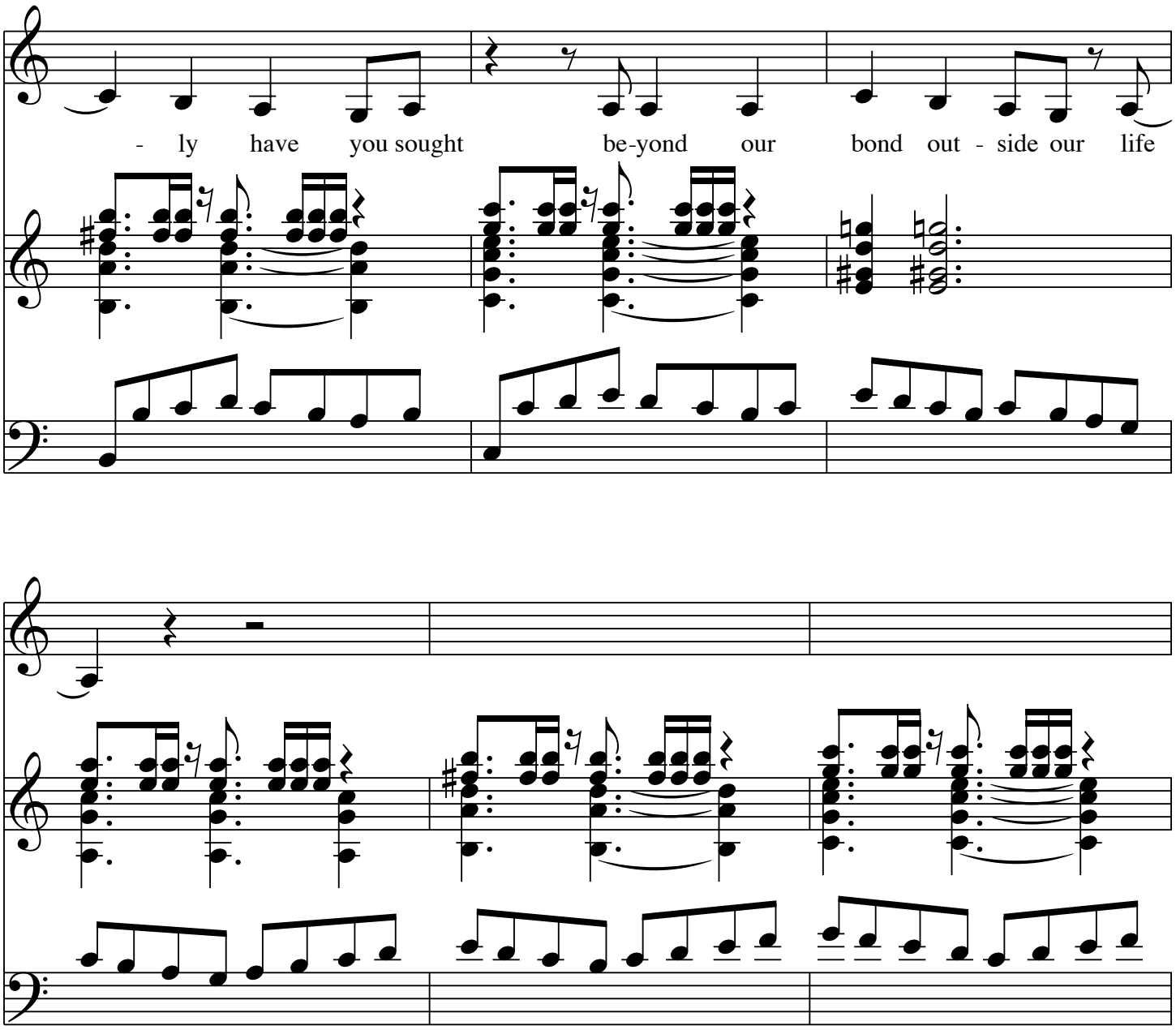

be my on - ly thanks our life can be my on - ly thanks
our life can be my on - ly thanks
harm., 8va
simile

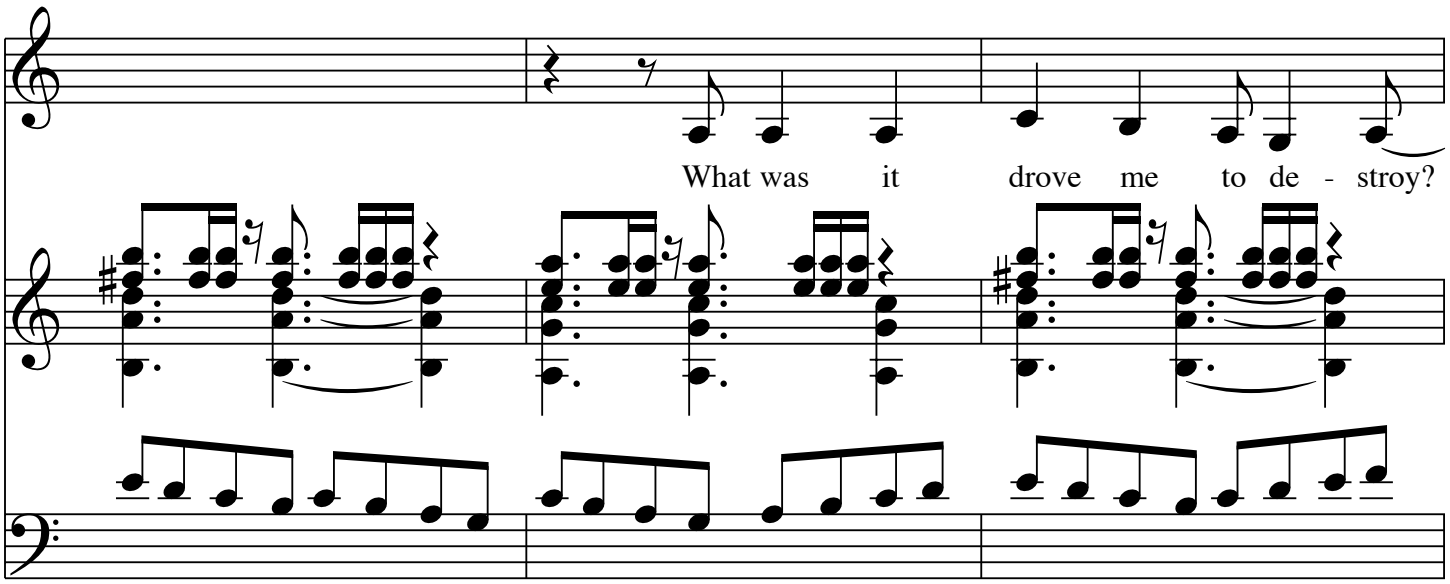
III - Maker
Fast

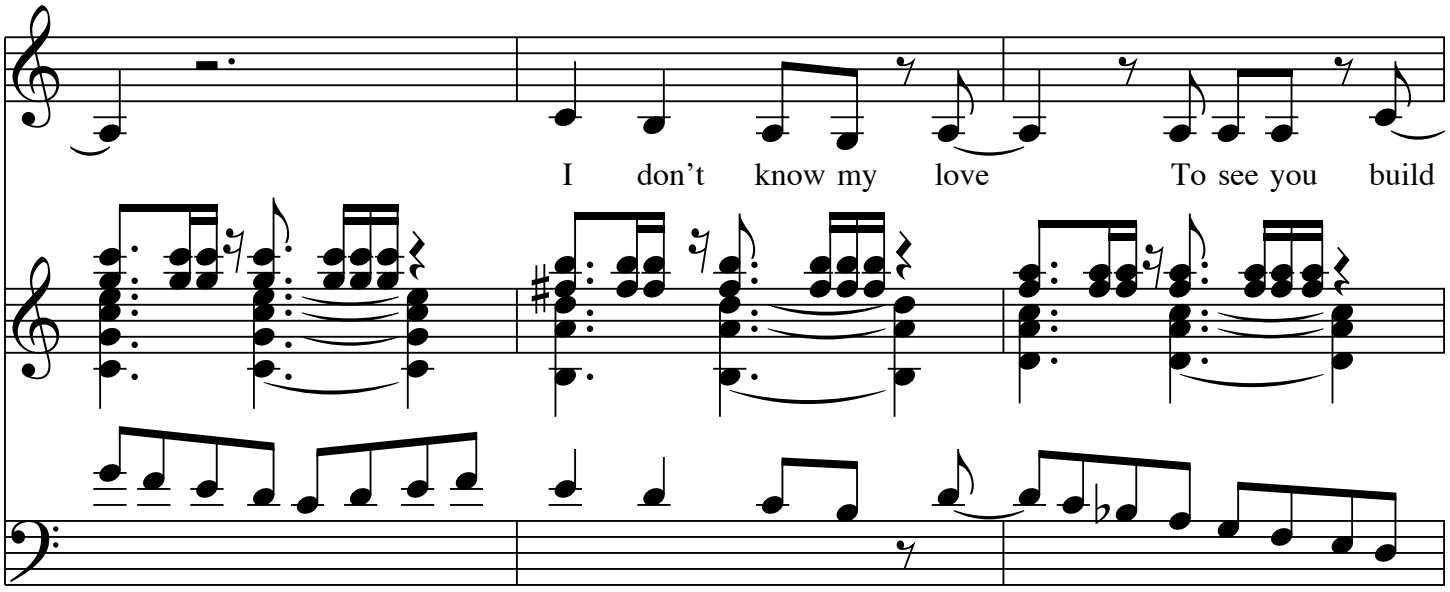


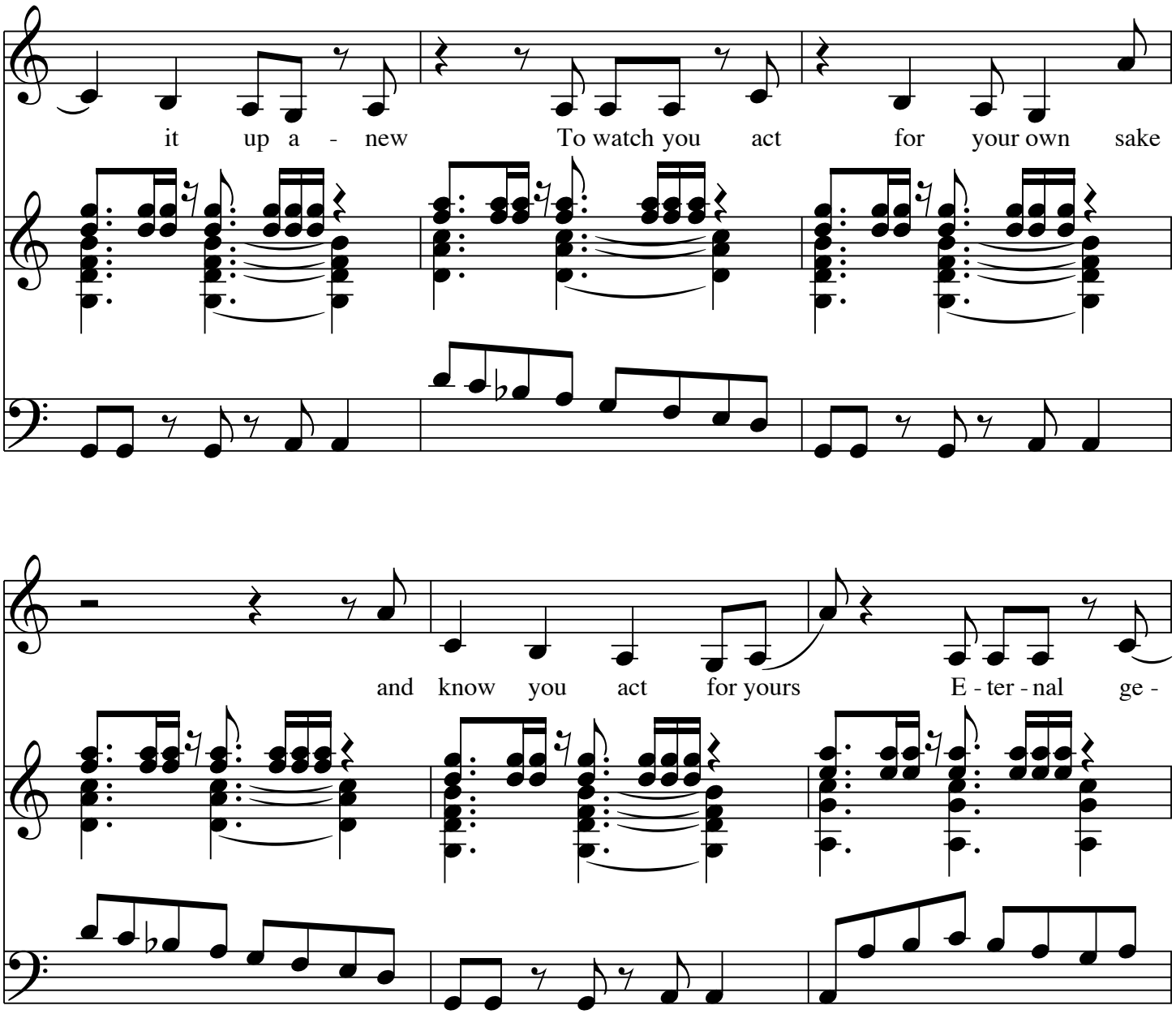

172
My on - ly thanks will be our life
Re - spon - si - bi - li - ty Yet what de - struct-

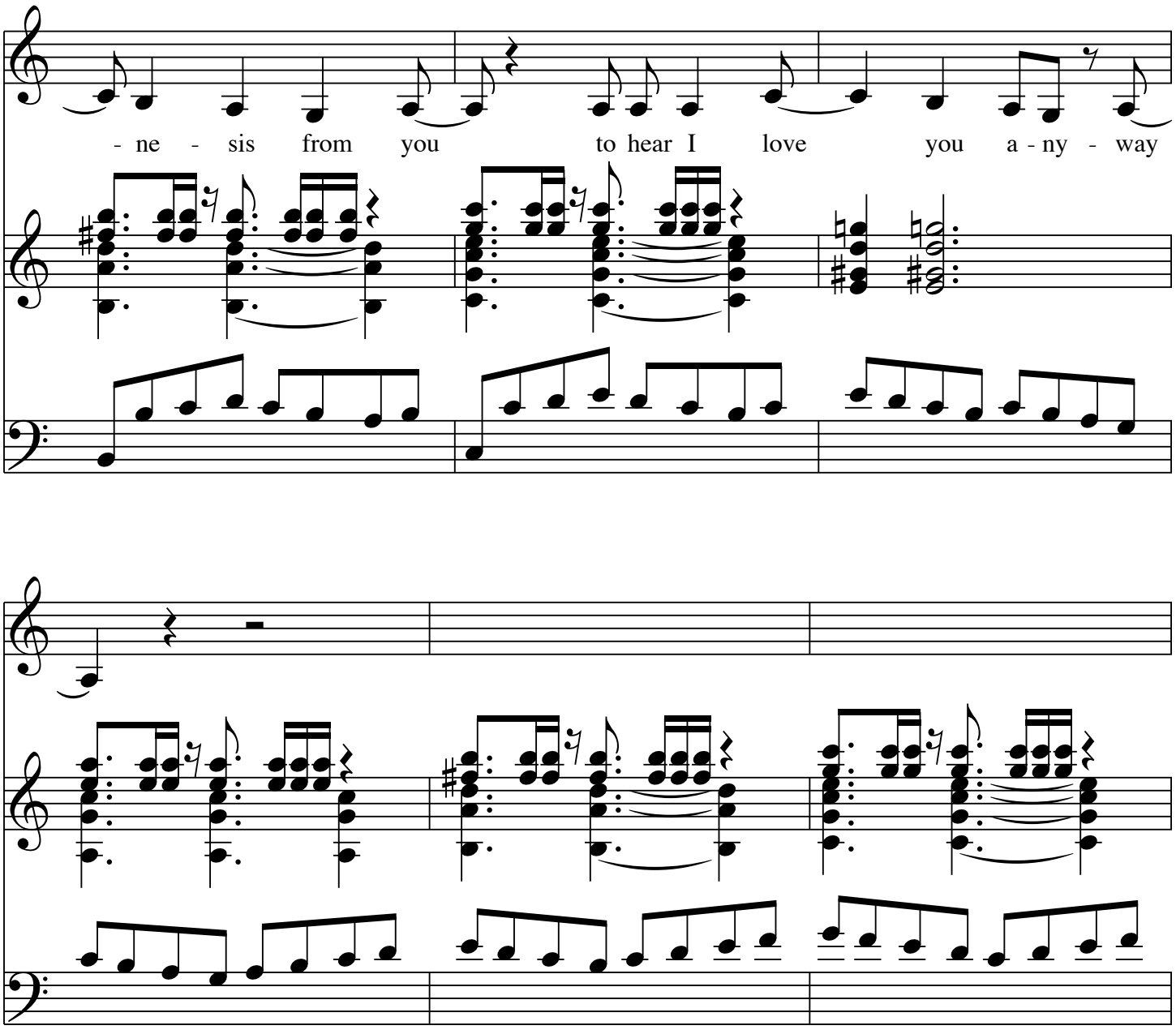

- ion I have wrought I could have been no in - spi - ra -
- tion as you've al - ways been to me Yet ne - ver tru -

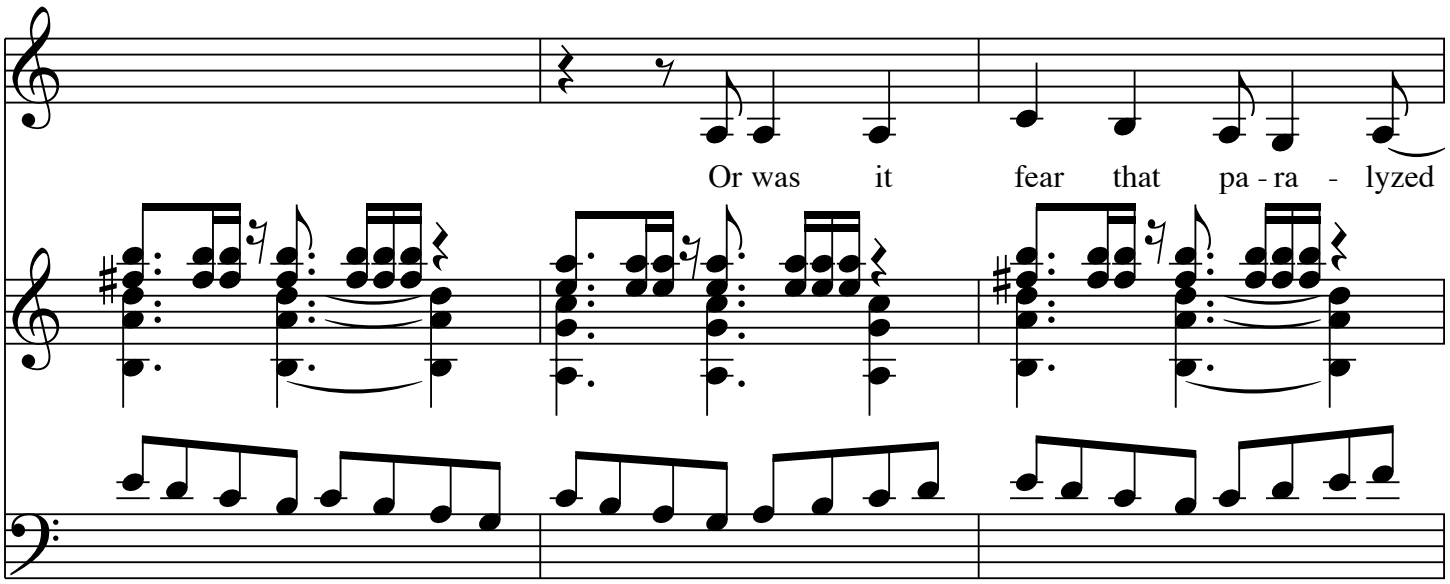

- ly have you sought be-yond our bond out - side our life

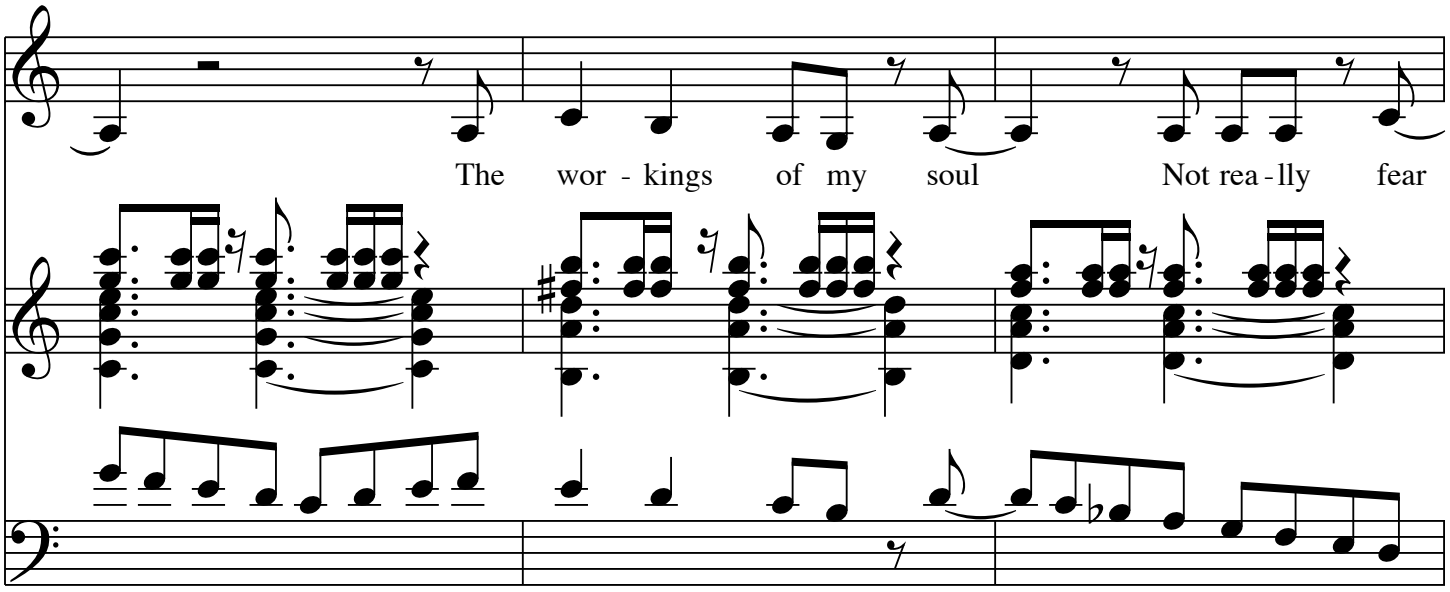

What was it drove me to de - stroy?

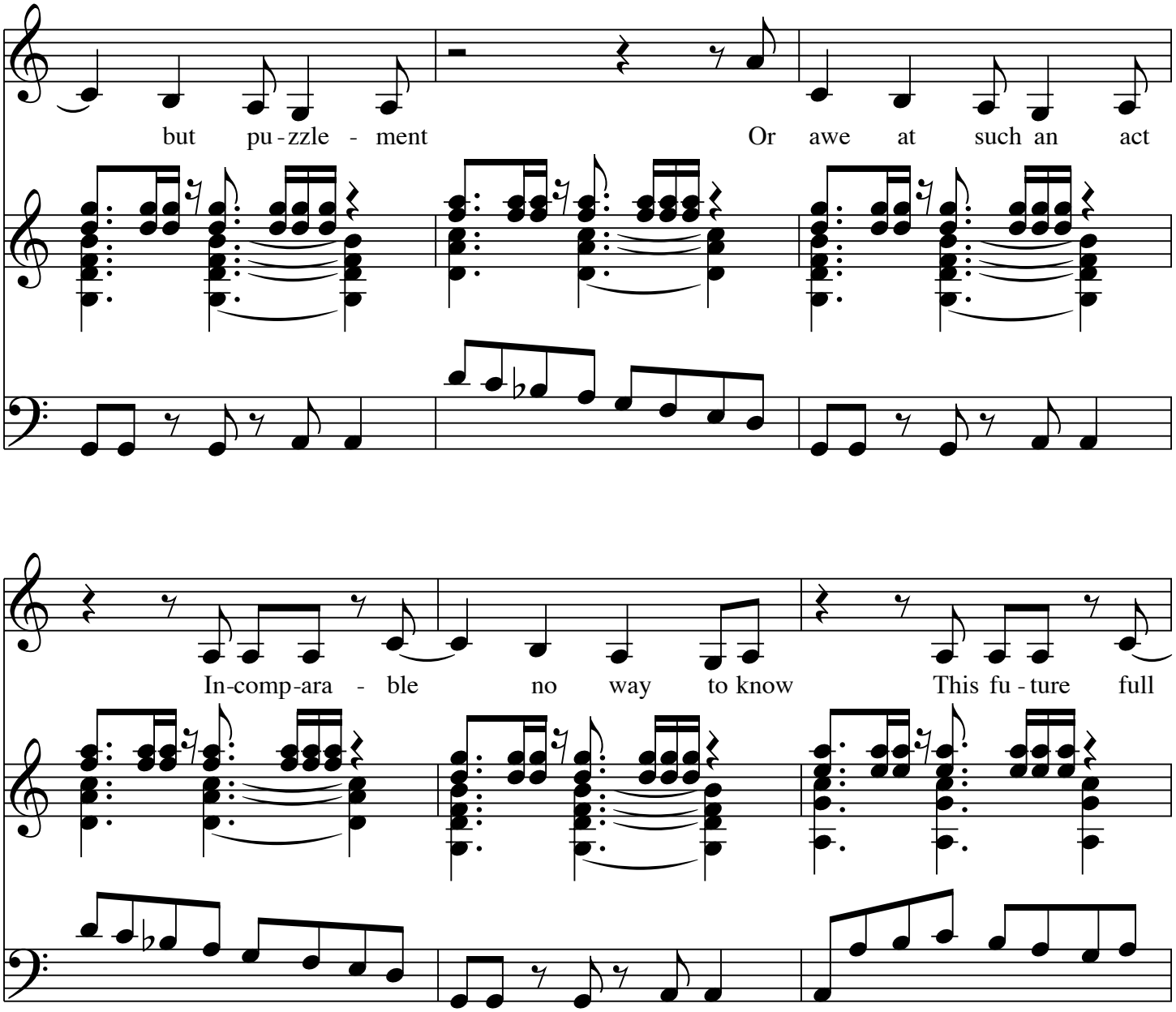

I don't know my love To see you build

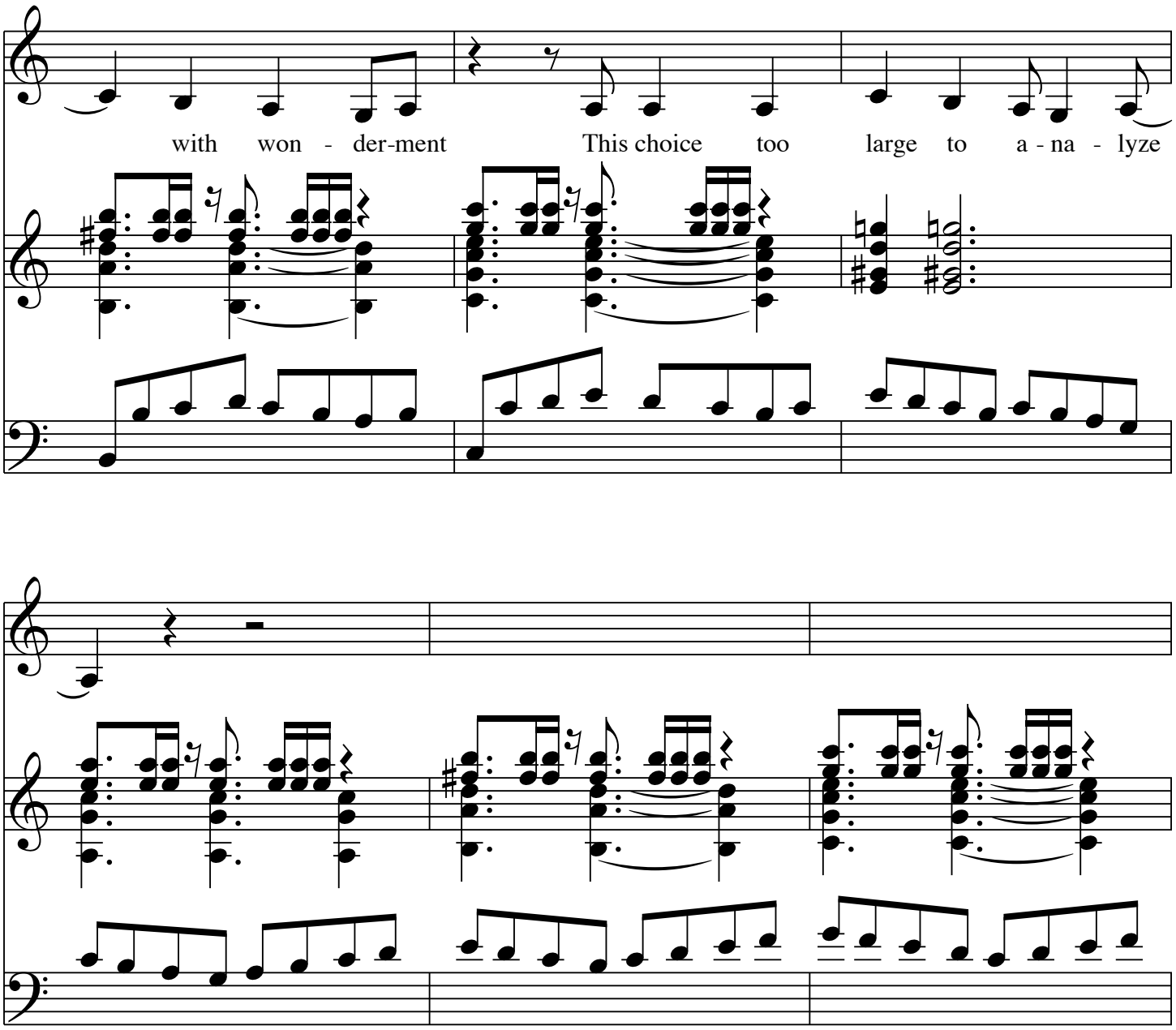

it up a - new To watch you act for your own sake
and know you act for yours E - ter - nal ge -

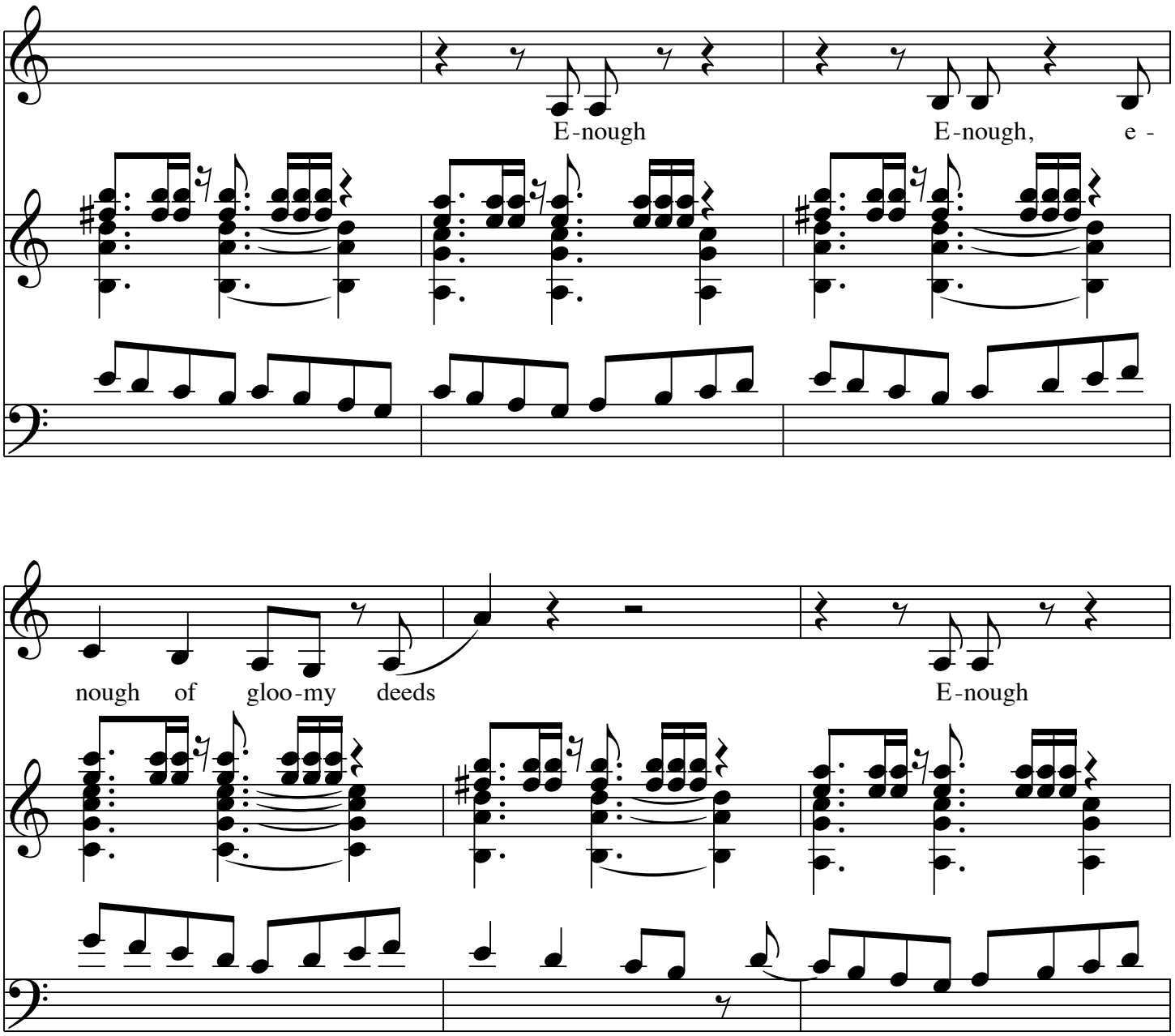

- ne - sis from you to hear I love you a - ny - way

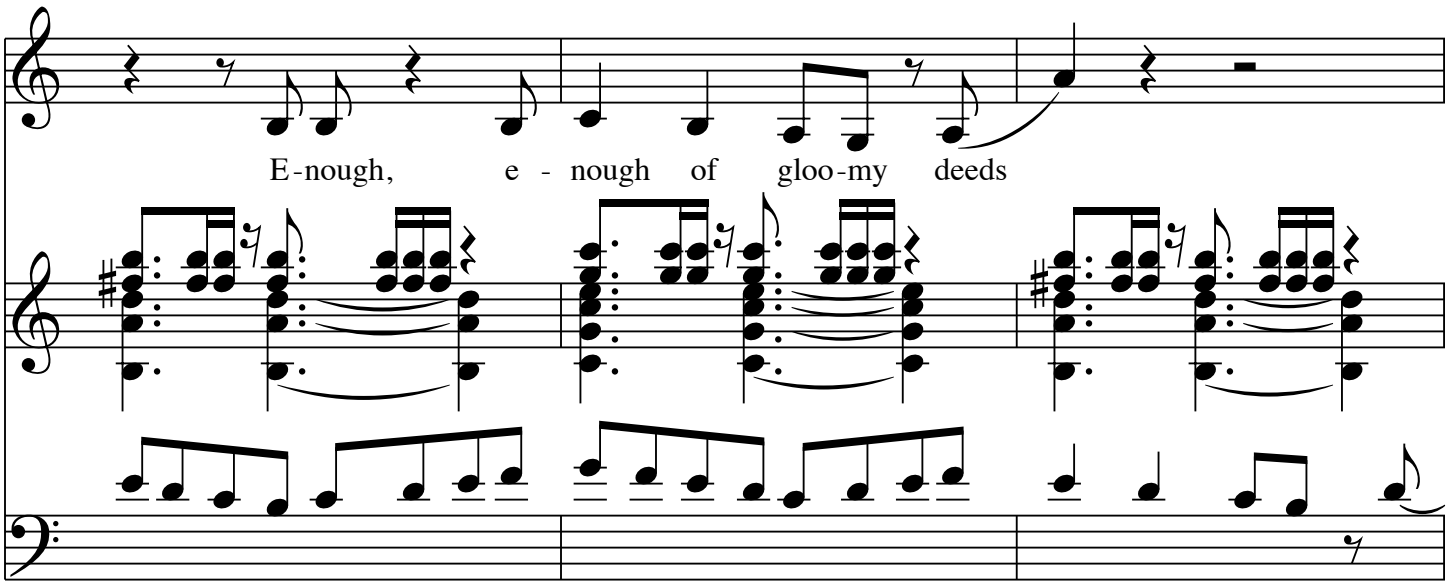

Or was it fear that pa - ra - lyzed

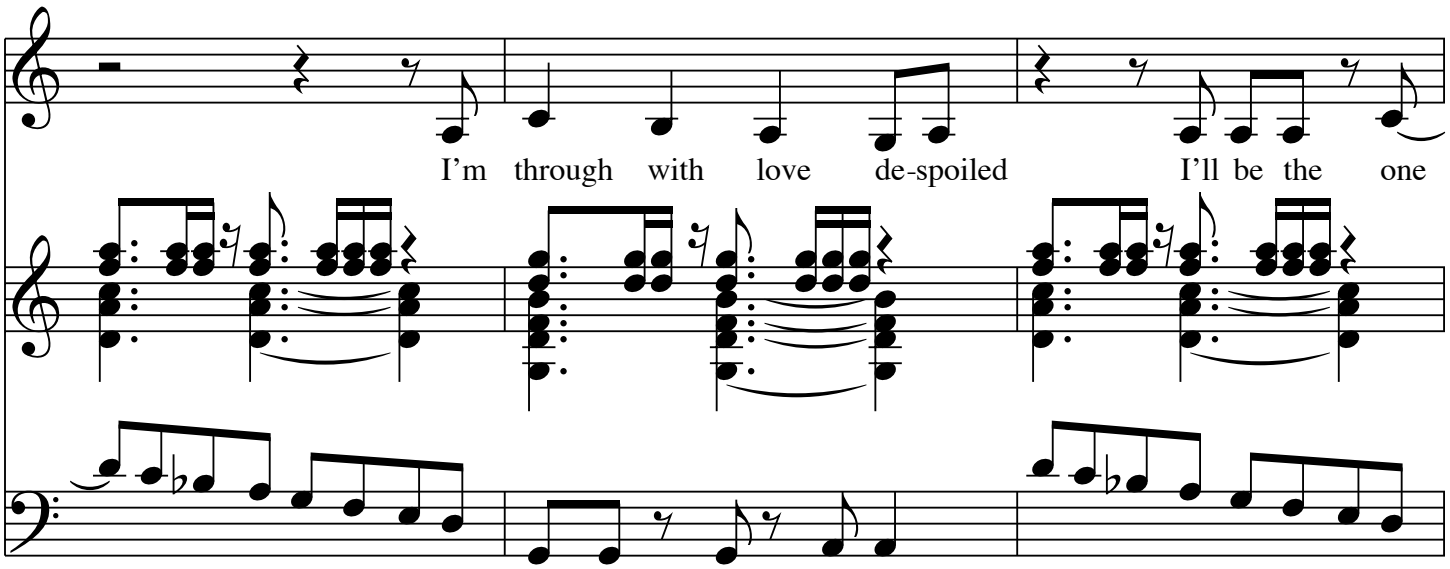

The wor - kings of my soul Not rea - lly fear

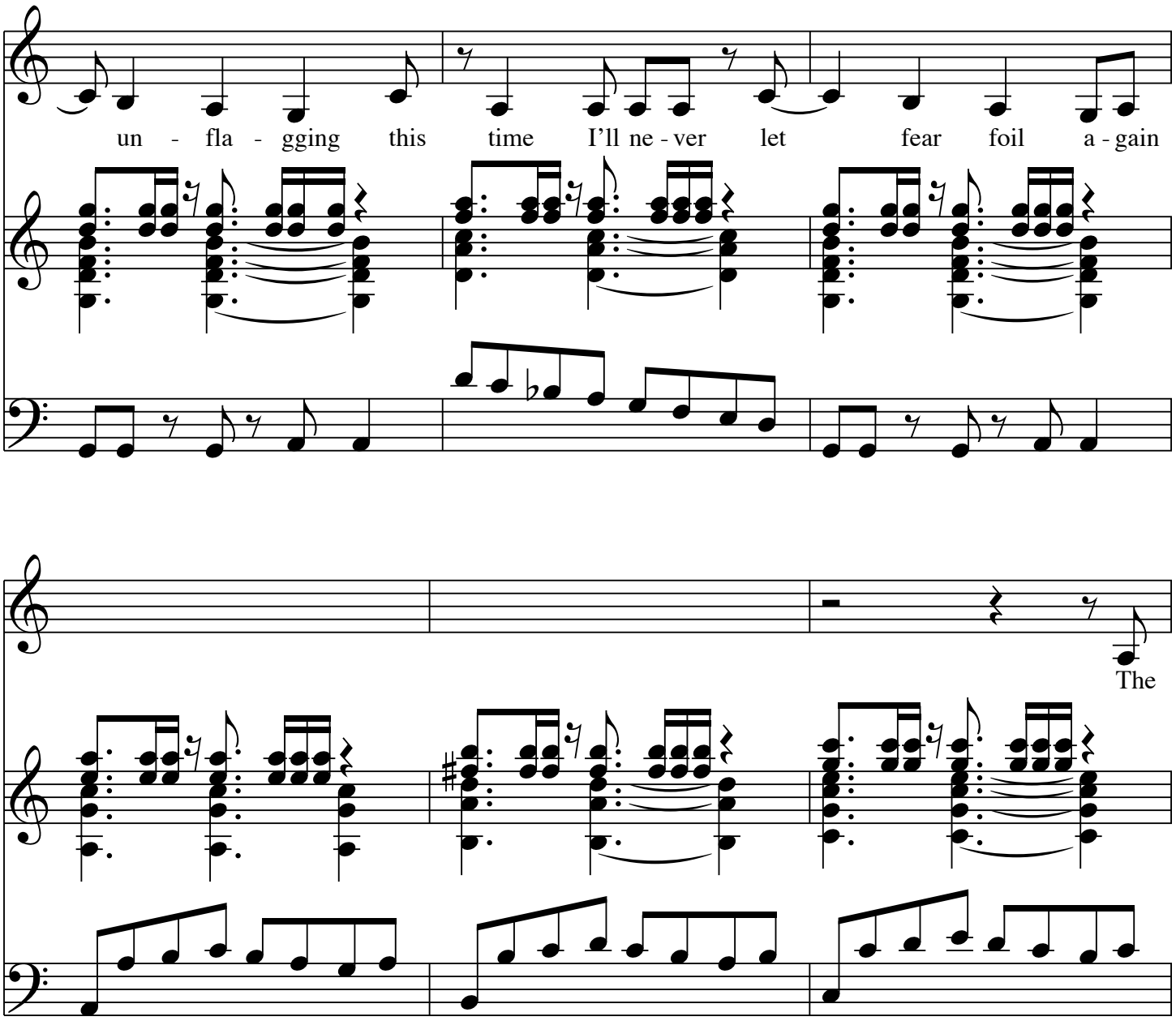

but pu - zzle - ment
Or awe at such an act
In-comp-ara - ble
no way to know
This fu - ture full

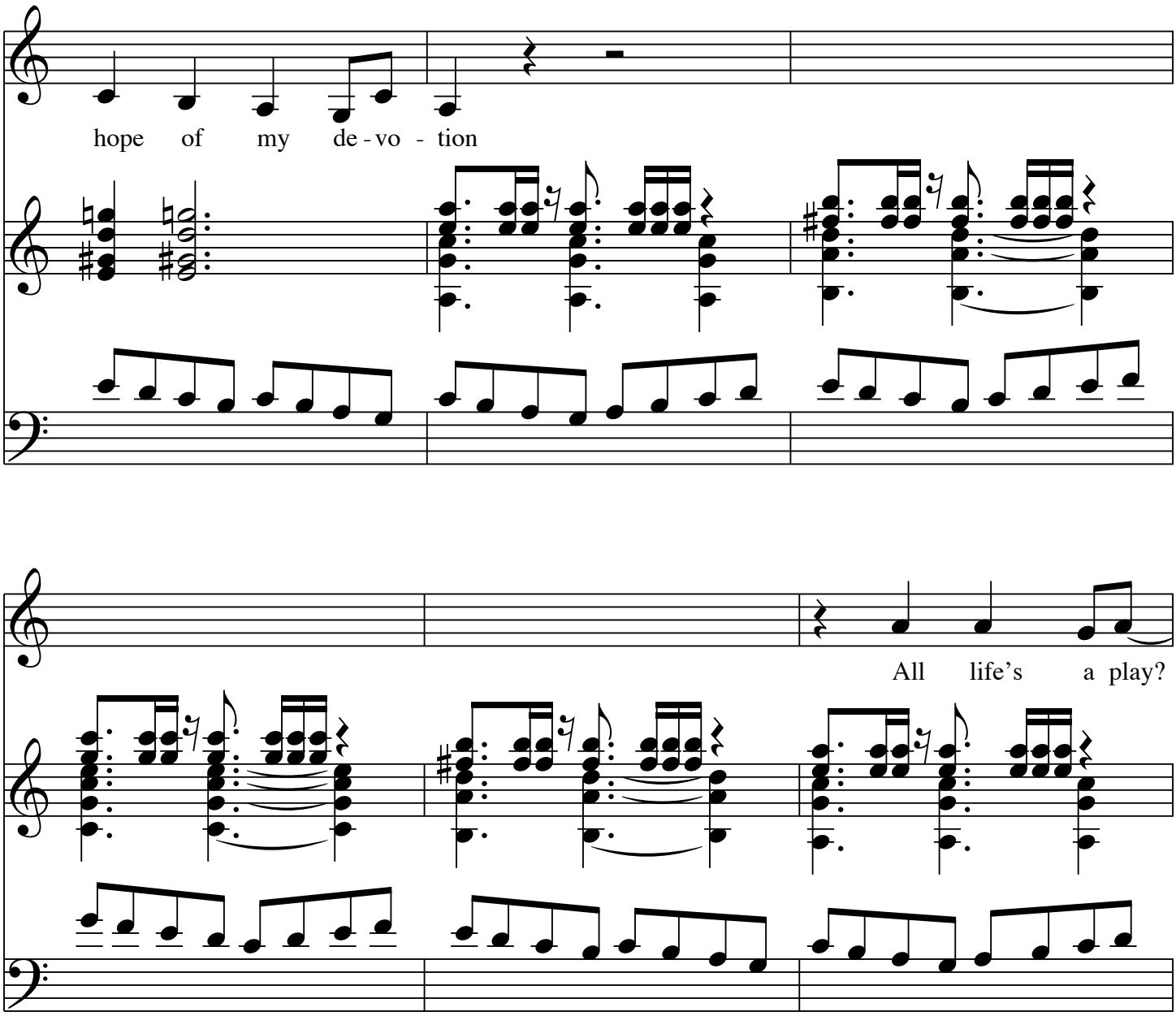

with won - der-ment This choice too large to a - na - lyze

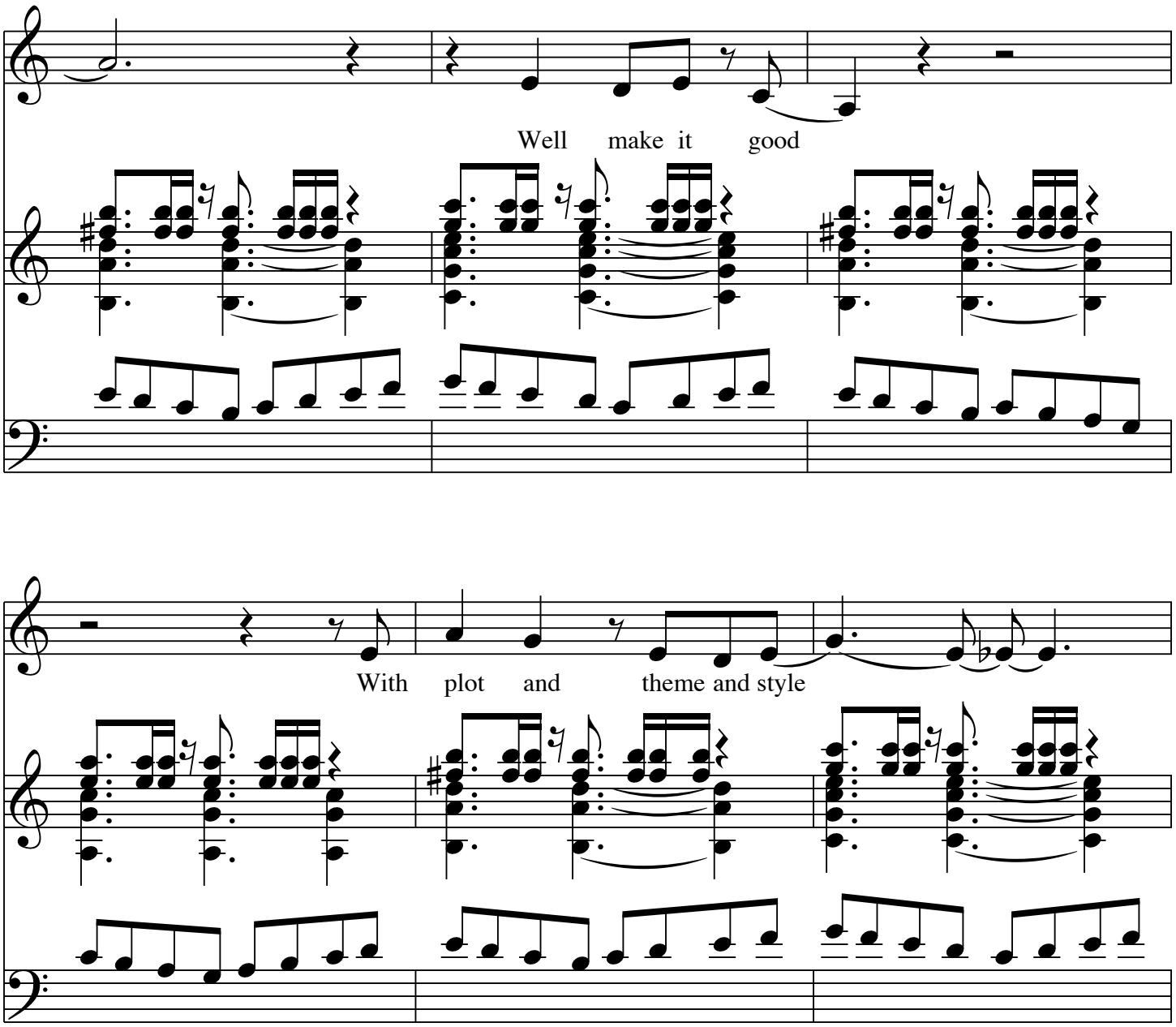

E-nough
E-nough, e -
nough of gloo-my deeds
E-nough

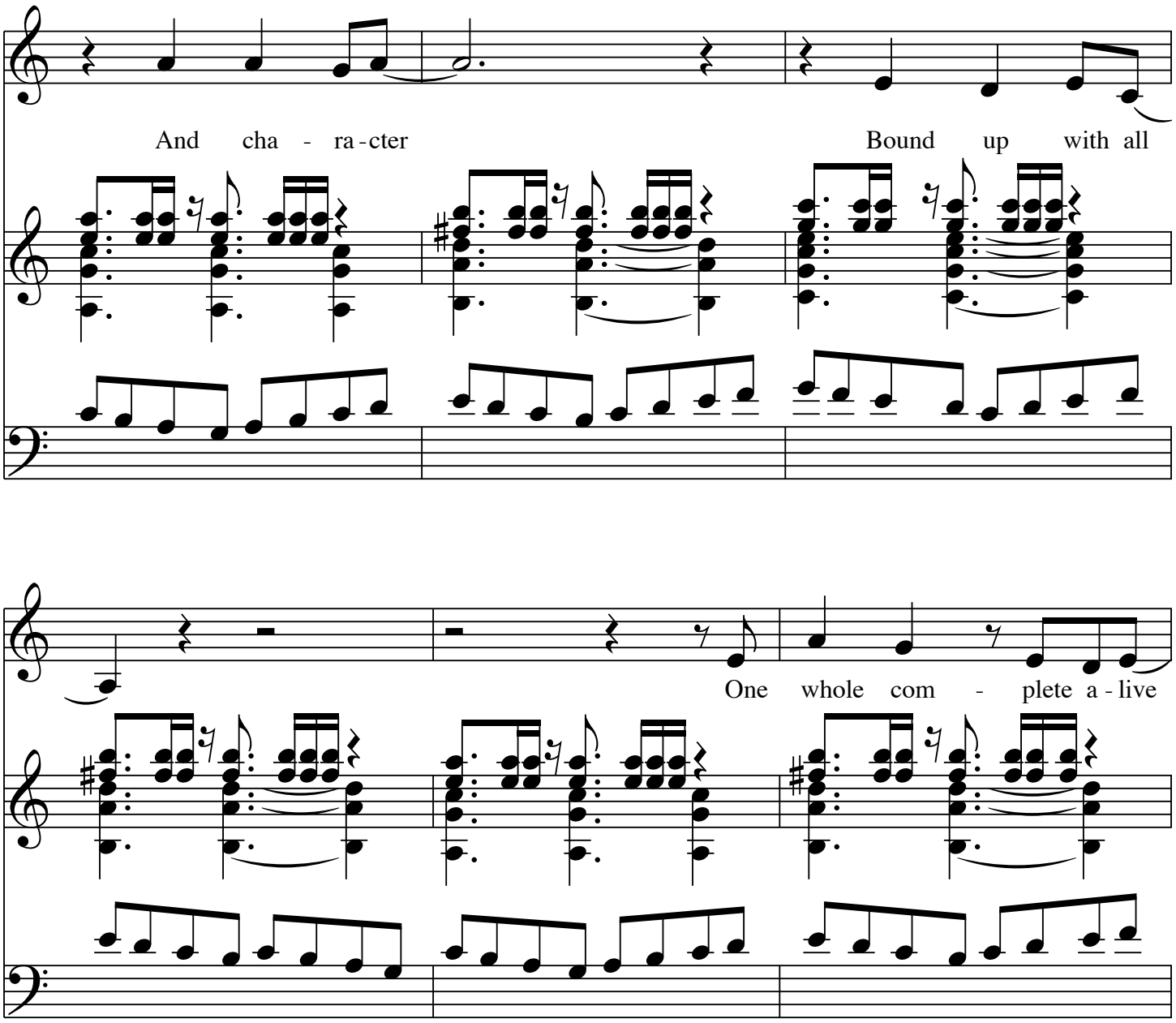

E-nough, e - nough of gloo-my deeds

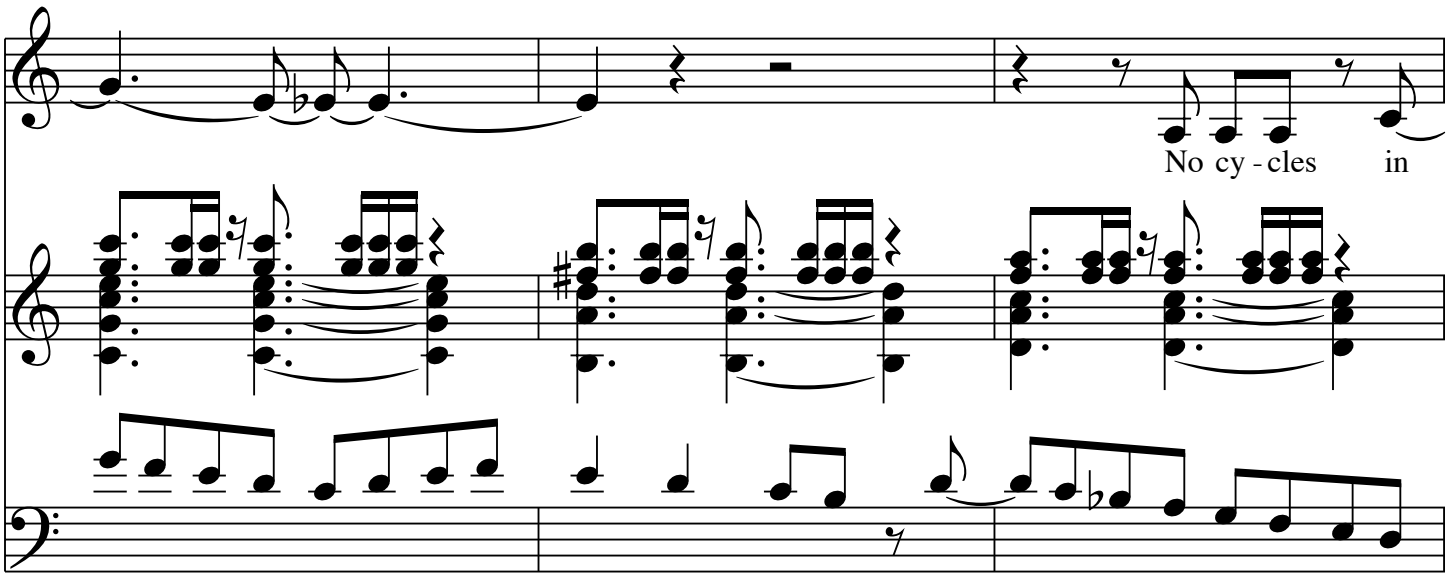

I'm through with love de-spoiled I'll be the one

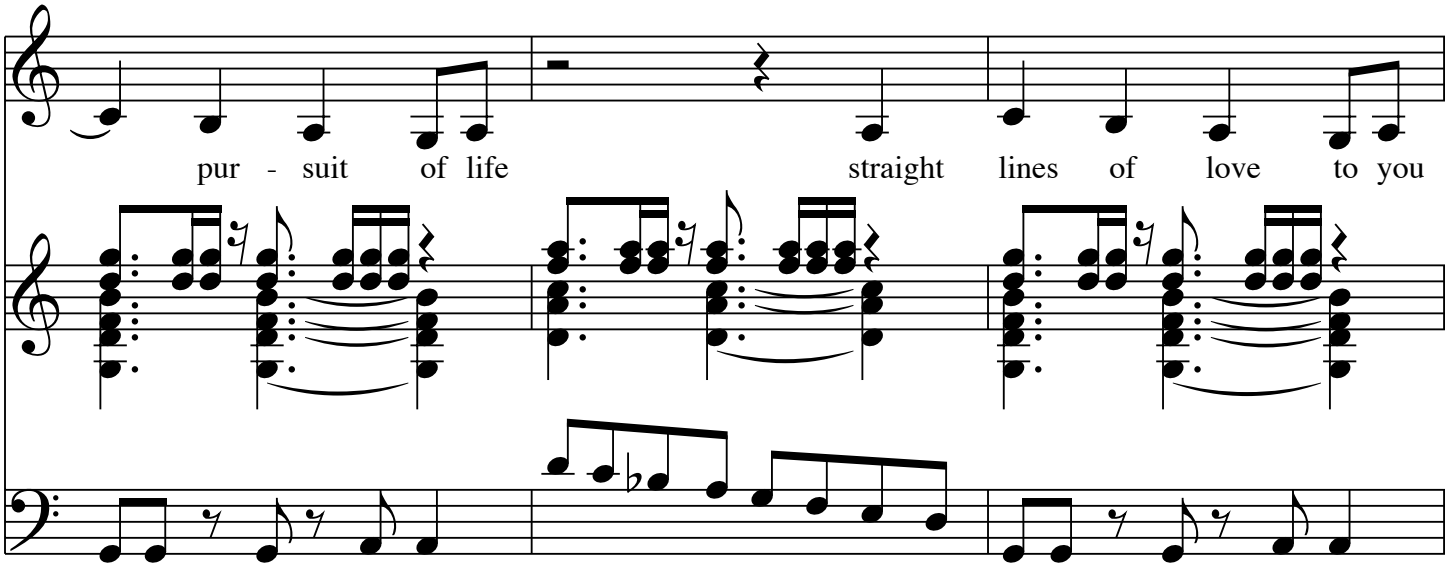

un - fla - gging this time I'll ne - ver let fear foil a - gain
The

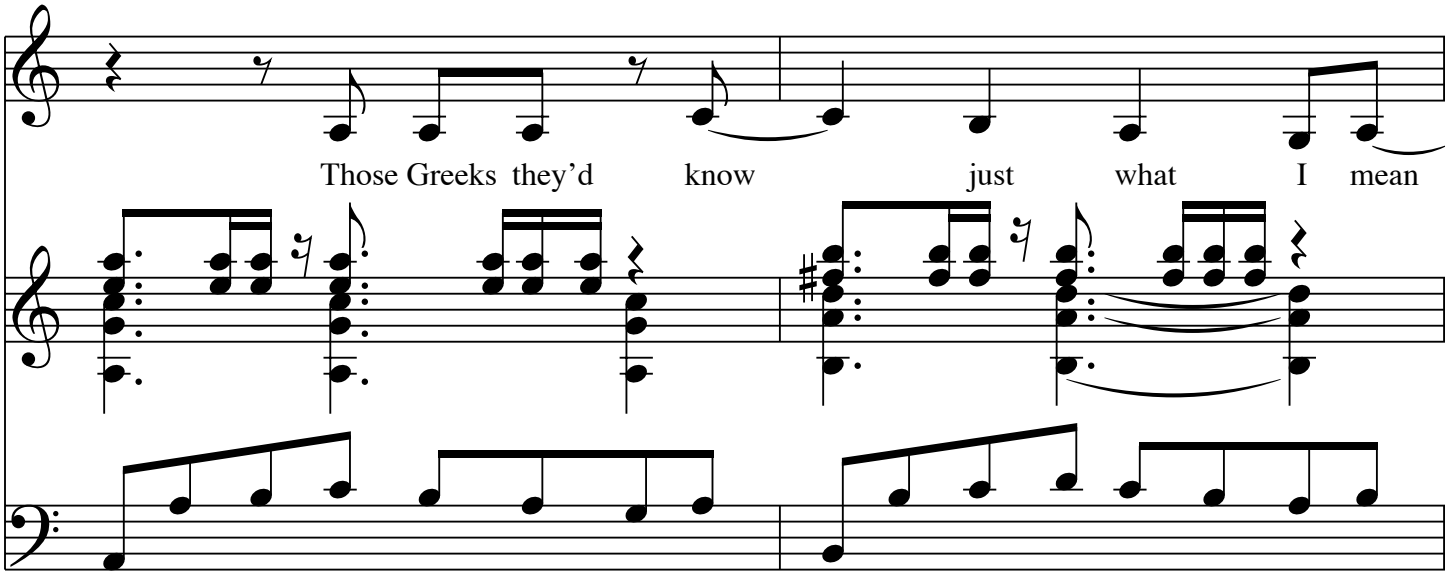

hope of my de - vo - tion
All life's a play?

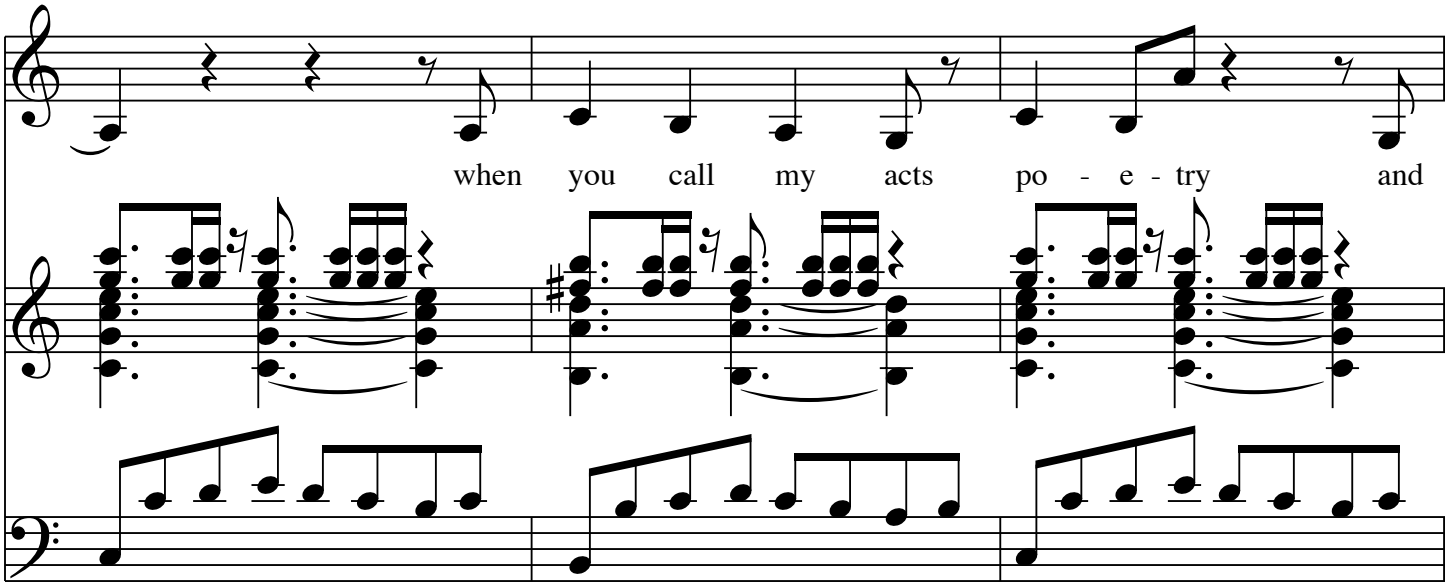

Well make it good
With plot and theme and style

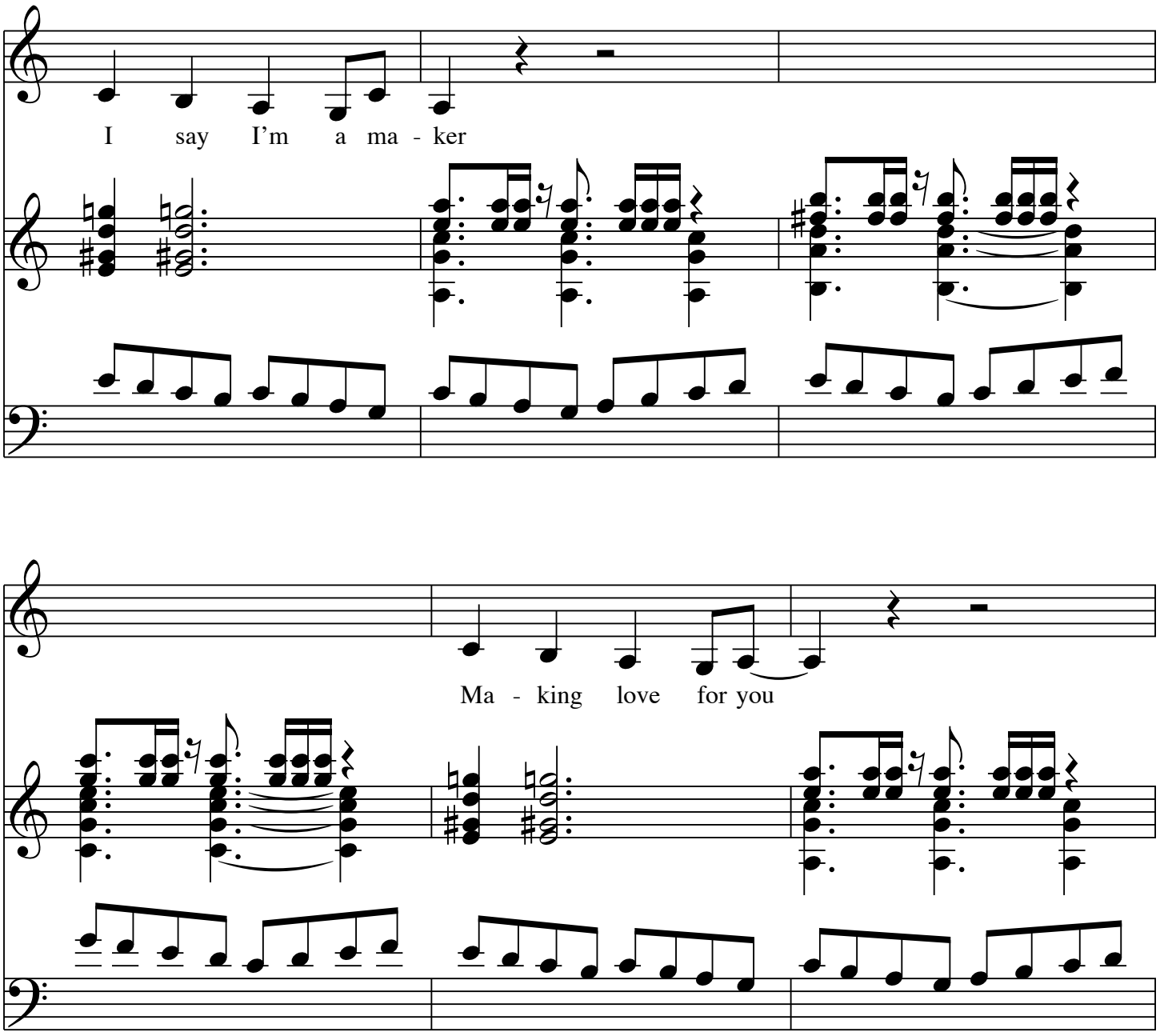

And cha - ra - cter
Bound up with all
One whole com - plete a - live

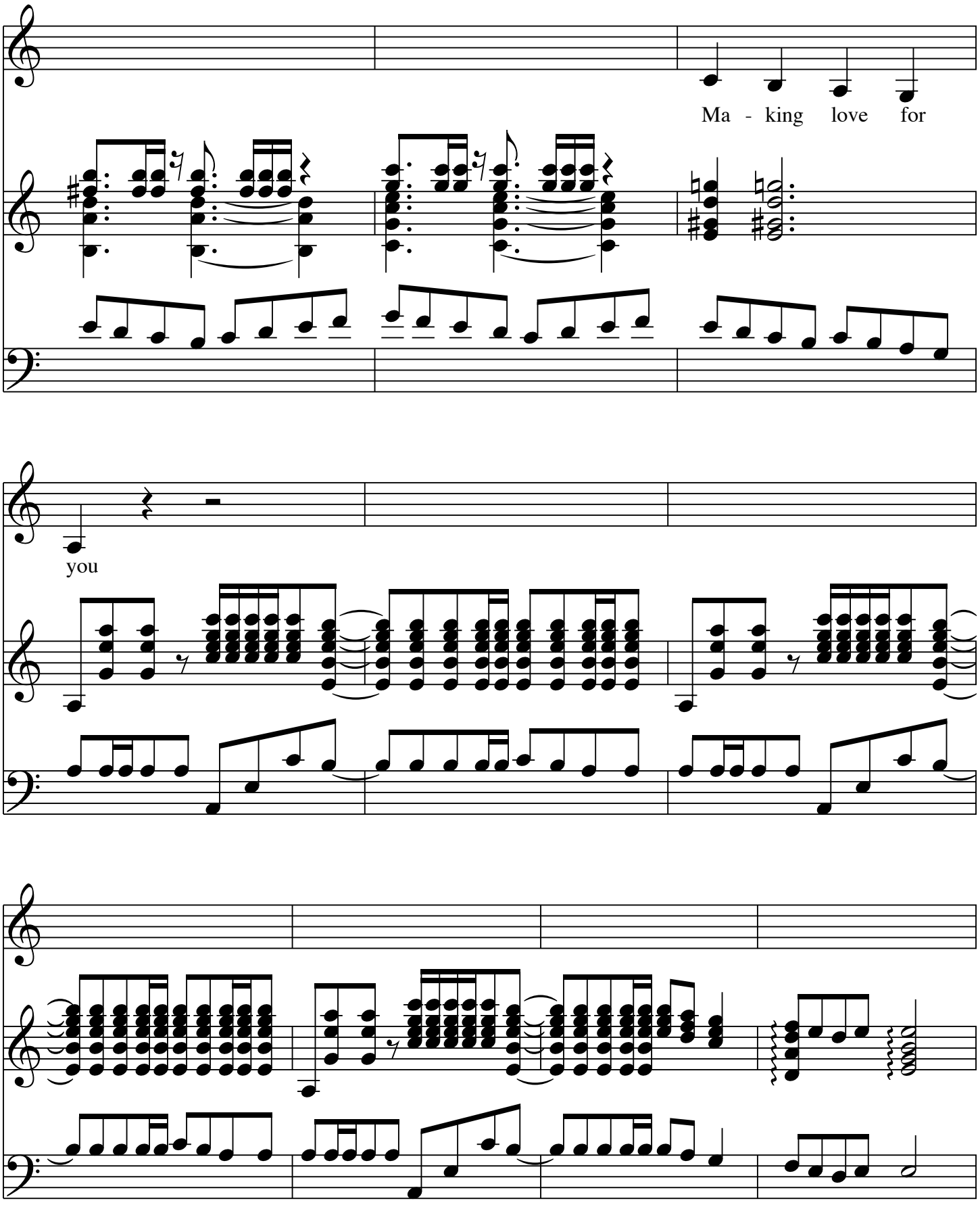

No cy - cles in

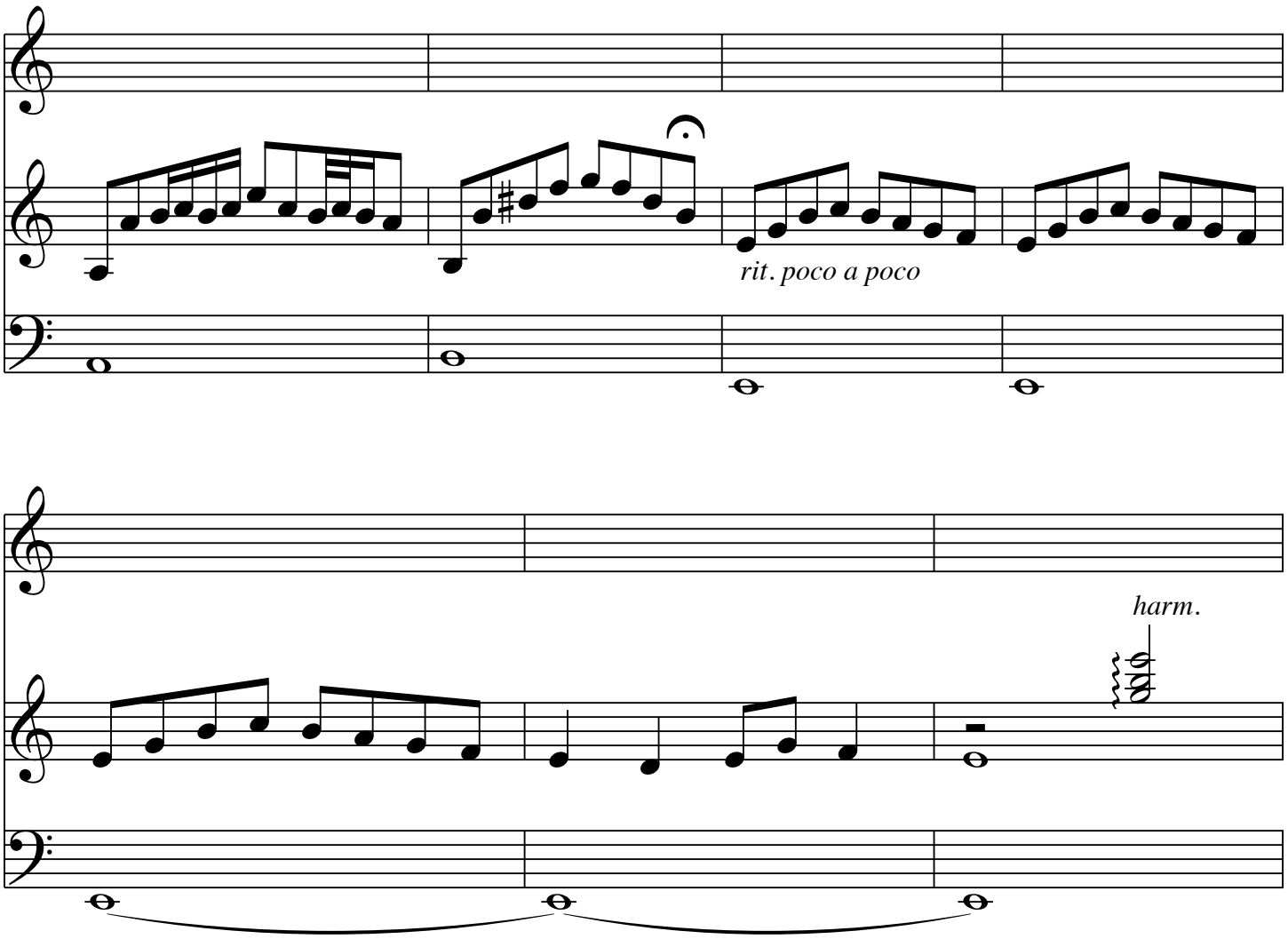

pur - suit of life straight lines of love to you


Those Greeks they'd know just what I mean


when you call my acts po - e - try and


I say I'm a ma - ker
Ma - king love for you


Ma - king love for
you
rit.
original tempo


rit. poco a poco
harm.