

High Flight

John Gillespie Magee (1922-1941)

Chris Rogers

♩ = 110

Tenor

Piano

T.

Pno.

T.

Pno.

T.

Pno.

T.

Pno.

Oh! I have slipp'd the sur - ly

bonds_ of Earth And danc'd theskies on laugh-ter sil-ver'd wings

Sun-ward I've climb'd, and join'd the tumb-ling mirth Of sun-split clouds, and done a

hun - dred things You have not dream'd of

♩ = 95
meno mosso
mf 3

♩ = 110
a tempo
mp

T. 22
8
wheel'd and soar'd and swung High in the sun-lit si-lence. Hov'r-ing there I've

Pno. *p* 3 *pp*

T. 27
8
chas'd the shout - ing winds a - long and

Pno. *f* *p* *mf* *f* *p*

♩ = 100
meno mosso

T. 31
8
flung my ea - ger craft through foot-less halls of air. Up—

Pno. *f* *mf* *mf*

T. 35
8
up— the long de - li-rious burn-ing blue I've topp'd the

Pno. *ff* *mp* rit. *mf* *f* *mf* *p* *p*

39 *mp* *mp*

T. $\text{♩} = 83$ $\text{♩} = 90$

wind-swept heights with ea-sy grace Where ne-ver lark nor e-ver ea - gle flew And,

Pno. *p*

43 rit. *mf* *p*

T. while with si - lent, lift - ing mind I've trod The high un-tress-pass-ed sanc-ti-ty of space,

Pno.

48 $\text{♩} = 67$

T. Put out my hand, and touch'd the face of God.

Pno. *pp*