

## To Death I'm a Stranger

from *Mystic Harp 2*words and music by  
Donald Walters

arr. David Miller, 2007

Freely (♩ = approx. 100)

1 *p* *mp*

Ooh \_\_\_\_\_ To

9

death I'm a strang - er, Poor youth that I am. What des - ti - ny bears me

15

Hence to that shore? The chal - ice of life, Scarce sipped at the brim, Has

21 *p* (*p*)

slipped from my grasp And stains the dark floor. \_\_\_\_\_ Has

26 (no breath)

life an - y mean - ing? The grail that men seek Has nev - er been found On

32

earth. \_\_\_\_\_ The foun - tain of youth— Ah, on - ly a myth! None who

38 *rit.* *mf*

ev - er roamed Far in search of it Ev - er found what he sought. \_\_\_\_\_ Yet

43 **a tempo**

see how the night sky, Which ban-ish-es the sun, Is ban-ished in time by the

49 *mp*

dawn! \_\_\_\_\_ Death comes like a gyp-sy Who camps on the way; At

55 *pp*

dawn, his dark car-a-van's gone. \_\_\_\_\_ To death I'm a strang-er, Yet,

strang-est of all, The strang-er I feared Is a strang-er no more! The

67 *rit.* (rit.)

sha-dow I feared But hides from the sun! In death there is peace On God's

73 *mf* **a tempo**

in-fi-nite shore! Yet see how the night sky, Which ban-ish-es the sun, Is

79 *mp*

ban-ished in time by the dawn! \_\_\_\_\_ Death comes like a gyp-sy Who

85 *p* *rit.*

camps on the way; At dawn, his dark car-a-van's gone. \_\_\_\_\_