

Flute

Om Song

from Cosmic Chants 1938

Voice *p*

1_Whence Om, this sound - less roar, doth come, When drow - seth mat - ter's drear - y drum? On

8 shores of Bliss, Om, boom - ing breaks. All earth, all heav'n, all bod - y shakes. The

mf

12 bum - ble bee now hums a - long: Ba - by Om doth soft - ly sing his song. From

mp

16 Krish - na's flute the call is sweet: 'Tis time the wa - t'ry God to meet. 2_Cords

2. *mf*

20 bound to flesh are bro - ken all. Vi - bra - tions burst and me - teors fall! The

24 hus - tling heart, the boast - ing breath. No more shall cause the Yo - gi's death. The

f

28 God of Fire with fer - vor sings: "Om! Om!" His joy - ous harp now rings.

p

32 Pra - na - God with pow - er sounds The won - drous bells: the soul re - sounds. 3_All

36 *p*

Na-ture lies in dark-ness soft: The star di-vine is seen a - loft. Sub - con-scious-ness has a home on a bed: 'Tis then that one doth hear Om's tread. Oh.

Flute

3. 44 *f*

up - ward climb the Liv - ing Tree! Hark to the cos - mic sym - pho - ny. From

Flute

48

Om, the sound - less roar: from Om, The call for light o'er dark to roam. From

Flute

52

Om, the mu - sic of the spheres: From OM the mist of Na - ture's tears. All

Flute

56

things of earth and heav'n de - clare. Om! Om! re - sound - ing ev - 'ry - where. From

Flute

60 *mp*

Om, the mu - sic of the spheres: From OM the mist of Na - ture's tears. All

tag

64 *p*

things of earth and heav'n de - clare. Om! Om! re - sound - ing ev - 'ry - where.