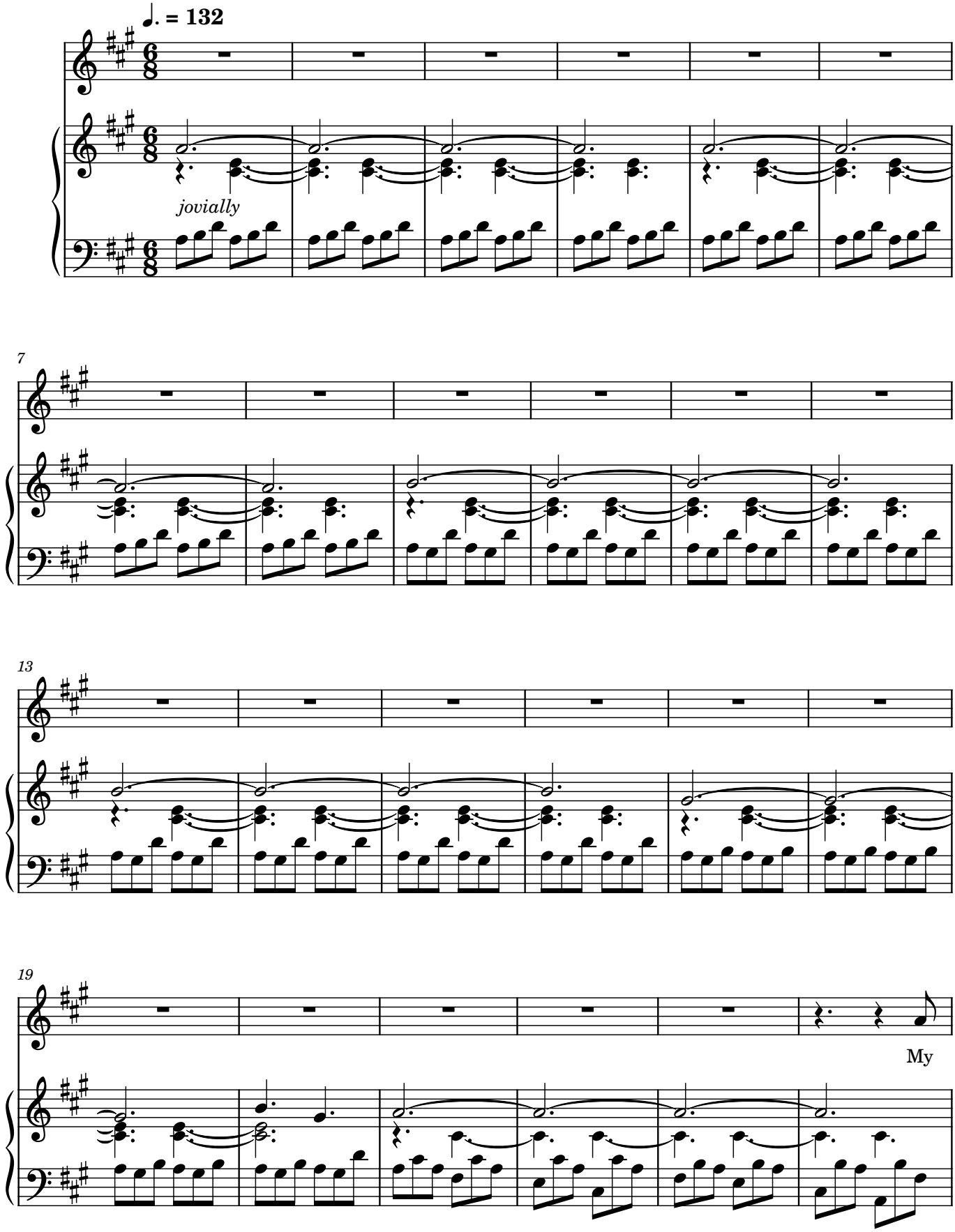
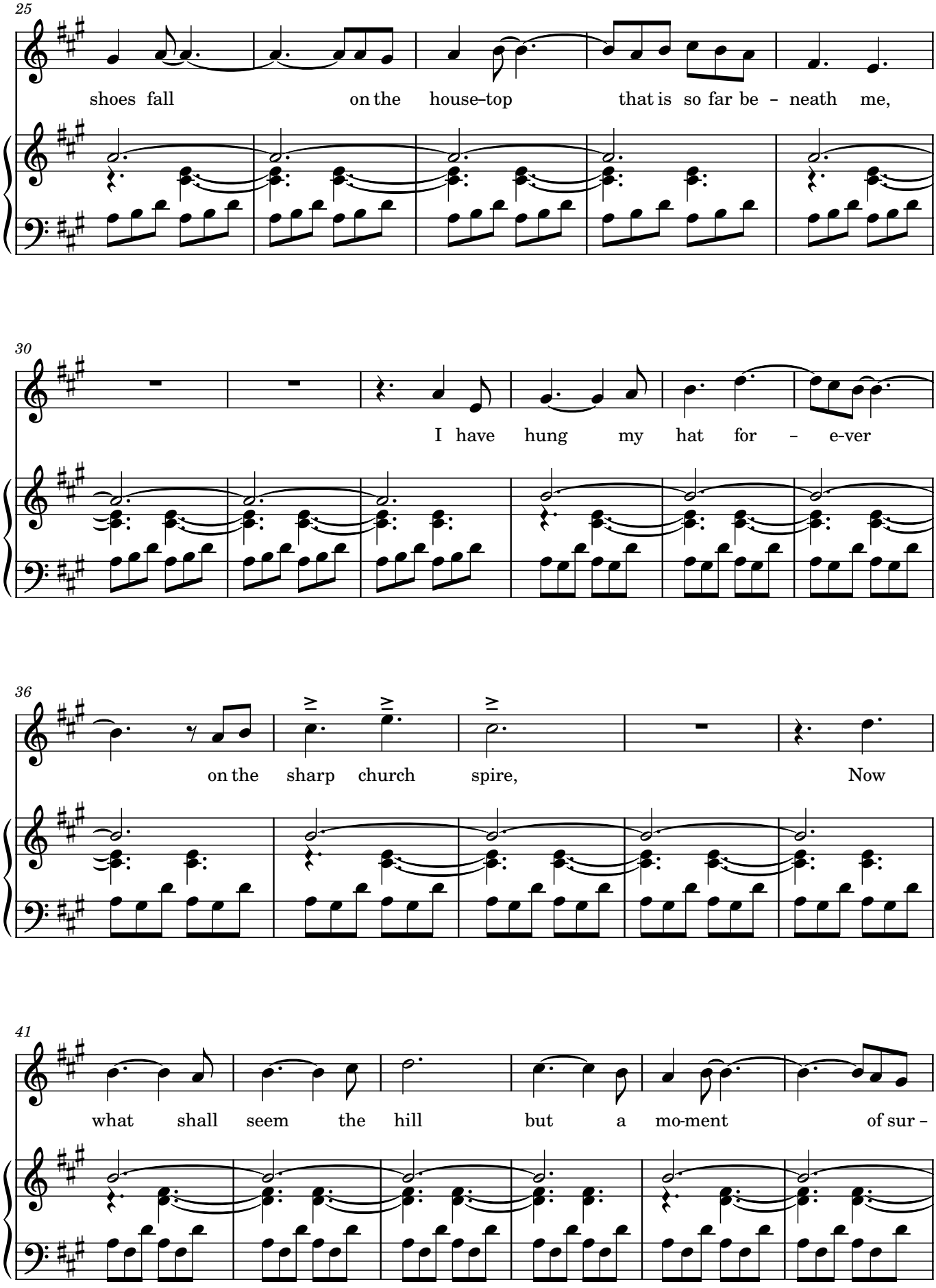
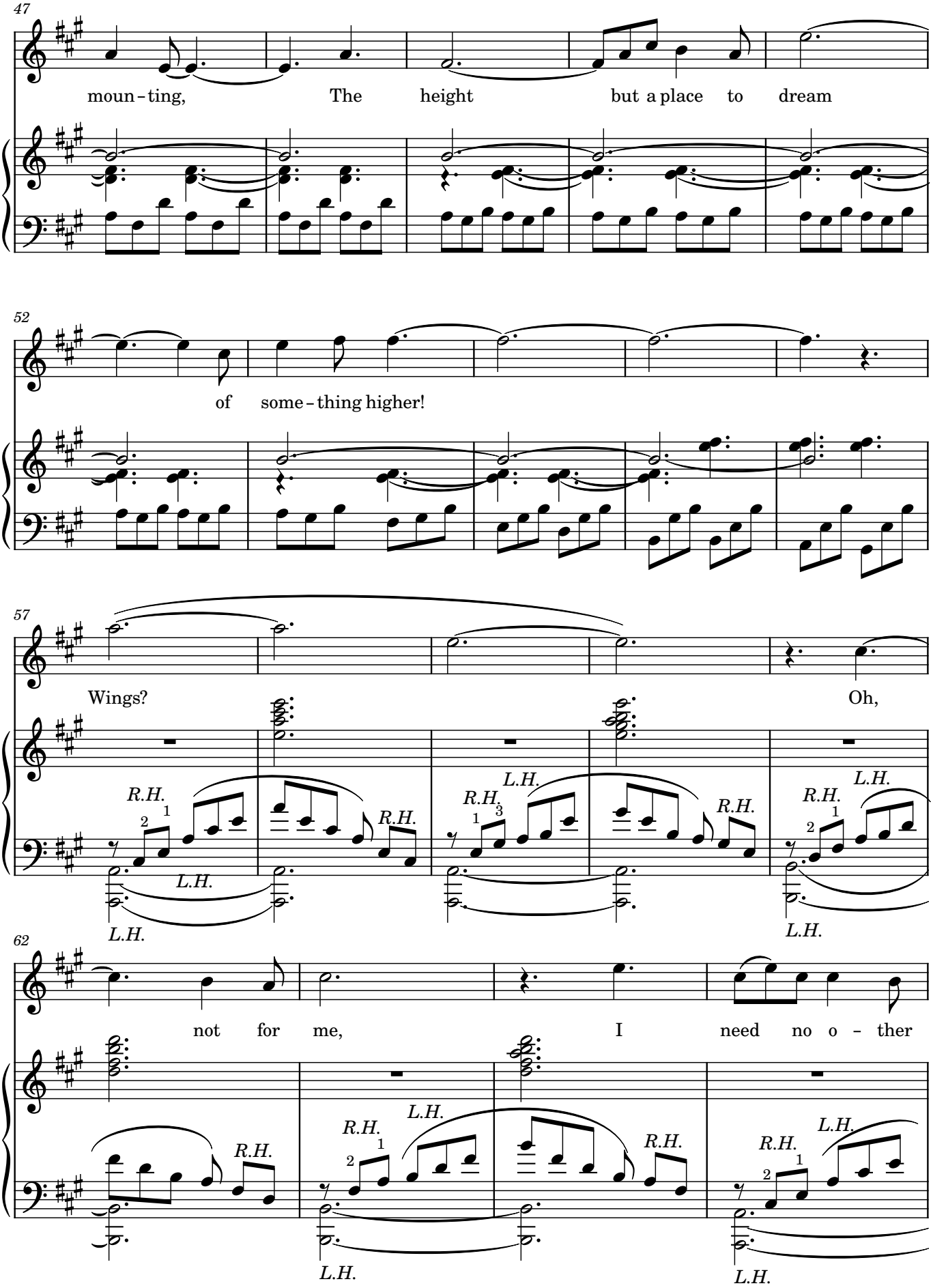
Climb

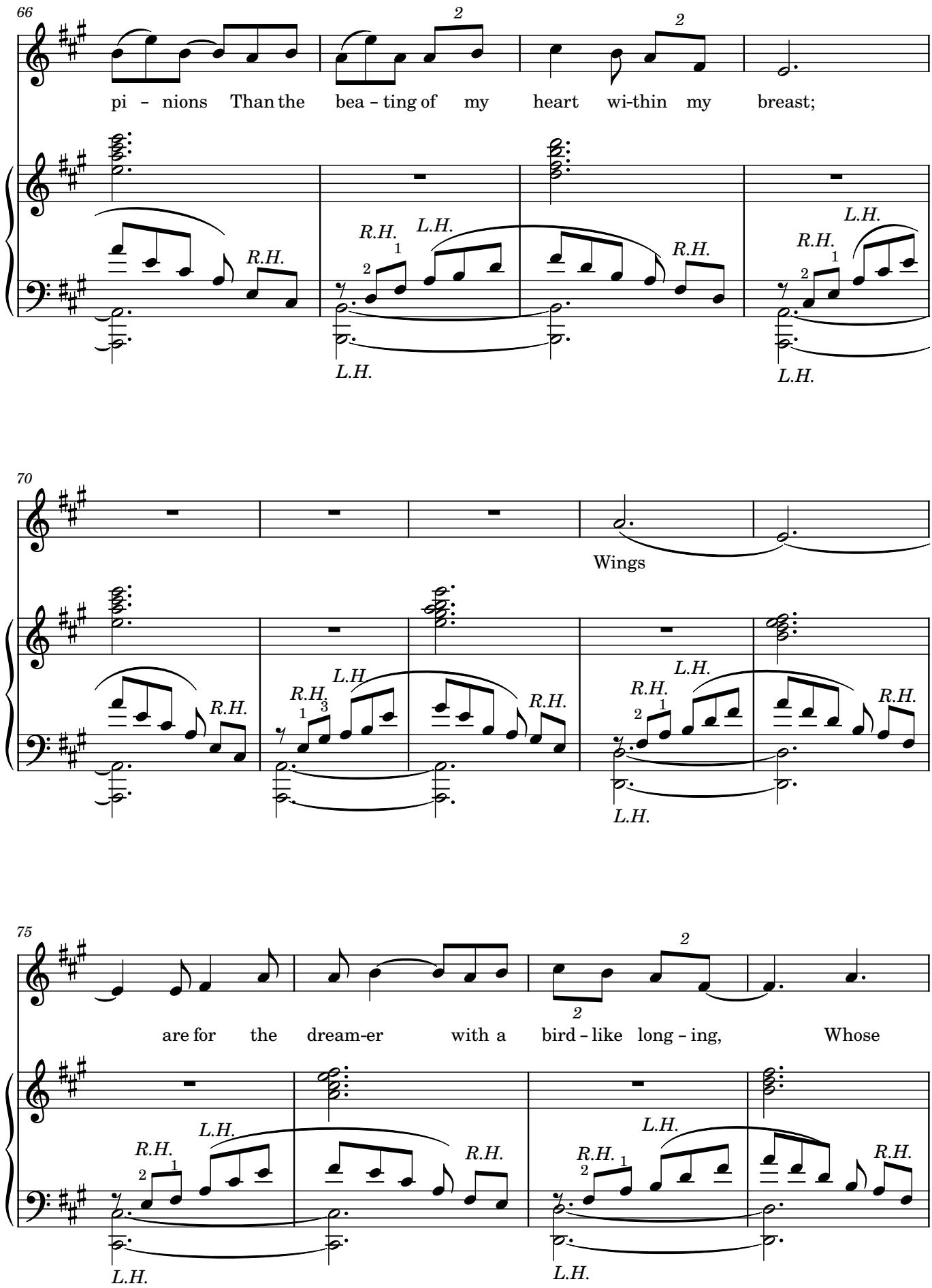
Winifred Welles

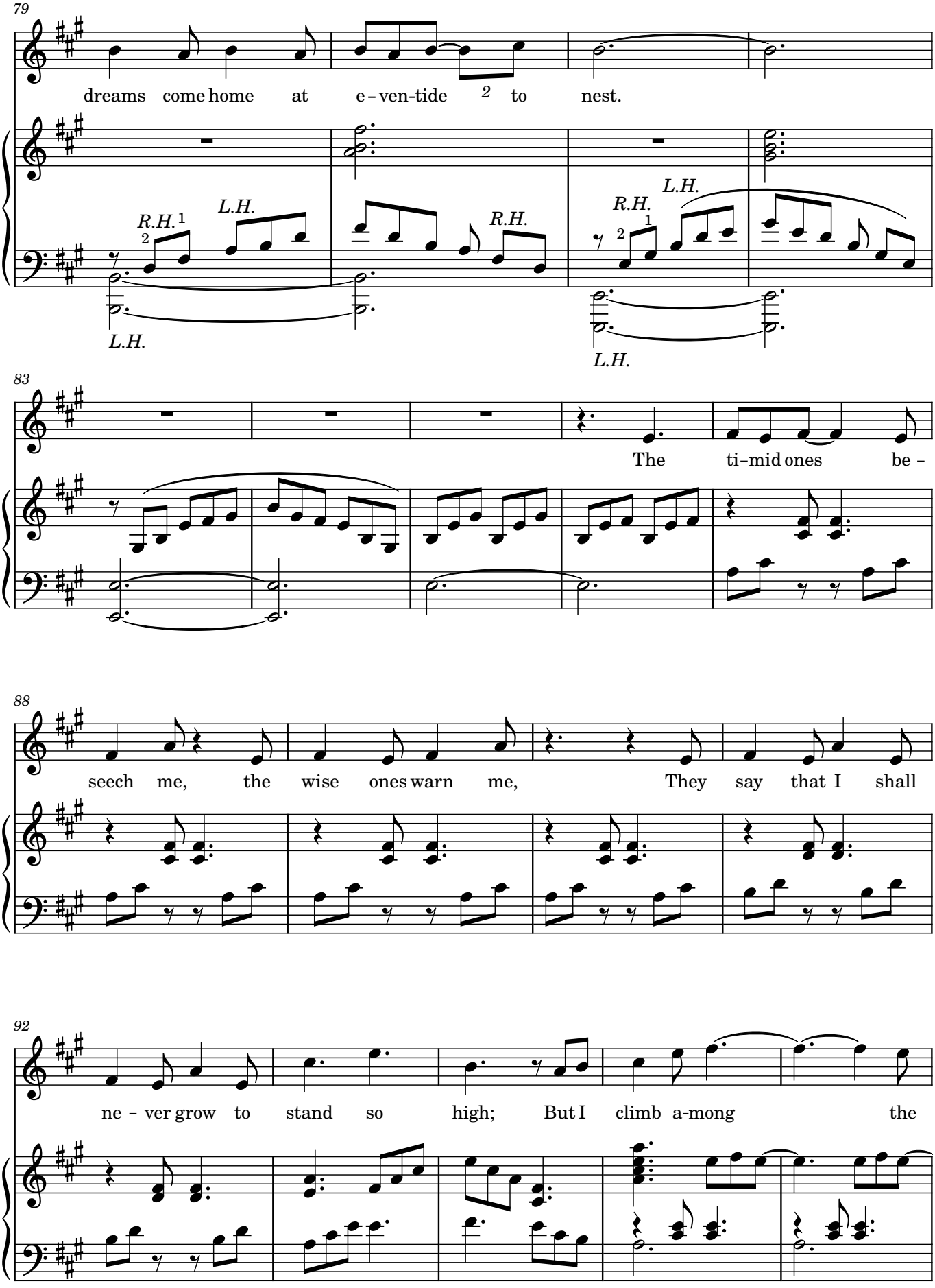
Rachel C. Singh

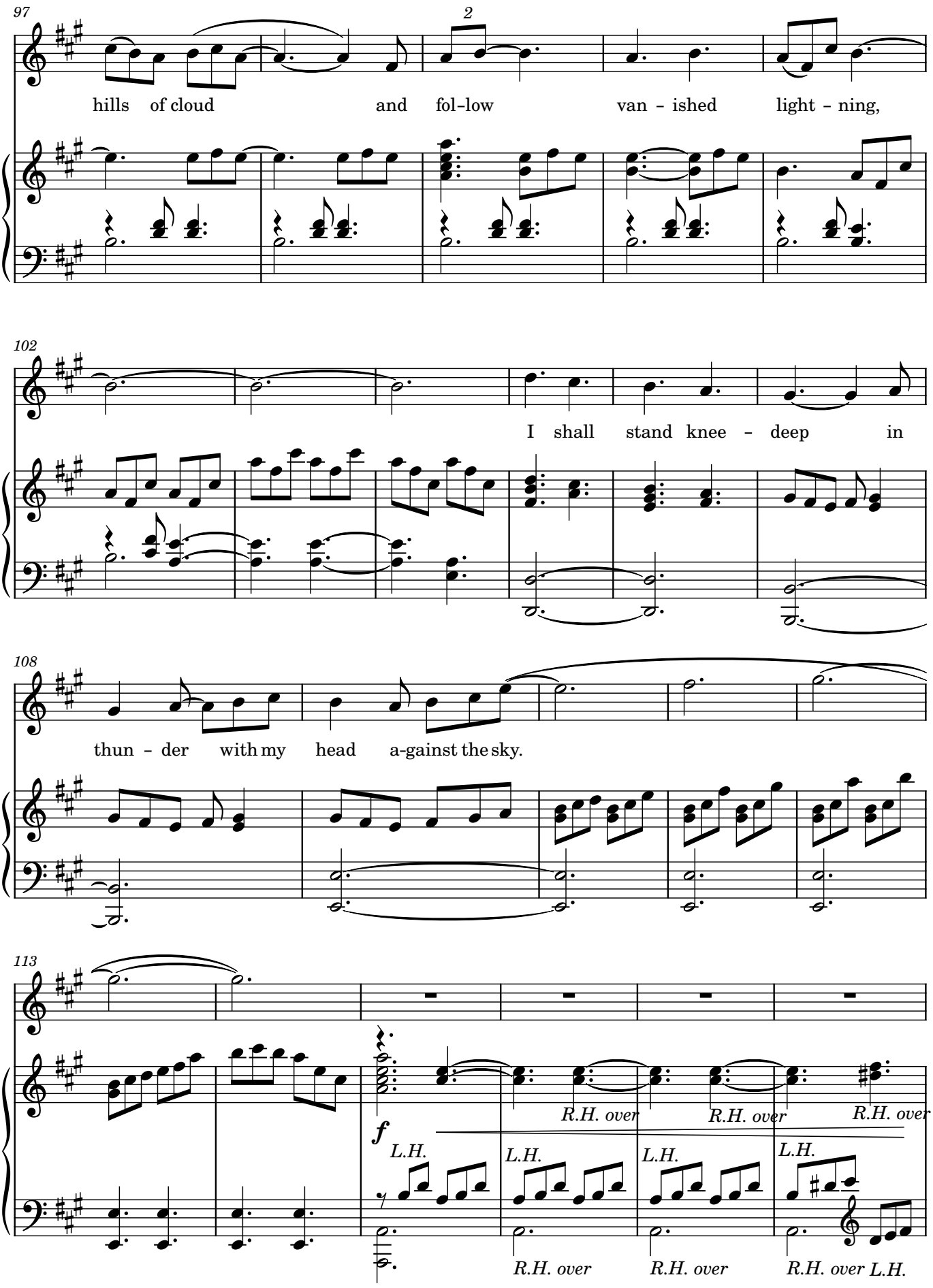


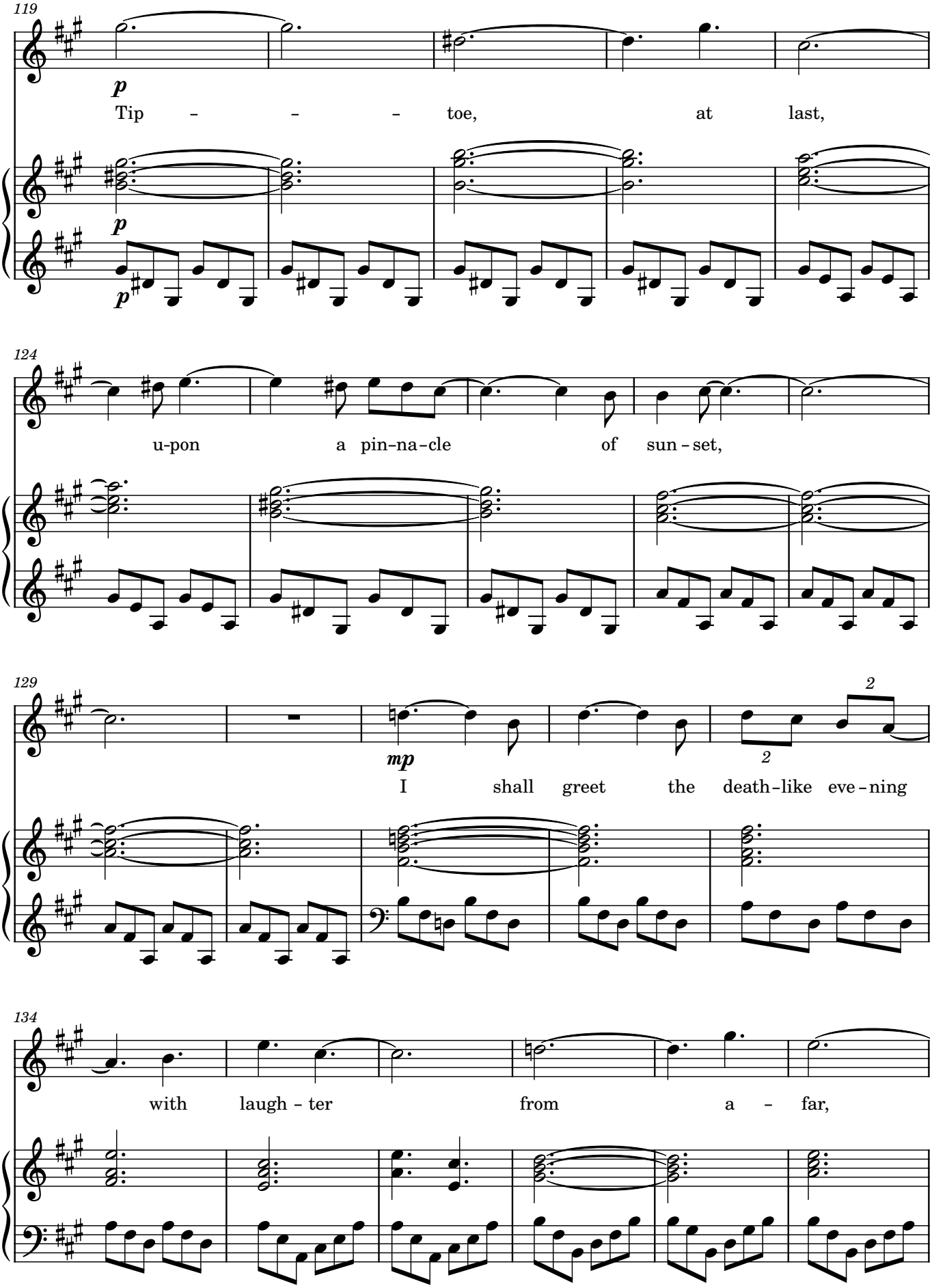

25
shoes fall on the house-top that is so far be - neath me,
30
I have hung my hat for - e-ver
36
on the sharp church spire, Now
41
what shall seem the hill but a mo-ment of sur -

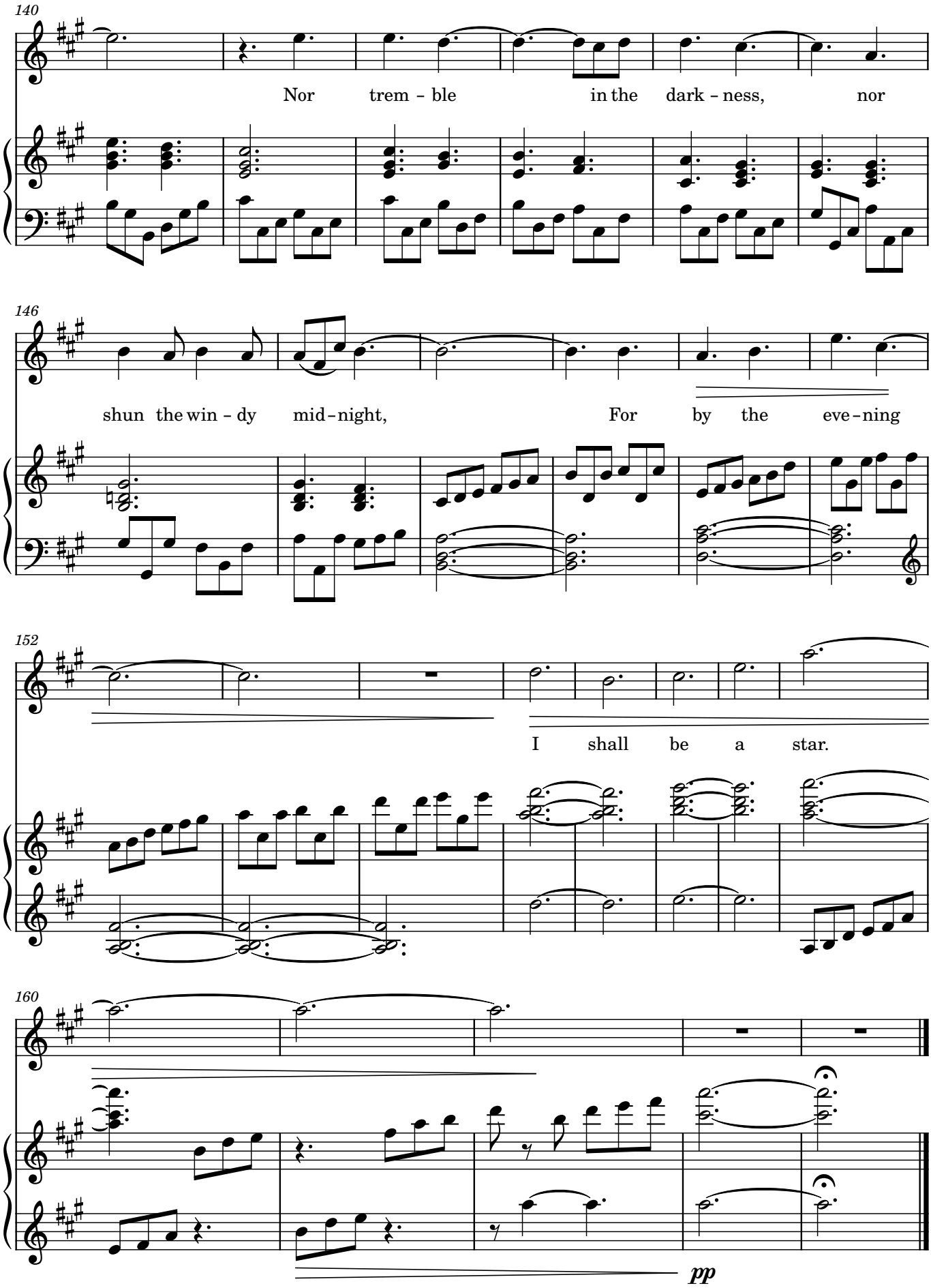

47
moun - ting, The height but a place to dream
52
of some - thing higher!
57
Wings? Oh,
R.H.
L.H.
62
not for me, I need no o - ther


66
pi – nions Than the bea – ting of my heart wi-thin my breast;
R.H.
L.H.
70
Wings
75
are for the dream-er with a bird – like long – ing, Whose


79
dreams come home at e - ven-tide 2 to nest.
R.H. 1 2
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.
R.H. 1 2
L.H.
L.H.
83
The ti-mid ones be -
88
seech me, the wise ones warn me, They say that I shall
92
ne - ver grow to stand so high; But I climb a-mong the


97
2
hills of cloud and fol-low van - ished light - ning,
102
I shall stand knee - deep in
108
thun - der with my head a-gainst the sky.
113
f
L.H.
R.H. over
R.H. over
R.H. over
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
R.H. over
R.H. over
R.H. over L.H.


119
p
Tip – – – toe, at last,
p
p
124
u-pon a pin-na-cle of sun-set,
129
mp
I shall greet the death-like eve-ning
2
2
134
with laugh-ter from a – far,


140
Nor trem - ble in the dark - ness, nor
146
shun the win - dy mid - night, For by the eve - ning
152
I shall be a star.
160
pp