

GONE FROM MY SIGHT

Karen Taylor-Good
arr. David Ezell

Waltz Tempo, not too fast $\text{♩} = 46$

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 11 12

mp G F

I stand at the sea - shore, a ship at my side, —

13 14 15 16 17

G F Eb

Spread - ing her sails as they bil - low out wide. She starts on her jour

18 19 20 21 22

F G F⁶/G

- ney a cross the in - di - go o - - - cean.

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8

149 Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

155 Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

161 Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab

168 Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

175 Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Ab Eb

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

mp G F G

I stand at the sea - shore, a ship at my side, — Spread-ing her sails as they

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

F Eb F G F⁶/G G

bil-low out wide. She starts on her jour - ney a-cross the in-di go - o - cean.

41 42 43 44 45 46

Ab Bb Ab

Some-one be- side — me says "There, — she is gone." But I know that with-out a doubt

47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55

Bb Bb⁷ mf Eb Eb/G Ab Eb/G

— they are — wrong. She's gone from my sight, that's all. — Her heart's — still as

56 57 58 59 60 61 62

Ab Bb Ab Eb/G Ab Eb/G Cm

large and her mast just as tall. — She's gone some- where, not van-ished in air, The clouds on-ly

GONE FROM MY SIGHT

by Karen Taylor-Good
and Lisa Aschmann

Verse

I stand at the seashore, a ship at my side,
Spreading her sails as they billow out wide.
She start on her journey across the indigo ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and I watch her until at length
She stands like a speck, like a fly, barely in motion.

Someone be side me says "There, she is gone."
But I know that without a doubt they are wrong.

Chorus

She's gone from my sight, that's all.
Her heart's still as large and her mast just as tall.
She's gone somewhere, not vanished in air,
Her sails only cover her light.
She's only gone from my sight.

Verse

I stand at the seashore, feeling bereft,
Watch her grow smaller 'til there's nothing left
But a speck, but a dot, but a haze I can't see any more.

Her seeming smallness is me that's not her.
Her sails are as mighty as they ever were,
And she's bearing her load and her life to some distant shore.

Just as someone beside me shouts: "There she is gone."
Other voices are ready to shout: "Here she comes!"

Chorus

Coda

There is no end to her life.
She is only gone from my sight.