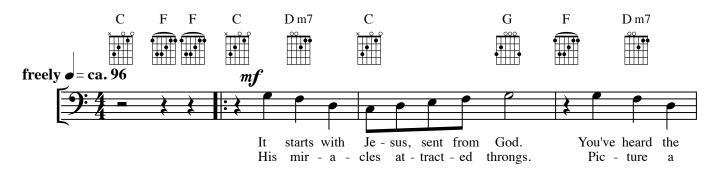
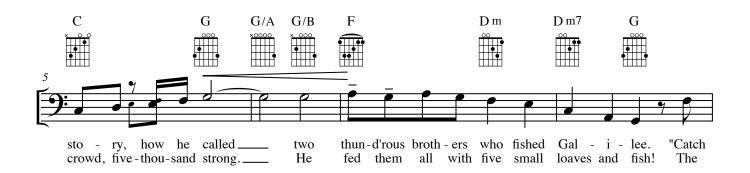
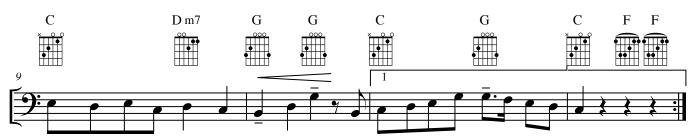
Song of John

for baritone voice and guitar

Constance Morgenstern





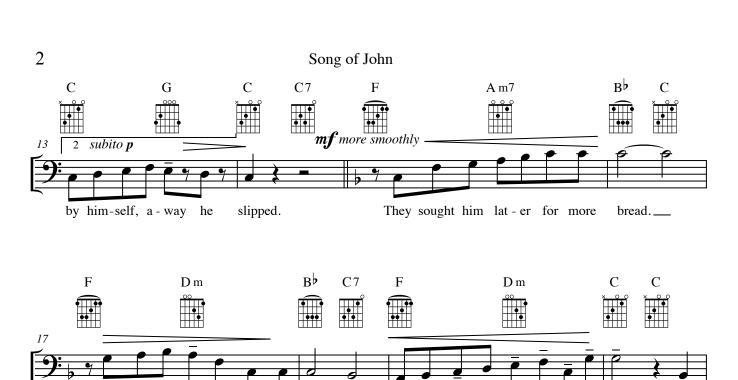


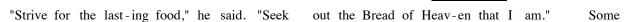
men," he said, "not fish. Come, fol - low me." The broth-ers left their nets be-side the sea. crowd would raise him king, right then, for this—but,

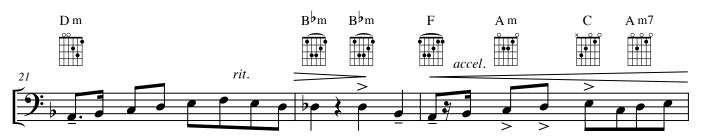
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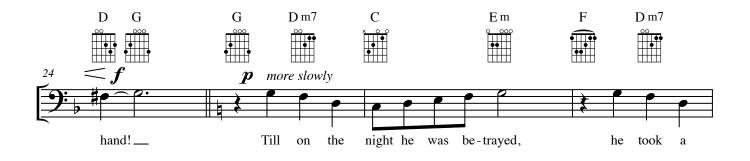
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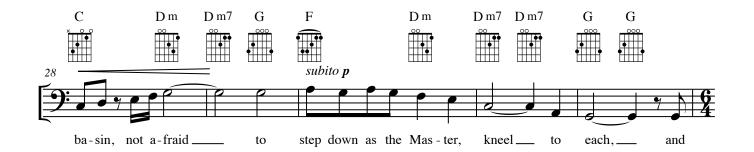




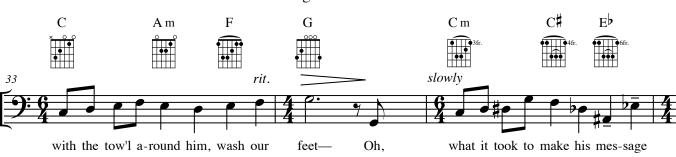


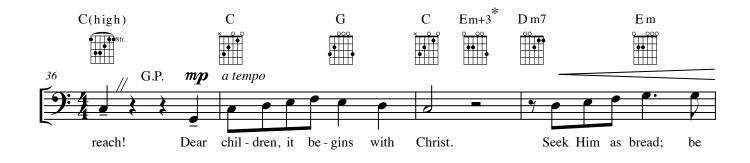
left him when his words got tough to stand— while those thun-d'rous ones sought thrones at his right

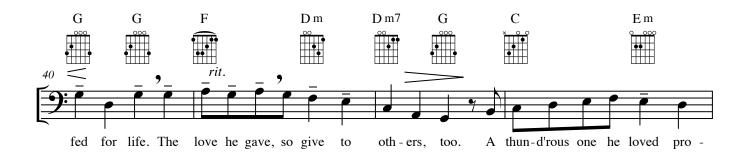


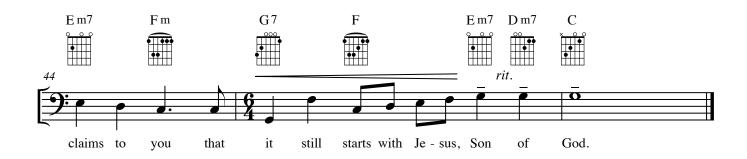












^{*}It's nice to add a high G with your pinkie on this.