Where Are My Unnumbered Days?

for SATB choir, with divisi

Once, I lived in a beautiful town; Once, I owned a beautiful house, with a grand garden full of flowers, and I was prince of it all. Once, I lived in a house with a name;

And now, I am just a number.

Nations talked to nations and robbed me of myself.

They made me a number among millions.

But my rights have no number.

My home had no number.

I could not count the petals of the flowers.

My childhood in the garden
had no limits on it.

Take me back to my country and I can show you the numbers.

The numbers who suffer.

The quantities of beauty.

The fallen flowers.

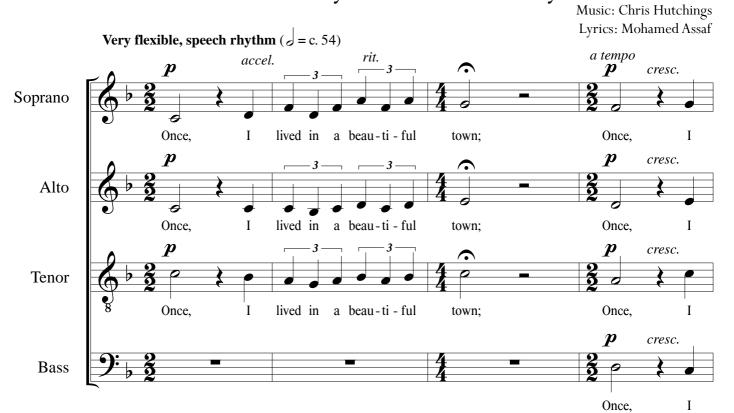
Mohamed Assaf (12)

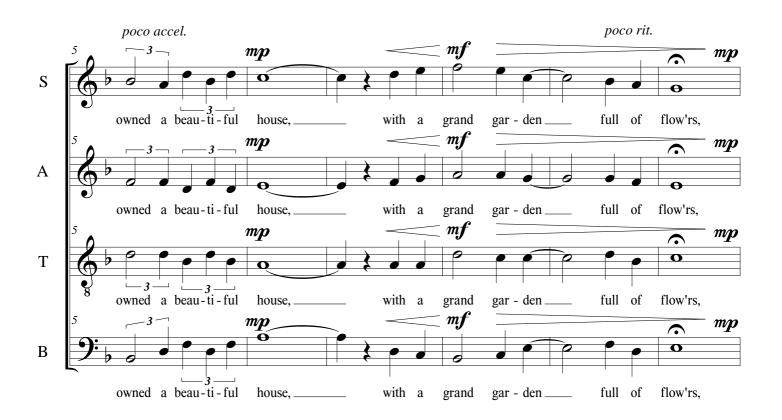
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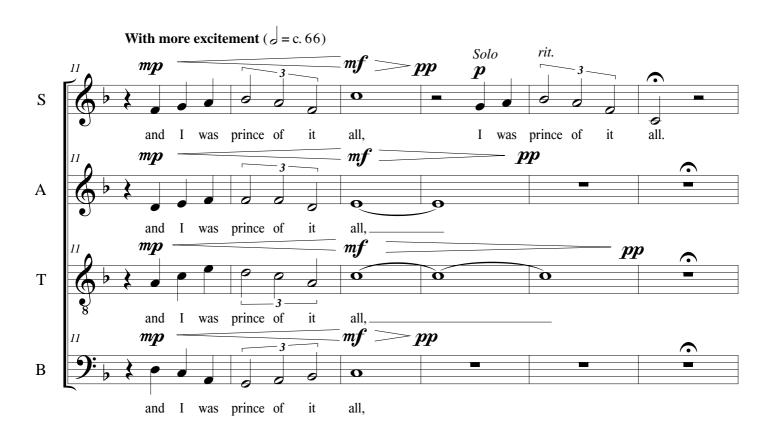
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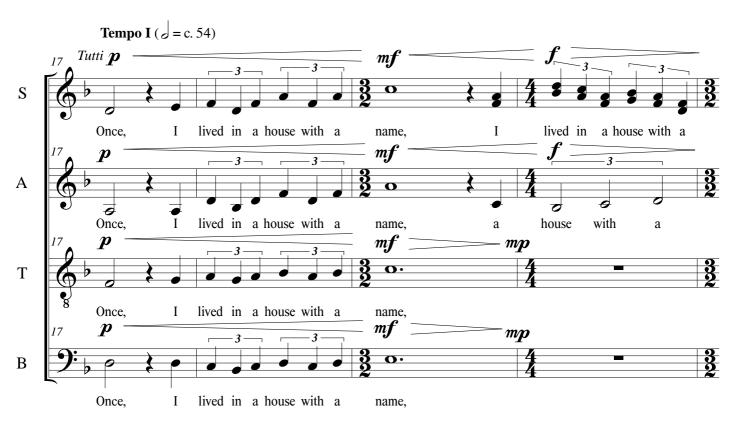
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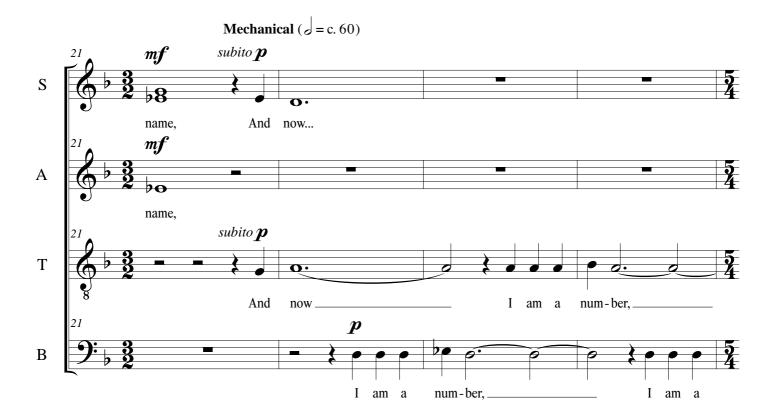
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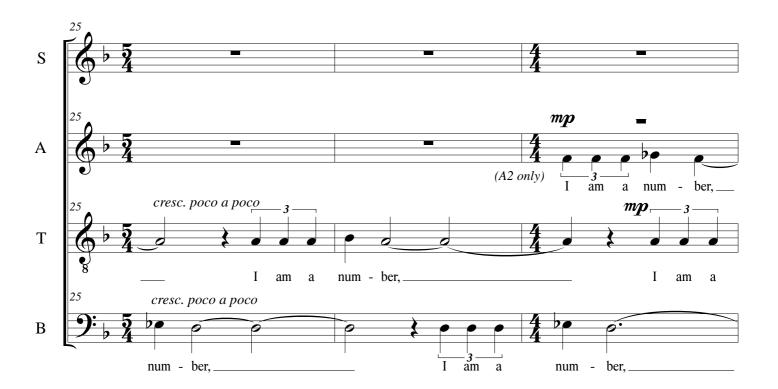


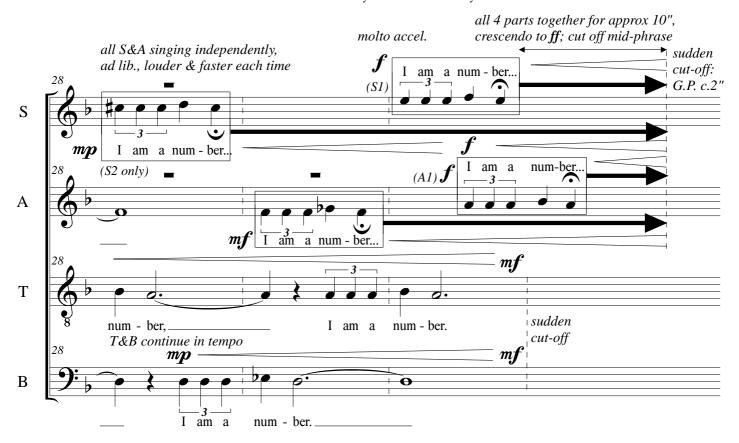














st where no dynamics are given for a hairpin, it's just a slight crescendo - not as far as $m{f}$ - and then back to the original dynamic



f+ is shorthand for a dynamic between f and ff; louder than f, but not maximum singing volume yet





