

It Must Be Shared

a Song for some Ordinary Folks

5:30

Edward L. Stauff, 3/94



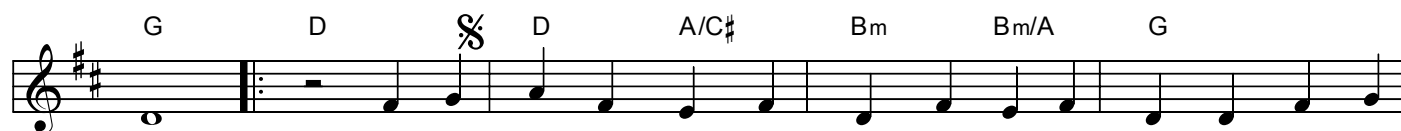
1. I'm not an ea - sy po-et, the words come one by one like some



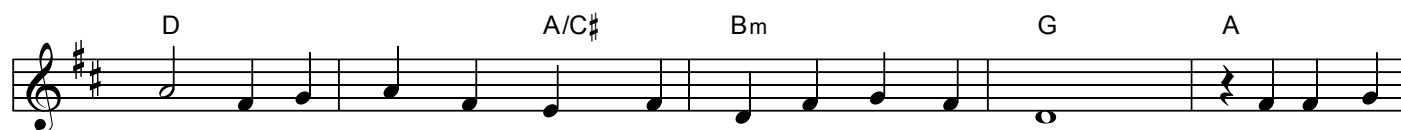
min - er pan - ning nug - gets from a stream. Like a puz - zle I keep



push - ing 'round the phra - ses and the words, there's a song here if I can on - ly sort it



out. 2. I was born with strings for ten - dons and a tom - tom for a
3. It is said the mu - sic lives in - side the space be - tween the
4. Bles - sed be the ones who taught me and the ones who wrote the



pulse, I can no more still my mu - sic than my heart. I am a
notes like we read to find the truth be - tween the lines. And
songs and those who built the in - stru - ments I play; bles - sed



ves - sel for the mu - sic, it fills me up, I pour it out to fill the
though it may not al - ways give you ev - 'ry - thing you need, it can
be the ones I teach and those who stand be - side me here and



chal - ice of each ear that hears my song. *Refrain* And the mu - sic, like an
give you strength to find it on your own.
all of you who hear this song we sing.

A D A/C# Bm Bm/A G D/F#

an - cient tale passed down from mouth to ear, must be sung and heard and

Em D/F# Gsus2 D A/C# D Em D/F#

heard and sung a - new. Like a hand to pull you up, it must be

G A Bm A Gsus2 D

of - fered and grasped; it must be shared: as it was giv-en me, I

G A D after verse 3 Bm F#m

give it now to you. Some - times the mu - sic is a bird soar - ing

G D A/C# Bm F#m G

up be - yond my grasp; the chords slip through my fin - gers, my lips won't form the

D Bm F#m G D

words. And some - times when I stop reach - ing I see the bird be - side me, And be -

G E/G# Asus4 A D.S. al Fine

neath my feet I feel the o - pen sky! 4. Bles - sed

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The stodgy rhythms in verses 2 through 4 are strictly for simplicity in notation. Please take liberties!