

Cowell's

for Michael Byron

David Mahler
2006

A round for any number of singers, imitation beginning at any measure.

When you sail on har-mon-ic bay, so blue, so cool you sail

a-way. The ear, in tune with na-ture's ebb and play, lays course in con-cord with the

u - ni-verse. A - way! We're going to run all night! Sweet morn-ing light re-veals

the un-tir-ing hor-i - zon of si - lence, where winds mix son-or - i-ties,

and ev' - ry shore's a sure ha - ven. Liq - uid is the lem - on moon

skip-ping on the sil-ver sound, (Supp, supp. Supp, supp. Supp, supp.)

here, where mem - o - ries sigh on Lyd - ian seas, when you sail.