

# Allegheny

for Julie Barber

Brendan Taaffe

When sor - rows en - com pass me round And\_ ma ny dis tres - ses I see, A -  
My\_ spi - rit to glo - ry con - vey My bo - dy lie low in the ground I

8  
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ston - ished I cry can a mor - tal be found? Su - round - ded with trou - ble like me?  
wish not a tear at my grave to be shed Let\_ all join in prais - ing a - round.

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v.3 Our slumbering bodies obey  
And quicker than thought shall arise  
Renewed in a moment and go shouting away  
To mansions above in the skies