

The Doubter

Kathryn Rose

A

Choir *mp* You'd failed, a - ban - doned us, you'd

Organ *p*

8

Ch. left. Why should I think you could come back? We strug - gled, lone - ly

Org.

15

Ch. and be - rept. Your ea - sy ab - sence was our lack.

Org. *cresc.*

22

Ch. *mf* How to con - ti - nue, left be - hind? What good news could we tru - ly

Org. *mp*

31

Ch. tell? And then, this weak - ness of the mind: *f* They said you had comeback from Hell.

Org. *cresc.*

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C

41

Ch. *f* I can't ac-cept it, won't con-spire to lie to peo-ple in their

Org.

51

Ch. grief. I need to touch your wounds, re-quire a tac-tile wit-ness,

Org.

D

61

Ch. for be-lief. *mp* And yet I

Org. *dim.* *p*

70

Ch. thought I saw you wince in love and care. And ev-en though it's

Org.

78

Ch. been some twen-ty cen-tu-ries since, I've seen you blee-ding

Org.

85

Ch. here be - low. *mf* You've

Org.

92

Ch. car - ried me, I've touched a welt; Those scars are real, I will al -

Org.

99

Ch. low. May - hap I know how Thom - as felt. *f* "My Lord, my

Org.

105

Ch. God!": I know_ you now.

Org.