

ANTHEM FOR SEPTEMBER 11th

B. Black

Maestoso (mm=60)

On that *mf* morn - ing in Sep - tem - ber Fell de -
(As our) cit - i - zens in hor - ror felt The

struc - tion from the sky On a day we had no name for We could
e - vil of that day So ma - ny val - iant he - roes stood Where

on - ly watch and cry 'Twas be - yond our com - pre - hen - sion Why so
du - ty made them stay To risk their lives for o - thers No

ma - ny had to die And no one could tell us
price too high to pay No price too high to

mm = 72

why pay As our Co - ming for you bro - ther Just don't
And we're *ff*

let your cou - rage fail Tho' dark and death sur - round you Bles - sed

light will soon pre - vail We'll use prayers and picks and sho - vels Don't let

last time: molto rit.

fear be your be - trayal Trust us to get you home!

additional verses on next page

ANTHEM p.2

IV [minor]

There are no words to speak of it
Such loss, such utter pain
The innocence that once we knew
Will never come again
Our broken hearts indeed may heal
But who can tell us when?
Will that day ever come?

V [minor]

We'll ne'er forget those hours
That we sat without a sound
Watching broken glass and twisted steel
Come crashing to the ground
And we asked in desolation:
Where is God's love to be found?
Tell us where can it be found...?

VI [major]

His love lives in the firemen
In the cops and EMTs
In ten thousand nameless volunteers
No camera ever sees
Who serve the soup and man the cranes
Who dig on hands and knees
Each stranger's wound their own

VII [minor]

Who can hear of desolate families
And hold back bitter tears?
So many of our best are gone
Our loss for countless years
But a nation blessed with heroes
Always hopes and never fears
In strength we will carry on!

VIII [major]

And last we say our greatest thanks
To those who bravely fell
In air, on ground, your sacrifice
No human tongue can tell
But generations yet to come
Will sing your deeds as well
- Pray for us who still remain