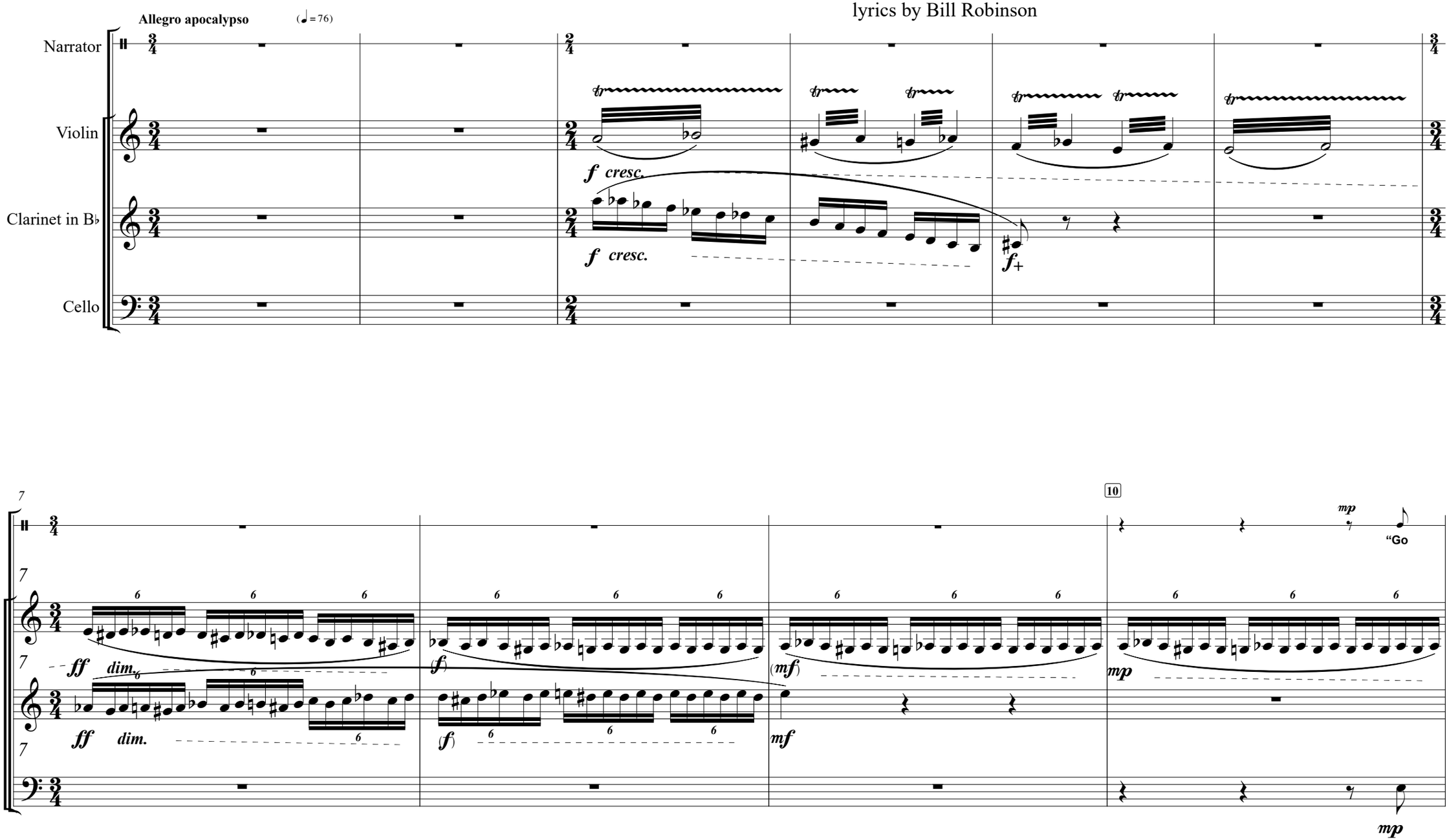
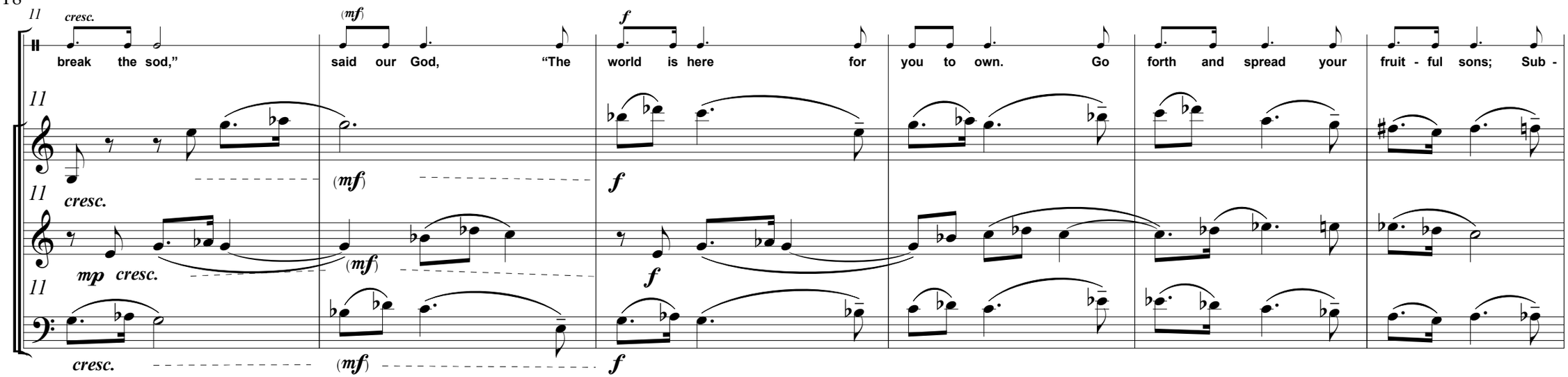
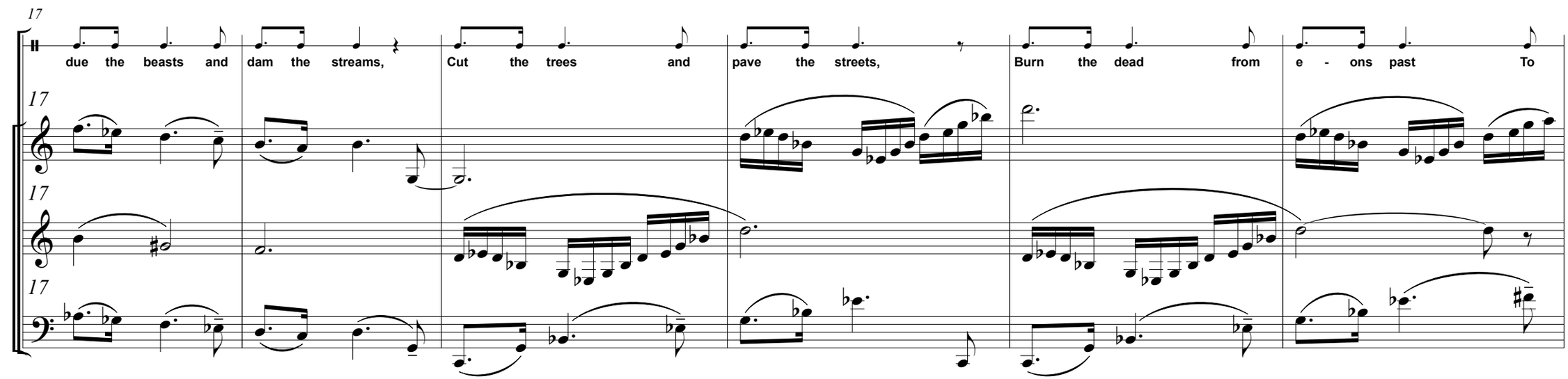
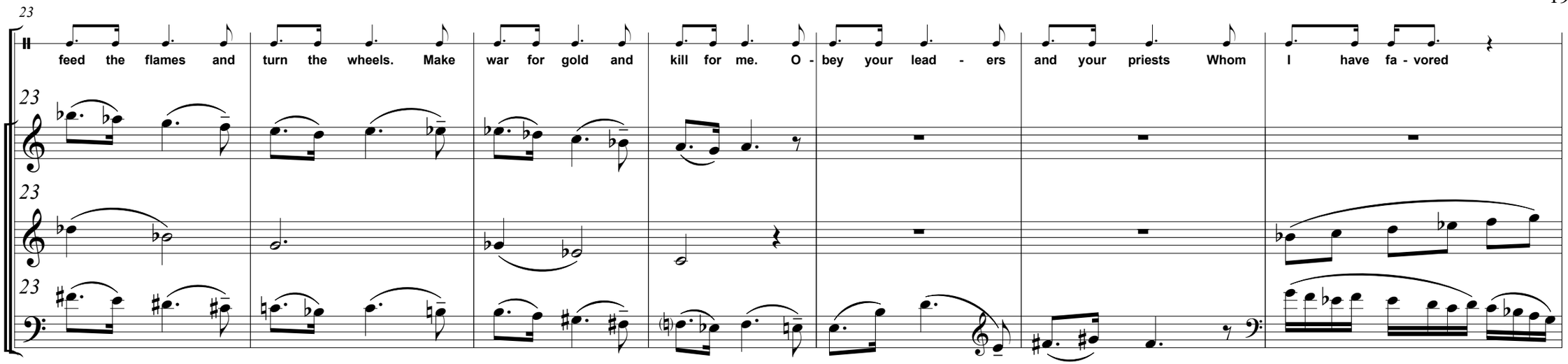
III. Political Theology [2:45]

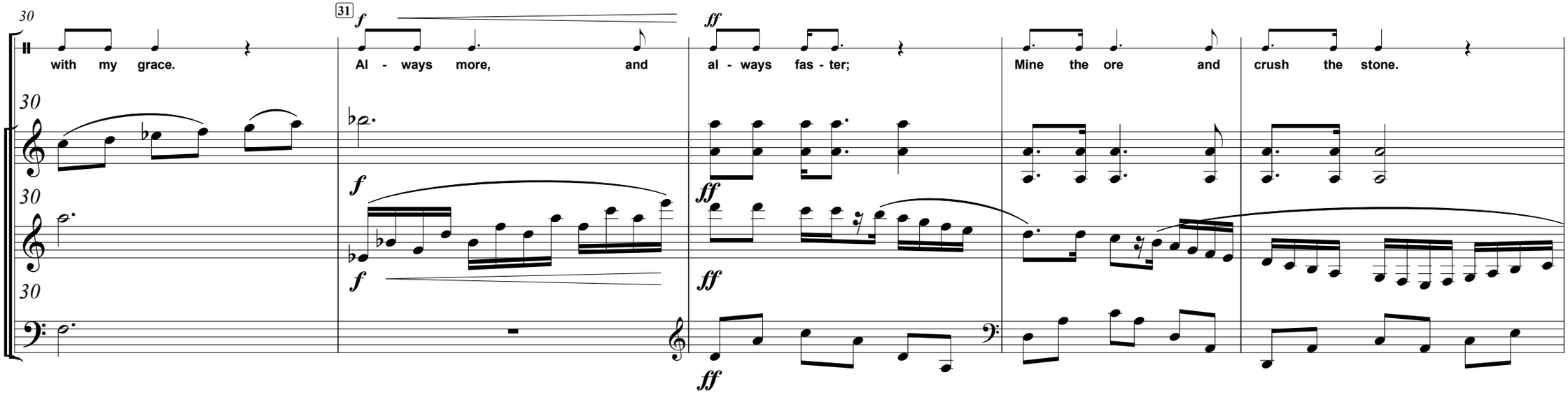
lyrics by Bill Robinson

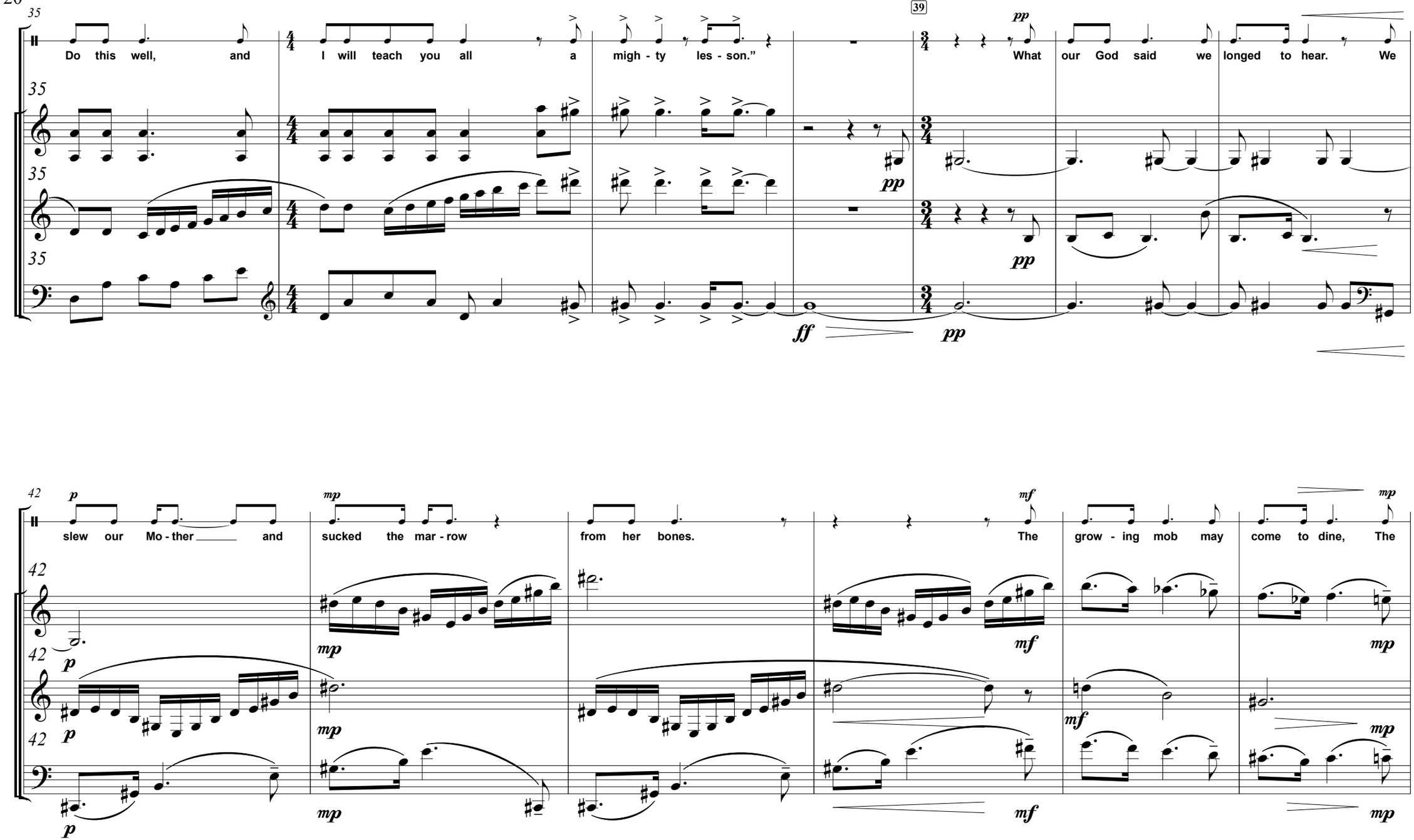


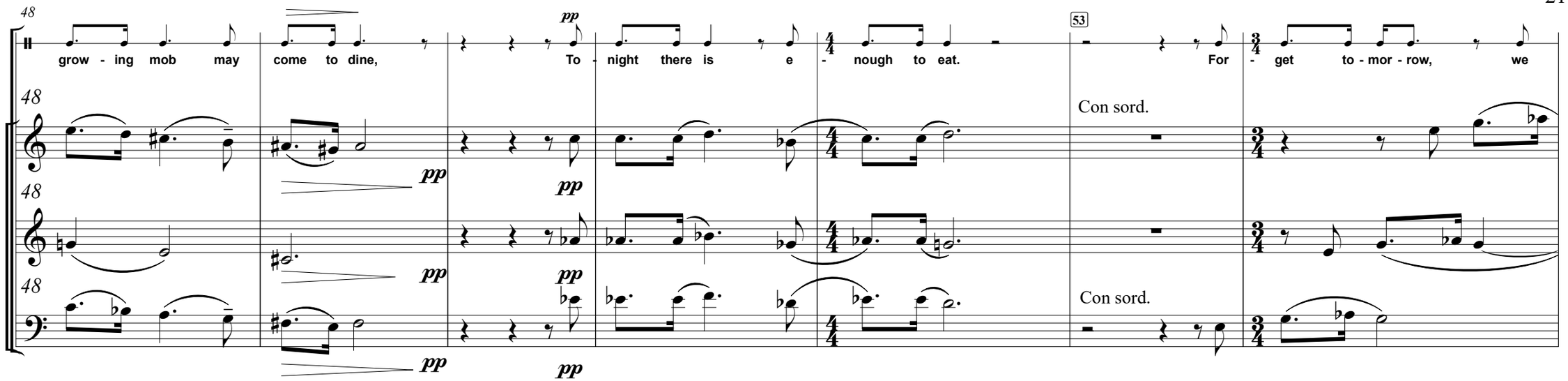

11
cresc.
break the sod,"
(mf)
said our God,
"The
f
world is here
for
you to own.
Go
forth and spread your
fruit - ful sons;
Sub -
mp cresc.
(mf)
f
cresc.
(mf)
f

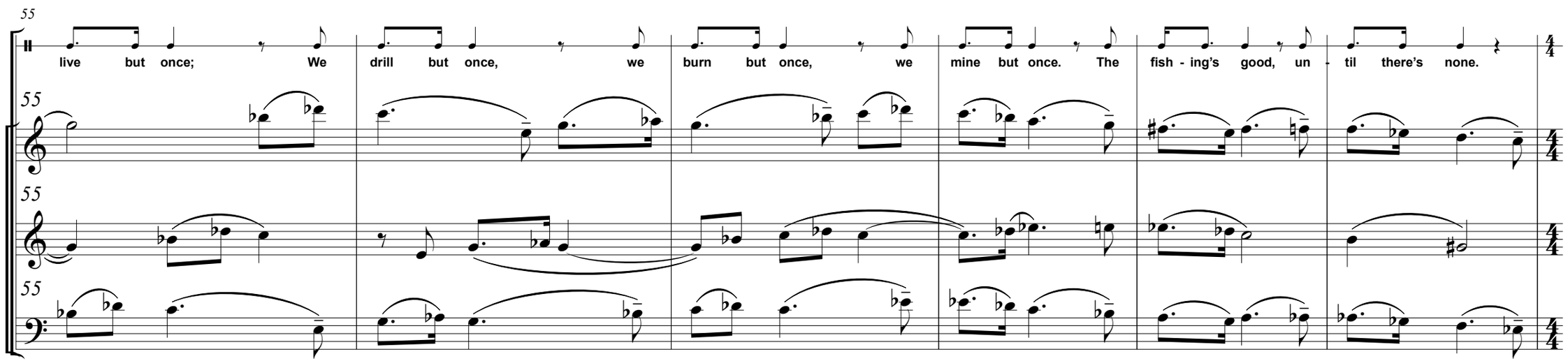

17
due the beasts and
dam the streams,
Cut the trees
and
pave the streets,
Burn the dead
from
e - ons past
To

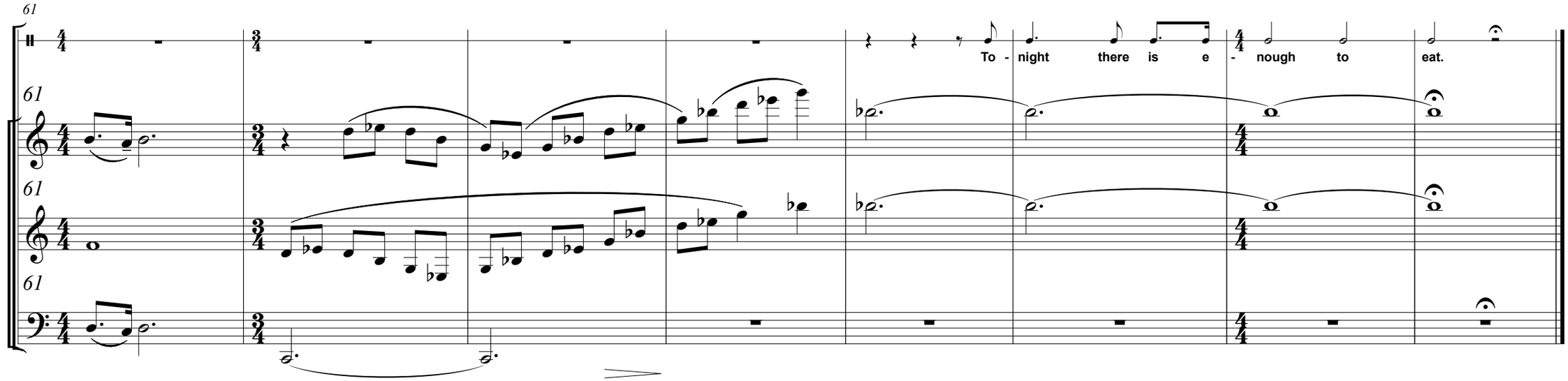

23
feed the flames and turn the wheels. Make war for gold and kill for me. O - bey your lead - ers and your priests Whom I have fa - vored


30
with my grace.
31
f
Al - ways more, and
ff
al - ways fas - ter;
Mine the ore and crush the stone.


35
Do this well, and I will teach you all a migh - ty les - son."
39
pp
What our God said we longed to hear. We
ff
pp
42
p
slew our Mo - ther and
mp
sucked the mar - row
from her bones.
mf
The grow - ing mob may come to dine, The


48
grow - ing mob may come to dine, To - night there is e - nough to eat. For - get to - mor - row, we
pp
53
Con sord.
Con sord.


55
live but once; We drill but once, we burn but once, we mine but once. The fish - ing's good, un - til there's none.


61
61
61
61
To - night there is e - nough to eat.