

Many the Wonders

Andy Gaus

Moderato $\text{♩} = 88$

mf

Man - y the won - ders and none more won - drous than hu - man kind, Who

cross - es the gray - haired sea on the back of the sou - thern storm, Dart - ing through the eye of

waves that en - gulf him, Wear - ing a - way with his blades the high - est of god - dess - es, Earth,

17

Turn-ing his plow at the end of a year, Yok-ing his hors-es, his mules.

22

He traps in the folds of his

26

net the light-mind-ed tribes of the birds, The brute race of beasts and the

30

wat-er-ry na-tures of fish in the sea, Tan-gled in the webs of Thought-spin-ner Man,

34 Mast - er - ing with his ma - chines the prim - i - tive beasts on the hills,

38 Break - ing the shag - gy - necked horse to the yoke, And the ro - bust moun - tain bull.

43 Speech and win - dy thought And the in - stincts of the cit - y He has learned And how to fly From the

49 frost and poun - ding rain, The all - pro - vi - der, Man, As he fa - ces toward the fu - ture, And seems to lack for

56 *softer, a bit slower*

noth-ing Of — eve-ry-thing he³ needs. Still, — the escape from Death Seems — al-ways to e -

56 *subito p meno mosso*

62

lude him, And sick-ness be-yond his cun-ning makes him a fu-gi-tive. *mf* Pos -

62 *8va*

67 *tempo primo*

sess-ing in his man-y-fac-et-ed skill a re-source be-yond dreams, — He

67 *mf tempo primo* *8va*

71

turns — it now — to e-vil ends — and now to good. — If he keeps his coun-try's

71 *8va*

76

laws And up - holds the oath-bound jus - tice Of the gods who rule the heav-ens, Then he is the cit - y's ³ pride. But he

softer, a bit slower

83

is the cit - y's shame If he lets him - self be black-ened By a low - un - wor - thy deed for the sake of a

subito p meno mosso

89

dare. *mf tempo primo* Man - y the won - ders and none more won - drous than

8va

93

hu - man - kind, Man - y the won - ders and none more won - drous than

8va

97

hu - man - kind, But nev - ever let an - y such im - pi - ous man Ev - er share my

97

97

102

hearth or share my do mind.

102

102

107

107

107