The Pilgrimage

Harry Partch

Dark and silent brooding, stillness falls
Sounds caress the waiting empty halls
Pilgrims flock from miles around
Seekers in the night abound
All have come to feel the sound of joy
Patient eyes are watching from below
Mirror image flashing in the glow
Hands are joined in energy

All approaching ecstasy
Harnessing the power in the air
Awesome in their patient majesty
Pouring forth the fruits of harmony
Hands are joined in energy
All approaching ecstasy
Harnessing the power in the air

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