

# Holy Thursday

written to remember the plight of Kosovo, March/April 1999

words by William Blake

music by Sheena Phillips

*♩* = 36

S  
*pp* Is this a ho - ly thing to see, *cresc.* In a rich and fruit - ful land, —

A  
*mf* Babes re - duc'd to mi - se - ry, — Fed with cold and us - ous hand? —

S1  
*p* Is that tremb - ling cry — a song? — Can it be a song — of joy? —

S2  
*p* Is that tremb - ling cry — a song? — Can it be a song of joy? —

13  
*mf* And so ma - ny child - ren poor? — It is a land of po - ver - ty! —

13  
*mf* And so ma - ny child - ren poor? — It is a land of po - ver - ty! —

S1  
*mp* And their sun does ne - ver shine. — And their fields are bleak and bare. —

S2  
*mp* And their sun does ne - ver shine. — And their fields are bleak and bare. —

TB  
*mp* And their sun does ne - ver shine. — And their fields are bleak and bare. —



22 *mf* And their ways are fill'd with thorns. — *p* It is e-ter-nal win-ter there. —

26 *mf* For where-e'er the sun does shine, — And where-e'er the

26 *mf* For where-e'er the sun does shine, — And where-e'er the

29 rain does fall: — *f* Babes can ne-ver hun-ger there, —

29 rain does fall: — *f* Babes can ne-ver hun-ger there, —

32 Nor po-ver-ty the mind ap-pall. —

32 Nor po-ver-ty the mind ap-pall. —