Earth watches through our eyes, and as we stare
She greets, by us, her far companions there,
the wildhaired Suns and the calm Wanderers.

. . . . . .
On her dark breast we spring like points of light
And set her language on the map of night.

Transcendental Concert Studies

#8 Naming the Stars

Grave \( \text{= MM 48} \)

Very quiet and calm throughout

Graham Hair
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