The Beauty Of All Things Loose, floating feel (= 88) Music by Laurence Hobgood (even 8th's) Lyric by Kurt Elling EMI% EMI% (Intro) B mf(solo pn.) (all other rhythm tacet till letter A, 2nd x) (1st x, w/pn. only) (2nd x, add bs./dr.) (pn. fill) some - thing There with - in. you. There is some - thing in There is some - thing we car ry, Like a rhy - thm that ev thing that is: tells us. who. we are. D (same J) Eb7 sus cresc. Abma7 Un - be - liev - a - ble beau ty, flow - ing from rhy - thm of ing. Hear, and we'll A7 sus F#7_{SUS} BMA 7 deep side. in -Don't be shocked or sur prised if I. come see who we can real ly be fore Time DMI9 C#M9(add 4) lift your dis guise. Re a lize ras time. es It's blime. su That Ι can see it in all things,__ all,_ but e spe cially ___ you__ And can hear it in all things,__ all, e - spe but cially ___ you.__ (pn. ad lib)

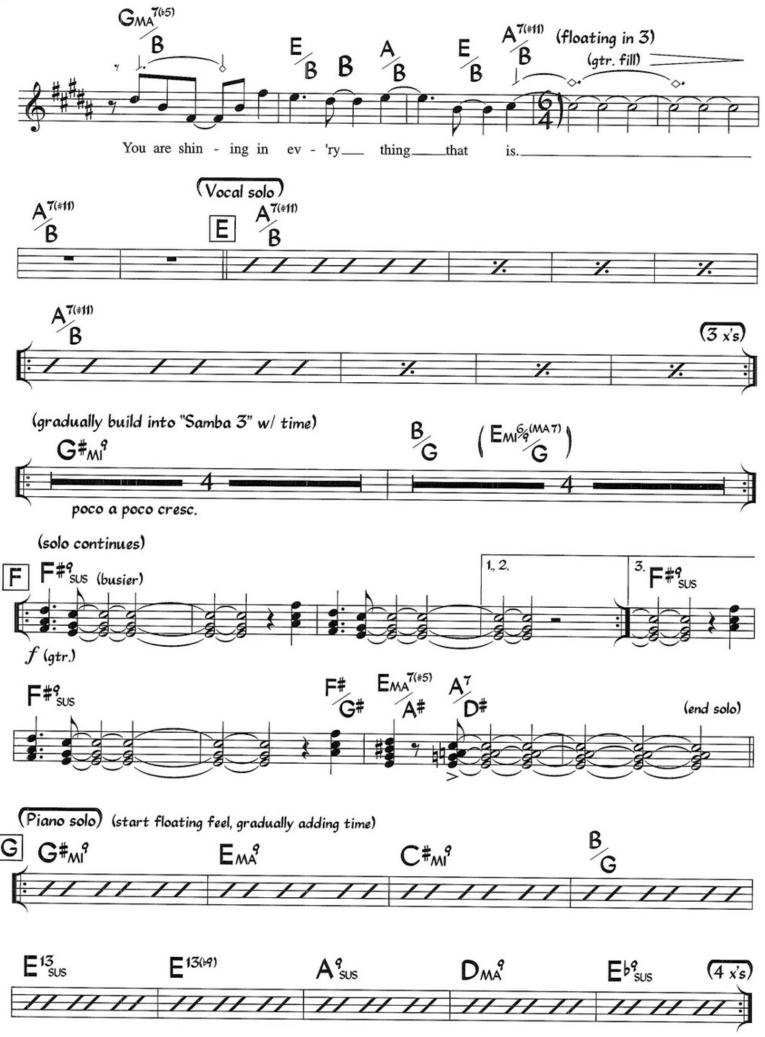
B(omit 3)

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B(omit 3)







Music by Laurence Hobgood - Lyric by Kurt Elling

There is something within you.

There is something in everything that is:

Unbelievable beauty, flowing from deep inside.

Don't be shocked or surprised if I lift your disguise.

Realize that I can see it in all things, all, but especially you.

There is something we carry, Like a rhythm that tells us who we are. It's the rhythm of living. Hear, and we'll come to see who we can really be-fore Time erases time. It's sublime. And I can see it in all things, all, but especially you.

The time is upon us to lose our indifference.

For Time isn't holding us anywhere. I declare:

Life gives savoir faire.

Clean the windows of your inner star

And see things as they are:

An infinity of light like a torch in the night.

For the Sun and the Moon and the Stars

Are living within you.

You are shining in everything that is.

Solo:

Here's what I see in your eyes right now:

Ten thousand lives over many years like leaves on the vine of this morning's glory,

The determination of years coming to fruition

In the ever-present now of your life, unfolding now in the flowering of days. The constellation of stars in the sky are like a fugue of light in velvet hands.

The melody never ends, echoing again and again.

Nearer still sounds a melody leading through darkened rooms,

Playing like the Sun on the water; like its reflection in your downcast eyes.

When will you come to see you like I do?

And know you like I do? And hear you like I do?

And love you like I do?