Of a Child

Elizabeth Jackson

Flute

Violoncello

\( \text{Fl.} \)

\( \text{Vc.} \)

7

I can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the

\( \text{Ritard...} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( = 70 \)

\( = 50 \)

\( = 30 \)

\( = 80 \)

\( \text{can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the} \)

\( \text{Ritard...} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the} \)

\( \text{Ritard...} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the} \)

\( \text{Ritard...} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the} \)

\( \text{Ritard...} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{A tempo} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{can see the blue sky beyond the smog. I can see the trees through the} \)
I can see the life lines upon a log when I look through the eyes of a child.

I hear the buzzing of a bee, the mist and fog.

I see the life lines upon a log when I look through the eyes of a child.

I hear the buzzing of a bee, the mist and fog.
cri - cket chirp ing cheer - ful - ly,  The old brown squir - rel

climbing up a tree,  When I hear through the ears of a child.
I can say what I feel—in the middle of a crowd.

I can hold my head up high and show that I'm proud.
I can say the words "I love you" right out loud, when I am speaking the words of a child. I see the shaking of hands both
I can see that peace is in sight. I can see the heavens split through the night. When I see through the eyes of a child I see the
child.

I can picture a world with a smiling face, Where

no one shows a concern for race, where brothers help brothers in_
60.
ev__'ry place when I dream the dreams of a child

Fl.

Vc.

65.

What a wonder-ful place this world would be with ev__ry-one liv__ing in

Fl.

Vc.

mp
harmony. Just picture a world where everybody sees through the eyes through the eyes of a child. Love, Peace
Hope

har-mo-ny if we look through the eyes of a

child...

of a child.