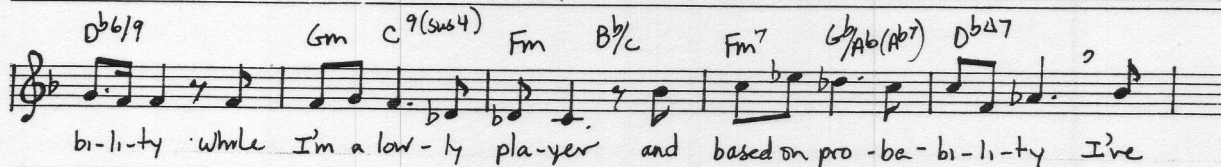
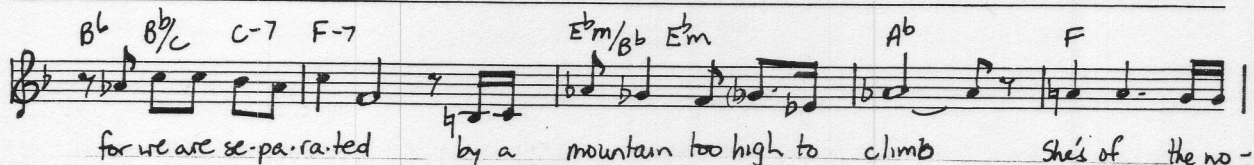
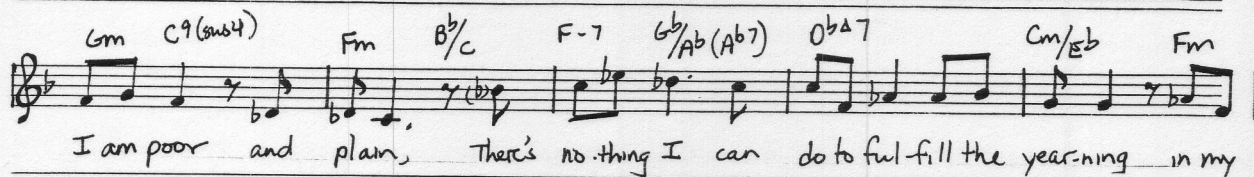


We are Divided

Arthur D. Turner

Slow, Mournful



F-7 E/F# B^b B^b/C C-7 Fm E^bm/B^b E^bm

reached my prime, we still would be di-vi-ded by a mountain too high to

A^b cresc. F^{aug}/C C7

climb And even if I were the

Fm Fm/A^b B^b/D F⁷/C B^b B^b/A^b B/F#

de-ver-rest en-de-vo-rest and I could climb Mt. E-ver-rest I'll

G/B B^b/C Fm/A^b Gm Fm 3 B^b-7 Cm/E^b F Gm⁷(sus⁴) C⁷(b9)

never rest Un-till my cle-ver skill could top-ple that high hill

F D^b6/9 Gm C-7 F B^b-7

She's so fair and beau-ti-ful while I am poor and plain if there's no-thing I can

Fm/C E^b/D^b D^b Gm⁷(sus⁴) Fm E^b-7 D^b- Bm/A A^bm⁶

do to end the year-ning and the pain