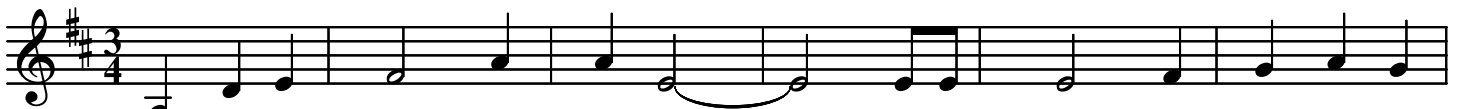



The Coyote


Badger Clark/Stewart Hendrickson



Trail - ing the last gleam af - ter, In the vall - eys emp - tied of
Mourn - ful - ly rising and wan - ing, - - Far through the moon - sil - vered
Here by the fire's rud - dy stream - ers, - - Tired with our hopes and our



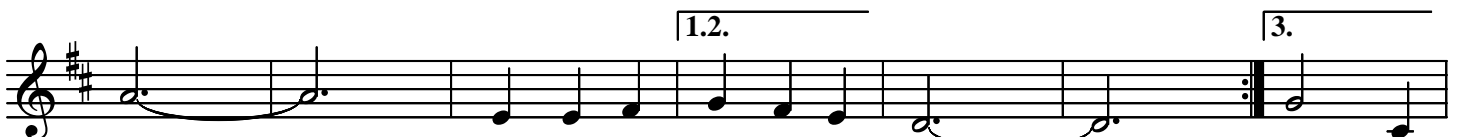
light, Rip - ples a whim - si - cal laugh - ter Un - der the
land Wails a weird voice of com - plain - ing Ov - er the
fears, We in - ar - tic - u - late dream - ers Hark to the



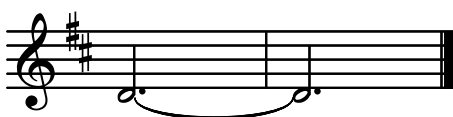
wings of the night. Mock - ing the fad - ed west air - i - ly,
thorns and the sand. Out of blue si - len - ces eer - i - ly,
song of our years. Up to the brood - ing di - vin - it - y



Meet - ing the litt - le bats merr - i - ly, Ov - er the me - sas it
On to the black moun - tains wear - i - ly, Till the dim des - ert is
Far in that spark - ling in - fin - i - ty Cry our des - pair and de -



shrills To the red moon on the hills.
crossed, Wan - ders the cry, and is lost.
- light, Voice of the - - - - Wes - tern



night!