

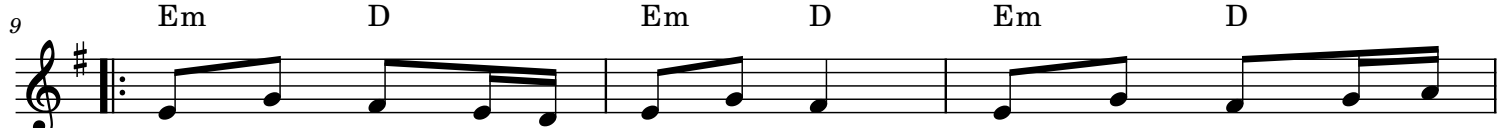
# I Must Be Silent

(Thomas the Rhymer)

Drake Oranwood

♩ = 90

Em D Em Bm Em D Em Bm Em D Em Bm Em D Em Bm



Once a - gain, here it is I stand, In this hall with my  
I think back to the Eil - don tree, Where this strange la - dy  
On her horse did we then des - cend To a cav - ern that  
So her weird I may not dis pute: I, the Rhy - er, must  
We ar - rive (is our jour - ney done?) In the or - chard where



harp in hand And the Queen calls out, "Come, Rhy - er, play a tune."  
came to me. There were sil - ver bells hung from her horse-'s mane.  
had no end, Through a pitch-black sea; I held on tight for days.  
play the mute! In the songs and tales, I've not heard such a doom.  
we'd be - gun, Then she plucks an ap - ple and lets out a sigh.



That's my leave, so a song I start, My strings weav - ing the  
"Queen of Heav - ven!" I called her then— "Thom - as, no, you must  
We a - light in an or - chard strange. I look round as the  
Now up - on me the Fae - rie court, Bright or hid - e - ous,  
"Sev - en years, Thom-as, you've been true. Now you've earned what I



min - strel's art In the odd blue light, but with - out stars or moon...  
guess a - gain." Next to her, all wo - men of this earth seemed plain...  
sea - sons change. There is gol - den fruit I spy through hun - ger's haze...  
tall and short. When they tease and pry, I'm si - lent as the tomb...  
kept from you. Have a taste, and know the tongue that can - not lie."



46 D                      Em                      Bm                      Em D                      C

8 pa-tient, as I serve these years a-way.                      Though I harp for the hall, still I  
 pa-tient, sev-en years you've kissed a-way.                      You're a min-strel, I know, but on  
 pa-tient, sev-en years and then a day.                      You will sing for the hall; on-ly  
 pa-tient, as I serve my life a-way.                      Oh, they wish me no harm, but it  
 pa-tient, for I've been so long a-way.                      I have mar-vels to tell, but my

50 D                      G                      Bm                      Em D                      Am

8 nev-er can be heard.                      Though I sing to the host, still I  
 earth you won't be heard.                      You be-long to me, Rhym-er, and  
 then shall you be heard.                      An-swer on-ly to me; to all  
 chafes to not be heard.                      Oh, the things I would tell them, if  
 tale can-not be heard.                      I can speak on-ly truth, and they

54 1.-4.                      5.

8 can-not speak a word.                      word...                      I shall be  
 I'll have not a word."  
 else speak not a word."  
 I could say a word.  
 won't be-lieve a

62 A                      D                      B                      Em C                      D                      Em                      Bm

8 si-lent, tak-ing care in what I say.                      I shall be pa-tient, as I find my part to play.

68 Em                      C                      D                      G                      Bm                      Em                      Am

8 I can see ev'-ry truth, choos-ing how to make it heard...                      In my si-lence I

74 C                      Bm                      D                      Em                      D                      E                      E

8 learned, there is pow'r in ev-ry word.