

SPRING COMES IN by Anna Tabbush

Basses:

Spring comes in with steady grace
Brings light to this forgotten place

Tenors:

The sky is, the sky is, the sky is crying joyful tears
And with each, and with each, and with each day new life appears

Altos:

And in my soul new roots are spread
Ideas are sprouting from the dead

Tops:

And soon the buds will start to bloom
And colour will transcend the gloom

Ooh...

Ooh...