

The Old Gray God

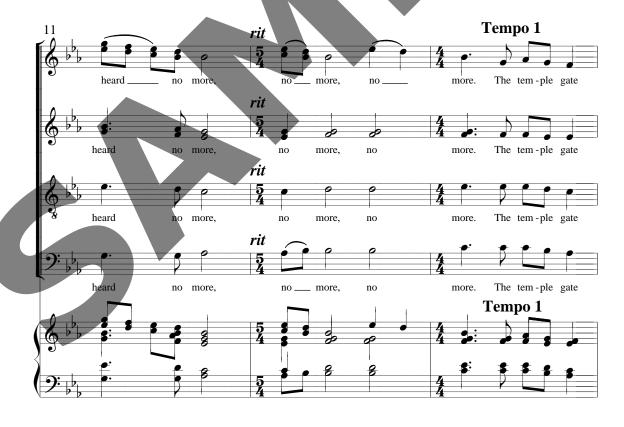
for four-part chorus of mixed voices by D. James Royer

The Old Gray God

For Four-Part Chorus of Mixed Voices









gone,

gone,

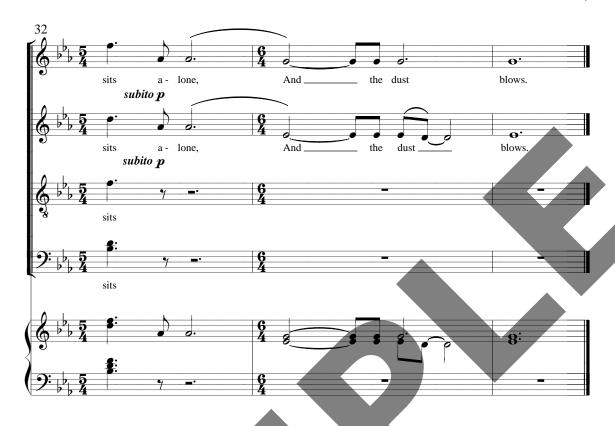
door.











The old gray god is past his time. The land he ruled has changed its clime. His city's streets are choked with grime, And the dust blows.

The old priests chant is heard no more. The temple gate is an unused door. The old true faith is gone of yore, And the dust blows.

The old gray god sits on his throne. His wise old eyes were only stone. Brooding still, he sits alone, And the dust blows.