

Justice Of Toren

Catherine Faber

$\text{♩} = 100$

First I'm a wea - pon, made to kill - That has no__ heart - and ne - ver - will.

9

I must a - bide what - e'er be - falls - Far from the home that no self re - calls.

Vln. 9

First I'm a wea - pon, made to kill - That has no__ heart - and ne - ver - will.

Gtr. 9

17

My on - ly in - stru - ment breath and bone, Yet my ma - ny voi - ces re - main my own.

Vln. 17

My on - ly in - stru - ment breath and bone, Yet my ma - ny voi - ces re - main my own.

Gtr. 17

My on - ly in - stru - ment breath and bone, Yet my ma - ny voi - ces re - main my own.

$\text{♩} = 100$

25

Here in the sound I can hold my part; My path and my home and my cen-tered heart

Vln.

Gtr.

33

And while the har-mo-ny ris-es yet My wounds and my wor-ries I can for-get

Vln.

Gtr.

41

Still while the me-lo-dy holds me fast, — I am a wea-pon, first and last

Vln.

Gtr.

Still while the me-lo-dy holds me fast, — I am a wea-pon, first and last.