



Série *11² 125 = 4 voix*
Jazz vocal

Ritardando - Ad libitum

*4.64
 Maree*

N° 24082

EBB TIDE

Paroles : Carl SIGMAN et Robert MAXWELL

Musique : Robert MAXWELL

Transcription pour chœur SATB : Claude VERCHER

Rubato $\text{♩} = 72$ *Par fort. - Ritardando - Ad libitum*

S.
 First the tide rush-es in, Plants a kiss on the shore, Then rolls out to

A.
 First the tide rush-es in, Plants a kiss on the shore, Then rolls out to

T.
 First the tide rush-es in, Plants a kiss on the shore, Then rolls out to

B.
 First the tide rush-es in, Plants a kiss on the shore, Then rolls out to

6
 sea And the sea is ve-ry still once more. So, I rush to your side Like the

sea And the sea is ve-ry still once more. So, I rush to your side Like the

sea And the sea is ve-ry still once more. So, I rush to your side Like the

sea And the sea is ve-ry still once more. So, I rush to your side Like the

11
 on - co - ming tide With one bur - ning thought, Will your arms o - pen wide?

on - co - ming tide With one bur - ning thought, Will your arms o - pen wide? At

on - co - ming tide With one bur - ning thought, Will your arms o - pen wide? At

on - co - ming tide With one bur - ning thought, Will your arms o - pen wide?

Mélo-die

17

last we're face to face And as we kiss through an em - brace tell, feel

last we're face to face And as we kiss through an em - brace I can tell, I can feel You are

last we're face to face And as we kiss through an em - brace tell, feel

last we're face to face And as we kiss through an em - brace tell, feel

23

love, real! Real-ly mine rain, dark, in the sun. Like the

love, you are real! Real-ly mine rain, dark, in the sun. Like the

love, real! Real-ly mine In the rain, in the dark, in the sun. Like the

love, real! Real-ly mine rain, dark, in the sun. Like the

29

tide at its ebb, I'm at peace in the web Of your love.

tide at its ebb, I'm at peace in the web Of your love, your love.

tide at its ebb, I'm at peace in the web Of your love, your love.

tide at its ebb, I'm at peace in the web Of your love, your love.

abond la marée se précipite dans
 ante un baiser sur la rive
 is roule vers la mer
 la mer est très
 icore une fois de plus

Donc, je me précipite à vos côtés
 Comme la marée venant en sens inverse
 Avec une brûlante pensée
 Est-ce que vos bras grands ouverts

Enfin, nous sommes face à face
 Et comme nous nous embrassons
 Grâce à une étreinte
 Je peux dire, je peux sentir
 Vous êtes amoureux, vous êtes réel

Vraiment le mien sous la pluie
 Dans l'obscurité, sous le soleil
 Comme la marée à son reflux
 Je suis en paix dans le
 Web de vos bras