

# The Lawyers Know Too Much

Carl Sandburg (1878–1967)

for Otto and Margaret Reichardt

Gary Bachlund

$\text{♩} = 100$

The law-yers, Bob,

know too much. They are chums of the books of old John Mar-shall. The

law-yers, Bob, know too much. ...know too much. They

know it all, what a dead hand wrote, a stiff, dead hand and its

13

knuck - les crumb - ling, the bones of the fin - gers a thin white ash... a

16

thin white ash... The law - yers know a dead man's thoughts... too

19

well. In the heels of the hig - gling

22

law - yers, Bob, too ma - ny slip - 'pry ifs and buts and how - ev - ers, too much

25

here - in - be - fore pro - vid - ed where - as, too ma - ny doors to go in

28

and out of. When the

31

law - yers are through, what is there left, Bob? Can a mouse nib - ble at it and

34

find e - nough to fas - ten a tooth in it? Why

37

is there a se - cret (se - cret) sing - ing when a law - yer cash - es in? Why

40

does a hearse horse snick - er haul - ing a law - yer a - way? The

43

law - yers, Bob, know too much. They know too much.

46

*poco meno mosso a piacere*

The work of the brick - lay - er goes to the blue. The

49

knack of a ma-son out - lasts a moon. The hands of a plas-ter-er hold a

52

room to - ge - ther. The land of the far - mer

55

*tempo primo*

wish - es him back a - gain. The law - yers, Bob,-

58

know too much. ...know too much. They know it all,

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*poco meno mosso a piacere*

61

Sing - ers of songs and dream - ers of plays build a

*ff* *mp*

64

house no wind blows o - ver. The

67 *tempo primo*

law - yers, Bob, know too much. Tell me why a hearse horse smiles haul - ing a

*mf*

70

law - yer a - way.

*ff*

circa 3' 00"