(Montgomery, Alabama, March 25th, 1965)
Flexible, as if improvised. (A solitary voice)...

Moving forward. (A crowd slowly gathering)...

Lord, Lord, Lord, God of our love. Oh, please look down and see my plea through...
Simply, like a hymn-tune. (More voices join the throng)

We have walked through the sea and quicksand
And through the mountains
We have walked

How long?

High ways
The sound of the crowd dying away...

M: Solo

B: Clar.

Flug.

Tbn.

Pno.

Db.

\[ \text{a niente} \]

How long?

\( \text{(unpitched)} \)

(a few voices)

\( \text{(two voices)} \)

(solo)

\( \text{a niente} \)