

After the Rain music by John Coltrane
words by Mike Barrett

sax parts

Piano parts
(optional)

The pain calls to pain
like clouds calling gray to gray
the windows now thrown open
frame after the rain

*patience is
a kind of hope
waiting
a kind of grace
forgiveness
a thought
formal
through the storm*

It's a spring refrain
circling birds on weather vanes
and light sinks down discretely
shades after the rain

*waiting is
forgiveness
a form of grace
patience is
formal
a kind of hope
through the storm*

Falling notes remain
when green calls out to green
and the breeze blows rubato
sways after the rain

*grace is
formal feeling
a hope
forgiveness
a kind of thought
prayer is
patience
through the storm*

I hear
that sweet music grow
through cottonwoods
and daffodils
I feel the earth
breathing in
breathing out
after the rain