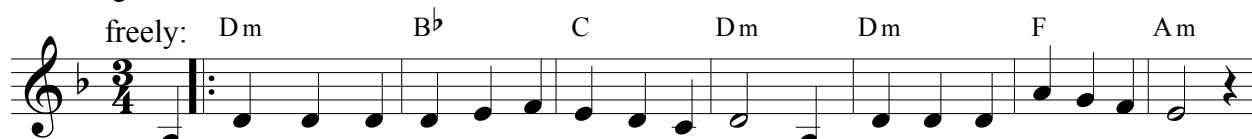


Neil Armstrong

Catherine Faber

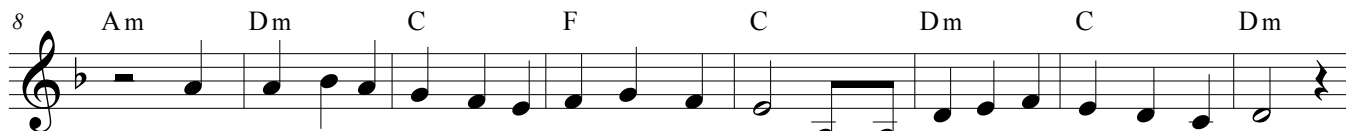
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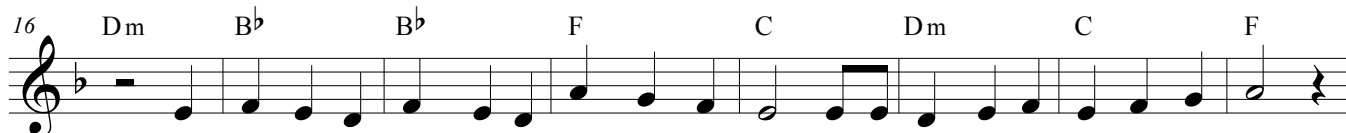
Neil Arm-strong, pro-fess-or and flight en-gin-eer And as-tro-naut, dar-ing the void,
Stark in the path of de-scent they were seen, The boulders lay jag-ged and cruel.

What it is to set foot on a world not our own, And look out at our plan-et be-low,
The folk who fly out where the me-te-ors go, As Neil would be first to re-mind



But pi-lot a-gain on the list must ap-pear, For the air was the home he en-joyed.
He land-ed on man-u-al, all sys-tems green, With just a few sec-onds spare fuel.

There are on-ly a hand-ful of peo-ple who've known; Will the last liv-ing mem-or-ies go?
Us, are raised on the shoulders of thousands be-low, And their man-i-fold ef-forts en-twined.



A child in the clan of a gov-ern-ment man, Took to flight like a bird to the air.
In a trip that com-piles— a half mil-lion miles, Hu-man-i-ty's col-ors were shown,

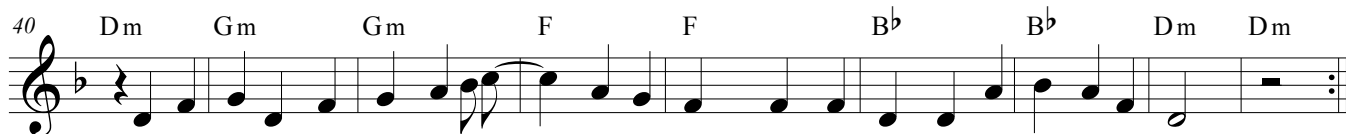
So wink at the moon in the hope some-day soon, We'll re-turn to the path of the bold,
But what-e-ver may last of the bones of the past, Hu-man-i-ty's chil-dren can say



He could fly through the chaff on a wing and a half— With-out an-y need for a prayer.
In a time when the whole NA-SA mis-sion con-troll Spor-ted less C P U than your phone.
And we'll tra-vel un-fazed on the path that he blazed, And leave new footprints next to the old!
In the dust that is strewn, lies our mark on the moon, When the o-ceans have boil-ed a-way.



On the scale of the sky e-ven spe-cies must die, For mor-tal-i-ty's all that is sure.



Gen-er-a-tions have gazed up the path that he blazed, Where his foot-prints be-yond us en-dure.