

Artemis

Jessica Orlando/Homer/Seneca and Raven Kaldera

Moderato

Em D Em

mp

Sis-ter of Far - shoot-er, Vir-gin hail of ar - rows, At Me-les she wa-ters Her

6 A G

hors - es Ride swift-ly through Smy-rna to Klar - os, Bright-bowed A-pol-lo sits

10 Em D Em Em

Allegro

mf

wait - ing For Ar - te - mis in the dusk. Ar - te - mis De - li - a,

15 D Em D

born on Del - os, Ar - te - mis Ae - gi - nae - a, jav - e - lin wield - er,

18 Em B7 *rit.* 3 Em

Moderato

mp

Ar-te-mis A-gro-ter - a, hunt-ress of the wild. O-ver shad-ow-y hills and

23 D Em

wind-y peaks She draws her sil-ver bow. The tops of moun-tains trem-ble, Hear the

28 A G Em D

tan-gled wood ech - o With the out-cry of beasts And the sing-ing of the

33 *Allegro* Em Em D

mf

soul. Ar - te - mis He - me - re - si - a, sis - ter sooth - ing,

37 *Em* *D* *Em*

Ar-te-mis Loch-ei - a, prayer of birth-ing wo-men, Ar-te-mis Lim-e-ni-a, pro-

40 *B7* *rit.* *Moderato* *Em* *mp*

- tect-ress of the har-bor round. O queen of the groves, Thou who

45 *D* *Em* *A*

sol-i - tude lov - est, La-dy of the moun-tain-haunts And the lone-ly

50 *G* *Em* *D* *Allegro* *Em*

for - ests, Here in the wil-der-ness You a - lone are yet held ho - ly.

55 *Em* *D* *mf*

For Fath - er Zeus made you A li - on a - mong wo - men, And

58 *Em* *D* *Em*

giv-en you leave To kill all at your plea-sure. We must call out the name Of

61 *B7* *Em* *D* *f*

She Who Slays. Ar-te-mis Ag-o-ra-ea, pro - tec-tor of the peo - ple,

65 *Em* *D* *Em*

Ar-te-mis He-ge-mo-ne, lead-er and rul-er, Ar-te-mis Par-the-ni-a, e-

68 *D* *Em* *D*

- ter-nal maid - en, Ar-te-mis As-tra-tei-a, halt-er of the Am-a-zons,

71 Em D Em

Ar - te - mis Heur - ip - pe, find - er of hors - es, Ar - te - mis Cor - da - ca,

74 D B7 Em D

ff
dance of vic - tory, Ar - te - mis Cor - y - phae - a, on the sum - mit of the moun - tain,

77 Em D Em

Ar - te - mis Cyn - thi - a, climb - er of Mount Cyn - thus, Ar - te - mis A - crae - a, Her

80 D Em Em *poco a poco decrescendo al fine* -----

f
tem - ple sits high on the hill. Ar - te - mis Phos - phor - us, god - dess of the light,

85 Em D Em

mf *mp*
Bless us with your o - pen eyes And guide us through the night.