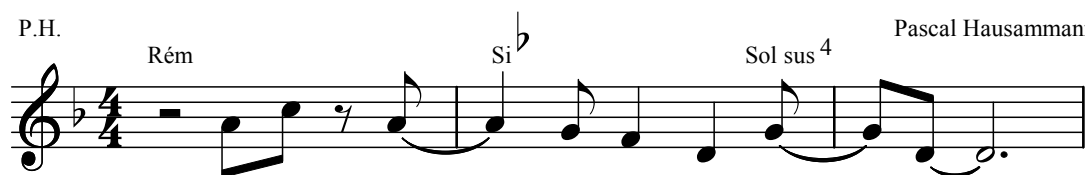
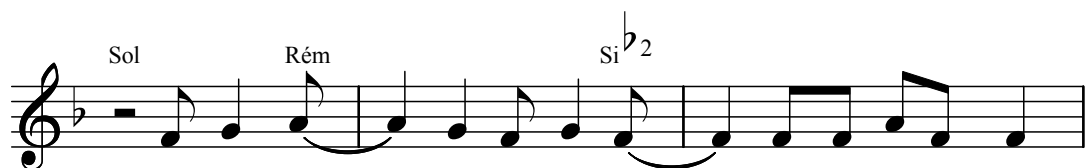


P.H.

Pascal Hausammann



Quand je pense — à tous tes bien - faits, —



je m'ou - blie — un pe - tit peu. — Et puis je re - garde,



je m'a - per - çois — de ta bon -



- té: — un nou - veau jour, — une nou - velle vie, —



— un nou - veau dé - part.



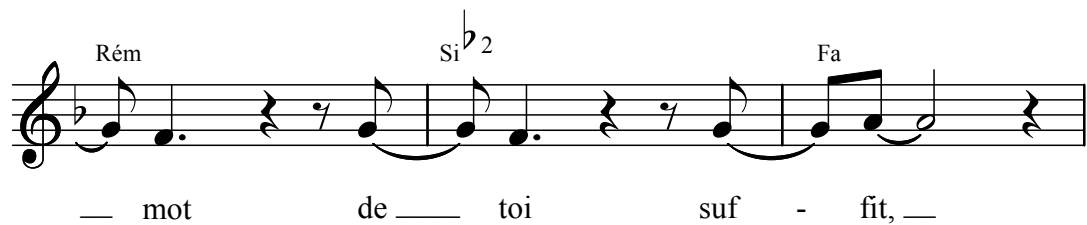
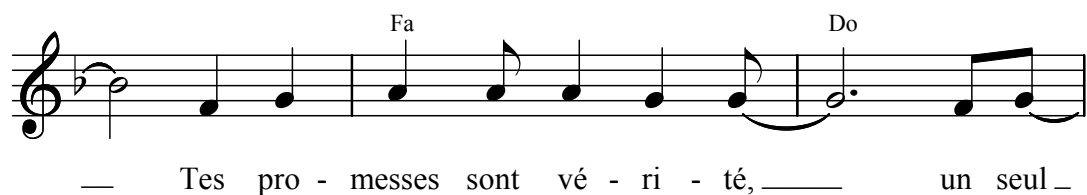
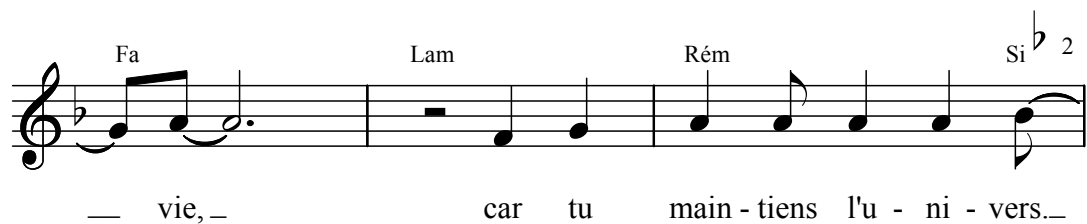
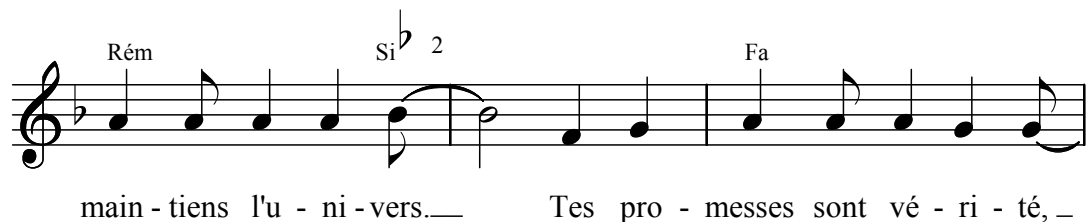
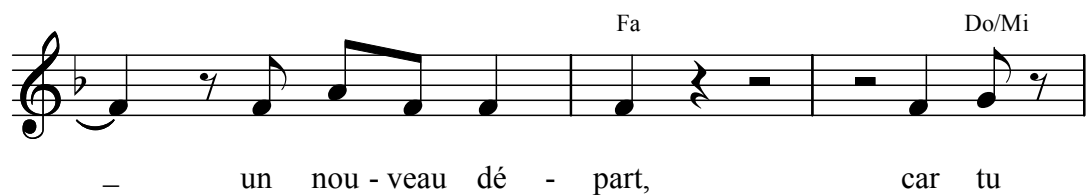
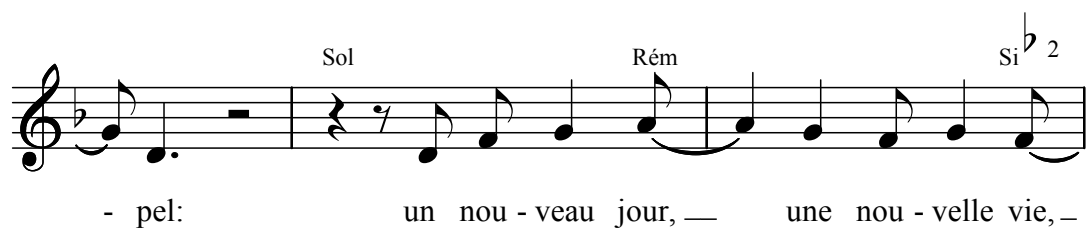
Ta force est — la clef de mes fai - blesses,



tu me re - lè - ves quand je tombe — de ton aile. —

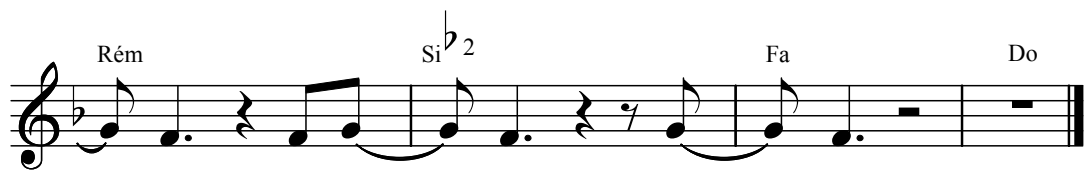


— Ton par - don — pour moi est sans ap -





- messes sont vé - ri - té, _____ oui tu ou -



- blies, tu ou - blies mes _____ fautes.