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TRILOGY
Words and Music by Keith Emerson and Greg Lake

Freely
Tacet
Seu-

p legato

Loco
cresc.

Moderately slow
B
Em7 0 0 0
B/F# A/G
B/D# 3

I've tried to mend the love that ended long ago; although we still pre-
tend,
our love is surely coming to an end, don't

waste the time you've got to love again. We tried to lie, but you and I know

better than to let each other lie; the thought of lying to you makes me
cry, counting up the time that's passed us by I've
sent this letter hoping it will reach your hand, and if it does I hope that you will

understand that I must leave in a while, and though I smile, you

know this smile is only there to hide what I'm really feeling deep inside,

side, just a face where I can hang my pride.
Goodbye, goodbye.
We'll talk of places that we went and times that we have
You'll see the day another way and wake up with the
You'll love again, I don't know when, but if you do I

spent together penniless and free.
sunshine pouring right down where you lay.
know that you'll be happy in the end.

To Coda
*Play extended improvisation based on B 7+9 chord before returning to.
THE ENDLESS ENIGMA (PART I)
Words and Music by Keith Emerson and Greg Lake

As fast as possible
Tacet

Moderately fast

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Why do you stare, do you think I believe what you've said? You've been misled by the thoughts in your head. Your words waste and decay; nothing you say reaches my ears any way. You never spoke a word of truth. They make me sick and tired.
Are you confused to the point in your mind;

though you're blind, can't you see you're wrong?

Won't you refuse to be used even though you may know I can see you're
Please, please, please open their eyes. Please, please, don't give me lies.

I've ruled all of the paupers as earth, witnessed my birth, cried at the sight of a man, kings, puppets on strings dance for the children who stare;
and still I don't know who I am. You must have seen them everywhere.

Tempo I
No chord

Repeat ad lib.
gradual cresc.
play was not shown; everyone came, but they
all sat alone. The dawn opened the play, breaking the
day, causing a silent hooray.

The dawn will break another day.
Now that it's done I've begun to see the reason why I'm here.
gradual rall.

Tacet

fff
TAKE A PEBBLE
Words and Music by Greg Lake

Moderately slow
Tacet

* A cross (+) indicates that the key is to be depressed so that the hammer does not strike the strings. The strings are then to be plucked with a plectrum from inside the piano. (Do not depress the damper pedal, or all strings plucked will sound.)
Eb(m(add F))

Just take a pebble

Shreds of our memories

sadness on your shoulders

and

are

like a

Fm(add G)

* First time play written accompaniment; second and third times improvise around written accompaniment.

cast it to the sea,

lying on your grass;

worn-out overcoat.

In

(8va) loco

Eb(m(add F))

then watch the ripples

wounded words of laughter

pock-ets creased and tattered

that

are

hang the

* First time play written accompaniment; second and third times improvise around written accompaniment.
Fm(add G)

unfold into me.

grave-yards of the past.

rags of your hopes.

My

The

(8va)-

Gb

face spills so gently

Photographs are grey and torn,

day-break is your midnight;

the scattered in your fields.

the colours have all died,

Ab sus 4

sus 2

quasi ad lib

tempo assai

To Coda

Ab(add Bb)

disturbing the waters

Letters of your memories

of our

disturbing the waters

quasi ad lib

tempo assai

26
Tune 6th string down one whole step to D.
Tune 3rd string up one whole step to A. (D A D A B E)
Improvise ad lib over left hand pattern.
THE SHERIFF

Words and Music by Keith Emerson and Greg Lake

Moderately fast
Tacet

Big Kid Josie rode away in the sunset-covered sky; the
sheriff followed Josie's trail from Kansas City west; he
sheriff rode him into town with Josie lookin' sad; he
lychin' mob had strung his friend up right before his eyes.
said he'd put a bullet right through poor old Josie's chest.
didn't know about the six gun big Kid Josie's had.

He didn't know what they'd both done; he
But Josie wasn't like the rest; he
Then Josie drew his gun real fast; he

sure as hell would end up hung or help to notch the
don't like bullet holes in his vest. In fact, he'd do his
gave the sheriff one big blast. Now Josie runs the
A D Bm7

sher-iff's gun__ if he did__n't move on__
ver- y best;_ don't want any arrest.
town at last;_ a leg- end from the past.

C#7 F#m7 B7 D/E

Get out of here. The Don't want to be the guest__

D/E C F

_of the sher-iff. The nights got so damn cold, he
could n't stand the pace; he looked a gain for

sher iff's men but could n't see a trace.

Josie found a nice warm place, but then the sher iff

solved the case; poked a gun in Josie's face and said,
Coda

C#7  F#m7  B7  D/E

No-bod-y ever messed with the sheri ff.

As fast as possible (♩♩♩ = ♩ ♩ ♩)

Tacet
Jeremy Bender

Words and Music by Keith Emerson and Greg Lake

Moderately, in 2
Tacet

Jeremy Bender was a
Talked with the Sister,
Diggin' the Sister,
man of leisure; took his pleasure in the
spoke in a whisper; threatened to fist her if she
she was a mistress; shouldn't have kissed her, but he

sung evening sun. Laid him down in a
didn't come clean. Jumped on the Mother
couldn't say no. Wanted to leave her;

bed of roses; finally decided to become a nun
just like a brother; asked one another if the
couldn't believe her, so he picked up his suitcase and de-
other's a queen.
BENNY THE BOUNCER
Words and Music by Keith Emerson, Greg Lake and Pete Sinfield

Moderately fast
Tacet

Ben-ny was the bounc-er at the
Sid-ney was a greas-er with some
dragged him from the wreck-age of the

Pa-laise de Danse... He’d slash your gran-ny’s face up given half a chance. He’d
nas-ty roots. He’d poured a pint of Guin-ness over Ben-ny’s boots.
Pa-laise in bits. They tried to stick to-geth-er all the bits that would fit. But

sell you back the piec-es all for less than half a quid.
Ben-ny looked at Sid-ney; Sid-ney stared right back in his
some of him was miss-ing, and some of him ar-rived too
He thought he was the meanest un
Sidney chose a switchblade, and
So now he works for Jesus as the

til he met with Savage Sid.
Benny got a cold meat pie.
Now bouncer at Saint Peter's gate.

Oh, what a terrible
sight,
much to the
Sidney grabbed a hatchet, buried it in Benny's
head.

The people gasped as he bled, the end of a Ted? Well, they

CODA
No Chord

Slightly faster
slowly -- -- -- --

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