

If this transcription is copied,  
please send \$10.00 to:  
Keith Emerson  
c/o EmerSomics  
3101 5th St. #3  
Santa Monica, CA 90405

# Mass

by Keith Emerson

Transcribed by Brent Wood

Synthesizer

Solo Guitar

Bass

Measures 1-6 of the instrumental introduction. The Synthesizer part features a complex, rhythmic melody with many beamed notes. The Solo Guitar and Bass parts provide a steady accompaniment with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Vocal

Synth

Solo

Piano

Bass

7

The prea-cher said a prayer. Save eve-ry sin-gle hair on his head. He's dead.

Measures 7-11 of the vocal section. The vocal line begins at measure 7 with the lyrics: "The prea-cher said a prayer. Save eve-ry sin-gle hair on his head. He's dead." The instrumental parts continue with their respective parts.

Vocal

Synth

Piano

Bass

12

The min-i-ster of hate had just ar-rived too late to be spared. Who cared? The

Measures 12-16 of the vocal section. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "The min-i-ster of hate had just ar-rived too late to be spared. Who cared? The".

Vocal

Synth

Piano

Bass

17

wea-ver in the web that he made. The pil-grim wan-dered in com-mit-ting eve-ry sin that he could, so

Measures 17-21 of the vocal section. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "wea-ver in the web that he made. The pil-grim wan-dered in com-mit-ting eve-ry sin that he could, so".

23  
Vocal  
good. The car - di - nal of grief was set in the be - lief he'd be saved from the

23  
Synth

23  
Piano

23  
Bass

27  
Vocal  
grave. The wea - ver in the web that he made.

27  
Synth

27  
Piano

27  
Bass

32  
Vocal

32  
Synth

32  
Piano

32  
Bass

39  
Synth

39  
Piano

39  
Bass



46

Organ

Bass

52

Organ

Bass

57

Organ

Bass

*glissando*

62

Organ

Bass

67

Organ

Bass

71 *glissando*

Organ

Bass

77

Organ

Bass

83

Guitar

Organ

Bass

86

Guitar

Organ

Bass



89

89

89

89

95

95

95

95

95

103

103

103

103

103

103

The high priest took a blade to

109

109 bless the ones who prayed, and all o beyed. The mes-sen-ger of fear is slow-ly grow-ing near-er to the

114

114 time. A sign. The wea-ver in the web that he made. A bis-hop rings a bell. A

120

120 cloak of dark-ness fell a-cross the ground with-out a sound. The si-lent cho-ir sing and

124

124 in their si-lence bring jad-ed sound. har-mo-nic ground. The wea-ver in the web that he made.