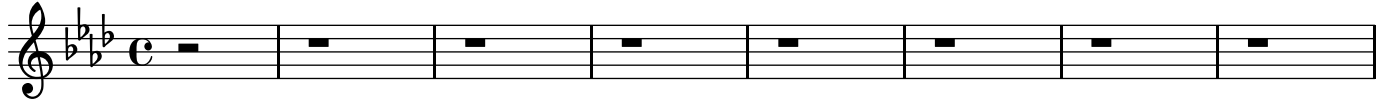


There is Sweet Music

Tennyson

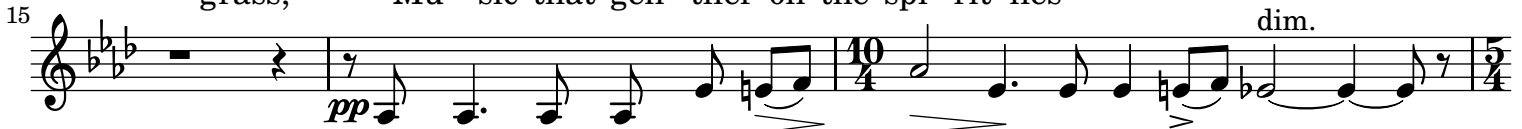
Edward Elgar
Op. 53, No. 1



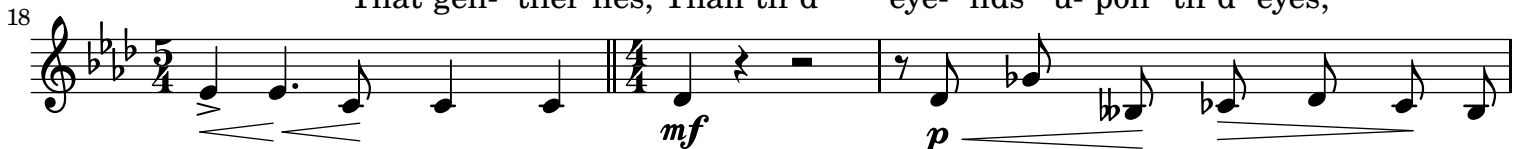
There is sweet mu- sic here that soft- er falls Than pet- als from blown ro- ses on the
ten.



grass; Mu- sic that gen- tlier on the spi- rit lies



That gen- tlier lies, Than tir'd eye- lids u- pon tir'd eyes;



Mu- sic that brings sweet sleep, that brings sweet sleep down from the



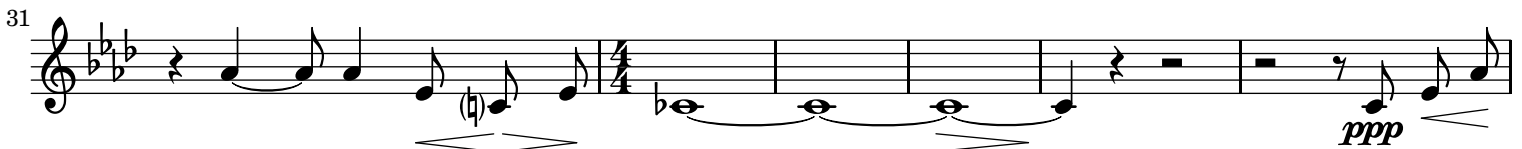
bliss- ful skies. Here are cool moss- es deep, And thro' the moss the i- vies



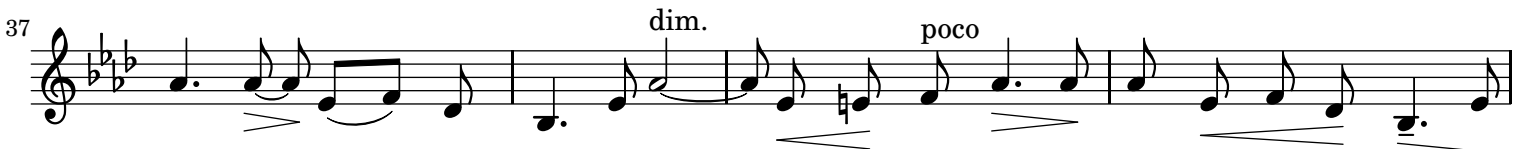
creep, And in the stream the flow- ers weep, And from the crag- gy ledge the



pop- py hangs in sleep. Mu- sic that brings sweet sleep



down from the bliss- ful skies. And in the



stream the long- leaved flow- ers weep, And from the crag- gy ledge the pop- py hangs in

sleep, hangs in sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, **sleep.**