There is sweet music

Edward Elgar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Andante \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 44

\[
\text{T.}
\]

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass;

\[
\text{B.}
\]

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass;

\[
\text{T.}
\]

from blown roses on the grass, Or night dews on still waters between

\[
\text{B.}
\]

from blown roses on the grass, Or night dews on still waters between

\[
\text{T.}
\]

walls Of shad-owy gran-ite, in a gleam-ing pass;

\[
\text{B.}
\]

walls Of shad-owy gran-ite, in a gleam-ing pass;

\[
\text{T.}
\]

There is sweet music

\[
\text{B.}
\]

There is sweet music

\[
\text{T.}
\]

There is sweet music

\[
\text{B.}
\]

There is sweet music

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Music that gentlièr on the spirit lies,

Music that gentlièr on the spirit lies,
Music that gentlièr on the spirit lies,

Than tir'd eye-lids upon tir'd eyes;
That gentlièr lies, Than tir'd
That gentlièr lies; Than tir'd

spirit lies,
Music that gent-lièr on the spirit lies,
Music that gent-lièr on the spirit lies,

eyelids upon tir'd eyes;

eyelids upon tir'd eyes;

than tir'd eyelids unis.

Than tir'd eyelids

up-on tir'd eyes,
up-on tir'd

up-on tir'd eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies;
Music that brings sweet sleep, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies,
sweet sleep, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep, And in the stream the long-leaved
Here are cool mosses deep, And thro' the moss the ivies creep, And in the stream the blissful skies.
blissful, blissful skies. Here are cool mosses deep,
blissful, blissful skies, down from the blissful skies, the blissful skies.
flowers weep, And from the crag-gy ledge the poppy hangs in
flowers weep, And from the crag-gy ledge the poppy hangs in
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
The long-leaved flowers weep,
sleep.
Music that brings sweet sleep.
sleep.
Music that brings sweet sleep.
and in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep.
and in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep.
and in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep.

down from the bliss-ful skies.
down from the bliss-ful skies.

hangs in sleep.
There is sweet mu-sic here that soft-er falls Than pet-als
hangs in sleep.
There is sweet mu-sic here that soft-er falls Than pet-als

poco rit.
a tempo

4

4

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4
And in the stream the long-leaved flow-ers weep,
from blown ro-ses on the grass,

And from the crag-yy ledge the pop-py hangs in sleep,

hangs in sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

And from the crag-yy ledge the pop-py hangs in sleep,

hangs in sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.