Andante tranquillo

Or - pheus with his lute made trees, and the mountain

tops that freeze, Bow them-selves when he did sing; To his

mu - sic plants and flowers Ever sprung; as sun and_

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showers, There had made a lasting spring. Ev'rything that heard him play. E'en the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet
music is such art: Killing care and grief of heart Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.