

Sop. 23
ri - ver deep and still, The map - le - man - tled hill, The lit - tle beach where-on we

Cello 23

mf

Sop. 26
lie, The puffs of hea - ted breeze, All sweet - ly whis - per These are

Cello 26

Sop. 29
days that on-ly come in a Ju - ly. So, si - - - lent-ly we two Lounge

Cello 29

mp

p

Sop. 33
in our still ca - noe, Nor fate, nor for-tune mat-ters to us now: So long as

Cello 33
p

Sop. 37
we a-lone May call this dream our own, The breeze may die, we care not when or

Cello 37
mf

Sop. 40
how.

Cello 40
mf