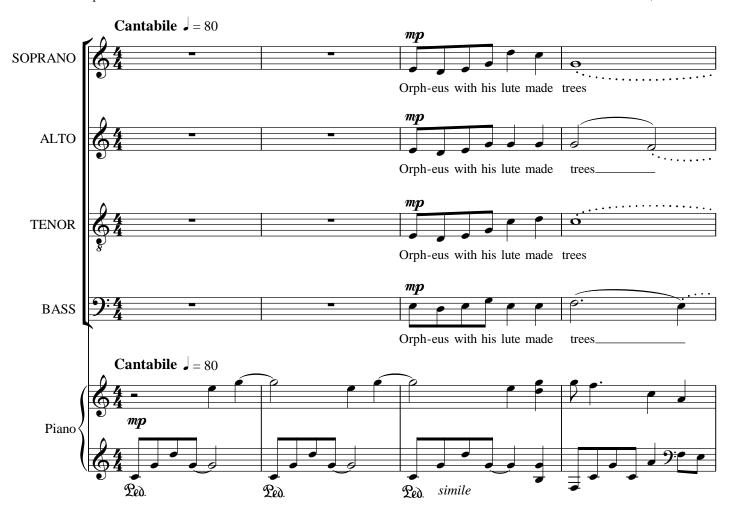
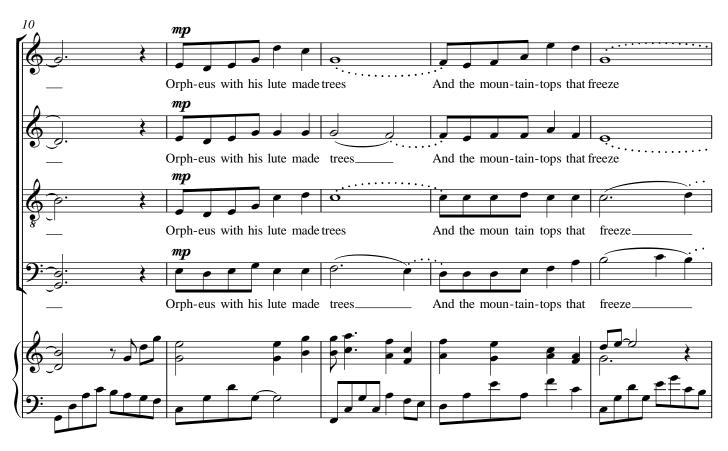
Orpheus With His Lute

William Shakespeare

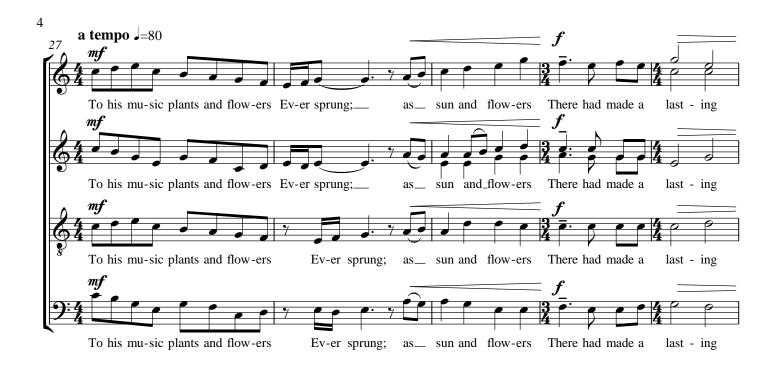
DEBRA SCROGGINS, ASCAP





















Orpheus with his lute made trees And the mountaintops that freeze Bow themselves when he did sing. To his music plants and flowers Ever sprung; as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play, Even 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.

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