

## Sweetly Dream

Lottie Linwood,  
19th century American poet

American folk song  
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

There is not a song that trem - bles A -

4  
round my heart to - night, But thrills with un - told glad - ness, And

8  
el - o - quent de - light. For I have cast the shad - ow, Of

12  
sor - row all a - side; So let hope's joy - ous mu - sic through

16  
all my be - ing glide, So let hope's joy - ous mu - sic Through

20

all my be - ing glide. Then sweet - ly dream, Dream

24

on, dream on, Nor breathe a sin - gle sigh; To

28

wake the gen - tle zeph-yr, that fans the star - lit sky, To

32

wake the gen - tle zeph-yr, That fans the star - lit sky.

36

And there is not a tear-stain Up -

40

on my eye - lids now My hap - py heart is stray - ing Through

44

sun - ny foot - ed bow'r. Per - haps I may be dream - ing, When

48

I my ills for - get, Break not the bliss - ful seem - ing, Oh

52

do not wake me yet, Break not the bliss - ful seem - ing, Oh

56

do not wake me yet. Then sweet - ly dream, Dream

60

on, dream on, Nor breathe a sin - gle sigh; To wake the gen - tle

65

zeph - yr, that fans the star - lit sky, To wake the gen - tle zeph yr, That

70

fans the star - lit sky. Dream on, dream on, Nor

74

breathe a sin - gle sigh; To wake the gen - tle zeph - yr, that fans the star - lit

79

sky, To wake the gen - tle zeph - yr, That fans the star - lit sky.