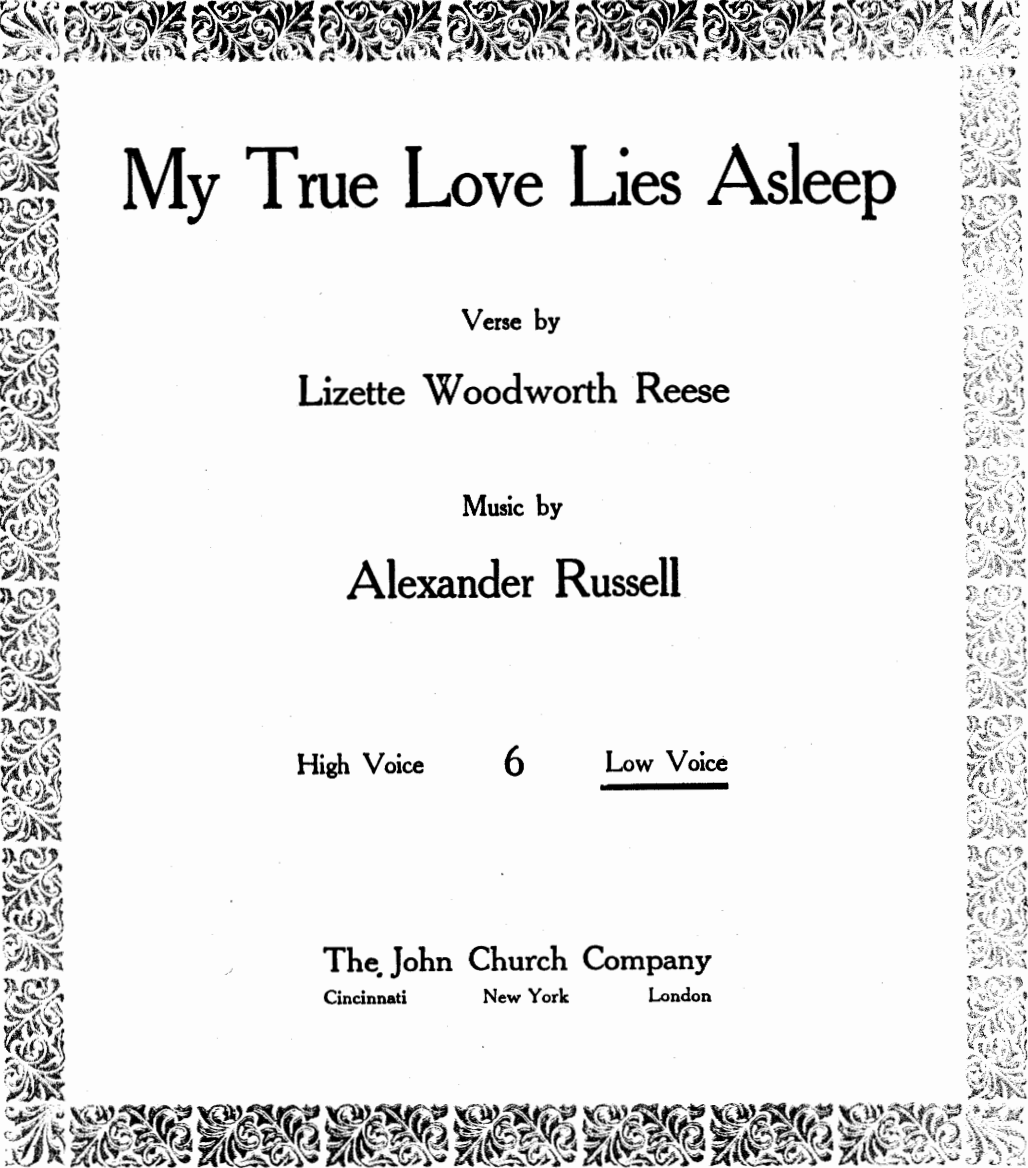




My True Love Lies Asleep

Verse by

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Music by

Alexander Russell

High Voice

6

Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati

New York

London

C

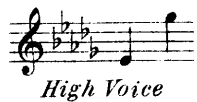
My true love lies asleep
In some most heav'nly place,
She hath a lily in her hand,
A smile upon her face.

The dear white roses come
And climb about her there—
The sweetest winds you ever heard,
Go singing down the air.

The roses climb so high,
The grasses grow so deep,
You cannot see her where she lies
A-smiling in her sleep.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

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High Voice



3

My true Love lies asleep*

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

ALEXANDER RUSSELL

Slowly *p*

My true love lies a - sleep

pp

In some most heav'n - ly place She hath a lil - y in her

hand A smile up - on her face.

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p
She hath a lil - y in her hand A smile up -

on her face.

cresc. et poco accel.

p
The dear white ros - es come And

poco rit. *p*

led. *

poco cresc.
climb a-bout her there The sweet-est winds you ev - er heard, Go

cresc. *f* *molto rit.*

sing - ing down the air _____ Go sing - ing down the

cresc. *f*

Tempo I

p *p*

air. _____ The ros - es climb so high _____ The gras - ses

molto rit. *a tempo*

mf

grow so deep _____ You can-not see her where she lies _____

rit. *mf*

p *very slowly* *pp*

A - smil - ing in her sleep. _____

pp