

sweet to me, Her voice fills all my heart with yearning. I
 pec - tan - cy, She comes a bright an - gel - ic crea - ture, As

ling - er on each word, each tone; My soul with love for her is
 tho' the sun up - on me shone; My soul feasts on each love - ly

burn - ing; I live for her, for her a - lone; My
 fea - ture, I live for her, for her a - lone; My

soul with love for her is burn - ing, I live for her, for her a - lone.
 soul feasts on each love - ly fea - ture, I live for her, for her a - lone.

Rall
pp

There May be Eyes as Brightly Beaming.