

6 Idylls after Goethe, Op. 28

SILVER CLOUDS



Silver clouds are lightly sailing
Through the drowsy, trembling air,
And the golden summer sunshine
Casts a glory everywhere.
Softly sob and sigh the billows,
As they dream in shadows sweet,
And the swaying reeds and rushes
Kiss the mirror at their feet.

E. MacDowell

Smoothly, placidly. (♩ = 54.)

4.

With Pedal

www.everynote.com

©2003 EveryNote Corp