

Stirring in the Breeze

Matthew Usher

from Bittersweet

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Soprano

Those young, gone days. When sweet est mus ic plays
How moon light finds that sad old part of me

Guitar

Violin

S.

my thoughts turn to a blurry haze
and pettifies my cloud ed mind. of My

Guit.

Vln.

Matthew Usher

7

S.

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

9

S.

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

12

S.

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

15

S. ev ery bod y's rush ing tell me why I must re main to watch the pie

Guit. 8

Vln.

Vln.

17

S. ces slow ly fade a way They say life is for shar ing so why

Guit. 8

Vln.

Vln.

20

S. must I guard those things no bo dy sees and I can feel them

Guit. 8

Vln.

Vln.

22

S. stir ring in the breeze the me mor ies of things I should have done and I say

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

25

S. please tear them up and bring them back to me so I can say good bye My

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

29

S. feel ings they took ov er me. I treat ed you with hos til i ty I

Guit.

Vln.

Vln.

31
S. lost you but in the end I on ly meant to be a friend to you Tried to be

Guit. 8

Vln.

Vln.

34
S. true

Guit. 8

Vln.

Vln.