

Soft Breezes will Enfold You

JJ Donnelly

Horace Keats arr Brennan Keats

♩=88
Andante *mf*

If I should die and you should find my dy - ing

4 *rall.*

Fath-er to fears and par- ent to new pain_ with - in your heart,

7 *p a tempo*

dim not your eye with cry - ing, But go in - to the woods;