

No. 17

Ode

T1
T2

f

We, are the Mu - sic Mak - ers, We are the dream - ers of dreams,

B1
B2

T1
T2

p *f*

Wand'-ring by lone sea break-ers, And sit-ting by deso - late streams; World los-ers and

B1
B2

T1
T2

dim. *p*

world for-sak-ers, On whom the pale moon gleams; Yet we are the mov - ers and

B1
B2

T1
T2

14

shak-ers Of the world for - ev - er, it seems, of the world for - ev - er.

B1
B2

19 *f*

T1
T2

We, in the a-ges ly-ing In the bur-ied past of the earth, Built Nin-e-veh with our

B1
B2

24

T1
T2

sigh-ing, And Ba-bel it - self with our mirth; And o'er-threw them with pro-phe-sy-ing To the

B1
B2

29 *p*

T1
T2

old of the new world's worth — For each age is a dream that is dy - ing, or

B1
B2

33 *f* *ff*

T1
T2

one that is coming to birth, or com - ing to birth. We are the Mu-sic Mak - ers!

B1
B2