

# The Lesson

Text by  
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Music by  
Marques L. A. Garrett (ASCAP)

*♩* = 48 *mp*

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

My cot was down by a cy - press grove, And I sat by my win - dow the

*mp*

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

whole night long, And heard well up — from the deep dark wood A mock - ing - bird's pas - sion - ate

up from the *mf*

*mp* *mf*

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

song, pas - sion - ate song. And I thought of my - self so —

*mp* *mf*

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S  
A

11 12 13 14

sad and lone, And my life's cold win-ter that knew no spring; Of my mind so wea-ry and

T  
B

S  
A

15 16 17 18

sing, — too sad — to —  
sick and wild, Of my heart — too sad — to sing, — too sad — to sing, —

T  
B

sing, — sad, — too

*mp*

S  
A

19 20 21 22

— too sad — to sing, — But e'en as I lis-tened the mock - ing-bird's song. A

T  
B

sad, — *p* e'en as I lis - tened,

S  
A

23 24 25 26

thought stole in - to my sad - dened heart, And I — said, 'I — can cheer some oth-er soul By a

T  
B

*mf*

This page is intentionally blank  
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S  
A

bleed - ing heart, And he smiled at the sound of my voice and lyre, Though mine was a fee - ble

T  
B

S  
A

art, fee - ble art. fee - ble art. But at his smile I smiled in turn, And

T  
B

S  
A

in - to my soul there came a ray: In try - ing to soothe an - oth - er's woes Mine

T  
B

*mf*

S  
A

own had passed a - way, way, passed a - way, passed a - way, passed a - way.

T  
B

*mf*