Music circles through the air rejoicing at the new world that soon will come to be. It rings through the ears of all the people.
It goes under ground.

and in outer space.

and in outer space.

speaks of the early days of the world.

It speaks of the early days of the world.
It speaks of the joys, in the days when the children are

born.

It speaks of the joys, in the days when the children are

born.

Tempo primo

ritard.

Meno mosso

dim.

It speaks of the sad times when people die.

Meno mosso

a tempo

ritard.
except it's in a secret language which only

fairies can understand. It

whistles in and out of the people's ears, like the sweet little birds that can

(sw)
fly all around the world.
Music

fly all around the world.
Music

rus-tles through the trees and plants. It's the only thing in the world that can fully break the silence.

Cresc.
Music's sweet melody circling through the air like the tiniest airplane is sometimes beautiful, sometimes not. It can break through walls and there's no way to get through.
Music can do
rid of it.

Anything, anything.

Ritard.