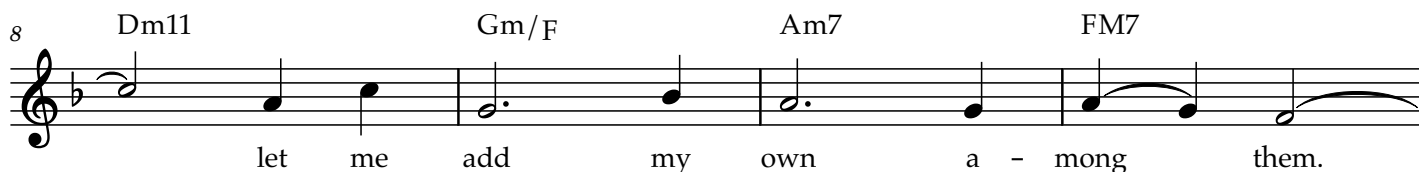


# There Are Numerous Strings

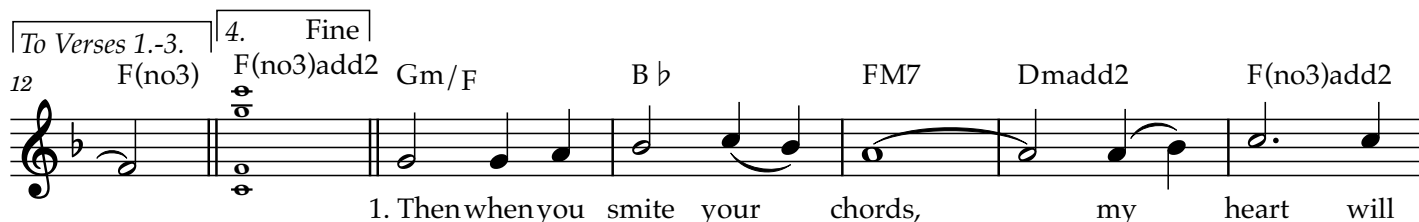
♩ = 100



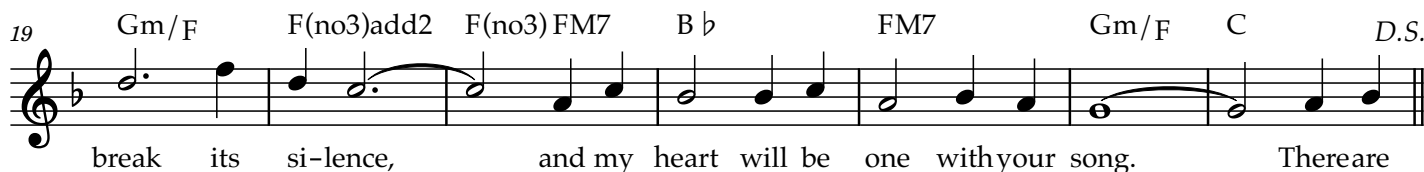
There are nu - mer-ous strings in your lute,



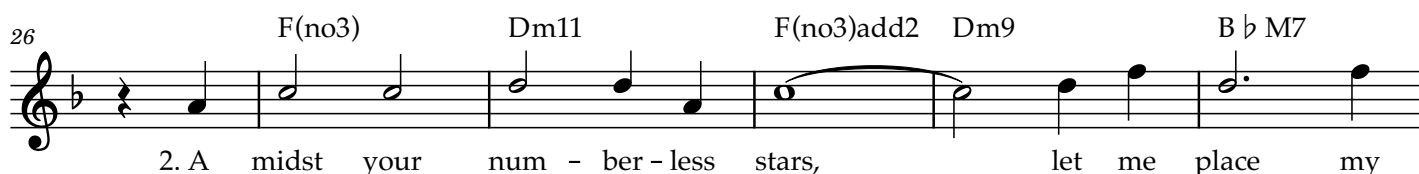
let me add my own a - mong them.



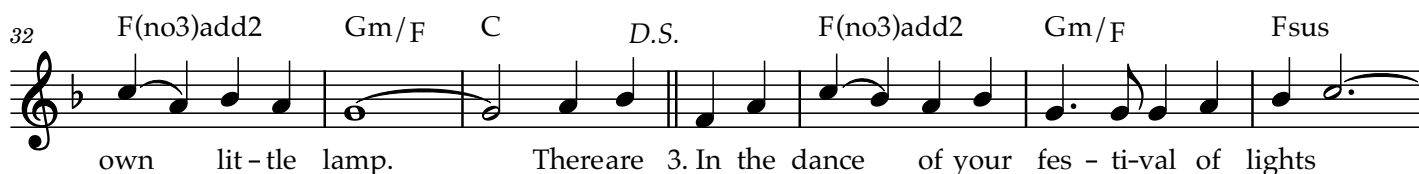
1. Then when you smite your chords, my heart will



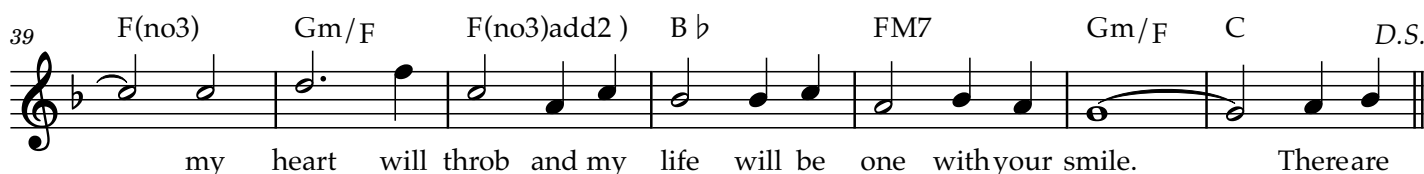
break its si-lence, and my heart will be one with your song. There are



2. A midst your num - ber - less stars, let me place my



own lit - tle lamp. There are 3. In the dance of your fes - ti-val of lights



my heart will throb and my life will be one with your smile. There are

Words & music: Rabindranath Tagore, 1861-1941

♫ Harmony by Betsy Jo Angebrannndt, 1931-2018, © 1992 Unitarian Universalist Association

Singing the Living Tradition #197

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TAGORE  
Irregular