

# Strange Music

## Bing Crosby

Soft breeze, whispering trees  
The summer winds are sighing  
The leaves are lullabying  
Violins are all around you  
I can hear the chords resound  
Of sounding brass  
That seems to say I've found  
I've found you, I've found you. Strange music in my ears  
Only now as you spoke, did it start.  
Strange music of the sphere  
Could its lovely hum be coming from my heart?  
You appear and I hear song sublime  
Song that I'm incapable of.  
So Dear, let me hold you near  
While we treasure ev'ry measure,  
So that time can never change  
The strange, new music of love. So Dear, let me hold you near  
While we treasure ev'ry measure,  
So that time can never change  
The strange, new music of love.

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