

Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

Tchaikovsky

Mvmt I : Melody A

Hark! Tata-tara - ta, Ta - tata-tara - ta, Trumpets are blow - ing,
Soldiers are go - ing, What Fate may bring there is no way of know-ing.

Mvmt I : Melody B

Now Tshaikov - sky, with a new syn - co - pa - tion, Brings a mood of e -
la - tion To this vi - vid cre - a - tion.

Mvmt I : Melody C

The woodwind has a soft and gentle tone, when heard alone, Toodleoodleo

Mvmt I : Melody D

Thirds in gen - tle mot - ion, Like the waves of o - cean

Mvmt I : Melody E

Fall in line, For this music is yours and mine.

Mvmt I : Melody F

Mvmt II : Melody A

Some days we ut - ter plaintive sounds, And our com - plaint has am - ple
grounds, The world is dull, the same old things are mak - ing their e - ter - nal
rounds. No wonder ev' - ry - one is bored, They all com - plain with one ac - cord, It seems as
tho' there'd ne - ver be a real ex - cit - ing thing to see, But just the dull routine of

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time, Without a tune, without a rhyme. But now a voice is heard, With Nature's

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clear and kindly word, We rush outdoors to see What this ex - cit - ing sound can be.

Mvmt II : Melody B

All togeth - er, all togeth - er, Nev - er mind the kind of weath - er,

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Step - ping for - ward, light - ly danc - ing, Don't you find this life entranc - ing?

Mvmt III : Melody A

Piz - zi - ca - to, plucking fing - ers, Snapping out like ban - jo stringers,

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Short and brit - tle, fast and fur - ious, Here's a Scher - zo new and cur - ious!

Mvmt III : Melody B

Hear the sound of a peasant song, As the tune runs a - long.

Mvmt III : Melody C

Piz - zi - ca - to now be - comes stac - ca - to.

Mvmt IV : Melody A

Joy to the world!

Mvmt IV : Melody B

Sing a little song of a birchtree, Far out in the wood, little birchtree.

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Ai lu la li lu li lu li, Ai lu lu li, lit - tle birch - tree.

Mvmt IV : Melody C

Hur - rah, the day is won! Hur - rah, the job is done!