IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

A SONG CYCLE
FOR FOUR SOLO VOICES
(SOPRANO-CONTRALTO-TENOR & BASS)
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

THE WORDS SELECTED FROM THE RUBAIYÁT
OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
(FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
LIZA LEHMANN

NEW YORK G. SCHIRMER
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IN A PERSIAN GARDEN.

QUARTETTE.

(Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass.)

Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into sight
The Stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

(Solo Tenor.)

Before the phantom of false morning died
Methought a voice within the Tavern cried:
"When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

RECITATIVE (Bass).

Now the new year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the "White Hand of Moses"* on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

(Solo Tenor.)

Iran,* indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows,
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the water blows.

QUARTETTE.

(Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass.)

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly— and lo, the Bird is on the wing!

(Solo Bass.)

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

---

1 The "false dawn"; Suchi Kord, a transient light on the horizon about an hour before the Suchi Sidik, or "True Dawn": a well-known phenomenon in the East.

2 Beginning with the Verani Equinox.

3 The "White Hand of Moses," Exodus iv. 6; when Moses drew forth his hand—not according to the Persians "Lepra in Sun," but where as our Mayblossom in Spring. Perhaps, according to them, also the healing Power of Jesus residing in his breast.

4 Iran, a garden, planted by King Shaddad, and now sunk somewhere in the sands of Arabia.

5 Jamshyd's sev'n-ring'd cup was typical of the Seven Heavens, Seven Planets, Seven Seas, &c., and was a Drinking Cup.
**Contralto (Recitative).**

Ah, not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of; but may steal below,
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
Thers hidden, far beneath, and long ago.

---

**Contralto Solo.**

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cesar bled,
That ev'ry Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving Herb, whose tender green,
Fledges the river—lip on which we lean,—
Ah—lean upon it lightly—for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen.

---

**Duet.**

**(Soprano and Tenor.)**

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise now!

---

**(Bass Solo.)**

My self when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument—
but evermore
Came out by that same door where in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own Hand labour'd it to grow,
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd,
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

---

**Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd**

Of the two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scatter'd, and their mouths are stopp'd with Dust.

---

**(Bass Recitative.)**

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend!

---

**(Contralto Solo.)**

When you and I behind the veil are past
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last—

---

1 The custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia.
(Soprano Recitative.)

But if the Soul can fling the Dust aside
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
Weren't not a shame—weren't not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

Song.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some secret of that after-life to spell,
And by-and-bye my Soul return'd to me
And answer'd: I myself am Heav'n and Hell.

Heav'n but the vision of fulfilled Desire
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

(Tenor Solo.)

Alas! that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again who knows?

(Contralto Solo.)

The worldly hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes, or it prospers; and anon
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp,
Abode his destined hour and went his way.

Waste not your hour!

(Soprano Solo.)

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes,—but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose,
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikhosrāv away.

Quartette.

(Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass.)

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that wild Hunter,—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

1 Jamshyd, the "King Splendid" of the Pahlavi dynasty.
2 King Kaikhosrāv, called "the Great."
Lo, some we lov'd, the loveliest and best
That from his Vintage rolling time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the Door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

(TENOR RECITATIVE.)
Ah, fill the Cup! What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our Feet.

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

Ah, Love, could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp the sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

(TENOR SOLO.)
Ah, Moon of my Delight, that knows no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again—
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain.

And when thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Gvests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

(BASS SOLO.)
As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the Soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink,
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

QUARTETTE.
(Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass.)
Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows!

FINIS.
"IN A PERSIAN GARDEN."

A

SONG-CYCLE.

* The Words selected from The Rubaiyat of OMAR KHAYYÁM.

The Music by LIZA LEHMANN.

* By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

M. 7789.
Moderato, ma piú lento mosso. \( \text{}\) \( \text{}\) 

*SOPRANO.*

Wake! for the sun who scat.ter'd into flight The

*CONTRALTO.*

Wake! for the sun who scat.ter'd into flight The

*TENOR.*

Wake! for the sun who scat.ter'd into flight The

*BASS.*

Wake! for the sun who scat.ter'd into flight The

Moderato, ma piú lento mosso.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{stars before him from the field of night,} & \quad \text{Drives night along with them from} \\
\text{stars before him from the field of night,} & \quad \text{Drives night along with them from} \\
\text{stars before him from the field of night,} & \quad \text{Drives night along with them from} \\
\text{stars before him from the field of night,} & \quad \text{Drives night along with them from} \\
\end{align*}
\]

M. 7789.
Heav'n.............. And strikes the Sultan's turret with a shaft of light...

Heav'n.............. poco ritenuto

Heav'n.............. And

Heav'n.............. And strikes the Sultan's turret with a shaft of light, and

Heav'n.............. poco ritenuto

Heav'n.............. and

Heav'n.............. poco ritenuto

Heav'n.............. p

strikes the turret with a shaft of light, with a shaft of... light.

strikes.......... the turret with a shaft of light, with a shaft of light.

strikes the Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.
Before the Phantom of false morning died

Ma'thought a voice with in the

Ta'vera cried: "When all the Temple... is prepared within,

Why needs the drowsy worshipper outside?"

---

* The "False Dawn" Subhi Kasib, a transient light on the horizon about an hour before the Subhi sadik, or "True Dawn," a well-known phenomenon in the East.

M. 7789.
Wake! for the sun who scatter'd into flight

Wake! for the sun who scatter'd into flight

Wake! for the sun who scatter'd into flight

Wake! for the sun who scatter'd into flight

stars... before him from the field of night,

stars... before him from the field of night,

stars... before him from the field of night,

stars... before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heav'n,
And strikes the Sultan's turret with... a shaft of light...
And
strikes the... turret with a shaft of
strikes......... the turret with........ a shaft of....
strikes the... Sultan's turret with........ a shaft of.....
light, with a shaft of........ light.
light, with a shaft of light.
light.

M. 7789.
BASS SOLO. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 88 \).

Now the new year, reviving old desires, The thoughtful soul to solitude retires, Where the "White Hand of Moses" from the bough puts out, And Jesus from the ground suspires. Andante. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 84 \).

* Beginning with the Vernal Equinox.

† The "White Hand of Moses" Exodus IV. 6, where Moses draws forth his hand—not according to the Persians "leprous as snow"—but white as our May-blossom in Spring, perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his breath.
TENOR SOLO.

Irám indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And

Jamshyd's sevenring'd Cup where no one knows,
But

still a Ruby kindles in the vine...
And

many a garden by the water...

cresc. con sìncio e rubato.

*Irám, a garden planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the sands of Arabia.
M. 7789. +Jamshyd's sevenring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas etc, and was a Divining Cup.
fire of Spring, Your Winter garment of re-

fire of Spring, Your Winter garment of re-

fire of Spring, Your Winter garment of re-

fire of Spring, Your Winter garment of re-

-pen-tance fling, The Bird of Time has but a lit-tle way to fly, And

-pen-tance fling, The Bird of Time has but a lit-tle way to fly, And

-pen-tance fling, The Bird of Time has but a lit-tle way to fly, And

-pen-tance fling, The Bird of Time has but a lit-tle way to fly, And

M.7789.
lo the Bird is on the wing, Come
lo the Bird is on the wing, Come
lo the Bird is on the wing, Come
lo the Bird is on the wing, Come

fill the Cup, come fill, and in the fire of Spring, Your
fill the Cup, come fill, and in the fire of Spring, Your
fill the Cup, come fill, and in the fire of Spring, Your
fill the Cup, come fill, and in the fire of Spring, Your

M. 7789.
BASS SOLO.

Un poco meno.  \( \frac{\text{\textit{Lento}}}{} \) \( \text{\textit{Lento}} \)  \( \frac{\text{\textit{Lento}}}{} \)

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon  Whether the Cup with sweet or

bit-ter run,  The wine of Life keeps ooz-ing drop by drop

The leaves of Life keep fall-ing one by

one.

\( \text{\textit{Tempo I}} \)
Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the
Con brio.
f
Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.

Come fill the Cup, come fill, and in the

Con brio.
bird of time has but a little way to fly, And

bird of time has but a little way to fly, And

bird of time has but a little way to fly, And

bird of time has but a little way to fly, And

lo! the bird is on the wing, Then

lo! the bird is on the wing, Then

lo! the bird is on the wing, Then

lo! the bird is on the wing, Then

M.7789.
fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring Your
fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring Your
fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring Your

Winter garment of repentance fling!

Winter garment of repentance fling!
Winter garment of repentance fling!
Winter garment of repentance fling!

Winter garment of repentance fling!

sempre con alla Fine.

colla voce.
Ah! not a drop that from our Cups we throw For earth to drink of but may steal be-

low To quench the fire of anguish in some eye There

hid en far beneath and long ago.

dolce.

* The custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia.

M. 7789.
sometimes think that never blows so red the rose. As

where some buried Caesar bled

That

every Hyacinth the garden wears, Dropt in her

lap from some once lovely head

And
poco cresc. con tenerezza

this reviving herb whose tender green

Fledges the river-lip on which we lean,

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who

knows From what once lovely lip It....
mezza voce

springs... unseen...

DUET. (SOP. & TENOR.)

A book of verses

underneath the bough

M. 7789. * Shake to end without turn, only with slight accent on main note.
cresc.

thou

Beside me singing in the

wilder ness, Ah, wilder ness were Paradise now,

SOPRANO.

A book of verses underneath the bough A jug of wine, a

M. 7789.

Due Pedali.
loaf of bread and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness, Ah,

con sempre più passione

wil - der - ness were Pa - ra - dise e - now, Ah,
Con moto, ma non troppo

My self when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint

But ever more

M. 7789.
Come out by that same door where in...

Went...

With them the seeds of wisdom did I sow

And with my own hand laboured

It to grow

And this was all the harvest that I reap'd...

M. 7789.
I came like water and like wind I go.

Why all the saints and sages who discussed of the two worlds so learnedly are thrust like foolish prophets forth their words to scorn are scattered.
And their mouths are stopp'd with dust.

Come 

My self when young did eager

ly frequent Doctor and Saint and heard great
argument  

But evermore...

came out by that same door where—

in... I went...
Impetuoso. \( j \approx 104 \)

Ah! make the most of what you yet may spend Be -

...FORE WE TOO INTO THE DUST DESCEND,

CONTRALTO. \( j \approx 64 \)

p piu ritenuto assai sostenuto

When you and I be -

Due Ped.

hind the veil are past, Oh, but the

M. 7789.
assai sostenuto

long, long while the

world shall last

cresc. - e poco a poco - accel.

RECIT. (SOPRANO) * Declamato * - 92.

But if the Soul can fling the dust a side, and

m. 7789.

na ked on the air....... of Hea ven ride Wer't not a shame,wer't not a
shame for him in this clay car case crippled to a

Agitato. $J=94$

...bide?

p misterioso

I sent my Soul through the In...

...visible Some secret of that After-life to
spell
And by-and-bye my Soul returned to me
And

answered: I myself am Heaven

and Hell

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled desire,
Hell the shadow from a Soul on fire Cast on the darkness

Into which ourselves so late emerged from shall so

Soon expire

Primo tempo dim.
I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some secret of that After-life to spell
And a poco cres con do declamato
By-and-bye my Soul returned to me, And answered: I My-

Self am Heaven...
A - last that Spring should van - nish
with the Rose, That youth's sweet -
-scent ed Manuscript should close, The
Night in gale that in the branches sang, Ah
whence and whither flown again who knows, Ah whence, Ah whence and whither flown...... again who knows?...
sempre pp sino alla Fine.
The world
ly hope men set their hearts up on, Turns
\[\text{ash es or... it pros pers, and an...}\]
\[\text{on, Like snow up on the des erts dus ty face}\]
Lighting a little hour or two is gone

Think, in this battered Caravansee, Whose

portals are alternate night and day,

Sultan after Sultan with his pomp,

M. 7738.
bode his destined hour and went his way...

The

worldly hope men set their hearts upon. Turns ashes or it

prospers, And anon, like snow upon the desert's dusty face

M.7789.
Lighting a little hour or two is gone.

Waste not your hour.

stretto alla fine

sempre ff

M. 7789
Un poco lento, quasi Recit. e dolce.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Lento. \( \frac{4}{4} \) Each morn a thousand Roses

brings you say,

Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?

And

this first Summer month that brings the Rose Shall
poco rall.

Jamsyd* and Kaikobád†

colla voce.

Each morn a thousand Roses

brings, you say,

Yes, but where leaves the...

Rose of yesterday?

M. 7789. *Jamsyd—"King Splendid" of the mythical Peshdâdian Dynasty. †King Kaikobád, called "the great."
Marcato

say the Lion and the Lizard keep...

say...

The... Lion and the Lizard

The courts where Jamshyd keep

The courts where...

gloried and drank deep,

And Bah...

Jamshyd... gloried and drank deep,

And Bah...
rám, that wild hunter, the wild
rám, that wild hunter, the wild

Ass stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.
Ass stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

M. 7789. *Bahram Gur* "Bahram of the Wild Ass" a Sassanian Sovereign.
SOPRANO.

Lo, some we lov'd, the love li est and

CONTRALTO.

Lo, some we lov'd, the love li est and

TENOR.

Lo, some we lov'd, the love li est and

BASS.

Lo, some we lov'd, the love li est and

best, That from his vintage

best, That from his vintage

best, That from his vintage

best, That from his vintage
Rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their dim.
Rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their dim.
Rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their dim.
Rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their dim.
Rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their dim.

Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to

rest, come prima.

Ah! cresc.
Ah!... They say the Lion and the Lizard
Ah!... They say... the... Lion......

keep... The courts where Jamshyd
and the Lizard keep The courts...... where....

gloried and drank deep, And Bah.
Jamshyd...... gloried and drank deep, And Bah.
rám,......that wild hunter,......the wild
rám,......that wild hunter,......the wild
Ass stamps.....o'er.....his
Ass stamps.....o'er.....his
head, but cannot break his sleep,
head, but cannot break his sleep,
Strange, is it not? that of the myriads

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads

who... before us pass'd the

who... before us pass'd the

who... before us pass'd the

M. 7789.
door of Darkness through,
Not one re-

door of Darkness through,
Not one re-

door of Darkness through,
Not one re-

door of Darkness through,
Not one re-

-turns to tell us of the road
which to dis-

-turns to tell us of the road
which to dis-

-turns to tell us of the road
which to dis-

-turns to tell us of the road
which to dis-

M. 7789.
say the Lion and the Lizard keep

say the Lion and the Lizard keep

say the Lion and the Lizard keep

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank

M. 7789.
stamps o'er his head but cannot break

sleep.
Ah!

his sleep.

Ah!...
Ah! fill the Cup! what boots it to repeat How

time is slipping under our feet.

Better be jocund with the

fruitful grape, Than saddened after none,— or
Ah! love, could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp the sorry scheme of things entire

Would we not shatter it to bits, and then......

Remould it nearer to the hearts...
sire!

Andante

Ah, moon of

rall. cantabile assai.

dim. dolce

my delight that knows no wane

The moon of Heav'n is rising once
How oft here—after rising shall she return to it?

Through this same garden after me in vain,
senza rit.

after me in vain.

poco acc. cresc.

poco più mosso

And when thy self.... with shining foot.... shall pass

poco più mosso

....

Among the guests star... scattered on the
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one...

Turn down an

mf un poco lento

rail. un poco lento
Tempo I°

pp dolce cantabile

Ah, Moon of my...de-light...that

knows...no wane, The moon of

Heav'n...is ris-ing once...a.
Più cresc.

How oft here

After rising shall she

Sempre cresc.

Look through this

Sempre cresc.

Same garden after me in
colla voce.
vain
through this same garden
in vain...

after me...
un poco stretto
sempre pp
Lento, ma non troppo.

Leanto religioso.

As then the

Tu - lip for her morn ing sup,... Of Heav'ly

vin tage from the soil locks up,

Do.... you de vout ly.....

do the like, Till Heav'n
earth in - vert you like an em - ty cup. So when that

dolce assai
cresc.

Aa - gel of the dark - er drink,............ At last shall find you by the ri - ver

L.H.
cresc. L.H.

* * * * * *

un poco più mosso e poco a poco cresc.

brink, And of - fer - ing his cup in - vite your Soul

un poco più mosso e poco a poco cresc.

* * * * *

accel:

Forth to your lips to quaff.

accel:
You shall not shrink, you shall not shrink.
Crescendo molto

Con moto ma cantabile. (preludendo)

Andante.

Seimpre più cresc.
Andante sostenuto e dolce assai.

Soprano. pp

A - last!... that spring should vanish with the rose, That

Alto. pp

A - last!... that spring should vanish with the rose, That

Tenor. pp

A - last!... that spring should vanish with the rose, That

Bass. pp

A - last!... that spring should vanish with the rose, That

Andante sostenuto e dolce assai.

Youth's sweet scented... manuscript should close The Night in.

Sempre pp

M. 7789.
-gale that in the branches sang, Ah whence and whither flown a-

-poco cresc.

-gale that in the branches sang, Ah whence and whither flown a-

-poco cresc.

-gale that in the branches sang, Ah whence and whither flown a-

-poco cresc.

-gale that in the branches sang, Ah whence and whither flown a-

-poco cresc.

-gain, who knows? Ah whence, ah whence and whither flown again

-poco acc. poco rit. a tempo.

-gain, who knows? Ah whence, ah whence and whither flown again

-poco acc. poco rit. a tempo.

-gain, who knows? Ah whence, ah whence and whither flown again

-poco acc. poco rit. a tempo.

-gain, who knows? Ah whence, ah whence and whither flown again

-poco acc. poco rit. a tempo.

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