Cyril Scott.

Night Song

Composed for
Voice & Pianoforte

Words by
Rosamund Marriott Watson.

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New York.
G. Ricordi & Co.,
14 East 43rd Street.
London: Elkin & Co. Ltd.
NIGHT-SONG.

Who is it sings the gypsies' song to-night
To muted strings
Deep in the linden shade beyond the light,
My casement flings?

Can it be Death who sings. Ah no, not he,
For he is old.—
His voice is like the murmur of the sea,
When light grows cold.

Who is it sings once more, once more again
The gypsy song—
Song of the open road, the starry plain
Estranged so long.

Come to the woods, come for the woods are green,
The sweet airs blow
The hawthorn boughs the forest boles between
Are white as snow.

The vet leaves stir, the dim trees dream again
Of vanished Springs—
Out in the night, cut in the slow, soft rain,
My lost youth sings.

Rosemund Marriott Watson.
For George Whitehouse.

NIGHT-SONG.

Words by
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

Cyril Scott.

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Who is it sings the gypsies' song tonight To muted strings.
Deep in the linden shade beyond the light, My casement flings?

Can it be Death who sings. Ah, no, not he, For he is old.

His voice is like the murmur of the
sea. When light grows cold.

Who is it sings once more, once more again.

The gypsy song?—Song of the open road, the starry plain. Estranged so long.
Come to the woods, come, for the woods are green, The sweet airs blow The hawthorn boughs the forest boles between Are white as snow.
wet leaves stir, the dim trees dream again Of vanished

Springs:—Out in the night, out in the slow, soft

ten. Tranquillo

rain, My lost youth sings.
MEDITATION.

ERNEST DOWSON.

CYRIL SCOTT.

Andante semplice.

They are not long, the

weeping and the laughter, Love and desire and

hate, I think they have no

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