



SUNG BY
MR. JOHN M^cCORMACK.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

⋮
☀ SONG ☀

THE WORDS BY
TENNYSON

The Music by

ROGER QUILTER.

PRICE 50 CENTS NET



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NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL.

Words by
TENNYSON

Music by
ROGER QUILTER

Slow, with emphasis.

mf

p

p

Now sleeps the crimson pet - al, now the white;.....

Nor waves the cy - press in the pal - ace walk;.....

Nor winks the gold fin in the porph-ry font: *f* The

fire - fly wa - kens: wa - ken thou with

me.....

with passion *f*

pp

Now folds the li - ly all her sweet-ness up,.....

pp

And slips in - to the bo - som of the lake:.....

So fold thy - self, my dear - est, thou, and slip,

pp ad lib.
slip In - to my bo - som and be lost,..... be

lost in me. *dying away*

THE DONKEY

Words by
*GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN

Allegro ma non troppo

VOICE *f*
When

PIANO *f* *mf*

fish-ee flow and fo - rests walked and

segue

figs grow up - on thorn,

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For Barbara Kliefoth

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Words by
F. W. BOURDILLON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN

Very quietly

VOICE *p*
The night has a

PIANO *p*
con Ped.

thou - sand eyes, And the day but

one; Yet the light

3306-3

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'THE LITTLE DANCERS

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern-window; there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion lightly threaded with nimble feet
Dance sedately; face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

* Words by
LAURENCE BINYON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN

Andante

PIANO *p*

Lone - ly, save for a few faint

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SIMPLE WISDOM

In a pleasant cornfield,
Many years ago,
Men were bade delight in
All good things that grow;
Though the stubborn-hearted
Would have said them nay—
In a pleasant cornfield
On the Sabbath day.

By a peaceful lakeside
Many years ago,
Men learned how a sower
Once went forth to sow.
Seeds of simple wisdom,
Harvests yet ungrown,
By a peaceful lakeside
In each heart were sown.

Resting on a hillside
Many years ago,
Men were bade consider
How the lilies grow.
There, amid the olives,
In the open day,
Resting on a hillside,
Men learned how to pray.

Words by
ARTHUR STANLEY

Music by
KENNEDY RUSSELL

Andante

VOICE *p*
In a pleas - ant corn - field,

PIANO *p*

Man - y years a - go, Men were bade de - light in

3308-4

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