The Turning Year

Verses by Hilaire Belloc

Music composed by Geoff Allan

Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Baritone, Bass Solos
SATB Choir
Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in Bflat / Bass Clarinet

Jan-April 2008
"Now the Piper has a brother"

To Myllburne Camerata
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**Composer’s Note.** “The Turning Year” may be performed as set out or in the order 6a, 7, 8, 9, A, B, C, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6a.
0 Frame - Most Holy Night

Allegretto ($=120$)

Sop Solo

Sop

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Oboe

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep The
keys of all the doors of sleep,
keys of all doors of sleep,
keys of all doors of sleep,
keys of doors of sleep,

me when my tired eye lids close
Give thou re-pose. - And

let the far la-ment of them That chaunt the dead day's requi-

Give thou re-pose. - And

let the far la-ment of them That chaunt the dead day's requi-

Give thou re-pose. - And

let the far la-ment of them That chaunt the dead day's requi-

Give thou re-pose. - And
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie, Soft lul-la-

em Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmmmm

em Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmmmm

em Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmmmm

em Mmmmmmm Mmmmmmmmm

by. Let them that guard the hor-

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the
nà - ed Moon
By my beds - ide their mem - ries croon.

Moon
Mmmmmmmmm

Moon
Mmmmmmmmm

Moon
Mmmmmmmmm

Moon
Mmmmmmmmm

So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face, Hide
day dawn from my resting place, And cheat me with

thy false delight, Most Holy Night.

thy false delight, Most Holy Night.

thy false delight, Most Holy Night.

thy false delight, Most Holy Night.
1 January

Belloc/Allan

Moderato ($\frac{\Delta}{\text{=}120}$)

Contralto Solo

Sop

It freezes, all across a soundless sky

Alto

It freezes, soundless sky

Tenor

It free-

Bass

It free-

Clarinet Bflat

It freezes, all across a soundless sky, all across a soundless sky.
all a-cross a sound-less sky

It free zes, It free-

sound-less sky It free

sky It free-

birds go home. The gov'-ning dark's be-gun: The gov'-ning dark's be-

- zes, It free -izes dark's be-gun: dark's be-

- zes, It free -izes dark's be-gun: dark's be-

- ze

- gun: The stead-fast dark that waits not for a sun;
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
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Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
Death, with his evil finger to his lip, Leers,
where his rule shall lie

When he assumes perpetual generalship. It freezes, It

where his rule shall lie

When he assumes perpetual generalship. It freezes, It

shall lie

where his rule shall lie

When he assumes perpetual generalship. It freezes, It

where his rule shall lie

When he assumes perpetual generalship. It freezes, It

The undefeated energy, the chill That shall be-numb the voiceful earth at last, Is
master of our mo' ment, and has bound The view-less wind it self.

free-zes, has bound f view-less wind it self.
free-zes, bound f view-less wind it self.
free-zes, bound f view-less wind it self.
free-zes, bound f view-less wind it self.

There is no sound. It free-zes.
There is no sound. It free-
There is no sound. It free-
There is no sound. It free-
There is no sound.

E'ry friend-ly stream is fast. It free-zes
E'ry friend-ly stream is fast. It free-
E'ry friend-ly stream It free-
E'ry stream It free-
E'ry friend-ly It free-
and the gra-ven twigs are still. It free-

and the gra-ven twigs are still. It free-

stream is fast. It free-zes It free-

E v'ry stream and the gra-ven twigs are still. It free-
The winter moon has such a quiet car
That
all the winter nights are dumb with rest. She drives

all nights are dumb drives

the gradual dark with drooping crest, And dreams go wandering
from her drowsy star. And dreams go wandering from her drowsy star.

Because the nights are silent,

Because the nights

Because the nights

Because the nights

Because the nights
do not wake: But there shall tremble through the general
earth, And over you, a quickening and a birth. The
The sun is near the hill-tops for your sake. Mmmmmmmmm

The sun for your sake. Mmmmmmmmm

The sun for your sake. Mmmmmmmmm

The sun for your sake. Mmmmmmmmm

The last test born of all the days shall
To kiss the tender eye lids of the year; eye lids of the year; eye lids of the year;
And you shall wake, grown young with perfect sleep, And smile at the new world,

wake, grown young with perfect sleep, And smile at the new world,
and make it dear With living murmurs
world, and make it dear With living murmurs
world, and make it dear With living
world, and make it dear With living
world, dear With living
more than dreams are deep. Silence is dead, my
more, more than dreams are deep. Silence is
mur - murs deep. Silence is
mur - murs deep. Silence is
more than dreams are deep. more than dreams are deep. Silence
Dawn; the morning's here. Silence is dead, my Dawn; the morning's here.

Silence is dead, morning's here. Silence is dead. Morning's here. Silence is dead.

Silence is dead. Morning's here. Silence is dead, morning's here. Silence is dead.

Silence is dead, morning's here. Silence is dead, morning's here.
The north-east wind comes from Norway,

Roaring he came above the white waves' tips! The foam of the loud sea

Aaaaaa!
was on his lips, And all his hair was salt with falling spray.

Aaaaaa!

The north-east wind comes
Roaring he came above

from Norway, Roaring he came above

north-east wind comes from Norway, f Roaring

the white waves' tips! The foam of the loud sea

he came above the white waves' tips! The foam of

the white waves' tips! The foam of the loud sea

Roaring he came above the white waves' tips!
Over the keen light of northern day
He cast his snow cloud's terrible eclipse;
Beyond our banks he suddenly struck the ships,
And left them labouring.
ring on his landward way.

Aaaaaa! Over the keen light of northern day He cast his snow

Aaaaaa! Over the keen light of northern day He cast his

Aaaaaa! Over the

Aaaaaa! Over the

Aaaaaa! Over the

Aaaaaa!
cloud's terrible eclipse; beyond our

And left them labouring on his landward way.

Aaaaaa!

struck the ships, And left them labouring on his landward way.
The certain course that to my strength be-long-s

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

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Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!

Aaaaaa!
- til a-cross Ven-de-an flats he sees O-ccean, the el-

dest of his e-ne-mies.
Aaaaaaa! Drives him with gathering purpose and control. Until across Vendean, with gathering purpose and control. Drives him with gathering purpose and control.
flats he sees O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-

flats he sees Aaaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-
flats he sees Aaaaaaah! O cean, the el dest of his e-

Then wheels he for him, glo ry ing in ne-mies.
Then wheels he for him, glo ry ing in ne-mies.
Then wheels he for him, glo ry ing in ne-mies.
Then wheels he for him, glo ry ing in ne-mies.
Then wheels he for him, glo ry ing in ne-mies.
goal And gives him challenge, And gives him

Aaaaaaa! Aaaaaaa!

Aaaaaaa! Aaaaaaa!

Aaaaaaa! Aaaaaaa!

Aaaaaaa! Aaaaaaa!
songs.

songs.

songs.

songs.
The stranger - warmth of the

young sun obeying, Fa-la-la-la-la-la

Fa-la-la-la-la-la Look!

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Belloc/Allan
little beads of green begin to grow, Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

little beads of green begin to grow, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

little beads of green begin to grow, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

little beads of green begin to grow, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

little beads of green begin to grow, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

little beads of green begin to grow, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la And hidden flowers have dated their tops to show

la-la-la-la hidden flowers have dated their tops to show

la-la-la-la hidden flowers have dated their tops to show

la-la-la-la hidden flowers have dated their tops to show

la-la-la-la hidden flowers have dated their tops to show

la-la-la-la hidden flowers have dated their tops to show
Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la Where late such drought ty-
Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la late such drought ty-
Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la late such drought ty-
Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la late such drought ty-
It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

It's not the month, but all the world's amazing! Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-

la-la-la-la-la-la-la-

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-
take you, for I know Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la  Where

take you, for I know Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la

take you, for I know Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la  Where

take you, for I know Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la

take you, for I know Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la-Fa-la-la-la

the first hedge-thorns and white wind-flowers blow:

Where the first hedge-thorns and white wind-flowers blow:

Where the first hedge-thorns and white wind-flowers blow:

Where the first hedge-thorns and white wind-flowers blow:
This month has treach'rous clouds and moves in fears.

April shames the month itself with smiles:

In whose new eyes I

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
45

But still serene desire and bet-
know no heaven of tears, Mmmmmmmmmmm
Mmmmmmmmmmm

So great a look that
ween whiles, So great a look that
So great a look that
So great a look that
even April's grace

only marvel at her only face

makes
5 May

Belloc/Allan

Allegro Moderato (Waltz) (\( \text{\textit{c}} = 120 \))

Sop

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Flute

Oboe

Bass Clarinet

This is the laughingly - eyed
amongst them
till: My lady's month. My lady's month. A season of young

This is the laughingly - eyed
amongst them
till: My lady's month. My
All: My lady's month. My lady's month. A season of young things. Aaaaaaaaah!

Laughing-eyed amongst them all: My lady's month. My lady's month. A season of young things. Aaaaaaaaah!

She rules the light with
harmony, and brings The year's first green upon the beeches.

She rules the light with harmony, upon the beeches.

She rules the light with harmony, upon the beeches.

How often, where long creepers wind and fall.
Through the deep woods in noon day wand'ring, I've heard the month, when
and fall

I've heard the month when she to echo sings, I've heard the month make

I've heard the month when she to echo sings,
in the breathing strong

Of mosses and young flowers,

And watched the clouds and watched the clouds and

- wrets, have I lain watched the clouds,

- wrets, have I lain watched the clouds,
I caught the sheltered song, which it were

more than life to hear again, which it were
those small birds that pipe all day long Not far from Marly by
those small birds that pipe all day far from Marly by
those small birds that pipe all day far from Marly by
ly by the memoried Seine. Of those small birds that pipe all day long Not

the memoried Seine. those small birds that pipe all day

the memoried Seine. those small birds that pipe all day

the memoried Seine. those small birds that pipe all day

far from Marly by the memoried Seine. memoried

far from Marly by the memoried Seine. memoried

far from Marly by the memoried Seine. memoried

far from Marly by the memoried Seine. memoried
Rise up, and do begin the day's adorning;

The Summer dark is but the dawn of day. The last of

Sunset fades into the morning. The morning calls you from the dark
The holy mist, the white mist of the morning,

Was wreathing upward on my lonely way. The way was waiting for your own adorning. That should complete the broad adorning of the day. Rise up, and do begin the day's adorning;
The little eastern clouds are dapple grey:

There will be wind among the leaves today; It is the promise of the morning. Lux Tu-a Vi-a Me-a:

Your light's my way Then do rise up and make it perfect

your light's my way Then do rise up and make it perfect

Your light's my way Then do rise up and make it perfect

65of130
Lux Tu a Vi a Me a: your light's my way

Then do rise up and make it perfect day.

Lux Tu a Vi a Me a: your light's my way

Lux Tu a Vi a Me a: your light's my way

day.

day.

day.

Then do rise up and make it perfect day.
7 July

Belloc/Allan

Allegretto (\( \approx 110 \))

The Kings come riding back

from the Crusade, The purple Kings and all their mounted men; They
fill the street with clamorous cavalcade; The Kings have broken down

the Saracen.

Sing ing a great song
of the eastern wars, In crimson ships across the sea they came, With crimson sails and diamonded.

of the eastern wars, In crimson ships across the sea they came, With crimson sails and dark.

of the eastern wars, In crimson ships across the sea they came, With crimson sails and diamonded dark.
dark oars. That made the Mediterranean flash with flame.

And reading how, in that far month, the
ranks Formed on the edge of the desert, armoured all,

I wish to God that I had been with them
When the first Norman leapt upon the wall, 

And Godfrey led the foremost of the Franks, And young Lord Raymond 

And Godfrey led the foremost of the Franks, And young Lord Raymond 

And Godfrey led the foremost of the Franks, And young Lord Raymond
The Kings come riding back

stormed Jerusalem.

from the Crusade The purple Kings

and
mounted men;  

ppp
8 August

Belloc/Allan

Adagio (Maestoso) \( (\text{c}=90) \)

Allegro non troppo \( (\text{c}=120) \)

Tenor Solo

Bass Solo

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Flute

Oboe

Bass Clarinet in Bflat

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Belloc months
That never more shall hear such victories told;

That never more shall hear such victories told;

soldier month, the bulwark of the year,

soldier month, the bulwark of the year,

stands apparent with his heav'n high spear, Etruscan

And helmeted of grand Etruscan
gold. E trus-can
gold.
He stands apparent with his heav'n high spear, E trus-can
And blessed of grand E trus-can

gold. Our
E trus-can

gold. Our
E trus-can

gold. Our
E trus-can
That he has won a vest - is the bounty - he has won, the loot his fiery temper - takes by strength. Oh! Paladin of the Imperial sun! Oh! crown of the breast - is the bounty - he has won, the loot his fiery temper - takes by strength.

That he has won aMddd l

tem per - takes by strength. Oh! Pa la - din - of the Im pe - rial - sun! Oh! crown of the breast - is the bounty - he has won, the loot his fiery temper - takes by strength. Oh! Paladin of the Imperial sun! Oh! crown of the breast - is the bounty - he has won, the loot his fiery temper - takes by strength.

bddd l

adddk

adddk

aMddd l

bddd l


all the sea sons - come at length! This is sheer man hood; this is Char le - -

magne, - Our har vest - is the boun ty - he has won,
The loot his fiery temper takes by strength. Oh! Paladin of the Imperial sun! Oh!
When he with his wide host came conquering home From vengeance under Roncesvalles -
What time he swept to grasps the world

wine cups on the Lombard plain,
at Rome the world at Rome

What time he swept to grasp the world at Rome
Adagio ($\text{}\text{}\text{f}=100$)
9 September

Belloc / Allan

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Belloc months
wide, Looked eastward out to the September night;

The men that in the hopeless battle

The men that in the hopeless battle

The men that in the hopeless battle
died Rose, and deployed, and stationed - for the fight;
A brumal army, vague and ordered - large

For mile on

A brumal army, vague and ordered - large
to the charge, But no man living heard the bugle-call.

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 mile by some pale general, I saw them lean by companies.
But no man heard and fading still,

No man heard the bugle-call.

No man heard the bugle-call.

No man heard the bugle-call.

No man heard the bugle-call.

No man heard the bugle-call.

And pointing to their scars, They fled in lessening
clouds, where gray and high Dawn lay along the heaven-
But watching from that eastern casemment,
I saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
And round her terrible head the morning.
October

Belloc/Allan

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Belloc months

99of130
Morning are dark, and

morning are dark, and

our very noon: the year's grown old,

our very noon: the year's grown old,

our very noon: the year's grown old,

our very noon: the year's grown old,

evenings come a pace. The vines below have lost their purple grace,

evenings come a pace. The vines below have lost their purple grace,

evenings come a pace. The vines below have lost their purple grace,

add

sub p.
And in For reze the wrack back ward - rolled,

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

and in For reze the white wrack back ward rolled,

And in For reze the wrack back ward rolled,

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

Hangs to the hills tem pes tu ous, fold on fold, fold on fold, f

Grace, Grace,

Sorry purists!!
Moaning gusts make desolate all the place.

Mine host the month,
at thy good hostel-ry, Tired limbs I'll stretch and steaming beast I'll te-

Pile on great logs with Gas-con hand and free, And pour ther; Pile on great logs with Gas-con hand and free, And pour ther; Pile on great logs with Gas-con hand and free, And pour ther; Pile on great logs with Gas-con hand and free, And pour
the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north

wind, no whit care we, Singing old songs and drinking wine to get

Naught the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north

Naught the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north

Naught the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north

Naught the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north

the Gas con-stuff that laughs at weather; - Swell your tough lungs, north
7

ther. Naught care we Sing ing
ther Naught care we Sing ing
ther Naught care we Sing ing
ther Naught care we Sing ing
ff Sing ing old songs and drin king wine to ge ther Sing ing
ff Sing ing old songs and drin king wine to ge ther Sing ing

add

old songs and drin king wine to ge ther.
old songs and drin king wine to ge ther.
old songs and drin king wine to ge ther.
old songs and drin king wine to ge ther.

105of130
B November

Adagio (\( \text{L} = \text{80} \))

Sop Solo

Tenor solo

Sop

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Oboe

Clarinet in B-flat

Emperor, Conquered in age, but foot to foot with fate,
from his refuge high has heard the roar Of squadrons in pursuit, and

now, too late, now, too late, Stirrups the storm and calls the winds to
war, And arms of his last heir loom, and

war, And arms of his last heir loom,

war, And arms of his last heir loom, and

shakes the sky

shakes, shakes, shakes, shakes,

shakes, shakes, shakes, shakes,

shakes, shakes, shakes, shakes,

shakes, shakes, shakes, shakes,
shakes, shakes, the sky. to its ex-tre-mest shore with
shakes, shakes, the sky. to its ex- tre-mest shore with
the sky. to its ex- tre-mest shore with
the sky. to its ex- tre-mest shore With

Till, driv’n and hurled from
Till, driv’n and hurled from

bat-tle bat-tle bat-tle bat-tle doom
bat-tle bat-tle bat-tle bat-tle doom
bat-tle a-gainst ir-re-co-a-ble doom.
bat-tle a-gainst ir-re-co-a-ble doom.
driv'n and hurled from his strong citadels, He flies in hurrying cloud

and spurs him on, Emp'ry of lingerings, emp'ry of farewells,

spurs him on, spurs him on Emp'ry of lingerings, emp'ry of farewells
empty of fare wells

sub. p

f And fi nal be ne dic tions, and is gone.

f And fi nal be ne dic tions, and is gone.

f And fi nal be ne dic tions, and is gone.

f And fi nal be ne dic tions, and is gone.

f

p

Tempo Primo (\( \text{G} = 80 \))

But in my gar den all the trees have shed

Aaaaaaaaaah!

Aaaaaaaaaah!

Aaaaaaaaaah!

Aaaaaaaaaah!

Aaaaaaaaaah!

But in my gar den

But in my gar den

But in my gar den

But in my gar den

But in my gar den

Tempo Primo (\( \text{G} = 80 \))
Their legacies of the light, and all the
all the trees have shed and all the
all the trees have shed and all the
all the trees have shed
flow'rs are dead.
C - December

Belloc/Allan

SoloSop

SoloCont

SoloTen

SoloBass

Sop

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Flute

Oboe

Bass Clarinet in C

Moderato (\( \approx 110 \))

affff4

House be takes - him slow, See king - an entry -

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Belloc months

113of130
On my poor fire the brands are scarce and glow, - And in the woods without -

night with silent foot steps go
What memories press where, waning in the trees from less to less, Mysteries bang the homed moon and low.
For now December, full of aged care, Comes in upon the
weakly grieves; Mumbling his
despair;
And with mad trembling hand still interweaves, interweaves, interweaves, interweaves, interweaves.

The dank sear flower stalks tangled in his hair, tangled in his hair, tangled in his hair, tangled in his hair, tangled in his hair.
in his hair, While round

about him whirl the rotten leaves

Segue - Most Holy Night
Most Holy Night, that still dost keep The
To keys of all the doors of sleep,
keys of all doors of sleep,
keys of doors of sleep,
keys of doors of sleep,
keys of all doors of sleep,
keys of doors of sleep,

me when my tired eye lids close
Give thou re pose. -
Give thou re pose. -
Give thou re pose. -
Give thou re pose. -
Give thou re pose. -
Give thou re pose. -
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie, Soft lullala-

Mmmmmmmmm Soft lullala-

Mmmmmmmmm Soft lullala-

Mmmmmmmmm Soft lullala-

Mmmmmmmmm Soft lullala-

em

f
decresc.

by. Let them that guard the hor-

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the

by. Let them guard the

pp mnj
nà - ed Moon By my beds - ide their mem - ries croon.

Moon Mmmmmmmmm

Moon Mmmmmmm

Moon Mmmmmmm

Moon Mmmmmmm

So shall I have new dreams and blest

So shall I have new dreams and blest

So shall I have new dreams and blest

So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face, Hide
day-dawn from my resting-place, And cheat me with thy false delight, Most Holy