# In the Forest 

For SSAATB Choir
Music by C.L. Elliott
Text by Sarojini Naidu

Here, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead, Here in this wood let us fashion a funeral pyre Of fallen white petals and leaves that are mellow and red, Here let us burn them in noon's flaming torches of fire.

We are weary, my heart, we are weary, so long we have borne The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead, let us rest,
Let us scatter their ashes away, for a while let us morn;
We will rest, O my heart, til the shadows are gray in the west.

But soon we must rise, O my heart, we must wander again Into the war of the world and the strife of the throng;
Let us rise, O my heart, let us gather the dreams that remain, We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of song.



B.

A. $1+2$
T.

B.







T.


73 poco a poco cresc. $\quad$ (Piu Rubato)
S. $1+2$
A. $1+2$
T.
B.

Maestoso, d= 84,

A. $1+2$
T.
B.



