

AYLWARD

To M^{rs} ELLIOT of WOLFELEE.

3

St MARTIN'S SUMMER.

Song

a - 2 2

Words by
AY BYRON.

Music by
FLORENCE AYLWARD.

Moderato con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

Love at our door-ways knocked too late, When the lil - ies were

p

shed and sere, When the birds were part - ed mate_ from

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mate, In the dusk of the dy - ing year; He

came not clad as an ar - cher gay, With rain - bow and shafts of

light, But a wan - d'ring min - strel, grave and grey, That

sang in the shadow of night, the shadow of night. And

mf a tempo.

I have heark - ened his mys - tic song, And

mf a tempo.

learnt of his mag - - ic lore,

learnt of his mag - - ic lore,

Where - - by for ev - - er my

soul is strong, That quailed and was weak be-

soul is strong, That quailed and was weak be-

dim.

dim.

-fore; _____ And I know _____ that Fame is a

p

cresc.

fleet - ing breath, _____ And Fate is a fee - ble foe, _____

cresc.

f marcato

_____ But Love is strong - er than life or

f marcato

Maestoso.

death, _____ As it was and it shall _____ be so! _____ O

Maestoso.

St Martin's

Aylward

p dolce *cresc.*

heart of my heart, will you hear, will you come? I will teach you the wis - dom

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

true,— Tho' the flow'rs be dead and the flutes be dumb,— That

p

Tempo I. cresc.

lin - gers for me and you; I will show you the

Tempo I. cresc.

way ——— that you have not known, ——— And the

path that you have not trod,

That leads your feet to the heav'n - ly

ten. **Maestoso.** throne, — And your eyes, and your eyes to the Face, the Face of

Maestoso.

God!

f a tempo *rall.*