

To Frances Billings Newsom

From the French of
Paul Verlaine
by Aleister Crowley

WITH MUTED STRINGS

TOD B. GALLOWAY

Moderato

VOICE

pp *p* *calmo e ben legato*

Calm in the twi-light of the loft - y boughs,

Pierce we our love with si - lence as we drowse; Melt we our souls, hearts, sen - ses in this shrine,

Vague languor of ar - bu - tus and of pine! Half close your eyes, your arms up -

on your breast; Ba - nish for - ev - er ev - ry in - ter - est! The cra - dling breeze shall woo us, soft and sweet,

Ruf - fling the waves of vel - vet at your feet When so - lemn night of swart oaks shall pre - vail,

Voice our de - spair, mu - si - cal night - in - gale.

pp *sf* *sf* *rall. e dim.* *ppp*