

# Mirage

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CÉSAR CUI

Andantino *p*

Voice

Softshad-ows, — ting'd with

Piano

*pp* *p* *pp*

pur - - ple, spread a-long the hill - - side. Gray, film - y

bands of mist are ris - ing from the lake; A sub - tle

ma - gic seems to fash - ion and to shape them, Till, by some

art - ful turn, Your love - ly form they take.

*mp*  
Your im - age smiles up - on me, ra - diant - ly and ten - - der,

*poco cresc.*  
It seems your lips would part, to greet me from a - far,

*p*  
 And in your eye a sud - den tear ap - pears to glis - - ten

*p* *dim.* *pp*

*p cresc.* *poco rit.*  
 As thro' the va - pors breaks the beau - teous eve - - ning

*pp cresc.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo* *mf* *poco rit.* *dim.*  
 star, The beau - teous eve - - ning

*a tempo* *p poco cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

*pp a tempo*  
 star.

*a tempo* *rall.*

*pp*