"Come into the garden, Maud."

"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD."

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky—
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine"—so I sware to the rose—
"For ever and ever mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood—
Our wood, that is dearer than all.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

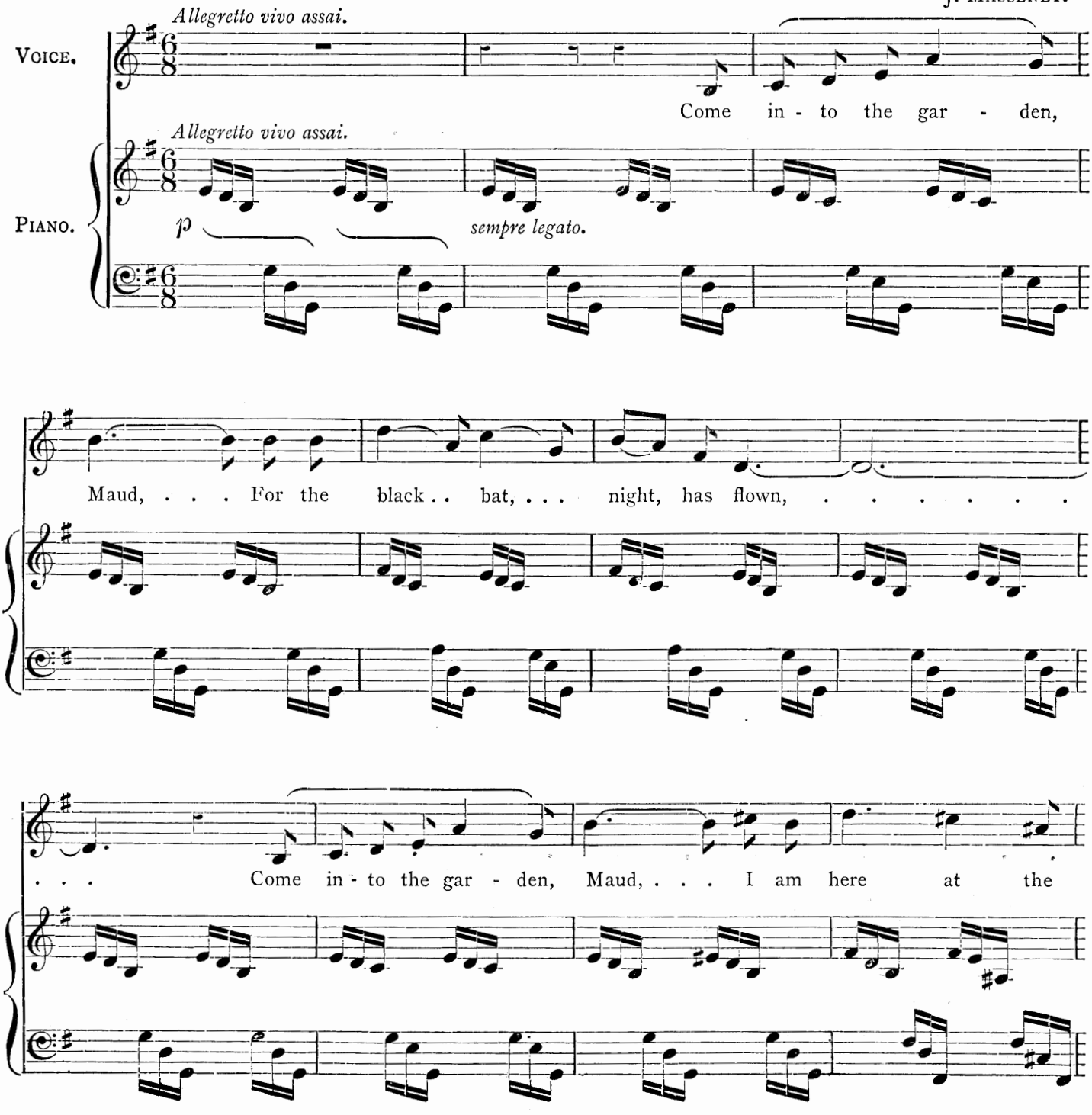
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

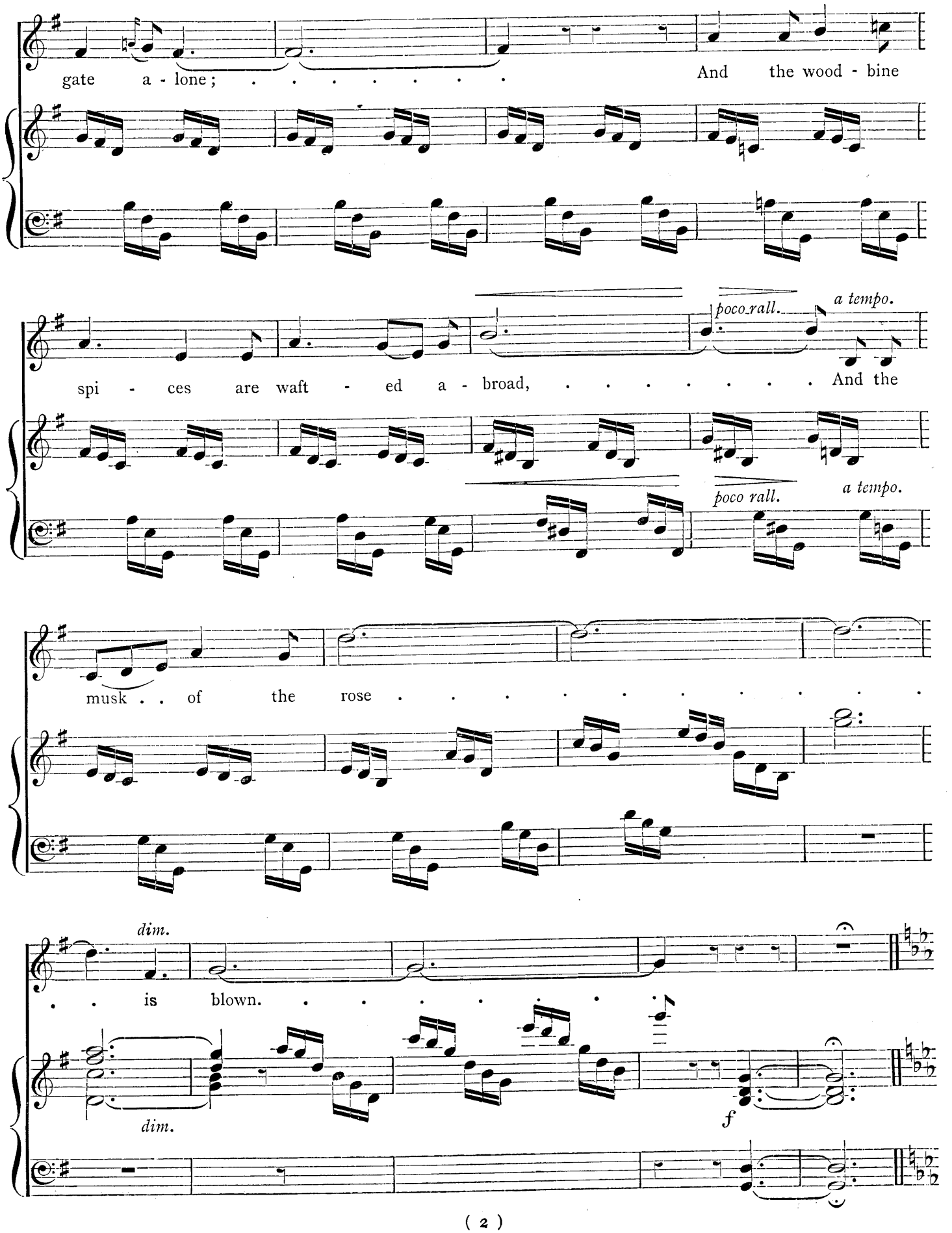
There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

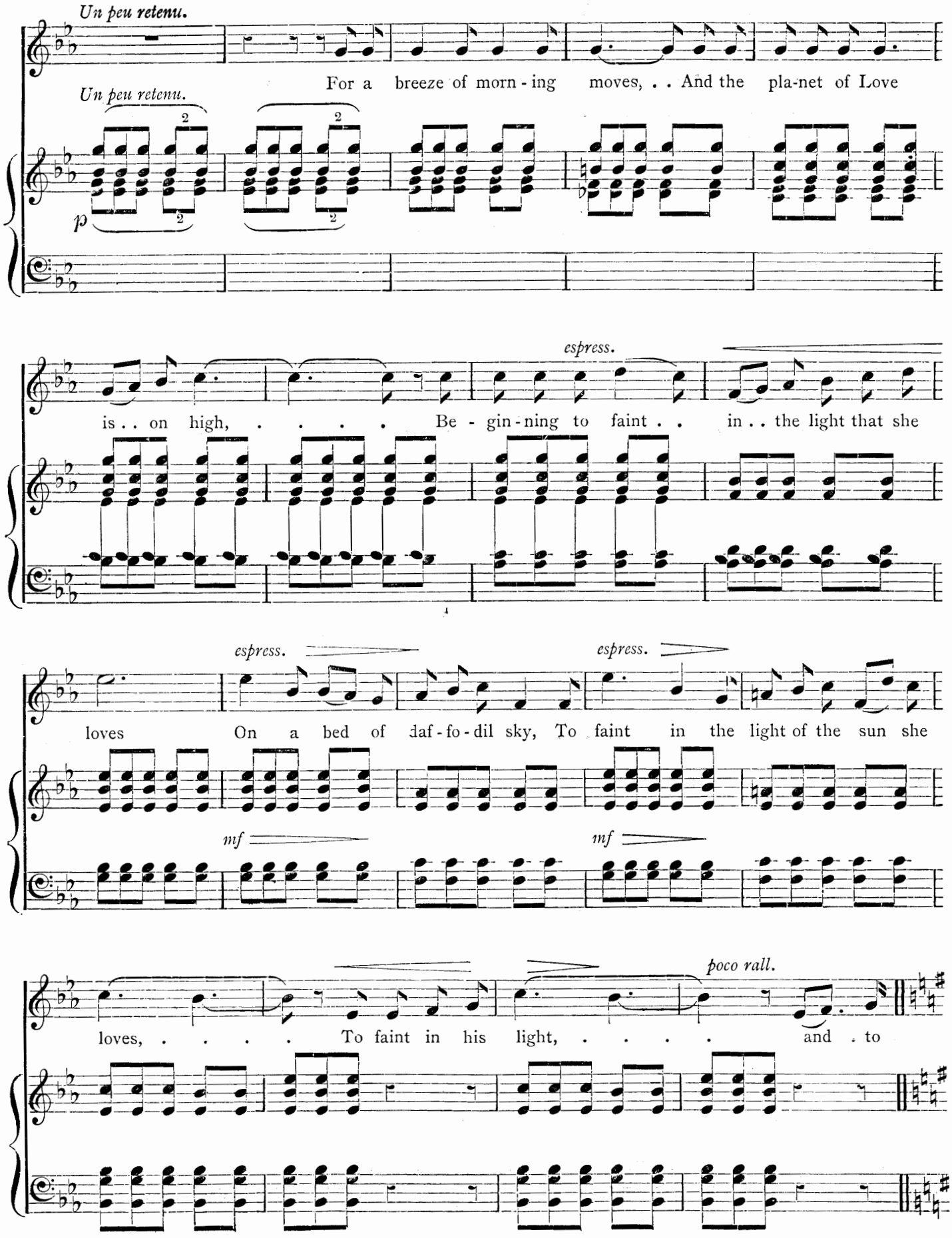
She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

J. MASSENET.




gate a - lone; . . . . . .
And the wood - bine
spi - ces are waft - ed a - broad, ...
poco rall.
a tempo.
And the
musk . . of the rose . . . . . .
dim.
. . is blown. . . . . .
dim.
f


Un peu retenu.
For a breeze of morn - ing moves, . . And the pla-net of Love
Un peu retenu.
p
espress.
is . . on high, ... Be - gin - ning to faint . . in . . the light that she
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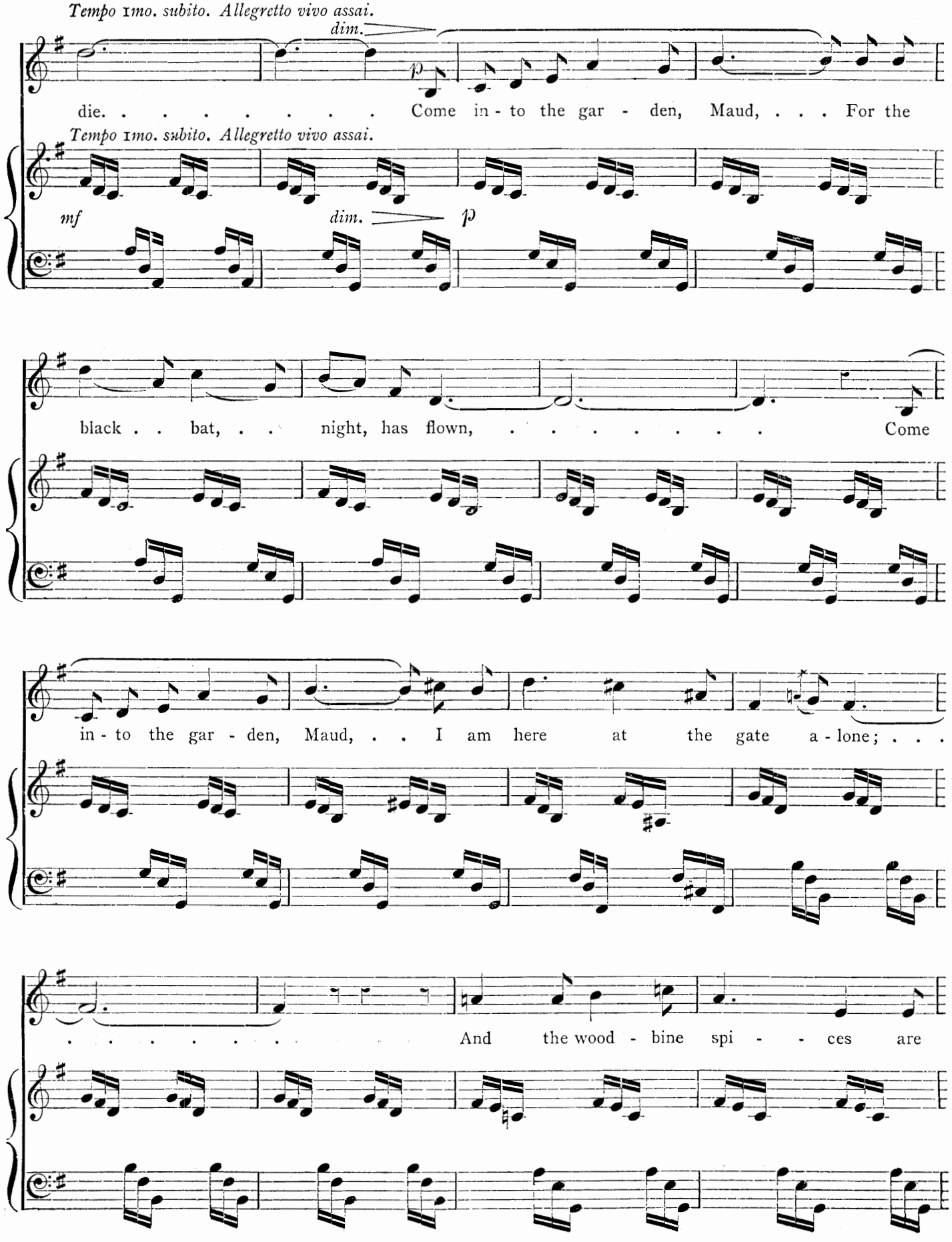
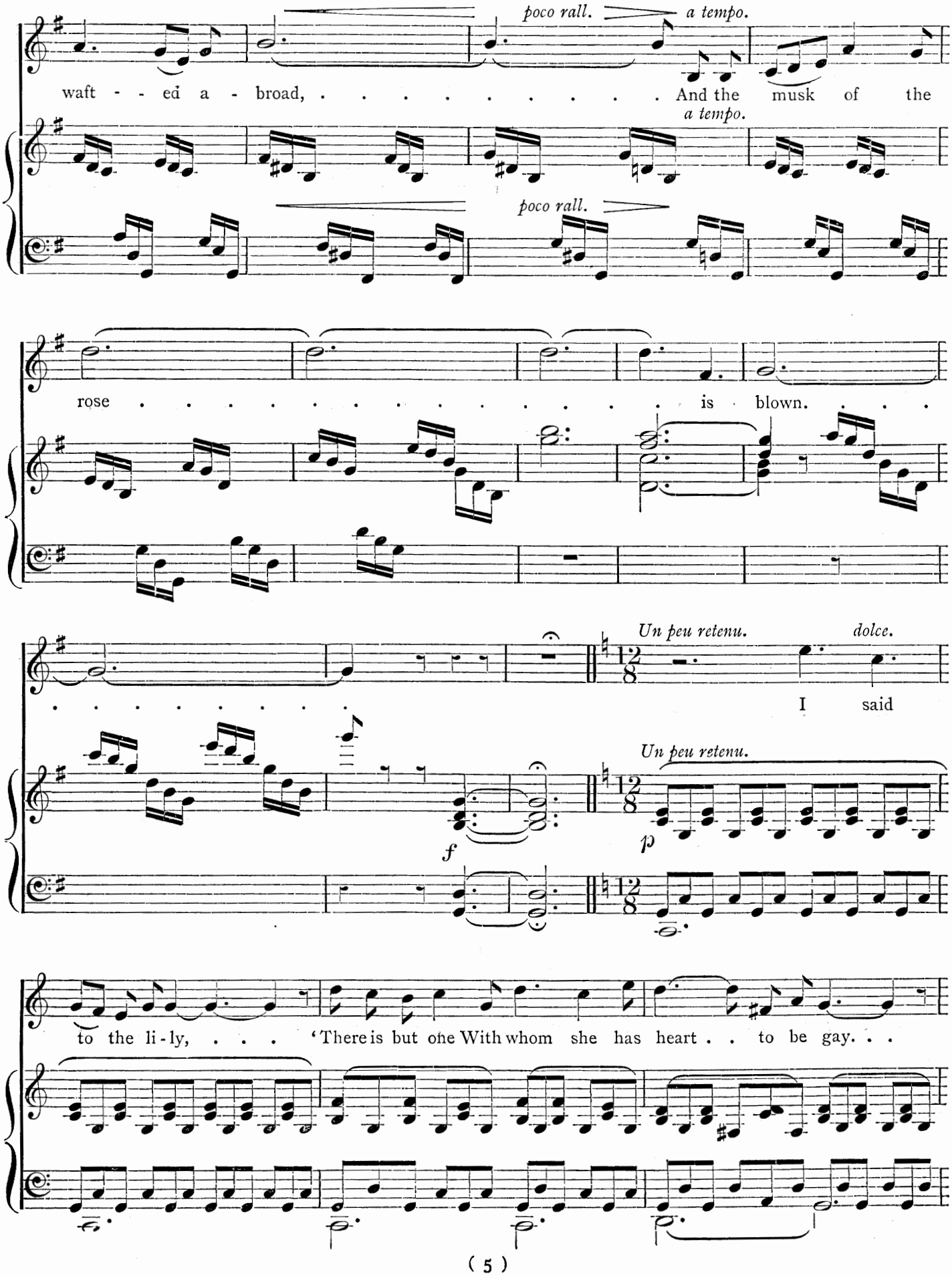
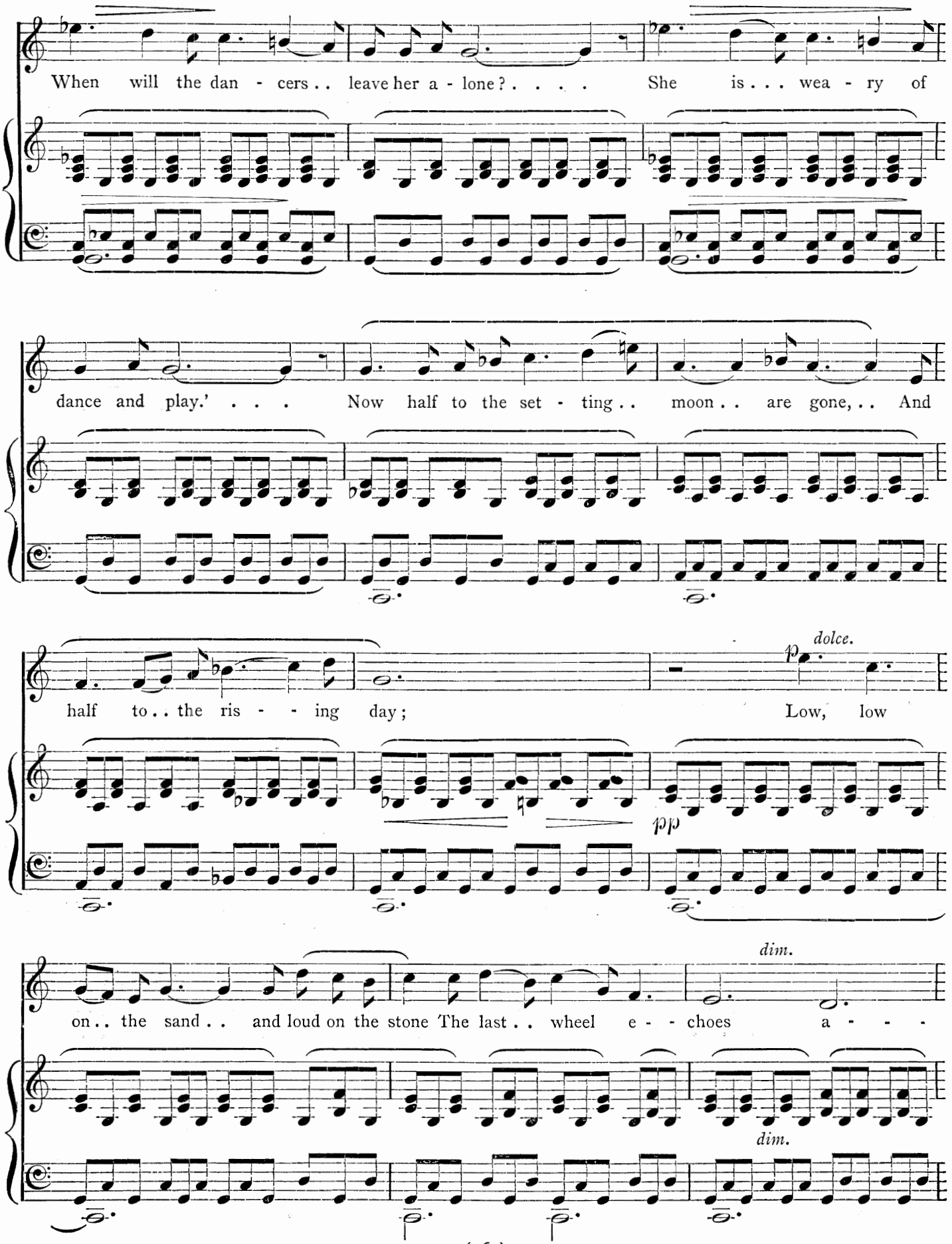
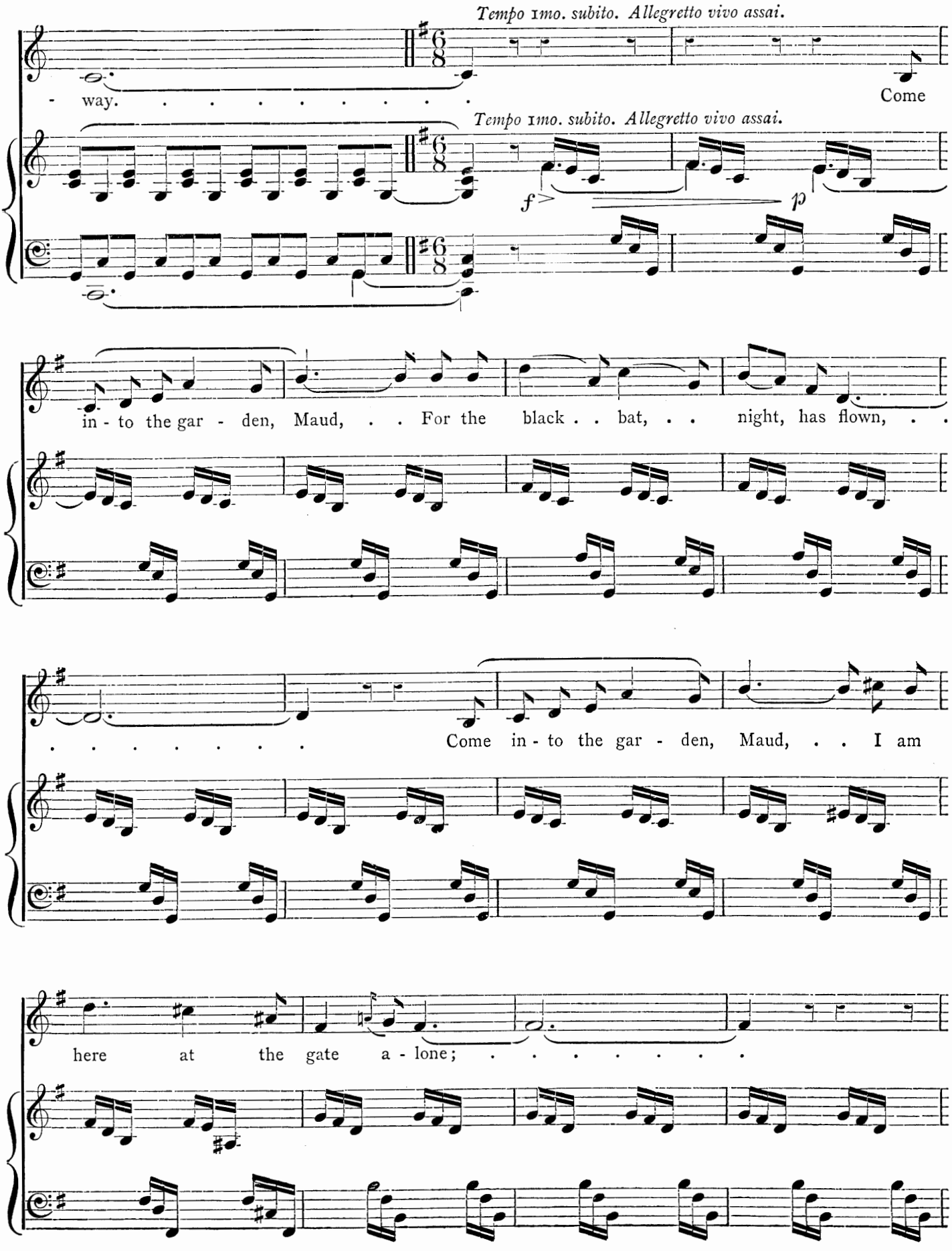
espress.
loves On a bed of daf - fo - dil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she
mf
mf
poco rall.
loves, ... To faint in his light, ... and . to


Tempo 1mo. subito. Allegretto vivo assai.
dim.
p
die. . . . . Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, . . . For the
Tempo 1mo. subito. Allegretto vivo assai.
mf
dim.
p
black . . bat, . . night, has flown, ... Come
in - to the gar - den, Maud, . . I am here at the gate a - lone; . . .
. . . . . And the wood - bine spi - - ces are


poco rall.
a tempo.
waft - - ed a - broad, ... And the musk of the
a tempo.
poco rall.
rose . . . . . is blown. . . .
Un peu retenu.
dolce.
. . . . . I said
Un peu retenu.
f
p
to the li - ly, . . . 'There is but one With whom she has heart . . to be gay. . .


When will the dan - cers . . leave her a - lone? . . . . She is . . . wea - ry of
dance and play.' . . . Now half to the set - ting . . moon . . are gone, . . And
half to . . the ris - - ing day;
dolce.
Low, low
pp
on . . the sand . . and loud on the stone The last . . wheel e - - choes a - - - -
dim.
dim.


Tempo 1mo. subito. Allegretto vivo assai.
- way.
Come
Tempo 1mo. subito. Allegretto vivo assai.
f
p
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Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, . . I am
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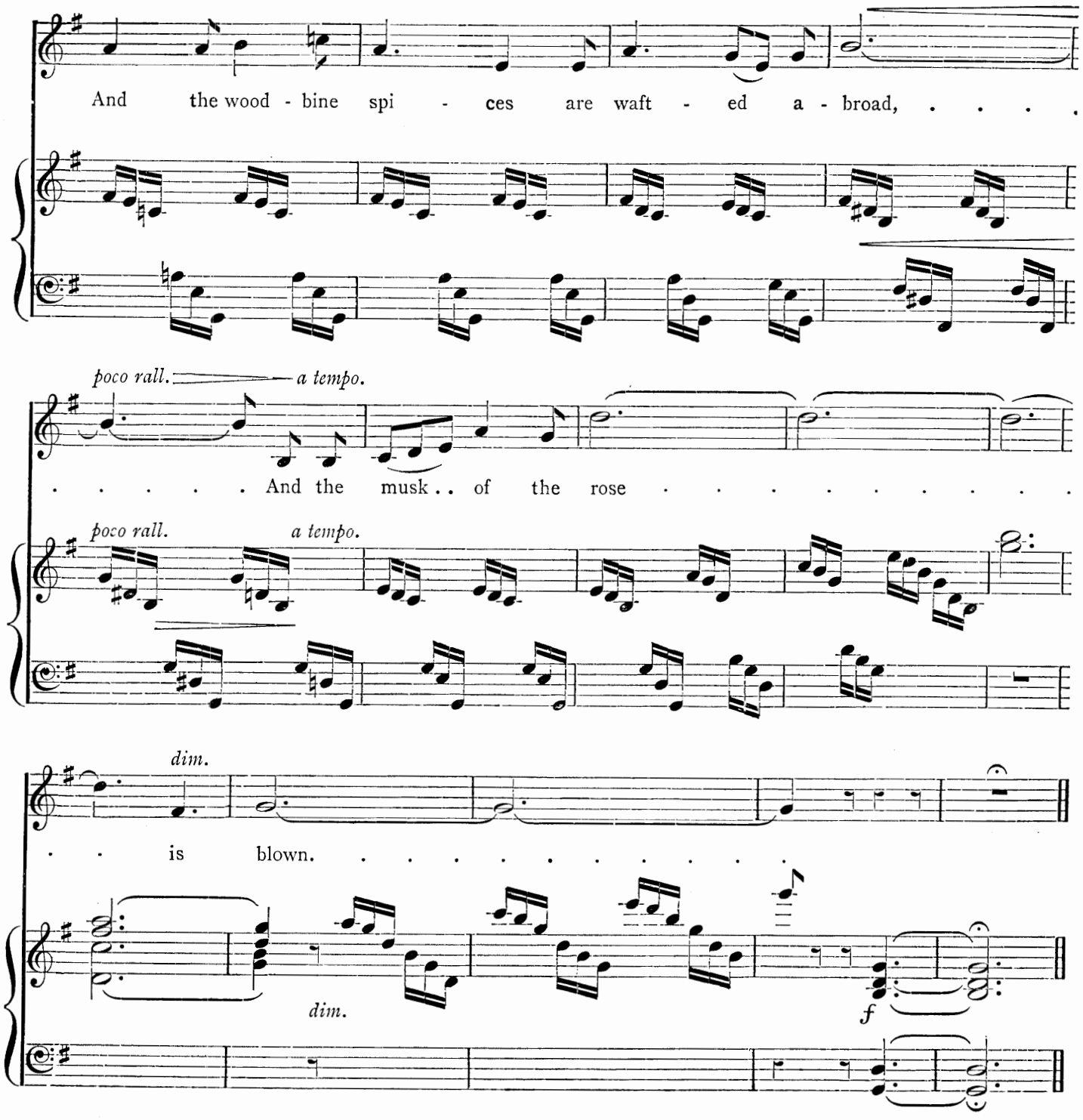
And the wood - bine spi - ces are waft - ed a - broad, ...
poco rall.
a tempo.
. . . . . And the musk . . of the rose . . . . . .
poco rall.
a tempo.
dim.
. . is blown. . . . . .
dim.
f