

# Autumn

♩ = 125

So craft - il - y you slipped in while I slept.  
 The fra - grance of the sweet white lill - y's gone,  
 Trans - fixed I stand, as with your skill - ful brush,  
 With the stark beaut - y of your bount - eous cloak,  
 Do not ne - glect to take me when you leave,

Ex - tin - guish - ing my pleas - ant summ - er dreams;  
 The mus - ic of the song birds put to rest;  
 You paint earth's can - vas in such brill - iant hues;  
 You coax me to re - nounce my stead - fast claim;  
 For dis - tant stars a - long the milk - y way;

I shiv - ered while you froze summ - er's sweet breath,  
 And fair - ies have re - treat - ed from their homes,  
 I mar - vel at your deli - ca - cy of touch -  
 Summ - er's sweet med - ley will be sore - ly missed,  
 While win - ter's nak - ed bran - ches catch the snow,

And  
On  
With  
Your  
'Til the

scatt - ered all its  
wings of wood nymphs  
your per - suas - ive  
tri - umph then, a  
sleep - y earth greets

ash - es 'mid my  
fly - ing all a -  
breast.  
charm, you make me  
meas - ure of my  
spring's equi - noct - ial

screams.  
choose.  
pain.  
ray.