I
for
Spiral

No.

MUSIC

R.G. Cross.
69 Flinders St.
Adelaide 5000

The

RTIS

Wound

A
RTIS
ODUCT

775

BOOK

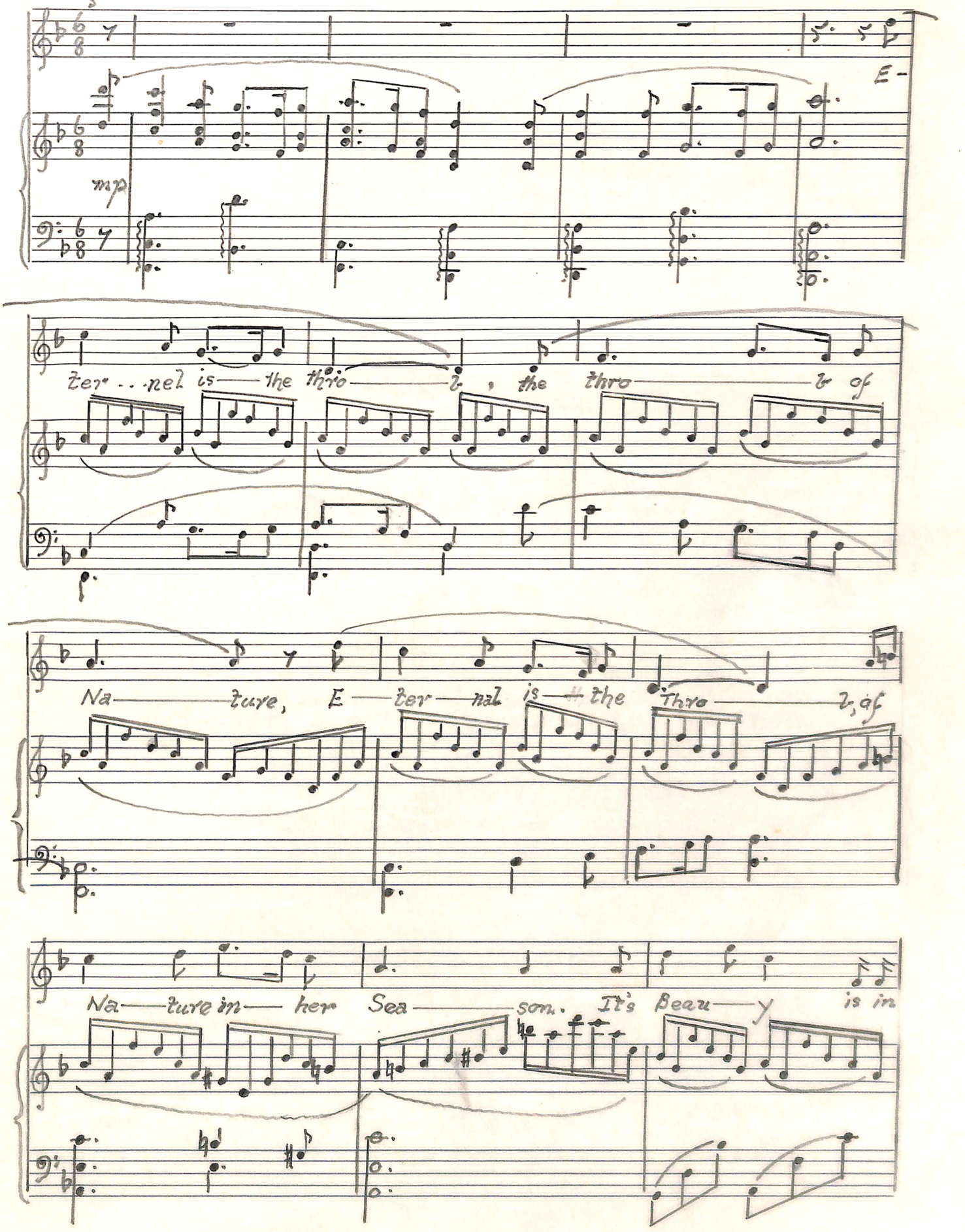
Miss Tess McGair Tol 46-15-84.

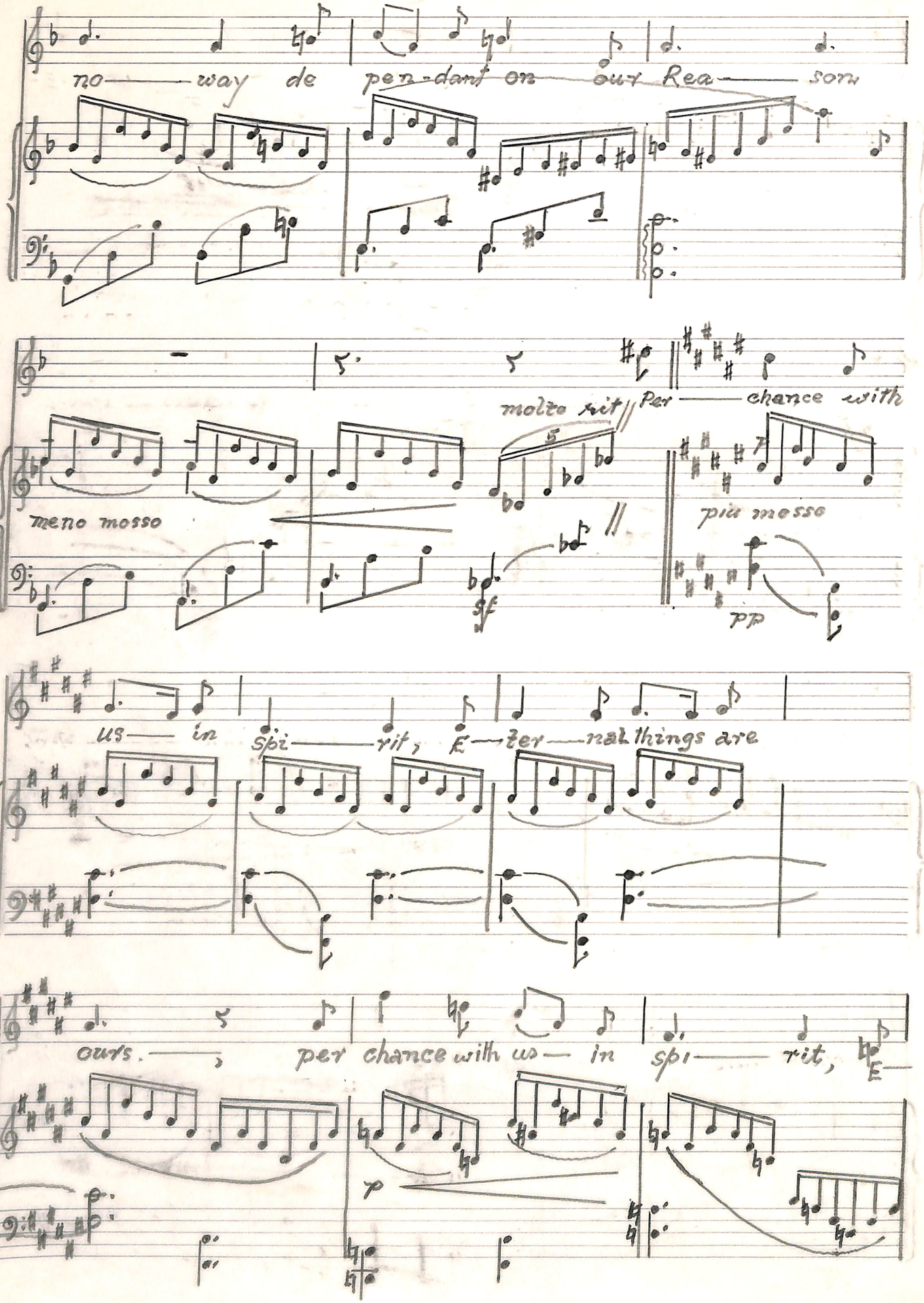
To B.E.P.

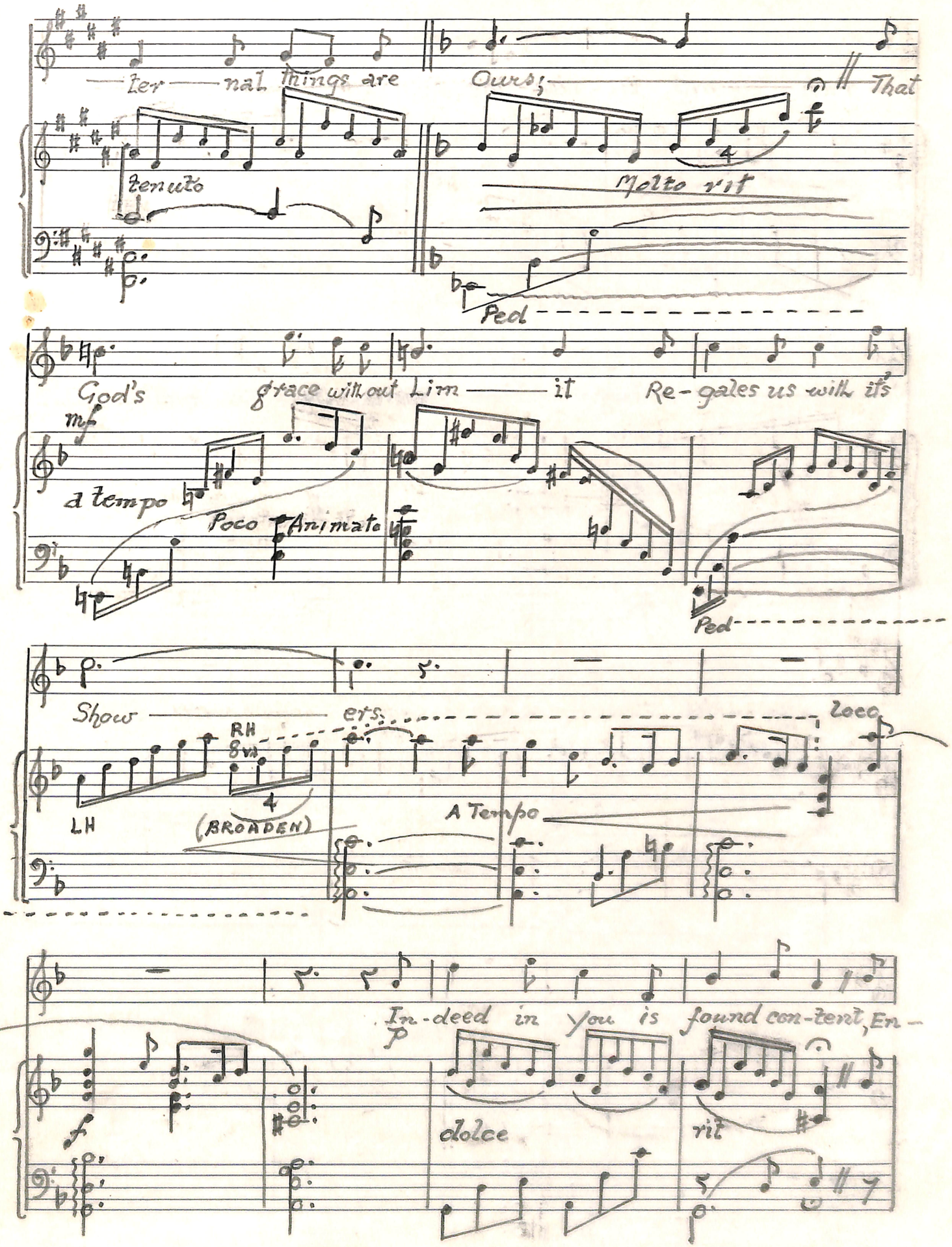
Eternal Nature

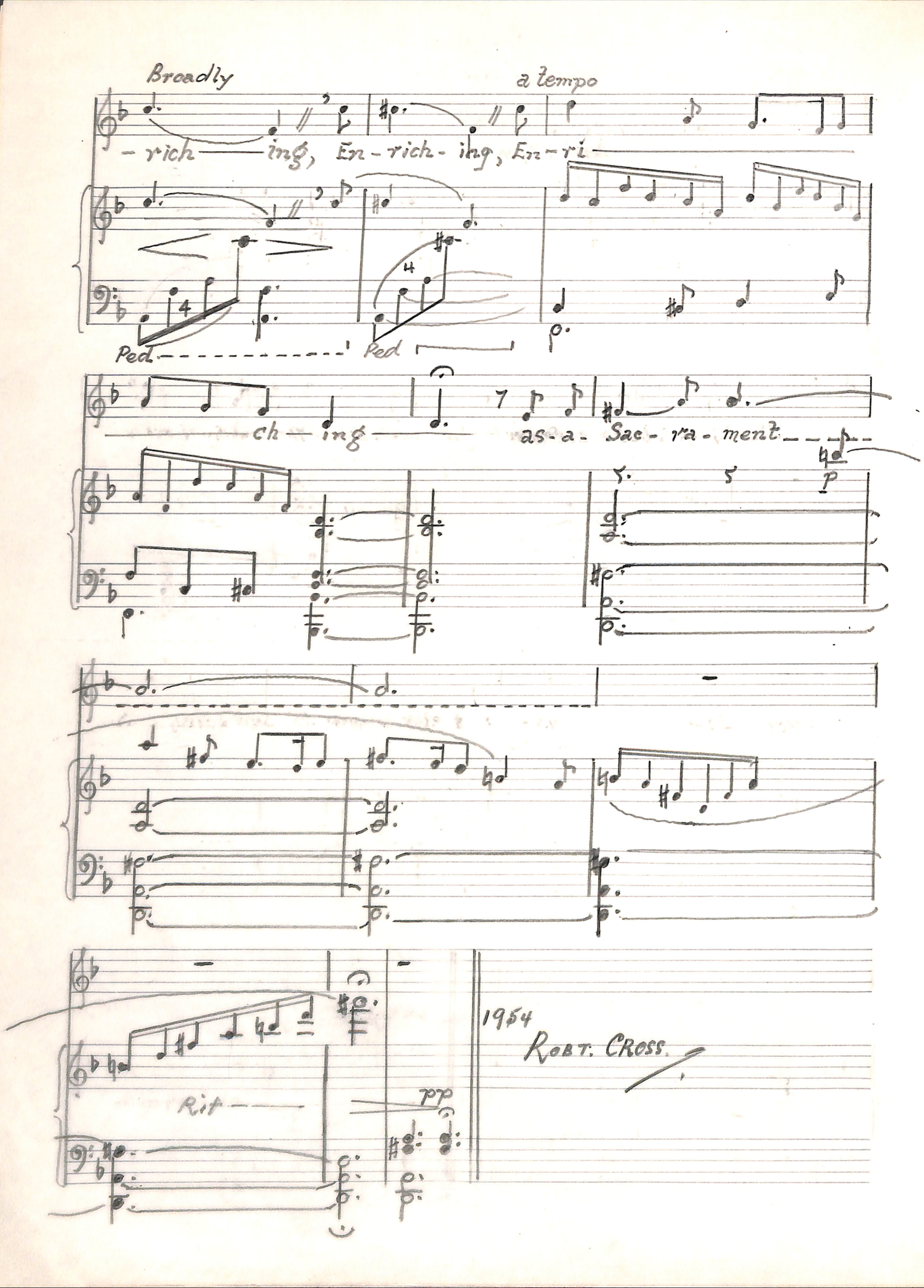
Robert Cross.

Allegretto




no — way de pen-dant on our Rea — son
molto rit
Per — chance with
meno mosso
più mosso
pp
us — in Spi — rit, E — ter — nal things are
ours. —
per chance with us — in spi — rit,
E —
p


ter — nal things are Ours; That
tenuto
Molto rit
Ped
God's grace without Lim — it Re-gales us with it's
mf
a tempo
Poco Animato
Ped
Show — ers.
RH
8va
LH
(BROADEN)
A Tempo
Loco
In-deed in you is found con-tent, En-
p
f
dolce
rit

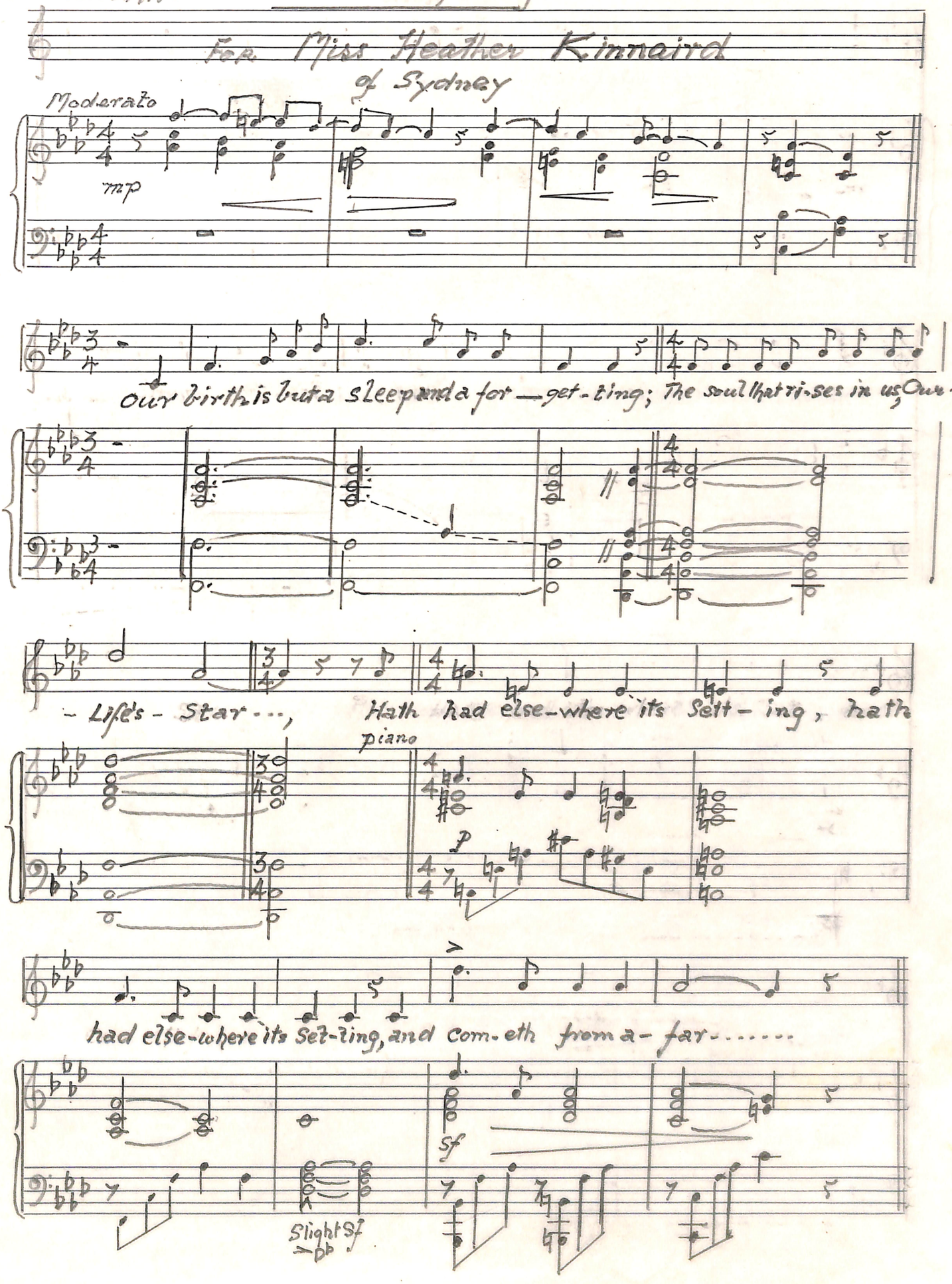

Broadly
a tempo
-rich- ing, En-rich-ing, En-ri
Ped.
Ped.
ch- ing
as-a- Sac-ra-ment
P
Rit.
pp
1954
Robt. Cross.

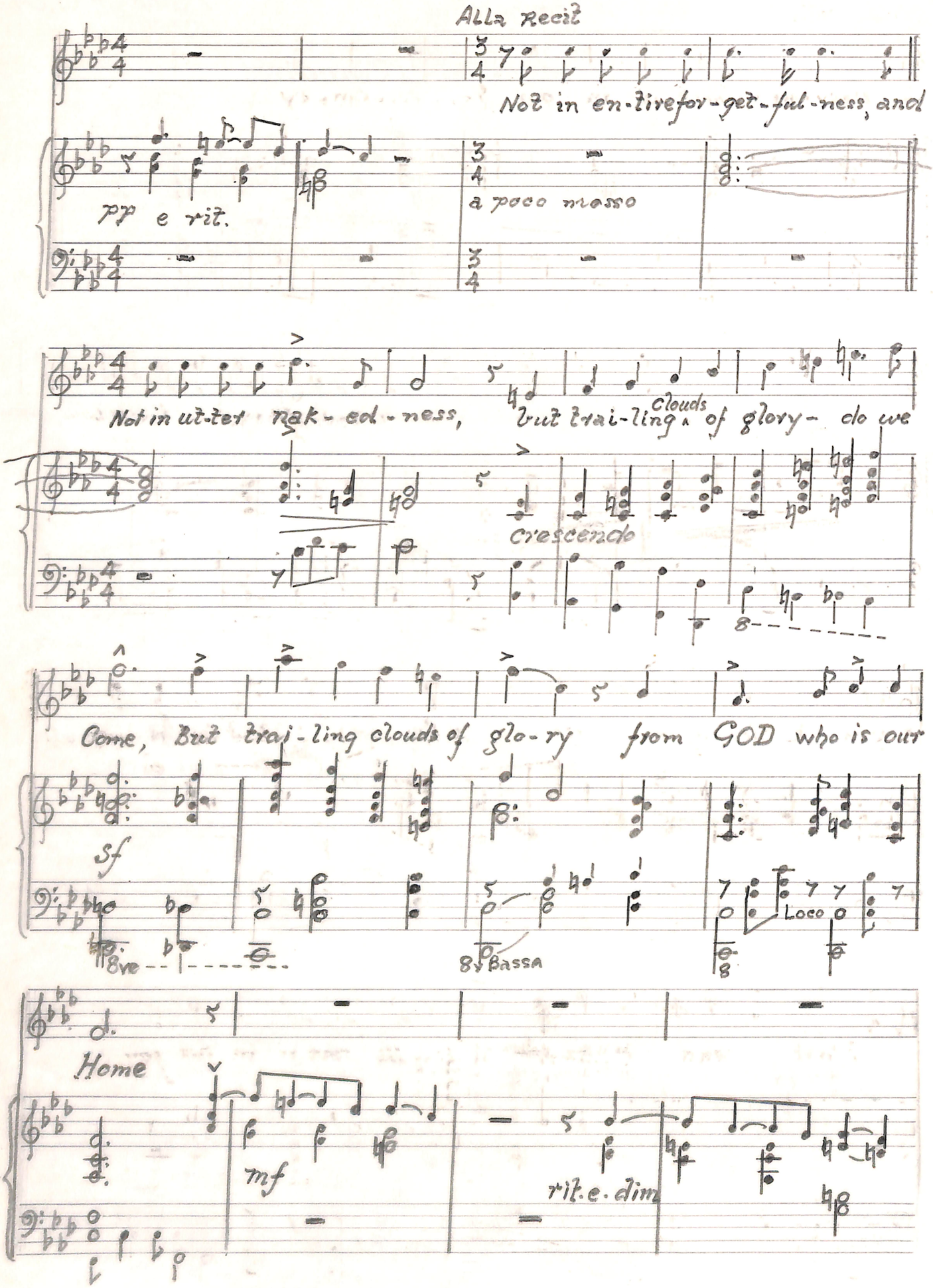
words by.
(Wordsworth)

Our Birth is but a Sleep and a Forgetting.

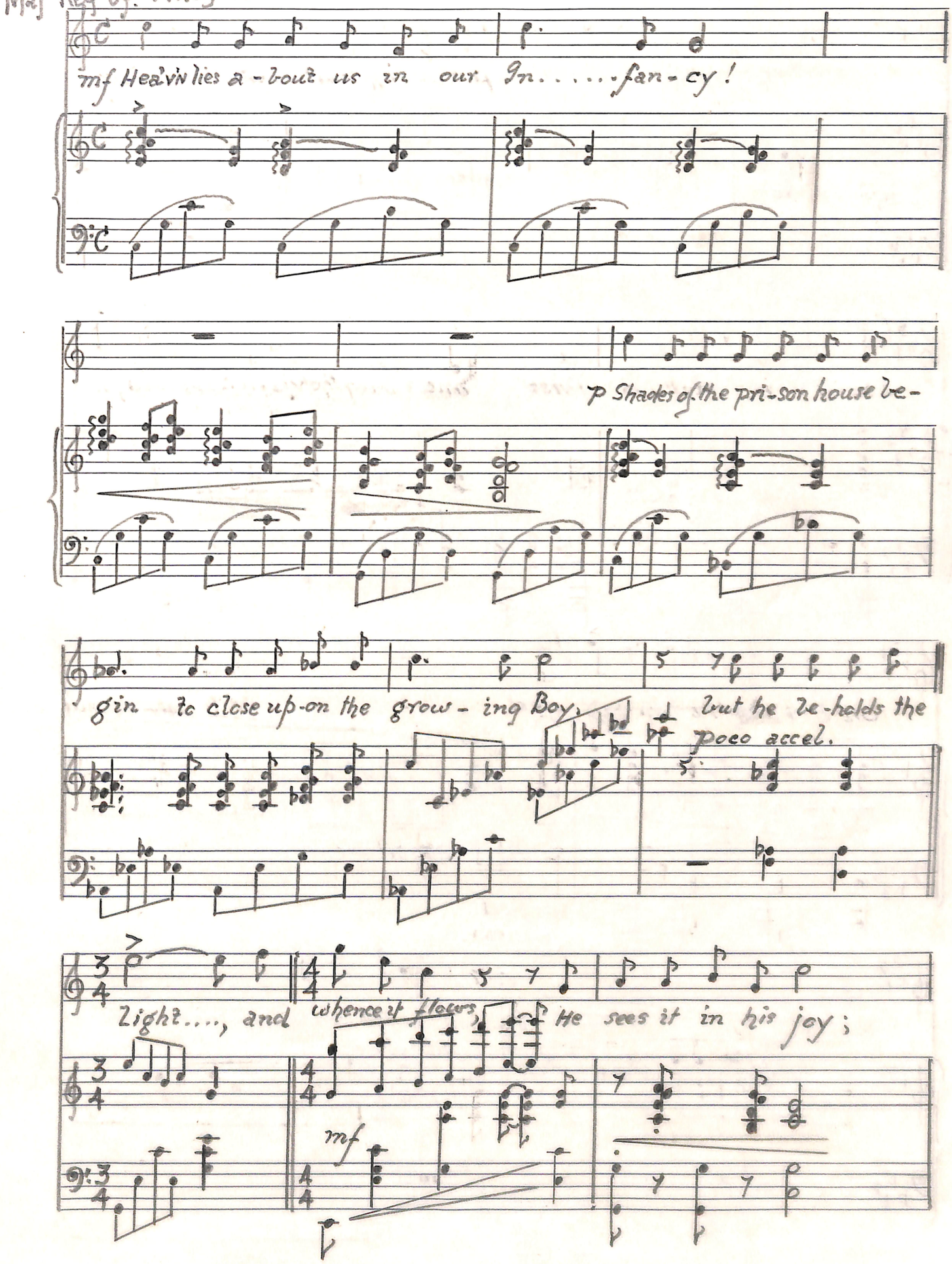
Robert C. Coo

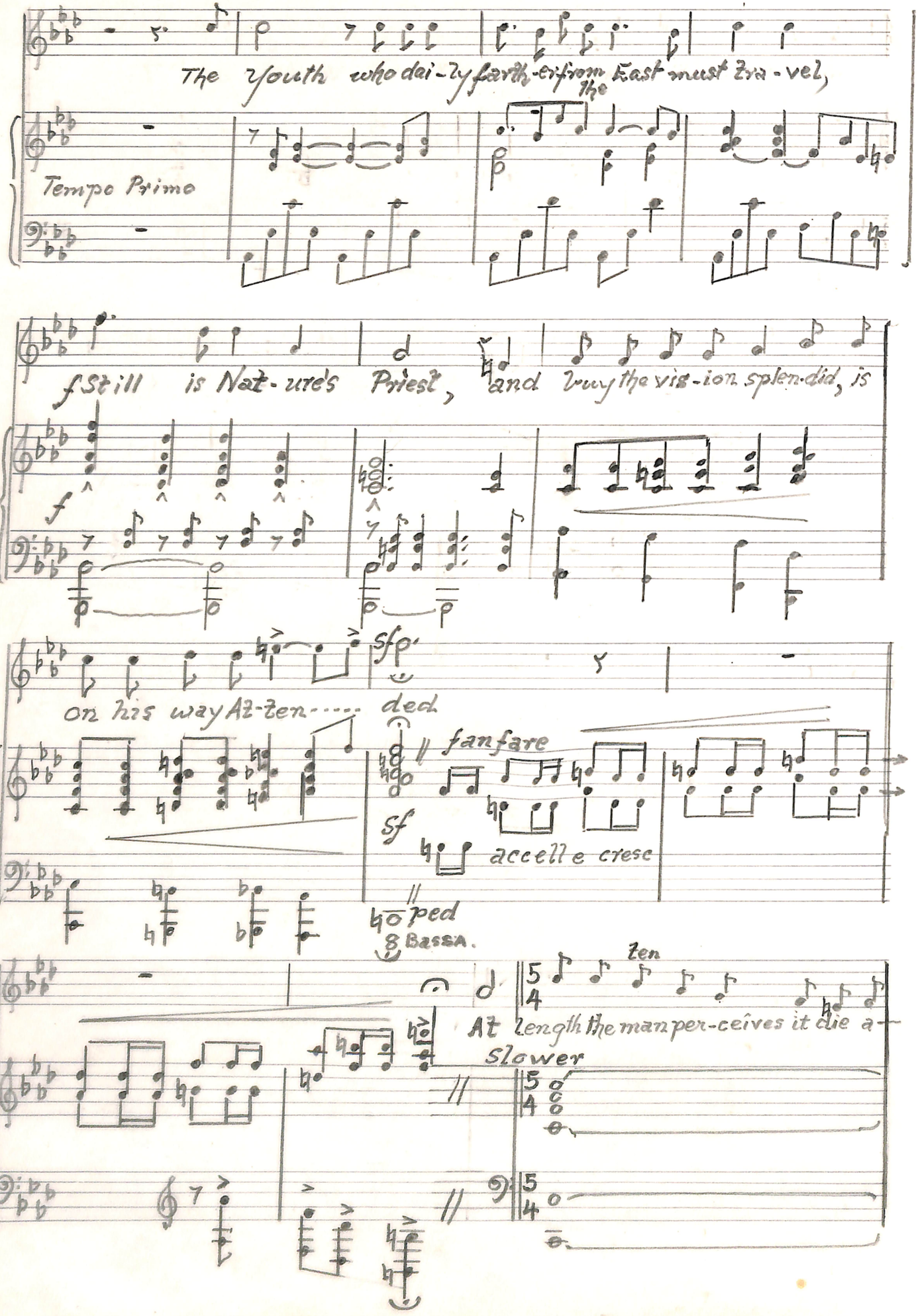
For Miss Heather Kinnaird
of Sydney




Alla recit
Not in en-tire for-get-ful-ness, and
pp e rit.
a poco mosso
Not in ut-ter nak-ed-ness, but trai-ling clouds of glory- do we
crescendo
Come, But trai-ling clouds of glo-ry from GOD who is our
Sf
8va
8va Bassa
Loco
Home
mf
rit. e. dim

Maj Key of. Allegretto





The Youth who dai-ly farth-er from the East must tra-vel,

Tempo Primo

f Still is Nat-ure's Priest, and buy the vis-ion splen-did, is

f

on his way At-ten..... ded

sf

fanfare

sf

accell e cresc

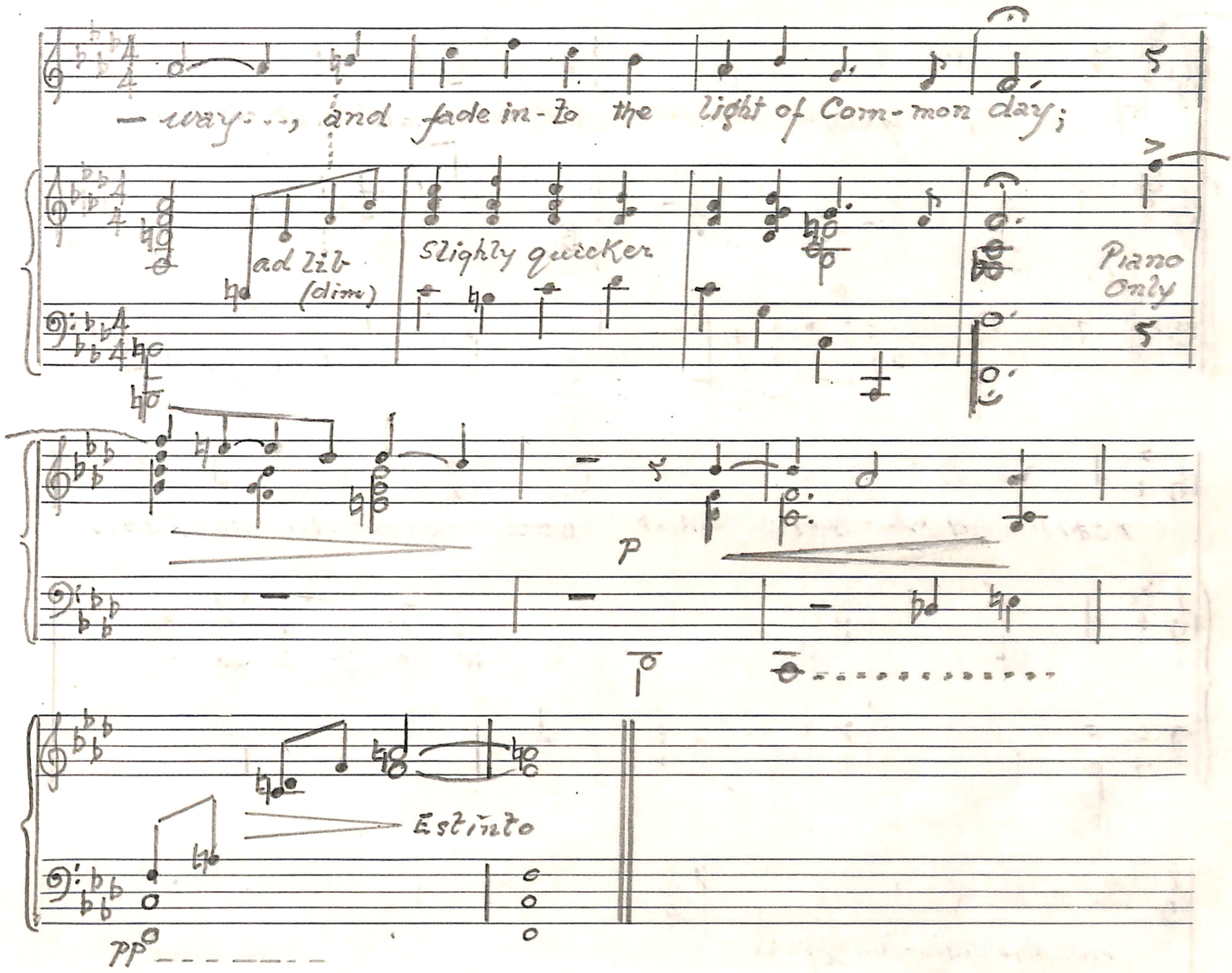
ped

8 Bassa.

ten

At length the man per-ceives it die a-

slower


— way. . ., and fade in-to the light of Com-mon day;
ad lib (dim)
Slightly quicker
Piano Only
p

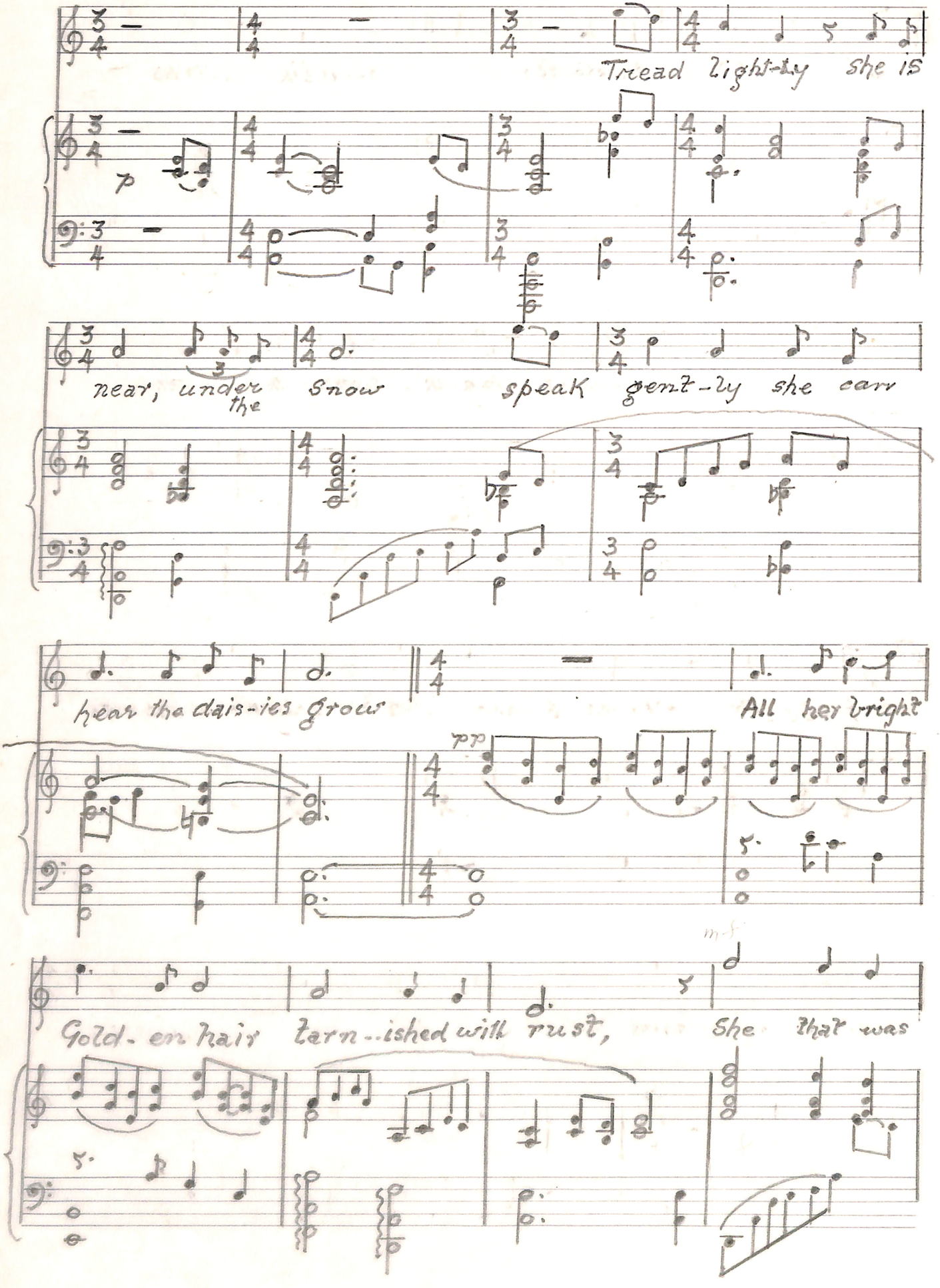
Estinto
pp

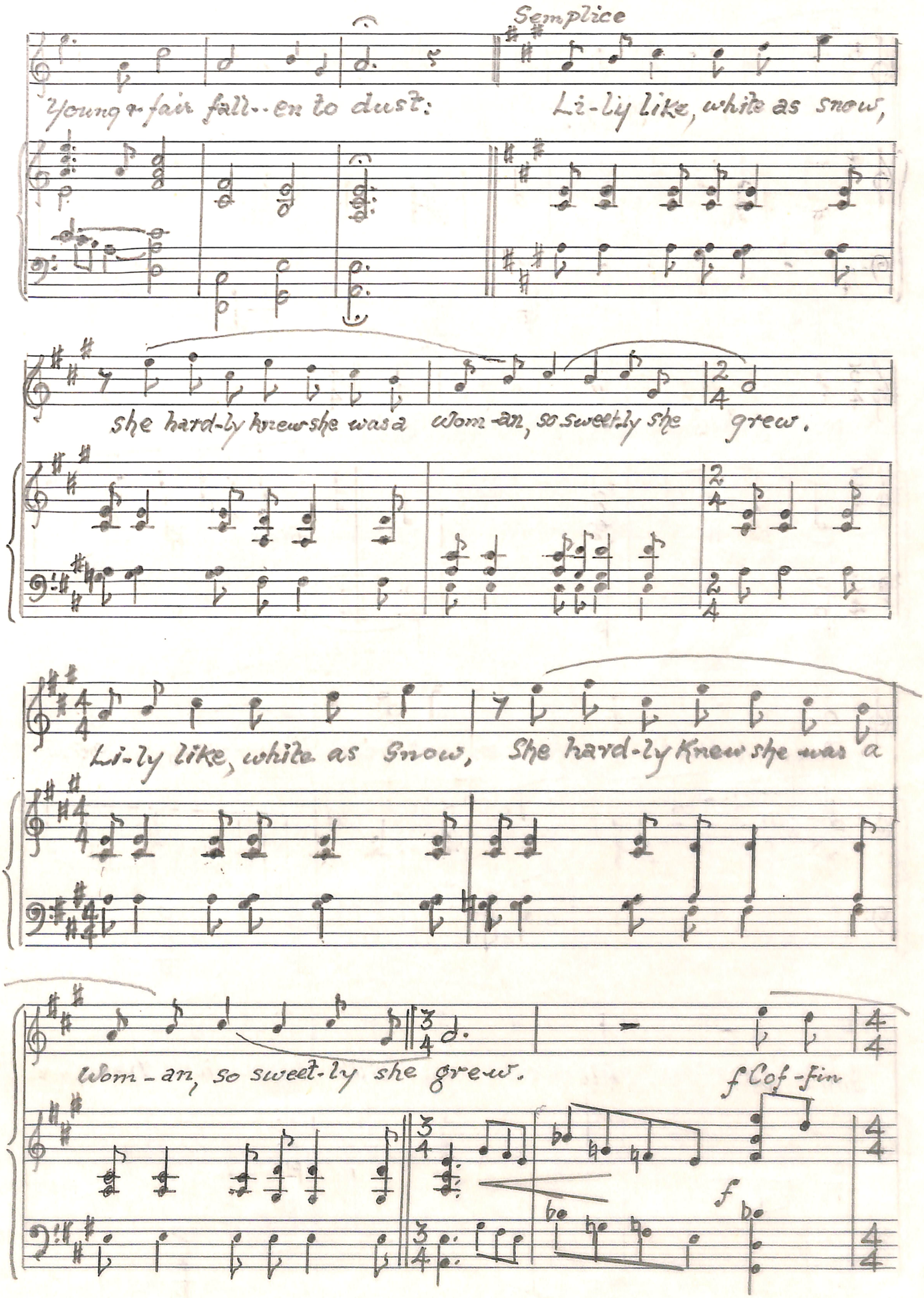
Poem
Oscar Wilde

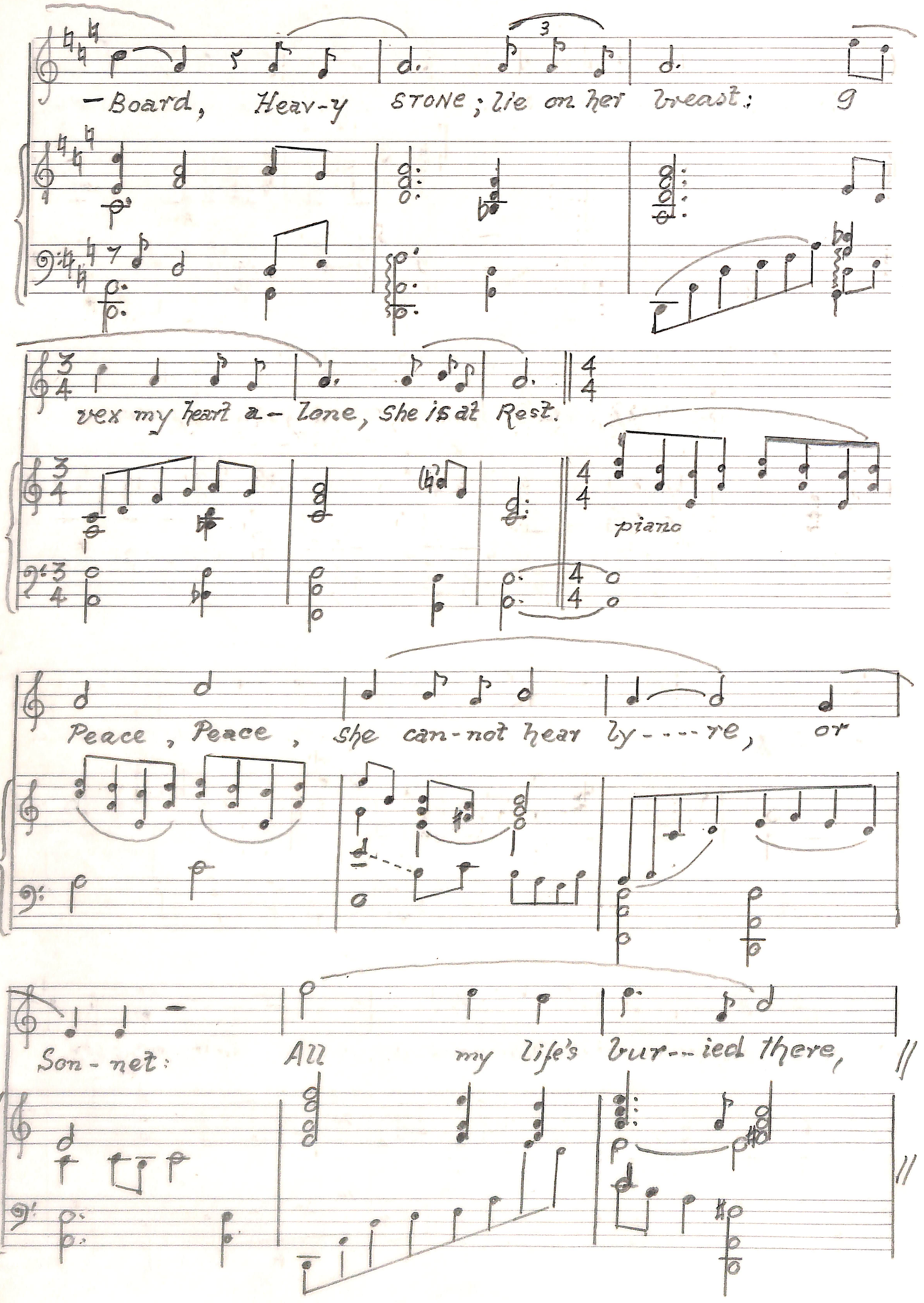
Requiescat

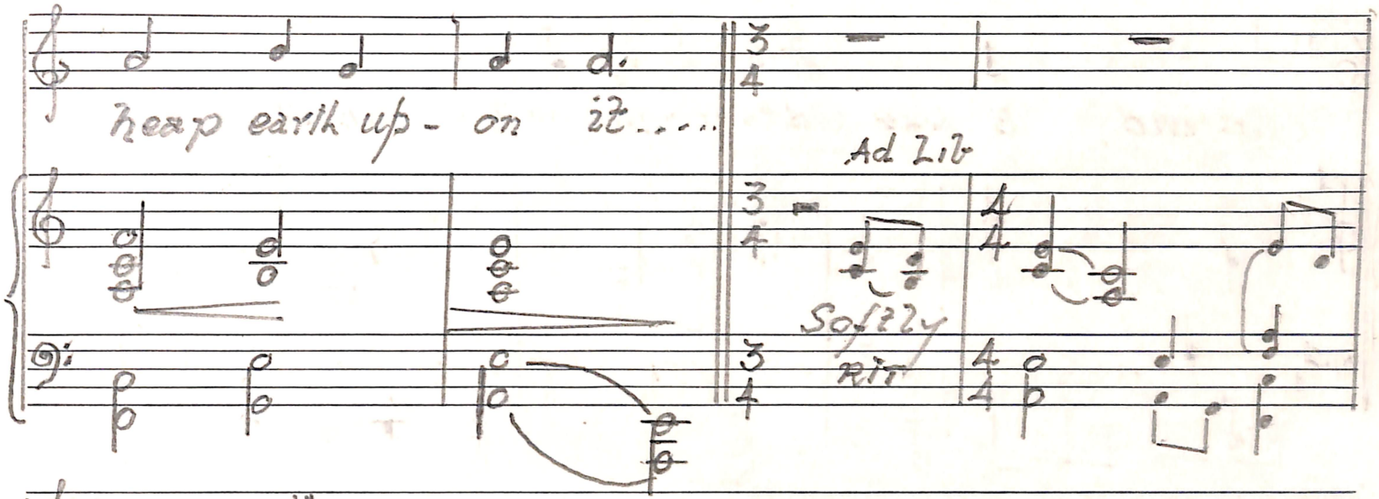
2-30 seconds

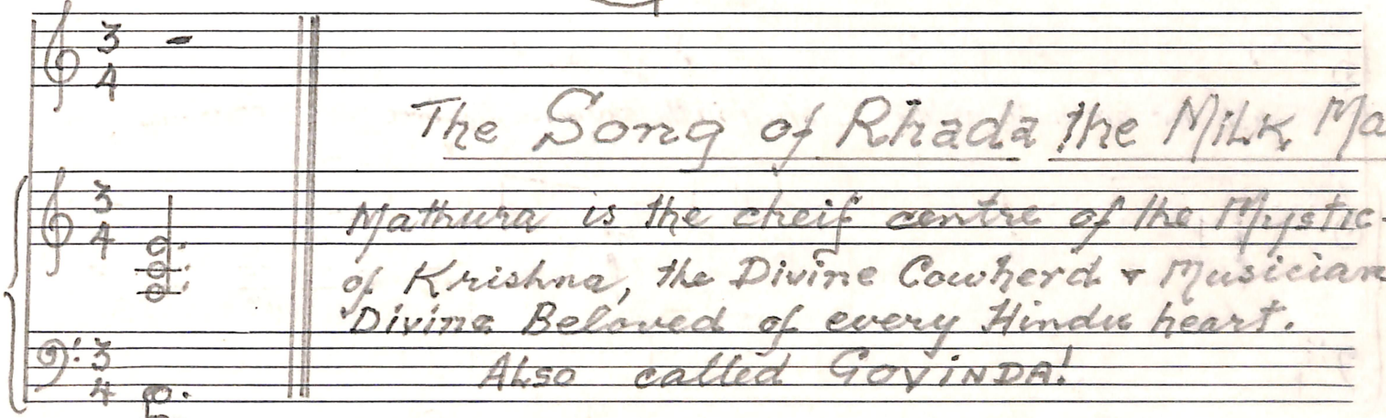
Robt G. Cross



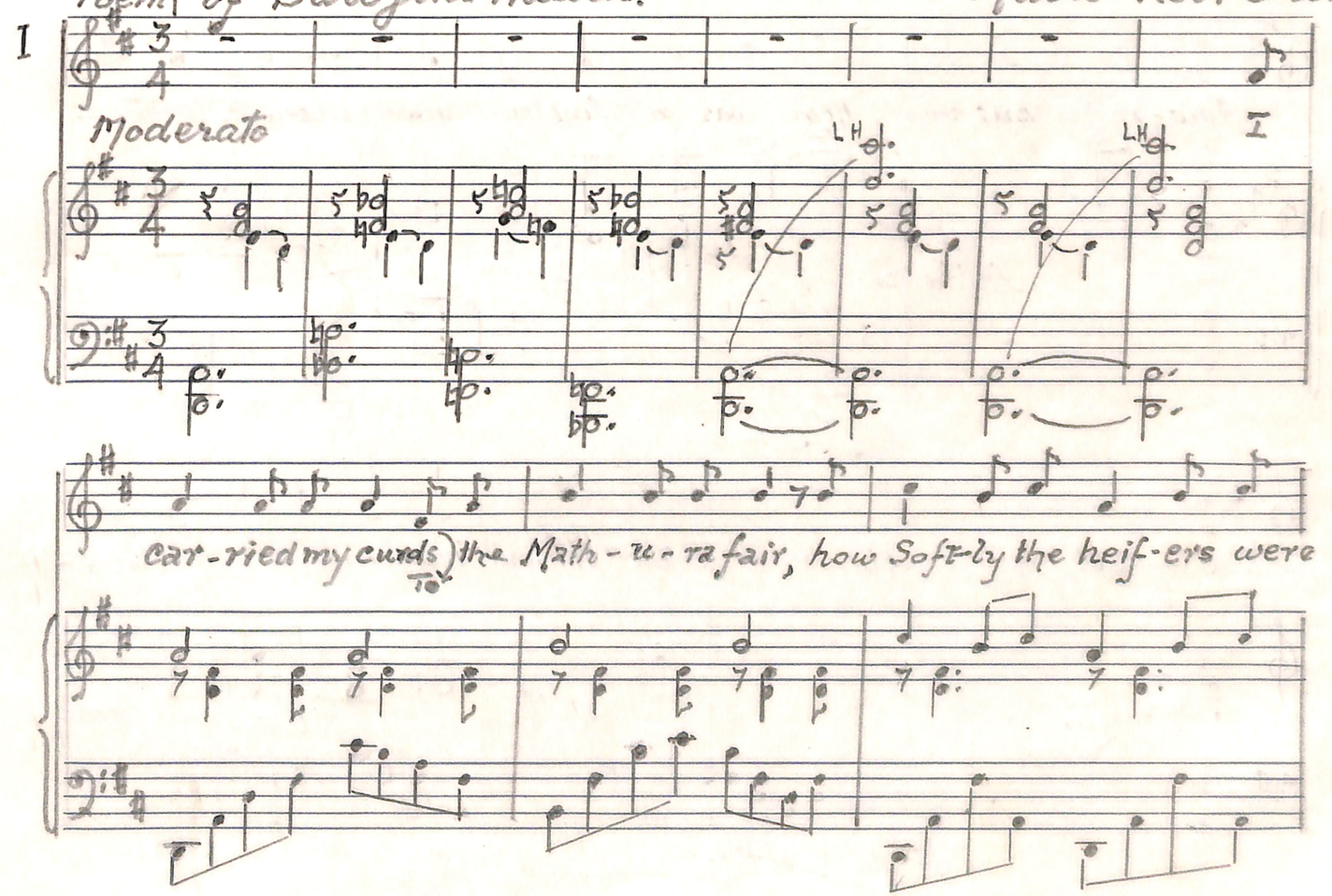

Semplice
Young - fair fall - en to dust:
Li - ly like, white as snow,
she hard - ly knew she was a wom - an, so sweet - ly she grew.
Li - ly like, white as snow, She hard - ly knew she was a
wom - an, so sweet - ly she grew.
f Cof - fin
f

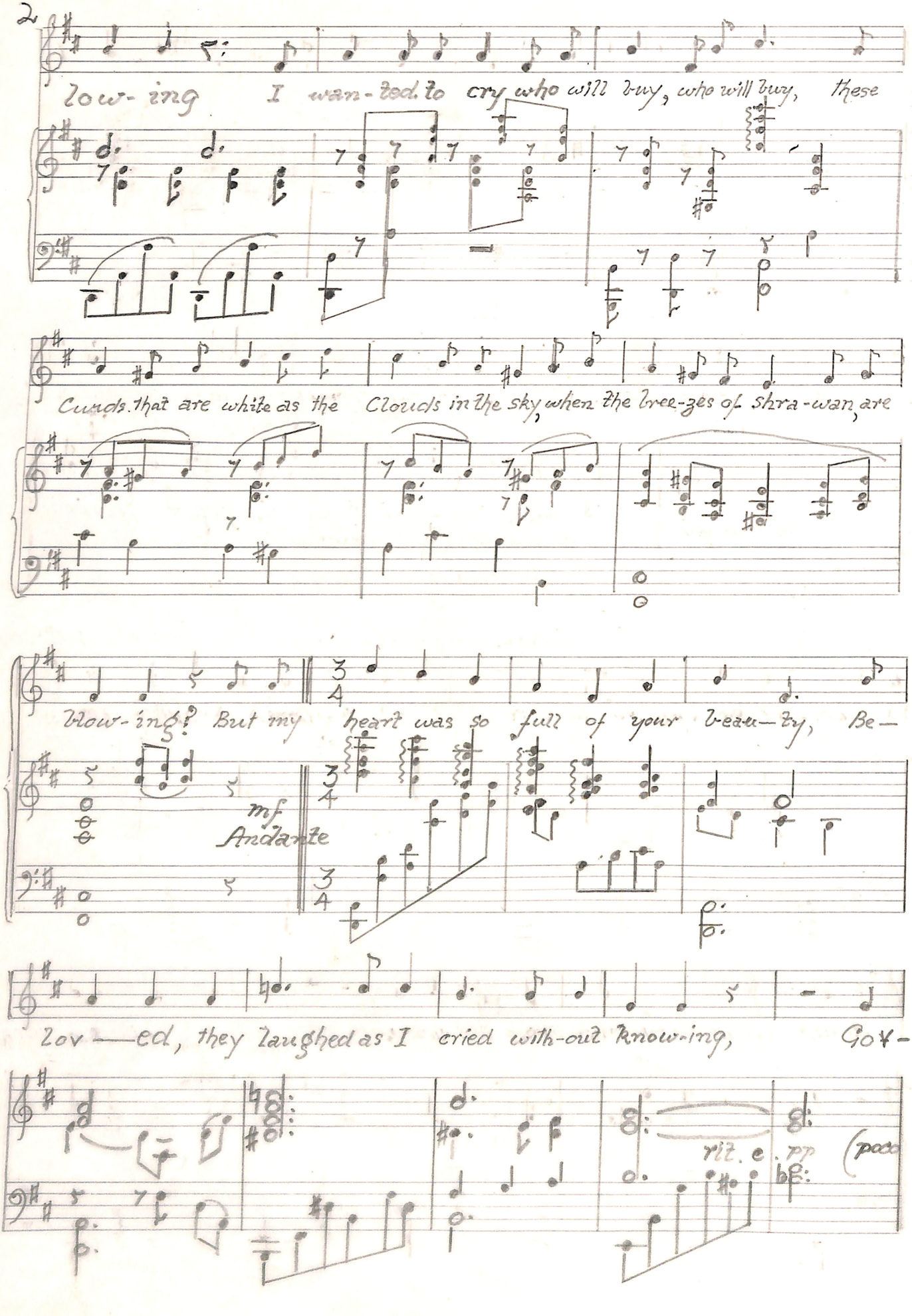

-Board, Heav-y STONE; lie on her breast:
vex my heart a- lone, She is at Rest.
piano
Peace, Peace, She can-not hear ly- - - re, or
Son-net: All my life's bur- - ied there,

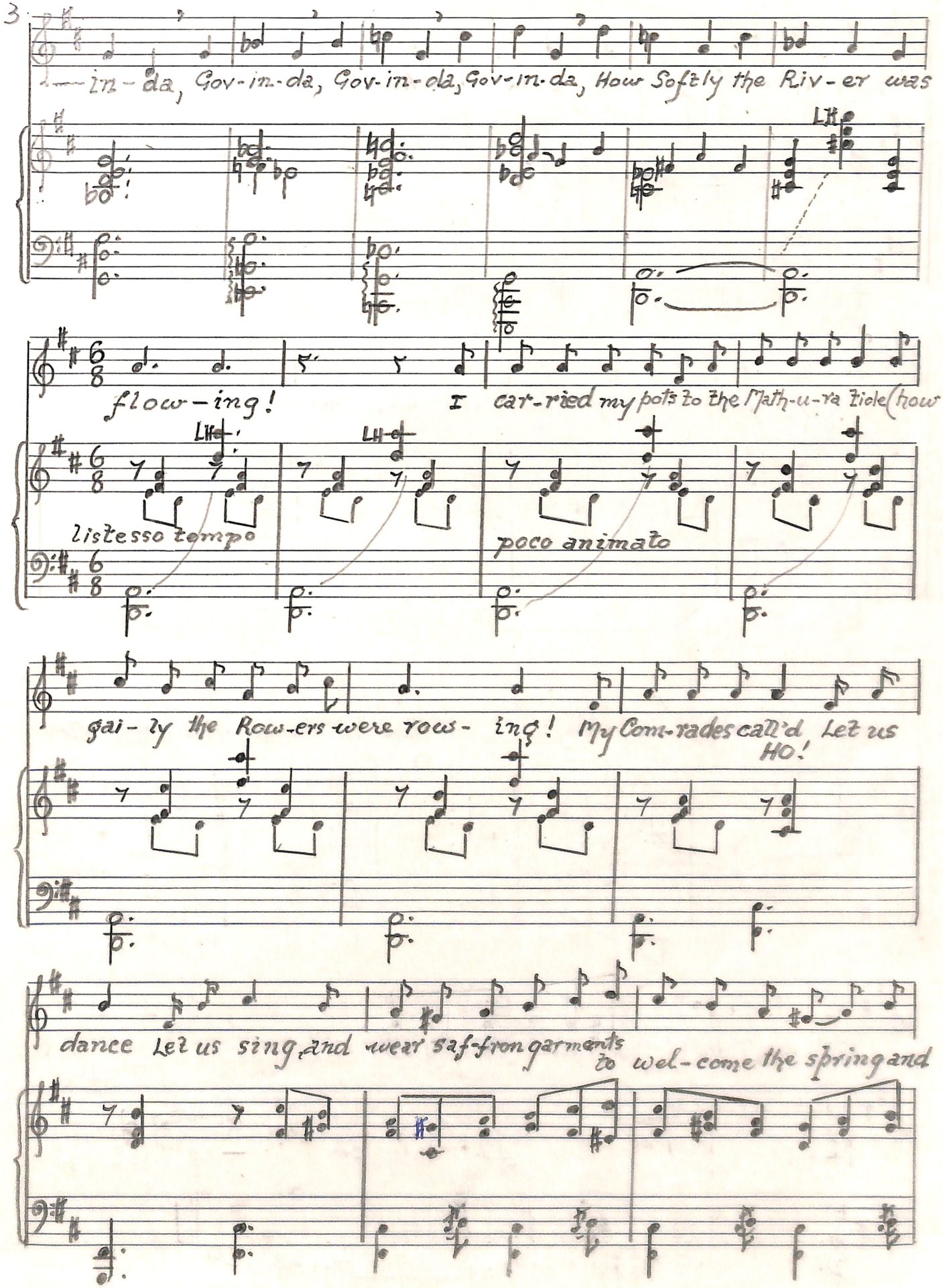


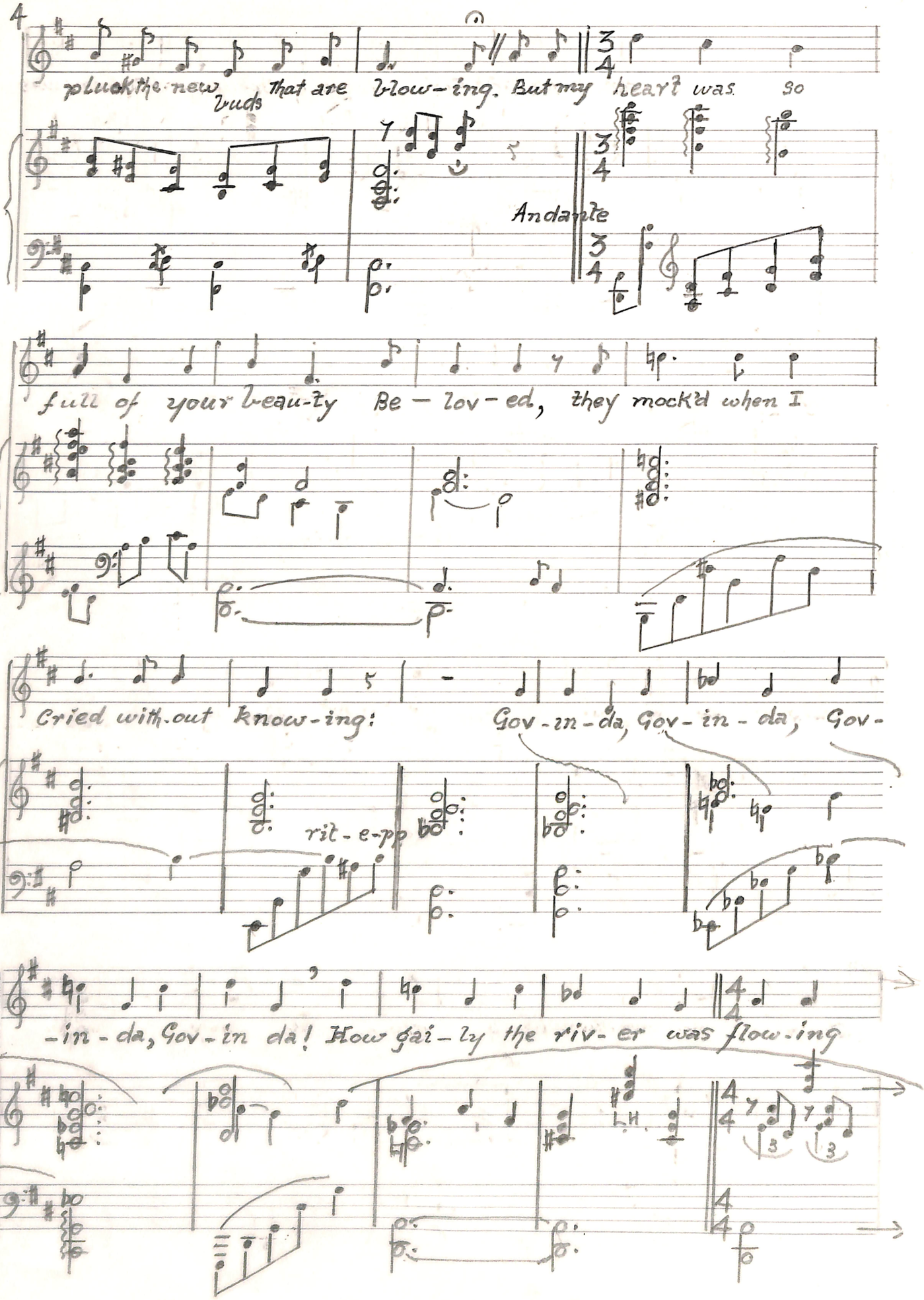


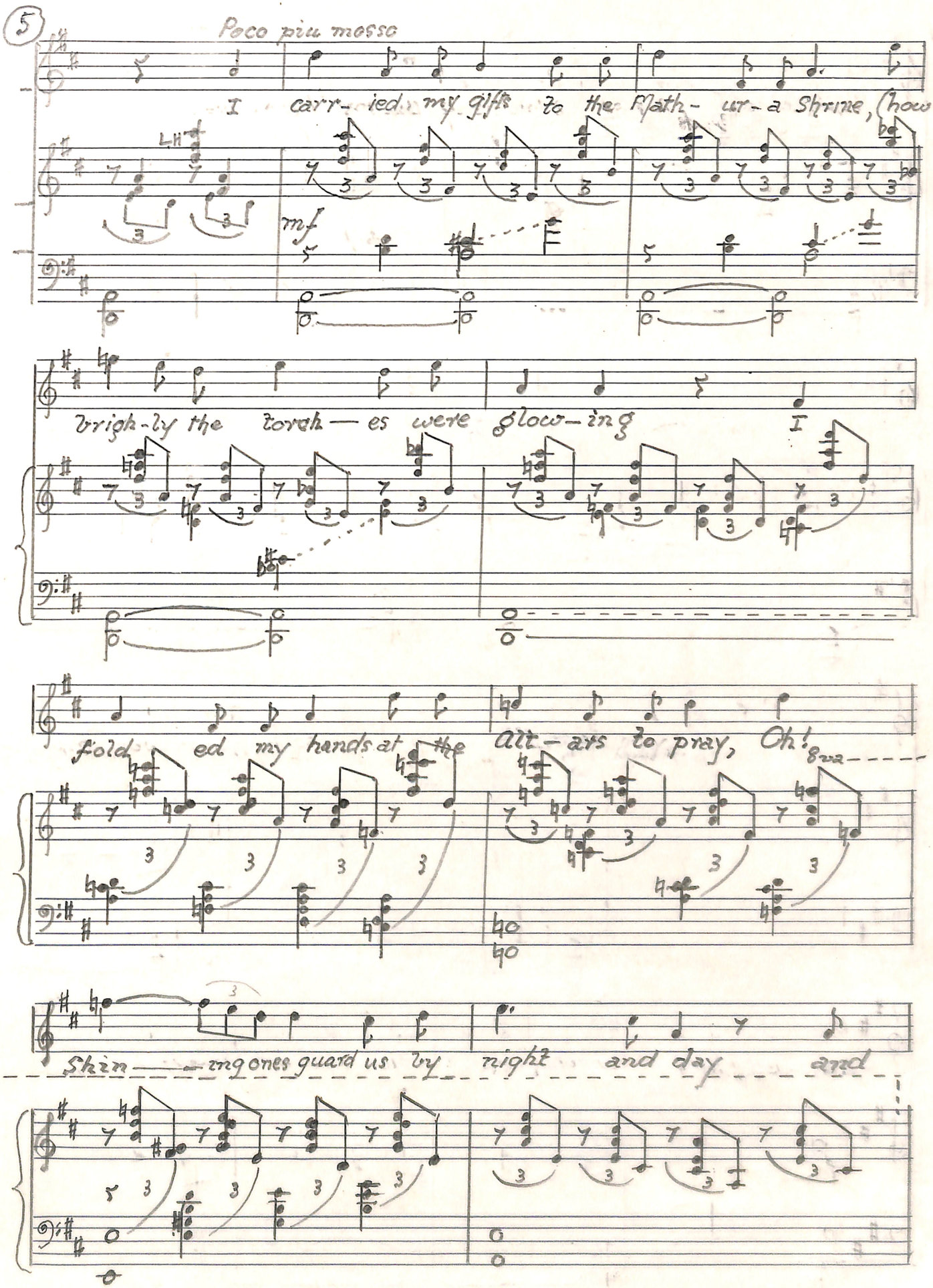
Poem of Sarojini Naidu. — — — — — Music: Robt Cross

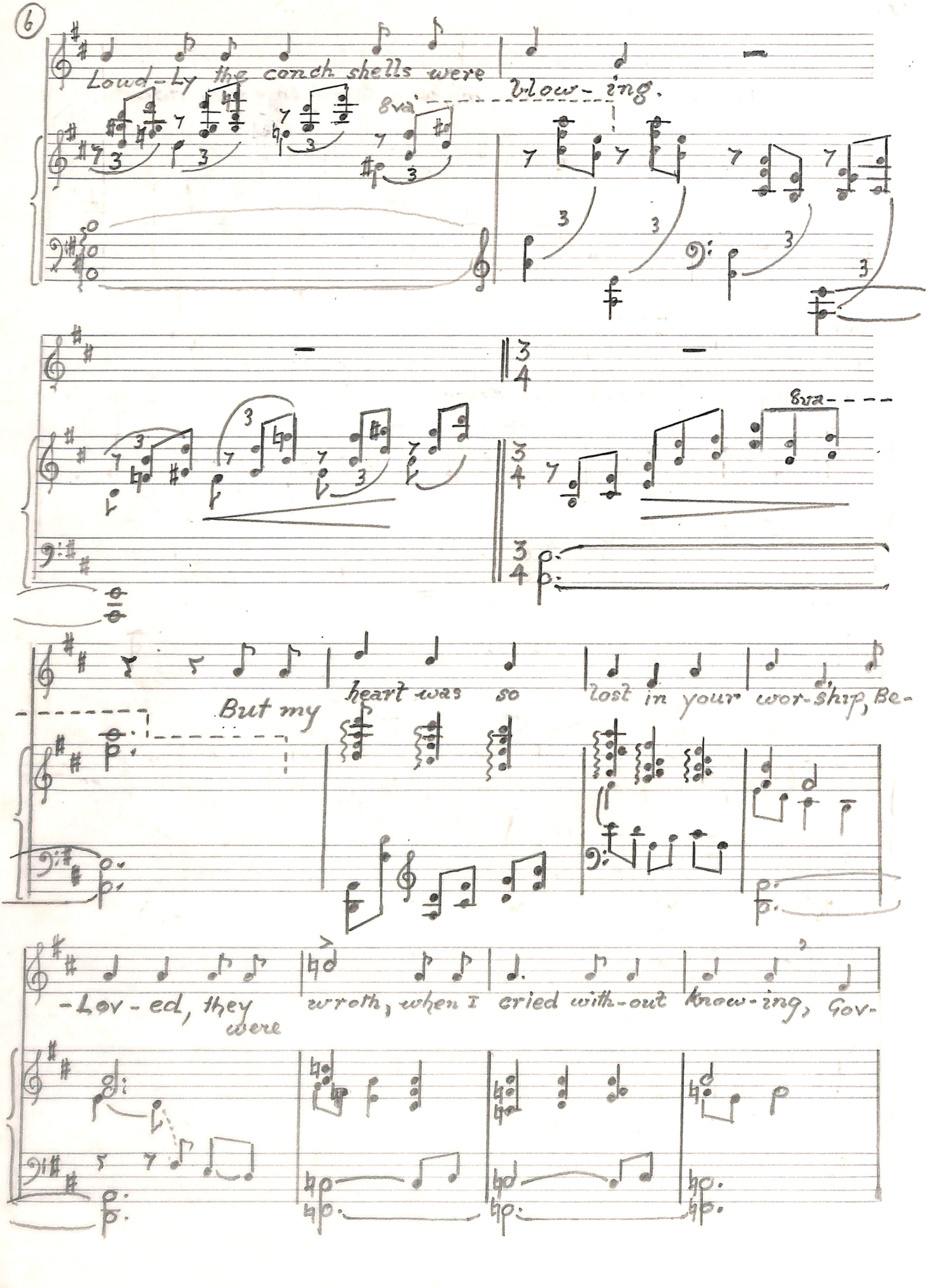


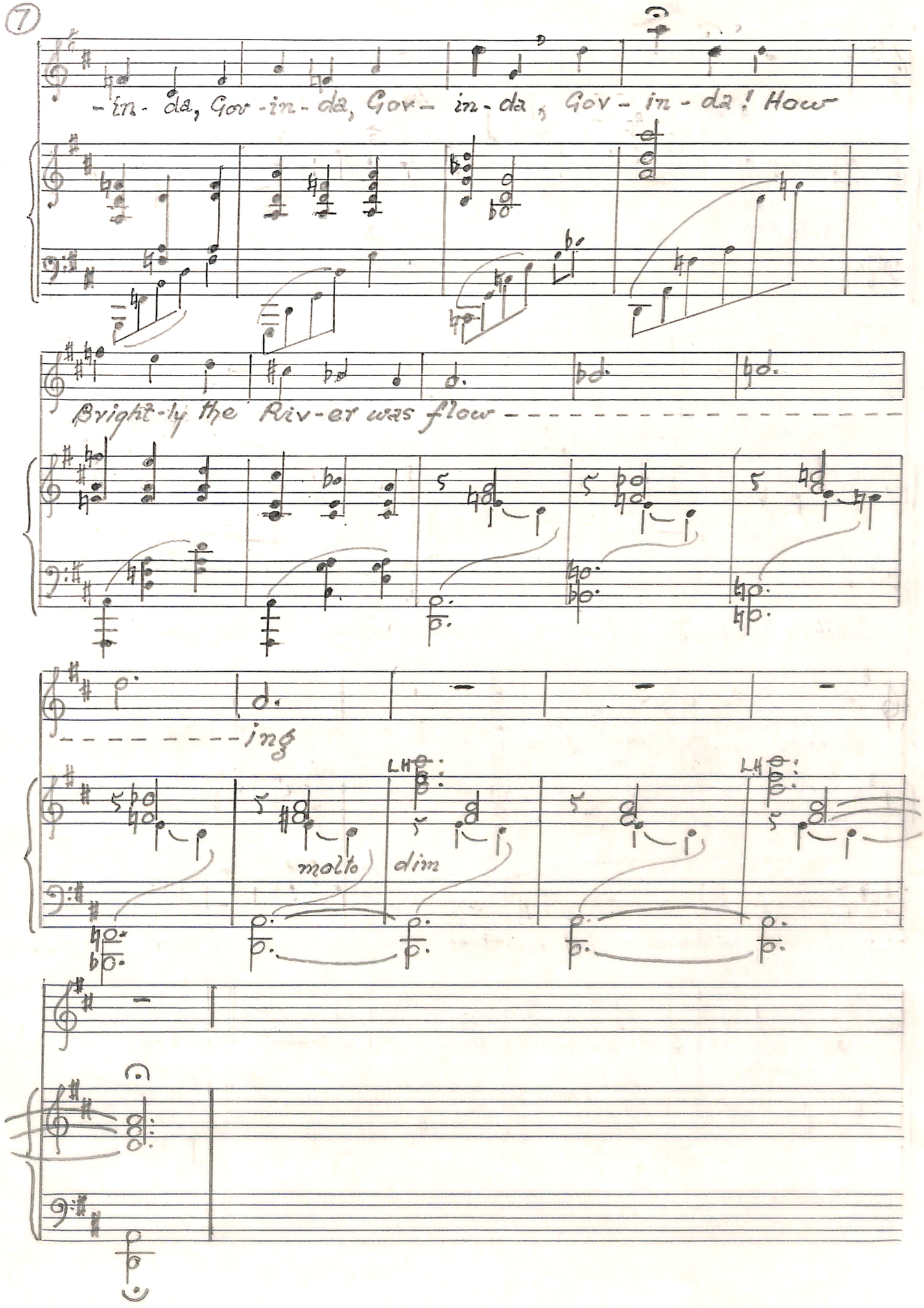

low-ing I wan-ted to cry who will buy, who will buy, these
Curds that are white as the Clouds in the sky, when the bree-zes of Shra-wan, are
blow-ing? But my heart was so full of your beau-ty, Be-
mf
Andante
lov——ed, they laughed as I cried with-out know-ing, Go-
rit. e. pp
(pas


in-da, Gov-in-da, Gov-in-da, Gov-in-da, How Softly the Riv-er was
flow-ing! I car-ried my pots to the Math-u-ra Fiele (how
LH
LH
LH
listesso tempo
poco animato
gai-ly the Row-ers were rows-ing! My Com-rades call'd, Let us
HO!
dance Let us sing, and wear saf-fron garments to wel-come the spring and


pluck the new buds that are blow-ing. But my heart was so
Andante
full of your beau-ty Be-lov-ed, they mock'd when I
Cried with-out know-ing: Gov-in-da, Gov-in-da, Gov-
rit-e-pp
-in-da, Gov-in da! How gai-ly the riv-er was flow-ing


5
Poco piu mosso
I carr- ied my gifts to the Math- ur- a Shrine, (how
mf
bright-ly the torch— es were glow- ing
I
fold- ed my hands at the alt- ars to pray, Oh!
Shin— ing ones guard us by night and day and


Loud-ly the conch shells were blow-ing.
8va
8va
But my heart was so lost in your wor-ship, Be-
-Lov-ed, they were wroth, when I cried with-out know-ing, Gov-

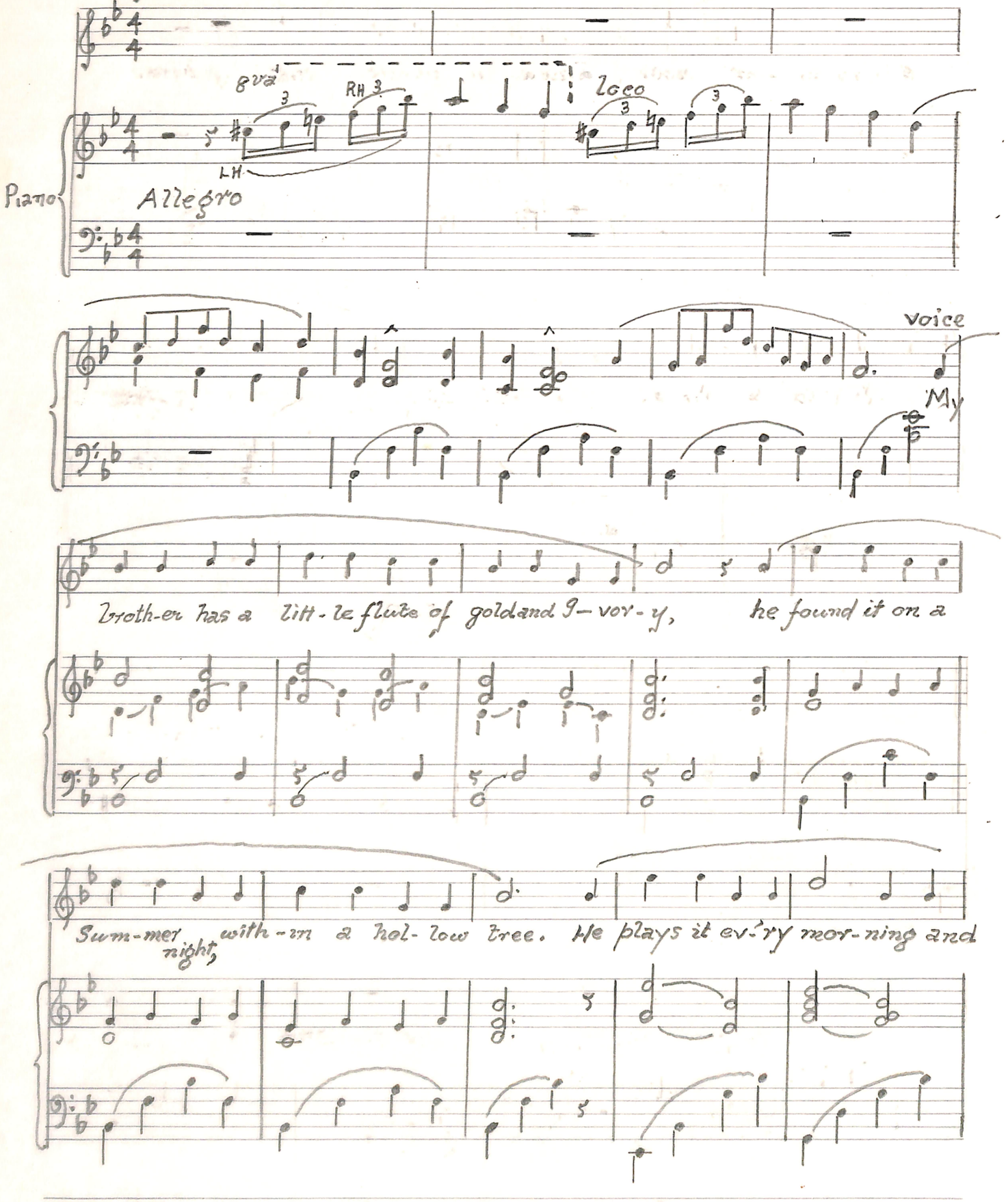

-in- da, Gov -in- da, Gov- in- da, Gov - in - da! How
Bright-ly the Riv-er was flow
ing
molto
dim
LH
LH

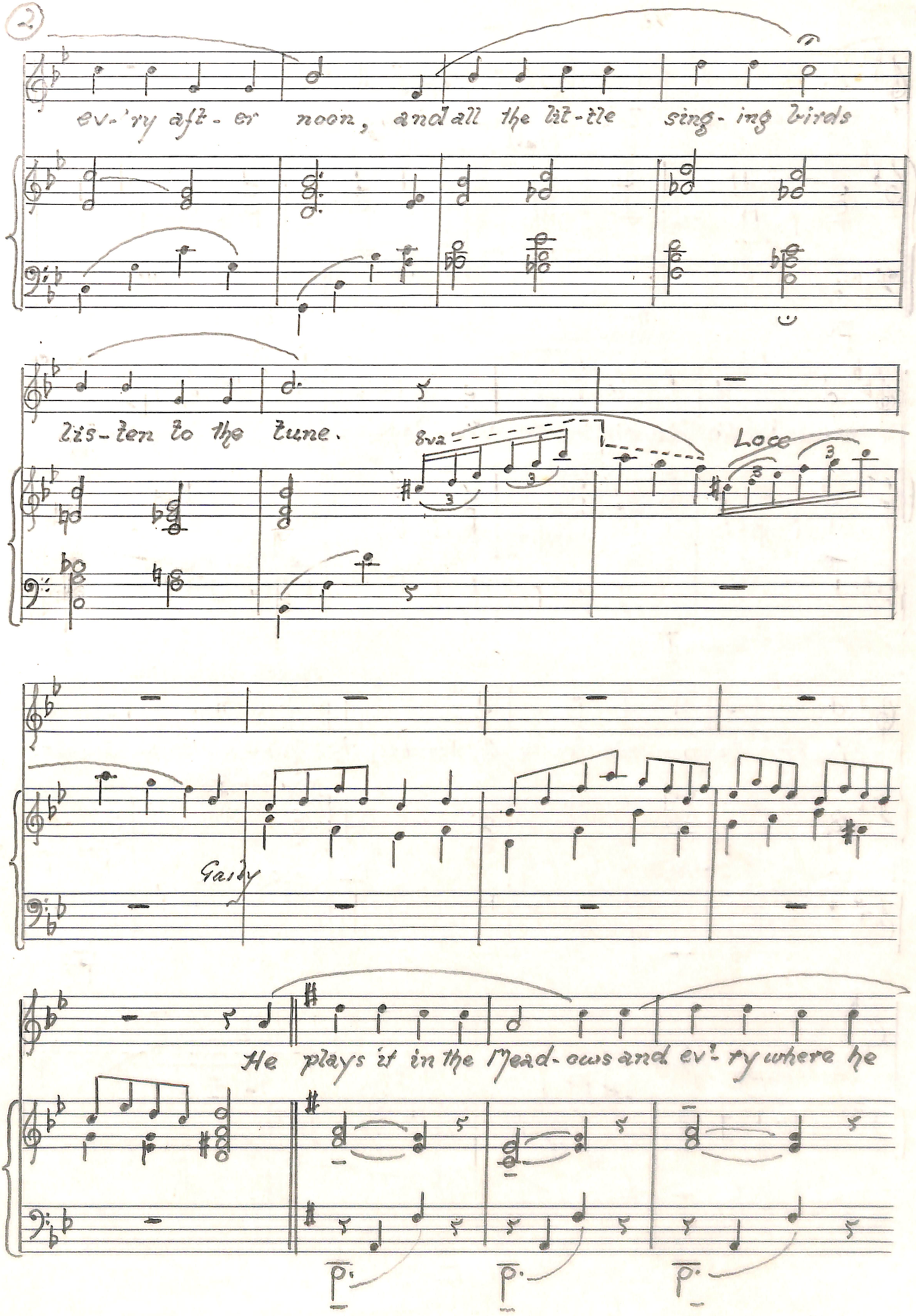
1.30 - 1.45.

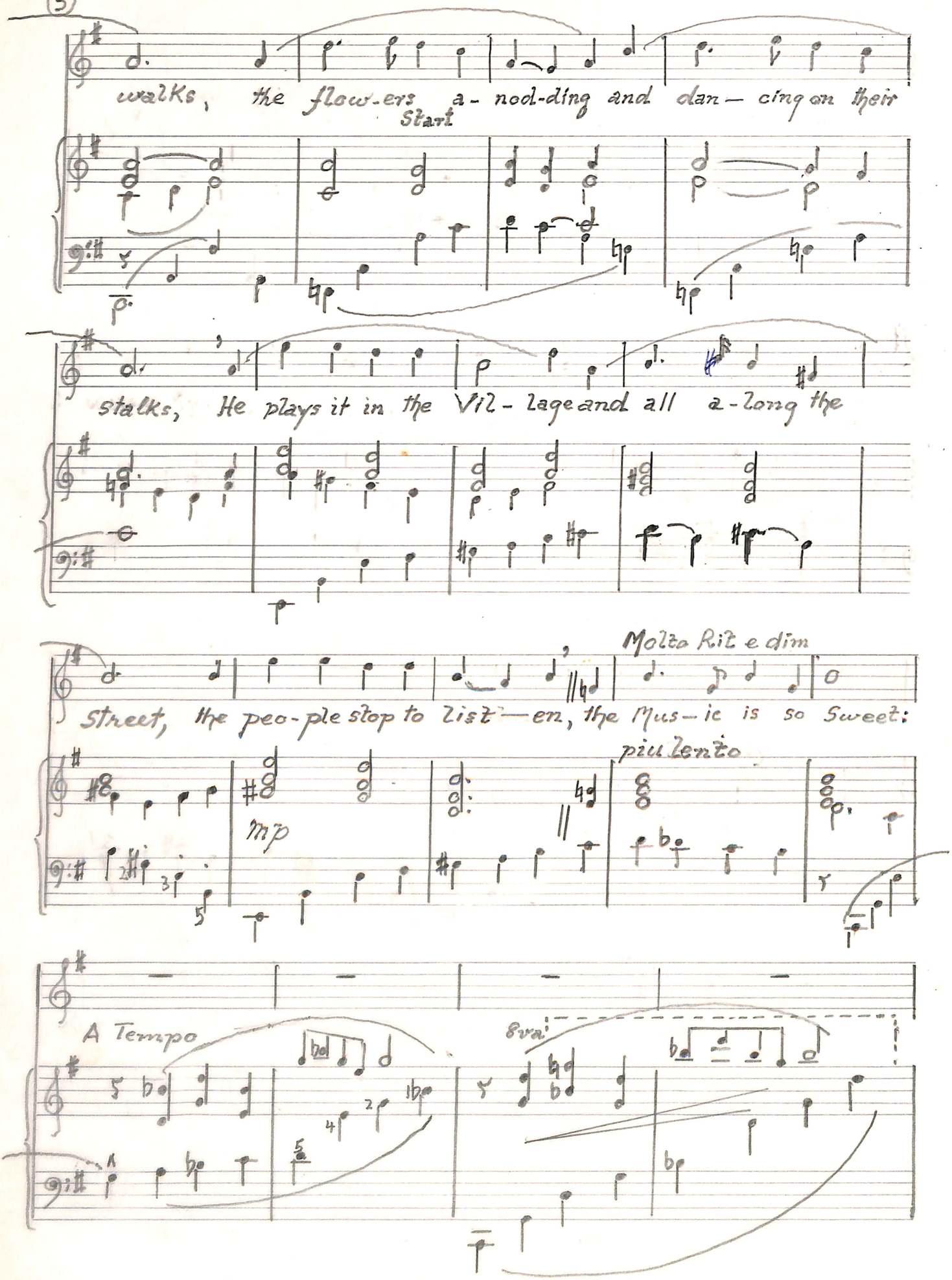
The Fairy Flute

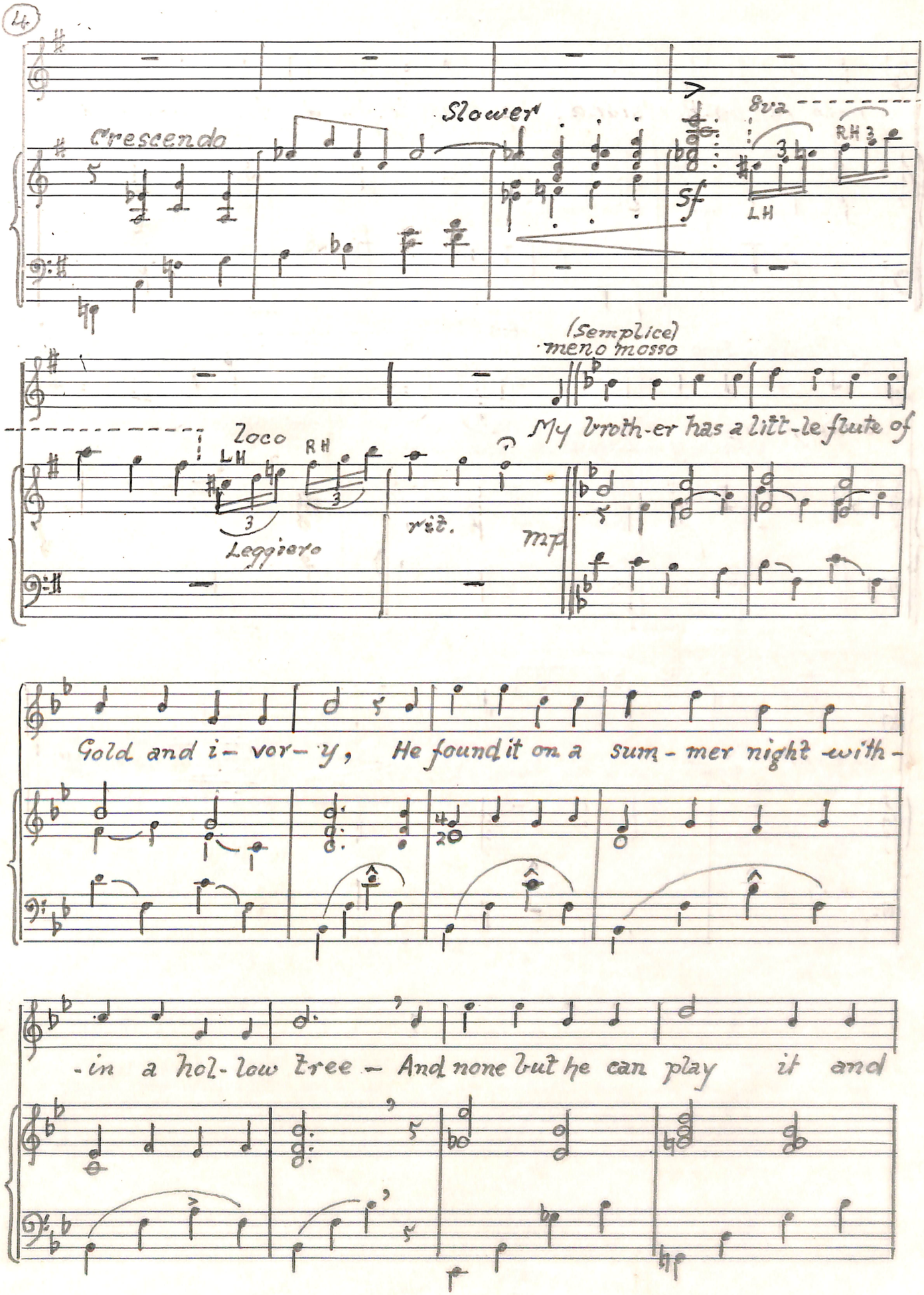
Rose Flyman

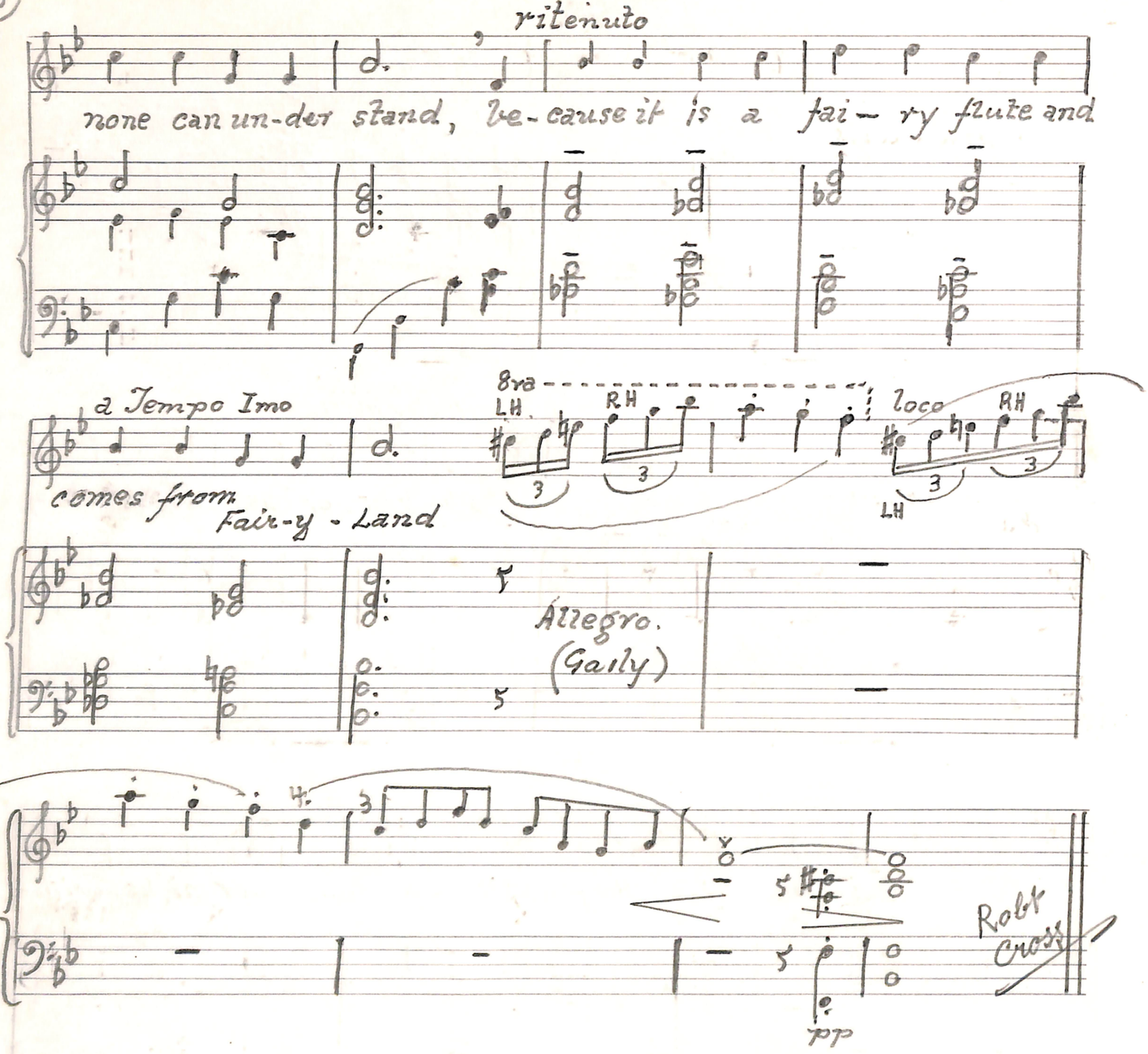
Robt. Cross.




ev-'ry aft-er noon, and all the lit-tle sing-ing birds
lis-ten to the tune.
8va
Loco
Gaily
He plays it in the mead-ows and ev-'ry where he


walks, the flow-ers a-nod-ding and dan—cing on their
Start
stalks, He plays it in the Vil-lage and all a-long the
Molto Rit e dim
Street, the peo-ple stop to list—en, the Mus—ic is so Sweet:
piu lento
mp
A Tempo
8va


Crescendo
Slower
8va
RH
LH
sf
(Semplice)
meno mosso
My broth-er has a litt-le flute of
Loco
LH
RH
Leggiero
rit.
mp
Gold and i- vor- y, He found it on a sum- mer night with-
-in a hol- low tree — And none but he can play it and


riteniuto
none can un-der stand, be-cause it is a fai- ry flute and
a Tempo Imo
8va
LH
RH
loco
RH
LH
comes from Fair-y - Land
Allegro.
(Gaily)
pp
Robt Cross

No: I

Louise Pratt.

Two Nonsense Songs.

Robt. Cross.

(Concerning Pies)

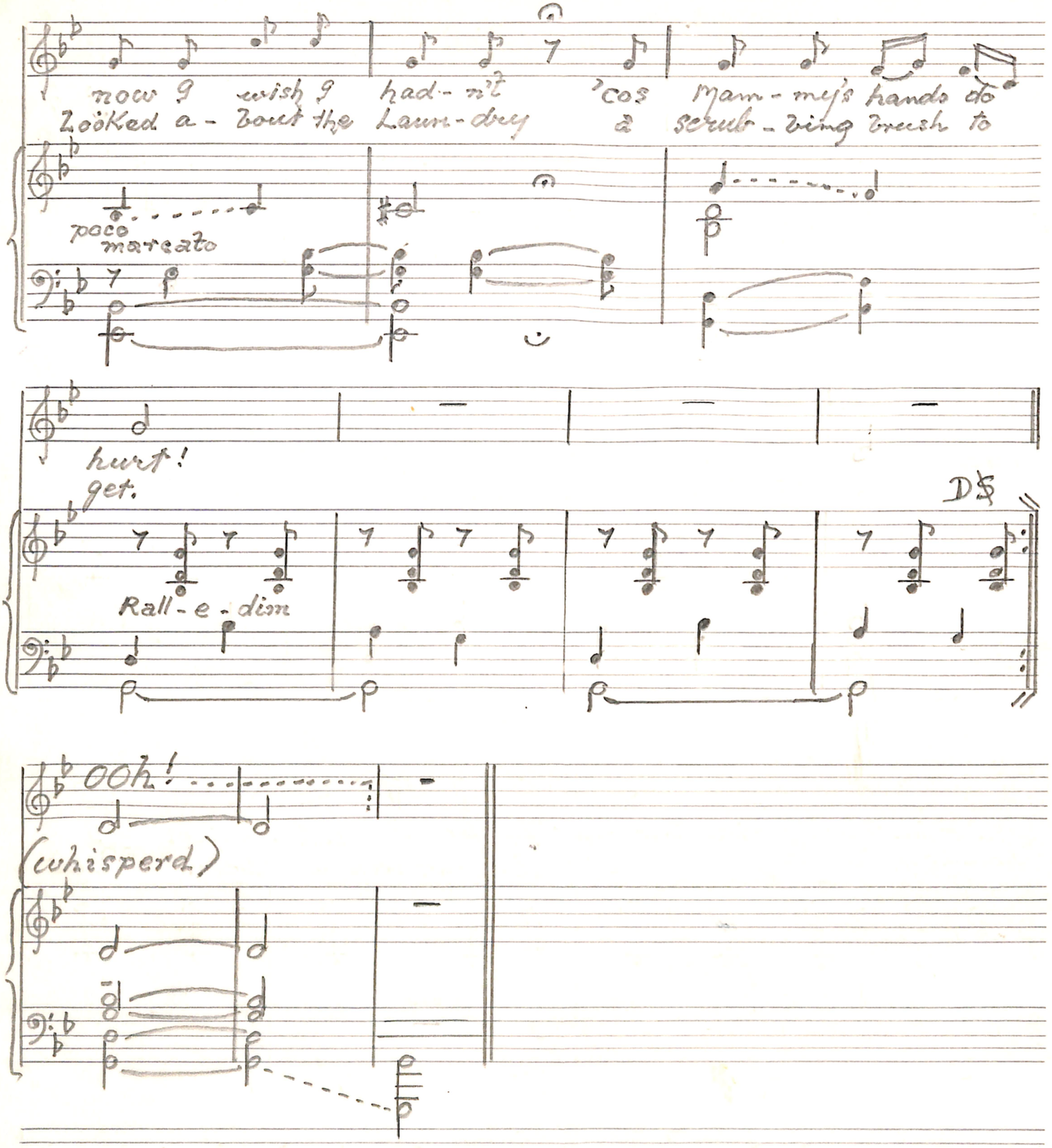
Rather Slowly.

pp

I watched our Cook this morn-ing make love-ly Lit-tle pies
(then I went to Fath-er (of him she had no fears)

I saw just how she mixed them, And then for a- sur-prise,
I thought he'd come to Kiss me, He's al-ways been a Dear. But

I went in-to the Gard-en, and made some out of dirt But
Dad-dy did-n't Kiss me, "nor call me his sweet Pet," He


now I wish I had-n't 'cos Mam-my's hands do
Looked a-bout the Laun-dry a scrub-bing brush to
poco marcato
hurt!
get.
Rall-e-dim
D.S.
Ooh!
(whisperd.)