Golden Stars.
Song.
Words by Heine.
Music by Arthur Williamson.
Heine.  

Golden Stars.  

Arthur Williamson

Andante e teneramente.

Golden stars across the heavens, with their small feet softly creep. Fearing lest they should awaken mother Earth who lies asleep. Listening stand the
si-lent forests, ev-ry leaf a lit-tle ear

And as in a dream, the moun-tain sha-dow arms.

Sha-dow arms out stretch-es near:

Piu' moseo e agitato. But who called? I heard an echo.
Through my listening heart it fell.

Could it be a voice
or was it nothing but the

nightingale?
Nothing but the nightingale?
Tempo primo.

Golden stars across the heavens.

With their small feet softly creep.

Fearing lest they should a wake.
mother Earth who lies a-sleep. Who

lies a-sleep

mendo

a tempo

cres

rit