SOLDEN STARS

Andante e teneramente.

Golden stars across the heavens with their small feet softly creep, tracing feet they should awaken.

Mother Earth who lies asleep, listening stand you
silent forest, every leaf a little ear.

And as in a dream the mountain shadow arms

Shadow arms out-stretched near.

But who called?——I heard an echo;

Più Mosso, E AGITATO.
Through my listening heart it yell.

Through my listening heart it yell.

Could it be her voice — or was it nothing but the

nightingale?  p nothing but the nightingale?
Golden slum a-covers the heavens with their small feet

Tempo Primo.

So quietly creeps bearing heel they should a waken

Mother Earth who lies asleep who lies - - - - - - a-

Molendo.