-Golden Stars.-
Song.
Words by Heine.
Music by 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, list'ning stand the
Silent forests, every leaf a little ear.

And as in a dream, the mountain shadow arms.

Shadow arms outstretched, as near.

But who called? I heard an echo.
Through my listening heart it fell.

Could it be her voice, or was it nothing but the night in gale?

Nothing but the night in gale!
Tempo Primo.

Golden stars across the heavens

Delicato.

With their small feet softly creep.

Fearing lest they should awaken

Accel.
mother earth who lies asleep

morendo.

A tempo.