

MR JOHN MC CORMACK

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL



THE WORDS BY



The Music by

ROGER QUILTER.

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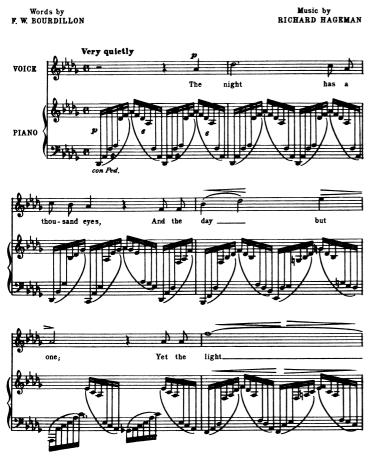


THE DONKEY



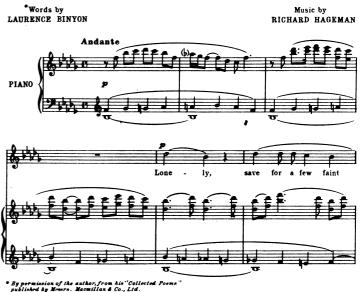
For Barbara Kliefoth

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES



'THE LITTLE DANCERS

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy. Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat; And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern-window; there, to the brisk measure Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays, Two children, all alone and no one by, Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze Of motion lightly threaded with nimble feet Dance sedately; face to face they gaze, Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.



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SIMPLE WISDOM

In a pleasant cornfield. Many years ago,
Men were bade delight in All good things that grow; Though the stubborn-hearted Would have said them nay-In a pleasant cornfield On the Sabbath day.

By a peaceful lakeside Many years ago, Men learned how a sower Once went forth to sow. Seeds of simple wisdom, Harvests yet ungrown,
By a peaceful lakeside
In each heart were sown.

Resting on a hillside Many years ago, Men were bade consider How the lilies grow. There, amid the olives, In the open day, Resting on a hillside, Men learned how to pray.

