

Rosetrees

nine songs on poems by *Emily Brontë*
for soprano and piano

8. Come, Walk with Me!

Allegro giocoso ♩. = 104

Tamás Beischer-Matyó

mf
Come,

3
walk with me, There's on - ly thee To bless my spir - it now - We

5
sf
used to love on win - - - - - ter nights To

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Official page: <http://beischermatyo.hu/rosetreestrees>

2018 by Tamás Beischer-Matyó

7 *pp*

wan - - - der through the

9

snow;

f

12 *mf*

Can we not woo back old de - lights? The

p

14

clouds rush dark and wild

(15)

They fleck with shade our moun - tain heights_

17

The same as long a - go_ And on the

19

hor - - - i - - - - - zon rest at last In_

21

loom - - - ing_ mass - - es piled;_

(22)

Viviva

ff

25

While

Viviva

ff

27

moon - - - beams flash and fly _____ so fast, so fast, so fast _____

p

29

We

pp

31

scarce can say they smiled, we scarce can say they smiled —

34

36

38 **Andante** $\text{♩} = 92$

p

Come walk with me, come walk with me; We were not

p *mp*

42

once so few, — we were not once so few

45

f

But Death has sto - len our com - pa-ny —

50

p

As sun - shine — steals the dew, as sun - - - shine steals —

55

— the dew — He took — them one by one and

60

we Are left the on-ly two, we are left

mp

63

on - ly two; So clos - er would my feel-ings twine

f

68

Be - - - cause they — have no stay, — have

p

73

no stay — but thine, be-cause they have

77

no stay but thine, no stay but thine —

81

rit. ----- *a tempo* ♩ = 92 *pp*

'Nay

86

call me not - it may not be Is hu - man love so true?

89

mf

Can Friend-ship's flow-er droop on for years And then re-vive a - new?

93 *pp*



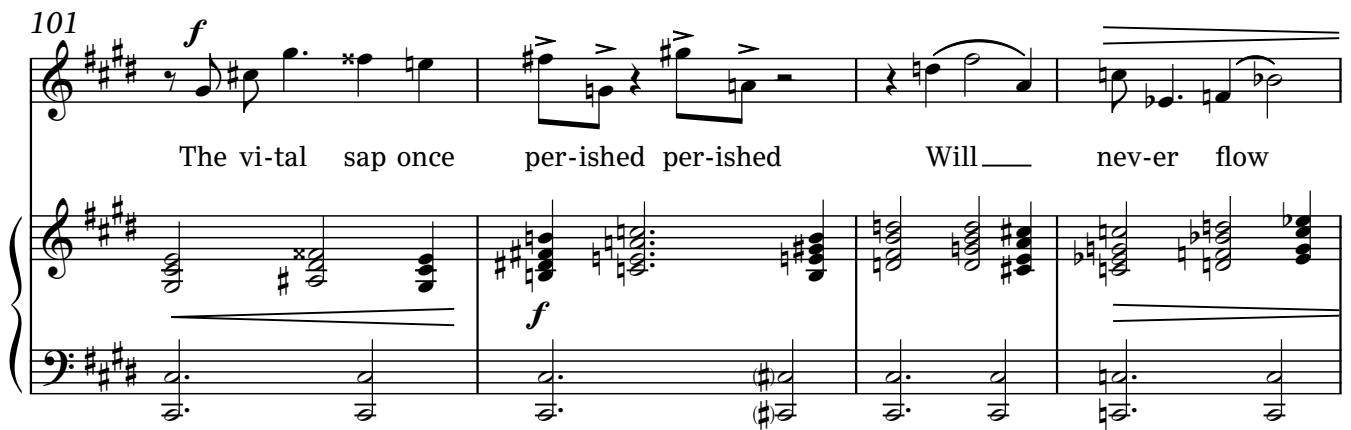
No, though the soil be

97 *mf*



wet with tears, wet with tears, How fair soe'er it grew

101 *f*



The vi-tal sap once per-ished per-ished Will nev-er flow

105 *p*



a-gain And sur-er than that dwell-ing dread,

110 *f* *ff* *rall.*

The nar-row dun-geon of the dead Time parts,

(*rall.*) **Poco pesante** ♩ = 84 *mp*

116 *mp*

time parts, time parts the hearts of

8.

120 *pp*

men

(8)