

The wind

Gordon Bottomley (written 1912)

Phyllis Batchelor

Molto allegro

I am tired of the wind Oh! wind, wind be

quiet... I am bur-dened by the days Of

wail - - - ing and long riot. The

I dare not ask a kiss

Robert Herrick

Phyllis Batchelor

Andantino

6

I dare not ask a kiss, I dare not beg a

7

smile, Lest ha-ving that, or this, I might grow proud the while._

12

No, no, the ut-most share Of

Love is a sickness

Samuel Daniel

Phyllis Batchelor

Andantino

rit.

Love is a sickness full of woes, All

re-me dies re-fu-sing; A plant that with most cutting grows, Most bar-ren-with most u-sing.

Why so? Why so? Why so? More we en-joy it, more it dies,

If not en-joyed, it sing-ing cried, Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho! Love is a tor-ment

Jacaranda tree

Mary O'Neill

Phyllis Batchelor

Andantino espressivo

p

Ja-ca-ran - da tree, Lit-tle tree six in-ches
high! Po - ten-tial balls of he li-o Through fi-bred death and fer - tile ash Your
gra-nite pod for got - ten. Now sta-tic win-ter holds you still. Self
pru - ning, year - ning growth Fore-stal-ling love, your green wings

Più mosso
mf