When the sun-light dies,... When the feet have pressed, Are the

night-wind sighs, When the dove is asleep in the tree, poppies blessed, And the violets yield their perfume;

I will come, my love, With the stars above, To pay hom-age, fair

'Tis the wild, wild rose, Ev'rywhere it blows, From thy beauty hath

cousin, to thee, fair cousin, to thee.

Where thy stolen its bloom. Oh, my
Lady-love, oh, my lady-love, Leave me not in the dusk to pine;
Oh, my lady-love, oh, my lady-love, Bid me sing to thy beauty divine!

(Barbara appears in doorway of porch) Barbara

Juan Bautista!
Scene V

Allegro giusto

Alvarado

Fair-est cousin!


Meno

molto rit.

Stand where thou art, and put to shame


rit.

s tempo

the jewels of the night, that


a tempo

poco rit.

now begin to deck the heavens. Oh, my

22341
lady-love, oh, my lady-love, Leave me not in the
dusk to repine; Oh, my lady-love, oh, my

lady-love, Bid me sing to thy beauty divine!

Tempo giusto
Barbara

I do recall that song under my