Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;

Music by Roger Quilter

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Now winks the gold fin in the porphyry font; The
fire-fly wa-kens; wa-ken thou with
me.
Now folds the lily all her sweet-ness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip,

ad libitum, slowly

Slip into my bosom, and be lost, be

lost, in me.

dying away