INVITATION IN AUTUMN

SONG

WORDS BY
SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

MUSIC BY
E. J. MOERAN

LONDON,
Novello & Co., Ltd.
To Parry Jones

INVITATION IN AUTUMN

Poem by Seumas O'Sullivan

Music by E. J. Moeran

Andante con moto  \( \text{m} \) 66 - 72

Come, friend, and feast with me, E'er

feast-ing days be past,

While still the

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Autumn keeps The best wine for the last.

Here the sil-very talk of star-lings Will call your wak-ing eyes To where brown beech trees burn On blue Oc-to-ber skies. And pon-ies wave their poco affretando
flash-ing
tails
Where
rag-wort
darts
a
faint
gold
ray
And

Ped.

Tempo I

all
the
lawn
with
mel-ted
frost
Shines
like
the
Milky
Way.

Come
ten-
then
be-neath
the
col-oured
trees
While
still the roads are musical, And white with beech-nuts' milky sap, Or
red with trodden yew-berries,

a tempo
And creamy goats move through the
red And golden of evening, in the still Save only where the
poco rall.

dor, lone wing-ing Booms on the plum-bloomed hill.

molto sostenuto

Come, friend, and feast with me, E'er feast-ing days be past, While still the

pp tre corde

rall.

Au-tumn keeps The best wine for the

Ped.

in tempo, ma un poco meno mosso al fine

Ped.

last.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.
Four
Shakespeare
Songs

by E. J. MOERAN

The lover and his lass
Where the bee sucks
When daisies pied
When icicles hang by the wall

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Moeran, E. J. (Ernest John), 1894-1950

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Invitation in autumn : song

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