BLUE-EYED SPRING

Robert Nichols

F. J. Moeran

Song with piano solo accompaniment

Lingwood Lodge

as Widdow
BLUE-EYED SPRING

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Poem by
Robert Nichols

Music by
E.J. Moeran

Now has the blue-eyed spring, after exile, thy charm on the harp:

Andrends a lea, a clain; Born near be wise the edge; And fill the blind thy race. May be up on the hedge:

Alone again like the spring!

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wood peck or fills the wood; joyous laugh over-sing the hill; All over.

love this spring!
The little cloud shades our chase.

on the whole earth's face, And where winter high-going vine on wood the southern branch ramp: Now joke up and all gay others.

All voice, then, love the spring!
Author/s:
Moeran, E. J. (Ernest John), 1894-1950

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Blue-eyed spring : song with pianoforte accompaniment

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