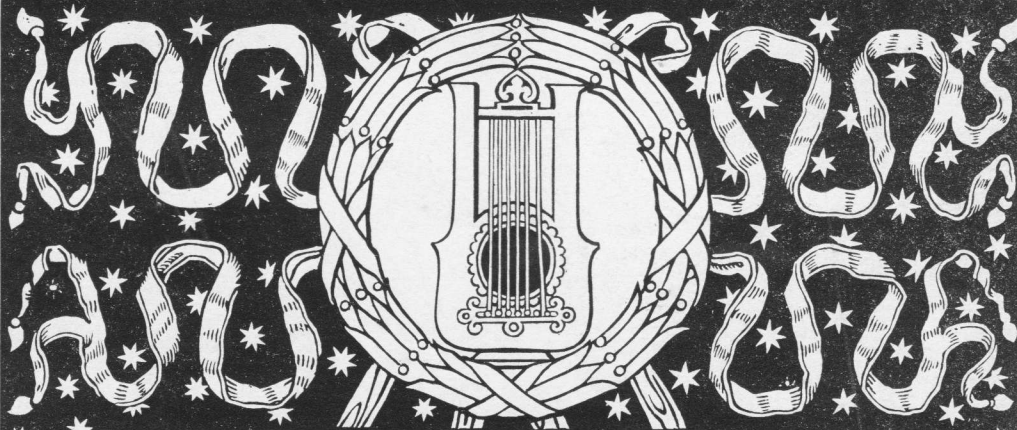


No. 1, IN D.

No. 2, IN B FLAT.

No. 3, IN A.



SUNG BY
MR. JOHN COATES

ELĒANORE

SONG

The poem written by

ERIC MACKAY

The music composed by

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

(Op. 37, No. 6.)

PRICE
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ELĒANORE.

Eric Mackay.*

S. Coleridge-Taylor.
Op. 37, N^o 6.

Moderato.

appassionato

f

The

for - est flow'rs are fad - ed all, The winds complain, the

snow-flakes fall, E - lë - a - nore! E - lë - a - nore! I

rall.

a tempo

rall.

* By permission.

turn to thee as to a bow'r:— Thou breathest beauty like a flow'r, Thou

smil - est like a hap-py hour, E - lë - a-nore! E - lë - - a -

nore! I

turn to thee. I bless a-far Thy name, which is my guiding star, E -

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo* *molto rall.* *a tempo* *molto rit.* *a tempo* *molto rall.* *a tempo* *molto rit.* *a tempo* *Ped.*

rall. *a tempo*

-lë - a-nore! E - lë - a-nore! And yet, ah God! when thou art here I

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo* *molto rall.*

faint, I hold my breath for fear. Art thou some phantom wand'ring near, E -

rall. *a tempo* *molto rall.*

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

-lë - a-nore? E - lë - - - a - nore?

a tempo *rall.* *f a tempo*

Ped.

Oh, take me to thy bos-om fair; Oh,

rit.

cov - er me with thy golden hair, E - lë - a - nore! E - lë - a - nore!

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

There let me lie when I am dead, Those morning beams a - bout me spread, The

a tempo *rit.*

Ped.

molto rall. *a tempo* *rall.*

glo - ry of thy face o'er-head, E - lë - a - nore! E - lë - - - a -

a tempo *molto rall.* *a tempo* *rall.*

a tempo

- nore!

fa tempo *rall.* *dim.*

Ped.