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Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Song in a Minor Key

Gary Bachlund

a piacere ♩ = 70

There's a place I know where birds swing low

and way-ward vines go roam-ing, where the li-lacs nod, and a

mar-ble god is pale, in scent-ed gloam-ing.

And at sun-set there comes a la-dy fair whose

15

eyes are deep with yearning. By an old, old gate does the lady

19

wait her own true love's return ing.

ritardando *a piacere*

23

a tempo

But the days go by, and the lilacs die, and trembling birds

27

— seek cover; yet, the lady stands, with her long white hands

31

held out to greet her lo - ver. And it's there

34

she'll stay till the sha - d'wy day a mon - u - ment they grave her.

38

She will al - ways wait by the same old gate, -- the

41 *ritardando al fine*

gate her true love gave her.

circa 2' 45"