

# The Apple-Tree

Nancy Campbell (née Nancy Maude, 1886-n.d.)

for Jacquelyn Matava

Gary Bachlund

**Andante**

**pp** 9 3 9 9

**rit.** **A tempo**

I saw the arch - an-gels in my ap-ple-tree\_ last night,

12 I saw them like great birds\_ in the star - light-- Pur-ple and bur-ning blue,

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16 3 9 3 **pp** 3

crim-son and shin-ing white. And each to each\_ they tossed an ap-ple to and fro,

20

And once I heard their laugh-ter gay and low;

23

And yet I felt no won-der that it should be so.

28

But when the ap-ple came one time to Mi-chael's lap

31

I heard him say:— "The mys-te-ries that en-wrap the earth and fill the hea - vens

35

can be read here, may-hap." Then Ga-bri-el spoke: "I

39

praise the deed, the hid-den thing." "The beau-ty of the blos-som of the

42

spring I praise,"cried Ra-pha-el. U-ri-el: "The wise leaves I sing." And

46 **rit.** . . . . . **Largo**

Mi- chael: "I will praise the fruit, per-fec-ted, round, full of the love of God here-in be-ing

The Apple-Tree

rit. . . . .

49

bound His mer-cies ga-thered from the sun and rain and ground."

Andante

52

So sang they till a small wind through the branch-es stirred, and spoke of com - ing dawn; \_

rit. . . . .

55

and at its word each fled a - way to hea - ven, wing - ed like a

Tempo primo

molto rit. . . . .

58

bird.