

# Aubade

♩ = 50 ♩ = 80

Jane, Jane,

tall as a crane, the mor-nig light creeps down a - gain;

Comb your cocks-comb rag - ged hair, Jane, Jane,

come down the stair. Each

23

— dull blunt wood-en sta-lag-tite of rain creaks,—

*mp*

29

hard-ened by the light, sound-ing like an o-ver-tone from some

34

lone-ly world un-known. But the creak-ing, emp-ty

41

light will ne-ver har-den in-to sight, will ne-ver pe-ne-trate your

48

brain with o-ver-tones like the blunt rain, the

54

light would show (if it could hard - en) e - ter - ni - ties of kit - chen

59

gar - den, cocks - comb flow'rs that none will pluck, and

66

— wood - en flow'rs that 'gin to cluck. flow'rs that

73

'gin to cluck. In the kit - chen you must light flames, as

*8va*

79

star - ing, red and white, as car - rots or as tur - nips, shi -

85

- ning where the old dawn light lies whi - ning

91

(Comb your cocks-comb rag - ged hair, Jane,) cocks - comb hair on the

*3*

96

cold wind hangs limp, \_\_\_\_\_ turns the milk's weak \_\_\_\_\_ mind...

102

Jane,

*mp*

107

Jane, \_\_\_\_\_ tall as a crane, the mor-ning light creeps down... the

*ritardando*

113

$\text{♩} = 50$

mor-ning light creeps \_\_\_\_\_ down a - gain! \_\_\_\_\_ Jane...

circa 4' 45"