

## Charles Griffes Roman Sketches The White Peacock Op. 7, No. 1

... Here where the sunlight floodeth the garden, where the pomegranite reareth its glory of gorgeous blossom; where the oleanders dream through the noontides ... Where the heat lies pale blue in the hollows, ... Here where the dream-flowers, the cream-white poppies, silently waver ... here is the breath, as the soul f this beauty moveth in silence, and dreamlike, and slowly, white as a snowdrift in mountain valleys when softly upon it the gold light lingers: ... moves the white peacock, as tho' through the noontide a dream of the moonlight were real for a moment. Dim on the beautiful fan that he spreadeth, ... dim on the cream-white are blue adumbrations, ... pale, pale as the breath of blue smoke in far woodlands, here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty,















## Nightfall (Al far della notte) Op. 7, No. 2

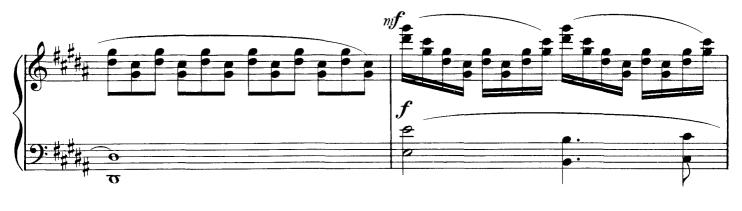
The long day is over. Dusk, and silence now: and night, that is dew on the flower of the world.

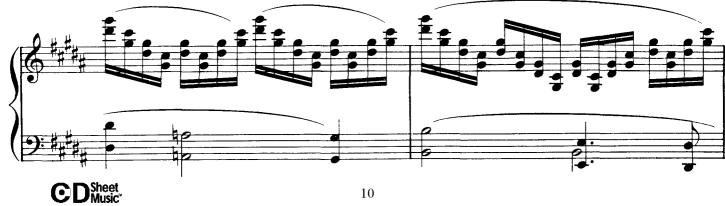


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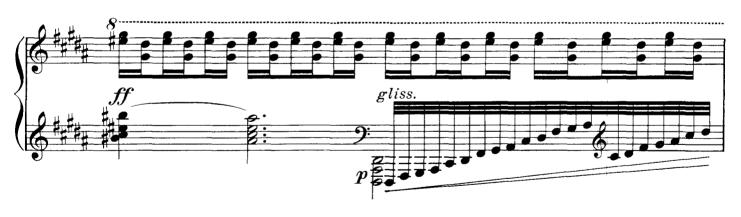










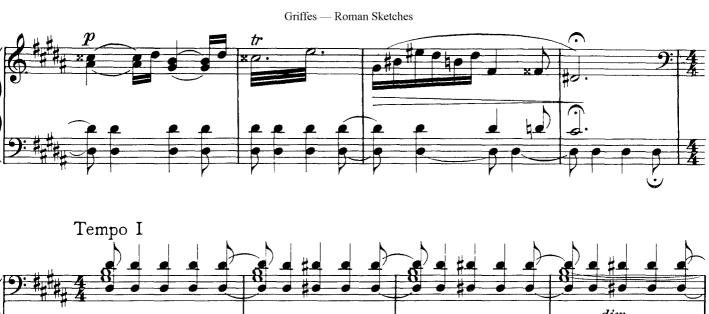


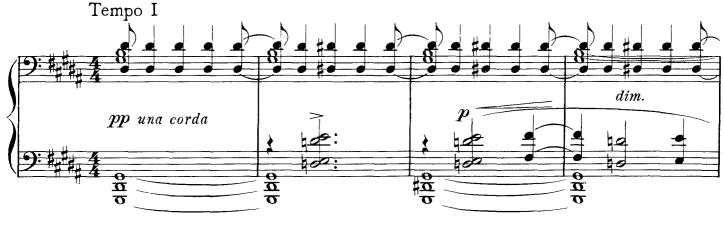


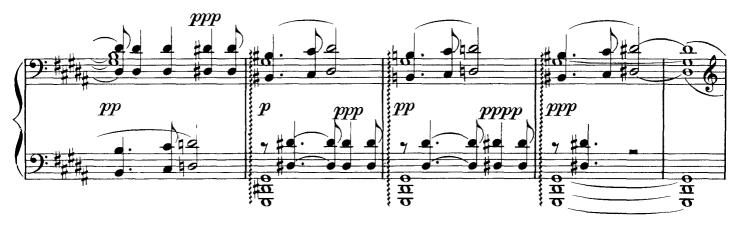


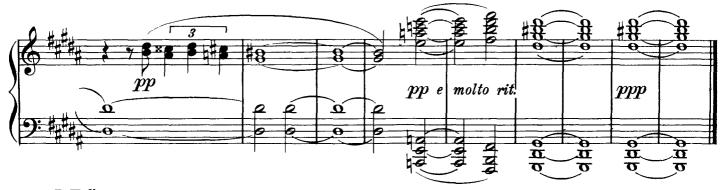










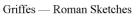


## The Fountain Of The Acqua Paola

Op. 7, No. 3

Shimmering lights, as though the Aurora's wild polar fires flashed in the happy bubbles, died in thy foam.







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Griffes — Roman Sketches

## Clouds

Op. 7, No. 4

Mountainous glories, they move superbly; crumbling so slowly,













