

Mirage

Words by Christina Rossetti

Music by Muriel Herbert

Slowly

The hope I dreamed of was a
dream, I was but a dream, and now I
wake. Ex-ceding comfortless and worn and



old, for a dream's

sake. *Quicker.*

hang my harp upon a

tree, a

wet... my will... a

lake I hang my

silenced have there, wing and missed for a

dreams will

Tempo 1.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking

heart. My silent heart, lie still and break. Life, and

world, and mine own self are changed For a dream's

are.

Muriel Herbert.
June. 1910.