BALLADE TO THE MOON

Daniel Elder (b. 1986)

Adagio Misterioso $d = 66$

On moon-lit night I wander free.

On moon-lit night I wander free, my mind to roam on thoughts of

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With midnight darkness beckoning my heart, my heart t'ward thee.

Meno Mosso

Mystic fantasy... Come and dream!

Meno Mosso
Tempo I

How beautiful, this dream in me!

How beautiful, this

Tempo I

How beautiful, this

How beautiful, this

night in June! And here, up on the velvet dune.

night in June! And here, up on the velvet dune.

June! And here, up on the dune.

June! And here, up on the dune.
weep with joy be-neath the moon.

The path lies dark be-fore my sight.

and yet my feet with

and yet my feet with
Trip 7:—: feet trod onward through the black-ened vale,—

pure de-light

be-neath the sky,

be-neath the star-ry sky so bright.

pure de-light
Meno Mosso

"share thy light!"

Meno Mosso

"share thy light!"

Piu Mosso, Poco Rubato

"These woods, their weary wand'rer"

Piu Mosso, Poco Rubato

"These woods, their weary wand'rer"

Piu Mosso, Poco Rubato

"These woods, their weary wand'rer"
soon in awe and fearful wonder

swoon; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

swoon; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

swoon; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

swoon; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

Tempo I
And as the dark-ened

Though poco allarg.

unis. mp

And as the dark-ened

Though poco allarg. unis. p

hours flee, my heart beats ever rapidly.

Though poco allarg. unis. p

hours flee, my heart.

Though poco allarg. unis. p

hours flee, my heart.

Though poco allarg.
heav-y hang my eyes with sleep,

heav-y hang my eyes with sleep,

heav-y hang my eyes with sleep,

heav-y hang my eyes with sleep,

my soul,

my soul,

my soul,

my soul,

my soul,

it cries to thee,
my singing soul, it cries to thee:

Meno Mosso, Dolcissimo

Come, sing with me! Come, sing with me!
sing, come and sing with me!

O must I leave thy charms so

The twin-kling sky casts forth its tune:

The twin-kling sky casts forth its tune:
soon? I weep with joy beneath the
soon? I weep with joy beneath the
soon? I weep with joy beneath the
soon? I weep with joy beneath the

Molto Meno Mosso

Tempo I

moon... rall.
moon... rall.
moon... rall.
moon... rall.

Tempo I

rall.