

WHITE BIRDS

THE WHITE BIRDS

Steve Dobrogosz 9/09
text: W. B. Yeats

♩ = 92 *expressively romantic*

my be - lo - ved, white birds on the foam of the sea, white birds on the
I would that we were white birds on the foam of the sea, white birds on the
my be - lo - ved white birds on the foam of the sea, white birds on the

foam of the sea, We tire before and the flame of the
foam of the sea, We tire of the flame of the me-te-or, be-fore it can fade and flee, ooh
foam of the sea, We tire of the flame of the me-te-or be- for it can fade and flee ooh

poco rit..... *p* *poco rubato*
blue star of twi-light hung low on the rim of the sky has a - waked in our hearts, my be -
on the rim of the sky has a - waked in our hearts be -
ah be -

mf a tempo, brightly
lov - ed not die A wear - i-ness comes from those dream - ers,
lo - ved a sad-ness that may not die ah ooh
lo - ved not die ah ooh