

BIRD OF PARADISE

Robert Graves

Peter Wishart

Slow

At sun-set, on-ly to_

his true love, The bird of pa-ra-dise o-pened wide his wings

Dis-play-ing e-me-rald plu-mage shot with gold Un-gessed e-ven by him.

True, that wide crest Had bla-zoned royal es-tate, and_

p *mp* *sempre p* *mf sonore* *dim.* *poco*

* *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

8va 8va