THE SINGER

For Men's Chorus, Solo Voice and Piano

Music by BRUCE TRINKLEY

Poem by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

He fills the world with his singing, High notes of the heavenly morn Forever and ever ringing As age after age is born.

Then he is still, and we know not Whither his thoughts have fled; Only the clear notes flow not, And we say, the singer is dead.

But the nightingales that he cherished, They carol and cannot die; Though the man whom we loved has perished, His melody lives for aye.

For Men's Chorus, Solo Voice and Piano

Poem by John Addington Symonds(1840-1893)

Music by Bruce Trinkley







