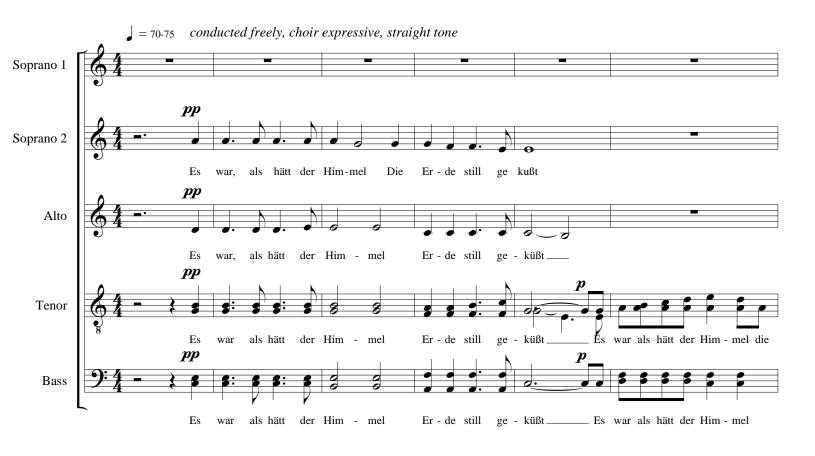
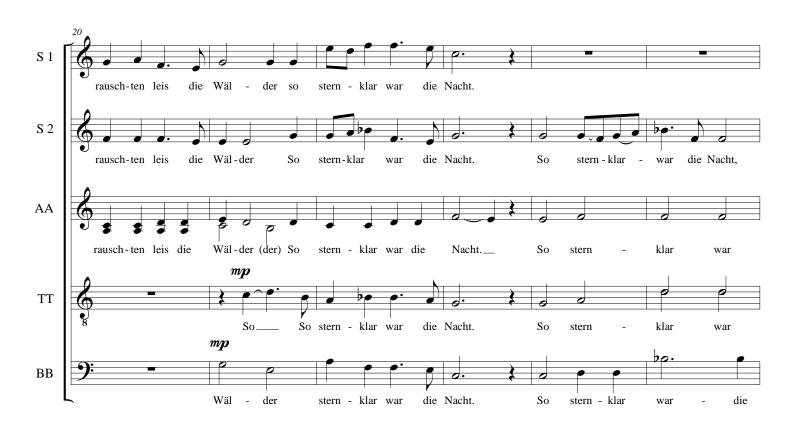
Lyrics by Joseph Freiherr Von Eichendorff

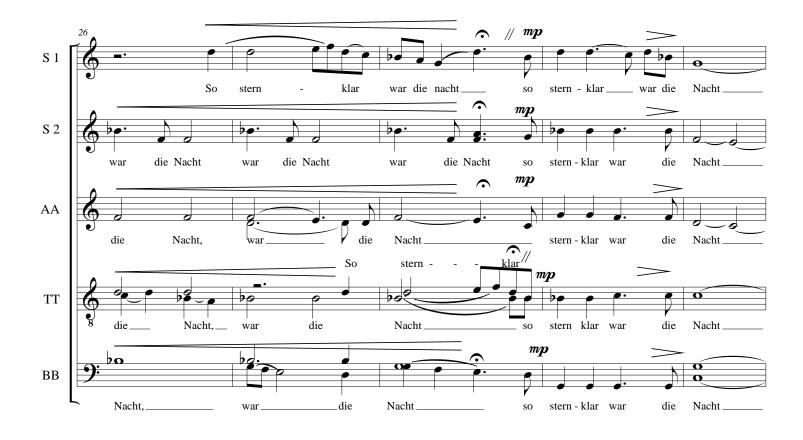
Choral Setting by Joy DeCoursey-Porter





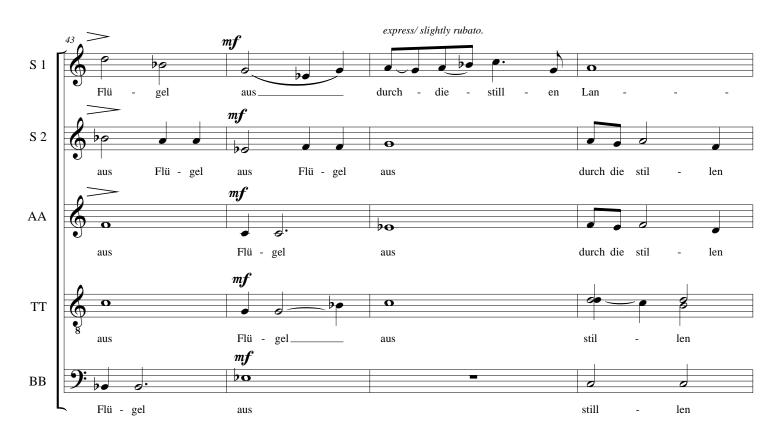


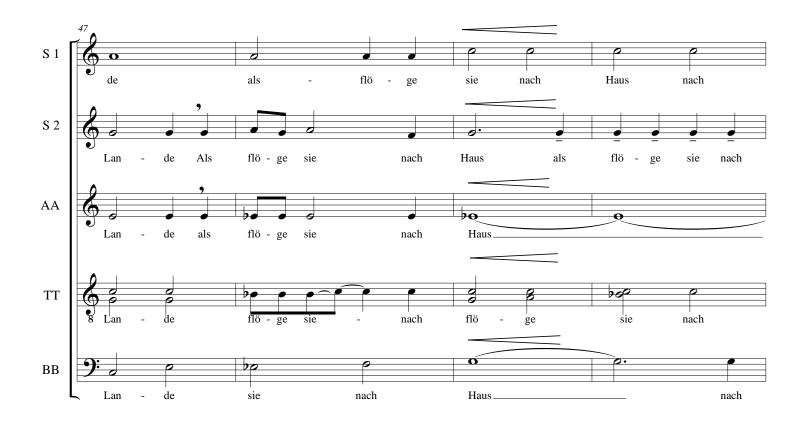


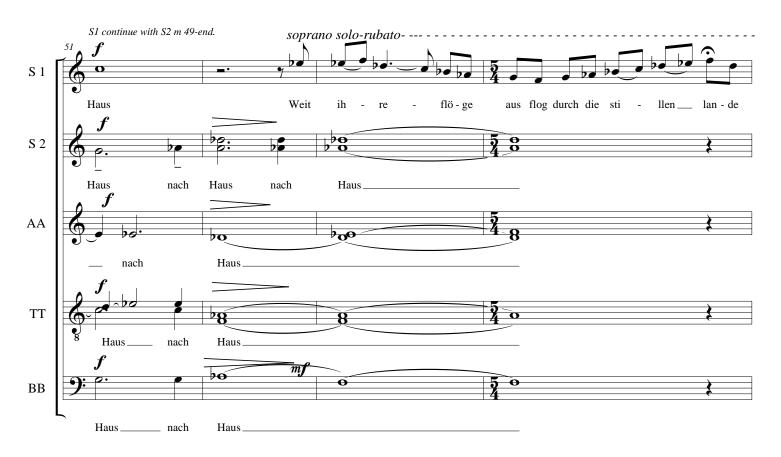


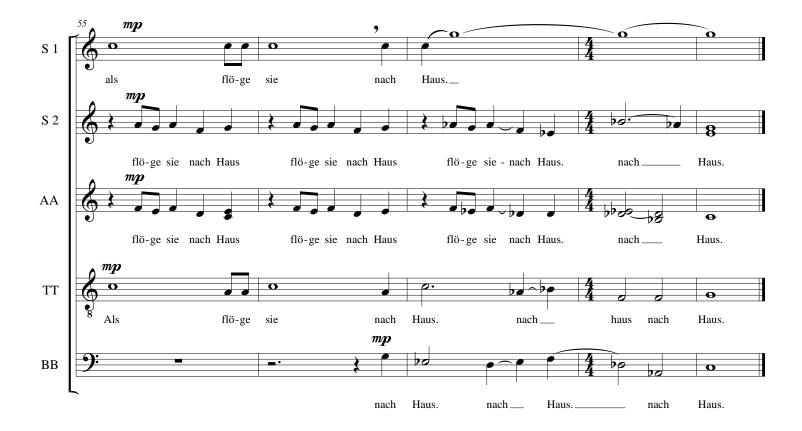












It was as if the sky Had quietly kissed the earth, So that in a shower of blossoms She must only dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the fields, The ears of corn waved gently, The forests rustled faintly, So sparkling clear was the night.

And my soul stretched its wings out far, Flew through the still lands, as if it were flying home.