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Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

# Song in a Minor Key

Gary Bachlund

*a piacere*      ♩ = 70

There's a place I know where birds swing low

and way-ward vines go roam-ing, where the li-lacs nod, and a

mar-ble god is pale, in scent-ed gloam-ing.

And at sun-set there comes a la-dy fair whose

15

eyes are deep with year - ing. By an old, old gate does the la - dy

19

*ritardando* *a piacere*

wait her own true love's re - turn - ing.

*mp*

23

*a tempo*

But the days go by, and the li - lacs die, and trem - bling birds

27

— seek co - ver; yet, the la - dy stands, with her long white hands

31

held out to greet her lo - ver. And it's there.

34

she'll stay till the sha - d'wy day a mon - u-ment they grave her.

38

She will al-ways wait by the same old gate,-- the

41 *ritardando al fine*

gate her true love gave her.

circa 2' 45"