

Autumn Evening ['ɔːtəm 'iv.nɪŋ]

Text by *Arthur Maquarie* (1874-1955) [Au]

Set by *Roger Quilter* (1877-1953) [Br], op. 14, #1

The yellow poplar leaves have strown
[ðə 'jɛ.ləʊːɹ 'pɒp.lə livz hæv stɹɔːʊn]

Thy quiet mound, thou slumberest
Where winter's winds will be unknown;
So deep thy rest, so deep thy rest.

Sleep on, my love, thy dreams are sweet,
If thou hast dreams: the flow'rs I brought
I lay aside for passing feet,
Thou needest nought, thou needest nought.

The grapes are gather'd from the hills,
The wood is piled, the song bird gone.
The breath of early evening chills;
My love, sleep on; my love, sleep on.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

