Four Greek Songs  
II.

David W. Maves (1998)

Accelerando molto  
Ritard molto  
A tempo

Hither from Kriti come now to me

to this tiny holy temple,

stopped note

piccato (with plastic pick)
this blessed place which has this beautiful meadow filled with apple trees and the aroma of incense sifting, wafting 'round the altars.
There, too, babbling cool rushing water flowing under branches of apple trees.

and with roses the whole place now is shadowed and from
shimmering dark green leaves the sleep of enchantment flows through.

There, too, a meadow where in
graze the horses where spring flowers blossom, spreading open and with breezes blowing so gently

meno mosso

there you, Cypris, now into our cups of gold pouring

* Cypris is a poetic name for Aphrodite
Ritard

grace - ful - ly nec - tar with our joy - ous feast

Ritard

in - ter - twine.

Freely

una corda

sus. ped. al Fine