

The Immortals

words: Fiona MacLeod

music: Oliver Barton

I saw the weaver of dreams, an immortal shape of
star-eyed Silence; and the Weaver of Death, a lovely
Dusk with a heart of hidden flame.

I knew not, knew not which was more fair: for Death
seemed to me as Love, and in the eyes of Dream, I saw
Joy.

Oh come, come to me, Weaver of Dreams! Come,
come unto me, O lovely Dusk, thou that hast the heart
of hidden Flame.

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Slow

8^{va}
pp
etc.
loco

p
I saw the

weaver of dreams, an immortal shape of

star-eyed Silence; and the Weaver of Death, a

pp

14
love-ly Dusk with a heart of hid-den flame.

18
I knew not, knew not which was more—

21
fair: for Death seemed to me as Love,

24
and in the eyes of Dream, I saw Joy. Oh

f very clear, sharp
loco
mf intense

27 *ff* 3
come, ——— come to me, Wea - ver oDreams! Come, come un - to me, O

30 *p*
love - ly Dusk, ——— thou that hast the heart, the heart, ——— the

8^{va}

34 *pp* *p*
heart of hid - den Flame.

38