Now sleeps the Crimson Petal

Words by TENNYSON


Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;......

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;......

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Nor winks the gold fin in the porph’ry font:

fire-fly wa-kens: wa-ken thou with me

Now folds the li-ly all her sweet-ness up,

Now sleeps the Crimson Petal
And slips into the bosom of the lake:

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip,

In to my bosom and be lost, be

lost in me.

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