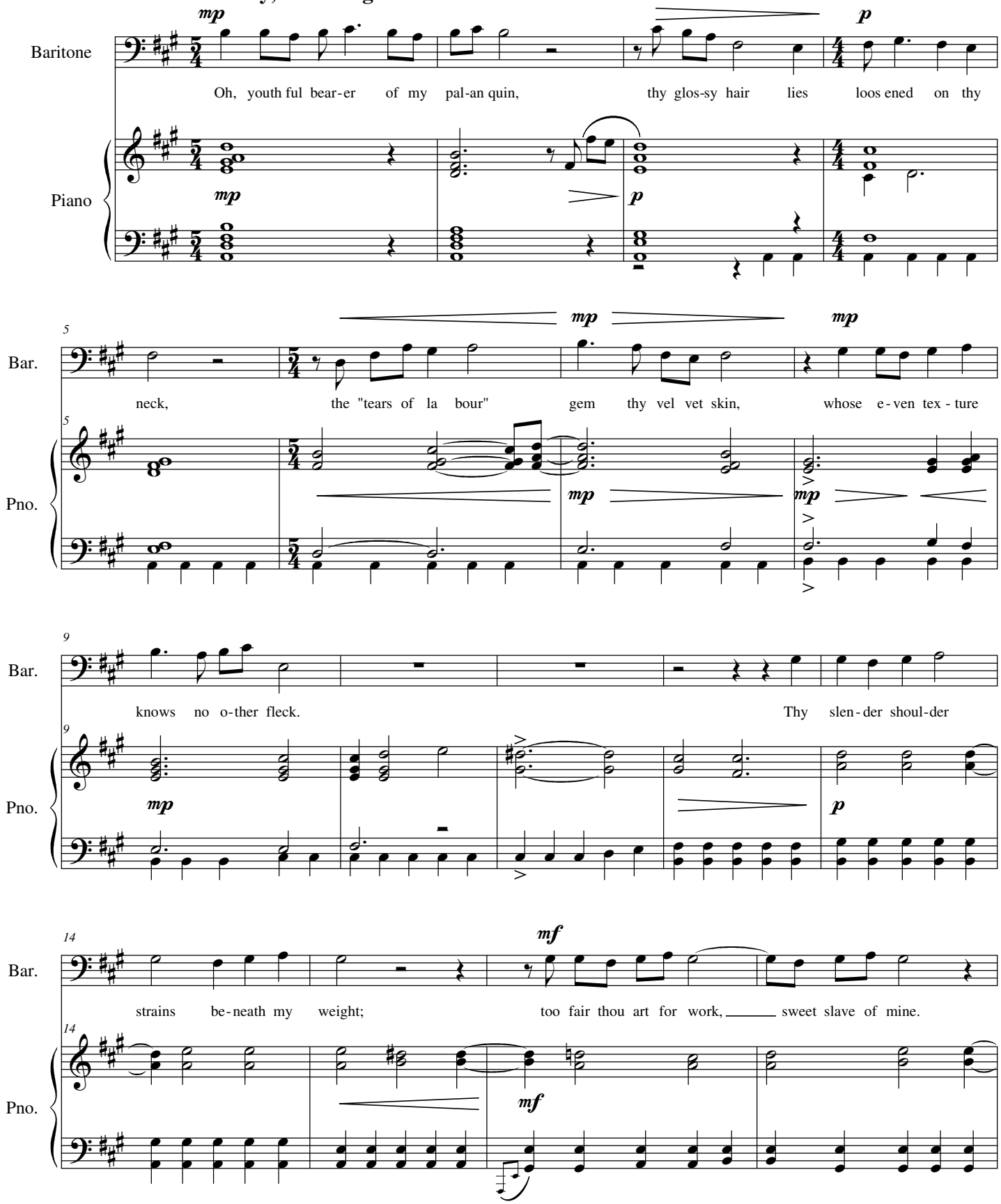
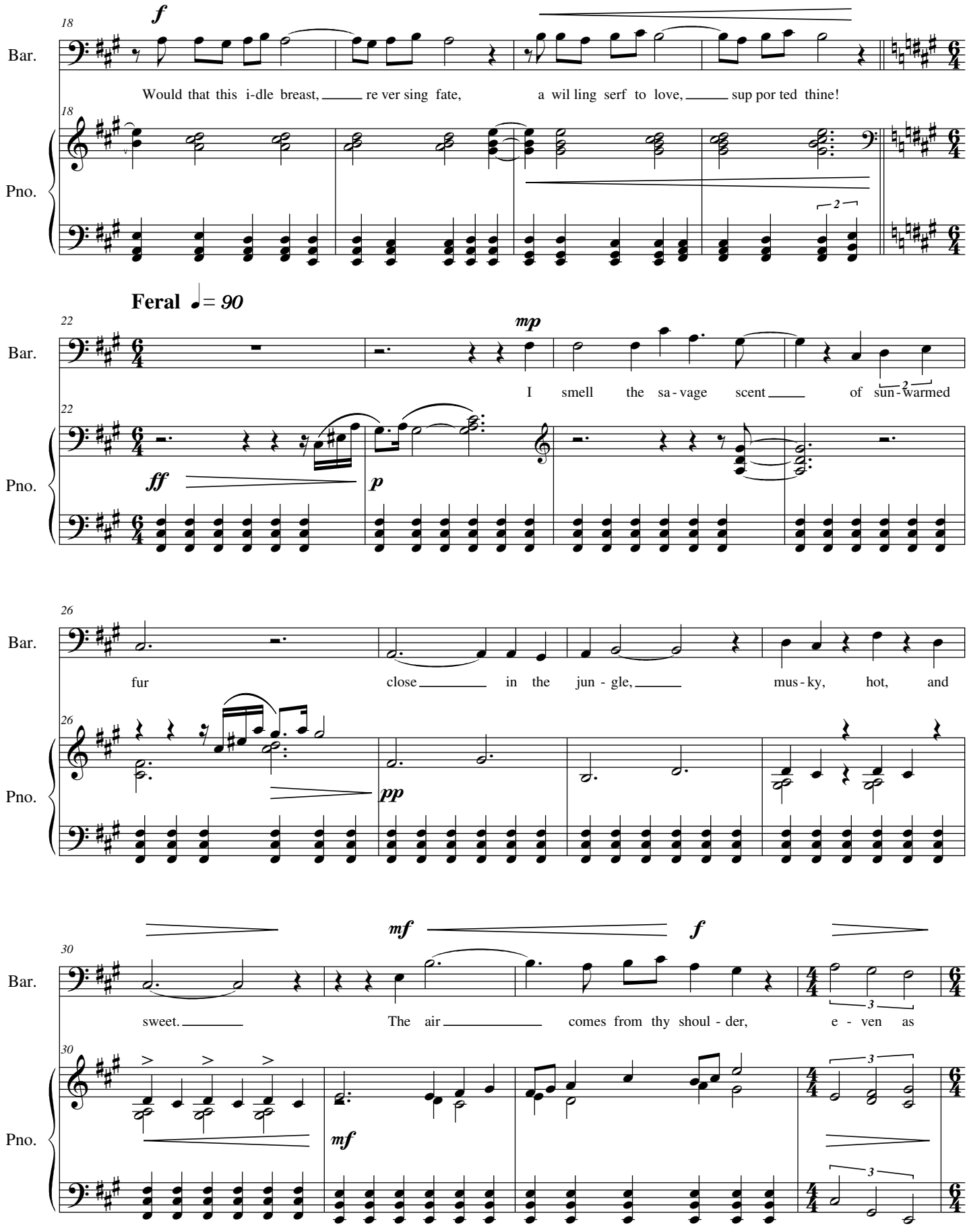
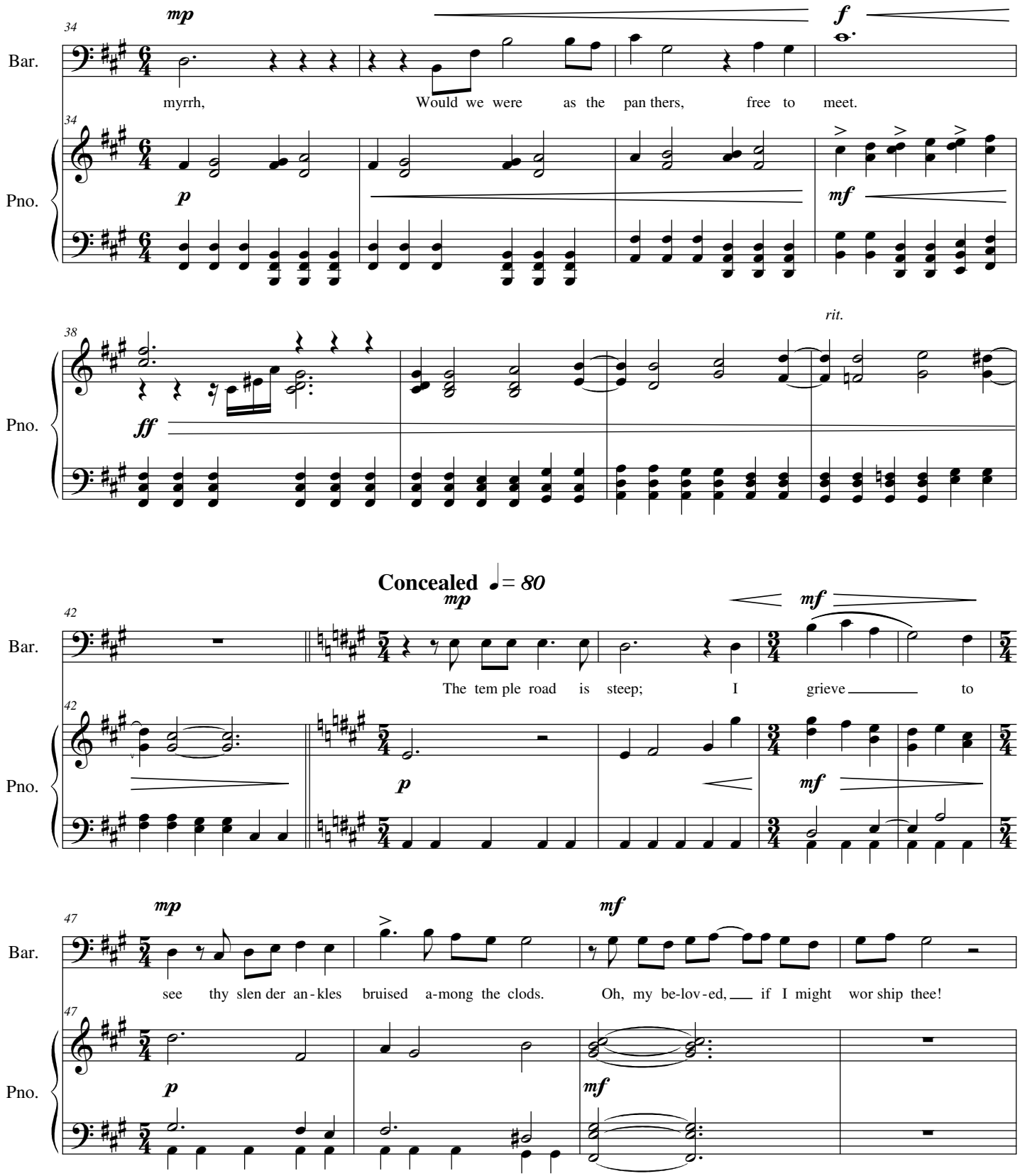
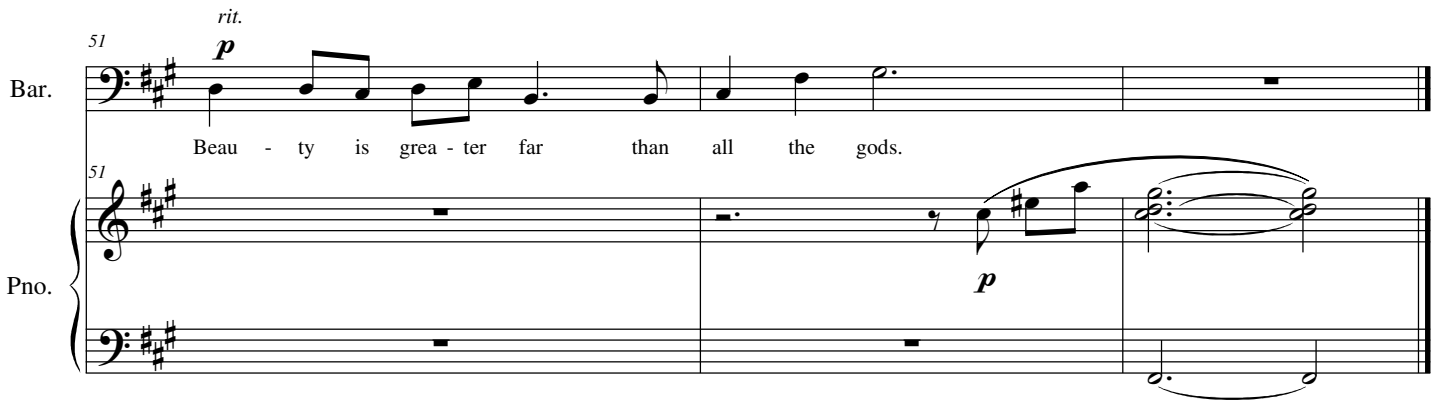
2. On Pilgrimage

Laurence Hope **Michael Oberhauser**

Dreamily, becoming more lucid ♩= *80*

18
f
Bar.
Would that this i-dle breast, re ver sing fate, a wil ling serf to love, sup por ted thine!
Pno.
Feral ♩= 90
22
mp
I smell the sa-vage scent of sun-warmed
ff
p
26
fur close in the jun-gle, mus-ky, hot, and
pp
30
mf
f
sweet. The air comes from thy shoul-der, e-ven as
mf

34
mp
f
Bar.
myrrh,
Would we were as the pan thers, free to meet.
34
p
mf
Pno.
38
rit.
ff
Pno.
Concealed ♩= 80
42
mp
mf
Bar.
The tem ple road is steep; I grieve to
42
p
mf
Pno.
47
mp
mf
Bar.
see thy slen der an - kles bruised a-mong the clods.
Oh, my be-lov - ed, if I might wor ship thee!
47
p
mf
Pno.


51
rit.
p
Bar.
Beau - ty is grea - ter far than all the gods.
51
Pno.
p