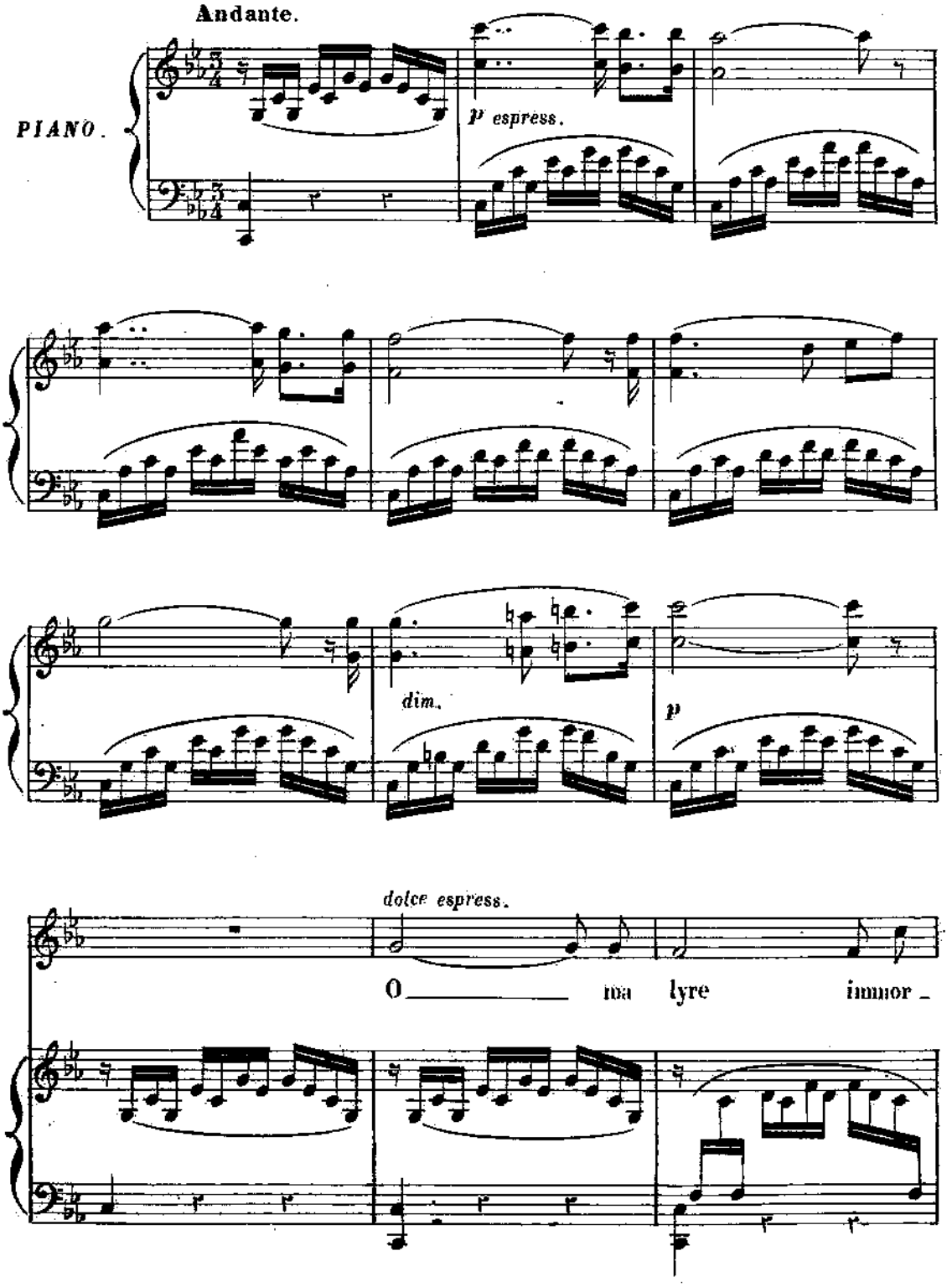
O MA LYRE

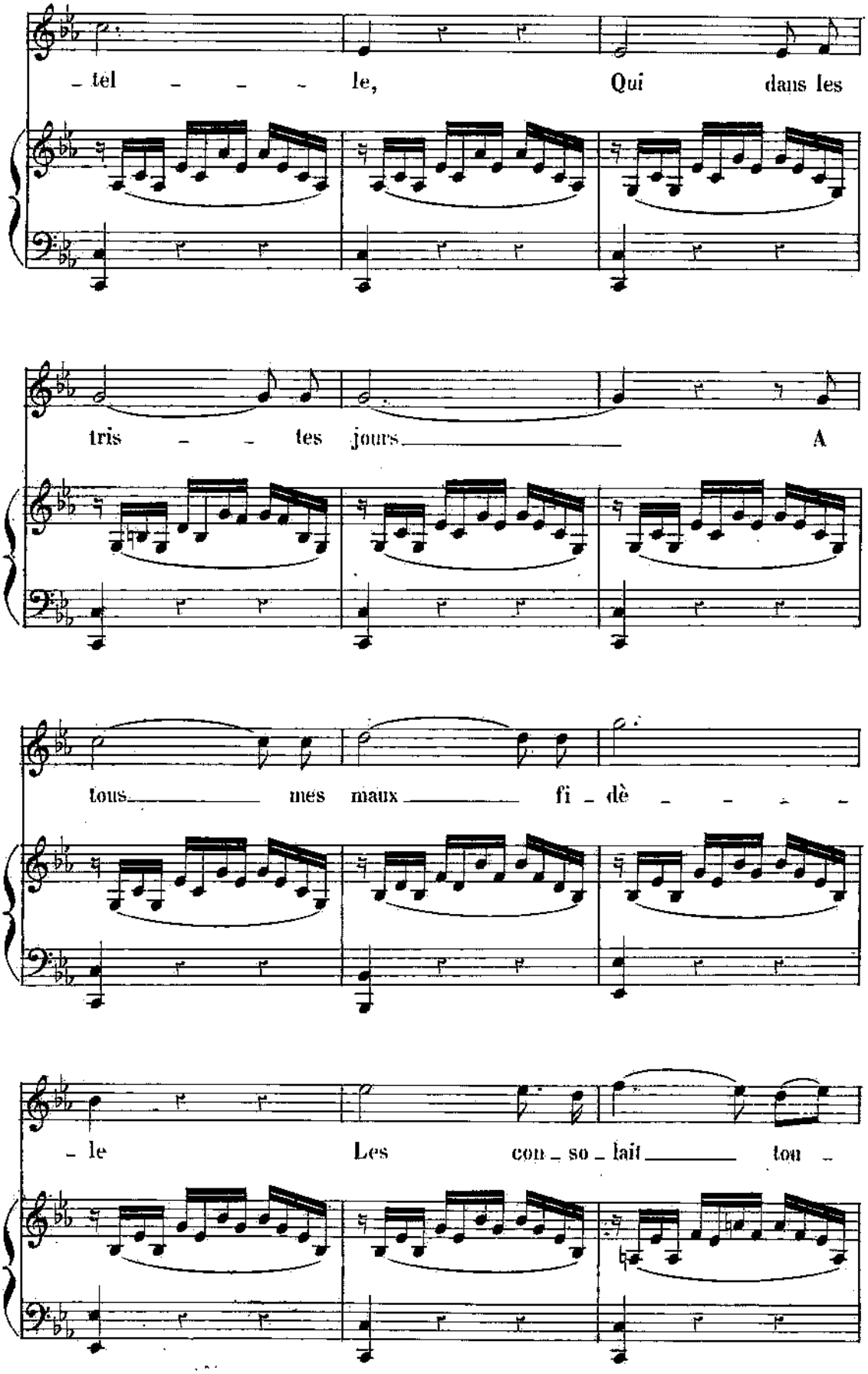
STANCES (1)

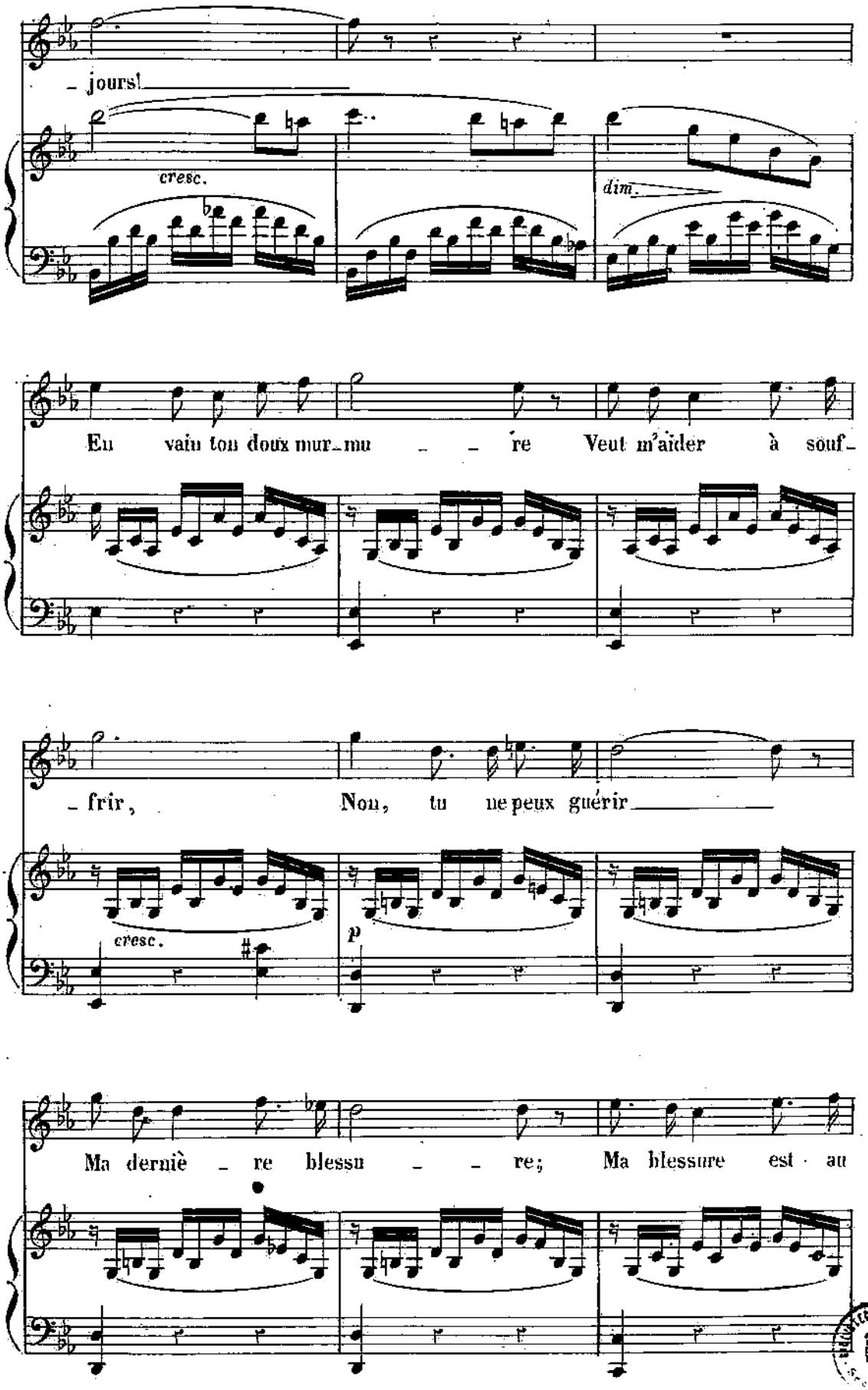
Poésie d'EMILE AUGIER.

N°. 7.

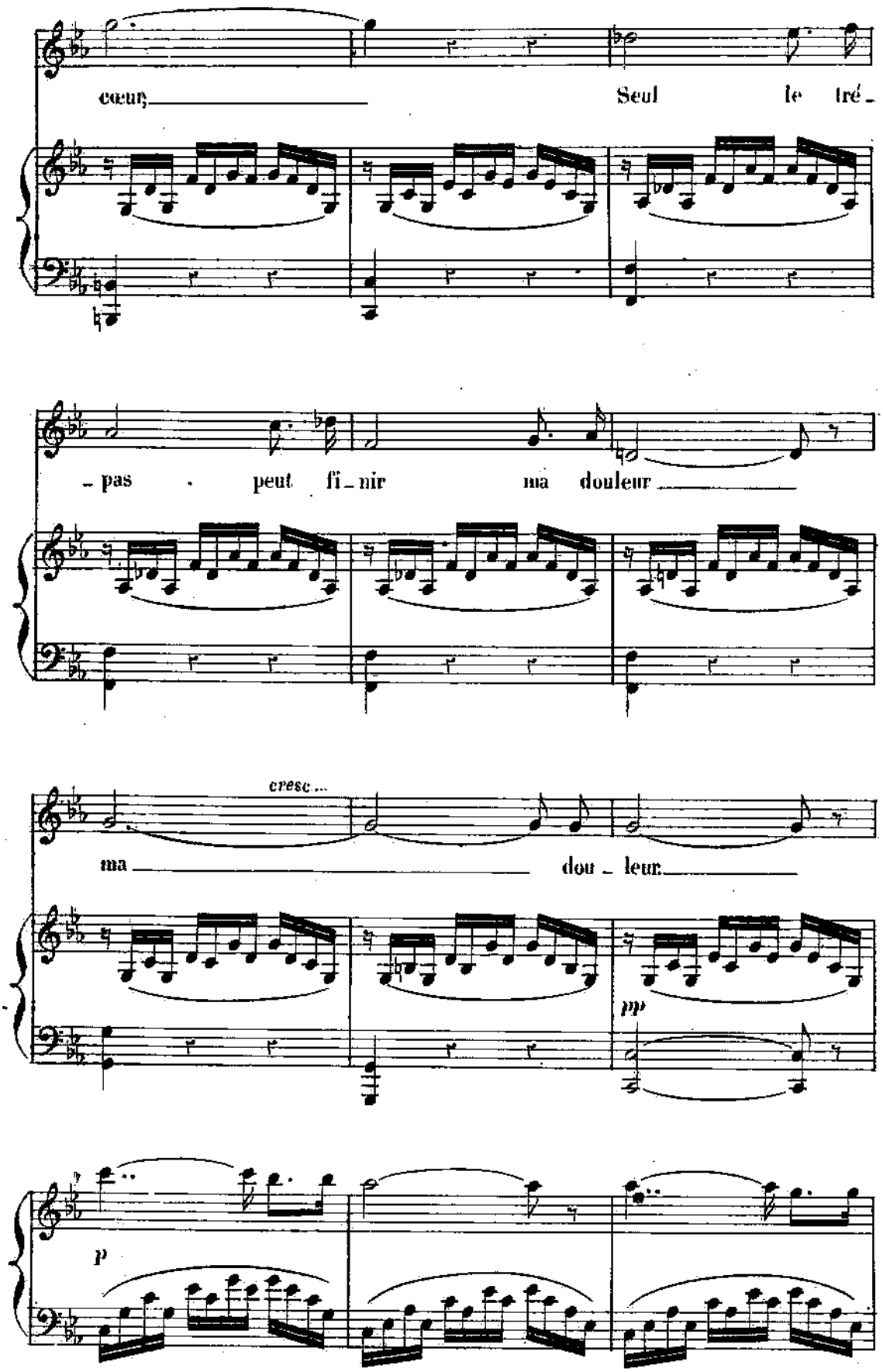


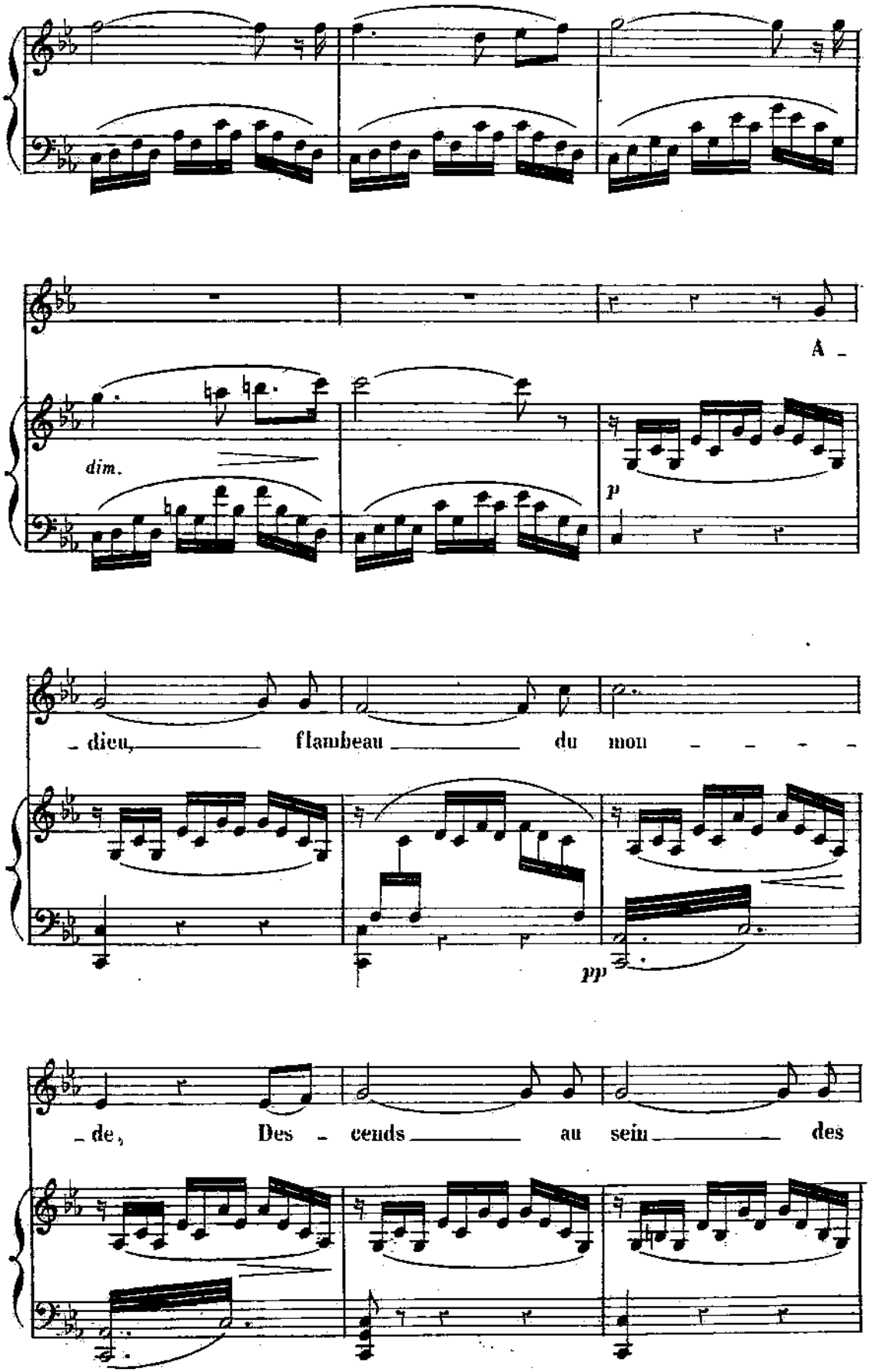
(1) Extraites de Sapho.

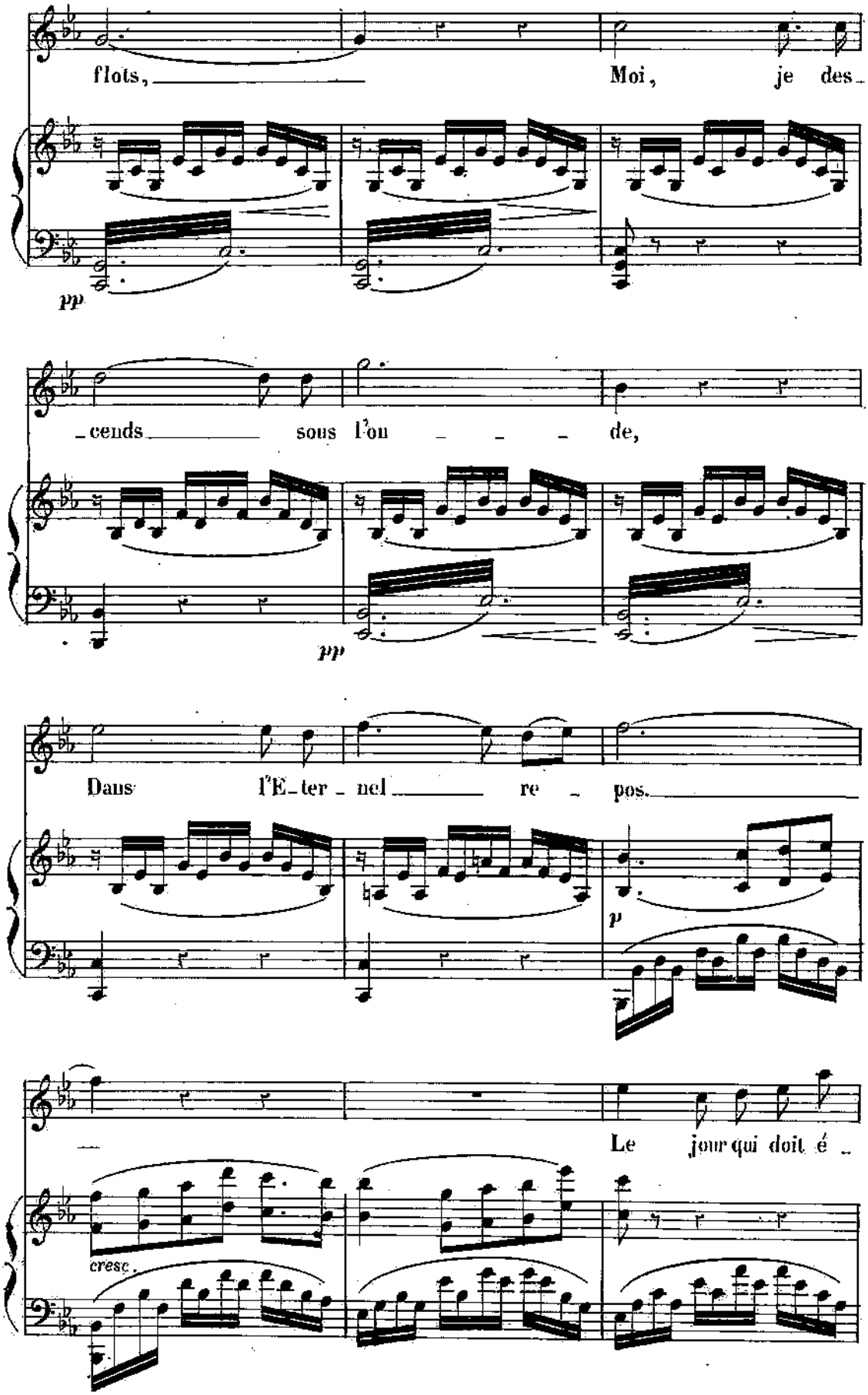

– tel – – – le, Qui dans les
tris – – tes jours A
tous mes maux fi – dè – – – –
– le Les con – so – lait tou –

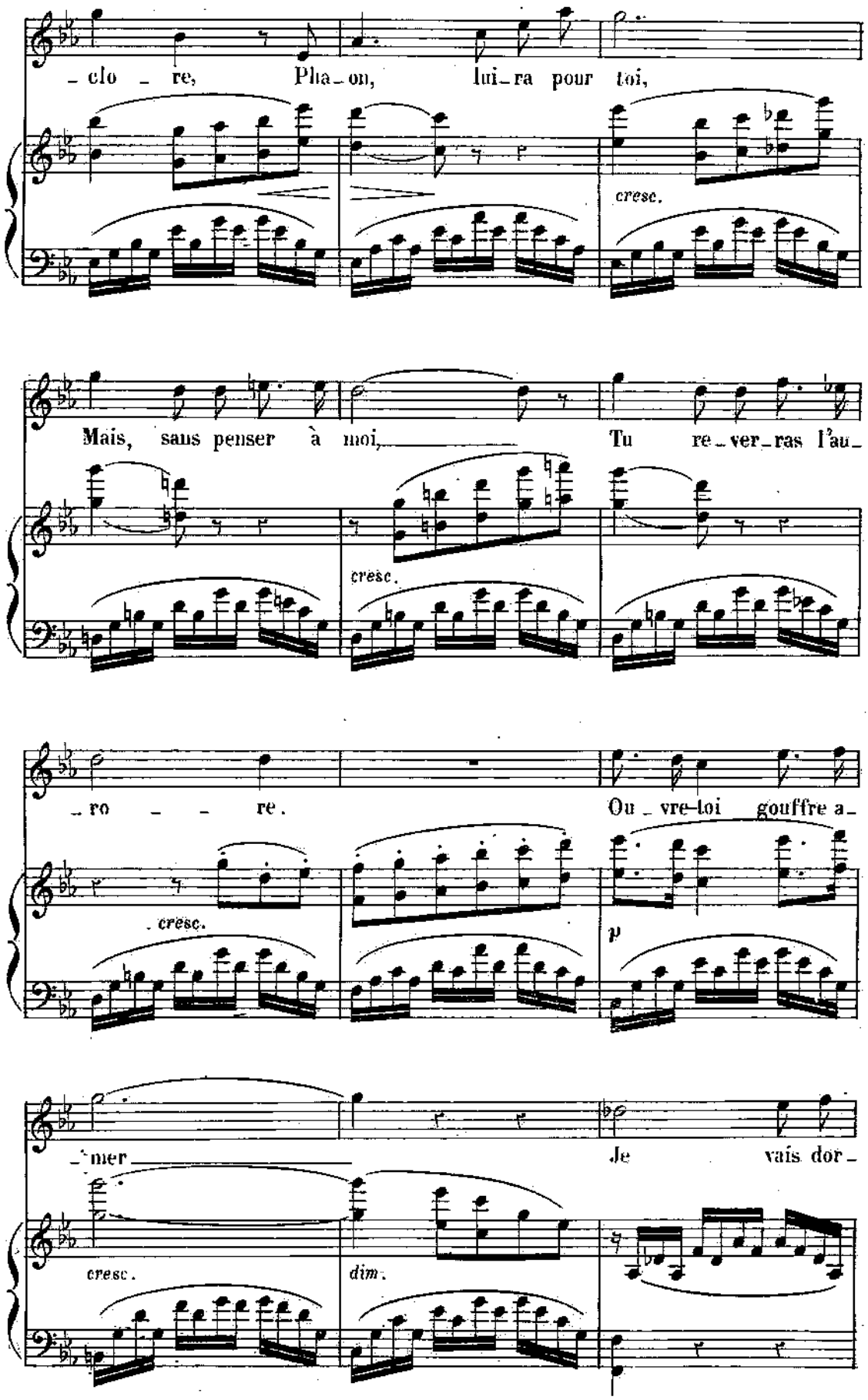


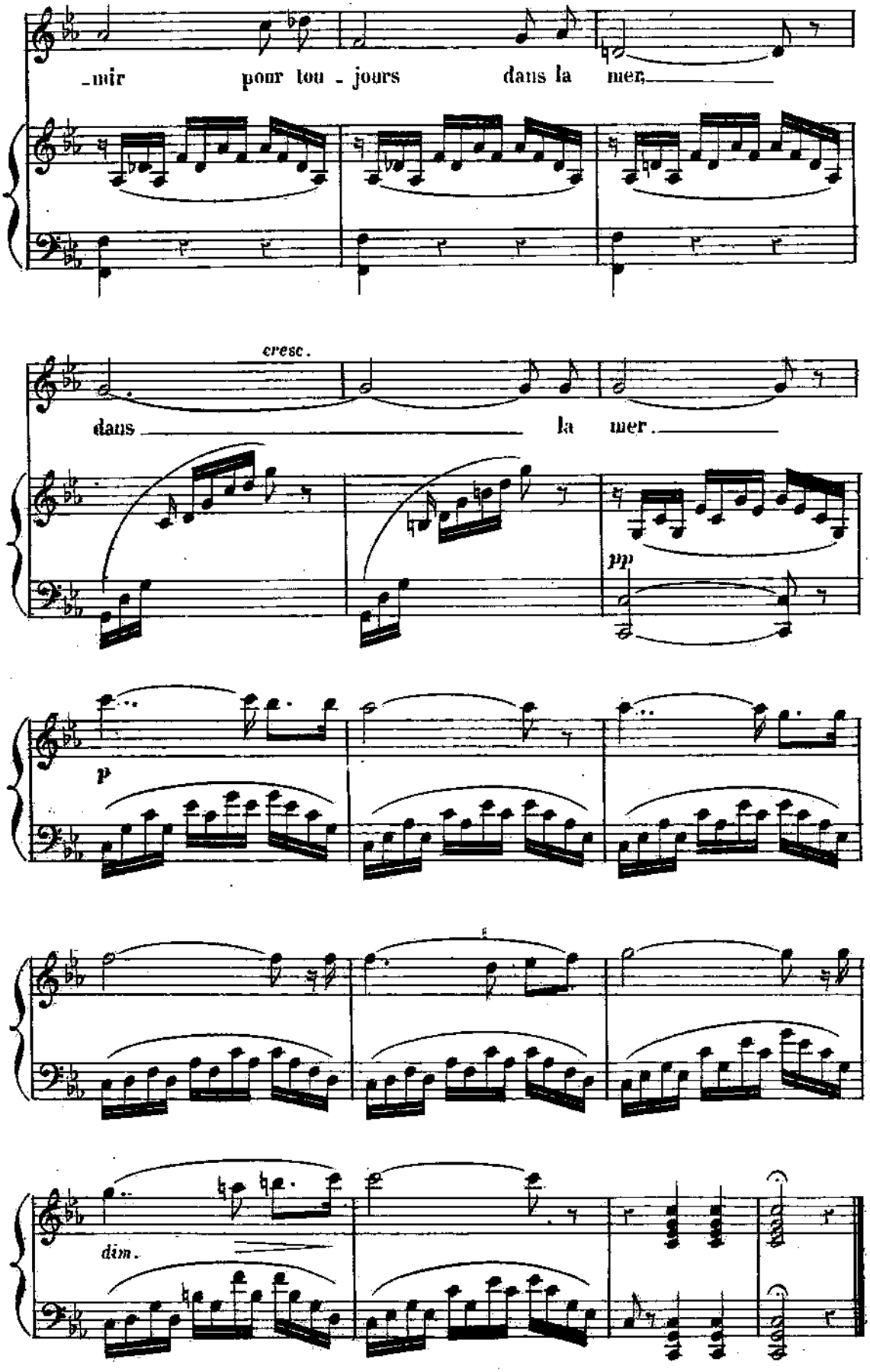
BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL


cœur, Seul le tré_
_pas peut fi_nir ma douleur
cresc...
ma dou_leur
pp
p


A -
dim.
p
- dieu, flambeau du mon - - - -
pp
- de, Des - cends au sein des


flots, Moi, je des-
pp
-cends sous l'on - - - de,
pp
Dans l'E-ter-nel re-pos.
p
Le jour qui doit é-
cresc.


clo re, Pha on, lui ra pour toi,
cresc.
Mais, sans penser à moi, Tu re ver ras l'au
cresc.
ro re. Ou vre-toi gouffre a
cresc.
p
mer Je vais dor
cresc.
dim.


_mir pour tou - jours dans la mer,
cresc.
dans la mer.
pp
p
dim.