The Wild Swans at Coole
1915
W.B. Yeats

Mary Ann Joyce-Walter

Soprano

The trees are in their autumn beauty the woodland paths are dry.

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Under the October twilight the

water mirrors a still sky;

Upon the brimming

water among the stones are nine and fifty
Swans

The

freely, recitativo

nine-teenth autumn has come upon me自从我第一次以来