

Words and music  
by Andy Gaus  
after a poem by Baudelaire

# Song from Baudelaire

Tenderly  $\text{♩} = 100$

*mp* Hush now, my chil-dish grief, Sob-bing and short of breath, You called for eve-ning, And eve-ning now is here. *mf* And as it eas-es down O-ver the an-xious town, Some find their peace there, And oth-ers meet their fear. *f* Each, as he takes his rest, Asks of his own re-grets. *mf* And when his ques-tion sleeps, It blos-soms on my lips. *dim.* *p* Ah, *cresc.* Ah, All day the mass of men Worked to in-

*mp* Ah, Ah. *f* Look round the

*mf* Ah, Ah. Ah, *f* Look round the

*mf* Leave them be - hind you, My chil - dish grief, come here: *f* Look round the

*mf* dark-ning sky. See how the years gone by, In cos-tumes old and grave, They smile now, they

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*mp* smile now and they wave. Hush now and lis-ten well: *cresc.* O - ver the eas-tern hill,

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*mp* smile now and they wave. Hush now and lis-ten well: *cresc.* O - ver the eas-tern hill,

*mf* With what soft foot-steps the night is draw-ing near. Ah

*mf* With what soft foot-steps the night is draw-ing near. Ah, ah, ah.

*mf* With what soft foot-steps the night is draw-ing near. Ah,

*mp* Ah, ah, ah. *p* Ah.

*mp* Ah, Ah.

*mp* Ah, *p* Ah, ri---tar---dan-----do ah, ah.