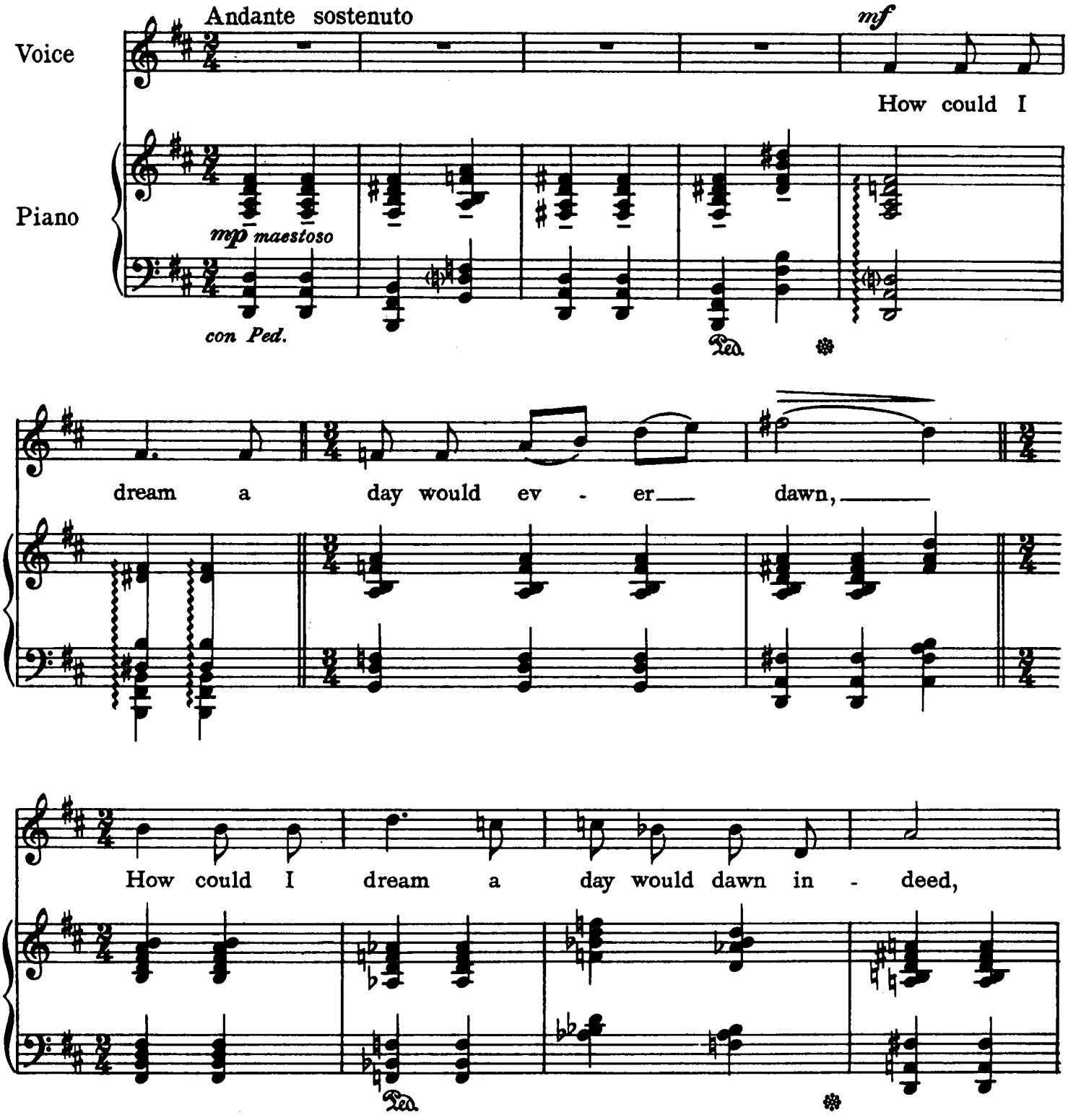
For Miss Grainger Kerr

THE UNFORESEEN

Words by
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

CYRIL SCOTT
Op. 74 Nº 3



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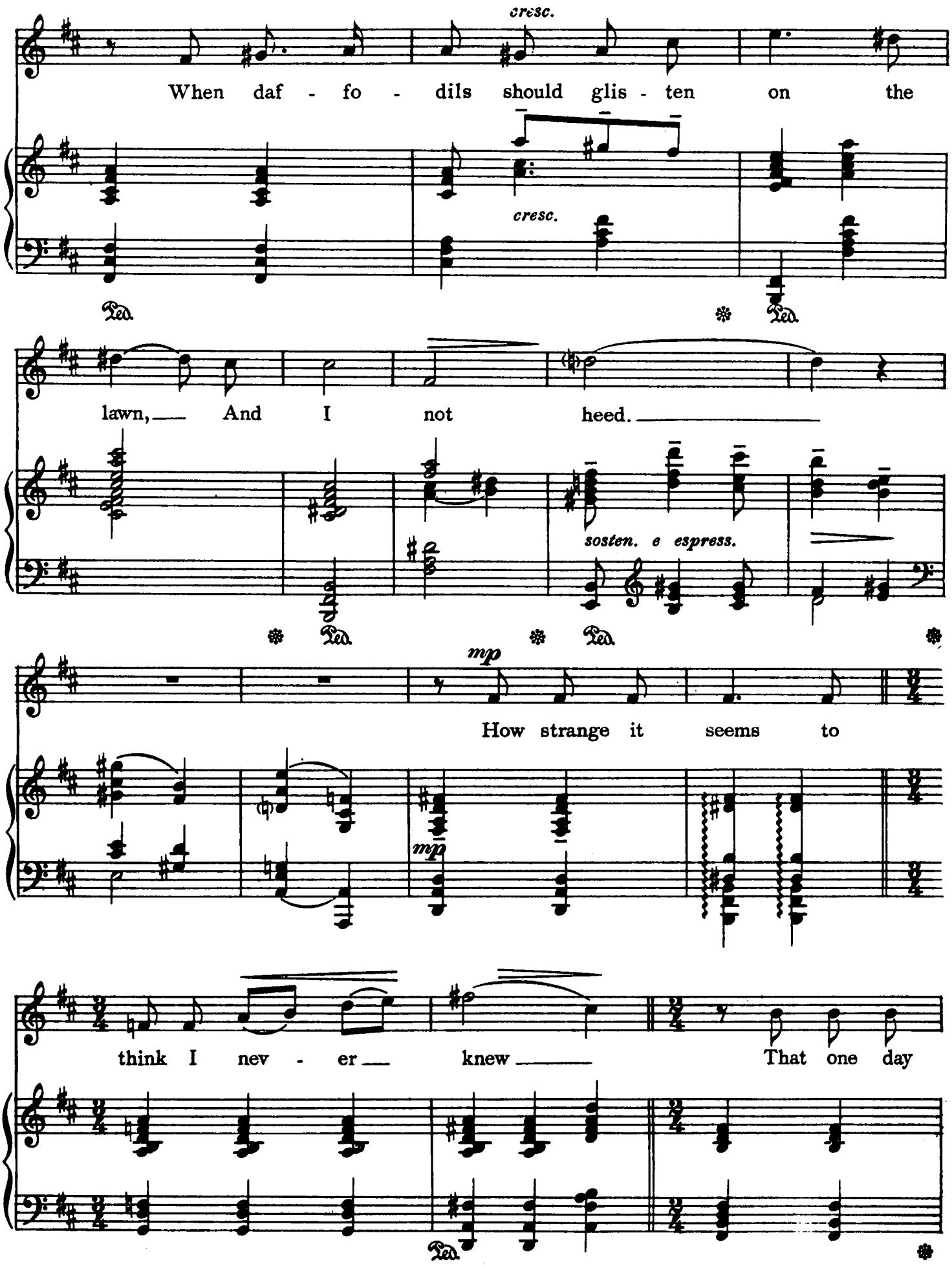
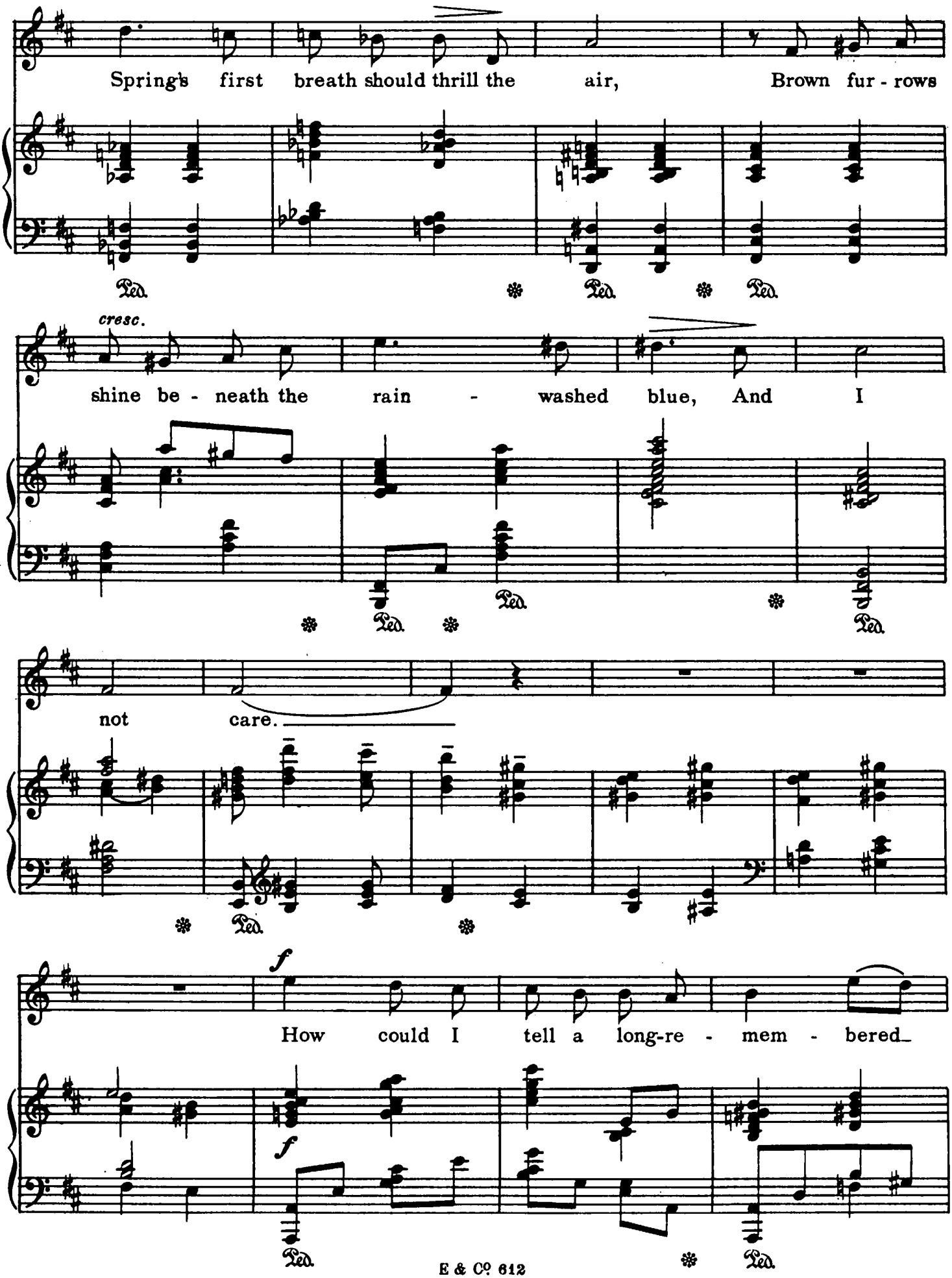
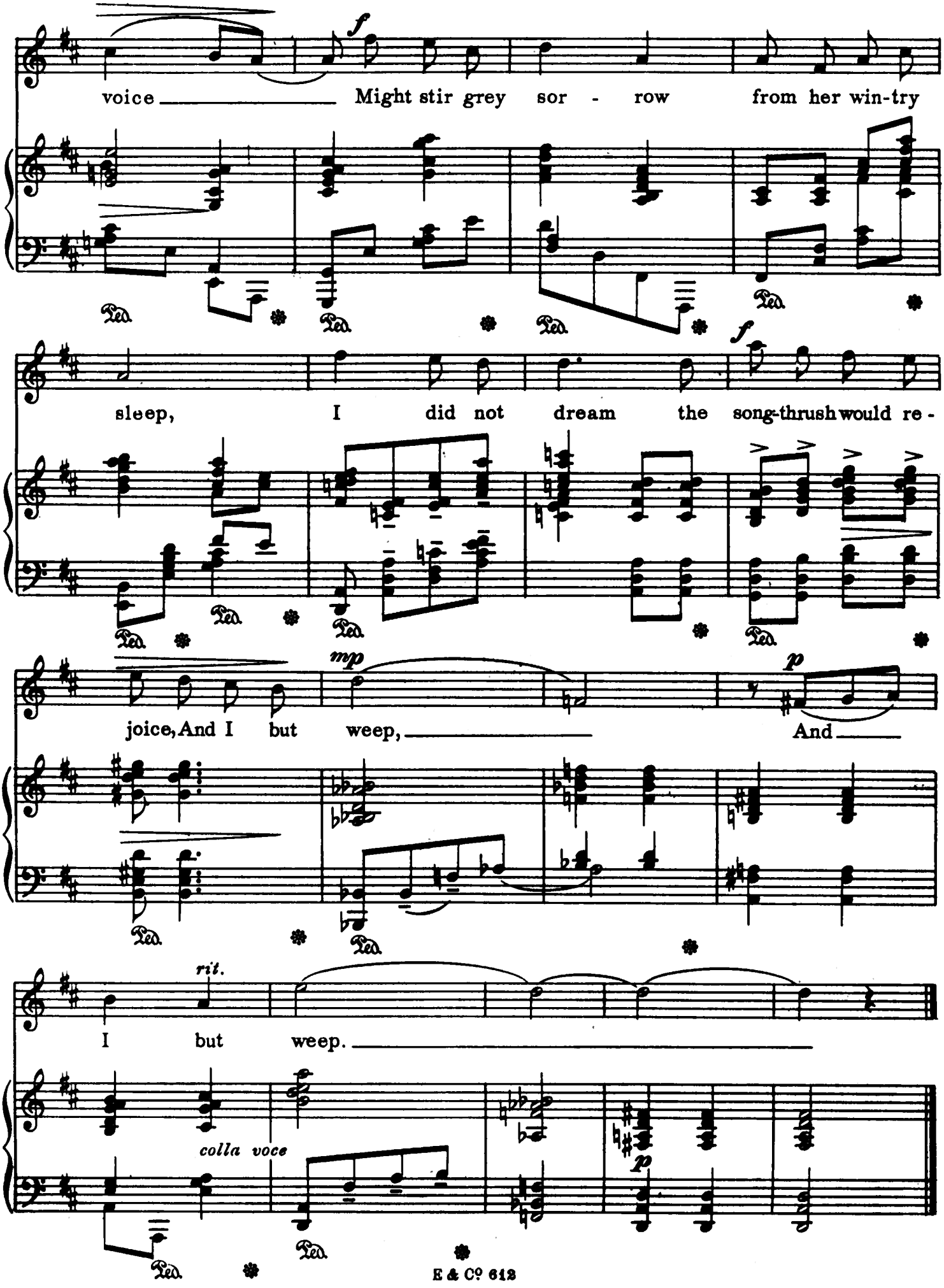

cresc.
When daf - fo - dils should glis - ten on the
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
lawn, And I not heed.
sosten. e espress.
Ped.
Ped.
mp
How strange it seems to
mp
think I nev - er knew That one day
Ped.


Spring's first breath should thrill the air, Brown fur - rows
cresc.
shine be - neath the rain - washed blue, And I
not care.
f
How could I tell a long-re - mem - bered
Ped.


voice Might stir grey sor - row from her win-try
sleep, I did not dream the song-thrush would re -
joice, And I but weep, And
I but weep.
rit.
colla voce
Ped.
f
mp
p