

Warm as the autumn light

from
THE BALLAD OF BABY DOE

Douglas Moore

Allegro

Andante cantabile

TABOR:



Warm — as the

au - tumn light, Soft as a pool at night, The sound of your

sing - ing, The sound of your sing - ing, Ba-by Doe, And while I was

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list' - ning I was re - call - ing Things that once — I had want-ed so
 much— And for-got-ten as years slipped a - way. — A

p marc. melodia

girl I knew back home in Ver-mont The sea — in New Hamp-shire, The first sight — of the

cresc.

Più mosso

moun - tains. They say I've been luck - y; there's

dim.

mf

nothing my mon - ey won't buy. It could - n't be I was un -
poco rit. *p*
 hap - py or was miss - ing the good things of life. But
poco rit. *p*
 on - ly to-night came a - gain in your sing - ing That
molto rit.
 feel - ing of won - der Of long - ing and pain.
molto rit.

a tempo

mf

Deep in your love - ly eyes All of en-chant - ment lies

a tempo

mf

And ten - der - ly beck - ons And ten - der - ly

cresc.

beck - ons, Ba - by Doe, Dear - est Ba - by

cresc.

Doe,

mf