

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Robert Frost

Peter Gates

Choir

$\text{♩} = 92$

mp *mf* *mp* *p*

Nature's first green is gold, Her hard-est hue to hold.

7 *mf* *f* *mp*

Her ear-ly leaf's a flo - - - wer; But on-ly so an

14 *f* *ff* *mf*

hour. Then leaf sub - sides to leaf. So Eden sank to grief, So

21 *mp* *f* *p* *pp*

dawn goes down to day. _____ Nothing gold can stay. _____