

# LYRICS

148573

from

# 'TOLD IN THE GATE'

by ARLO BATES, set to music by  
G. W. CHADWICK.



Sweetheart thy lips are touched with flame. . . . .	Net .40
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Was I not thine. . . . .	.40
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Sister fairest why art thou sighing. . . . .	.40
<u>O let night speak of me. . . . .</u>	<u>.40</u>
I said to the wind of the south. . . . .	.40
and Were I a Prince Egyptian. . . . .	.40



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R

Oh, Let the Night Speak of Me

Oh, let night speak of me, for day  
Knows not how breaks with woe my heart;  
Day knows not how I mournful stray,  
Weeping for thee, so dear thou art.

The sad night weeps with me, and lays  
Her tear-wet cheek against my own;  
Although I walk in sunlit ways,  
Still doth my heart in darkness moan.

The night shall speak of me and say  
All things to thee I dare not show;  
And to thy dreams my love display,  
Till thou art melted by my woe.

*ARLO BATES*

To MAX HEINRICH.



Oh, let night speak of me.



From "THE VOICE OF SAKINA."

"He strove to ease his sorrows with a song,  
While hot tears to his eyelids pressed like doves  
Which beat against their prison to be free?"

G. W. CHADWICK.

Molto Moderato.

Oh, let night speak of me,

*f*

*ped.* \*

for day knows not how breaks with woe my heart,

*p*

*dim.* *p*

Day knows not how I mourn - ful stray, Weep - ing for

*p*

thee, so dear, thou art. *pp* The sad night

weeps with me, and lays Her tear wet cheek a - gainst my

own; *f* Al - though I walk in sun - - lit

ways, *p* Still doth my heart in dark - - - ness

moan. \_\_\_\_\_ The night shall speak of me \_\_\_\_\_

*f* > > >

8va  
bassa

and say All things to thee I dare not show; \_\_\_\_\_

And to thy dreams my love dis-play, \_\_\_\_\_ Till thou art

*f* *bo*

melt - - ed by my woe. (ARLO BATES.)

*p*



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