

(1895)

## A Night Thought

Moore

Adagio

*p*

How oft a cloud, with en - vious veil, Ob - scures yon bash - ful

5

light \_\_\_\_\_ Which seems so mo - dest - ly to steal a - long the waste of

9

night! .....thus the world's ob - tru - sive wrongs ob - scure, with mal - ice

13

keen, some tim - id heart which on - ly longs to live and die un - seen.

*dim. e rall.*

*dim. e rall.*