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yet he'll soon be here! He knows I love him, ah how  
chained a - lone to you! Up - on the sands as twi - light

dear - ly! My poor heart beats for him a - lone. These  
deep - ens I sit and gaze out o'er the sea. Each

*p* *accel poco et poco*

lov - ing words he sends to me: May  
lit - tle wave that t'ward me creeps Me -

*a tempo*

Heav'n on you, its grace be - stow! And the rose in - closed I  
thinks, a kiss, bears on its crest And thy voice! I hear thy