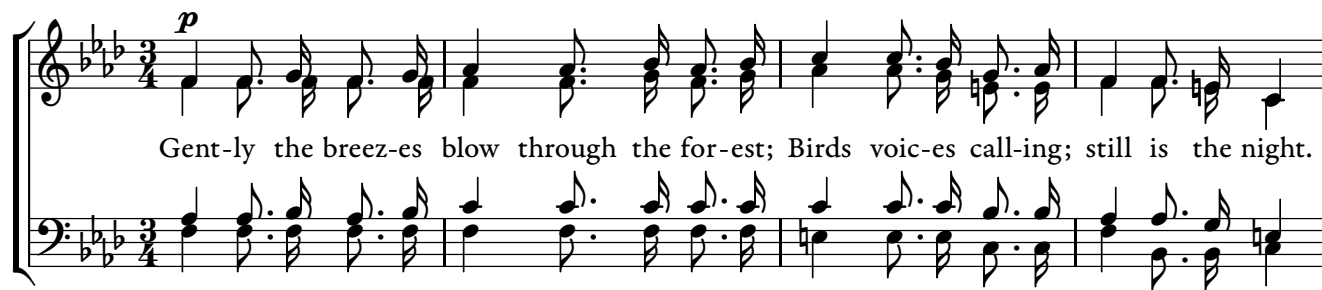


NIGHT SONG

Swedish Folk Song

p



Gent-ly the breez-es blow through the for-est; Birds voic-es call-ing; still is the night.

p



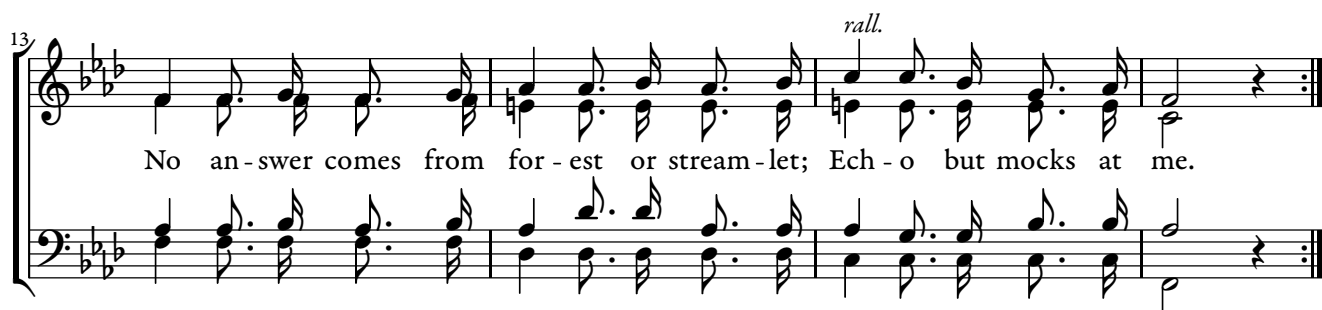
Wa-ters beneath them gleam-ing in moon-light Send back their an-swears danc-ing in light.

mf



My dear-est heart, Oh heark-en to me! Thou art a-far, my soul cries to thee.

rall.



No an-swer comes from for-est or stream-let; Ech-o but mocks at me.