

The night her black-est sa - bles wore, All gloom - y were the

skies, And glit-tering stars there were no more Than those in Stel - la's

eyes, When at her fa - ther's gate I knockt, Where I had of - ten

been, And shroud-ed on - ly in her smock, The fair one let me in.

*rall.* *a tempo.*