

Sotto voce

soft notes of love : Then look from thy lattice, Fair

Lady ! on me : The voice of thy lover is call - ing to thee.

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SECOND VERSE.

Where music is wreathing
Its soul-soothing spell,
And touching the heart-strings,
There Love seems to dwell.
And oh ? could he utter
But half that he felt,
His spirit and thine, Love,
Together would melt.

THIRD VERSE.

And Love seeks the moonlight,
The planets are his :
He reigns in a moment
Like this, dear, like this.
Then look from thy lattice,
Fair lady !—on me,
The voice of thy Lover
Is calling to thee.