

On the walls of Salamanca.

(H. Heine.)

ARTHUR WHITING.

With warmth.

VOICE. Soft and balm - y are the breez - es On the

PIANO.

walls of Sal - a - man - ca; with my Don - na with my dark-eyed

Don - na, There I've wan - d'red oft' in sum-mer twi - light.

Oft' I've walk'd, mine arm en-cir - cling her dear form, so tall, so slender,

appassionato.

Oft' with rav - ished sen - ses watched the mo - tion of her

appassionato.

rall. *agitato.*

bos - om, ten - der. Yet, I hear an anxious whis - per As it stirs the

rall. *p* *agitato.*

cresc. poco a poco.

branches, stirs the Lin-den - branches! And, beneath us, in the

cresc. poco a poco.

rall.

riv - er murmur threatening voic - es, deep and threatening voic - es.

rall.

Ah! Sen - o - ra, dark fore - bod - ing tells me I must soon these

charms sur - rend - er, And on walls of Sal - a - man - ca

We are nev - er more to wan - der.

pp