

THE SILVER MOON.

The silver moonlight gleams thro' the trees
And voices sweet are borne on the breeze;

Voices of love
O dearest One.

The pool's deep waters mirror the sky,
And mournful willow's bending nigh—

The tree of sorrow
O blessed hour!

A sweet and holy peace from above
Comes down upon this blest hour of love.

—Paul Verlaine.

The Silver Moon.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.

Semplice.

p

Red. * Red. * Red. *

Red. * Red. * Red. *

p

Red. * Red. *

Red. * Red. *

L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H.

rall. *cantando.*

Ped. *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

L.H.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

L.H. L.H. L.H. L.H. L.H. L.H. L.H.

rall. *dim.* *p* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *