

A Night Song

THOMAS MOORE

CHARLES E. IVES

(1895)

Allegretto vivace

pp

The young May moon is

pp *sempre staccato*

beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is— gleam-ing, gleaming, How sweet to

rove through Mor - - na's grove, When the drow-sy— world is— dream-ing,—

dream-ing, dream - ing— love! Then a - wake! The heav'n's look bright,—

mf

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my— dear, 'Tis ne'er too— late for de-light, and best of all the

ways to— length-en days— is to steal a few hours from the—

night, my— dear, to— steal a few— hours from the night, When the

drow-sy— world is— dream-ing, dream-ing, dream-ing, love!