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## Last night.

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*Hattie Amner*

English and German Words.



# LAST NIGHT



Sehn Sucht.



BY

HALFDAN KJERULF.



30 <sup>X</sup>/<sub>J</sub>

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INSTRUMENTS

432 BROADWAY,

MILWAUKEE - WIS.



# LAST NIGHT.

(SEHNSUCHT.)

HALFDAN KJERULF.

*Allegretto.*

*p*

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when  
Ich konn - te heu - te nicht schla - fen mich weckt' die

*p* *p dolce.*

*Ped.* \*

all was still, It sang in the gold - en moon - - light, From  
Nach - ti - gall, Mein Ohr ih - re Tö - ne tra - - fen vom

*ritard.* *Tempo 1o.*  
*dolce.*

out..... the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win-dow so gent -  
Wald..... mit hel - lem Schall. Mein Fen - ster, das öff - net ich lei - -

*p* *dolce.*



*cres.*

-ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew,..... And oh! the bird, my darling, was  
 -se und starrt' in das Nacht-re-vier..... und liess die sü-sse Wei-se, sie

*rit.*

sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.  
 sin-gen, sin-gen von dir, von dir. *Tempo 1o.*

*colla voce.* *p* *p dolce.*

2.

I think of you in the day time,  
 I dream of you by night,  
 I wake, and would you were here, love,  
 And tears are blinding my sight.  
 I hear a low breath in the limetree,  
 The wind is floating thro',  
 And oh! the night, my darling,  
 Is sighing, is sighing for you.

*Dein denk' ich mit Herz und Munde,  
 Und send' dir meinen Blick,  
 Du schlugst mir die tiefste Wunde,  
 Nicht Antwort, gibst du zurück,  
 Nur Seufzer im nächtlichen Winde,  
 Vom Zweige ein Wink so fern,  
 Nur kühler Thau der Linde, ja Linde,  
 Kalt auch vom hohen Stern.*

*Last Night. 2.*

3.

O think not I can forget you;  
 I could not tho' I would,  
 I see you in all around me,  
 The stream, the night, the wood,  
 The flowers that slumber so gently,  
 The stars above the blue,  
 Oh! heaven itself, my darling,  
 Is praying, praying for you.

*Glaub' nicht, ich könnt' dich vergessen,  
 Vertrau' der Liebe Macht,  
 Will tief in das Herz dich pressen,  
 Und tragen durch Grabesnacht.  
 Zu leuchtendem Sternengefunkel,  
 Wo Liebe vergehet nicht,  
 Trotz Tod und schaurigem Dunkel, ja Dunkel,  
 Dich zu des Himmels Licht.*