

## SERENADE. (Schubert)

In the night, the balmy night,  
 My song shall float to thee ;  
 In the silence, in the moonlight,  
 Come, belov'd to me !

Waving branches softly murmur  
 'Neath the starlit sky,  
 'Neath the starlit sky;  
 Never fear that aught can harm thee.  
 Love alone is nigh,  
 Love alone is nigh !

Hark! the nightingales are calling,  
 Calling now to thee;

Let their plaintive song enthralling  
 Plead again for thee.  
 Lovers' joy and lovers' sadness  
 These they know full well;  
 These they know full well;  
 Let their silv'ry notes,  
 All my passion tell,  
 All my passion tell.

Let the voice of Love implore thee;  
 'Ere the night be past  
 Come to me who must adore thee,  
 Yield me joy at last,  
 Yield me joy at last !  
 Ah! joy at last !