

(The Voice of the Midnight Wind)

♩. = 55-60

EMILY JANE BRONTE

mp In sum-mer's mel-low mid-night, A cloud-less moon shone through Our

p

op-en par-lour win-dow And rose-trees wet with dew. ² I sat in si-lent mu-sing, The

soft wind waved my hair: ² It told me Heaven was glor-i-ous, And

pp *p sempre* *tr*

l.h.

Ped.

sleep-ing Earth was fair. I need-ed not its breath-ing To

(tr) *tr*