

TO NIGHT.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

David Stanley Smith.

Moderately fast.

1. Swiftly walk o - ver the west - ern wave, Spir - it of Night! Out of the mist - y
east - ern cave Where all the long and lone day-light Thou wov - est dreams of
joy and fear Which make thee ter - ri - ble and dear, Swift be thy flight! Swift be thy flight!

2. Wrap thy form in a man - tle gray, Star in - wrought; Blind with thy hair the light of day,
Kiss her un - til she be wea - ried out, Then wan - der o'er cit - y and sea and land,
Touch - ing all with thine o - pi - ate wand - Come, long - sought! Come, long - sought!