Dear, though the night is gone

Words by W. H. Auden
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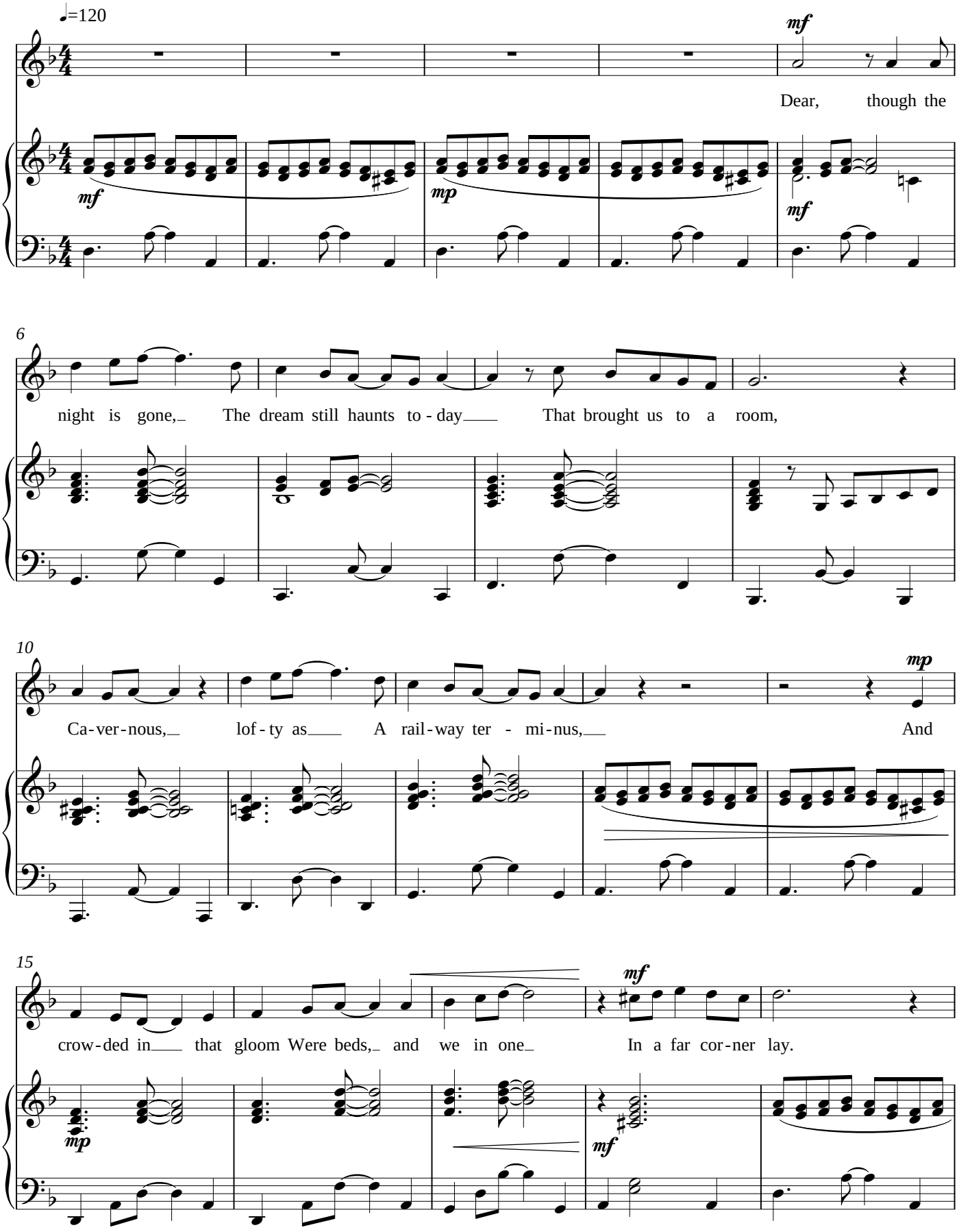
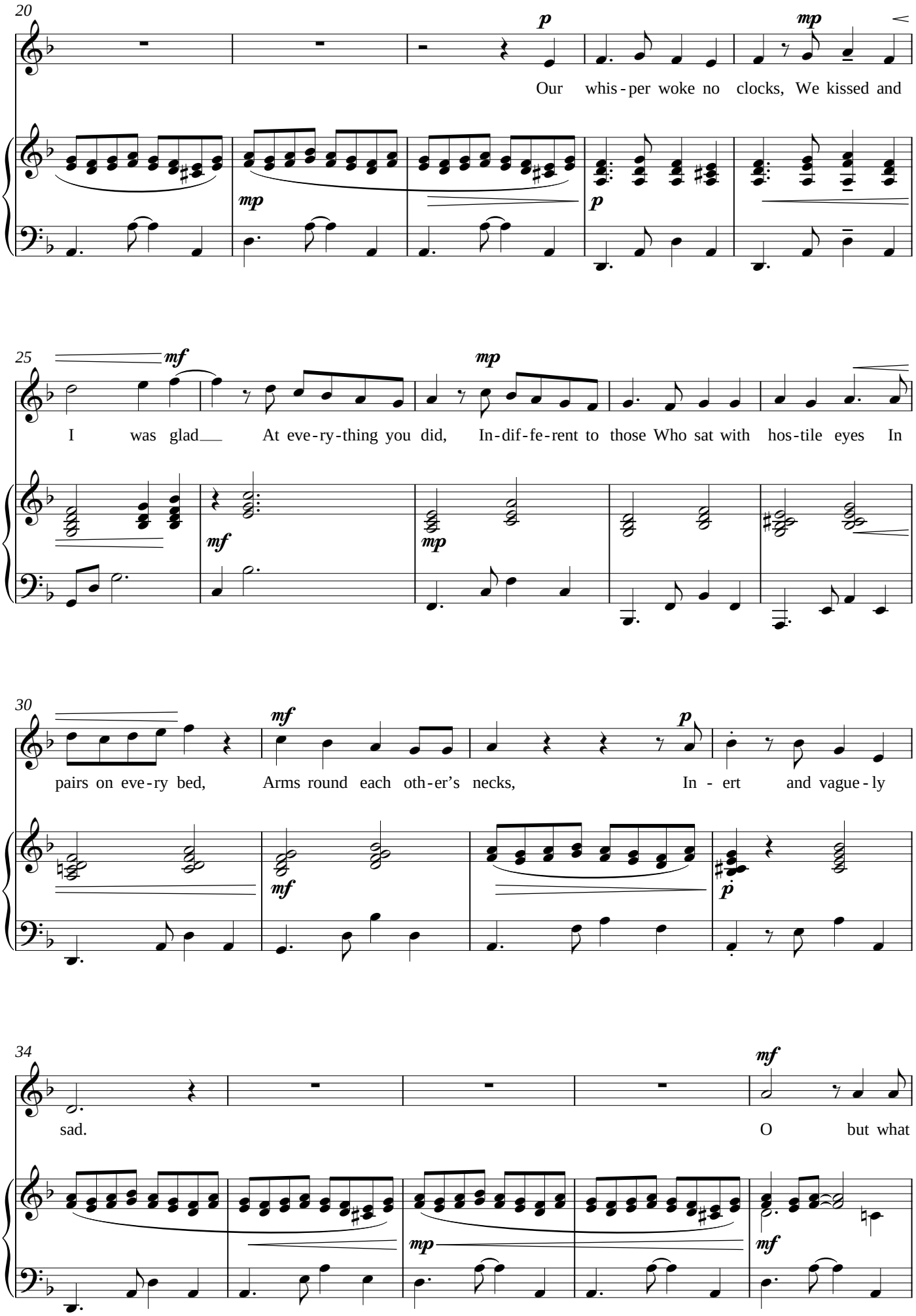
Music by Tom Cunningham © 2012




20
p
mp
Our whis - per woke no clocks, We kissed and
mp
p
25
mf
mp
I was glad__ At eve - ry - thing you did, In - dif - fe - rent to those Who sat with hos - tile eyes In
mf
mp
30
mf
p
pairs on eve - ry bed, Arms round each oth - er's necks, In - ert and vague - ly
mf
p
34
mf
sad.
O but what
mp
mf