The Moon behind the Cottonwood

Text by
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Allegro moderato

Charles Wakefield Cadman

Piano

mp molto legato

The moon behind the cottonwood is white and weird and cold,

In sobbing swells beneath the wind the bending grass is rolled;

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night is eerie, pale and chill, there is no pulse, no

glow;
Ah, who would guess it still is June, with

teneramente
roses all a-blow?

cresc.

f

If

29947
con passione

I could feel your love-warm kiss upon my lips to-

ff marcata la melodia

night, No need would be of balm-y air, of

mf

rose or mel-low light; My heart would burst in_

pp poco a poco cresc.

sing-ing, that has long-so long-been dumb, my
heart would burst in singing, that has long so long been
c

con molta passione
dumb, If you would come to me to-night, dear

would

heart if you would come!

più moto