At Last We're All Alone, Dear.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
GUSTAVE KERKER.

Moderato.

(Paul) 1. Now the sun to rest is
really very

sink ing, And the evening stars are winking; It is the
nervous, Lest some person might observe us. I really

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hour for lovers true, And I'm alone with only
thought I heard a sound, So are you sure there's no one
you. There is not a soul about to see our
round? It would really make me feel, you know, like
spooning, to listen to our ardent cooing. So here be-
erying, to think that other eyes were spying. But if you
neath the ev'ning star, I'll tell you just how sweet you
say we're quite alone I'll let you have a kiss, just
Refrain.

1. Hush, not a sound! There's none a-round to interrupt our joy profound.
2. At last we are alone, dear, you and I, dear, No one nigh, dear, No eyes but just our own, dear, And the little birds that fly above. No peeping chapel.

...
alone, dear, just we two, dear, I and you, dear, Ah,

yes, we're quite alone, dear, And we'll whisper words of love, sweet

love.

(Pepi), I am