

ALTO

# Into the Night

Words and Music by  
Clara Edwards

Tranquillo  $\text{♩} = 78$

Voice *mp* *3* Si - lent - ly in - to the

Piano *mp* *con pedale*

night I go, In - to the fra - grant night, — I know not where, — The path is

strange — my wea - ry steps are slow — I do not find you

*L.H.*

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there. *mf* I turn my gaze toward the

*dolce* *mf*

morn-ing sun As from the east he comes thro' the dark and the

*mf*

dew; The flow-ers lift their heads- the night is gone- But

where are you? *mf* The

*dolce*

count - less wea - ry steps\_ I do not heed Tho' they be

o - ver land\_ or bound - less sea; I care not where the road may

lead\_ If I but come a - gain at last to thee.

Si - lent - ly in - to the night I go, In - to the

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*dim.*

*p*

*p*

*l.h.*

star - ry night — of heav - en - ly blue; What mat - ters where the road may

*mf*

lead — If I but come a - gain at last to you!

*l.h.* *p*

Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly

*p* *pp* *ppp*

*rit.* I come to you!

*rit. b.* *morendo*

*Ad.*