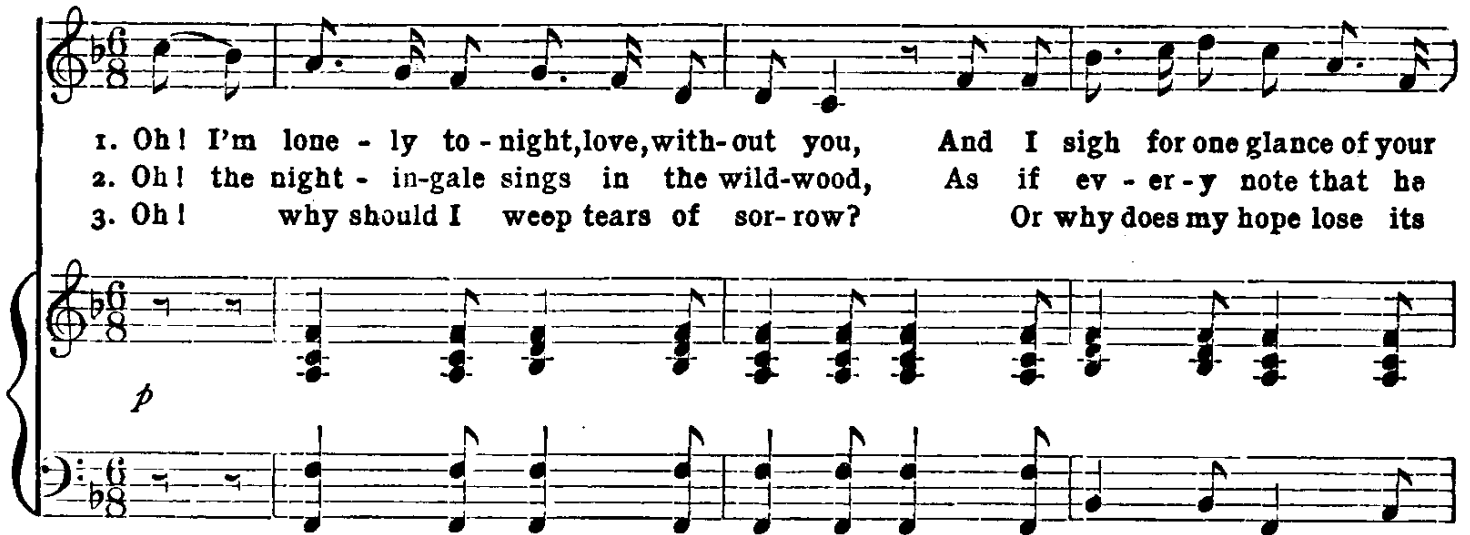
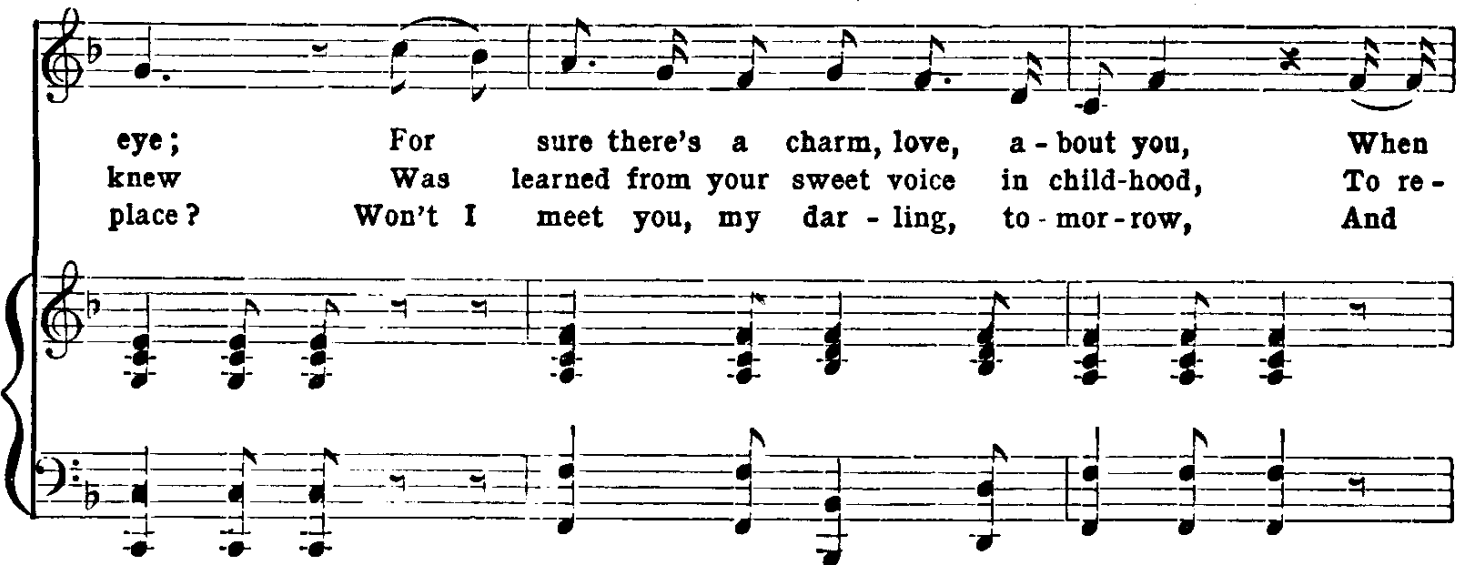


Nora O'Neal


WILL S. HAYS



1. Oh! I'm lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, And I sigh for one glance of your
2. Oh! the night - in - gale sings in the wild - wood, As if ev - er - y note that he
3. Oh! why should I weep tears of sor - row? Or why does my hope lose its



eye; For sure there's a charm, love, a - bout you, When
knew Was learned from your sweet voice in child - hood, To re -
place? Won't I meet you, my dar - ling, to - mor - row, And



ev - er I know you are nigh. Like the beam of the star when 'tis
mind me, sweet - No - ra, of you. But I think, love, so of - ten a -
smile on your beau - ti - ful face? Will you meet me? Oh, say, will you

