

Tapping at the Garden Gate

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S. W. NEW

1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
 2. Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go,

Ev-'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod-y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
 Drop'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies! Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

What? you, sly lit-tle puss, don't know Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
 Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there;

What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there.
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that.

rall.

rall.

p a tempo.

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,

p a tempo.

f

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

f

Take Back the Heart

CLARIBEL

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an-guish to thee? . .
2. Then, when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet-ters o'er thee, . .

Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me. . .
Come with a trust still un-shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. . .

sf *dim.*