

me,
me, Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - - sion,
Love shall re - sume her do - min - - ion,

cresc. Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee, *dim.* Swift - ly through strife and con -
Striv - ing no more to be free, *cresc.* When on her world-wea - ry

dim. fu - - sion Leav - ing the bur - den to me.
pin - - ion Flies back my lost love to me.

Tapping at the Garden Gate

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Allegro

S.W. NEW

mf *cresc.* *dim.*
1. Who's that tapping at the gar - den gate? Tap, tap, tap - ping at the gar - den gate?
2. O 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 - bo - dy 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 shy 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
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap, — tap, —

not from there. Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight, There's
 tap like that, Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And

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

half past eight, There's tap, — tap, — tap-ping at the gar - den gate.
 half past eight, And come — tap, — tap-ping at the gar - den gate.