

Meet me at Twilight, sweet Bessie.

Words by WM. W. LONG.

Tempo di Valse.

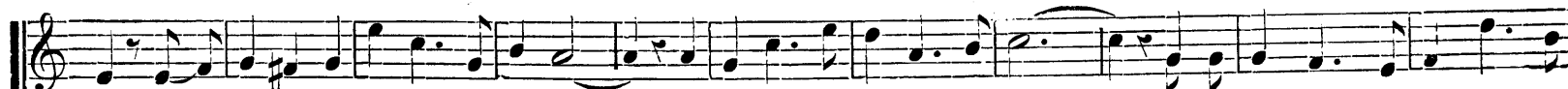
Music by H. P. DANKS,

VOICE.



1. Oh, meet me this evening at twi-light, ... Sweet Bes-sie, fair queen of the dell;
 2. When bright stars come out in the e-ther, And the song-bird has gone to its nest;

INTRODUCTION.



.... When the light of the day, love, has van-ished, ... I've something, my darling, to tell. Oh, come when the twi-light is
 Oh, come to me, queen of the wild-wood, And lay your dear head on my breast. While the whip-poor-will sings in the



fall-ing, I'm sigh-ing, sweet an-gel, for thee, Oh, come, when the young moon is ris-ing,
 val-ley, And the riv-er flows on to the sea, Then come to me, Bes-sie, my dar-ling,



Meet me at Twilight, Sweet Bessie. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Dear queen of my heart, come to me..... Oh, meet me at twilight, my dar-ling..... Sweet Bes-sie, fair
 Fair queen of my heart, come to me.....

queen of the dell;..... Yes, come when the bright stars are shin-ing,..... I've something, my darling, to tell.....

Friendless and Sad.

Words by ELMER RUAN COATES.

Music by EASTBURN.

1. Friendless and sad I am dreaming,
 2. Queen of the Gra-ces they called me,
 3. Grief is my on-ly com-pan-ion,

Weeping o'er bliss that has flown;
 Lov-ers were pleading to woo;
 Pleasure is now of the past;

Craving a heartfelt de-
 Then came the choice of an
 Shadows are looming be-

Friendless and Sad. Concluded.

-vo - tion,
i - dol,
-fore me,

Sigh - ing for moth - er and home.
One that I tho't would be true.
Shadows, I fear that will last.

Ma - ny were ten - der and ho - ly,
Old as the world is my sto - ry,
They who would smile are now frowning,

Joys were per - va - ding the
Leav - ing a heav - en of
Point - ing the fin - ger of

air,
light,
scorn;

And sweet love was the theme of my bal - lad,
How I've suf - fer'd in shame and de - ser - tion,
How I used to think earth was a heaven,

Love was the light of my prayer.
Feel - ing my life was a blight.
Now, I say, why was I born?

Oh! for days of

CHORUS.

yore,
Mother, love and home;
Friendless and sad I am dreaming,
Dreaming in sorrow a - lone.