

Secrets

F. J. Knowles, Wesleyan, '94

C. R. Smith, Wesleyan, '99

Slowly and smoothly ♩ = 92

Melody

Oh, rose, climb up to her win-dow, And in through her case-ment reach, And

say what I may not ut-ter, In your beau-ti-ful si-lent speech! She will

shake the dew from your pet-als, She will press you close to her lips, She will

hold you ev-er so light-ly In her warm white fin-ger-tips. And

then, who can tell? she may whis-per, While the ci-ty sleeps be-low, "I was

dream-ing of him, when you woke me, But, rose, he must nev-er know."

rit.