

It Is Not He And The Night Is Coming On

James Hook, 1746-1827
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

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Cease ye wail-ing_ winds to blow, —

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Cease ye murm - ring streams to flow, Be hushed, be still, let my heart_ re - joice; I

9
think I hear my_ true love's voice. Here's the rock, the brook, the tree,

13
Hark, hark, a voice, don't you think it is he? No it is not he and the night is com-ing on,

17
Where's my lone-ly_ wand'-rer gone? No it is not he, and the night is com-ing on, No it

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is not he, and the night is com-ing on, No it is not he, and the night is com-ing on,

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Where's my lone-ly— wand'-rer gone? It was

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loud-ly I called, my— love my dear, It was I that called, to make him hear, Where

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can he roam where— can— he— stray, I think my true love's— lost his way,

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Here's the rock, the brook, the tree, Hark, hark, a voice don't you think it is he? No it

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41

is not he and the night is com-ing on, Where's my lone - ly_ wand'-rer gone? No it

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is not he, and the night is com-ing on, No it is not he, and the night is com-ing on, No it

49

is not he, and the night is com-ing on, Where's my lone - ly_ wand'-rer gone?

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The_ moon be-hind yon_ clouds is lost, In_

57

ev - every crag ap- peared a ghost, The light - ning gleamed to be seen no_ more,

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While the aw - ful_ thun - ders roar. Here's the rock, the brook, the tree,

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Hark, hark, a voice, don't you think it is he? No it is not he and the

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night is com - ing on, Where's my lone - ly_ wand' - rer gone? No it is not he, and the

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night is com - ing on, No it is not he, and the night is com - ing on, No it

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is not he, and the night is com - ing on, Where's my lone - ly_ wand' - rer gone?