

Words by
William Henley.

- Despair. -

Allegro.

The sea is full of
wandering foam. The sky of driving
cloud: my rest-less thoughts a
mong them roam. The night is dark and

dolce

loud where are the hours that
 come to me. So beau-ti-ful and
 bright? Where are the hours that
 come to me so beau-ti-ful and

bright?

accel.

eres

a wild wind shakes the

ff

wilder ... sea. dark and loud's the

ff

! night.

14-12-07
A.B.C.