LYRICS

FROM

“TOLD IN THE GATE”

BY ARLO BATES,

SET TO MUSIC BY

G.W. CHADWICK.

Sweetheart thy lips are touched with flame.
Sings the nightingale to the rose.
The rose leans over the pool.
Is love’s like a summer rose.
As in waves without number.
Dear love when in thine arms.
Was I not thine.
In mead where roses bloom.
Sister fairest why art thou sighing.
O’ let night speak of me.
I said to the wind of the south.

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