The Song I Heard Last Night - song lyrics

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The Song I Heard Last Night.
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Words and Music by R. M. Stults.

I was seated alone in the twilight hour,
All nature was hushed And still;
My thoughts were off in the past's dark maze,
Causing my being to thrill,
With many a sigh and sad regret,
When the notes of a beautiful air
Were borne to my ears by the gentle wind
From the lips of a singer fair.

Refrain.
I heard a song last night, a song so tender and sweet,
I saw the form of the singer fair from my undisturbed retreat;
She sang of days gone by, of strolls in the shadowlight,
They took me back to those scenes again, the song I heard last night,

Her voice was as calm as a rippling brook,
Her form as an angel fair,
Her eyes, bedewed with glist'ning tears,
Shone with a lustre rare.
She wandered afar in the silent wood,
Till her form was lost to sight:
But still, from afar, I could hear her sweet voice,
Borne along on zephyr's light.-Refrain.