

Jane Monheit, In The Still Of The Night

In the still of the night
As I gaze from my window
At the moon in its flight
My thoughts all stray to you

In the still of the night
While the world is in slumber
Oh, the times without number
Darling, when I say to you

Do you love me
As I love you?
Are you my life to be,
My dream come true?
Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight?

Like the moon growing dim
On the rim of a hill
In the chill, still of the night

In the still of the night
Of the night