

At Last the Secret Is Out

Tell Me The Truth About Love, n. 7

J. = 80

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

A. Strappa, © 2001

At last the secret is out, as it always must come in the
end, The delicious story is ripe to tell to the intimate friend;
Over the tea-cups and in the square the tongue has its desire;
Still waters run deep, my dear, there's never smoke without fire.

13

Be - hind the corpse in the re - ser - voir, be - hind the ghost on the links, Be -

f

15

hind the la - dy who dan - ces and the man who ma - dly drinks,

p

17

Under the look of fa - ti que, the at - tack of mi - graine and the sigh There is

p cresc.

4

19

al - ways a - no - ther sto - ry, there is more than meets the eye.

dim.

21

mf

8 23

 8 25

 8 27

 8 28

 29

For the clear voice sud-den- ly sin-ging,
high up in the con-vent wall,

 f

 31

The scent of the el-der bu-shes,
the sport-ing prints in the hall,

33

The cro - quet mat - ches in sum - mer,

34

the hand-shake, the cough, the kiss,

There is al - ways a wi - cked se - cret,

dim.

36

a pri - vate rea - son for this.

f

38

p