

# FRIEND OF MY SOUL

Poetry by Moore

Music by Miss Owenfon

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Moderato

2<sup>do</sup>  
Friend of my soul this

1<sup>mo</sup>  
Friend of my soul this

2<sup>do</sup>  
gob - let sip 'twill chace the pen - five tear 'tis not so sweet as

1<sup>mo</sup>  
gob - let sip 'twill chace the pen - five tear 'tis not so sweet as

2<sup>do</sup>  
wo - mans lip but ah! 'tis more fin - cere like her de - lu - five

1<sup>mo</sup>  
wo - mans lip but ah! 'tis more fin - cere like her de - lu - five

2<sup>do</sup>  
 beam it steals a-way thy mind but like af-flic-tions  
 1<sup>mo</sup>  
 beam it steals a-way thy mind but like af-flic-tions

2<sup>do</sup>  
 dream --- it leaves no fting be -- hind.  
 1<sup>mo</sup>  
 dream --- it leaves no fting be -- hind.

Twine the wreath my brows to crown  
 These flowrs were cull'd at noon  
 Like womans love the rose will fade  
 But ah! not half so soon  
 For tho' the flowrs may fade  
 Their fragrance is not oer  
 But once when loves decayd  
 The heart can bloom no more.