THINK NOT THOUGH FATE HAS SEVERED US,

E. WOOLF ESQ.

and dedicated to

MISS C. M. HOOD.

NEW YORK.

Published by Firth & Hall, 1 Franklin Sq., and J. L. Hewitt & Co., 239 Broadway.
Think not though fate has severed us, That I can ere for...

get

There's not a smile there's not a word But memory treasures
yet. In vain may science spread her page. Her claims are lost to me;
In festive halls or silent shades, Thought flies alone to thee
alone... alone... thought flies alone to thee
alone... alone... thought flies alone to
thee

Think not though fate has severed us, That I can ever forget:

There's not a smile, there's not a word, But memory treasures yet treasures yet treasures yet that memory treasures yet.

Segue

2nd Verse.
2d VERSE.

Oh give me not the blooming wreath, To twine a round thy hair,

It would but mock my drea__ry heart, to see its lus__tre there: Nor ask me why no longer beams my eye as once it shone, I would not have a ray left there When ev'_ry joy has flown. when ev'_ry joy...... when ev'_ry joy has flown. when ev'_ry joy...... when ev'_ry joy has flown.