

My Heart and Lute

A BALLAD

Sung with great applause

BY

Miss Spearman

Written & Arranged

By

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

New York Published by Dubois & Stodart 126 Broad Way.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.



I give thee all— I can no more— Tho' poor the off'ring be; My

p

heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee. A

lute, whose gentle song reveals The soul of love full well, And,

better far, a heart that feels Much more than lute could tell — I

give thee all — I can no more — Tho' poor the off'ring be; My

heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.

ad lib.

mf *p* *p*

slentando.

2

Tho' Love and Song may fail, alas!
 To keep Life's clouds away,
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 If ever Care his discord flings
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let Love but gently touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again!
 I give thee &c

give thee all — I can no more — Tho' poor the off'ring be; My

heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.

ad lib.

mf *p* *p*

slentando.

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