

Tho' 'tis all but a dream

A French Air,

From Moore's National Melodies,

Arranged by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

No 30.

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NOT TOO FAST.

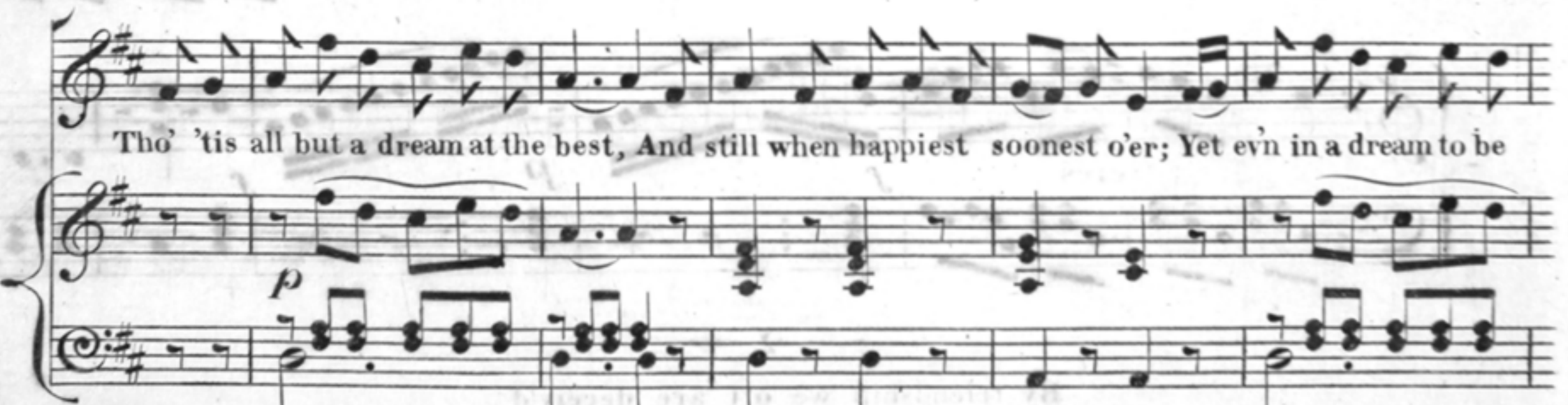


Pia, cres al forte.



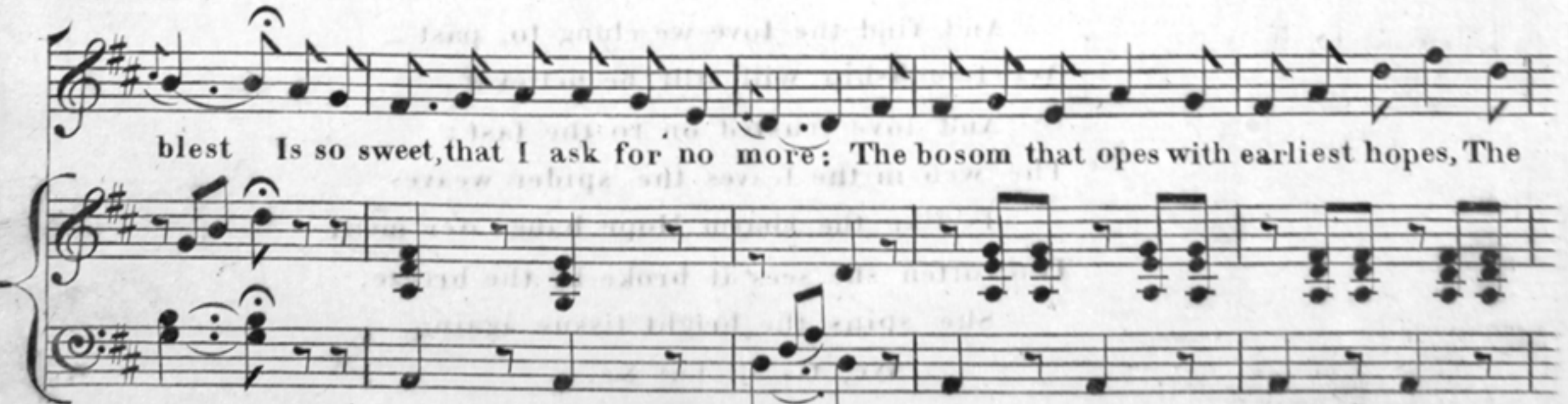
cres f p f

Tho' 'tis all but a dream at the best, And still when happiest soonest o'er; Yet evn in a dream to be



p

blest Is so sweet, that I ask for no more: The bosom that opes with earliest hopes, The



SOLD AT
COLE'S
MUSIC STORE
BALTO

soonest finds those hopes untrue, As flowers that first in spring-time burst The earliest wither

too! Aye, 'tis all but a dream at the best, And still when happiest soonest o'er; Yet

ev'n in a dream to be blest Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.

cres *f* *p* *f*

— 2 —

By friendship we oft are deceiv'd,
 And find the love we clung to, past —
 Yet friendship will still be believ'd,
 And love trusted on to the last:
 The web in the leaves the spider weaves
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
 Tho' often she sees it broke by the breeze,
 She spins the bright tissue again.
 Aye, tis all but &c.

Tho' 'tis all but a dream at the best.

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