

Tho' tis all but a dream
A French Air,
From Moore's National Melodies,
Arranged by
HENRY R. BISHOP.

Baltimore—Published by John Cole, N^o 123. Market S^t

NOT TOO FAST

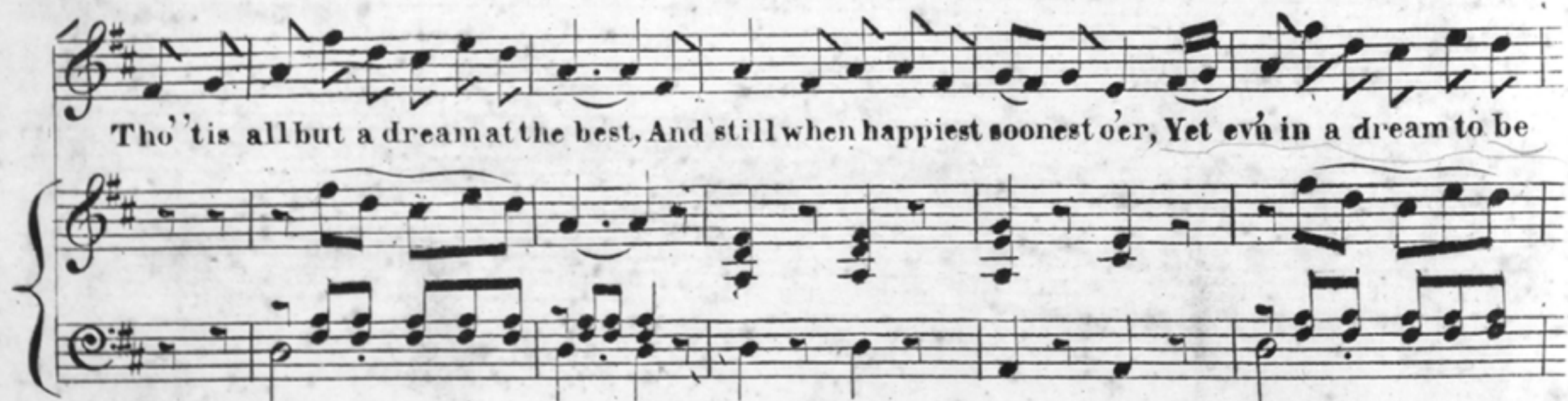


Pia, cres al forte.

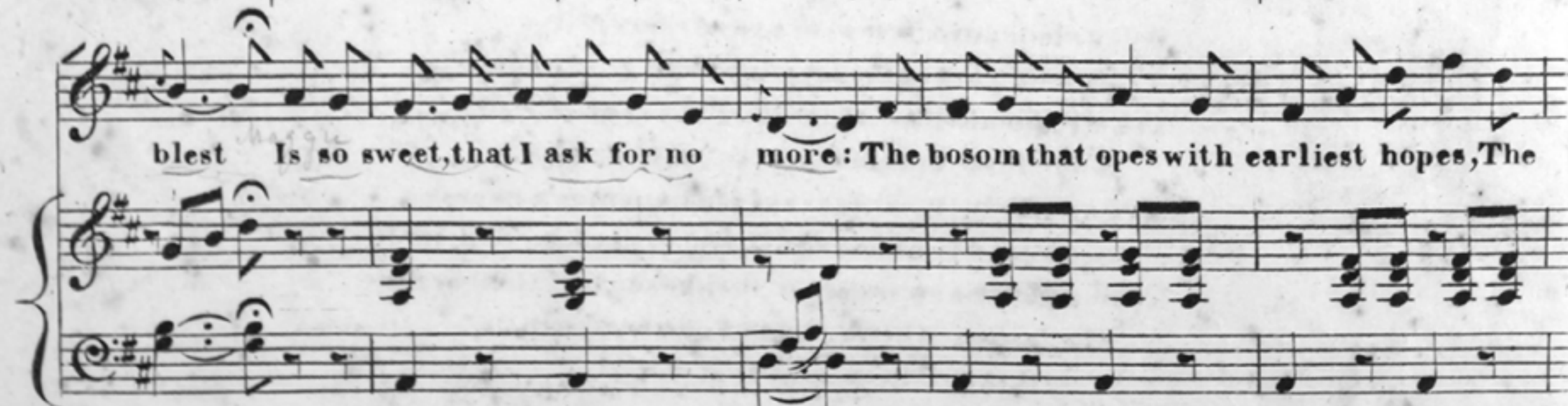


cres f p f

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



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



soonest find those hopes untrue, As flowers that ^{first} in springtime burst The earliest wither

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

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

cres f p f

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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.