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True Love Can Ne'er Forget

Samuel Lover

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True Love can never forget!

A Favorite Ballad

From the Songs of the

Legends and Traditions of

IRELAND,

As Sung by

Madame Caradori Allan.

Written & Composed

by

Samuel Lover Esq.

Pr 50 Cts

NEW YORK

Published at MILLET'S MUSIC SALOON *375 Broadway*



True Love can ne'er forget.

It is related of Carolan, the Irish Bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand

Written & Compos'd by SAMUEL LOVER Esq^r.

TENDERLY
but not
TOO SLOW

"True love can ne'er for...get,

Fond....ly as when we met Dear.est I love thee yet, My dar..ling one!"

Thus sung a minstrel grey His sweet impassion'd lay Down by the

Ocean's spray, At rise of Sun; But wither'd was the minstrel's sight, Morn to him was

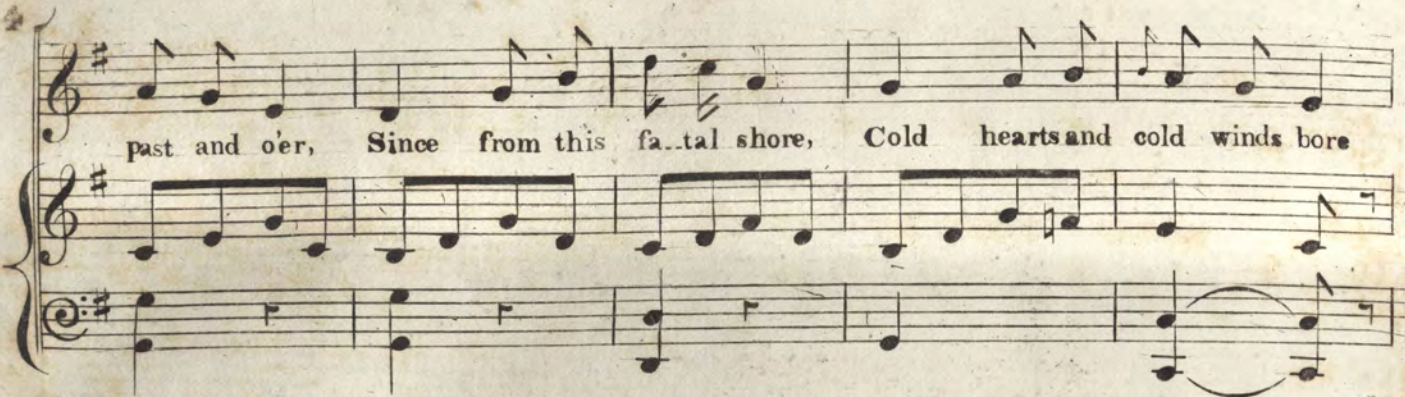
dark as night Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be-gun True love can

ad lib tempo

neer for-get Fond-ly as when we met, Dear-est I love thee yet, My darling

one! Long years are

past and o'er, Since from this fatal shore, Cold hearts and cold winds bore

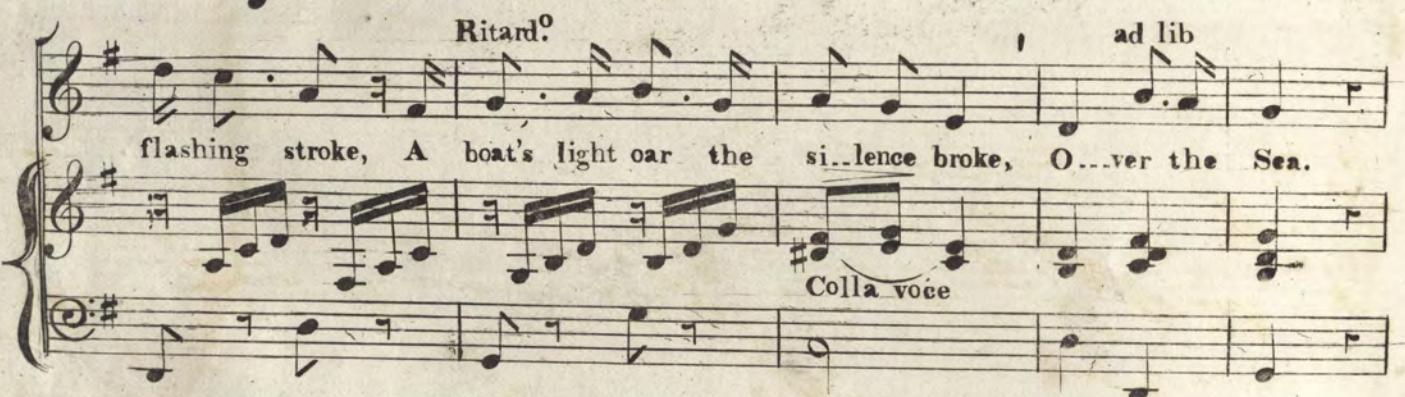


My love from me." Scarce...ly the Minstrel spoke When, quick, with



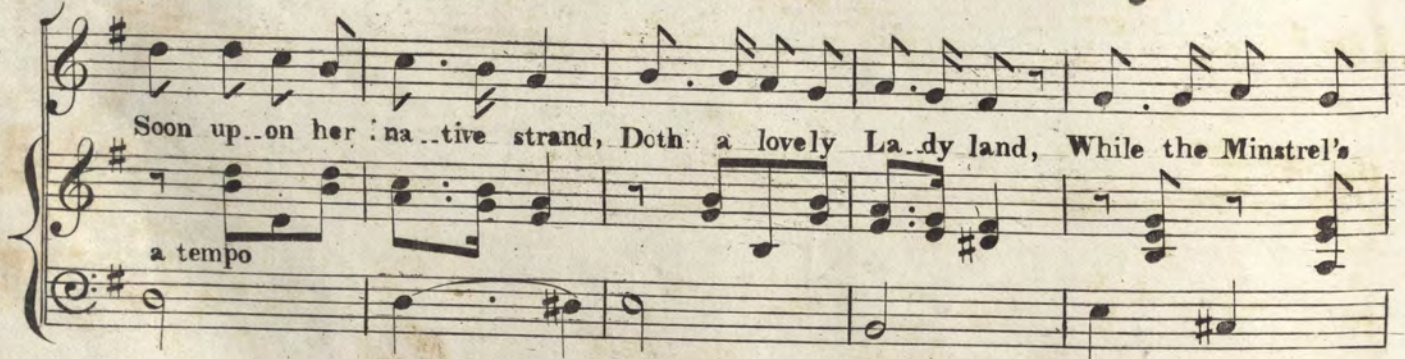
Ritard^o flashing stroke, A boat's light oar the silence broke, O...ver the Sea. ad lib

Colla voce



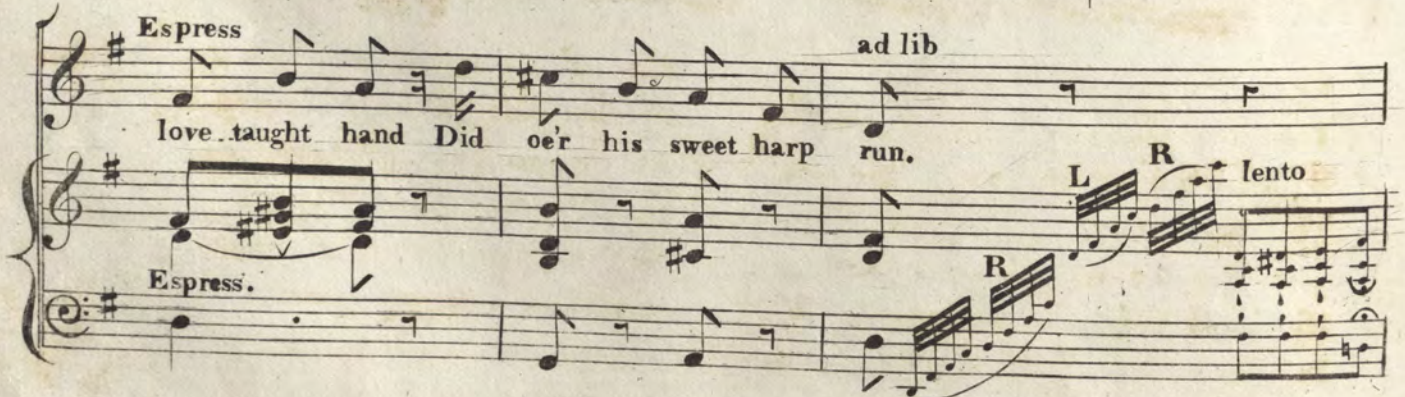
Soon up..on her :na..tive strand, Doth a lovely La..dy land, While the Minstrel's

a tempo



Espress love..taught hand Did o'er his sweet harp run. ad lib

Espress. Lento



tempo

True love can neer forget, Fondly as

when we met Dear est I love thee yet, *Espress*

adlib
My darling L R one

Where the Minstrel sat alone,
 There that Lady fair hath gone,
 Within his hand she plac'd her own,
 The Bard dropt on his knee:
 From his lip soft blessings came,
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he nam'd her name,
 Though her he could not see,

But oh! the touch the Bard could tell,
 Of that dear hand remember'd well,
 Ah! by many a secret spell,
 Can True love trace his own
 For True love can neer forget
 Fondly as when they met,
 He lov'd his Lady yet,
 His darling one.

