

1825

Tho' 'tis all but a Dream

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Thomas Moore

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Tho'tis all but a dream

A French Air

from

MOORES NATIONAL MELODIES

Arranged by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Philadelphia, Published by John G. Klemm.

Moderato.

p cresc. *al f*

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

p

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

p

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.

cresc *f* *p* *f*

By friendship we oft are deceiv'd,
 And find the love we clung too, 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.

