

Voice

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore

(Air)

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 92$

Be - lieve not me, if all those en - dear - ing young
 charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day,
 own, And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear

Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my
 That the fer - vour and faith of a soul can be

arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a way,
 known, To which time will but make thee more dear.

Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou
 No, the heart that has tru - ly loved ne - ver for -

art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,
 gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close,

And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my
 As the sun - flow - er turns on her God, when he

heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. It is
 sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.