

Andantino

Voice $\frac{2}{4}$

1. Tell me not of joys above, if that world can give no bliss, truer happier than this
 2. Tell me not of Houris' eyes - far from me their dangerous glow, if those looks that light the

Piano $\frac{2}{4}$

Love, which enslaves our souls in this.
 I Kries, wounds like some that burn be-low.

Who that feels what Love is here, all its

pp

falsehood - all its pain - would for ev'n Elysium's Sphere, risk the fatal dream again?

cresc: *mf*

Who that midst a desert's heat sees the Waters fade away, would not rather die than

meet streams again as false as they?

Tell me not of joys above, if that



world can give no bliss, truer happier than the Love, which enslaves our souls in this.



pp



Song from Lalla Rookh, by Thos. Moore.

London 10th Novr. 1821.

Andante con moto

Voice *dolce*

A Spirit there is, whose fra-grant sigh is bur-ning now through

Piano

earth and air; where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh, where Lips are meeting, the spirit is there! where

cresc *mf*

cheeks are blushing, where lips are meeting, the Spirit is nigh, the Spirit is there! the Spirit is nigh, the

mf

poco ritard: *ad.*

Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these, and his

floating eyes — oh! they resemble blue wa-ter-lilies, when the breeze is making the stream around them

cresc.

tremble! when the breeze is making the stream around them tremble!

poco a poco rallentando.

Andante, più sostenuto.

a Temp. Hail to thee, hail to thee, King-dom power! Spi-rit of Love, Spirit of Bliss! Thy

poco più lento

holiest time is the moonlight hour, and there never was moonlight so sweet as this, and there

mf

Andantino

never, no, never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave, who blushing unite, like the sun and wave, when they meet at first love-beats of the youth's full heart, by the bliss to meet, and the pain to

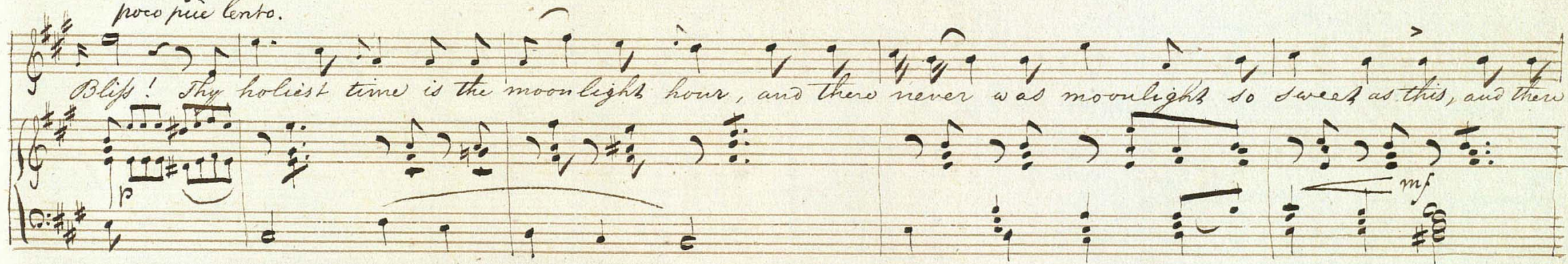
night! By the tear that shows when passion is high, as the raindrop flows from the heat of the sky! By the part! By all that thou hast to mortals given which - oh! could it last, this earth were

Andante sostenuto.

heaven! We call thee hither, call thee hither, entrancing Power! Spi-rit of Love! Spirit of

poco più lento.

Bliss! Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour, and there never was moonlight so sweet as this, and then



never, no, never was moonlight so sweet as this.

