

17

no 3

E. H.

Oh! yes so well, so tenderly,

A Ballad

WRITTEN

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/6

DUBLIN.

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B. Clayton Sculp.



Christe eleison

by Thomas Haynes

Christe eleison

Christe eleison

Christe eleison

Christe eleison

Christe eleison

Christe eleison

*Oh! yes so well, so tenderly.*

*by Thomas Moore Esq.*

Oh! yes — so well, so

tender - ly, Thou'rt lov'd, a - dor'd by me, Fame,

for - - tune, wealth and li - ber - ty Are worth - less with - - out

thee. *For* Tho' brimm'd with blisses pure and rare, Life's

cup be - fore me lay, Un - - less thy love were

*ff* min - gled there, I'd spurn the draught a - - way - - - - - Oh!

yes — so well, so tender-ly, Thou'rt lov'd — a — dor'd by

me, Fame, for — — tune, wealth and li — ber — ty Are

worth — less with — — out thee.

SECOND VERSE.

With-out thy smile how joy-less-ly All Glo-ry's meeds I

see! And ev'n the wreath of vic-to-ry. Must owe its bloom to

*Con Spirito* *Pia*

thee. Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs, For

me have now no charms; My on-ly world those

*For* *rallen.* *espress*

ra - diant eyes, My Throne those circling arms . . . Oh! yes — so

well, so tender - ly, Thou'rt lov'd — a dor'd by me, Whole

realms of light and liber - ty Were worthless with - out thee.

*[Faint, mirrored musical notation and text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is difficult to decipher but appears to include:]*

*[Mirrored Title]*

*[Mirrored Text]*

*[Mirrored Title]*

*[Mirrored Text]*

*[Mirrored Title]*

*[Mirrored Text]*

*[Mirrored Title]*

*[Mirrored Text]*

*[Mirrored Title]*

*[Mirrored Text]*