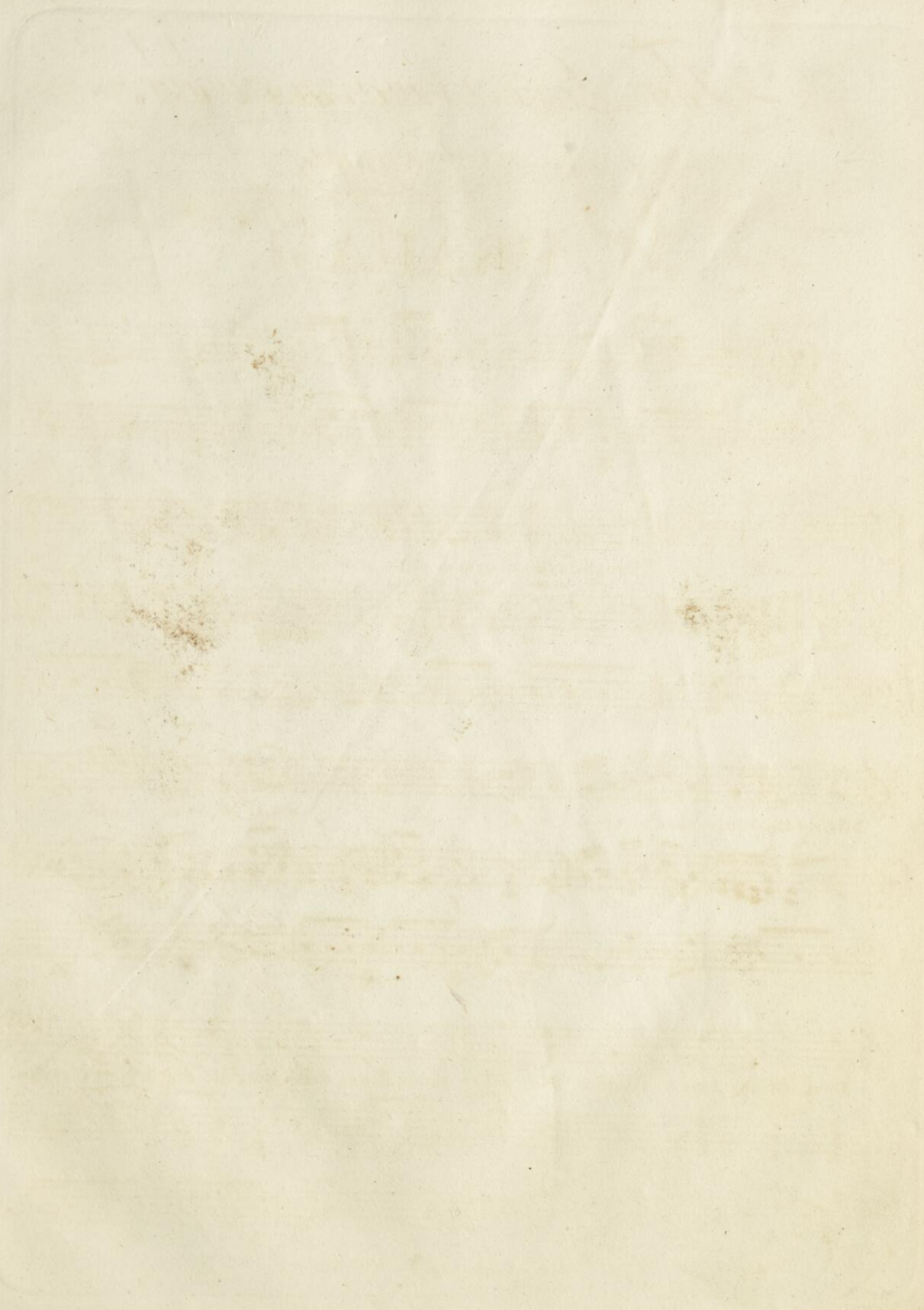


no 8



The Love is warm awhile,

Composed & Sung by

MR. BRAHAM.

ANDANTINO

p *f*

Though love is warm a while soon it grows cold, Absence soon

blights the smile when it grows cold. When it grows cold

Dear-est thy love was mine My ev'ry thought was thine thus did our hearts intwine

e'er love was old Dearest thy love was mine My ev'ry

thought was thine thus did our hearts intwine e'er love was

old.

f *p* *pp*

2

But could thy bosom prove
 Faithful, my fair!
 Could'st thou still fondly love,
 Still absence bear!
 Oh! it was sweet to be
 Lov'd as I was by thee



But if thour't false to me.



Welcome Des-pair.

