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no 15

103
Tho' Love is warm awhile,

Composed & Sung by

M^r. BRAHAM.

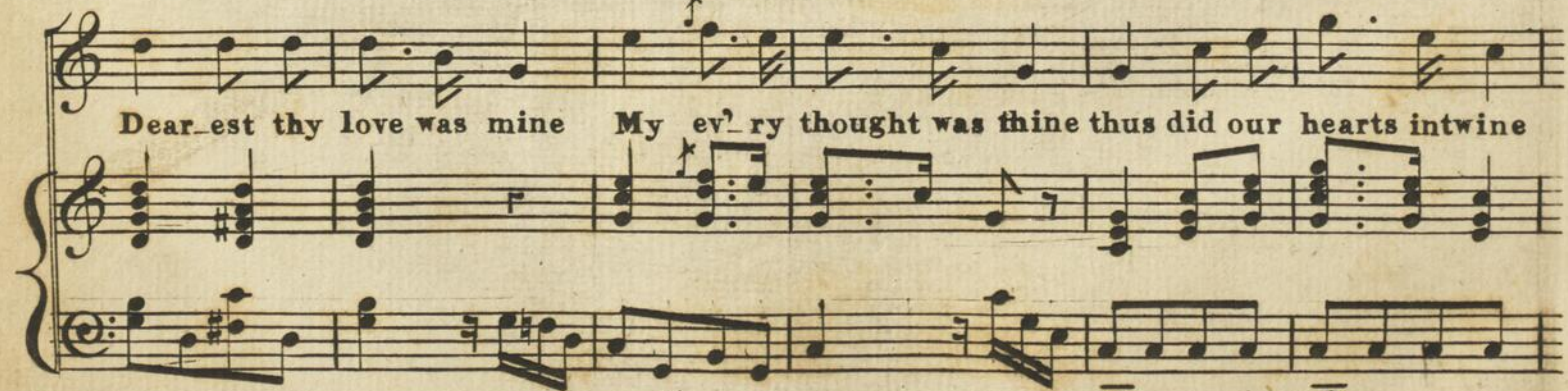
ANDANTINO



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

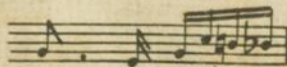
e'er love was old Dearest thy love was mine My ev'ry

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

old.

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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 thou'rt false to me



Welcome Des-pair.

