

LOVE NOW!

"Oh life is too short to be wasted."

Ballad,

WRITTEN IN REPLY TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON'S

LOVE NOT.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

RICHARD CLARKSON.

Price 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cents.

E. FERRETT & CO.

NEW YORK, 237 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, 63 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

S. COLMAN, BOSTON, 30 CORNHILL.

"LOVE NOW."

Poetry by Dr. T.

Music by R. Clarkson.

ANDANTE
AFFETUOSO.

DOLCE



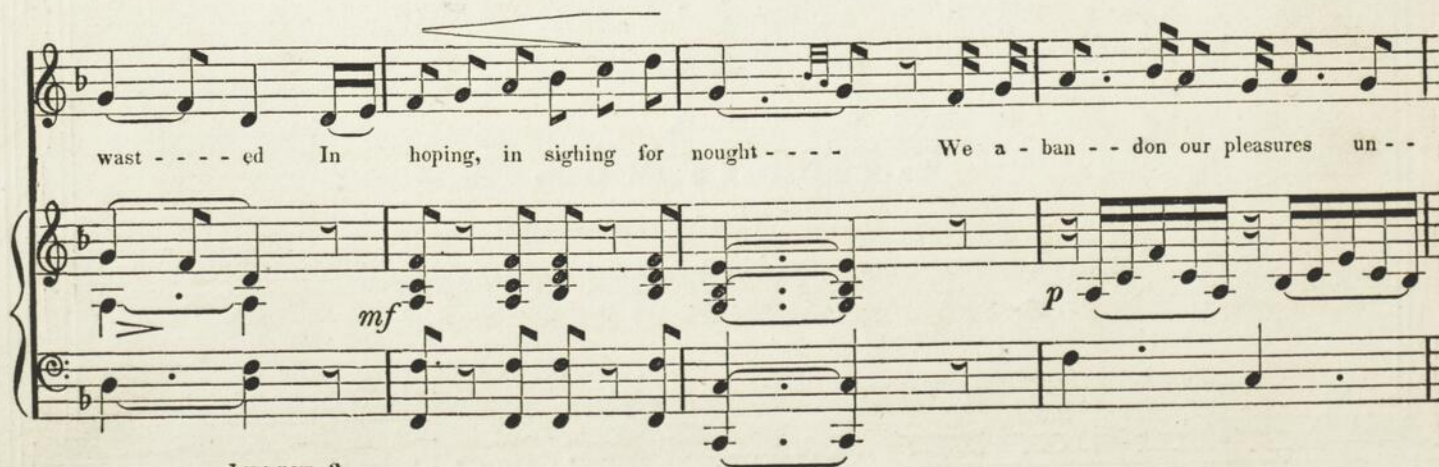
Oh! life is too short to be

mf *sf*



wast - - - ed In hoping, in sighing for nought - - - We a - ban - - don our pleasures un - -

mf *p*



DOLCE *mf*

tast - - - - ed, If we love not, nor love as we ought - - - - To love not be - cometh the

CRESC.

mourn - - - - ful, And sweet to the sel - fish may be - - - - Love not! I would say to the

p *SOTTO VOCE.*

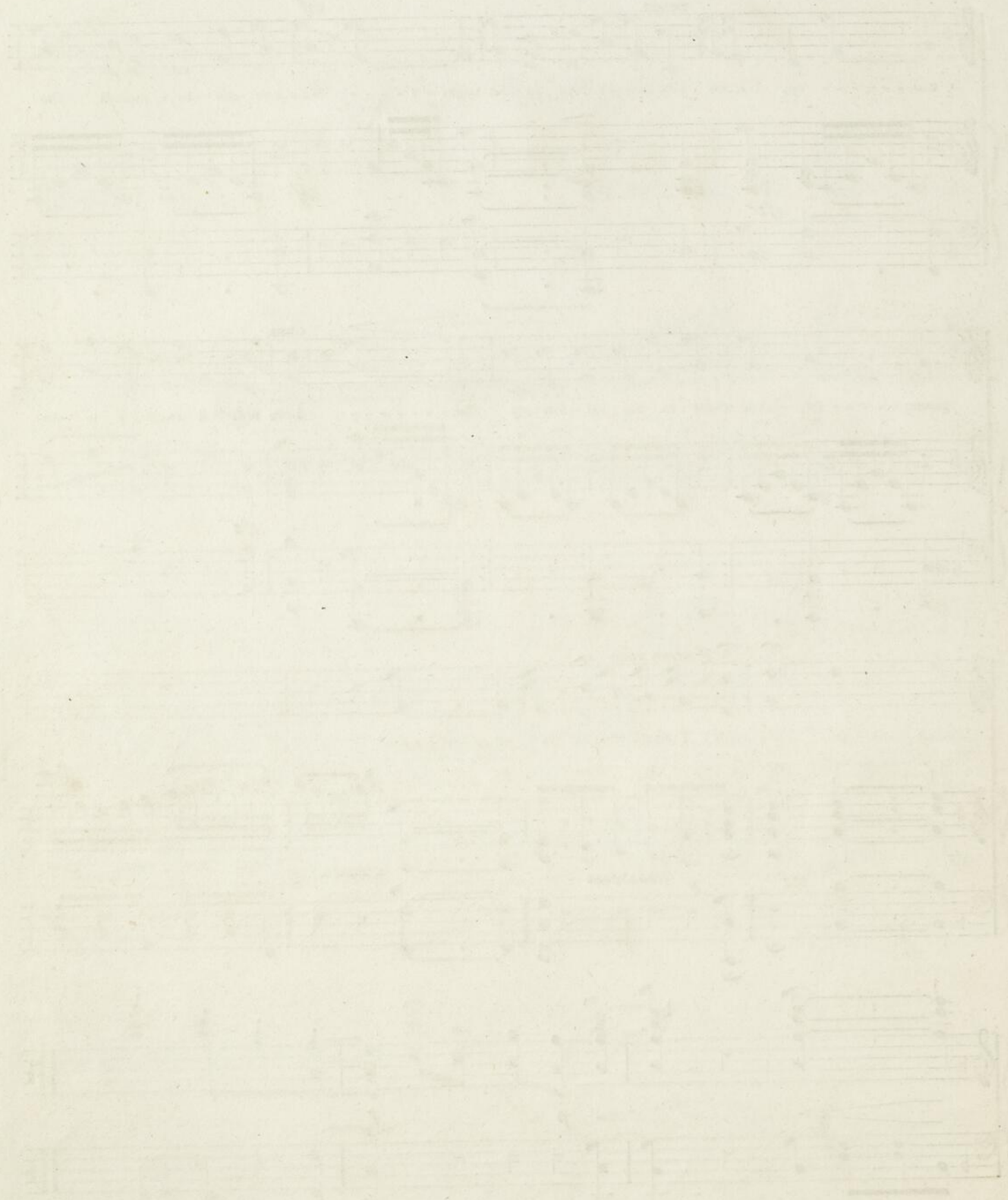
scorn - - - - ful; Love now! I would whisper to thee - - - -

sfz *p* *COLLA VOCE* *A TEMPO.*

sfz *p* *f*

Love now! ere the heart feel a sorrow,
Or the bright sunny moments are flown;
Love now! for the dawn of the morrow
May find thee unloved and alone.

I proffer no memory token,
I plead not for promise or vow;
Only keep my injunction unbroken,
Love truly! love well! but love now!



LOVE NO.
BY
MRS. NORTON

Price 6½ Cents.

E. FERRETT & CO.
NO. 68 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
NO. 237 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
1845.

BARRETT & JONES, PRINTERS.

LOVE NOT.

WRITTEN BY

MRS. NORTON.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY BLOCKLEY.

Andantino
con
Espressione.



Things that are made to fade and fall a - way, Ere they have

blossom'd for a few short hours, Ere they have

blossom'd for a few short hours. Love not! Love not!

2.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave, as once upon its birth.—Love not!

3.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat yet not be true.—Love not.

4.

Love not! love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours, as in years gone by:
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.—Love not!

