

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light

Thomas Moore

Christopher Shell

Andante affettuoso

Flauto

4

9

Oh!_ think not my spi-rits are al-ways as light, Or as free from a pang as they
Then give me, my Hen-ry, thy con-verse a-while To__ cheer a lone hour of my

13

seem to you now, Or ex-pect that the heart-beam-ing smile of to-night Will re -
pil-gri-mage here; And the tear that en-joy-ment can gild with a smile Shall__

26

turn with to - mor - row to wel - come my brow. No;_ life is a waste of those
deck my sad cheek_ when thou art so near. The_ thread of our life would be

19

wear - i - some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the
dark, hea - ven knows, If it was not with love and with friend - ship en - twined. And I

22

heart that_ is soon - est a - wake to the flowers, Is al - ways the first to be
care not_ how soon_ I may sink to re - pose, When those bless - ings shall cease to be

25

touched by the thorns, is al - ways the_ first_ to_ be_ touched by the thorns.
dear to my mind, when those bless - ings shall cease to_ be_ dear to my mind.

28

f *p* *cresc.*