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1825

# Tho' 'tis all but a Dream

Henry R. Bishop

Thomas Moore

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*Ally  
from her father*

*A friend of  
WILLIAM WALKER  
of London  
HENRY B. HINDS*

*My dear Sir  
I have the honor to acknowledge  
the receipt of your letter  
of the 11th inst.*

*and in reply to inform you  
that the same has been  
forwarded to the  
proper authorities*

*for their consideration  
I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
HENRY B. HINDS*

*I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
HENRY B. HINDS*

# Tho'tis all but a dream

## A French Air

from

*MOORES NATIONAL MELODIES*

Arranged by

**HENRY R. BISHOP.**

*Philadelphia, Published by John G. Klemm.*

Moderato.

*p* cresc. *al f*

Tho'tis all but a dream at the best, And still when happiest soonest o'er; Yet ev'n in a dream to be

blest Is so sweet, that I ask for no more : The bosom that opes with earliest hopes, The

soonest finds those hopes untrue, As flowers that first in spring time burst The earliest wither

too! Aye, 'tis all but a dream at the best, And still when happiest soonest o'er; Yet

ev'n in a dream to be blest Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.

*cresc* *f* *p* *f*

By friendship we oft are deceiv'd,  
 And find the love we clung too, past:  
 Yet friendship will still be believ'd  
 And love trusted on to the last  
 The web in the leaves the spider weaves  
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men,  
 Tho' often she sees it broke by the breeze,  
 She spins the bright tissue again,  
 Aye, 'tis all but &c.

