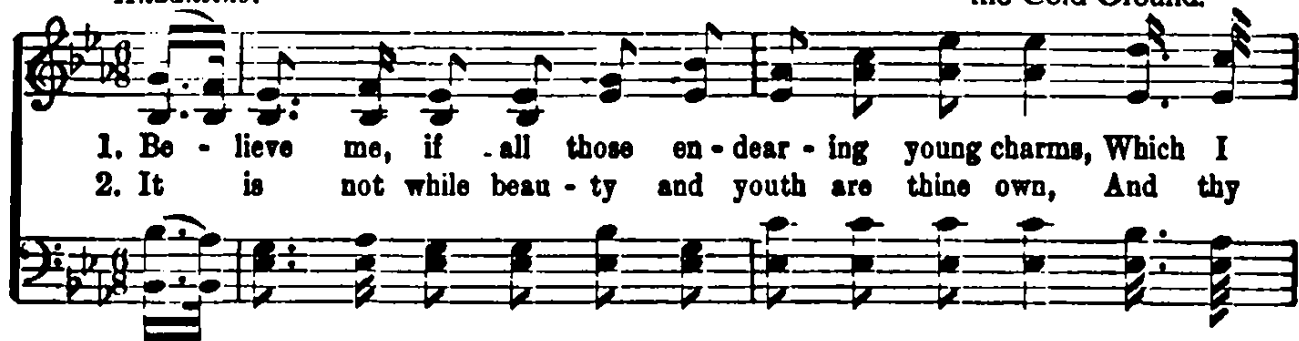


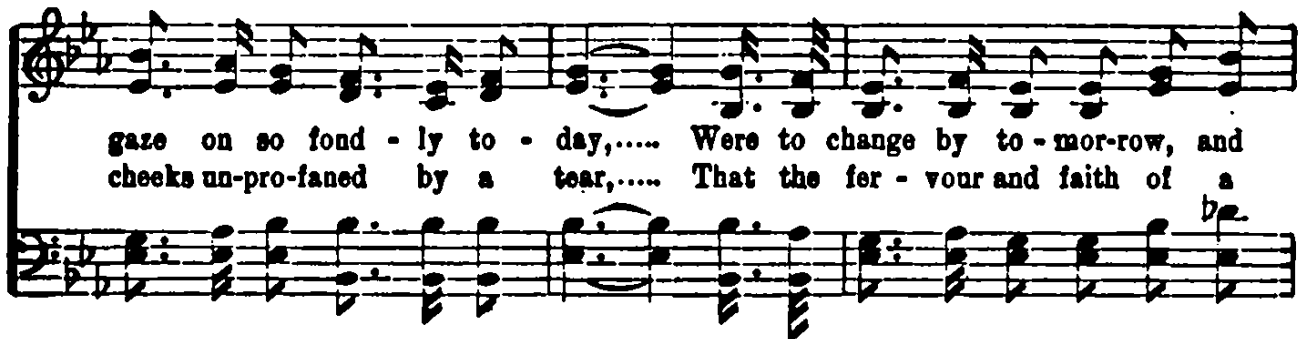
# 33 Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Thomas Moore.  
*Andantino.*

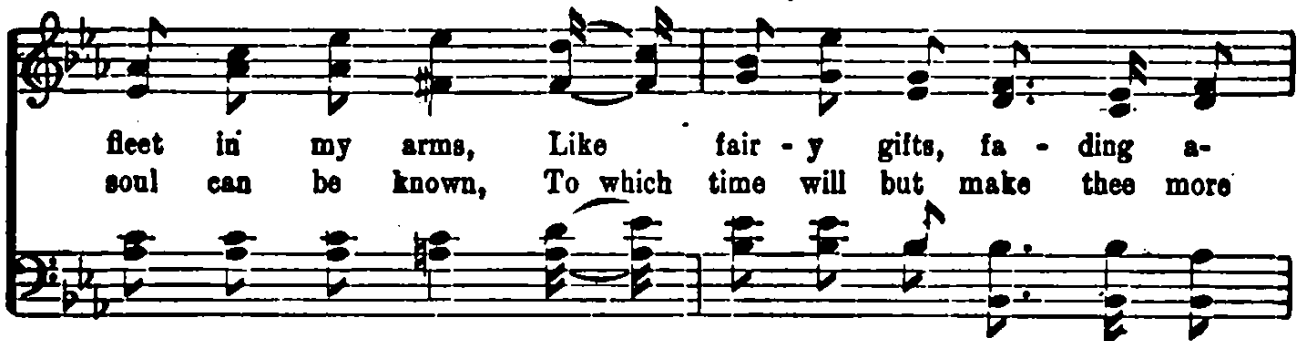
Irish Air: "My Lodging is in  
the Cold Ground."



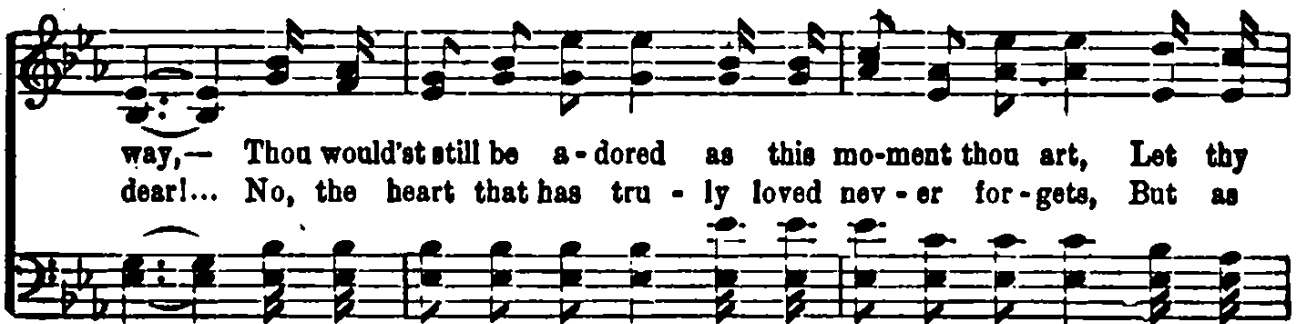
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy



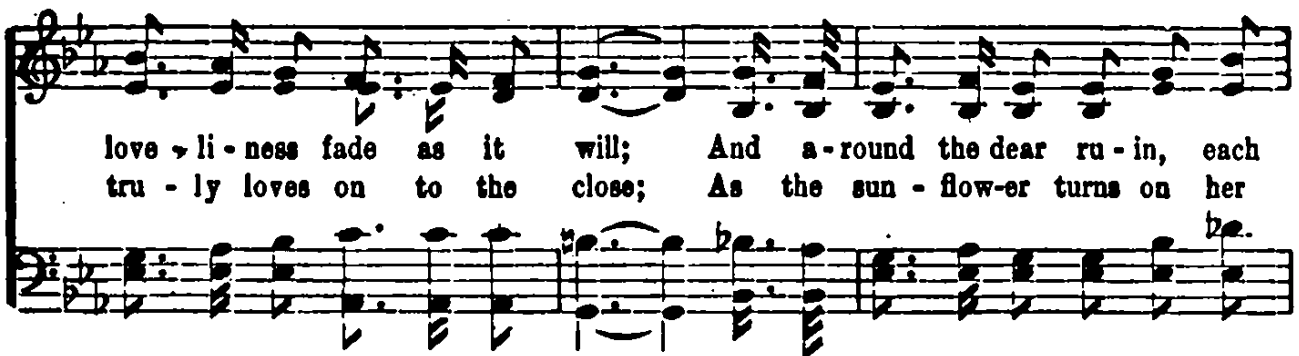
gaze on so fond - ly to - day,.... Were to change by to - mor - row, and  
cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear,.... That the fer - vour and faith of a



fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts, fa - ding a -  
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more



way, - Thou would'st still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy  
dear!... No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as



love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in, each  
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her

There are only four player pianos which contain the celebrated Carola Inner-Player mechanism. This mechanism is built into the Conover Piano, the Cable Piano, the New Scale Kingsbury Piano, and the Carola Inner-Player Piano.—The Cable Company, makers and distributors, Chicago, Illinois.

# Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still  
god, when he sets The same look which she turned when he rose.

## 34 Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Co.

Old English Air

Arr. by Harold Spencer

Words by Ben Jonson.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;  
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The  
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - erod be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;  
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

I count that man idle that might be better employed.—Socrates