

MY HEART AND LUTE

A Ballad

Written & arranged

— BY —

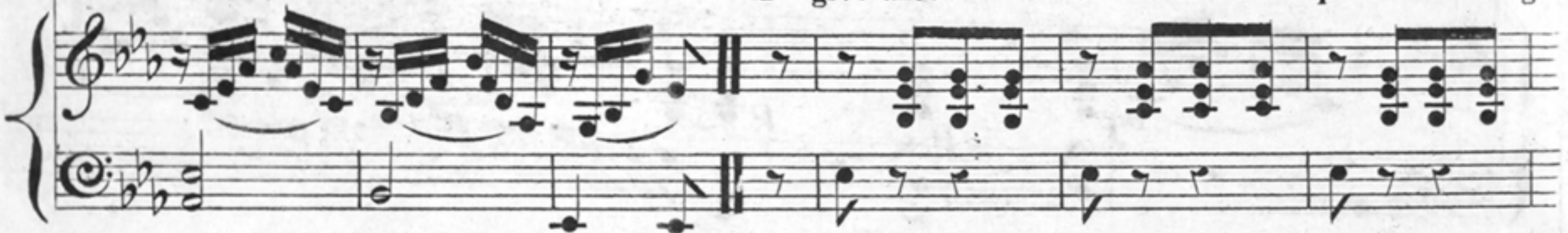
THOMAS MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA Published by J.G. KLEMM .

MODERATO.



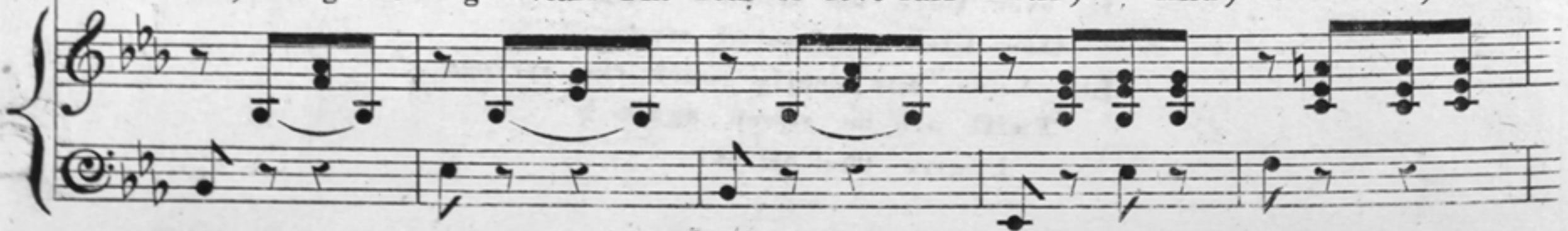
I give thee all I can no more Tho' poor the off'ring



be ; My Heart & Lute are all the Store That I can bring to thee . A



Lute, whose gentle song reveals The soul of love full well , And , better far , a



Heart that feels Much more than Lute could tell I give thee all I

can no more Tho' poor the off'ring be; My Heart and Lute are

all the store that I can bring to thee .

ad lib :

mf *p* *p*

slentando

Tho' Love and Song may fail , alas !
 To keep life's clouds away ,
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass ,
 Or gild them if they stay .
 If ever Care his discord flings
 Oer life's enchanted strain ,
 Let Love but gently touch the strings ,
 'Twill all be sweet again !
 I give thee all &c