

When Time, who steals our years away.

H. Ballard

Dedicated

TO

M^{RS} HENRY TIGHE,

*of
Rosanna.*

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When Time, who steals our years away.

The Music and Words by Tho.^s Moore Esq.

Ad libitum

Piano Forte

When Time who steals our years a - - way shall

steal our pleasures too The memory of the

past will stay and half our joys re - - new Then

Cloe when thy beauty's flower shall feel the wintry

air, Re-membrance will re-call the hour when

thou a-lone wert fair, Then talk no more of

fu-ture gloom Our joys shall always last, For



Come Chloe fill the genial bowl,
 I drink to love and thee;
 Thou never canst decay in soul,
 Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
 Which on my cheek they find,
 So hope shall steal away the trace
 Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom;
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years,
 When love shall lose its soul,
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,
 They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet,
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
 The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom!
 Our joys shall always last,
 For hope will brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!