

Andantino

Voice $\frac{2}{4}$

1. Tell me not of joys above, if that world can give no bliss, truer happier than this
 2. Tell me not of Houris' eyes - far from me their dangerous glow, if those looks that light the

Piano $\frac{2}{4}$

Love, which enslaves our souls in this.
 I Kries, wounds like some that burn be-low.

Who that feels what Love is here, all its

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falsehood - all its pain - would for ev'n Elysium's Sphere, risk the fatal dream again?

cresc: *mf*

Who that midst a deserts heat sees the Waters fade away, would not rather die than

meet streams again as false as they?

Tell me not of joys above, if that



world can give no bliss, trueer happier than the Love, which enslaves our souls in this.



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