"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,"

The Poetry by

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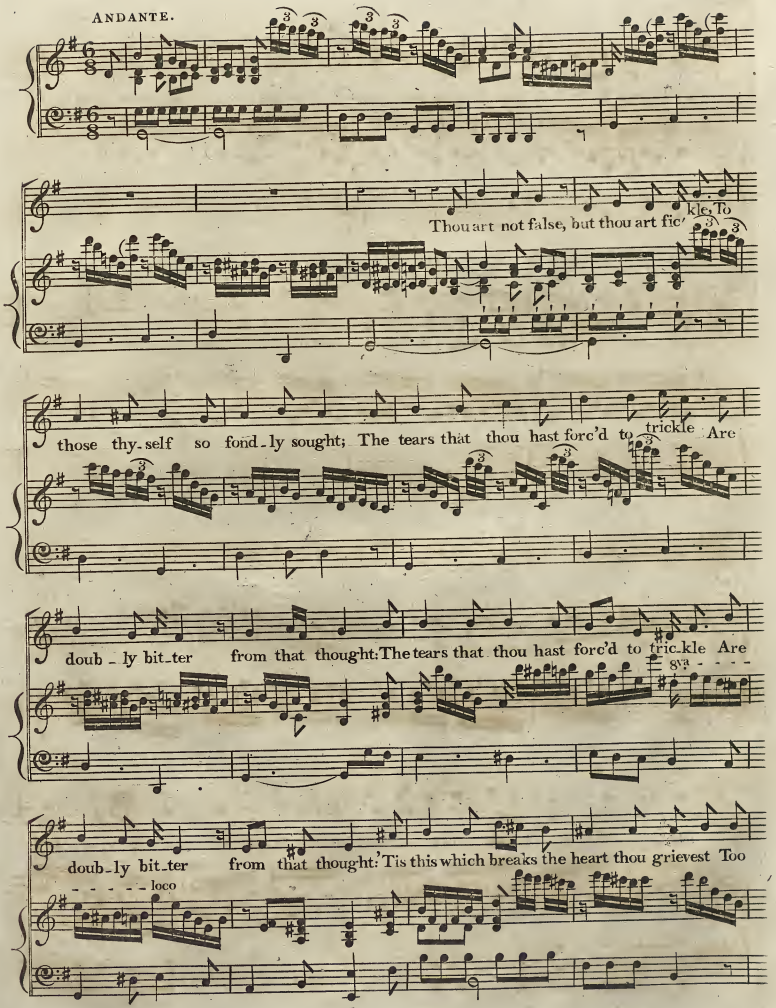
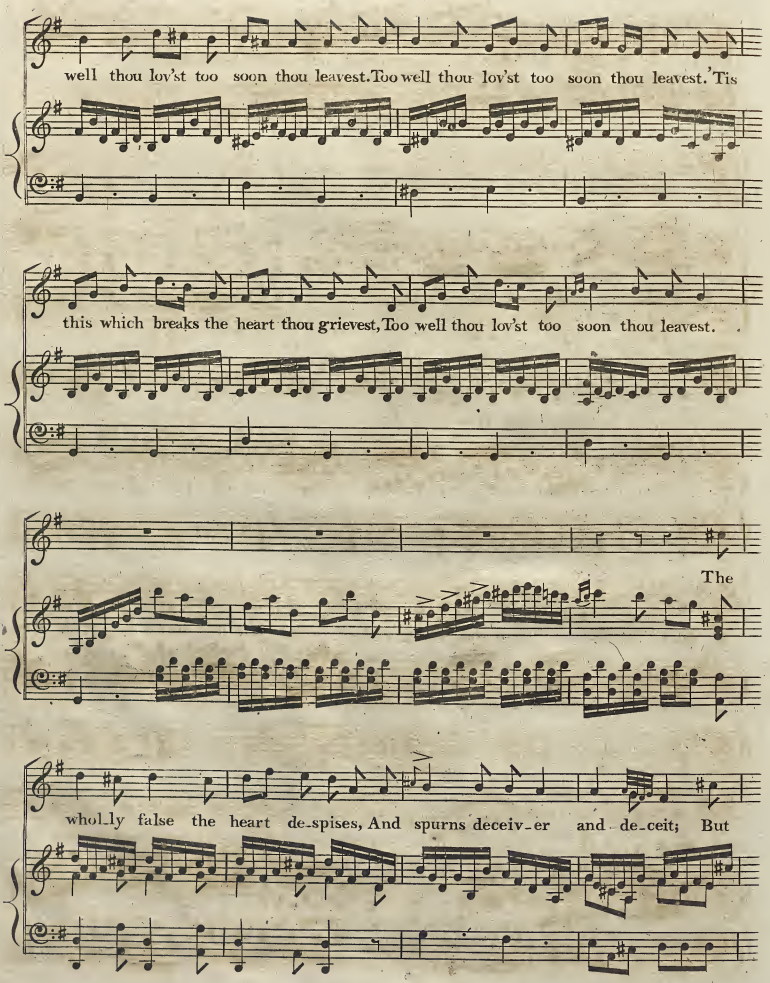
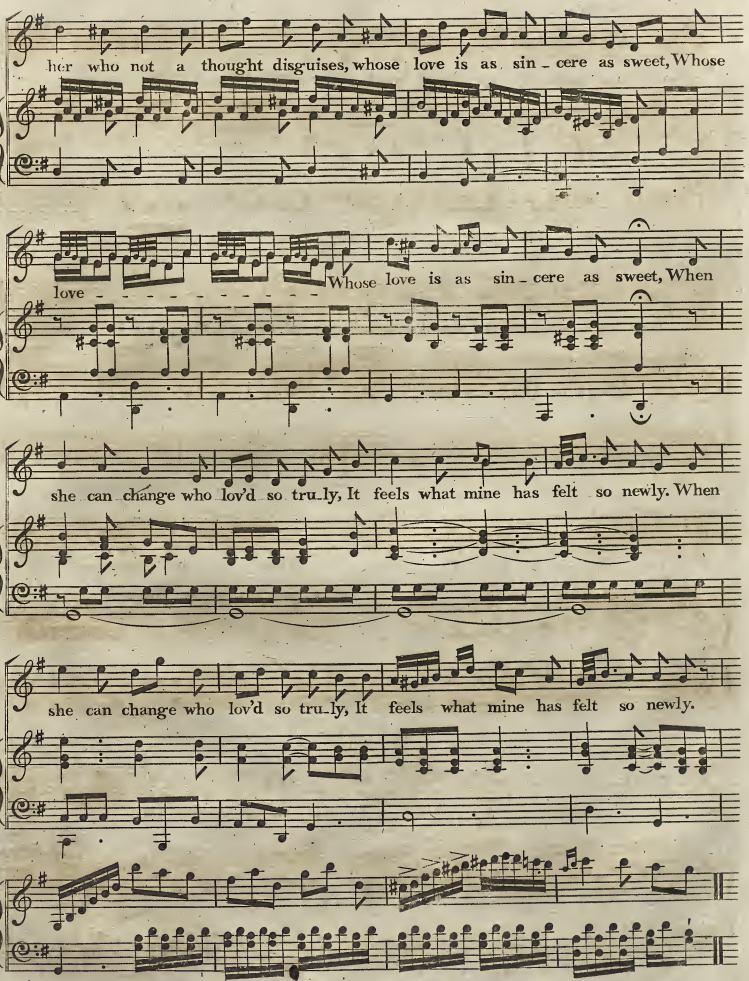
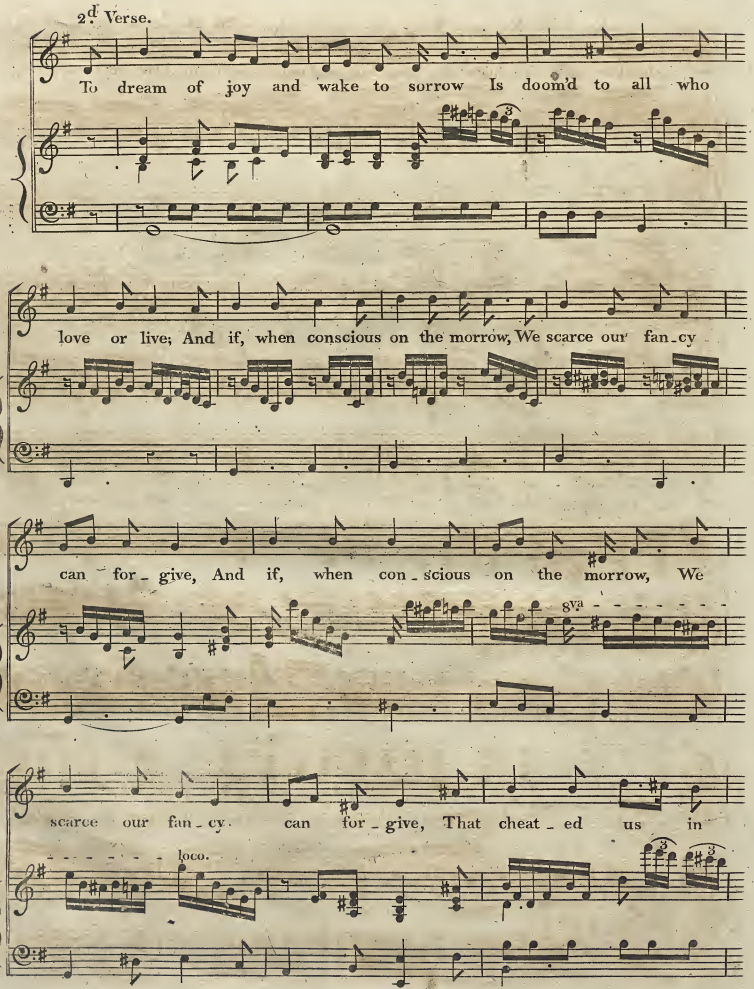
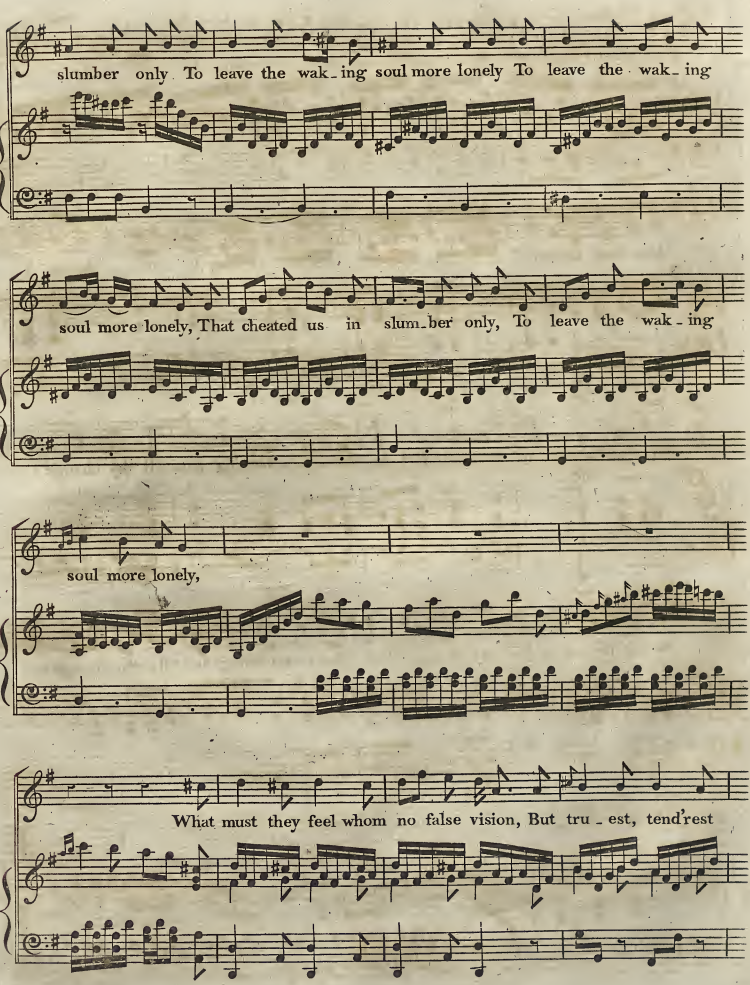

ANDANTE.
Thou art not false, but thou art fic kle, To
those thy-self so fond-ly sought; The tears that thou hast forc'd to trickle Are
doub-ly bit-ter from that thought: The tears that thou hast forc'd to tric-kle Are
sva
doub-ly bit-ter from that thought: 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest Too
loco

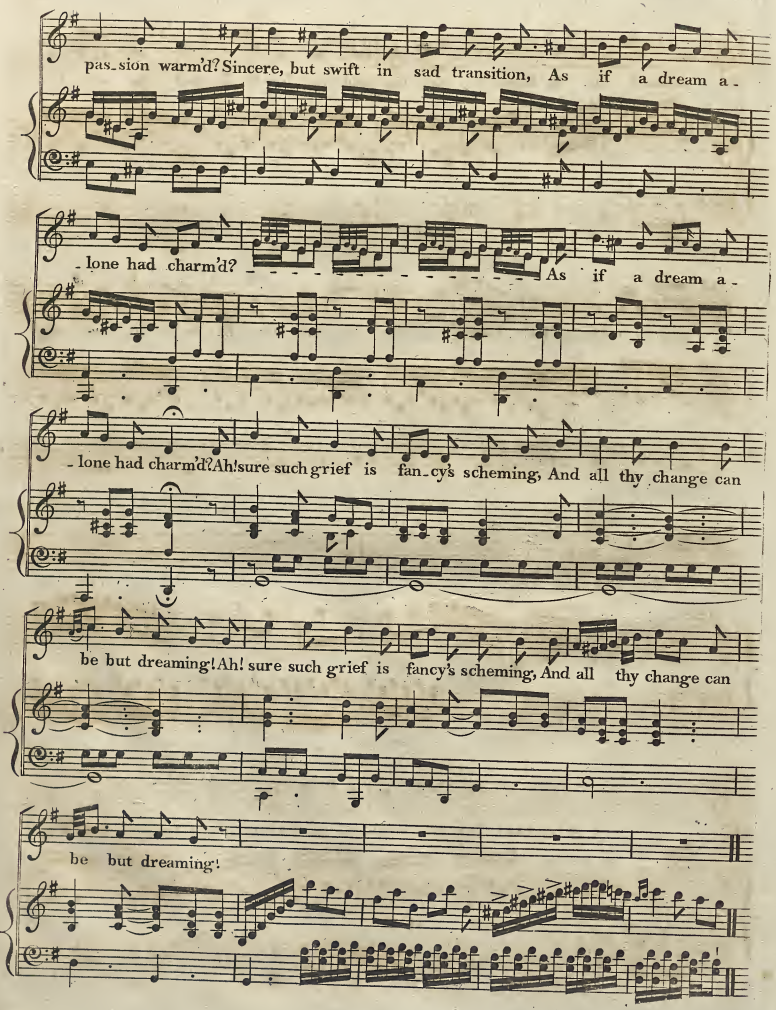

well thou lov'st too soon thou leavest. Too well thou lov'st too soon thou leavest. 'Tis
this which breaks the heart thou grievest, Too well thou lov'st too soon thou leavest.
The
wholly false the heart de-spises, And spurns deceiv-er and de-ceit; But


her who not a thought disguises, whose love is as sin - cere as sweet, Whose
love - - - - - - - - - Whose love is as sin - cere as sweet, When
she can change who lov'd so tru-ly, It feels what mine has felt so newly. When
she can change who lov'd so tru-ly, It feels what mine has felt so newly.

2d Verse.


To dream of joy and wake to sorrow Is doom'd to all who
love or live; And if, when conscious on the morrow, We scarce our fan_cy
can for_give, And if, when con_scious on the morrow, We
8va
scarce our fan_cy. can for_give, That cheat_ed us in
loco.


slumber only To leave the wak_ing soul more lonely To leave the wak_ing
soul more lonely, That cheated us in slum_ber only, To leave the wak_ing
soul more lonely,
What must they feel whom no false vision, But tru_est, tend'rest


pas_sion warm'd? Sincere, but swift in sad transition, As if a dream a_
lone had charm'd? As if a dream a
_lone had charm'd? Ah! sure such grief is fan_cy's scheming, And all thy change can
be but dreaming! Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming, And all thy change can
be but dreaming!