



*There's nothing here but (Travis)*

*A favorite Song from*  
**Moore's**  
*Secret Melodist*  
*composed by*  
**(O. S. HAW)**

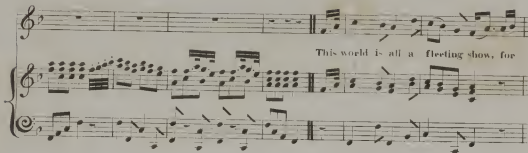
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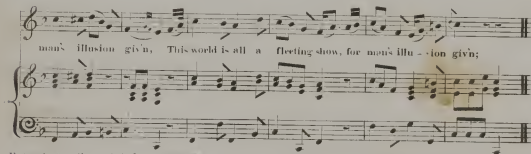
ANDANTE  
PASTORAL



This world is all a fleeting show, for



man's illusion giv'n, This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illu - sion giv'n;



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1829 by Oliver Shaw in the Clerk's office of the District Court of R.I.



The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, Deceitful shine, de - ceit - ful flow.

There's nothing true, but heav'n, There's nothing true, .... but heav'n, there's nothing true, .... but

heav'n!

2

And false the light on glory's plume, as fading hues of even,  
 And love, and hope, and beauty - bloom  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb...  
 There's nothing bright but heav'n!

3

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day, from wave to wave we're dri'n.  
 And fancies flash, and reasons rave,  
 Seize but to light the troubled wave...  
 There's nothing calm but heav'n!

