

# Believe Me

Thomas Moore

Voice 1  
 Voice 2  
 Piano

Be -

9

lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to - day, \_\_\_\_\_ Were to

D G Em7 C D A7 D A Bm A D Bm Bm6 D A A7

17

change by to - mor-row and flee from my arms, Like fair-y gifts fad - ing a - way. \_\_\_\_\_ Thou would'st still be a -

D G G#o D Bm Em A7 D G Em7 D A D A

26

dored, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it will. And a-round the dear ru - in, each

D G Em<sup>7</sup> D A D Em F# F#<sup>7</sup> Bm D<sup>7</sup>

35

wish of my heart, Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still. Ah, It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine

G G#<sup>o</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> Bm A<sup>7</sup> D G Em<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> D G

44

Ah, Ah, own, And thy cheeks un-pro-faned by a tear, That the fer - vour and faith of a soul can be

Em<sup>7</sup> D A D A Bm A D Bm Bm<sup>6</sup> D A A<sup>7</sup> D G

52

Ah, No, the heart that has tru - ly loved ne-ver for - gets, But as  
known, To which time will but make thee more dear.

G#° D Bm Em A7 D G Em7 D A D G Em7

61

tru - ly loves on to the close, Like the Sun - flow'r turns on her god, when he

D A D Em F# F#7 Bm D7 G

68 rit.

sets, The same look which she gave when he rose.

E7 G#° D A7 Bm A7 D G Em7 G D Em7 D