

BID ME NOT FORGET.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

BID me not forget thy smile,

Nor the radiance of thine eye ;

Think, alas ! how hard the toil !

Mem'ry, then, my love must die.

Thee I view in ev'ry bloom ;

Hear in groves thy voice divine ;

Thus each scene, where'er I roam,

Paints the charms that once were mine.

Bid me not forget.

Violin

Slow

Bid me not forget thy smile, Nor the radiance of thine eye; Think a-

5 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 3

-las! how hard the toil! Mem'ry then my love must die. Thee I

6 6 5 5 6 7 6 3
4 5 4 3

view in ev' - ry bloom, I Hear in Groves thy voice di - vine; Thus each

6 5 5 6 6 5 6 5
4 7 6 4 3

scene, where'er I roam, Paints the charms that once were mine.

5 6 5
4