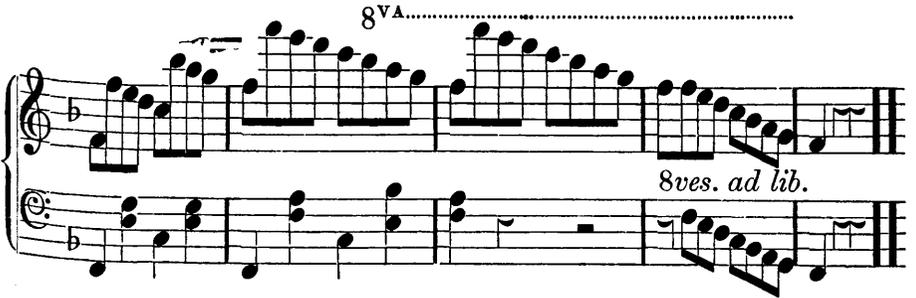


Coda.8^{va}.....*8ves. ad lib.*

NOW O'ER MY HEART.

BY THE STRANGER.

AIR:—"The Harp of Tara."

Now o'er my heart in sadness falls
 Young Love's own tender dread;
 In dreams alone, my soul recalls
 The bliss, the joy now fled;
 So pales this heart where Love still strays,
 In heavenly radiance o'er,
 Sometimes e'er sorrow dims his rays
 In conscious life once more.

No more to passion's fairy flight
 My lonely heart now swells,
 As Love's own music, wild and bright,
 Breathes o'er me sweetest spells;
 Yet ere unwelcome morning breaks
 The spell wherein she lives,
 In dreams this wounded heart still takes
 The kiss which fancy gives.

HAD I A HEART.

BY THE STRANGER.

AIR:—"The Harp of Tara."

Had I a heart to beauty form'd,
 That heart should beat for thee;
 Those bright young lines which Nature charm'd
 By Love, traced fond and free,
 So proudly blend in one sweet blaze,
 As thought plays brightly o'er,
 That they who catch but once their rays
 Forget that light no more.

But 'tis the witchery of the heart,
 That mine thrills to, adores,
 That glory which the soul imparts,
 That tenderness it pours,—
 The same which now thy blush betrays,
 As thus entranc'd I sue,
 In humble, most unworthy lays,
 A votary poor, but true.