

OH! HAD SHE LOV'D.

Oh! had she lov'd—and lov'd me but sin - cere - ly, I had not been, what now I weep to

Ralen^o

be,— Oh! had she loy'd—as I lov'd her, so dear - ly, Life had not been all gloom and tears to

Colla Parte

eyes voices
me. Bright may smile in scenes of joy a - round me, Sweet spells of melody may

cast,— Yet still they leave as they have ever found me, True to one grief—the mem'ry of the