

LOVE'S IDEAL.

In moderate time, and with expression.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

1. If his heart ne-ver throbb'd with af-fec-tion sin-cere, If his eyes nev-er glis-ten'd with sym-pa-thy's tear, If
 2. But it he be mod-est, pure-mind-ed, and true, If from faults of his own his best sym-pa-thies grow; If

still un-re-lent-ing To Guilt, that re-pent-ing Im-plor'd him, with sobs, not to strike, but to hear; Un-tar-nish'd his fame and his
 warm in his feel-ing, To Sor-row ap-peal-ing, He pit-ies and loves where the harsh might pursue; Unknown to the world, he may

hon-our may shine, And the prai-ses of thou-sands his worth may enshrine; But I shall not, I may not, I will not, I dare not, Con-
 wan-der a-part, At the sound of his name no ap-plan-ses may start; But I shall not, I may not, I will not, I dare not, Re-

sent to re-ceive him as lov-er of mine.
 fuse him my friend-ship, my hand, and my heart.

p *mf* *p*