

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.

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Violin

Slow

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

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