

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Irish Air

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
 2. Though the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Though he
 3. No! that hal-low'd form is ne'er for - got, Which first love traced; Still it

5 dream of life from morn till night, Was love, still love; New hope may bloom, and
 win the wise, who frowned be - fore, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a
 ling'-ring haunts the green - est spot On mem-'ry's waste; 'Twas o - dor fled, as

10 days may come Of mild - er, calm-er beam, But there's noth-ing half so sweet in life As
 joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His
 soon as shed; 'Twas mornning's wing-ed dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a-gain On

15 love's young dream, No! there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
 soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blushed to hear The one loved name.
 life's dull stream, Oh! 'twas light which ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream.