

1. Still so gent-ly o'er me stealing, Mem'ry

will bring back the feel-ing, Spite of all my grief re-

vealing, That I love thee, that I dear-ly love thee

still. Though some other swain may charm thee, Ah! no

oth - - - er e'er can warm me, Yet ne'er

fear, I will not harm thee, No, thou false one,

No, No, I fond-ly love thee still. Ah! ne'er fear, I will not

harm thee, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, No, false one, No, I