

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAV'N
Poetry from
MOORE'S SACRED MELODIES

Music by
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Andante Pastorale. Published by F. D. BENTEEN, Baltimore.

This world is all a flee-ting show, for man's il-lu-sion giv'n; This

world is all a flee-ting show, for man's il-lu-sion giv'n; The

smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De- ceit- ful shine,

De- ceit- ful flow, There's nothing true, but heav'n, There's

no- thing true, but heav'n, there's no- thing true but heav'n!

And false the light on glory's plume, as fading hues of even;

And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb.
There's nothing bright but heav'n!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day, from wave to wave we're driv'n;
And fancy's flash, and reasons ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way.
There's nothing calm but heav'n!