

THOUGHTS.

NEW BALLAD.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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Piano.



Guitar.



1. 'Twere bet - ter that words were un - spoken That wound or dis - tress the fond



heart..... Than friend - ship at last should be bro - ken, And



near ones or dear ones should part; For sweet are the scenes that sur-



THOUGHTS.

round us And cheer us, if but for a day..... And

why! when a true heart hath found us Should cold-ness drive friendship a-

way..... And why, when a true heart hath found us, Should

rall-en-tan-do.

cold-ness drive friendship a-way.....

rall. *tempo.*

2.
 Our lips may be tardy to utter
 The truth that we long to unfold,
 But time should ne'er teach them to mutter
 One sentence unkindly and cold.
 For what is the dew to the flower
 If frozen upon its frail leaf,
 Or what is the joy of an hour
 If followed by moments of grief.

3.
 I would not, I could not distress thee,
 The friendship I pledge is sincere;
 Oh, how could I ever but bless thee,
 So gentle, so kind, and so dear.
 The world may be dreary before thee,
 Tho' bright be the dreams of the past,
 Then give me thy trust I implore thee,
 And all will be well at the last.