

Phoebe dearest, tell, oh! tell me.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY.

Music by J. L. HATTON.

*Andante con espressione.*PIANO-
FORTE.

1. Phoe - be, dear - est,
2. Long I've watch'd each

tell oh! tell me, May I hope that you'll be mine? Oh! let no cold
rare per - fec - tion Steal - ing o'er that gen - tle brow! Till re - spect be -

frown re - pel me; Leave me not with grief to pine. Though 'tis told in home - ly
- came af - fec - tion, Such as that I of - fer now. If you love me and will

PHOEBE DEAREST, TELL, OH! TELL ME.

fash - ion, Pho - be, trust the tale I tell:..... No'er
 have me, True I'll be, in weal and woe;..... If was tru - er,
 in proud dis -

pur - er pas - sion, Than with - in this heart doth dwell. Than with - in this heart doth
 - dain you leave me, For a sol - dier I will go.... For a sol - dier I will

cresc. *2nd verse sempre f*

dwell.
 go.

3. Lit - tle care the bro - ken heart - ed What their fate, by land or sea.

Phoe - be, if we once are part - ed, Once for e - ver, it will be.

Say then yea, or blind - ly, mad - ly, I will rush up - on the foe;...

And will wel - come, 'oh! how glad - ly! Shot or shell that lays me

low..... Shot or shell that lays me low.