

THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER.



BALLAD

Arranged for the

Piano Forte.

The Boston Ballad

BOSTON.

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Composed by

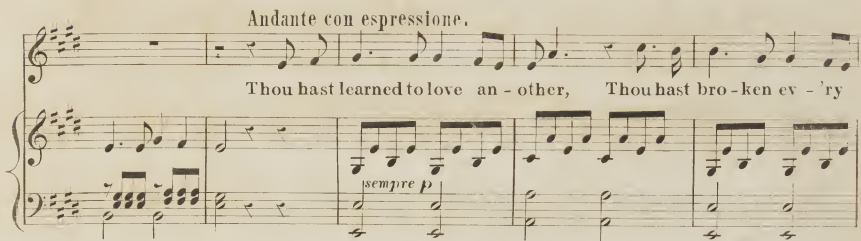
CHARLES SLADE.

Andante.

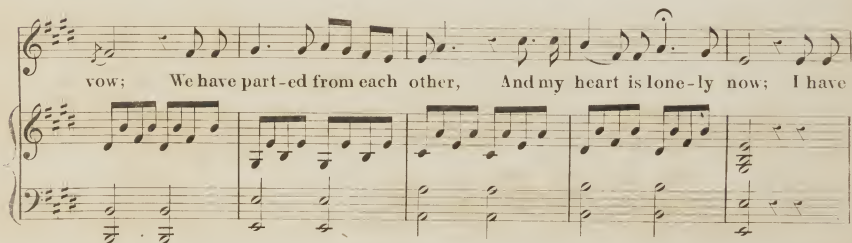


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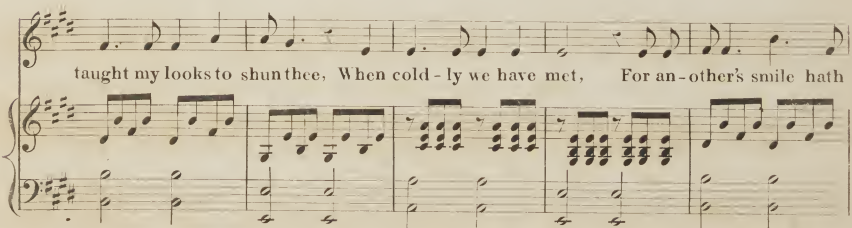
Thou hast learned to love an - other, Thou hast bro - ken ev - 'ry



vow: We have part - ed from each other, And my heart is lone - ly now: I have



taught my looks to shun thee, When cold - ly we have met, For an - other's smile hath



4

won't see, And thy voice I must for-get. Oh! is it well to sever This

heart from thine for-ever? Can I forget thee? never! Farewell! farewell forever!

3^d Verse. We have met and we have parted, But I

2^d Verse. We have met in scenes of pleasure, We have

not - tered scarce a word, Like a guil - ty thing I started, Whently well known voice I

met in halls of pride, I have seen thy new found treasure, I have gazed upon thy

heard; Thy looks were stern and altered, And thy words were cold and high, How my
 bride, I have marked the timid lustre Of thy downcast, happy eye, I have

traitor cour - age faltered, When I dared to meet thine eye. Oh! wo - man's love will
 seen thee gaze up-on her, For - get-ting I was by. I grieve that e'er I

grieve her, And wo - man's pride will leave her; Life has fled when love de - ceives her, Fare -
 met thee, Fain, fain would I for - get thee, 'Twere fol - ly to re - gret thee, Fare -

well, farewell for - ev - er!
 well, farewell for - ev - er!

ONE BY ONE

One by one the sands are flowing
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams chase thee;
Learn thee first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed hand;
One will fade as others reach thee—
Shadows passing through the hand.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toll forgetting,
Look you eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.