

# Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Traditional folk song  
Words by Thomas Moore

N.C. B B<sup>7</sup> E/B

Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which  
It is not \_\_\_\_\_ while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

B F<sup>#7</sup> B N.C.

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, \_\_\_\_\_ Were to  
cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a tear, \_\_\_\_\_ That the

B E/B E<sup>#07</sup> N.C.

change by to - mor - row and a fleet soul in my arms, Like \_\_\_\_\_  
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

B/F<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> B N.C.

fai - ry gifts but fad - ing a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ Thou would'st  
time will but make thee more dear! \_\_\_\_\_ Oh! the

B E

still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy  
heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as

B F<sup>#7</sup> B

love - li - ness fade as it will, \_\_\_\_\_ And a -  
tru - ly loves on to the close, \_\_\_\_\_ As the

E/B E<sup>#07</sup> N.C.

round the dear ru - in on each wish of my heart, Would en -  
sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same

B/F<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> B

twine it - self ver - dant - ly still, \_\_\_\_\_  
look which she turn'd when he rose! \_\_\_\_\_