

TEACH, OH TEACH ME TO FORGET.

Written by

O. H. Baileij.

The Music, Arranged

—by—

HENRY RIBBISHOP.

New York Published by E. RILEY & CO. 297, Broadway.

1733.68

Moderately

Slow.

Friends de-part, and me-mory takes them To her caverns pure and deep; And a  
fore'd smile on-ly wakes them From the shadows where they sleep: Who shall

(4)



school the heart's af - fection! Who shall banish its re - - gret? If you  
 blame my deep de - jection, Teach, Oh! teach me to for - get!

Bear me

not to fes - tive bowers, 'Twas with them I sat there last! Weave me

{ Teach, Oh! teach me, + .}

not spring's ear - ly flowers, They'll re-mind me of the past Music

seems like mournful wailing, In the Halls where we have met.... Mirth's gay

call is un - a - vailing, Teach, Oh! teach me to for - get!

One who

(Teach, Oh! teach me. +.)

hope-less-ly . . . re-mem-bers Cannot bear a dawn-ing light; He would  
 ra-ther watch the embers Of a Love that once was bright; Who shall  
 school the heart's af-fec-tion Who shall banish its re-gret? If you  
 blame my deep de-jec-tion, teach, oh! teach me to for-get!

(Teach, oh! teach me . . .)