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J. S. UNGER, Music House, Publisher.

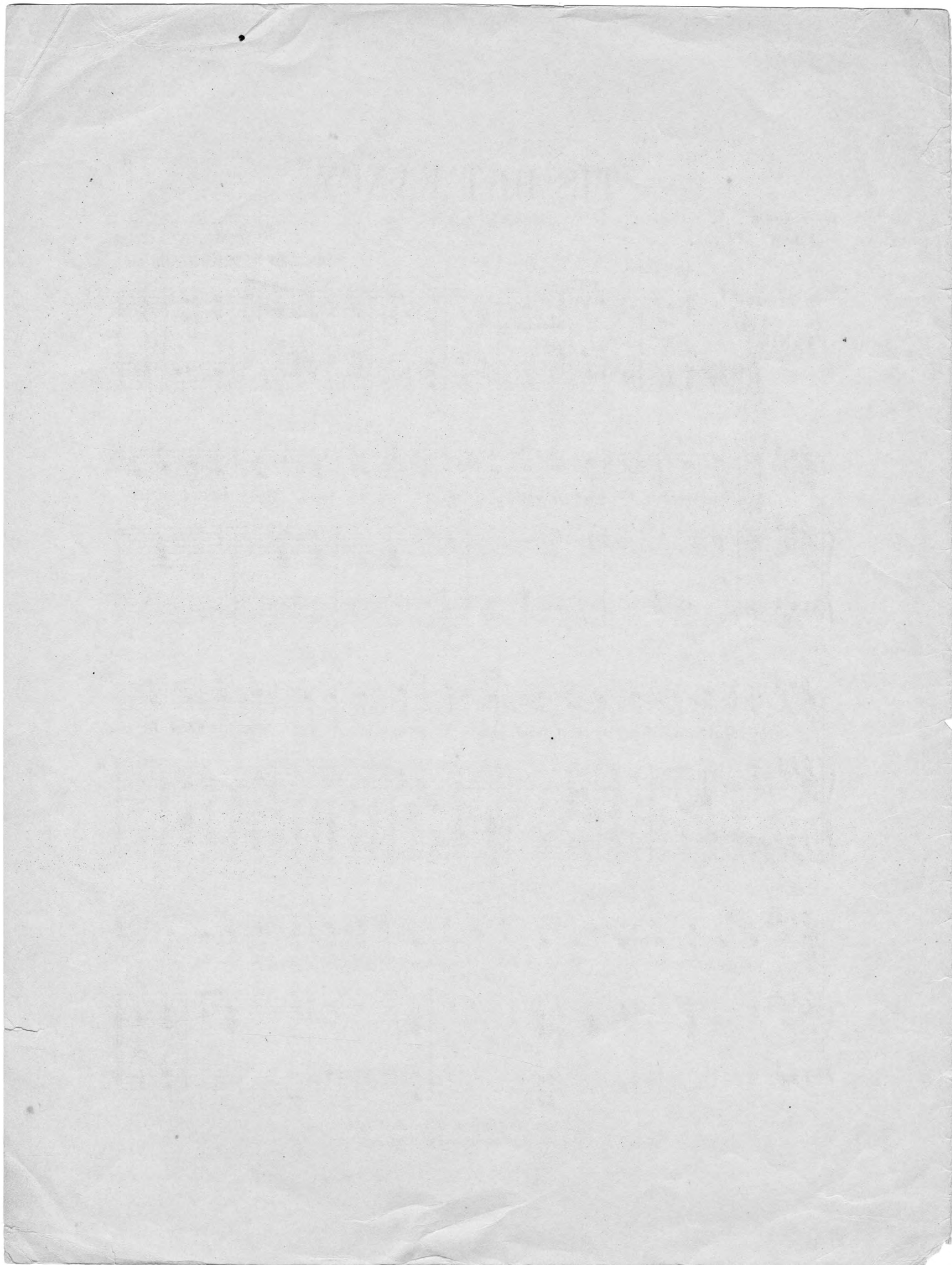
BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON CO.

NEW YORK:
C. H. DITSON & CO

LONDON, E.C.:
HARRISON & CO, 29 Paternoster Square.
PHILADELPHIA:
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"TIS BUT FANCY."

3

Words by
J. J. WOOD.

BALLAD.

Music by
STOCKS HAMMOND, Op. 121.

Andante.

PIANC. *p*

Con espressione.

I dreamt that one I'd tried to win, but tri - al all in vain, Had nestled soft - ly

rit. *a tempo.*

by my side, and freed my heart from pain, I dreamt that I had won a heart I'd

rit. *a tempo.*

give the world to win, We twain had met, no more to part, a new life to be - gin.

colla voce.

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Tempo di Valse.

But 'tis fan - cy, on-ly fan - cy, and too soon, too soon I wake,—

— I'm a wea - ry, life is drear-y, and my poor fond heart will break.—

rall. e dim.

rall.

I dreamt that I was fancy free, as in the bye gone years, That

mf *p*

*And. * And. * And.**

grief had giv-en place to glee, that smiles had banished tears; The world once more seemed

rit. *a tempo.*

rit.

gay and bright, sweet music filled the air, And as I dreamt, my heart grew light with

colla voce.

thoughts and fancies fair. 'Twas but fan - cy, dreaming fan - cy, and too

pp

soon too soon I wake, ——— Im a wea - ry, life is drear - y,

and my poor fond heart will break. ——— Ah

mf

would that I were dreaming, aye dreaming! Happy once more, happy, I would be,

p

Though waking brings its smart still in dreams, dear heart, Love me as I love

thee, as I love thee.

Though 'tis fan - cy, on - ly fan - cy, and too.

soon, too soon I wake, — I'm a wea - ry, life is drear - y, and my

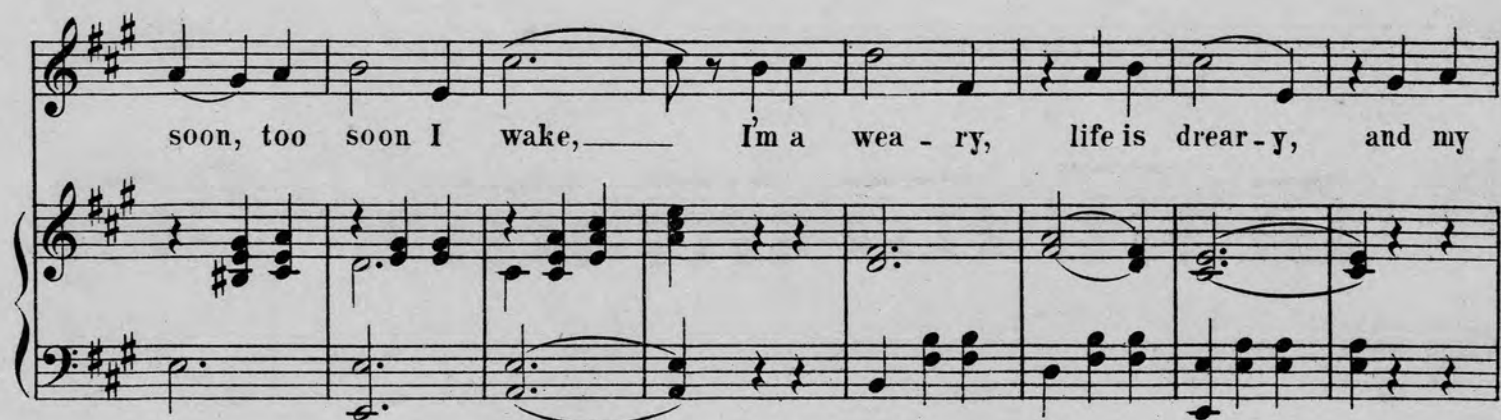


poor fond heart will break, — Yes'tis fan - cy, on - ly fan - cy, and too

cresc.



soon, too soon I wake, — I'm a wea - ry, life is drear - y, and my



heart will break. —

colla voce.

sf sf



