

Sung by Miss Jameson.

11

Flauti
Traversi

Violini

Bassi

Andantino piuttosto pastorale

Soli

for

for

To fly like Bird from Grove to Grove, To

tutti B

Soli

i Vio.¹ colla parte

Vio. 2.^d

wander like the Bee,

To sip of sweets and taste of love, Is not e-

Soli *senza Flauti*

Vio. 2^d
Vio 1.^{mo} colla parte

— nough for me; No flutt'ring pafsions wake my breast, I wish the place to

6 — 5 3 9 8 3 4 7 4 3 6 #5 — 4 # — 6 7 #

f *i Flauti colla parte*

2.^d Vio.
1.^{mo} Vio. colla parte

find, Where fate may give me peace and rest, One Shepherd to my mind

4 3 6 4 6 6 5

Flauti *p*

Fagotti *p*

Vio. i *Golla parte* *tutti i Vio. i for*

Where fate may give me peace and rest, One Shepherd to my mind.

C.B. C.B. 5 6 6 5 for,



2

To every Youth I'll not be gay,
 Nor try on all my pow'r,
 Nor future pleasures throw away,
 In toyings for an hour.
 I wou'd not reign the general toast,
 Be praiz'd by all the town.
 A thousand tongues on me are loft,
 I'll hear but only one.

3

For which of all the flattering train,
 Who swarm in beauty's shine,
 When Youth's gay charms are in their wane,
 Will court their sure decline?
 Then fops and wits and beaux forbear,
 Your arts will never do,
 For some fond Youth shall be my care,
 Life's checquer'd seasons thro'.

4

My little Heart shall have a home,
 A warm and shelter'd rest,
 No giddy flights shall make me roam,
 From where I most am blest.
 With Love and only that dear Swain,
 What tranquil joys I see!
 Farewell ye false, inconstant train!
 For one is all to me.