

Here's a health to my true Love.

Violin

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HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

To me what are riches encumb'ed with care,	Let the meteor discovery attract the fond sage,
To me what is pomp's insignificant glare.	On fruitless researches for life to engage,
No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,	Content with my portion the rest I forego,
Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.	Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.
Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,	Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
Or jealousies stifle in noisy excess,	While misers their wishes concentrate in pelf,
Such pleasures I court as my soul can review,	Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine,
Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.	Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.
Their personal graces let fops idolize,	Extensive dominion and absolute power,
Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise,	May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour,
But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,	But power in possession soon loses its charms,
And all their faint lustre be hid in the tomb.	While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms.

With vigour, O ! teach me, kind heaven, to sustain
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain :
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,
 For my species I liv'd, for myself let me die.