

WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBED.

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*The words by P. P.*

AH! why to others art thou fair?  
 Why from thy bosom's snowy white,  
 Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glossy hair,  
 Shall other shepherds steal delight?

From morn to eve let *me* admire,  
 Untir'd, thy converse sweet approve;  
 Thy charms, that other shepherds fire,  
 O! Delia, wrong my constant love.

I feel the beauties that are thine,  
 Yet, let *my* heart alone adore;  
 An avarice of love is mine,  
 That doats like misers on their store.

Then, Delia, view my secret vale,  
 And with thy smiles indulge the swain;  
 How blest to tell the love-sick tale  
 To *her* whom thousands seek in vain.

When she came ben she bobet. 63

Violin

Lively

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