

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her luvèr,
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth;
 Till I return her passions' foot,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid knave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her:
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind
 Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition;
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition.

But, cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine;
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

Green Sleeves.

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Violin

Sively

Ye watchful guardians of the fair, Who skiff on wings of
am-bient air, Of my dear DELIA take a care, And re-present her lo-ver,
With all the gai-e-ty of youth, With honour jus-tice Love and truth; Till
I re-turn her passions soothe, For me in whispers move her.

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