

WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBED.

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.

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Violin

Lively

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