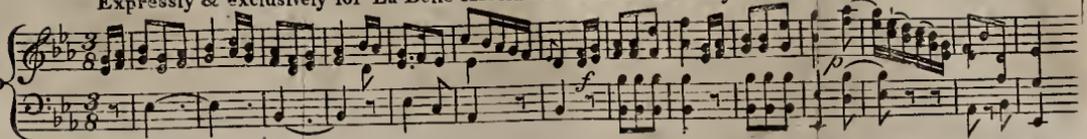


M A R I A,

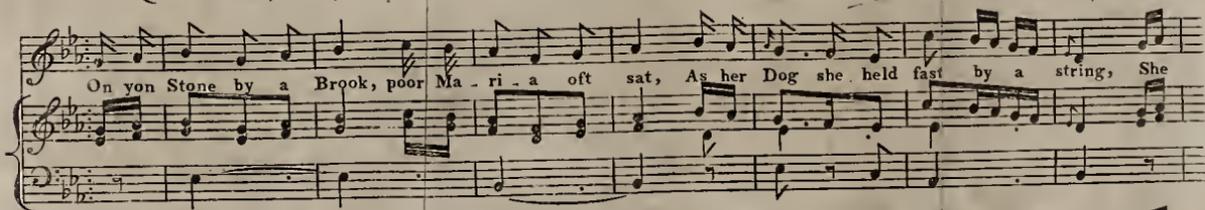
COMPOSED BY J. ADDISON.

Expressly & exclusively for La Belle Assemblée & to be had only with that Work.

Affettuoso



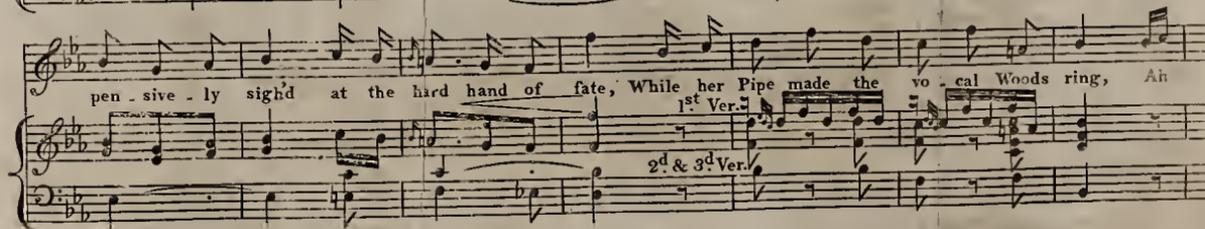
On yon Stone by a Brook, poor Ma - ri - a oft sat, As her Dog she held fast by a string, She



pen - sive - ly sigh'd at the hard hand of fate, While her Pipe made the vo - cal Woods ring, Ah

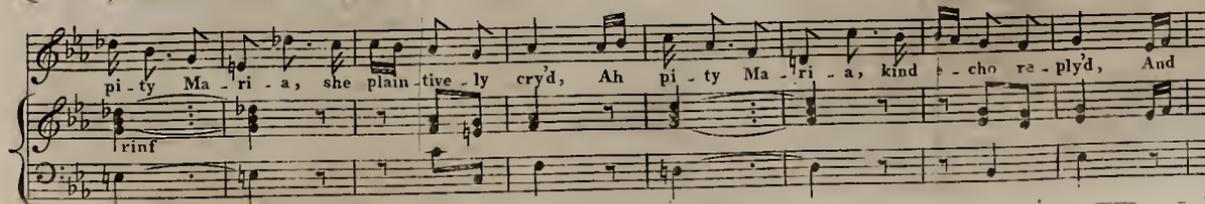
1st Ver.

2^d & 3^d Ver.



pi - ty Ma - ri - a, she plain - tive - ly cry'd, Ah pi - ty Ma - ri - a, kind - cho - re - ply'd, And

trinf



length- en- d ber sad tale of grief, A tear would oft fall as she gaz'd on a Book, Or

mourn- ful- ly walk- ing be- side the clear Brook, And give her sad bo- som re- lief -

Ad lib: *Ad libitum*

And give her sad bo- som re- lief

2

3

Ah, Henry, why faithless? why leave me to pine,
 And thus turn a deaf ear to my prayer?
 Why leave this fond heart, which so long has been thine,
 The Victim of Love and despair?
 Return, ah return, to Maria, she cried
 Return, ah return, still kind! Echo reply'd
 And join'd thus her love to deplore,
 But Henry, who panted for riches and fame
 Long since had selected a wealthier Dame
 For though fair, yet Maria was poor.

Her form, once so graceful now emblem of death;
 The roses her cheeks had forsok;
 The place she so lov'd, there she yielded her breath
 With a sigh, on the stone by the Brook.
 Ah, pity Maria, each Nymph softly cry'd;
 Ah, pity Maria, kind Echo reply'd
 As lifeless they bore her along;
 Her dirge, ah so mournful each lover did sing
 No age, or no sex, but they tribute did bring
 And plaintively join'd in the Song.