

## Song XI

Will.<sup>m</sup> Edw.<sup>d</sup> Miller Jun.<sup>r</sup>

Andante

Largo

When present in our Charmer's fight, what joy we feel what

fond de-light, when present in our Charmer's fight, what joy we feel, what

fond delight:

But absent from the

Man we love, what dangers fright, what fears we prove, what dan-gers fright, what

fears we prove, but ab-fent from the Man we love, what dan-gers fright, what

fears we prove.

*p* *Sym f* *pp*

*f* *pp*

Like the poor Wretch by Tempests thrown  
 On desert Coasts, wild and unknown  
 By barb'rous savage hands confin'd,  
 Distress and grief distract his mind

But if by gentle pity's hand  
 He once more treads his native land;  
 With tender Joy his soul runs o'er,  
 And from his home he parts no more.