

When, in death, I shall calm re-cline, Oh bear my heart to my mis-tress dear, } Bid her not shed one tear of sor-row, To
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine, Of brightest hue while it lin-gered here. }

sul-ly a heart so bril-liant and bright, But balmy drops of the red grape bor-row, To bathe the re-lic from morn till night.