

S o n g.

*Poco Adagio.**Haydn.*

To sing of loves passion, I'm call'd by my fair; Ah, who would not

sing when com - mand - ed by her?

Yet loves softest lan - guish Cre - ates but new an - guish, Cre -

ates but new an - - - - - guish: So fain, gen - tle



1.
To sing of loves passion, I'm call'd by my fair.
Ah! who would not sing when commanded by her?
Yet loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
So fain, gentle maid, the fond theme I'd forbear.

2.
Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd
Subdues mighty princes and keeps the fair field.
Ambition declining,
To beauty resigning,
Each chief for the myrtle the laurel shall yield.

3.
The coward grows daring and pants for the fray:
The miser free-hearted, the splenetic gay;
Grave wisdom admiring,
Grows mad with desiring;
The bachelor sighs for the fair till he's gray.

4.
Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,
And loves softest raptures the moments employ,
Dear pleasures so cheating!
Soft transports so fleeting!
A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy!

5.
Should jealousy's torments embitter the woe
That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow!
What moaning and sighing!
Despairing and dying!
Ah! who shall describe what the lover shall know?

6.
To urge the soft subject, then cease, gentle fair.
I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare;
For loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.