

Here's a health to my true Love.

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HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

To me what are riches encumb'ed with care,
 To me what is pomp's insignificant glare.
 No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,
 Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.

Let the meteor discovery attract the fond sage,
 On fruitless researches for life to engage,
 Content with my portion the rest I forego,
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,
 Or jealousies stifle in noisy excess,
 Such pleasures I court as my soul can review,
 Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.

Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
 While misers their wishes concentrate in self,
 Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine,
 Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,
 Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise,
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,
 And all their faint lustre be hid in the tomb.

Extensive dominion and absolute power,
 May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour,
 But power in possession soon loses its charms,
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror
 alarms.

With vigour, O! teach me, kind heaven, to sustain
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain:
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,
 For my species I liv'd, for myself let me die.