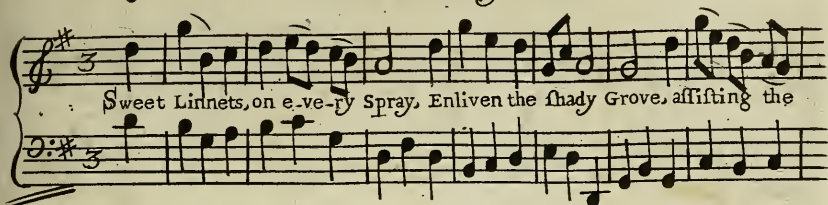
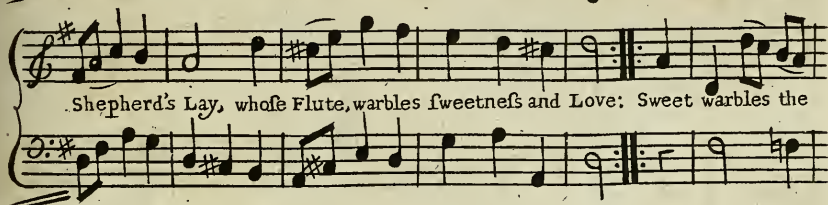


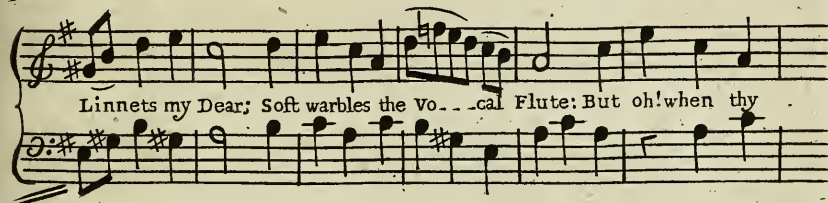
Sung in the FESTIVAL. Set by Mr. CHARKE.



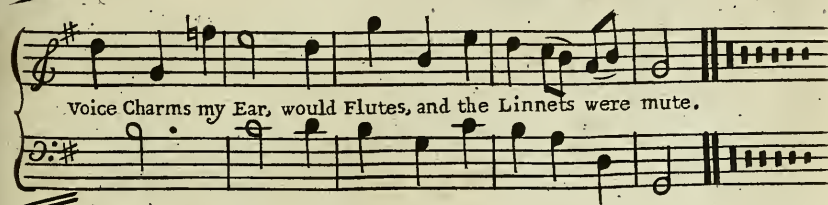
Sweet Linnets, on e-ve-ry Spray, Enliven the shady Grove, affixing the



Shepherd's Lay, whose Flute, warbles sweetness and Love: Sweet warbles the



Linnets my Dear; Soft warbles the Vo- cal Flute: But oh! when thy



Voice Charms my Ear, would Flutes, and the Linnets were mute.

FLUTE.

