



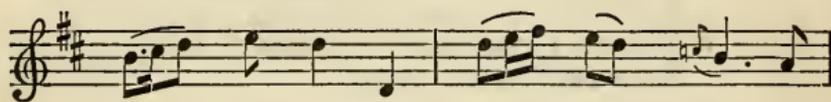
AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE. 359



eag - er looks and dy - ing sighs My



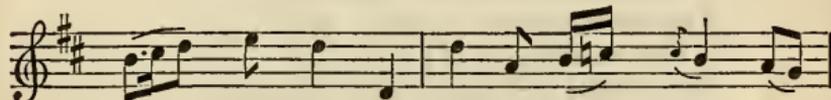
se - cret soul dis - cov - er, While



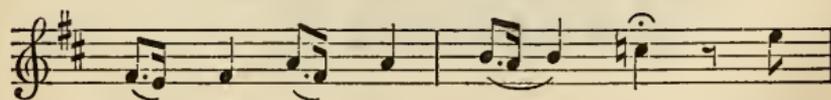
rap - ture, trem - bling through mine eyes, Re -



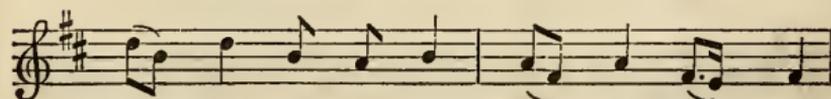
veals how much I love her. The



tend - er glance, the red - den - ing cheek, O'er -



spread with ris - ing blush - es, A



thou - sand var - i - ous ways they speak A



thou - sand var - i - ous wish - es.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish!  
Yet eager looks and dying sighs  
My secret soul discover,  
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush and modest air  
So fatally beguiling;  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm, whene'er I view thee,  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then, when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.