

Care and Anguish disappear And I can see no Wrinkles there Sym

unis

Not for the Wat'ry

Cryf- tal shows, A Lengthen'd Face o'er-plough'd with Woes, And Wreaths by art-ful

unis

Vir- gins tied, In vain my Snow-white Locks would hide, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide, And Wreaths by art-ful Vir- gins tied, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide. Sym

The Moss-grown Oak, may still be seen
 In Spring, with Buds of liveliest Green.
 'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl

Darts a warm sunshine thro' my Soul.
 'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl

Darts a warm sunshine thro' my Soul.

My Veins in soft vibrations play,
 Confess the God, and own his Sway;
 And still I feel a fond desire,
 To tune to Love the willing Lyre.