

GLEE II.

Har Overend

Viol: 1^o

Viol: 2^o

How sweet the Breath of milky Kine, and Lambkins in the Fold, How

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sweet the Air bland Gales refine, on up-land Heath or Wold. How sweet the scent of

sweet the Air bland Gales refine, on up-land Heath or Wold. How sweet the scent of

sweet the Air bland Gales refine, on up-land Heath or Wold. How sweet the scent of

new-mown Hay, and ear-ly blossom'd Grove, But sweeter than the Breath of May, the

new-mown Hay, and ear-ly blossom'd Grove, But sweeter than the Breath of May, the

new-mown Hay, and ear-ly blossom'd Grove, But sweeter than the Breath of May, the



balm-y Breath of Love, Sweeter sweeter than the Breath of May. the balm-y Breath of

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balm-y Breath of Love, Sweeter sweeter than the Breath of May. the balm-y Breath of

Love, - - the balmy Breath of Love. Love.

Love, - - the balmy Breath of Love. Love.

Love, the balmy balmy Breath of Love. Love.

How sweet the Shepherd's Pipe of Oat,
Which dawn of Day does hail;
How sweet the merry Milk-maids Note
When seated by her Pail.

How sweet the Song of Lark and Thrush,
Or Voice of cooing Dove;
But sweetest 'neath an Hawthorn Bush
The votive Voice of Love.

A CATCH for Three Voices.

Let the wearied taste in Sleep, Sweet Repose from Labours past,

Plea--sure Us a-wake shall keep, Speed th'enli--vend Night too fast,

Make all our Joys seem scarce be-gun, When we behold the rising Sun.

Bass

ad placitum

Price 6d