

But I'd forgotten man hath no enjoyments  
But by permission

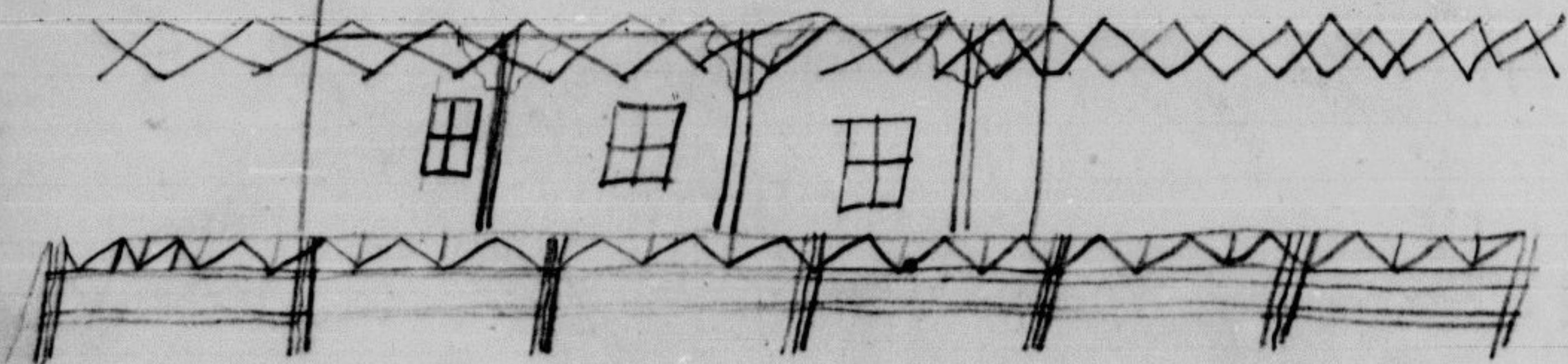
Time in advance to me seemed moving slowly  
Days without minding I pursued for pleasure  
But their all blasted now beheld the pain of  
Procrastination

Twenty seven years I spent without considering  
Man was a mortal here and there on a moment  
Life but a shadowy time a flying arrow  
Quick to dispell it

Oft have I listened while death bells wear a tilling,  
Saw the graves of men with spectators mourning  
But for myself in spite of all this warnings  
A long life Expecting

Wonders do wonders to my view now opens  
See is receding to the grave I am hastening..  
Am I prepared this dreadful moment must I  
That my creator

Now gasping death pray stop one moment longer  
Till I give warnings to my gay companions  
No time is granted for expectation  
Than my example



How blest were the days of my youth  
When I lived with my mother and Val  
I was guileless as virtue and truth  
And near thought of loving a girl

I thought I contented could be  
And my heart in my bosom was still  
But now I am confus'd when I see  
Fair Mary who lives by the hill

1 Oft down in the babonic grove  
I loiter'd beside the sweet rill  
I'm sombre and sad.. O, tis love  
For Mary who lives by the hill

2 Herd voice, tis enrapturing to hear  
The lute of appollo herd trill  
Such warblings so pleasant so clear  
I'm enchained by this lass of the hill

3 In a sycamore arbor I sat  
Soft melody fill'd all the vale  
I thought I should die on the spot  
Twas Mary's sweet voice in the gale

4 The warblers that chant from the spray  
And the lark and the sweet whip-poor-will  
Through the woodlands shall echo my lay  
To Mary, who lives by the hill

5 O, Venus, shes charming and fair  
Shes the life of our frolicksome ville  
Alas must I die in despair  
For Mary, who lives by the hill