

con moto.

Voice *mf*

My friends all declare that my time is misspent, while in rural re-

Piano *mf*

fire-ment I rove; I ask no more wealth than Dame Fortune has sent, but the sweet little girl that I

cresc *mf*

love, but the sweet little girl that I love. The rose on her cheek's my delight, she's soft as the down of the

cresc *mf*

dove; no li-ly was ever so white, as the sweet little girl that I love, as the sweet little girl that

cresc *mf*

rallentando

a Tempo

2.

The humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
 For my fair one delights in my grove
 And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
 With the sweet little girl, that I love.
 The rose on her cheek's my delight &c.

3.

No ambition I know, but to call her my own,
 No fame but her praise wish to prove;
 My happiness centers in Fanny alone;
 She's the sweet little girl, that I love.
 The rose &c. -