

*Allegretto.*

Voice *mf* The time I've lost in wooing, in watching and pursuing the light that lies in

Piano *mf*

Woman's eyes, has been my heart's undoing. Though wisdom oft has sought me I

scorn'd the love she brought me; my only books were Woman's looks, and Folly's all they've taught me, and

*cresc.* *mf*

Folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Sprite  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me  
But, while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Had turn'd away

And are those follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No - vain, alas! the endeavour  
From bounte so sweet to sever,  
Poor wisdom's chance  
Against a glance