

# If'er ye do well it's a Wonder.

Violin

Slow

How blest was the hour when I fo'le to thy bow'r and the smile seem'd to grow from thy

beau - - ty? How my days are forlorn And in filence I mourn Thou commandit & to

part, is my du - - - ty. I own that I love! But wherefore reprove and re-

- pel me with frowns so a - - larm - - - ing? Thou ought not to blame the poor

fswain for his flame, But dame nature who form'd thee so charm - - - ing.

IF E'ER I DO WELL IT'S A WONDER.

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*The words by P. P.*

HOW blest was the hour,	I own that I love !
When I stole to thy bow'r,	But wherefore reprove,
And the smile seem'd to grow from thy	And repel me with frowns so alarming ?
beauty !	Thou ought'ft not to blame
Now my days are forlorn,	The poor swain for his flame,
And in silence I mourn—	But Dame Nature, who form'd thee so
Thou command'ft, and to part is my duty.	charming.