Let me set my mournful duty to a merry measure; Thou wilt never come for pity;

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Thou wilt only come for pleasure; Pity then will

cut away Those cruel wings, And I will stay

I love all that thou lov'st
Spirit of Delight! The fresh Earth in
new leaves dressed, And the starry night;

Autumn evening, and the morn When the golden
mists are born. Autumn evening, and the morn,

When the golden mists are born.

Let me set my mournful ditty To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity; Thou wilt come for pleasure;
pity then will cut away Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lov'st, Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed; And the star-ry night;

Autumn evening, and the morn, When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms, Ev’ry thing al-most

Which is na-ture’s, and may be Un-
taint-ed by one’s mis-er-y.

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(Slower than at beginning) \( \text{\textbf{p p unison}} \)

56

\( \text{I love tranquil solitude, And such so-} \)

56

\( \text{ci - e - ty As is qui - et, wise, and good;} \)\( \text{A little faster} \)

59

\( \text{Be - tween thee and me What dif - fer - ence but} \)\( \text{A little faster} \)

62

\( \text{mp} \)\( \text{mf} \)
thou dost possess  The things I seek,  The things I seek, not love them

less.  I love  Love, though he has wings,

And like light can flee.  But above all
other things, Spirit, I love thee,

Thou art love and life! Oh, come,

Make once more my heart thy home.