
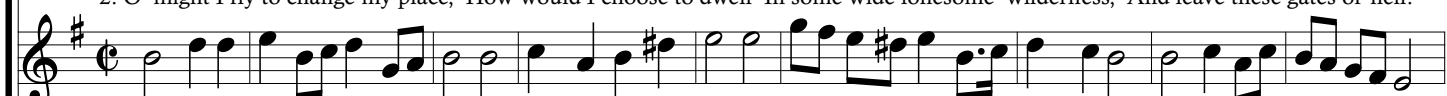


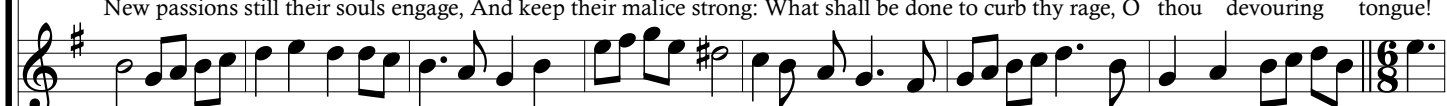






Tr.   
1. Thou God of love, thou ever blest, Pity my suffering state; When wilt thou set my soul at rest From lips that love deceit?  
2. O might I fly to change my place, How would I choose to dwell In some wide lonesome wilderness, And leave these gates of hell!

T.   
B. 

Tr.   
Hard lot of mine! my days are cast Among the sons of strife, Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste My golden hours of life.  
New passions still their souls engage, And keep their malice strong: What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou devouring tongue!

T.   
B. 

Tr.   
Peace is the blessing that I seek, How lovely are its charms! I am for peace; but when I speak, They all declare for arms.  
Should burning arrows smite thee through Strict justice would approve; But I had rather spare my foe, And melt his heart with love.

T.   
B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2021.

1. Top line ("Air") and second line switched, so melody is in Tenor.
2. Piece re-barr'd to eliminate long rests.
3. Repeat added for last quatrain.