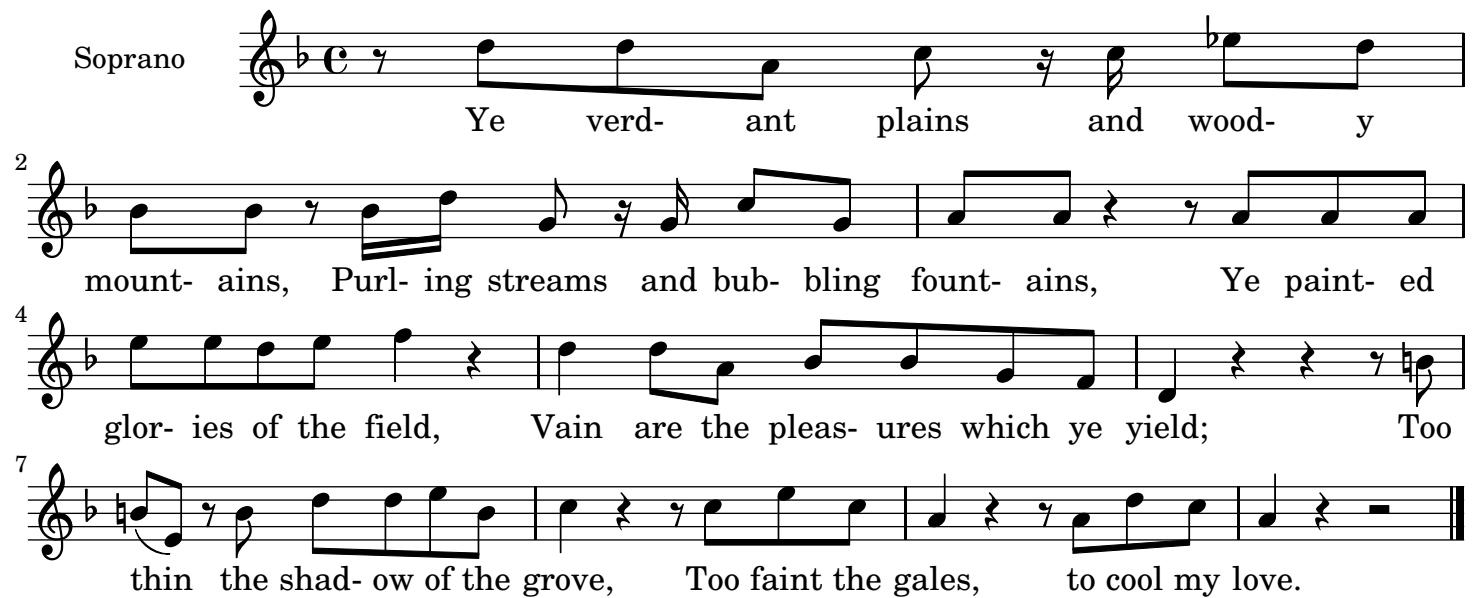


# Ye Verdant Plains

G. F. Händel

Soprano



Ye verd- ant plains and wood- y  
mount- ains, Purl- ing streams and bub- bling fount- ains, Ye paint- ed  
glor- ies of the field, Vain are the pleas- ures which ye yield; Too  
thin the shad- ow of the grove, Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

Soprano



Hush, hush, ye pret- ty war- bling quire! Your thrill- ing  
strains A- wake my pains, And kin- dle fierce de- sire. Hush, hush,  
hush, ye pret- ty war- bling quire! hush, ye pret- ty war- bling quire!  
Your thrill- ing strains A- wake my pains, Your thrill- ing strains A- wake my  
pains, And kin- dle fierce de- sire. Your thrill- ing strains A- wake my  
pains, And kin- dle fierce de- sire. Your thrill- ing strains  
A- wake my pains, Your thrill- ing strains A- wake my pains, And kin-  
dle fierce de- sire. Cease your song, and take your flight, Bring back my  
Acis to my sight! Bring back my Ac- is to my sight! Cease your song, and take your

2  
80

flight, Cease your song - - - - - and take your  
*D. C. al fine*

85

flight, Bring back my Ac- is      Bring back my Ac- is to my sight.