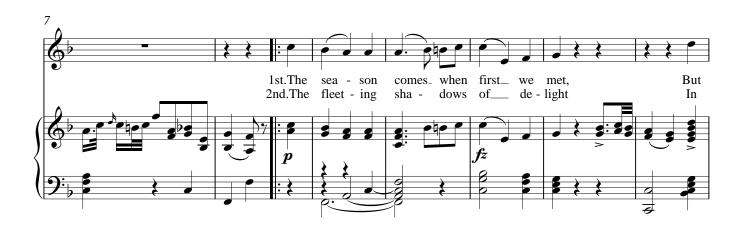
## Twelve Canzonets

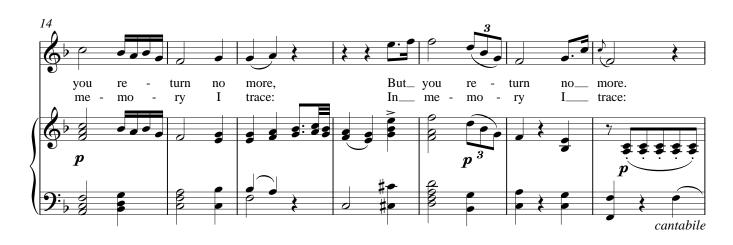


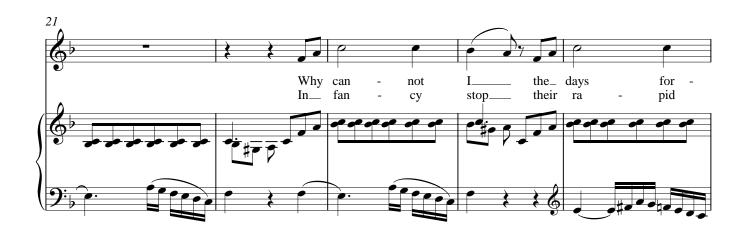












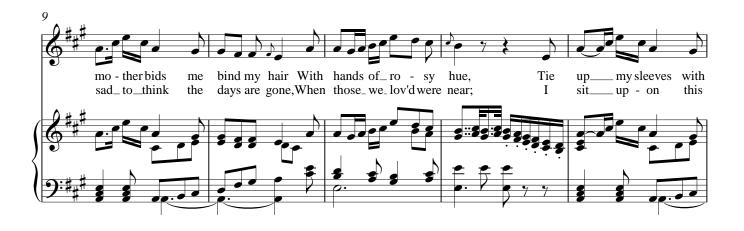






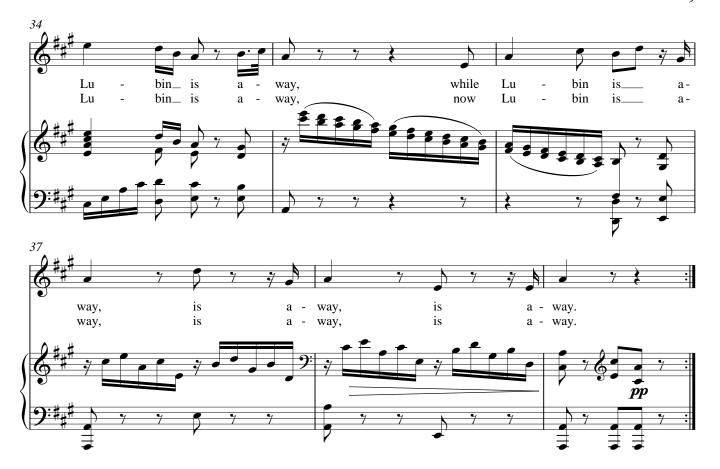


















- 3. Yet, if at eve you chance to stray
  Where silent sleeps the peaceful dead,
  Give to your kind compassion way,
  Nor check the tears by pity shed.
- 4. Whene'er the precious dew drop falls I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see, And if sad thought my fate recalls, A sigh may rise unheard by me.















