

# The Shepherd Adonis.

*Violin*

*Slow*

The Shepherd A--do--nis being weary'd with

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- fort; He threw by his crook, and he laid him-self

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down; He en-vy'd no Monarch nor wish'd for a crown.

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*THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.*

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THE shepherd Adonis  
 Being weary'd with sport,  
 He, for a retirement,  
 To the wood did resort ;  
 He threw by his crook,  
 And he laid himself down,  
 He envy'd no monarch,  
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank o' the burn,  
 And he ate frae the tree,  
 Himself he enjoy'd,  
 And frae trouble was free ;  
 He wish'd for no nymph,  
 Tho' never fae fair,  
 Had nae love nor ambition,  
 And therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus,  
 In an ev'ning fae clear,  
 A heav'nly sweet voice  
 Sounded fast in his ear ;  
 Which came frae a shady  
 Green neighbouring grove,  
 Where bonny Amynta  
 Sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way,  
 And found who was there ;  
 He was quite confounded  
 To see her fae fair ;  
 He stood like a statue,  
 Not a foot cou'd he move,  
 Nor knew he what griev'd him—  
 But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him  
 With a kind modest grace,  
 Seeing something that pleas'd her  
 Beam forth in his face ;  
 And, blushing a little,  
 She to him did say,  
 O ! shepherd, what want ye,  
 How came ye this way ?

His spirits reviving,  
 The swain to her said,  
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd  
 At the sight of a maid ;  
 Until I beheld thee,  
 From love I was free,  
 But now I'm ta'en captive,  
 My fairest, by thee.