



Dione *by W. Arne*

Moderately slow

Upon a Summer Evening clear Dione hapless maid! At even with love and pinning
 Care sought out a secret shade her wretched ah! to shroud; and in unhappy maid, fair she no
 one is pleasing to my eye; Stern is sweet to me no Steer is sweet to me

To many I was e'er Collin make,
 No more will I complain!
 And yet those slighted loves now tread
 And leave me to complain.
 Whipp'd, I might speak his arms,
 And send his tale believe!
 How I had all my Charms
 Nor thought he could deceive!

Yet why of Roses such a Store,
 And Lilies in my face,
 Since I was never pleas'd by you more
 And claim your fond Embrace,
 My brightest Charms set withing you,
 Rough my rosey Hair,
 Content with Laces Charms I'd live,
 A rural Maid for you.

But Collin deaf while I upraid,
 Nor heeds the I complain!
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd Maid,
 And he the forward Swain,
 And by your false May's Dione's shade
 So, might you shall appear,
 And when you climb the Marriage bed,
 Dione will be there.