



The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr. Arne.

Gently

by the side of a Grove and by foot of a Hill where we sip nectar of health, where murmurs fill where

We spend the hours, & where murmurs fill, heaved to the Muses my time & my Care, since neither could win me if

musical of my Fair, since neither could win me if musical of my Fair

*Free I rang'd, like the birds, like of Birds free I sung,
And Daphne's dear name ne'er escap'd from my tongue,
When e'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear.*

*With fairest Ideas my bosom I stor'd,
All yours to none but the Nymphs ador'd,
And the more I with Study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impressions she made on my Mind.*

*So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must pay Daphne's dear Image reverence,
The Groves have yielded with Daphne to you,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.*