



*Tenderly* *The Complaints* *set by W. Arne*

*Fix For Fix For*

*The gold's sweet flowers around with all the bright lights they was yet none on the place can be*

*Just as lovely so lovely so lovely as which is fairer so lovely as which is fair*

*Quarter some rule of practice but no longer in place remain no longer in place in the land a good sort of notes to*

*Listen to listen to listen my dear lady to listen my dear lady*

*Oft Times in yon Flowery Vale,  
I breath my Complaints in a Song,  
Fair Flora attends the soft Tale,  
And sweetens the Borders along,  
But Celia whose Breath might perfume,  
The Bosom of Flora in May;  
Still proving Pronounces my Doom:  
Regardless of all I can say.*