



*Tenderly* *A well a day* *Set by D<sup>r</sup> Gray*

The blithest bird that sings in May, was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more  
 Gay, than I a-well-a-day, than I a-well-a-day, 'Er  
 Colin yet had learn'd to sigh, or I to guess the reason why,  
 Oh Love! a-well-a-day Oh Love! a-well-a-day.

We kiss'd, we fond, but neither knew  
 From whence these fond Endearments grew,  
 Till he a-well-a-day,  
 By Time, and other Sighs more wise,  
 Began to talk of Hearts & Eyes,  
 And Love a-well-a-day.

Hand nature now, look Colin's part, Can Love, alas, by words be shewn,  
 My Eyes inform'd against my heart, He asked a proof, a tender one,  
 My heart a-well-a-day, While I a-well-a-day,  
 And glow'd with thrilling sympathy, In silence blush'd a fond reply,  
 And shoud' back each gentle sigh, Can she that truly loves deny?  
 Each sigh a-well-a-day, Ah no a-well-a-day.