

AIR XLII. South Sea Ballad.

My love is all mad-ness and fol-ly, — a - lone I lye, toss, tum-ble and cry, What a

5

hap-py crea-ture is Pol-ly! — Was e'er such a wretch as I — With rage I red-den like

10

scar-let — That my dear in-con-stant Var-let, Stark blind to my charms, is lost in the arms of that

15

Gilt, that in - vei - gling Kar-lot! Stark blind to my charms, is lost in the arms Of that

19

Gilt, that in - vei - gling Kar-lot! This, this my re-sent-ment a - larms.