

AIR LIV. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

John Gay

John Christopher Pepusch

When my he-ro in court appears, And stands ar-raign'ed for his life: Then think of poor Polly's

tears: for ah!— Poor Pol - ly's his wife. Like the Sail-er he holds up his

hand. Dystress'd on the dash-ing wave. To die a dry death at land, So as

bad as a wat - ry grave. and a - las, poor Pol ly! A - lack_ and well - a -

day! Be - fore_ I was_ in love, Oh! ev - er - y month was May.