

AIR XLVII. One evening having lost my way.



I'm like a skiff on the O - cean tossed, Now high, now low, with each Bil-low born, With her

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rud-der broke and her an-chor lost, De-sert-ed and all for - lorn.— While thus I lye rol-ling and

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los - sing all Night, that Pol - ley lyes Sport-ing on Seas of De-light; Re -

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venge, re-venge, re - venge,— Shall ap - pease my rest - less Sprite.