

Variables

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan

(♩ = 120)

Dear friends, take pi-ty on my lot, My cup is not of

nec- tar. I long have loved, as who would not Our kind and rev-erend

rec- tor. Long years a- go my love be- gan, So sweet- ly, yet so

sad- ly, But when I saw this plain old man I found I loved him mad- ly.

2. I know not why I love him so;
It is enchantment, surely!
He's dry and snuffy, deaf and slow
Ill-tempered, weak and poorly!
He's ugly, and absurdly dressed,
And sixty-seven nearly,
But if the truth must be confessed,
I love him very dearly!