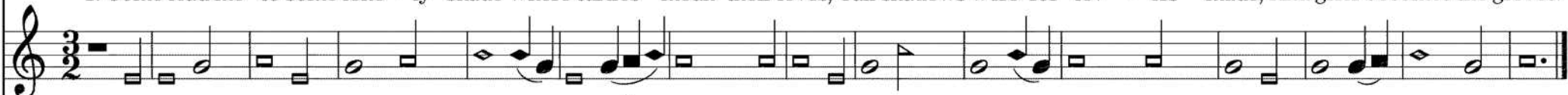


A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

McKyes, 1813 (arr. M. L. Dakan).



1. Come lead me to some lone - ly shade Where turtles moan their loves; Tall shadows were for lov - ers made, And grief becomes the groves.



2. But, ah! how far a - bove this grove Does the dear Charm - er dwell? Absence, that keenest wound to love, That sharpest pain I feel.

