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Voice

To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep, Where you've so seldom
The nymphs and swains shall all declare, The promised May when
At her approach the lark mistakes, And quits the new-gressed
Till May in morning robe draws nigh, And claims a virgin

Piano

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been, Whilst I may wake-ful vi-gils keep With Kate of A-ber-deen.
seen, Not half so fra-grant, half so fair, As Kate of A-ber-deen.
green. Fond birds, 'tis not the morn-ing breaks, 'Tis Kate of A-ber-deen.
queen. The nymphs and swains ex-ult-ing cry, "Here's Kate of A-ber-deen.

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