Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale

1. Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale, where Yar-row glides a-long, for-

2. Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy you Yar-row glides a-long, for-

sake your rural toils and join in She take your rural toils And join in

e'er of joy or bliss I boast, love She e'er of joy or bliss I boast, Love

my triumphant song! ren-ders whol-ly thine. ren-ders whol-ly thine.

William Hamilton

arr. Ludwig Beethoven
adapted and alto added by M. Whitman
grants, she yields one heavenly smile, and
woods struck up to the soft gale, the leaves were seen to move, the happy minute crown the pains
of feather'd choir resumed their voice, and

grants, she yields one heavenly smile, Abones her long delays, One leaves were seen to move, The happy minute crown the pains Of feather'd choir resumed their voice, And

many suffering days. music fill'd the grove. Yarrow, how dear thy stream, thy beauteous banks how blest! For many suffering days. music fill'd the grove. Yarrow, how dear stream, thy beauteous banks how blest! For

there 'twas first my loveliest maid, a mutual flame confess.
there 'twas first my loveliest maid, a mutual flame confess.