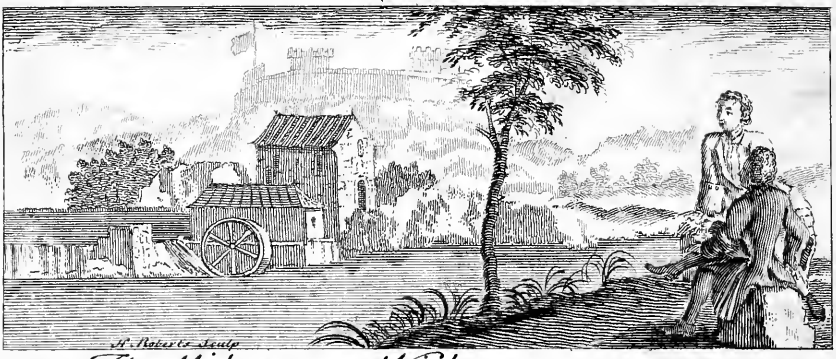

The Midsummer Wish

Set to Musick by Mr. Carey

Lento

Waft me some soft & cooling breeze to Windsors sha-dy kind Retreat; Where silvan scenes wide spreading trees repel the raging Dog star's heat Where tufted Grass & mossy Beds afford a rural calm Repose; where woodbines hang their dew-y heads, & fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flow's fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays.
His fertile Banks with herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell:
Where e'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy Clear thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide:
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd,
Beneath some Oziers dusky shade:
Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly drest:
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.
Oh! haste away fair Maid & bring
The muse the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

Flute