

No. 23.

RECIT. & SONG—(Lady Sophy).

Allegro. LADY S. RECIT.

Oh, would some de - mon power the gift im -

PIANC. *f* *p* *f* *p*

- part To quell my o - ver - con - sci - en - tious heart— Un - speak the oaths that nev - er had been spo - ken, And

Andante moderato.

break the vow that nev - er shall be bro - ken!

1. When but a maid of fif - teen year,
2. Each morn - ing I pur - sued my game (An

p

Un - sought— un - plight - ed— Short pet - ti - coat - ed— and, I fear, Still short - er -
ear ly ri - ser); For spot - less mon - archs I be - came An ad - ver -

CIT.
mede - mon power the gift im -

A

sight - ed - I made a vow, one ear - ly spring, That on - ly to some spot - less king, Who
 ti - zer. But all in vain I search'd each land; So, king - less, to my na - tive strand Re -

- er had been spo-ken, And

proof of blame - less life could bring, I'd be u - ni - ted. For I had read, not long be - fore, Of
 - turn'd, a lit - tle old - er, and A good deal wi - ser! I learnt that spot - less King and Prince Have

id of fif - teen year,
pur - sued my game (An

B

blame - less kings in fai - ry lore, And thought the race still flour - ish'd here - I was a maid of fif - teen
 dis - ap - pear'd some a - ges since - E'en Pa - ra - mount's an - ge - lic grace Is but a mask on Na - ture's

Still short - er -
An ad - ver -

1st time.

year! Well, well - Well, well - I was a maid of fif - teen year!
 face! Ah, me! Ah, me! Is but a

2nd time.

mask on Na - ture's face, on Na - ture's face!