Recit. — Ye Verdant Plains.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains, Purling streams and bubbling fountains, Ye painted glories of the field, Vain are the pleasures which ye yield. Too thin the shadow of the grove, Too faint the gales to cool my love.

Air. — Hush Ye Pretty Warbling Choir.

Hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling choir; Your thrilling strains Awake my pains, And

Hush, Hush,

kindle fierce desire.

Hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling choir; Hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling
choir: 

Your thrilling strains 
Awake my pains, 
Your thrilling strains 
Awake my pains, 
And kindle fierce desire.

Your thrilling strains 
Awake my pains, 
And kindle fierce desire.

Your thrilling strains 
Awake my pains, and kindle fierce desire.
Cease your song, and take your flight, Bring back my

A...cis to my sight, Bring back my A...cis to my sight; Cease your song, and take your

flight; Cease your song, and take your

flight; Bring back my A...cis, Bring back my A...cis to my sight.