CERVANTES.

Where the wild rose

sweetly doth blow, There must I go; Where the bird sings

sing of my woe, If to thy heart my sorrows known, Then
it must be of stone, Or it love had shown, Not left me a-

- lone To sing in sad- dened tone, ah Where

the wild rose sweet-ly doth blow, There I must go, Where

the night- ingales sing so soft and low; Yes, sing of

my deep woe.