Chorus of Peasants

Andante con moto

Happy the Heart that love has blest, With such a tie fo
sweet as this, For all their Nights are Nights of rest, And
sweet as this, For all their Nights are Nights of rest, And

all their Days are Days of bliss, are Days of bliss, Never shall
all their Days are Days of bliss, are Days of bliss, Never shall

Time their love e-clipse, Tho' it may steal some fire a-
Time their love e-clipse, Tho' it may steal some fire a-
Time their love e-clipse, Tho' it may steal some fire a-
But like the Roses on their Lips, But like the

Roses on their Lips Their joys shall soften their joys shall
Roses on their Lips Their joys shall soften their joys shall
Roses on their Lips Their joys shall soften their joys shall
Roses on their Lips Their joys shall soften their joys shall

soften their joys shall soften not decay
soften their joys shall soften not decay
soften their joys shall soften not decay
Zounds what a merry go frisk away here is

fine

to it my Pigeons as fast as you can if one of you with a

Partner my Dearies or damme if two of ye I am the Man or damme if
two of ye I am the Man or damme if two of ye I am the Man

D.C.