

Celia's Complaint

Thomas Arne

Voice *p*
 What
 Oh!
 Ah!
 When

Piano *p*
tr

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sad - - - ness reigns
 he - - - was our
 why did he
 e'er the ad - - -

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o - ver the_ Plain, How droops the sweet flow' - rets a - round, How pen - sive each
 Vil - la - ges_ pride, This change from his ab - sence is seen; 'Twas he that our
 ven - ture from home, To mix a - mong hos - tile a - larms; No Jus - tice ob -
 - ven - tur - er_ goes On Land, or the dan - ger - ous Main, Kind Hea - ven pro -

Nymph, and each Swain, How si - lent,
 Mu - sick sup - ply'd, When gay - ly,
 - lig'd him to roam, Or — take up,
 - tect him From woes, And give him, How si - lent each Mu - si - cal
 When gay - ly we Danced on the
 Or take up those ter - ri - ble
 And give him to CE - LIA a -

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Sound, No more the soft Lute in the Bow'rs, Be - guiles the cool Mu - si - cal
Green. At Shear - ing, at Wake, and at Fair, How - Jo - vialand Fro - lick were
Arms. Let those who are cru - el and rough, He - heed - less of life and of
- gain. Oh! give him to CE - LIA a - gain, My - true Love in safe - ty re -

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way, Sad Sighs mea - sure out the long Hours, Since Da - mon has wan - der'd a -
we. But now ev' - ry feast in the Year Is Joy - less as Joy - less can
Limb; The Coun - ty had Sol - diers e - nough, Nor need - ed one gen - tle like
- store; I'll cease on his Breast to com - plain, From my Arms he shall wan - der no

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-way.
be.
him.
more.

pp *tr*