

*Here's a health to my true Love.*

*Violin*

*Slow*

To me what are riches en-cumber'd with care? To

6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 3

me what is pomp's in-fignificant glare? No

5 6 5 6 5 6 4 #

mi-nion of fortune; no pageant of fate, Shall

e-ver induce me to envy his fate.

