Song

Words by Robert Crawford

Piano

Love never more shall give me pain, my

fan-cy's fixed on thee; Nor ever maid my heart shall gain-

Peggy if thou die, Thy beauties did such pleasures give, thy

loves so true to me; Without thee I shall never live, My dear

©
Song

2.
If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

3.
No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And, when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggie let me die.

4.
Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasures share,
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh, never rob me from those arms:
I'm lost if Peggie dee.

Transcribed by G. Dooley from Jane Austen's House Museum collection MS (JAHM 1:14).