Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the CHEROKEE.



Fal lal &c.

To you the Flowerts as they spring, in rushy Baskets I will bring, And sacrely by your side Ill sing.

The Maiden quickly raised her head, Fat lat &c.

Her eyes their wonted beauties shed, Fal lal &c.

This secret spot, ah Shepherd dear,
Approach not as my frowns you fear,
I from the Sun-beam shelter here.
Fal lal &co

With vows of truth the maid he plies,

Fal lal &c.

To languish now began her eyes,

Fal lal &c.

And as along the glade theywent,

His soul on nought but love intent,

The yielding fair one blucket consent,

Fal lal &c.

