

Polly: Air 33 (Since all the world's turn'd upside down.)

Morano

lyr. John Gay (March 1729)

Voice

8 Tho' diffe - rent pas - sions rage by turns, Wit - hin my breast fer-

Harp

5 - men - ting; Now bla - zes love, now ho - nour burns, I'm here, I'm there con-

9 - sen - ting. I'll each o - bey, so keep my oath, That oath by which I

13 won her: With truth and sted - di - ness in both, I'll act like a man of

17 ho - nour.