

# Polly: Air 41 (When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.)

lyr. John Gay (March 1729)

*Cawwawkee*

Voice

Harp

*mp*

8 For gold you sac - ri - fice your fame, Your ho - nour, life and

5 friend: You war, you fawn, you lie, you game, And plun - der with - out

10 fear or shame Can mad - ness this tran - scend?