

Polly: Air 65 (Whilst I gaze on Chloe.)

lyr. John Gay (March 1729)

Cawwawkee

Voice

8 Whilst I gaze in fond de - si - ring, E - very for - mer thought is lost.

Harp

mp

5

8 Sig - hing, wis - hing and ad - m - iring, How any trou - bled soul is lost!

9

8 Hot and cold my blood is flo - wing, How it thrills throu e - very vein!

13

8 Li - be - rty and life are go - ing, Hope can ne'er re - lieve my pain.