

# SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

The sun, whose beams most glo - rious are, Re - ject - eth no be -

- hold - er, And your sweet beau-ty, past compare, Made my poor eyes the bold - er.

Where beau - ty moves, and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness bind me,

There, O there! where'er I go, I leave my heart be - hind me.