

When, in death, I shall calm re-cline,    Oh bear my heart to my mis - tress dear, }  
 Tell her it lived on smiles and wine,    Of brightest hue while it lin - gered here. } Bid her not shed one tear of sor-row, To

sul - ly a heart so bril - liant and bright, But balmy drops of the red grape bor-row, To bathe the re - lie from morn till night.