

BEHOLD MY LOVE

L. van Beethoven

Gracioso

11

fair, the bal - my gales a - wake the flow'r's and wave thy flax - en
ha'; the Shep - herd stops his sim - ple reed blythe in the bir - ken -
woo: the Court - ier tells a fi - ner tale, but is his heart as

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15

1 hair. The lav - rock shuns the pa - lace gay and o'er the cot - age
 2 shaw The prince- ly re - vel may sur -vey our rus - tie dance wi'
 3 true? These wild wood flow'rs I've pull'd to deck that spot - less breast o'

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19

1 sings for na - ture smiles as sweet I ween to Shep - herds as to
 2 scorn; but are their hearts as light as our be -neath the milk white
 3 thine: the Court - ier's gems may wit - ness love but 'tis na love like
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 2 scorn but are their hearts as light as our be -neath the milk white
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23

1 Kings.
2 thorn?
3 mine!

27

2 Let
3 The

2 Let
3 The