

BE KIND TO THE YOUNG THING.

STELLA, darling of the Muses,
 Fairer than the blooming spring, O,
 Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing, O.

Whilst my soul with wonder traces
 All thy charms of face and mind, O,
 All the beauties, all the graces,
 Of thy sex in thee I find, O.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
 In my breast alternate rise, O,
 Words no more can paint my passion
 Than the pencil can thine eyes, O.

Lavish nature, thee adorning,
 O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread, O,
 Colours that do shame the morning,
 Shining with celestial red, O.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
 Boast their charms triumphant fit, O,
 Stella, bright outvying either,
 This in beauty, that in wit, O.

Cou'd the gods, in blest'd condition,
 Ought on earth with envy view, O,
 Lovely Stella, their ambition,
 Would be to resemble you, O.

Be kind to the Young thing.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Stella darling of the Mu - ses, fairer than the blooming spring O sweetest

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