

# I Asked of Thee a Boon

(Verses 2 & 3)

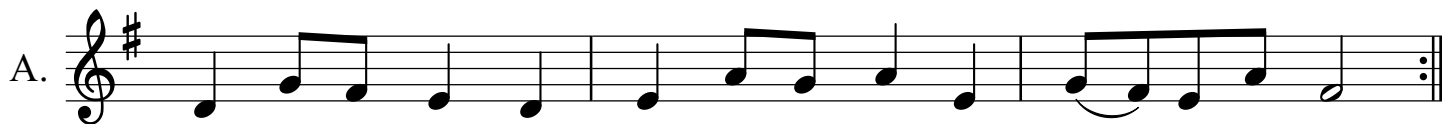
## Moderato

Alto 

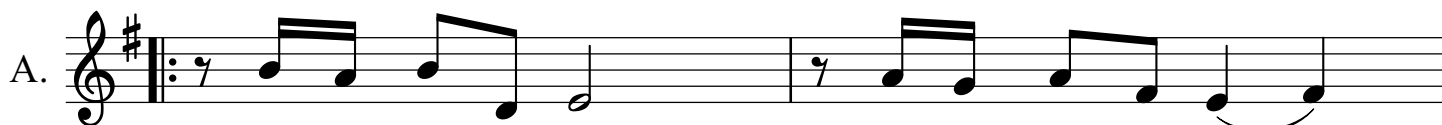
Giv'st thou to me such head - y re - cog - ni - tion,  
Might I en-hance the scope of thine am - bi - tion,  
Thus I ar - rive in hap - py con - tem - pla - tion:  
Yet if we toil com - bin - ed in cre - a - tion,

A. 

by off'-ring me a part in thy de-sign? My gar-den's stock'd with  
that thou hast need of tal-ent such as mine? Here in thy or - chard,  
for want of aid, our prize we might not earn. Think'st thou art poor, a -  
each that gift giv-eth, gain-eth in re-turn. Should'st thou more oft give

A. 

my won-ted breeds, with lav - en - dar thick, and lil - y and rose.  
these diff'rent seeds my skills do re - fresh and so to my nose.  
lone in the dust? O fie! Doth our world in plen - ty a - bound.  
help - ers thy trust, the more we gain wealth of sight, taste and sound.

A. 

And I find gifts more I thy grounds ex-plore  
Thy re - wards to me as I work for thee  
Such a rid - dle fine, when thou seek - est mine,  
Ask when thou hast need! Life is full in - deed,

A. 

than ev - er dwelt in my con - ceiv - ing.  
are rich in - deed be - yond be - liev - ing.  
'tis mine own for - tune that in - creas - es!  
and this a - bun-dance nev - er ceas - es.