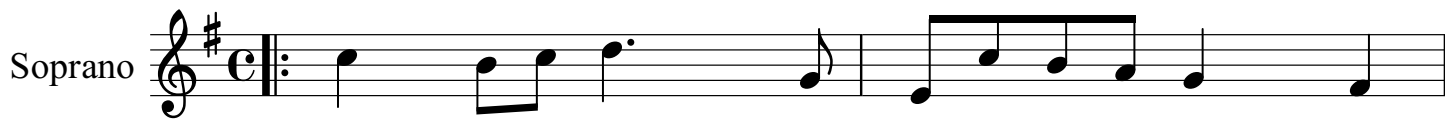


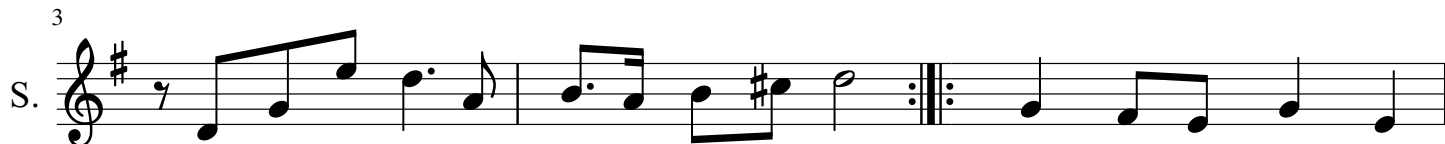
I Asked of Thee a Boon

(Verses 2 & 3)

Moderato



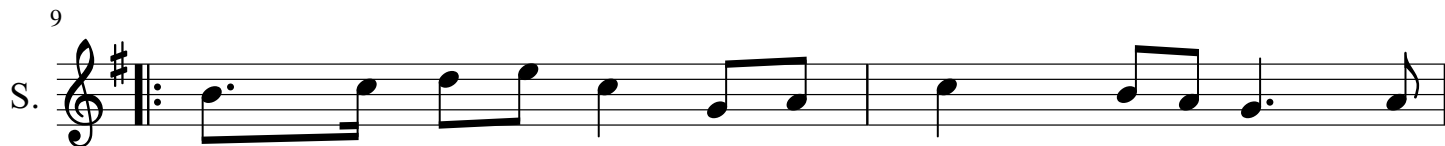
Giv'st thou to me such head-y re-cog-ni - tion,
Might I en-hance the scope of thine am - bi - tion,
Thus I ar-rive in hap-py con-tem-pla - tion:
Yet if we toil com - bin-ed in cre - a - tion,



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



my won-ter breeds, with lav - en - dar thick, and lil - y and rose.
these diff'rent seeds my skills do re - fresh, and so too 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.



And I find gifts more as thy grounds I ex-plore than
Thy re - wards to me as I la - bor for thee are
Such a rid - dle fine, for when thou seek-est mine, 'tis
Ask when thou hast need! Life is ful - some in-deed, and



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