

My Friend J. Pitcher,
A favorite Song,

In the
POOR SOLDIER.

B. 1 -

MODERATO

The Wealthy fool with Gold in store, will still de_sire to grow richer, Give

me but these I ask no more, my Charming Girl, my Friend and Pitcher.

My Friend so rare my Girl so fair, with such what Mortal

can be richer, Give me but these, a fig for care, With my Sweet Girl my

Friend and Pitcher. Finis.

From morning Sun, I'd never grieve,
 To toil a Hedger, or a Ditcher,
 If that when I come home at Eve,
 I might enjoy my Friend and Pitcher,
 My Friend so rare &c:

Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can bewitch her,
 With all my heart, can I be poor,
 With my sweet Girl, my Friend and Pitcher.
 My Friend, so rare &c:

GERMAN FLUTE.

Moderato So:

Sy: So:

Sy:

My Friend & Pitcher. Finis.