

THE BEE.

As Cup- id in a gar - den stray'd, trans port_ ed_ with the_
 The tears his beaute- ous cheeks ran down he storm'd, he_ blow'd the_
 Ah! ah, ma ma, ah me, - I die, a lit- tle_ in_ sect
 Then Ven- us mild- ly thus re- join'd, if you, - my_ dear, such

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da - mask shade, A lit_ tle Bee, un - seen_ a_
 burn- ing wound; Then fly_ ing to a_ nei_ bor- ing
 wing'd to fly; Its call'd_ a Bee, on_ yon_ der
 an - guish find, From the_ re- sent ment of_ a

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mong The sil - ken_ weeds, his fin_ ger stung.
 grove, Thus plain - tive told_ the Queen of Love.
 plain, It strung me, oh!_ I die_ with pain.
 Bee, Think what those feel, who're stung by thee.

This piece was published as #72 in *The American Musical Miscellany*, a collection of songs printed at Northampton, Massachusetts in 1798. The text is a slightly adapted version of Thomas Addison's translation, published in 1735, of a poem attributed to the ancient Greek poet Anacreon. The author of the tune is unknown. Only the melody and the bass line are given in the original. Source: <https://hymnary.org/hymn/AMMC1798/72>.