

*A SONG Sung at RICHMOND New Wells,  
the Words by M. S. Set by Mr. MORGAN.*

*Au - re - lia* now one Mo - ment lost, A thou - sand Sighs may  
 The fra - grant sweets which do a - dorn, The glo - wing blush - es

af - ter cost; De - sires may oft re - turn in vain, But  
 of the Morn; By Noon are va - nish'd all a - way, Then

Youth will ne'er re - turn a - gain: De - sires may oft re -  
 let *Au - re - lia* live to - Day.

turn in vain, But Youth will ne'er re - turn a - gain.