

*dim.*

E-ven its faint-est whis - per Would bid my heart re - joice. —

## My Lodging is On the Cold Ground

*Allegretto*

*mf*

1. I — can-not change as oth-ers do, though you un-just - ly scorn; — Since  
2. When killed by grief A- myn-tas lies, and you to mind shall call — The

that poor swain who sighs that now un- sighs for you, For pit - ied rise, The you — a - lone was born: — No tears that vain - ly fall: — That

*cresc.* *dim.*

Phyl - lis no, your heart to move, A — sur - er way I'll try, — And  
wel - come hour that ends this smart, Will then be-gin your pain, — For

to — re-venge my slight- ed love will still love on — and die. —  
such — a faith - ful ten - der heart can nev - er beat — in vain. —