



J. Roberts sculp. 1739

The Distracted Lover set by M^r. Boyce

I love I doat I rave with Pain, No Quiet in my Mind Tho' ne'er could be a

happier Swain nor Silvia left unkind. For when as long her Chain I've worn I ask Re-

lief from smart, she only gives me looks of Scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold,
 But surely I a Pleas'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold,
 Can Silvia such a low comb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor sighs and Tears despise,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When like some panting hovering Dove,
 I for my Bliss contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend,
 Ah Silvia thus in vain you strive,
 To act a healing Part,
 'Twill keep but lingering Pain alive,
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hopes to calm my raging Head,
 And cool my burning Breast,
 Her Cruelty all ease denies
 With some sad Dream I start
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising thro' the Path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells;
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love,
 Its mournful Story tells,
 With sighs I dew & kiss the Door,
 Till Morning bids Depart,
 Then vent ten thousand sighs & more,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

Buddivia when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone and Cold;
 Renounce the cruel Dred you've done,
 Nor glory when 'twould hold,
 For ev'ry lovely generous Maid,
 Will take my injured Part;
 And Curse thee Silvia I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart

Flute