



The Desponding Lover, set by M^r Boyce

Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Curst of all the

sor-rows that we bear, A Reveal is & Worst By part-ners in another kind, Af-

flictions easier grow. In love a-lone we hate to find Com-panions in our woe

*Silvia, for all those Griefs you see,
Arising in my Breast;
I beg not that you'd pity mee,
Would you but slight the Rest:
Howe're Severe, your Rigours are,
Alone with them I'd Cope,
I can endure my own Dispair,
But not another's Hope.*

Flute