

IN VAIN IS THE VERDURE OF SPRING.

A NEW SONG Composed by M^r CARR.

Printed and sold by G Willig. the words by M^{rs} Rowson

Restrain'd from the

sight of my dear no object with pleasure I see tho thousands around me appear the

worlds but a desert to me In vain is the verdure of spring the

trees look so blooming and gay the Birds as they whistle and sing the

Birds as they whistle and sing de-light not when william's a-way when

william's away when william's away de-light not when william's a-way

Reclin'd by a soft murmuring stream,
I weeping disburthen my Care,
I tell to the Rocks my fond theme
Whose echo but soothes my despair,
I vain ec:

Ye streams that soft murmuring flow
Convey to my Love every tear
Ye Rocks that resound with my Woe
Repeat my Complaints in his Ear.
In vain etc: