



H. Robert 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 were Silvia left unkind. For when as long her Chaines I worn I ask Re-
 lief from smart she only gives me looks of Scorn, Alas! twill break my Heart.
 6

My Rival's rich in worldly store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold,
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can Silvia such a loxcomb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor sighs and Tears despise,
 Alas! twill break my Heart.
 When like some panting hovring 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 like ring Pain alive,
 Alas! and break my Heart.

But Silvia when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone and cold;
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
 Nor Glory when its told,
 Forev'ry lovely generous Maid,
 Will take my injurd Part,
 And curse thee Silvia I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart

Flute

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 dromid in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart.
 Then rising thru' the Path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells;
 Where to the senseless Waves my love,
 Its mournful Story tells
 With sighs I leav & kiss the Door,
 Till Morning bids Depart,
 Then vent ten thousand sighs & more,
 Alas! twill break my Heart.

Flute

Music score for Flute, featuring two staves of musical notation.