

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

ALL lovely on the fultry beach
 Expiring Strephon lay ;
 No hand the cordial draught to reach,
 Nor cheer the gloomy way.
 Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh,
 To catch thy fleeting breath ;
 No bride, to fix thy swimming eye,
 Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene
 Thy parents sit at ease ;
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
 And all the spring, to please.
 Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
 Not force of foe, depress'd ;
 Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
 Thy country unredress'd !

Strephon and Lydia.

Violin

Slow

All lovely on the fultry beach, expiring Strephon lay, No

hand the cordial draught to reach, Nor cheer the gloomy way;

Ill fated Youth! no parent nigh To catch thy fleeting breath, No

bride, to fix thy Swimming eye, Or smooth the face of Death.