

S o n g.

Haydn.

Larghetto.

A prey to ten-der an-guish, Of ev'-ry joy be-reav'd, How

oft I sigh and lan-guish, How oft by hope de-ceiv'd! Still wish-ing, still de-

si-ring, To blifs in vain a-spi-ring, A thou-sand tears I shed, In



1.
A prey to tender anguish,
Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,
How oft I sigh and languish!
How oft by hope deceiv'd!
Still wishing, still desiring,
To blifs in vain aspiring,
A thousand tears I shed,
In nightly tribute sped.

2.
And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe!
So pals'd my life's sad morning:
Young joys no more returning!
Alas, now all around,
Is dark and cheerless found!

5.
Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow, my tears;
Though nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wail.

3.
Ah, why did nature give me
A heart so soft and true;
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue?
At other's ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs assailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To thro' each pulse is taught.

4.
Erelong perchance my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close,
Nor distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose:
When death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.