

Young Damon.

Violin

Slow

A - mid a ro - - fy bank of flowers, Young Da - mon

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- - man - da provd unkind, And left him full of black de - spair.

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Y O U N G D A M O N .

AMID a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate ;
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart ;
 His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
 No wanton sports can sooth his care,
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of black despair.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe ;
 Range every charm to ease the pain,
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.