

TO DAUNTON ME.

ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone,	Ah, me! what pow'r can move me so?
I sigh and think myself undone;	I die with grief when she must go;
But when the lovely nymph is here,	But I revive at her return;
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear;	I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Thoughtless of all but her I rove,	Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?	Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah! no, 'tis love! 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain!
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
 Gods! if the truest must be blest'd.
 O! let her be by me possess'd.

To Danton me.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

A - lafs! when charming Syl - via's gone, I figh and

think my - felf undone; But when the lovely nymph is here, I'm

pleafd, yet grieve, and hope, yet fear. Thoughtlefs of all but

her I rove. Ah! tell me is not this call'd love?