

A prey to tender anguish,

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COMPOSED BY HAYDN.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. Blake.

Larghetto. A prey to tender

anguish, of every joy be-reav'd, How oft I sigh and languish! How oft by hope deceiv'd!

Still wishing still desiring, To bliss in vain aspiring, A thousand tears I shed, In

night-ly tri-bute sped, In nightly tri-bute sped.

2.

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

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 others' ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs assailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is taught.

4.

Ere long, perchance, my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close;
Not 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.

5.

Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow my tears;
Tho' 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,
No sorrow longer wail.