

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone ;
 Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.
 Ah ! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain ?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
 Ere you'd exchange your love ;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?
 But, ah ! it seems they must deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 What cause, Sylvander, have I given,
 For cruelty so great ?
 Yes—for your sake I slighted heaven,
 And hugg'd you into hate.

For you, delighted, I could die ;
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'lous constant I,
 Should by yourself be kill'd.
 But what avail my sad complaints,
 While you my ease neglect ?
 My wailing inward sorrow vents,
 Without the wish'd effect.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand ;
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt :
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

The Maids Complaint.

Violin

Slow

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