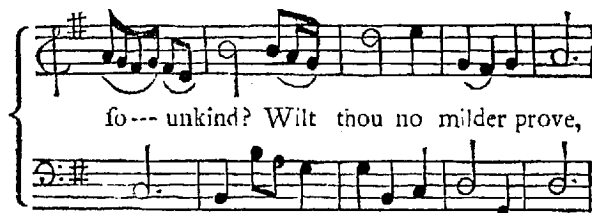
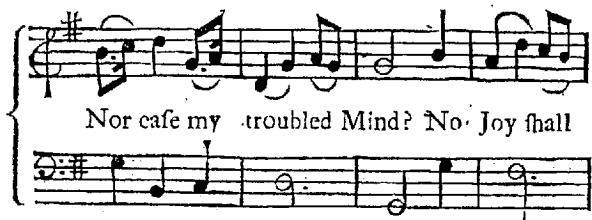


*STREPHON's COMPLAINT of LOVE.*Set by Mr. *HANDEL*.

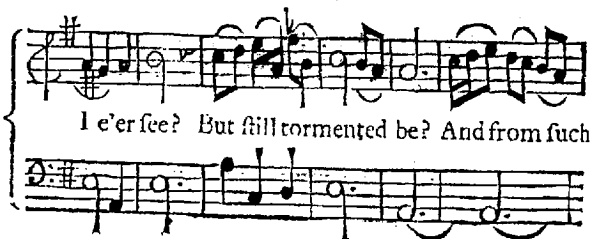

Oh! cruel Tyrant *Love!* Why art thou



so--- unkind? Wilt thou no milder prove,

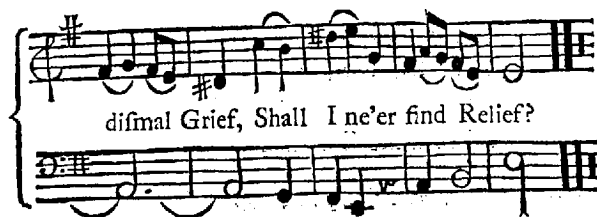


Nor ease my troubled Mind? No Joy shall



I e'er see? But still tormented be? And from such

dismal!



dismal Grief, Shall I ne'er find Relief?

Since thou hast wounded me,
 Why dost thou not impart
 Some of thy Cruelty,
 And make her feel some Smart?
 Tell her how I do burn,
 How I lament and mourn!
 When she the Truth doth know,
 She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
 Upon her smiling Brow:
 Her blushing Cheeks command
 Me at her Feet to bow:
 Her golden Tresses wave,
 Her rising Breasts enslave,
 Lightning darts from her Eyes,
 And kills me by Surprise.

Yet tho' she is most fair,
 Why should she me disdain?
 If Wealth surrounds my Dear,
 Why must I suffer Pain?

Were

Were She as poor as *Job*,
I in a Royal Robe,
And Lord of all the Land,
I'd be at her Command.

All Day I sigh and weep,
And vainly do lament!
All Night I cannot sleep!

I never rest content!
But still am fill'd with Pain,
Scorn, Woe, and sad Disdain:
These Racks I cannot bear,
And yet she will not hear!

What Joys can *Myra* take,
After she does behold
Poor *Strepbon*, for her Sake,
Laid in the Dreary Mould?
O most unhappy Fate!
Then Pity comes too late:
Myra, my Life preserve,
And thee I'll always serve.

I'll wander for her Sake,
Or keep myself confin'd,
If she no Pity take
On my distracted Mind.
O ease the burning Smart,
Of my poor suff'ring Heart;
Else 'twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

For

For the FLUTE.

