

THE LOVER.

ALLEGRETTO.

Long

by some fair one was I trick'd,—De-cciv'd by A - ma - ryl-lis, By

THE LOVER.

e'er to tell my dy - ing tale, Some Chlo - - - I'd run

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note 'e'er', followed by quarter notes 'to', 'tell', 'my', 'dy - ing', and 'tale,'. A dotted quarter note 'Some' is followed by a dotted half note 'Chlo - - -'. The vocal line ends with a quarter note 'I'd' and a half note 'run'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

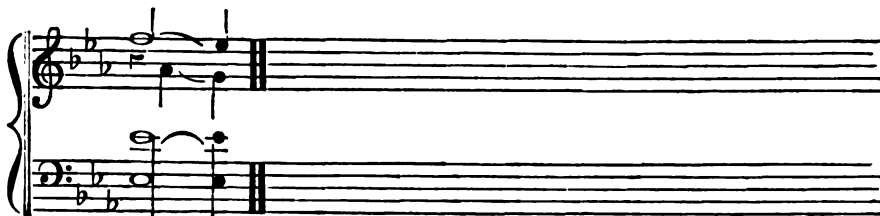
af - ter, 'Tis strange, but nev - er did I fail, - 'Tis strange, but nev - er

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note 'af - ter,' followed by eighth notes 'Tis', 'strange,', 'but', 'nev - er'. A dotted quarter note 'did' is followed by eighth notes 'I', 'fail,', '-'. The vocal line ends with eighth notes 'Tis', 'strange,', 'but', 'nev - er'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

did I fail To make her die— To make her die— die, die,

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note 'did', followed by eighth notes 'I', 'fail'. A dotted quarter note 'To' is followed by eighth notes 'make', 'her'. A dotted half note 'die—' is followed by a quarter note 'To', eighth notes 'make', 'her', and a dotted half note 'die—'. The vocal line ends with a quarter note 'die,' and a half note 'die,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

THE LOVER.



I lov'd sweet Hebe fair and young :—
 ' Be of your raptures thrifty,'
 Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,
 ' Why she has lovers fifty!'
 Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
 ' Twas false, by reasons plenty ;
 For soon I found she dearly lov'd
 But me—and five and twenty.

To self-denying Delia win,
 I various presents sent her ;
 All gold could buy I sent her in,
 But nothing would content her.
 I sent her trinkets without end,
 Gems, pearls, to make her civil ;
 Till, having nothing more to send,
 I sent her—to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
 Mad, tipsy, all on fire ;
 No minion of the Cyprian grove
 E'er rag'd with passion higher.
 My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
 I love like any dragon :
 Say, would you know my mistress' name ?
 Oh, 'tis a smiling flagon.

Thus we've of tars a story told,
 Of fabulous production,
 To syrens list'ning, who, of old,
 Went headlong to destruction :
 The song, alas ! was but a lure,
 To make a wave their pillow ;
 And those Charybdis 'scap'd were sure
 To tumble—into Scylla.