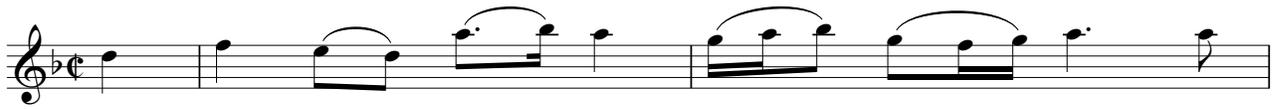


A SONG, Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



That scorn - ful Syl - via's Chains I wear, The
The God that should re - ward my Pain, Makes



Groves and Streams can tell; Those blas - ted with my Sighs ap - pear, These with my
Syl - via more my Foe: As She en - crea - ses in Dis - dain, He makes my



Tears my Tears, o're swell. But Sighs and Tears bring
Pas - sion, Pas - sion grow: And must I, must I



no re - dress, And Love that sees, that
still ad - mire, Those Eyes that cause that



sees me grieve; Con - spires with Syl - via to op - press, The
cause my Grief? 'Tis just, since I my self con - spire A -



Heart he should re - lieve.
gainst my own Re - lief.