



Tenderness *The Disconsolate* Set by M^r Handel

No more attempt in softer strains, to give my Tortur'd
 breast relief; to give my Tortur'd breast relief; each softer
 hold my life complains, each tender Grace removes my Grief

Since doom'd to Misery, my Love
 In distant Climes a Prisoner lies,
 No Tears my piercing Noes shall weep,
 Can I rejoice while Strife's eyes
 Hence, then each flattering gay Delight,
 My Bosom shall no pleasure know;
 Since Strife's ravish'd from my Sight,
 These briny Streams shall ever flow.

For the German Flute