



An Amourite Air Set by Mrs. Barale

My fu-tal

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For while I gaze my bosom glows, My fault'ring Tongue attempts in vain,
 My Blood in rapt'ur's impetuous flows, In soothing Murmurs to complain;
 Hope's tears, by Joy alternate roll, My Tongue some secret Magic lies,
 And floods of transport overwhelm my soul, My Murmurs sink in broken sighs:

Condemn'd to nurse eternal rage,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied Die.