

The Vain Pursuit.

Violin

Plaintive

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ills I inflict, I am doom'd to sustain, Nor shalt thou a-lone, be the victim of love.

My Sandy was beautiful, happy and wise, In ev'ry accomplishment destin'd to shine, He had

wit for all tastes, he had charms for all eyes, A-las! the dear youth was too charming for mine.

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He saw me, he lov'd me, his passion confess'd,

The soft declaration still sounds in my ear ;

My image, he said, on his soul was impress'd,

And faithful his flame, as his heart was sincere.

His wishes, tho' fond, I as fondly repaid,

For oh ! a warm heart it is easy to gain,

Which vows and professions already persuade ;

Our pleasure was mutual, and mutual our pain.

Still fortune relentless our union denied,

In quest of more treasure to India he went ;

But there, hapless youth, to my sorrow he died,

And left me for ever his fate to lament.

Gay hopes and delightful presages adieu,

Adieu ye soft whispers of tender desire ;

From thee, my dear swain, these emotions first grew,

In deep disappointment with thee they expire.