

BURST FORTH, MY TEARS.

VOICE **15**

Burst, burst forth, my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief

LUTE

And show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes. Kind

LUTE

ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief

LUTE

And pine, since pen-sive Care my free - dom yokes. O pine to

see me pine, O pine to see me pine, my ten - der flocks!

1

Burst forth, my tears, assist my forward grief
 And show what pain imperious Love provokes.
 Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief
 And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.
 Opine to see me pine, my tender flocks!

2

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,
 At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks.
 But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,
 And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom locks.
 O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks!

3

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been,
 Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks.
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
 O ruthless rigour! harder than the rocks,
 That both the shepherd kills and his poor flocks!