

# THE LOVESICK BOY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

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From the "TRIAL BY JURY."

1. When first my old, old love I knew, My bo-som swell'd with joy; My rich-es at her feet I threw,— I was a love-sick boy! No  
 2. joy in-ces-sant palls the sense, And love un-chang'd will cloy; And she be-came a bore in-tense Un-to her love-sick boy! With

*rall.*  
 terms seem'd too ex-tra-va-gant Up-on her to em-ploy: . . . I used to mope, and sigh, and pant, Just like a love-sick  
 fit-ful glim-mer burnt my flame, And I grew cold and coy; . . . At last one morn-ing I be-came A-noth-ers love-sick

*Colla voce.*

boy! . . . } Tink a tank, tink a tank, tink a tank, Tink a tank, tink a tank, tink a tank, I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,  
 boy! . . . }

*sf*

Just like a love-sick boy.  
*rall.*

1. 2. But