

A SONG in the *Prophets*, or the History of *Dioclesian*.

S Ince from my Dear, my Dear, my Dear, since from my Dear, my

Dear, my Dear, my Dear, my Dear A—fre—e's fight I was so

rude— ly torn, my Soul has never, never,

never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were to mourn,

to mourn, un—less, un—less, it were to mourn, mourn. But oh! a—

—las, a—las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, bleed—ing Heart I

lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me wish to dye,

dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to dye, dye, dye.