

Miranda Sex Garden, Ah, Look Upon These Eyes

Ah look upon these eyes
Once full of gladness
And now but founts of sadness

By day and night from grief
I vainly seek relief

Ah look into this heart
Once so contented
And now tormented

Then read the sorrow there
'Tis more than I can bear

Ah cruel cruel love
Thus to forsake me
Then welcome death and take me

In my unhappy state
I ask no other fate