SONG.

[To a Russian Air, soon to be published by Mr. Biggs.]

Was it for this I dearly loved thee?....

But since at length I know thy heart,

And learn no real passion moved thee,

Go, Henry, go; this hour we part.

But do not think, past love forgetting,
That I thy foe can ever be;
My blighted hopes howe'er regretting,
I still shall pray for bliss to thee.

I still, no wrongs from thee resenting,

Shall wish Love's choicest treasures thine;

Though till life's closing sigh lamenting

The power to bless thee was not mine.

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