A PROUD LOVER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

FAREWELL, thou haughty, cruel fair!
Upon thy brow no longer wear
That sombre look of cold disdain,
I ne'er shall see thy face again.
Now every foolish wish is o'er,
And fears and doubtings are no more.

All cruel as thou art to me,
Long has my heart been fixed on thee.
I've tracked thy footsteps o'er the green,
And shared thy rambles oft unseen;
I've lingered near thee night and day
When thou hast thought me far away;

I've watched the changes of thy face,
And fondly marked thy moving grace;
I've wept with joy thy smiles to see;
I've been a fool for love of thee.
Yet do not think I stay the while
Thy feeble pity to beguile:
Let favour forced still fruitless prove!
The pity cursed that brings not love!

No woman e'er shall give me pain
Or ever break my rest again:
Nor aught that comes of womankind
Again have power to move my mind.
Far on a foreign shore I'll seek
Some lonely Island bare and bleak;
There find some wild and rugged cell,
And with the untamed creatures dwell.
To hear their cries is now my choice,
Rather than man's deceitful voice;
To hear the tempest's boisterous song
Than woman's softly witching tongue:

They wear no guise, nor promise good,
But roughsome seem as they are rude.

O Phillis! thou hast wrecked a heart
That proudly bears, but feels the smart.
Adieu, adieu! shouldst thou e'er prove
The pangs of ill requited love,
Thou'lt know what I have borne for thee,
And then thou wilt remember me.