



S O N G.

Tune, Gilderoy.

I.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
And from my native shore:

The cruel fates between us throw

A boundless ocean's roar;

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,

Between my Love and me,

They never, never can divide

My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,

The maid that I adore!

A boding voice is in mine ear,

We part to meet no more!

But the latest throb that leaves my heart,

While Death stands victor by,

That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,

And thine that latest sigh!