

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*.