

SONG.

[*Written to a Hindoo Air, and published by Mr. Biggs.*]

ASK not, whence springs my ceaseless sadness,

But let me still the secret keep :

Ask not, why thus in restless madness

Pass the long hours once given to sleep :

And strive not thus my looks to read :....

For 'tis by certain fate decreed,

The cause that bids me rove forlorn,

If known, would only move thy scorn,

And make with anger's lightnings shine

Those now soft-smiling eyes of thine.

But know, when I no more behold thee,

And to distant scenes remove ;

Should e'er a mournful tale be told thee,

Of a youth who died for love,

Who, though unknown to rank and fame,

Dared to admire a high-born dame ;

But, still averse to wound her pride,

Sad silence kept, and pined, and died :....

My likeness in that victim see,

And pitying him thou'lt pity me.